BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull By CYRIL McNEILE

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IT IS TO LAUGH.

Synopsis.-In December, 1918, four men gather in a hotel in Berne and hear one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, American, and Steineman and Von Gratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Guy, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name Carl Peterson. Capt, Hugh (Bull-Dog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a band headed by Peterson and Henry Lakington. She fears her father is involved. Drummond goes to The Larches, Miss Benton's home, next door to The Elms, Peterson's place. Peterson and Lakington stop his car and look him over. While dining with Phyllis and her father Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumbscrew on Hiram Potts, who signs a paper. Drummond secures half the paper. rescues him after a struggle and takes him to his own home. Peter-son calls and demands the half of the torn paper and Potts. Hugh

CHAPTER III-Continued.

There was something so incredibly menacing in the soft, quiet voice that Drummond looked at the speaker fascinated. He had a sudden feeling that he must be dreaming-that in a moment or two he would wake up and find that they had really been talking about the weather the whole time. Then the cynical gleam of triumph in Peterson's eyes acted on him like a cold douche,

"Your candor is as refreshing," he answered genially, "as your similes are apt. I shudder to think of that poor little fly, Mr. Peterson, especially with your chauffeur grinding his gears to pieces." He held open the door for his visitor, and followed him into the passage. At the other end stood Denny, ostentatiously dusting a showed on his face. He might have room. been an ordinary visitor taking his leave.

And then suddenly from the room outside which Denny was dusting there came a low meaning and an incoherent babble. A quick frown passed over Drummond's face, and Peterson regarded him thoughtfully

"An invalid in the house?" he remarked, "How inconvenient for you!" He laid his hand for a moment on the soldier's arm. "I sadly fear you're going to make a fool of yourself. And it will be such a pity." He turned toward the stafrs. "Don't bother, please; I can find my own way out."

THREE.

Hugh turned back into his own room, and lighting a particularly noisy pipe, sat down in his own special chair. He was under no deinsions as to the risks he was running. Underrating his opponent had never been a fault of his, either in the ring or in France, and he had no intention of beginning now. The man who could abduct an American millionaire, and drug him till he was little better than a buby, and then use a thumbscrew to enforce his wishes, was not likely to prove over-scrupulous in the fu-

After a while he began half-unconsciously to talk aloud to himself, "Two ant. alternatives, old buck." he remarked, stabbing the air with his pipe. "Onegive the Potts bird up at Berners street; two-do not. Number oneout of court at once. Preposterousabsurd. Therefore-number two holds the field." He rang the bell.

"James," he said, as the door op ened, "take a piece of paper and a pencil-if there's one with a pointand sit down at the table. I'm going to think, and I'd hate to miss out anything."

His servant complied, and for a while stience reigned.

"First," remarked Drummond, "put down-They know where Potts is, Two-They will try to get Potts." "Yes, sir," answered Denny writing

"Three-They will not get Potts." Now, James, you've got to do something else. Rise and with your wellknown stealth approach the window, and see if the watcher still watcheth

The servant took a prolonged survey, and finally announced , that he

failed to see him. "Then that proves conclusively that he's there," said Hugh. "Write it down, James: Four-'Owing to the watcher without. Potts cannot leave the house without being seen.' Five-Potts must leave the house without being seen.' I want him, James, I want him all to myself. He shall go to my cottage on the river, and you shall look after

must get rid of the watcher without. How can we get rid of the bird-how can we, James, I ask you? Why, by giving him nothing further to watch for. Once let him think that Potts is no longer within, unless he's an imbecile he will no longer remain without. Now trot along over, James, and give my compliments to Mr. Darrell. Ask him to come in and see me for a moment. Say I'm thinking and daren't

James rose obediently, and Drummond heard him cross over the passage to the other suite of rooms that lay on the same floor. Then he heard the murmur of voices, and shortly afterward his servant returned.

"He is in his bath, sir, but he'll come over as soon as he's finished." He delivered the message and stood waiting. "Anything more, sir?"

"Yes, James, I feel certain that there's a lot. But just to carry on with, I'll have another glass of beer." As the door closed, Drummond rose and started to pace up and down the room. The plan he had in his mind was simple, but he was a man who believed in simplicity.

"Peterson will not come himselfnor will our one and only Henry. Potts has not been long in the country, which is all to the good. And if it falls-we shan't be any worse off than we are now. Luck-that's all; and the more you tempt her, the kinder she is." He was still talking gently to himself when Peter Darrell strolled into the room.

"Can this thing be true, old boy." remarked the newcomer, "I hear you're in the throes of a brain-storm." "I am, Peter. I want you to help

"All that I have, dear old flick, is yours for the asking. What can I do?" "Well, first of all, I want you to come along and see the household pet," He piloted Darrell along the passage to the American's room, and opened the door. The millionaire looked at them dazedly from the pil-

startled surprise. "My God! What's the matter with him?" he cried.

lows, and Darrell stared back in

"I would give a good deal to know," book-shelf, and Peterson glanced at said Hugh grimly. Then he smiled him casually. It was characteristic reassuringly at the motionless man, of the man that no trace of annoyance | and led the way back to the sitting-

"Sit down, Peter," he said. "Get outside that beer and listen to me carefully."

For ten minutes he spoke, while his companion listened in silence. Gone completely was the rather vacuousfaced youth clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown; in his place there sat a keen-faced man nodding from time to time as a fresh point was made clear. At length Hugh finished. "Will you do it, old man?" he asked.

"Of course," returned the other, "But wouldn't it be better, Hugh," he said pleadingly, "to whip up two or three of the boys and have a real scrap? I don't seem to have anything to do."

Drummond shook his head decidedly, "No, Peter, my boy-not this show, We're up against a big thing; and if you like to come with me, I think you'll have all you want in the scrapping line before you're finished. But this time, low cunning is the order,"

Darrell rose, "Right you are, dearle, Your instructions shall be carried out to the letter. Come and feed your face with me."

"Not today," said Hugh. "I've got quite a bit to get through this afternoon."

As soon as Darrell had gone, Drummond again rang the bell for his serv-

"This afternoon, James, you and Mrs. Denny will leave here and go to Paddington. Go out by the front door, and should you find yourselves being followed as you probably will bekeep your heads. Having arrived at the booking-office-take a ticket to Cheltenham, say good-by to Mrs. Denny in an impassioned tone, and exhort her not to miss the next train to that delectable inland resort. Then, James, you will beard the train for Cheltenham and go there. You will remain there for two days. You will then return here, and await further orders,

Do you get me?" "Yes, str." "Your wife-she has a sister or something, hasn't she, knocking about

omewhere?" "She 'as a palsied consin in Cambervell, sir," remarked James with justifiable pride.

"Magnificent," murmured Hugh. She will dally until eventide with her palsied coustn-if she can bear it-and then she must go by underground to Ealing, where she will take a ticket to Goring. I don't think there will be any chance of her being followed-you'll have drawn them off. When she gets to Goring, I want the cottage got ready at once, for two visitors." He paused and lit a cigarette. 'Above all, James-mum's the word. As I told you a little while ago, the game has begun. Now just repeat what I've told you."

He listened while his servant ran

people who think military service a meat, waste of time!" he murmured, "Four years ago you couldn't have got one word of it right."

He dismissed Denny, and sat down at his desk. First he took the half- hand torn sheet out of his pocket, and putting it in an envelope, sealed it carefully. Then he placed it in another envelope, with a covering letter to his closure intact.

Then he took a sheet of notepaper, and with much deliberation proceeded to pen a document which afforded him considerable amusement, judging by the grin which appeared from time to time on his face. This effusion he also enclosed in a sealed envelope, which he again addressed to his bank. Finally, he stamped the first, but not the second-and placed them both in

With the 'departure of the Dennys for Paddington, which coincided most aptly with the return of Peter Darrell, a period of activity commenced in Half Moon street. But being interior activity, interfering in no way with the placid warmth of the street outside, the gentleman without, whom a keen observer might have thought strangely interested in the beauties of that well-known thoroughfare-seeing that he had been there for three hours -remained serenely unconscious of it. His pal had followed the Dennys to Paddington. Drummond had not come out-and the watcher who watched without was beginning to get bored.

About 4:30 he sat up and took notice as some one left the house; but it was only the superbly dressed young man whom he had discovered already was merely a clothes-peg calling himself

The sun was getting low and the shadows were lengthening when a taxi drove up to the door. Immediately the watcher drew closer, only to stop



"What the Devil," Cried Drummond Furiously, "Is the Meaning of This?"

with a faint smile as he saw two men get out of it. One was the immaculate Darrell; the other was a stranger, and both were quite obviously what in the vernacular is known as oiled.

"You prisheless ole bean," he heard Darrell say affectionately, "thish blinking cabsh my show." The other man hiccoughed assent,

and leant wearily against the palings. "Right," he remarked, "ole friend of me youth. It shall be ash you wish." With a tolerant eye he watched them tack up the stairs, singing lustily in chorns, Then the door above closed.

and the melody continued to float out

through the open window. Ten minutes later he was relieved. It was quite an unostentations relief; Another man merely strolled past him. And since there was nothing to report, he merely strolled away. He could hardly be expected to know that up in Peter Darrell's sitting-room, two perfectly sober young men were contemplating with professional eyes an

soher young men was Peter Darrell. Then further interior activity took place in Half Moon street, and as the darkness fell, silence gradually settled

extremely drunk gentleman singing in

a chair, and that one of those two

on the house, Ten o'clock struck, then elevenand the silence remained unbroken. It was not till eleven-thirty that a sudden small sound made Hugh Drummond sit up in his chair, with every nerve alert. It came from the direction of the kitchen-and it was the

sound he had been waiting for. Swiftly he opened his door and passed along the passage to where the motionless man lay still in bed. "Hiram C. Potts," he said in a low, coaxing tone, "sit up and take your

"And in order to get him there, we | approvingly. "To think there are still | doctor said no alcohol and very little

His voice died away, and he rose slowly to his feet. In the open door four men were standing, each with a peculiar-shaped revolver in his

"V hat the devil," cried Drummond furiously, "is the meaning of this?" "Cut it out," cried the leader contemptuously. "These guns are slient, bank, requesting them to keep the in- If you utter-you die. Do you get

> The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead, and he controlled himself

"Are you aware that this man is a guest of mine, and sick?" he said, his as being part of his job quaited and voice shaking with rage, "You don't say," remarked the lead-

with an Immense effort.

er, and one of the others laughed, "Rip | you, Mullings," said Hugh, "and go to the bed-clothes off, boys, and gag the young cock-sparrow.'

Before he could resist, a gag was thrust in Drummond's mouth and his hands were tied behind his back. Then, helpless and impotent, he watched three of them lift up the man from the bed, and putting a gag in his mouth also, carry him out of the room. "Move," said the fourth to Hugh.

You join the picnic." A large car drove up as they reached the street, and in less time than it takes to tell, the two helpless men were pushed in, followed by the leader; the door was shut and the car drove off.

"Don't forget," he said to Drummond suavely, "this gun is silent. You had better be the same."

At one o'clock the car swung up to The Elms. For the last ten minutes Hugh had been watching the invalid in the corner, who was making frantic efforts to loosen his gag. His eyes were rolling horribly, and he swayed from side to side in his seat, but the bandages round his hands held firm and at last he gave it up.

Even when he was lifted out and carried indoors he did not struggle; he seemed to have sunk into a sort of spathy. Drummond followed with dignified calmness, and was led into a room off the hall.

In a moment or two Peterson entered, followed by his daughter. "Ah! I'm afraid." my young friend," cried Peterson af- You probably realize from what fably, "I hardly thought you'd give me bus happened tonight," continued Pesuch an easy run as this," He put terson, "that I am in earnest." and pulled out his revolver and a bundle of letters, "To your bank," he murmured. "Oh! surely, surely not that as well. Not even stamped. Ungag him, Irma-and untie his hands, My very dear young friend-you pain

"I wish to know, Mr. Peterson," said Hugh?" she asked, Hugh quietly, "by what right this dastardly outrage has been committed. A friend of mine, sick in bed-removed, abducted in the middle of the night: to say nothing of me."

With a gentle laugh Irms offered him a cigarette. "Mon Dien!" she remarked, "but you are most gloriously ugly, my Hugh!"

Peterson, with a faint smile, opened the envelope in his hand. And, even as he pulled out the contents, he paused suddenly and the smile faded from his face. From the landing upstairs came a heavy crash, followed by a flood of the most appalling lan-

"What the-h-l do you think I. anyway?"

"I must apologize for my friend's language," murmured Hugh gently, but you must admit he has some jusstate, quite wonderfully drunk earlier this evening, and just as he was sleeping it off these desperadoes abducted he stared.

The next moment the door burst open, and an infurlated object rushed in. His face was wild, and his hand was bandaged, showing a great red stain on the thumb. "What's this jest?" he howled furi-

ously, "And this d-d bandage all covered with red ink?" "You must ask my friend here,

Mullings," said Hugh. "He's got a peculiar sense of humor. Anyway, he's got the bill in his band." In silence they watched Peterson open the paper and read the contents,

while the girl leaned over his shoulder. To Mr. Peterson, Godalming.

To hire of one demobilized. soldier To making him drunk (in this item present strength and cost of drink and soldier's capacity must be allowed for)..... 5 0 0

> Total£20 0 1 CHAPTER IV.

To bottle of red ink 0 0 1

To shock to system..... 10 0 0

In Which He Spends a Quiet Night at

the Elms. ONE.

semolina. Force yourself, laddie, force "Yes, sir" returned James dutifully. through his instructions, and nodded yourself. I know it's nausenting, but to do with you young man," said Pe- of acquaintances he has,

terson gently, after a long stience. "I knew you had no tact."

Drummond leaned back in his chair and regarded his host with a faint

"I must come to you for lessons, Mr. Peterson. Though I frankly admit," he added genially, "that I have never been brought up to regard the forcible abduction of a harmless individual and a friend who is sleeping off the effects of what low people call a jag as being exactly typical of that admirable qual-

Peterson's glance rested on the disheveled man still standing by the door, and after a moment's thought he leaned forward and pressed a bell.

"Take that man away," he said abruptly to the servant who came into the room, "and put him to bed. I will consider what to do with him in the morning."

"Consider be d-d," howled Mullings, starting forward angrily, "You'll consider a thick ear, Mr. Blooming Know-all. What I wants to know-"

The words died away in his mouth, and he gazed at Peterson like a bird looks at a sanke. There was something so ruthlessly malignant in the stare of the gray-blue eyes that the ex-soldier who had viewed going over the top with comparative equanimity looked apprehensively at Drummond.

"Do what the kind gentleman tells bed." He at a cigarette, and thoughtfully blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Stop this fooling," snarled Peteron. "Where have you hidden Potts?"-"Tush, tush," murmured Hugh, "You surprise me. I had formed such a charming mental picture of you, Mr. Peterson, as the strong, slient man who never lost his temper, and here you are, disappointing me at the beginning of our acquaintance."

For a moment he thought that Peterson was going to strike him, and his own fist clenched under the table.

"I wouldn't, my friend," he said quietly, "indeed I wouldn't. Because if you hit me, I shall most certainly hit you. And it will not improve your beauty."

Slowly Peterson sank back in his chair, and the veins which had been standing out on his forehead became normal again. He even smiled; only the ceaseless tapping of his hand on his left knee betraved his momentary loss of composure. Drummond's fist unclenched, and he stole a look at the girl. She was in her favorite attitude on the sofn, and had not even looked

"I suppose that it is quite useless for me to argue with you," said Peterson after a while.

"I was a member of my school debating society," remarked Hugh reminiscently. "But I was never much good. I'v too obvious for argument,

his hand into Drummond's pockets, "I should be sorry to think so," answered Hugh. "If that is the best you can do, I'd cut it right out and start a tomato farm."

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter and lit another cigarette.

"Will you come and do the dangerous part of the work for us, Monsieur

"If you promise to restrain the little fellows. I'll water them with pleas-

ure," returned Hugh lightly. Peterson rose and walked over to the window, where he stood motionless, staring out into the darkness, Hugh realized that the situation was what in military phraseology might be termed critical. There were in the house probably half a dozen men who, like their master, were absolutely unscrupulous. If it suited Peterson's book to kill him, he would not hesitate

to do so for a single second. For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would take no chances by remaining in the house; that he would rush Peterson from you're doing, you flat-faced son of a behind and escape into the darkness Maltese goat? And where the h-l am of the garden. But it was only momentary-gone almost before it had come, for Hugh Drummond was not that manner of man-gone even before he noticed that Peterson was standing tification. Besides, he was, I regret to in such a position that he could see every detail of the room behind him reflected in the glass through which

> Both Hugh and Peterson narrowly escape death in the dark.

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Washington's Religion.

There has been considerable controversy over the extent to which religious belief entered into Washington's character. His own chronicles show that most of his Sundays, except during the presidency, when he feit obliged to set an example, he spent in answering letters, going over his accounts, hunting or doing any business that those with whom he was negotiating had no scruples. In choosing people to work for him he set up no barriers of croed, judging men from the standpoint of honesty, industry and ability.

How Kisses Came.

Of course it doesn't really matter who invented kissing-but the legend of the Grecian shepherdess who found an opal on one of the hills near Athens and, wishing to give it to a young shepherd whose hands were occupied, let him take it from her fips with his own, is one of many stories which give Greece the honor of the very first kiss.

After a man has made a fool of him-"It is a little difficult to know what | self he realizes what a fun-loving lot

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Not This Side of the Pond. Bill-"There will be a lot of international sport this year." Till-"Yes, and most of it will be in Europe."

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