



# **AGAIN SANDERS**

**EDGAR WALLACE**

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# AGAIN SANDERS

BY  
EDGAR WALLACE

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Again Sanders By Edgar Wallace.

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She turned quickly and ran into the house, and the Inspector— General sat paralysed with astonishment. Then he half rose from his seat, and fell back again.

"Good God!" he said, in an awed voice.

Sanders knew that for the first time in his life a woman had challenged his domination. "That fellow Tibbetts... the man you call Bones... by God! He's been responsible... putting ideas into her damned head! What do you want?"

It was his native clerk. A telegram had come through. He snatched it from the man's hand, tore it open, and, fixing his pince—nez, read. Sanders saw his mouth open wider and wider, and into his pale blue eyes came a look of horror and bewilderment.

"What's this, what's this, what's this?" he muttered rapidly. "Hoax or something? Read that, Sanders—read it, my boy."

His voice was tremulous. Sanders took the sheet and read.

"Very urgent. Calder cables your oil shares dropped seven dollars fifty to seventy—five cents. Reported wells run dry. Panic in oil market. Shall I sell or hold?"

"All my money's in that!" wailed the man. "I'm ruined!"

Sanders said nothing. He saw the man reach mechanically for his topee, stagger down the steps and, crossing the square, disappear behind the Houssa lines. He had not returned by four. Sanders had an idea, that he might have fallen into the river, and sent a search party for him.

They found him lying face down in the long, rank grass, a revolver gripped in his hand, and, near by, the dead body of M'gala. Nobody had heard the shot that killed the unlucky man. The spear he had thrust at Banks' throat was noiseless.

And that night, the white—faced wife sat in her bed room, trying not to be thankful that the hand of M'gala the accurst had fallen upon her husband's shoulder.

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