DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD

The Adventures of a

Demobilized Officer

Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

"Wait," said the millionaire, "that

broken at length by Hugh.

night or thereabouts."

proposition, isn't it?"

What say you?"

throng.

ried.'

mess."

"The last straw," remarked Ted Jer-

ningham. "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

"Say !" snorted Hugh. "Idiot boy !

Does one speak on such occasions?"

THREE.

"What's troubling me," remarked

The hour for the meeting was draw-

ing 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

"I should say the police might now

be allowed a look in," murmured Dar-

rell mildly. "You can't have the man

lying about the place after you're mar-

"I suppose not," answered Drum-mond, regretfully. "And yet it's a

dreadful thing to finish a little show

like this with the police-if you'll for-

"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

"It would be an outrage to let the

give my saying so, Mr. Green."

Hugh later, "is what to do with Carl

And it was so. . . .

and that sweet girl Irma."

tle vague.

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

CHAPTER XII-Continued. -18-

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

"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 'am 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 pell the chestnuts out of the fire for them. And the chestnuts, who are the poor blamed decent workingmen, 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's 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'd 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 Drummond thoughtfully lit a cig-

arette.

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

"Sure thing," answered the Ameri-"And when he brings it off, I Can. guess you won't catch Peterson for dust. He'll pocket the boodle, and the boobs will stew in their own juice. I med 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

the weak, the indigent and the ignorant are the faults of husbands, fathers, masters, the strong, the rich, a d 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 ross-eyed skaters. And sitting here, watching 'em run, and laughing fit to cent the band, is your pal Peterson !" It was at that moment that the tele-

phone 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

home?" asked the other. "One of the so-called leaders," an-

swered 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 guite 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.

a compatriot of his here, waiting to welcome him with open arms."

"Potts is coming, Mr. Green," he said, putting down the receiver. "Our

faults of women, children, servants, | the millionaire nodded. "I guess you've had thisgs humming on the other side, reminds me. Before they assaulted me at the Carlton they told me the others and if it hadn't been for the Captain here and his friends, they'd be humwouldn't come in unless I did." ming 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 afraid you'd still be having nightthe awful nightmare I've suffered the last few days-or is it weeks? I seem mares.' to remember having seen you, and you her," said the millionaire quickly. 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. Jouet 1911 and put 'em in the car. 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 kidnaped you."

"Murdered! Jimmy Granger musdered !" 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 propo-"Tell Ted to bring him down to The sition to me. . . . It was a sugges-Eims at once," ordered Hugh. "There's tion 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 Englandrevolution, in fact; and that as one of Hiram C. And he's talking sense. It the biggest shipowners-the biggest, seems to me that we may get a little in fact-outside this country, I should light thrown on the activities of Mr. be able to capture a lot of the British flercely. "The man Lakington you say

the meaning of this abominable insult?

But Hugh, his shoulders shaking slightly, was welcoming the next arrival-a rugged, beetle-browed mar. 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 Valance 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.

For a while there was silence, He just had time to read: "Crofter, John. A consummate blackguard, "Well, Mr. Potts, you've had a moldy Playing entirely for his own hand, time, and I'm very glad it's over. But Needs careful watching," when the the person you've got to thank for subject of the remarks, his face conputting us fellows on your track is a vulsed with fury, spun round and faced girl. If it hadn't been for her I'm him.

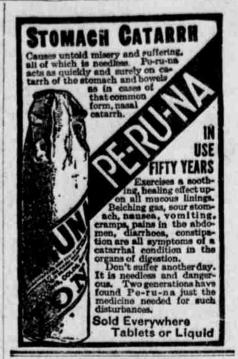
"Who wrote that?" he snarled.

"Must have been Mr. Peterson," an-"I would like to see her and thank swered Hugh placidly. "A wonderful judge of character, too," he murmured, "You shall," grinned Hugh, "Come turning away to greet Mr. Ditchling, to the wedding; it will be in a fortwho arrived somewhat opportunely, in company with a thin, pale man-little "Wedding!" Mr. Potts looked a litmore than a youth-whose identity completely defeated Drummond, "Yes! Mine and hers. Ghastly

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



Down and Waited.



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 f'um his eyes. Dat's de lightnin'. An', w'en he fails ter hit a church wid it he lays back an hollers. Dat's de thunder."

"But, parson," said an old deacon, "whar is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightnin' den.'

The preacher studied a minute and then said: "Well, hit may be, Br'er Williams, dat hell's froze over den!" -Atlanta Constitution,

A Cousinly Manner. "Have you any talented people among your summer boarders?" "One," said Mr. Cobbles.

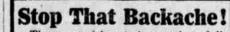
"What's his specialty?"

"Standin' off his board bill. He hasn't paid us a nickel since he's been here, but his manners are so free aa' 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; she kept him in suspense!"

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



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, headches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users rec-ommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

while the two sleepers shifted uncasily 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. hey'll be the leaders in the new one. That's what they're playing forpower; and when they've got it, God to the men who gave it to 'em.'

Drummond nodded, and lit another cigarette. Odd things he had read recurred 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 evidenity 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 simflar to mine, who before this have each on their own, been feebly struggling toward the light. Now we are ablacd, and our strength is due to

In other words, the army was on the tond to completion, an army where anety per cent of the fighters-duped by the remaining ten-would struggle | At length, however, he seemed to get blindly towards a dim, half-understood back his confidence, and was persuadroal, only to find out too late that the thip of Solomon had been exchanged for the scorpion of his son, . . .

"Why can't they be made to understend, Mr. Green?" he cried bitterly. The working man-the decent fel-

"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 nall on the head. I copied it out, for it ed good to me." From his pocket- little old sign." He threw back his wook he produced a slip of paper. ""The | cost, showing the police hadge, and | found you weren't for it."

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-



The Millionaire Stared in Silence at

the Detective.

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 ef-

fect on him that for a while Hugh

feared he was going to have a relapse.

"It's all right, Mr. Potts," Drummond

assured him over and over again.

Their gang is dispersed, and Laking-

ton is dead. We're all friends here

now. You're quite safe. This is Mr.

Green, who has come over from New

York especially to find you and take

The millionaire stared in silence at

the detective, who rolled his cigar

"That's right, Mr. Potts. There's the

you back to your family."

round in his mouth.

ed to come into the central room.

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 mighty glad I was to hear you talking sense again, sir," he remarked. "Do you mean to say you have no recellection 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 records his opinions of the immense them a million dollars when they had done what they said. . . . I remember | interesting reading." that. . . . And the pearl necklace. . , the duchess of . . ." He paused and shook his head wearily.

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

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.

ly, did they? Though it seems to me that it was a blamed risky game.

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 walted.

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 sorrowfullyand 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 labor.

"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 vawned 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 value of all his fellow-workers. Most

"Am I in it?" Vallance Nestor arose with alacrity.

"Why, of course," answered Drummond. "Are you not one of the leaders? Here you are." He pointed with his finger, and then drew back in dismay. "Dear, dear! There must be some mistake."

But Vallance Nestor, with a frozen and glassy eye, was staring fascinated at the following choice description of himself:

"Nestor, Vallance. Author-so-called. Hot-air factory, but useful up to a point. Inordinately conceited and a monumental ass. Not fit to be trusted far.'

"What," he spluttered at length. "is

Ditchling" On second thoughts he turned over some pages. "We'll see what this insolent devil has to say about you."

"Drinks!" Ditchling thumped the table with a heavy fist. "What the h--does he mean? Say, you, Mr. Secretary-what's the meaning of this?"

"They represent Mr. Peterson's considered opinions of you all," said Hugh genially. "Perhaps this other gentleman . . ."

He turned to the pale youth, who stepped forward with a surprised look. He seemed to be not quite clear what had upset the others, but already Nestor had turned up his name.

"Terrance, Victor. A wonderful speaker. Appears really to believe that what he says will benefit the workingman. Consequently very valuable; but indubitably mad."

"Does he mean to insult us deliberately?" demanded Crofter, his voice still shaking with passion.

"But I don't understand," said Victor Terrance, dazedly. "Does Mr. Peterson not believe in our teachings, too?" He turned slowly and looked at Hugh, who shrugged his shoulders.

"He should be here at any moment," he answered, and as he spoke the door opened and Carl Peterson came in.

"Good aftersoon, gentlemen," he began, and then he saw Hugh. With a look of speechless amazement he stared at the soldier, and for the first time since Hugh had known him his face blanched. Then his eyes fell on the open ledger, and with a dreadful curse he sprang forward. A glance at the faces of the men who stood watching him told him what he wanted to know, and with another oath his hand went to his pocket.

"Take your hand out, Carl Peterson." Drummond's voice rang through the room, and the arch-criminal, looking sullenly up, found himself staring into the muzzle of a revolver. "Now, sit down at the table-all of you. The meeting is about to commence."

"Look here," blustered Crofter, "I'll have the law on you. . . .

"By all manner of means, Mr. John Crofter, consummate blackguard," answered Hugh, calmly. "But that comes afterward. Just now-sit down."

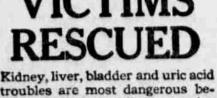
"I'm d-d if I will," reared the other, springing at the soldier. And Peterson, sitting sullenly at the table trying to readjust his thoughts to the sudden blinding certainty that through some extraordinary accident everything had miscarried, never stirred as a half-stunned member of parliament crashed to the floor beside him.

"Sit down, I said," remarked Drummond, affably. "But if you prefer to lie down, it's all the same to me. Are there any more to come, Peterson?" "Nc, d-n you. Get it over !"

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Some men find it easier to acquire

a reputation than to earn a living.



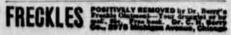


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"That's it," said the other. "The

"Wanted to incriminate you proper-There should have been enough money from the other three to run the show without worrying you, when they