

# BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull  
By CYRIL McNEILE  
"SAPPER"  
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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"Why," he spluttered after a moment, "a lot of these people's names are absolutely household words in the country. They may be swine—they probably are. Thank God! I've very rarely met any; but they ain't criminals."

"No more is Peterson," grinned the American; "at least not on that book. See here, Captain. It's pretty clear what's happening. In any country today you've got all sorts and conditions of people with more wind than brain. They just can't stop talking, and as yet it's not a criminal offense. Some of 'em believe what they say, like Spindle-shanks upstairs; some of 'em don't. And if they don't, it makes 'em worse; they start writing as well. You've got clever men—intellectual men—look at some of those guys in the first-class general lecturers—and they're the worst of the lot. Then you've got another class—the men with the business brain, who think they're getting the sticky end of it, and use the talkers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. And the chestnuts, who are the poor blundering workmen, are promptly dropped in the ashpit to keep 'em quiet. They all want something for nothing, and I guess it can't be done. They all think they're fooling one another, and what they're really going at the moment is that Peterson is fooling the whole bunch. He wants all the strings in his hands, and it looks to me as if he's got 'em there. He's got the money—and we know where he got it from; he's got the organization—all either red-hot revolutionaries, or intellectual windstorms, or calculating knaves. He's amalgamated 'em, Captain; and the whole blamed lot, whatever they may think, are really working for him."

Drummond thoughtfully lit a cigarette.

"Working toward a revolution in this country," he remarked quietly.

"Sure thing," answered the American. "And when he brings it off, I guess you won't catch Peterson for dust. He'll pocket the boodle, and the boogie will stow in their own juice. I guessed it in Paris; that book makes it a certainty. But it ain't criminal. In a court of law he could swear it was an organization for selling bird-seed."

For a while Drummond smoked in silence, while the two sleepers shifted uneasily in their chairs. It all seemed so simple in spite of the immensity of the scheme. Like most normal Englishmen, politics and labor disputes had left him cold in the past; but no one who ever glanced at a newspaper could be ignorant of the volcano that had been simmering just beneath the surface for years past.

"Not one in a hundred"—the American's voice broke into his train of thought—"of the so-called revolutionary leaders in this country are disinterested. Captain. They're out for Number One, and when they've talked the boys into bloody murder, and your existing social system is down-and-out, they'll be the leaders in the new one. That's what they're playing for—power; and when they've got it, God help the men who gave it to 'em."

Drummond nodded, and lit another cigarette. Odd things he had read referred to him: trade unions refusing to allow discharged soldiers to join them; the reiterated threats of direct action. And to what end?

A passage in a part of the ledger evidently devoted to extracts from the speeches of the first-class general lecturers caught his eye:

"To me, the big fact of modern life is the war between classes. . . . People declare that the method of direct action inside a country will produce a revolution. I agree. . . . It involves the creation of an army. . . ."

And beside the cutting was a note by Peterson in red ink:

"An excellent man! Send for protracted tour."

The note of exclamation appealed to Hugh; he could see the writer's tongue in his cheek as he put it in.

"It involves the creation of an army. . . . The words of the intimidated rabbit came back to his mind. "The man of stupendous organizing power, who has brought together and welded into one the hundreds of societies similar to mine, who before this have each, on their own, been feebly struggling toward the light. Now we are combined, and our strength is due to him."

In other words, the army was on the road to completion, an army where ninety per cent of the fighters—duped by the remaining ten—would struggle blindly towards a dim, half-understood goal, only to find out too late that the whip of Scorpion had been exchanged for the scorpion of his son. . . .

"Why can't they be made to understand, Mr. Green?" he cried bitterly. "The working man—the decent fellow—"

"Has anyone tried to make 'em understand, Captain? I guess I'm no intellectual guy, but there was a French writer fellow—Victor Hugo—who wrote something that sure hit the nail on the head. I copied it out, for it seemed good to me." From his pocket-book he produced a slip of paper. "The

faults of women, children, servants, the weak, the indigent and the ignorant are the faults of husbands, fathers, masters, the strong, the rich, and the learned." Wall! he leaned back in his chair, "there you are. Their proper leaders have sure failed them, so they're running after that bunch of cross-eyed skaters. And sitting here, watching 'em run, and laughing fit to beat the band, is your pal Peterson!"

It was at that moment that the telephone bell rang, and after a slight hesitation Hugh picked up the receiver.

"Very well," he grunted, after listening for a while, "I will tell him."

He replaced the receiver and turned to the American.

"Mr. Ditchling will be here for the meeting at two, and Peterson will be late," he announced slowly.

"What's Ditchling when he's at home?" asked the other.

"One of the so-called leaders," answered Hugh briefly, turning over the pages of the ledger. "Here's his dossier, according to Peterson. Ditchling, Charles. Good speaker; clever; unscrupulous. Requires big money; worth it. Drinks."

For a while they stared at the brief summary, and then the American burst into a guffaw of laughter.

"The mistake you've made, Captain, in this country, is not giving Peterson a seat in your cabinet. He'd have the whole caboose eating out of his hand; and if you paid him a few hundred thousand a year, he might run straight and grow pigs as a hobby. . . ."

TWO.

It was a couple of hours later that Hugh rang up his rooms in Half Moon street. From Algy, who spoke to him, he gathered that Phyllis and her father were quite safe. He also found out another thing—that Ted Jerningham had just arrived with the hapless Potts in tow, who was apparently sufficiently recovered to talk sense. He was weak still and dazed, but no longer imbecile.

"Tell Ted to bring him down to The Elms at once," ordered Hugh. "There's a compatriot of his here, waiting to welcome him with open arms."

"Potts is coming, Mr. Green," he said, putting down the receiver. "Our Hiram C. And he's talking sense. It seems to me that we may get a little light thrown on the activities of Mr. Hocking and Herr Steinemann, and the other bloke."

The American nodded slowly.

"Von Gratz," he said. "I remember his name now. Steel man. Maybe you're right, Captain, and that he knows something; anyway, I guess Hiram C. Potts and I stick closer than brothers till I restore him to the bosom of his family."

But Mr. Potts, when he did arrive, exhibited no great inclination to stick close to the detective; in fact, he showed the greatest reluctance to en-

ter the house at all. As Algy had said, he was still weak and dazed, and the sight of the place where he had suffered so much produced such an effect on him that for a while Hugh feared he was going to have a relapse. At length, however, he seemed to get back his confidence, and was persuaded to come into the central room.

"It's all right, Mr. Potts," Drummond assured him over and over again. "Their gang is dispersed, and Lakington is dead. We're quite safe. This is Mr. Green, who has come over from New York especially to find you and take you back to your family."

The millionaire stared in silence at the detective, who rolled his cigar round in his mouth.

"That's right, Mr. Potts. There's the little old sign." He threw back his coat, showing the police badge, and

the millionaire nodded. "I guess you've had things humming on the other side, and if it hadn't been for the Captain here and his friends, they'd be humming still."

"I'm obliged to you, sir," said the American, speaking for the first time to Hugh. The words were slow and hesitating, as if he was not quite sure of his voice. "I seem to remember your face," he continued, "as part of the awful nightmare I've suffered the last few days—or is it weeks? I seem to remember having seen you, and you were always kind."

"That's all over now, Mr. Potts," said Hugh gently. "You got into the clutches of the most infernal gang of swine, and we've been trying to get you out again." He looked at him quietly. "Do you think you can remember enough to tell us what happened at the beginning? Take your time," he urged. "There's no hurry."

The millionaire passed his hand dazedly over his forehead.

"I was stopping at the Carlton," he began, "with Granger, my secretary. I sent him over to Belfast on a shipping deal and— He paused and looked round the group. "Where is Granger?" he asked.

"Mr. Granger was murdered in Belfast, Mr. Potts," said Drummond quietly, "by a member of the gang that kidnapped you."

"Murdered! Jimmy Granger murdered!" He almost cried in his weakness. "What did the swine want to murder him for?"

"Because they wanted you alone," explained Hugh. "Private secretaries ask awkward questions."

After a while the millionaire recovered his composure, and with many breaks and pauses the slow, disjointed story continued:

"Lakington! That was the name of the man I met at the Carlton. And then there was another. . . . Peter. . . . Peterson. That's it. We all dined together, I remember, and it was after dinner, in my private sitting room, that Peterson put up his proposition to me. . . . It was a suggestion that he thought would appeal to me as a business man. He said—what was it?—that he could produce a gigantic syndicalist strike in England—revolution, in fact; and that as one of the biggest shipowners—the biggest, in fact—outside this country, I should be able to capture a lot of the British carrying trade. He wanted two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to do it, paid one month after the result was obtained. . . . Said there were others in it. . . ."

"On that valuation," interrupted the detective, thoughtfully, "it makes one million pounds sterling," and Drummond nodded. "Yes, Mr. Potts; and then?"

"I told him," said the millionaire, "that he was an infernal scoundrel, and that I'd have nothing whatever to do with such a villainous scheme. And then—almost the last thing I can remember—I saw Peterson look at Lakington. Then they both sprang on me, and I felt something prick my arm. And after that I can't remember anything clearly. Your face, sir—he turned to Drummond—"comes to me out of a kind of dream; and yours, too," he added to Darrell. "But it was like a long, dreadful nightmare, in which vague things, over which I had no power, kept happening, until I woke up last night in this gentleman's house."

He bowed to Ted Jerningham, who grinned cheerfully.

"And might I glad I was to hear you talking sense again, sir," he remarked. "Do you mean to say you have no recollection of how you got there?"

"None, sir; none," answered the millionaire. "It was just part of the dream."

"It shows the strength of the drug those swine used on you," said Drummond grimly. "You went there in an airplane, Mr. Potts."

"An airplane!" cried the other in amazement. "I don't remember it. I've got no recollection of it whatever. There's only one other thing that I can lay hold of, and that's all dim and muzzy. . . . Pearls. . . . A great rope of pearls. . . . I was to sign a paper; and I wouldn't. . . . I did once, and then there was a shot and the light went out, and the paper disappeared."

"It's at my bank at this moment, Mr. Potts," said Hugh; "I took that paper, or part of it, that night."

"Did you?" The millionaire looked at him vaguely. "I was to promise them a million dollars when they had done what they said. . . . I remember that. . . . And the pearl necklace. . . . the duchess of. . . ." He paused and shook his head wearily.

"The duchess of Lampshire's?" prompted Hugh.

"That's it," said the other. "The duchess of Lampshire's. It was saying that I wanted her pearls, I think, and would ask no questions as to how they were got."

The detective grunted.

"Wanted to incriminate you properly, did they? Though it seems to me that it was a blamed risky game. There should have been enough money from the other three to run the show without worrying you, when they found you weren't for it."

"Wait," said the millionaire, "that reminds me. Before they assaulted me at the Carlton they told me the others wouldn't come in unless I did."

For a while there was silence, broken at length by Hugh.

"Well, Mr. Potts, you've had a moldy time, and I'm very glad it's over. But the person you've got to thank for putting us fellows on your track is a girl. If it hadn't been for her I'm afraid you'd still be having nightmares."

"I would like to see her and thank her," said the millionaire quickly.

"You shall," grinned Hugh. "Come to the wedding; it will be in a fortnight or thereabouts."

"Wedding!" Mr. Potts looked a little vague.

"Yes! Mine and hers. Ghastly proposition, isn't it?"

"The last straw," remarked Ted Jerningham. "A more impossible man as a bridegroom would be hard to think of. But in the meantime I pinched half a dozen of the old man's Perrier Jout 1911 and put 'em in the car. What say you?"

"Say!" snorted Hugh. "Idiot boy! Does one speak on such occasions?"

And it was so. . . .

THREE.

"What's troubling me," remarked Hugh later, "is what to do with Carl and that sweet girl Irma."

The hour for the meeting was drawing near, and though no one had any idea as to what sort of a meeting it was going to be, it was obvious that Peterson would be one of the happy throng.

"I should say the police might now be allowed a look in," murmured Darrell mildly. "You can't have the man lying about the place after you're married."

"I suppose not," answered Drummond, regretfully. "And yet it's a dreadful thing to finish a little show like this with the police—if you'll forgive my saying so, Mr. Green."

"Sure thing," drawled the American. "But we have our uses, Captain, and I'm inclined to agree with your friend's suggestion. Hand him over along with his book, and they'll sweep up the mess."

"It would be an outrage to let the scoundrel go," said the millionaire fiercely. "The man Lakington you say is dead; there's enough evidence to hang this brute as well. What about my secretary in Belfast?"

But Drummond shook his head.

"I have my doubts, Mr. Potts, if you'd be able to bring that home to him. Still, I can quite understand your feeling rattled with the bird." He rose and stretched himself; then he glanced at his watch. "It's time you all retired, boys; the party ought to be starting soon. Drift in again with the lads, the instant I ring the bell."

Left alone Hugh made certain once again that he knew the right combination of studs on the wall to open the big door which concealed the stolen store of treasure—and other things as well; then, lighting a cigarette, he sat down and waited.

The end of the chase was in sight, and he had determined it should be a fitting end, worthy of the chase itself—theatrical, perhaps, but at the same time impressive. Something for the Ditchlings of the party to ponder on in the silent watches of the night. . . . Then the police—it would have to be the police, he admitted sorrowfully—and after that, Phyllis.

And he was just on the point of ringing up his flat to tell her that he loved her, when the door opened and a man came in. Hugh recognized him at once as Vallance Nestor, an author of great brilliance—in his own eyes—who had lately devoted himself to the advancement of revolutionary law.

"Good afternoon," murmured Drummond, affably. "Mr. Peterson will be a little late. I am his private secretary."

The other nodded and sat down languidly.

"What did you think of my last little effort in the Midlands?" he asked, drawing off his gloves.

"Quite wonderful," said Hugh. "A marvelous help to the great cause."

Vallance Nestor yawned slightly and closed his eyes, only to open them again as Hugh turned the pages of the ledger on the table.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"This is the book," replied Drummond carelessly, "where Mr. Peterson records his opinions of the immense value of all his fellow-workers. Most interesting reading."

the meaning of this abominable insult?"

But Hugh, his shoulders shaking slightly, was welcoming the next arrival—a rugged, beetle-browed man, whose face seemed vaguely familiar, but whose name he was unable to place.

"Crofter," shouted the infuriated author, "look at this as a description of me!"

And Hugh watched the man, whom he now knew to be one of the extremist members of parliament, walk over and glance at the book. He saw him conceal a smile, and then Vallance Nestor carried the good work on.

"We'll see what he says about you—impertinent blackguard."

Hugh glanced over Crofter's shoulder at the dossier.

He just had time to read: "Crofter, John. A consummate blackguard. Playing entirely for his own hand. Needs careful watching," when the subject of the remarks, his face convulsed with fury, spun round and faced him.

"Who wrote that?" he snarled.

"Must have been Mr. Peterson," answered Hugh placidly. "A wonderful judge of character, too," he murmured, turning away to greet Mr. Ditchling, who arrived somewhat opportunely, in company with a thin, pale man—little more than a youth—whose identity completely defeated Drummond.

"My God!" Crofter was livid with rage. "Me and Peterson will have words this afternoon. Look at this,

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Cousinly Manner.

"Have you any talented people among your summer boarders?"

"One," said Mr. Cobbles. "What's his speciality?"

"Standin' off his board bill. He hasn't paid us a nickel since he's been here, but his manners are so free and easy, I sometimes wonder if he ain't a distant relation."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

That Hung Well.

Cholly—"He hung upon her every word." Gussie—"Oh, I see; he kept him in suspense!"

A good bluff is often more effective than a bad act.

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case

J. B. Stark, farmer, R. F. D. No. 4, Seward, S. D., says: "I was in bad condition with my back and other kidney trouble. My back ached constantly and after I had been sitting down a while I could hardly get up. When I bent over I had sharp catches of pain in my back. My kidneys didn't act right. I used several boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and was cured."

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IN USE FIFTY YEARS

Ensures a soothing, healing effect upon all mucous linings. Relieving gas, sour stomach, ach, nausea, vomiting, cramps, pains in the abdomen, diarrhoea, constipation are all symptoms of a catarrhal condition in the organs of digestion. Don't suffer another day. It is needless and dangerous. Two generations have found Peruna to be the medicine needed for such disturbances.

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New Cause for Lightning.  
An old negro preacher in a southern rural district accounted for the lightning in this way:  
"Ever' time Satan looks down an' sees de Lawd's work gwine on, fire flashes 'um his eyes. Dat's de lightning. An', w'en he falls ter hit a church wid it he lays back an hollers. Dat's de thunder."  
"But, parson," said an old deacon, "what is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightning den."  
The preacher studied a minute and then said: "Well, hit may be, Brer Williams, dat hell's froze over den!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Millionaire Stared in Silence at the Detective.



Tnen, Lighting a Cigarette, He Sat Down and Waited.