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BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"Who are you?" He spat the words out venomously, at the same time whipping an ugly-looking knife out of his pocket.

Hugh replaced his hat and stick on the table and grinned gently.

"I am the insolent puppy of a soldier, dear old bird," he remarked, watching the other warily. "And if I was you I'd put the toothpick away. . . . You might hurt yourself—"

As he spoke he was edging, little by little, toward the other man, who crouched snarling by the door. His eyes, grim and determined, never left the other's face; his hands, apparently hanging listless by his sides, were tingling with the joy of what he knew was coming.

"And the penalty of failure is death, isn't it, dear one?" He spoke almost dreamily; but not for an instant did his attention relax. Almost imperceptibly, he crept toward the other man, talking gently.

"Such is your rule. And I think you have failed, haven't you, you unpleasant specimen of humanity? How will they kill you, I wonder?"

It was at that moment that the man made his mistake. He looked away; only for a moment—but he looked away. Just as a cat's nerves give after a while and it looks round for an avenue of escape, so did the crouching man take his eyes from Hugh. And quick as any dog, Hugh sprang.

With his left hand he seized the man's right wrist, with his right he seized his throat. Then he forced him upright against the door and held him there. Even when inch by inch he shifted his grip on the man's knife hand he never took his eyes from his



With His Left Hand He Seized the Man's Right Wrist, With His Right He Seized His Throat.

opponent's face; even when with a sudden gasp of agony the man dropped his knife from fingers which, of a sudden, had become numb, the steady, merciless glare still bored into his brain.

"You're not very clever at it, are you?" said Hugh softly. "It would be so easy to kill you now, and except for the inconvenience I should undoubtedly suffer, it mightn't be a bad idea. But they know me downstairs, and it would make it so awkward when I wanted to dine here again. . . . So, taking everything into account, I think—"

There was a sudden lightning movement, a heave and a quick jerk. The impersonator of Potts was dimly conscious of flying through the air, and of hitting the floor some yards from the door. He made a frantic effort to rise, but the pain was too great, and he rolled over cursing, while the soldier, his hand on the door-knob, laughed gently.

"I'll keep the toothpick," he remarked, "as a memento."

The next moment he was striding along the corridor toward the elevator. As a fight it had been a poor one, but his brain was busy with the information he had heard. True, it had been scrappy in the extreme, and, in part, had only confirmed what he had suspected all along. The wretched Granger had been foully done to death, for no other reason than that he was the millionaire's secretary. Hugh's jaw tightened; it revolted his sense of sport. It wasn't as if the poor blighter had done anything; merely because he existed and might ask inconvenient questions he had been removed. And as the elevator shot downwards, and the remembrance of the grim struggle he had had in the darkness of The Elms the night before came back to his mind, he wondered once again if he had done wisely in not breaking Peterson's neck while he had the chance.

He was still debating the question in his mind as he crossed the tea-lounge.

"Why, Captain Drummond, you look pensive." A well-known voice from a table at his side made him look down, and he bowed a little grimly. Irma Peterson was regarding him with a mocking smile.

He glanced at her companion, a young man whose face seemed vaguely familiar to him, and then his eyes rested once more on the girl. Even his masculine intelligence could appreciate the perfection—in a slightly foreign style—of her clothes; and, as to her beauty, he had never been under any delusions.

"The Carlton seems rather a favorite resort of yours," she continued, watching him through half closed eyes. "I think you're very wise to make the most of it while you can."

"While I can?" said Hugh. "That sounds rather depressing.'

"I've done my best," continued the girl, "but matters have passed out of my hands, I'm afraid."

Again Hugh glanced at her companion, but he had risen and was talking to some people who had just come in.

"Is he one of the firm?" he remarked. "His face seems familiar."

"Oh, no!" said the girl. "He is—just a friend." She leaned forward suddenly. "Why don't you join us instead of so foolishly trying to fight us? Believe me, Monsieur Hugh, it is the only thing that can possibly save you. You know too much."

"Is the invitation to amalgamate official, or from your own charming brain?" murmured Hugh.

"Made on the spur of the moment," she said lightly. "But it may be regarded as official."

"I'm afraid it must be declined on the spur of the moment," he answered in the same tone. "And equally to be regarded as official. Well, au revoir. Please tell Mr. Peterson how sorry I am to have missed him."

"I will most certainly," answered the girl. "But then, mon ami, you will be seeing him again soon, without doubt. . . ."

She waved a charming hand in farewell, and turned to her companion. But Drummond, though he went into the hall outside, did not immediately leave the hotel. Instead, he buttonholed an exquisite being arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and led him to a point of vantage.

"You see that girl," he remarked, "having tea with a man at the third table from the big palm? Now, can you tell me who the man is? I seem to know his face, but I can't put a name to it."

"That, sir," murmured the exquisite being, with the faintest perceptible scorn at such ignorance, "is the marquis of Laidley. His lordship is frequently here."

"Laidley!" cried Hugh, in sudden excitement. "Laidley! The duke of Lampshire's son! You priceless old stuffed tomato—the plot thickens."

Completely regardless of the scandalized horror on the exquisite being's face, he smote him heavily in the stomach and stepped into Pall Mall. For clear before his memory had come three lines on the scrap of paper he had torn from the table at The Elms that first night, when he had grabbed the dazed millionaire from under Peterson's nose.

earl necklace and the are at present chess of Lamp-

The duchess of Lampshire's pearls were world-famous; the marquis of Laidley was apparently enjoying his tea. And between the two there seemed to be a connection rather too obvious to be missed.

THREE.

"I'm glad you two fellows came down," said Hugh thoughtfully, as he entered the sitting-room of his bungalow at Goring. Dinner was over, and stretched in three chairs were Peter Darrell, Algy Longworth, and Toby Sinclair. "Did you know that a man came here this afternoon, Peter?"

"I did not. Who was it?"

"Mrs. Denny has just told me." Hugh reached out a hand for his pipe, and proceeded to stuff it with tobacco. "He came about the water. And he told her that I had told him to come. Unfortunately, I'd done nothing of the sort."

"What do you mean, Hugh?" asked Toby Sinclair.

"It's pretty obvious, old boy," said Hugh grimly. "I should say that about five hours ago Peterson found out that our one and only Hiram C. Potts was upstairs."

"Good Lord!" spluttered Darrell, by now very wide awake, "what do we do, sergeant-major?"

"We take it in turns—two at a time—to sit up with Potts." Hugh glanced at the other three. "D—n it—you blighters—wake up!"

"I don't know what it is," Darrell said, rubbing his eyes, "I feel most infernally sleepy."

"Well, listen to me—confound you . . . Toby!"

"Sorry, old man." With a start Sinclair sat up in his chair and blinked at Hugh.

"They're almost certain to try and get him tonight," went on Hugh. "Having given the show away by leaving a clue on the wretched secretary, they must get the real man as soon as possible. It's far too dangerous to leave the—leave the—" His head dropped forward on his chest: a short, half-strangled snore came from his lips. It had the effect of waking him for the moment, and he staggered to his feet.

The other three, sprawling in their chairs, were openly and unashamedly asleep; even the dogs lay in fantastic attitudes, breathing heavily, inert like logs.

"Wake up!" shouted Hugh wildly. "For God's sake—wake up! We've been drugged!"

An iron weight seemed to be pressing down on his eyelids: the desire for sleep grew stronger and stronger. For a few moments more he fought against it, hopelessly, despairingly; while his legs seemed not to belong to him, and there was a roaring noise in his ears. And then, just before unconsciousness overcame him, there came to his bemused brain the sound of a whistle thrice repeated from outside the window. With a last stupendous effort he fought his way toward it, and for a moment he stared into the darkness. There were dim figures moving through the shrubs, and suddenly one seemed to detach itself. It came nearer, and the light fell on the man's face. His nose and mouth were covered with a sort of pad, but the cold, sneering eyes were unmistakable.

"Lakington!" gasped Hugh, and then the roaring noise increased in his head; his legs struck work altogether. He collapsed on the floor and lay sprawling, while Lakington, his face pressed against the glass outside, watched in silence.

. . . . . .

"Draw the curtains." Lakington was speaking, his voice muffled behind the pad, and one of the men did as he said. There were four in all, each with a similar pad over his mouth and nose. "Where did you put the generator, Brownlow?"

"In the coal-scuttle." A man whom Mrs. Denny would have had no difficulty in recognizing, even with the mask on his face, carefully lifted a small black box out of the scuttle from behind some coal, and shook it gently, holding it to his ear. "It's finished," he remarked, and Lakington nodded.

"An ingenious invention is gas," he said, addressing another of the men. "We owe your nation quite a debt of gratitude for the idea."

A guttural grunt left no doubt as to what that nation was, and Lakington dropped the box into his pocket.

"Go get him," he ordered briefly, and the others left the room.

Contemptuously Lakington kicked one of the dogs; it rolled over and lay motionless in its new position. Then he went in turn to each of the three men sprawling in the chairs. With no attempt at gentleness he turned their faces up to the light, and



In His Eyes Was a Look of Cold Fury, and He Kicked the Unconscious Man Savagely.

studied them deliberately; then he let their heads roll back again with a thud. Finally, he went to the window and stared down at Drummond. In his eyes was a look of cold fury, and he kicked the unconscious man savagely in the ribs.

"You young swine," he muttered. "Do you think I'll forget that blow on the jaw?"

He took another box out of his pocket and looked at it lovingly.

"Shall I?" With a short laugh he replaced it. "It's too good a death for you, Captain Drummond, D. S. O., M. C. Just to snuff out in your sleep. No, my friend, I think I can devise something better than that; something really artistic."

Two other men came in as he turned away, and Lakington looked at them.

"Well," he asked, "have you got the old woman?"

"Bound and gagged in the kitchen," answered one of them laconically. "Are you going to do this crowd in?"

The speaker looked at the unconscious men with hatred in his eyes.

"They encumber the earth—this breed of puppy."

"They will not encumber it for long," said Lakington softly. "But the one in the window there is not going to die so easily. I have a small unsettled score with him. . . ."

"All right; he's in the car." A voice came from outside the window, and with a last look at Hugh Drummond, Lakington turned away.

"Then we'll go," he remarked. "Au revoir, my blundering young bull. Before I've finished with you, you'll scream for mercy. And you won't get it. . . ."

. . . . . .

Through the still night air there came the thrumming of the engine of a powerful car. Gradually it died away and there was silence. And then, with a sudden crack, Peter Darrell's head rolled over and hit the arm of his chair.

(To Be Continued.)

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Attorney for Trustees

TRUSTEES' SALE
of
Eastern Shore Trust Company Stock and Half Interest in Canning House

The undersigned, Trustees of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, in pursuance of the power vested in them as such trustees, and by virtue of an order of sale passed by the United States District Court for the District of Maryland, in the matter of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, the same being No. 3375 "M" in the records of said Court, will offer for sale, at public auction, to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1921
at 1 o'clock P. M.

in front of the banking house of The Eastern Shore Trust Company, in the town of Federalsburg, Maryland.

First: An undivided one-half interest in and to all that lot or parcel of land containing three acres, more or less, situated, lying and being at Finchville, Maryland, about 3 miles from Federalsburg, improved by a canning house, warehouse and garage, together with the machinery therein, (excepting scalder, filler and crimper, which belong to L. K. Hackett & Co.), which canning plant was lately conducted by L. K. Hackett & Co. The other undivided one-half interest in said property belongs to L. K. Hackett.

Second: Ten shares of the capital stock of The Eastern Shore Trust Company, each of the par value of fifty dollars. These shares will first be offered in blocks of five shares each, and then as a whole, the trustees reserving the right to accept the higher bid.

Terms of Sale: On parcel "First": 20 per cent. cash on day of sale and balance in nine months from day of sale, or upon confirmation of sale, or all cash on day of sale, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers; the deferred payments to be secured by the interest bearing notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustees.

On parcel "Second": 20 per cent. cash on day of sale and balance upon confirmation of sale.

HARVEY L. COOPER
T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
FREDERICK H. FLETCHER
FRANK P. COVEY, Trustees
Auctioneer.

J. RICHARD JONES
Attorney for Trustees

TRUSTEES' SALE
of
Provident State Bank Stock Eastern Shore Brokerage & Commission Company Stock and Town Lots in Preston, Maryland

The undersigned, trustees of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, in pursuance of the power vested in them as such trustees, and by virtue of an order of sale passed by the United States District Court for the District of Maryland, in the matter of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, the same being No. 3375 "M" in the records of said Court, will offer for sale, at public auction, to the hgihest bidder, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1921
at 2:30 o'clock P. M.,

in front of the Banking House of the Provident State Bank, in the town of Preston, Maryland.

First: All those two building lots, situated on Noble avenue, in the town of Preston, Maryland, conveyed unto the said John W. Payne by Alexander Noble and wife, by deed dated the 20th day of March, 1917, and now of record among the Land Records of Caroline County, in Liber L. B. T. No. 78, at folio 539, etc. and therein described as Lots Nos. 2 and 3, each fronting 50 ft on Noble avenue with a depth of 150 feet. These lots will first be offered separately and then as a whole, the trustees reserving the right to accept the higher bid. These lots can never be granted or devised except to persons of the Caucasian Race.

Second: Five shares of the capital stock of the Provident State Bank, each of the par value of fifty dollars.

Third: Twenty-five shares of the capital stock of Easton Shore Brokerage and Commission Company, each of the par value of $100. This stock will be offered in blocks of five each and then as a whole, the trustees reserving the right to accept the higher bid.

Terms of Sale: On parcel "First" 20 per cent cash on day of sale and balance in nine months from day of sale or upon confirmation of sale, or all cash on day of sale, at option of the purchasers. The deferred payments to be secured by the interest bearing notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustees. On parcels "Second" and "Third" 20 per cent cash on day of sale and the balance on confirmation of sale.

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NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS
In Caroline County

Under and by virtue of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, pointed Owen N. Dulin, Esq., Sheriff the County Commissioners have apof Caroline County, Maryland, a Special Officer to issue Dog Licenses and Tags and to enforce the payment therefor. The new law requires every person who has possession of a dog over six months old to take out a license on or before July 1st, 1921, and the penalty for failure to do so is a fine or imprisonment in jail. This law will be rigidly and strictly enforced, and all persons not complying with the same will be prosecuted.

SHERIFF OWEN N. DULIN

will sit in the following districts at the hour, date and place hereinafter set forth to issue the said license and tags:

Marydel, June 6th, Heather's Store
Goldsboro, June 8th, Frank Lane's Store.
Henderson, June 17th, Walls' Store
Greensboro, June11-20, Clark's Store
Ridgely, June 10-22, Temple's Store
Denton, June 9th, Sheriff's residence
Hillsboro, June 13-23, Thompson's Hardware Store
American Corner, June 15-24, Lord's store
Federalsburg, June 18-27, Clellie E. Turner's Office.
Preston, June 16-25, Gallagher's Office

Between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. On all other days application from any of the above districts can be made at the Sheriff's residence, in the town of Denton.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Of Caroline County.
M. M. Luzader, Clerk.

The fixed fees by law are as follows: $1 for each male or female spayed dog; $2 for each female unspayed dog; $10 for kennel license, not exceeding 25 dogs; $20 for kennel license for more than 25 dogs.

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