

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

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"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 Steineman and Von Gratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Brian Potts, an American, is taken in. Capt. Hugh (Bull-Dog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X16." 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 thumbcrew 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 fight. 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 Jeringham and Jerry Seymour, the latter an aviator. 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.

THREE.

Hugh stopped his car at Guildford 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 . . ."

"They 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, faking 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. He 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 exultantly. "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-

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 what it has been," he caught both her hands in his . . . and we've won . . . why then, girl o' mine, we'll get Peter Darrel to be best man."

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 Guildford, 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 Lampshire'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 stroled 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 . . . 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

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 gowned, lying on the sofa, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and man-curling 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 lee. By use of high pressure water has been converted into a new ice so dense and heavy that it sinks in water instead of floating.—The Argonaut.

Help That Aching Back!



Is your back giving out? Are you tired, miserable, all run down; tortured with nagging back-ache, lameness and sudden, stabbing pains? If so, look to your kidneys. Overwork, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache and an all worn out feeling is often the first warning. Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy thousands recommend. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case
A. L. Renquist, 202 S. Arthur St., Holdrege, Nebr., says: "I had an attack of kidney complaint, and was in bad shape for awhile. I was hunking corn when the trouble started. I no doubt had taken cold in the muscles of my back and side. I was so lame I could hardly straighten. I sent for Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me so I have had no trouble since."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
60c a Box at All Stores
Foster-McBarn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Eatonio Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eatonio helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Eatonio helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Eatonio after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

"ANGEL" OF SENATE PAGES

Political Opponents of Senator Elkins Aver He is Appearing in Entirely New Light.

When Senator Phelan of California retired from the senate there was an air of gloom around the haunts of the pages on the Democratic side which couldn't be dispelled. The California senator has been the official angel of the pages for years and he had seen to it that they got rickets for baseball games and such things. Being a page without having an angel is hardly worth while.

About this time Senator Davis Elkins of West Virginia heard about the desperate situation of these boys and declared he would be the official angel for the suffering pages. Since Senator Elkins is supposed to own a lot of coal mines and oil wells and perhaps a railroad here and there, if they haven't been mislaid lately, nobody could make a grander angel and the pages see before them a summer marked by ball games, strewn with lollypops and ice cream.—Buffalo Express.

Embarrassing Moment.

I never saw a man in a more embarrassing situation than the manager of a lecture hall in a town I used to live in.

It was the appointed hour, but the lecturer did not appear. The audience was beginning to show signs of impatience.

Suddenly the manager made his appearance on the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in apologetic tones, "I am sorry to have to inform you that the lecture on 'How to Keep Fit' will have to be postponed owing to the unexpected indisposition of the lecturer."

The laughter that followed lasted several minutes after he had fled from the stage.—Chicago American.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

They Ask For It.

Hilary K. Adair, the San Francisco detective, was talking about the conviction of Charles Ponzi.

"Oh, well," he said, "the people like to be swindled—that's my experience. When I was living in New England a Concord crook cleaned up \$7,000 one cold winter by advertising that he had a 50-cent recipe for keeping wells and cisterns from freezing. Farmers from Maine and Vermont and North Dakota and all the cold places sent for the recipe, and what they got was a printed slip which said:

"Take in your well or cistern carefully every night and stand it in front of the fire."

A promise forgotten is a lie remembered.

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