

# BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

## "YOU DARLING"

Synopsis.—In December, 1918, four men gathered in a hotel in Berne and heard one of the quartet, Carl Peterson, outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, American, and Steinman and Von Grats, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. Capt. Hugh (Bull-Dog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies by a band headed by Carl 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. During the night Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumb-screw on Potts, who signs a paper. Drummond rescues Potts and takes him to his own home. He also gets half of the paper torn in the night. Peterson visits Drummond, departing with a threat to return and recover Potts and the torn paper. Hugh substitutes Mullings for Potts. The band carry off Mullings and Hugh to The Elms. When Peterson discovers the hoax Drummond is made to stay all night. Irma, Peterson's handsome daughter, warns Hugh he will be killed. He goes exploring during the night, runs into a cobra, escapes mysterious death and refrains from breaking Peterson's neck. Drummond enlists the aid of Algy Longworth, Toby Sinclair, Ted Jennings and Jerry Seymour, the latter an inventor. Drummond discovers a man impersonating Potts and beats him up. The band gas Hugh and his friends and carry off Potts. Hugh plans to invade The Elms.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

—10—

TREE.

Hugh stopped his car at Gullford station and, lighting a cigarette, strolled restlessly up and down. He looked at his watch a dozen times in two minutes; he threw away his smoke before it was half finished. In short he manifested every symptom usually displayed by the male of the species when awaiting the arrival of the opposite sex. Over the telephone he had arranged that she should come by train from Godalming to confer with him on a matter of great importance; she had said she would, but what was it? He, having no suitable answer ready, had made a loud buzzing noise indicative of a telephone exchange in pain, and then rung off. And now he was waiting in that peculiar condition of mind, which reveals itself outwardly in hands that are rather too warm, and feet that are rather too cold.

"When is this bally train likely to arrive?" He accented a phlegmatic official, who regarded him coldly, and doubted the likelihood of its being more than a quarter of an hour early.

At length it was signaled, and Hugh got back into his car. Feverishly he scanned the faces of the passengers as they came out into the street, until, with a sudden quick jump of his heart, he saw her, cool and fresh, coming toward him with a faint smile on her lips.

"What is this very important matter you want to talk to me about?" she demanded, as he assisted her into his car.

"I'll tell you when we get out on the Hog's Back," he said slipping in his clutch. "It's absolutely vital."

He stole a glance at her, but she was looking straight in front of her, and her face seemed expressionless.

"You must stand a long way off when you do," she said demurely. "At least if it's the same thing as you told me over the 'phone."

Hugh grinned sheepishly. "The exchange went wrong," he remarked at length. "Astounding how rotten the telephones are in town these days."

"Quite remarkable," she returned. "I thought you weren't feeling very well or something. Of course, if it was the exchange . . ."

"The sort of buzz and blow, don't you know," he explained helpfully.

"That must be most fearfully jolly for them," she agreed. And there was silence for the next two miles. Once or twice he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, taking in every detail of the sweet profile so near to him. Except for their first meeting at the Carlton, it was the only time he had ever had her completely to himself, and Hugh was determined to make the most of it. He felt as if he could go on driving for ever, just he and she alone. It was then that the girl turned and looked at him. The car swerved dangerously.

"Let's stop," she said, with the suspicion of a smile. "Then you can tell me."

Hugh drew into the side of the road, and switched off the engine. "You're not fair," he remarked, and if the girl saw his hand trembling a little as he opened the door, she gave no sign. She came and stood beside

her, and his right arm lay along the seat just behind her shoulders.

"Tell me about this important thing," she said a little nervously.

He smiled, and no woman yet born could see Hugh Drummond smile without smiling too.

"You darling!" he whispered, under his breath—"you adorable darling!" His arm closed around her, and, almost before she realized it, she felt his lips on hers. For a moment she sat motionless, while the wonder of it surged over her, and the sky seemed more gloriously blue, and the woods a richer green. Then, with a little gasp, she pushed him away.

"You mustn't . . . oh! you mustn't, Hugh," she whispered.

"And why not, little girl?" he said excitedly. "Don't you know I love you?" His face was still very close to hers. "Well?"

"Well, what?" she murmured.

"It's your turn," he whispered. "I love you, Phyllis—just love you."

"But it's only two or three days since we met," she said feebly.

"And what the devil has that got to do with it, at all?" he demanded. "Would I be waiting longer to de-



She Found Herself Lying in His Arms, With Hugh's Eyes Looking Very Tenderly into Her Own and a Whimsical Grin Around His Mouth.

side such an obvious fact? Tell me," he went on, and she felt his arm round her again forcing her to look at him—"tell me, don't you care . . . a little?"

"What's the use?" She still struggled, but, even to her, it wasn't very convincing. "We've got other things to do . . . We can't think of . . ."

And then this very determined young man settled matters in his usual straightforward fashion. She felt herself lifted bodily out of the car as if she had been a child; she found herself lying in his arms, with Hugh's eyes looking very tenderly into her own, and a whimsical grin around his mouth.

"Cars pass here," he remarked, "with great regularity. I know you'd hate to be discovered in this position."

"Would I?" she whispered. "I wonder . . ."

She felt his heart pound madly against her; and with a sudden quick movement she put forth her arms round his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

"Is that good enough?" she asked, very low; and just for a few moments, time stood still. . . . Then, very gently, he put her back in the car.

"I suppose," he remarked resignedly, "that we had better descend to trivialities. We've had lots of fun and games since I last saw you a year or two ago."

"Idiot boy," she said happily. "It was yesterday morning."

"The interruption is considered trivial. Mere facts don't count when it's you and me." There was a further interlude of uncertain duration, followed rapidly by another because the first was so nice.

"To resume," continued Hugh, "I regret to state that they've got Potts. The girl sat up quickly and stared at him.

"Got him? Oh, Hugh! how did they manage it?"

"I'm d-d if I know," he answered grimly. "They found out that he was in my bungalow at Goring during the afternoon by sending round a man to see about the water. Somehow or other he must have doped the drink or the food, because after dinner we all fell asleep. I don't remember anything more till I woke this morning with the most appalling head. Of course, Potts had gone."

"I heard the car drive up in the middle of the night," said the girl

thoughtfully. "Do you think he's at The Elms now?"

"That is what I propose to find out tonight," answered Hugh. "We have staged a little comedy for Peterson's especial benefit, and we are hoping for the best."

"Oh, boy, do be careful!" She looked at him anxiously. "I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you. I'd feel it was all due to me, and I just couldn't bear it."

"Dear little girl," he whispered tenderly, "you're simply adorable when you look like that. But not even for you would I back out of this show now." His mouth set in a grim line. "It's gone altogether too far, and they've shown themselves to be so completely beyond the pale that it's got to be fought out. And when it has been," he caught both her hands in his . . . and we've won."

Which was the cue for the commencement of the last and longest interlude, terminated only by the sudden and unwelcome appearance of a motor-bus covered within and without by unromantic sightseers, and paper-bags containing bananas.

They drove slowly back to Gullford, and on the way he told her briefly of the murder of the American's secretary in Belfast, and his interview the preceding afternoon with the impostor at the Carlton.

"It's a tough proposition," he remarked quietly. "They're absolutely without scruple, and their power seems unlimited. I know they are after the duchess of Lancashire's pearls: I found the beautiful Irma consuming tea with young Laidley yesterday—you know, the duke's eldest son. But there's something more in the wind than that, Phyllis—something which, unless I'm a mug of the first water, is an infinitely larger proposition than that."

The car drew up at the station, and he strolled with her to the platform. Then the train came in, and he put her into a carriage. And two minutes later, with the touch of her lips warm on his, and her anxious little cry, "Take care, my darling—take care!" still ringing in his ears, he got into his car and drove off to an hotel to get an early dinner.

## FOUR.

At a quarter to ten he backed his car into the shadow of some trees not far from the gate of The Elms. Save for a light in the sitting-room and one in a bedroom upstairs, the front of the house was in darkness, and, treading noiselessly on the turf, he explored all round it. There was one bedroom light at the back of the house, and thrown on the blind he could see the shadow of a man. As he watched, the man got up and moved away, only to return in a moment or two and take up his old position.

"It's one of those two bedrooms," he muttered to himself, "if he's here at all."

Then he crouched in the shadow of some shrubs and waited. Through the trees to his right he could see The Larches, and once, with a sudden quickening of his heart, he thought he saw the outline of the girl show up in the light from the drawing-room. But it was only for a second, and then it was gone. . . .

He peered at his watch; it was just ten o'clock. The trees were creaking gently in the faint wind; all around him the strange night noises—noises which play pranks with a man's nerves—were whispering and muttering. Bushes seemed suddenly to come to life, and move; eerie shapes crawled over the ground toward him—figures which existed only in his imagination. And once again the thrill of the night stalker gripped him.

He remembered the German who had lain motionless for an hour in a little gully by Hebuterne, while he from behind a stunted bush had tried to locate him. And then that one creak as the Boche had moved his leg. And then . . . the end. On that night, too, the little hummocks had moved and taken to themselves strange shapes; fifty times he had imagined he saw him; fifty times he knew he was wrong—in time. He was used to it; the night held no terrors for him, only a fierce excitement. And thus it was that as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for the game to start, his pulse was as normal, and his nerves as steady as if he had been sitting down to supper.

The only difference was that in his hand he held something tight-gripped. At last faintly in the distance he heard the hum of a car. Rapidly it grew louder, and he smiled grimly to himself as the sound of five unmelodious voices singing lustily struck his ear. They passed along the road in front of the house. There was a sudden crash—then silence; but only for a moment.

Peter's voice came first: "You priceless old ass, you've rammed the blinking gate."

It was Jerry Seymour who then took up the bawl. His voice was in-

tensely solemn—also extremely loud.

"Preposterous. Perfectly preposterous. We must go and apologize to the owner. . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . absolutely . . . must apologize. . . . Quite unpardonable. . . . You can't go about country . . . knocking down gates. . . . Out of question."

Half-consciously Hugh listened, but, now that the moment for action had come, every faculty was concentrated on his own job. He saw half a dozen men go rushing out into the garden through a side door, and then two more ran out and came straight toward him. They crashed past him and went on into the darkness, and for an instant he wondered what they were doing. A little later he was destined to find out. . . .

Then came a peal at the front-door bell, and he determined to wait no longer. He darted through the garden door, to find a flight of stairs in front of him, and in another moment he was on the first floor. He walked rapidly along the landing, trying to find his bearings, and, turning a corner, he found himself at the top of the main staircase—the spot where he had fought Peterson two nights previously.

He walked quickly on to the room which he calculated was the one where he had seen the shadow on the blind. Without a second's hesitation he flung the door open and walked in. There lying in the bed, was the American, while crouched beside him, with a revolver in his hand, was a man. . . .

For a few seconds they watched one another in silence, and then the man straightened up.

"The soldier!" he snarled. "You young pup!"

Deliberately, almost casually, he raised his revolver, and then the unexpected happened. A jet of liquid ammonia struck him full in the face, and with a short laugh Hugh dropped his water-pistol in his pocket, and turned his attention to the bed. Wrapping the millionaire in a blanket, he picked him up, and, paying no more attention to the man gasping and choking in a corner, he raced for the back stairs.

Below he could hear Jerry hiccoughing gently, and explaining to the proprietor that he personally would repair . . . insisted on repairing . . . any and every gate post he possessed. . . . And then he reached the garden. . . .

Everything had fallen out exactly as he had hoped, but had hardly dared to expect. He heard Peterson's voice, calm and suave as usual, answering Jerry. From the garden in front came the dreadful sound of a duet by Algy and Peter. Not a soul was in sight; the back of the house was clear. All that he had to do was to walk quietly through the wicket-gate to The Larches with his semi-conscious burden, get to his car, and drive off. It all seemed so easy that he laughed. . . .

But there were one or two factors that he had forgotten, and the first and most important one was the man upstairs. The window was thrown up

and the man leaned out waving his arms. He was still gasping with the strength of the ammonia, but Hugh saw him clearly in the light from the room behind. And as he cursed himself for a fool in not having tied him up, from the trees close by there came the sharp clang of metal.

With a quick catch in his breath he began to run. The two men who had rushed past him before he had entered the house, and whom, save for a passing thought, he had disregarded, had become the principal danger. For he had heard that clang before; he remembered Jem Smith's white horror-struck face, and then his sigh of re-

lief as the thing—whatever it was—was shut in its cage. And now it was out, dodging through the trees, let loose by the two men. He heard something crash into a bush on his right, and give a snarl of anger. Like a flash he swerved into the undergrowth on the left.

Then began a dreadful game. He was still some way from the fence, and he was hampered at every step by the man slung over his back. He could hear the thing blundering about searching for him, and suddenly, with a cold feeling of fear, he realized that the animal was in front of him—that his way to the gate was barred. The next moment he saw it.

Shadowy, indistinct, in the darkness he saw something glide between two bushes. Then it came out into the open, and he knew it had seen him, though as yet he could not make out what it was.

Cautiously he lowered the million-aire to the ground, and took a step forward. It was enough; with a snarl of fury the creature . . .

Shambled toward him. Two hairy arms shot out toward his throat, he smelt the brute's foetid breath, hot and loathsome, and he realized what he was up against. It was a partially grown gorilla.

For a full minute they fought in silence, save for the hoarse grunts of the animal as it tried to tear away the man's hand from its throat, and then encircled him with its powerful arms. And with his brain cold as ice Hugh saw his danger and kept his head. It couldn't go on; no human being could last the pace, whatever his strength. And there was only one chance of finishing it quickly, the possibility that the grip taught him by Okaki would serve with a monkey as it did with a man.

He shifted his left thumb an inch or two on the brute's throat, and the baboon, thinking he was weakening redoubled its efforts. And then, little by little, the fingers moved, and the grip which had been tight before grew tighter still. Back went his head, something was snapping in his neck. With a scream of fear and rage it wraped its legs round Drummond squeezing and writhing. And then suddenly there was a tearing snap, and the great limbs relaxed and grew limp.

For a moment the man stood watching the still quivering brute lying at his feet; then, with a gasp of utter exhaustion, he dropped on the ground himself. He was done—utterly cooked; even Peterson's voice close behind scarcely roused him.

"Quite one of the most amusing entertainments I've seen for a long time." The calm, expressionless voice made him look up wearily, and he saw that he was surrounded by men. The inevitable cigar glowed red in the darkness, and after a moment or two he scrambled unsteadily to his feet.

"I'd forgotten your d-d menagerie I must frankly confess," he remarked "What's the parry for?" He glanced at the men who had closed in round him.

"A guard of honor, my young friend," said Peterson suavely, "to lead you to the house. I wouldn't hesitate . . . It's very foolish. Your friends have gone, and, strong as you are, I don't think you can manage ten."

Hugh commenced to stroll toward the house.

"Well, don't leave the wretched Potts lying about. I dropped him over there."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which He Spends an Hour or Two on a Roof.

ONE.

Drummond paused for a moment at the door of the sitting room, then with a slight shrug he stepped past Peterson. During the last few days he had grown to look on this particular room as the private den of the principals of the gang. He associated it in his mind with Peterson himself, suave, impassive, ruthless; with the girl Irma, perfectly groomed, lying on the sofa, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and manuring her already faultless nails; and in a lesser degree, with Henry Lakington's thin, cruel face, and blue, staring eyes.

But tonight a different scene confronted him. The girl was not there; her accustomed place on the sofa was occupied by an unkempt-looking man with a ragged beard. At the end of the table was a vacant chair, on the right of which sat Lakington regarding him with malevolent fury. Along the table on each side there were half a dozen men, and he glanced at their faces. Some were obviously foreigners; some might have been anything from murderers to Sunday school teachers. There was one with spectacles and the general appearance of an intimidated rabbit, while his neighbor, helped by a large red scar right across his cheek, and two bloodshot eyes, struck Hugh as being the sort of man with whom one would not share a luncheon basket.

Peterson's voice from just behind his shoulder roused him.

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce to you Captain Drummond, D. S. O., M. C., the originator of the little entertainment we have just had."

"Dead or mad—I wonder which."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heavy Ice.

By use of high pressure water has been converted into a new ice so dense and heavy that it sinks in water in stead of floating.—The Argonaut.

As the thing—whatever it was—was shut in its cage. And now it was out, dodging through the trees, let loose by the two men. He heard something crash into a bush on his right, and give a snarl of anger. Like a flash he swerved into the undergrowth on the left.

Then began a dreadful game. He was still some way from the fence, and he was hampered at every step by the man slung over his back. He could hear the thing blundering about searching for him, and suddenly, with a cold feeling of fear, he realized that the animal was in front of him—that his way to the gate was barred. The next moment he saw it.

Shadowy, indistinct, in the darkness he saw something glide between two bushes. Then it came out into the open, and he knew it had seen him, though as yet he could not make out what it was.

Cautiously he lowered the million-aire to the ground, and took a step forward. It was enough; with a snarl of fury the creature . . .

Shambled toward him. Two hairy arms shot out toward his throat, he smelt the brute's foetid breath, hot and loathsome, and he realized what he was up against. It was a partially grown gorilla.

For a full minute they fought in silence, save for the hoarse grunts of the animal as it tried to tear away the man's hand from its throat, and then encircled him with its powerful arms. And with his brain cold as ice Hugh saw his danger and kept his head. It couldn't go on; no human being could last the pace, whatever his strength. And there was only one chance of finishing it quickly, the possibility that the grip taught him by Okaki would serve with a monkey as it did with a man.

He shifted his left thumb an inch or two on the brute's throat, and the baboon, thinking he was weakening redoubled its efforts. And then, little by little, the fingers moved, and the grip which had been tight before grew tighter still. Back went his head, something was snapping in his neck. With a scream of fear and rage it wraped its legs round Drummond squeezing and writhing. And then suddenly there was a tearing snap, and the great limbs relaxed and grew limp.

For a moment the man stood watching the still quivering brute lying at his feet; then, with a gasp of utter exhaustion, he dropped on the ground himself. He was done—utterly cooked; even Peterson's voice close behind scarcely roused him.

"Quite one of the most amusing entertainments I've seen for a long time." The calm, expressionless voice made him look up wearily, and he saw that he was surrounded by men. The inevitable cigar glowed red in the darkness, and after a moment or two he scrambled unsteadily to his feet.

"I'd forgotten your d-d menagerie I must frankly confess," he remarked "What's the parry for?" He glanced at the men who had closed in round him.

"A guard of honor, my young friend," said Peterson suavely, "to lead you to the house. I wouldn't hesitate . . . It's very foolish. Your friends have gone, and, strong as you are, I don't think you can manage ten."

Hugh commenced to stroll toward the house.

"Well, don't leave the wretched Potts lying about. I dropped him over there."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which He Spends an Hour or Two on a Roof.

ONE.

Drummond paused for a moment at the door of the sitting room, then with a slight shrug he stepped past Peterson. During the last few days he had grown to look on this particular room as the private den of the principals of the gang. He associated it in his mind with Peterson himself, suave, impassive, ruthless; with the girl Irma, perfectly groomed, lying on the sofa, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and manuring her already faultless nails; and in a lesser degree, with Henry Lakington's thin, cruel face, and blue, staring eyes.

But tonight a different scene confronted him. The girl was not there; her accustomed place on the sofa was occupied by an unkempt-looking man with a ragged beard. At the end of the table was a vacant chair, on the right of which sat Lakington regarding him with malevolent fury. Along the table on each side there were half a dozen men, and he glanced at their faces. Some were obviously foreigners; some might have been anything from murderers to Sunday school teachers. There was one with spectacles and the general appearance of an intimidated rabbit, while his neighbor, helped by a large red scar right across his cheek, and two bloodshot eyes, struck Hugh as being the sort of man with whom one would not share a luncheon basket.

Peterson's voice from just behind his shoulder roused him.

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce to you Captain Drummond, D. S. O., M. C., the originator of the little entertainment we have just had."

"Dead or mad—I wonder which."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heavy Ice.

By use of high pressure water has been converted into a new ice so dense and heavy that it sinks in water in stead of floating.—The Argonaut.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN

Mrs. Little Tells How She Suffered and How Finally Cured

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was not able to do my housework and had to lie down most of the time and felt bad in my left side. My monthly periods were irregular, sometimes five or seven months apart and when they did appear would last for two weeks and were very painful. I was sick for about a year and a half and doctored but without any improvement."



A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me, and the second day after I started taking it I began to feel better and I kept on taking it for seven months. Now I keep house and perform all my household duties. You can use these facts as you please and I will recommend Vegetable Compound to everyone who suffers as I did."—Mrs. J. S. LITTLE, 3465 Livingston St., Philadelphia, Pa.

How much harder the daily tasks of a woman become when she suffers from such distressing symptoms and weakness as did Mrs. Little. No woman should allow herself to get into such a condition because such troubles may be speedily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for more than forty years has been restoring American women to health.

None to Spare.

Government index figures of healthfulness are above ninety, but they relate to horses, cattle and swine. What index figure would fit the children?—Boston Transcript.

## CUSTOMS FIFTY YEARS AGO

Who among us would say to-day, "I never use a Dentifrice, I never have to?"

Yet fifty years ago, odd as it may seem, not one person in 1,000 used a Dentifrice—or even a tooth brush.

So to-day, after more than 30 years of persistent publicity of Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder for the Feet, not many well-turned-out people care to confess, "You know I never have to use a Powder for the Feet!"

More than One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

The reason is this: Incasing and confining the feet in Leather or Canvas Shoes is bound to create friction, more or less. Allen's Foot-Ease removes the friction from the shoes, and freshens the feet. It is this friction which causes smarting, corns, blisters, and bunions. You know what friction does to your motor-car axle. Why not remove it from your footwear by Shaking into your Shoes to-day, Allen's Foot-Ease, the cleanly, wholesome, healing, Antiseptic powder? Get the habit, as millions now have it.

Virtue.

Virtue is not to be considered the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.—Butler.

**Sure Relief**

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**

Didn't Count Much.

First Critic—You don't attach much importance to the applause the actors are getting.

Second Critic—Not much. There is bound to be applause. You can't expect an audience to sit still the whole evening and do nothing.—London Answers.

**LUCKY STRIKE**

"IT'S TOASTED"

**Cigarette**

No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.

**Girls! Girls!!**

Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

SALES MANAGER

There is a big opportunity for you to secure the exclusive rights to sell Cuticura in your territory. No money advanced. No sales experience necessary. Write for full particulars to Cuticura Sales Manager, P. O. Box 100, New York, N. Y.