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M. K. NEWNAM
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Denton, Maryland

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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"Then there was the same sum," continued Drummond, "to come from Hocking, the American cotton man—half German by birth; Steinemann, the German coal man; Von Gratz, the German steel man. Is that not so, Peterson?" It was an arrow at a venture, but it hit the mark, and Peterson nodded.

"So one million pounds was the stake this benefactor of humanity was playing for," sneered Drummond. "One million pounds, as the mere price of a nation's life-blood. . . . But at any rate he had the merit of playing big, whereas the rest of you scum, and the other beauties so ably catalogued in that book, messed about at his beck and call for packets of bull's eyes. Perhaps you labored under the delusion that you were fooling him, but the whole lot of you are so d—d crooked that you probably thought of nothing but your own filthy skins.

"Listen to me." Hugh Drummond's voice took on a deep, commanding ring, and against their will the four men looked at the broad, powerful soldier, whose sincerity shone clear in his face. "Not by revolutions and direct action will you make this island of ours right—though I am fully



"But Where Is He?" Said the Girl, Through Dry Lips.

aware that that is the last thing you would wish to see happen. But with your brains, and for your own unscrupulous ends, you gull the workingman into believing it. And he, because you can talk with your tongues in your cheeks, is led away. He believes you will give him Utopia; whereas, in reality, you are leading him to h—l. And you know it. Evolution is our only chance—not revolution; but you, and others like you, stand to gain more by the latter. . . ."

His hand dropped to his side, and he grinned.

"Quite a break for me," he remarked. "I'm getting hoarse. I'm now going to hand you four over to the boys. There's an admirable, but somewhat muddy pond outside, and I'm sure you'd like to look for newts. If any of you want to summon me for assault and battery, my name is Drummond—Captain Drummond of Half Moon street. But I warn you that that book will be handed into Scotland Yard tonight. Out with 'em, boys, and give 'em h—l. . . .

"And now, Carl Peterson," he remarked, as the door closed behind the last of the struggling prophets of a new world, "it is time that you and I settled our little account, isn't it?"

The master-criminal rose and stood facing him. Apparently he had completely recovered himself; the hand with which he lit his cigar was as steady as a rock.

"I congratulate you, Captain Drummond," he remarked suavely. "I confess I have no idea how you managed to escape from the somewhat cramped position I left you in last night, or how you have managed to install your own men in this house. But I have even less idea how you discovered about Hocking and the other two."

Hugh laughed shortly.

"Another time, when you disguise yourself as the Comte de Guy, remember one thing, Carl. For effective concealment it is necessary to change other things besides your face and figure. You must change your mannerisms and unconscious little tricks. No—I won't tell you what it is that gave you away. You can ponder over it in prison."

"So you mean to hand me over to the police, do you?" said Peterson slowly.

"I see no other course open to me," replied Drummond.

The sudden opening of the door made both men look round. Then Drummond bowed, to conceal a smile.

"Just in time, Miss Irma."

The girl swept past him and confronted Peterson.

"What has happened?" she panted. "The garden is full of people whom I've never seen. And there were two men running down the drive covered with weeds and dripping with water."

Peterson smiled grimly.

"A slight setback has occurred, my dear. I have made a big mistake—a mistake which has proved fatal. I have underestimated the ability of Captain Drummond; and as long as I live I shall always regret that I did not kill him the night he went exploring in this house."

Fearfully the girl faced Drummond; then she turned again to Peterson.

"Where's Henry?" she demanded.

"That again is a point on which I am profoundly ignorant," answered Peterson. "Perhaps Captain Drummond can enlighten us on that also?"

"Yes," remarked Drummond, "I can. Henry has had an accident. After I drove him back from the duchess' last night"—the girl gave a cry, and Peterson steadied her with his arm—"we had words—dreadful words. And for a long time, Carl, I thought it woldr be better if you and I had similar words. In fact, I'm not sure even nowthat it wouldn't be safer in the long run. . . . ."

"But where is he?" said the girl through dry lips.

"Where you ought to be, Carl," answered Hugh grimly. "Where, sooner or later, you will be."

He pressed the studs in the niche of thew all, and the door of the big safe swung open slowly. With a scream of terror the girl sank half-fainting on the floor, and even Peterson's cigar dropped on the floor from his nervous lips. For, hung from the ceiling by two ropes attached to his arms, was the dead body of Henry Lakington. And even as they watched it, it sagged lower, and one of the feet hit sullenly against a beautiful old gold vase. . . .

"My God!" muttered Peterson. "Did you murder him?"

"Oh, no!" answered Drummond. "He inadvertently fell in the bath he got ready for me, and then when he ran up the stairs in considerable pain, that interesting mechanical device broke his neck."

"Shut the door," screamed the girl; "I can't stand it."

She covered her face with her hands, shuddering, while the door slowly swung to again.

"Yes," remarked Drummond thoughtfully, "it should be an interesting trial. I shall have such a lot to tell them about the little entertainments here, and all your endearing ways."

With the big ledger under his arm he crossed the room and called to some men who were standing outside in the hall; and as the detectives, thoughtfully supplied by Mr. Green, entered the central room, he glanced for the last time at Carl Peterson and his daughter. Never had the cigar glowed more evenly between the master-criminal's lips; never had the girl Irma selected a cigarette from her gold and tortoise-shell case with more supreme indifference.

"Good-by, my ugly one!" she cried, with a charming smile, as two of the men stepped up to her.

"Good-by," Hugh bowed, and a tinge of regret showed for a moment in his eyes.

"Not good-by, Irma." Carl Peterson removed his cigar, and stared at Drummond steadily. "Only au revoir, my friend; only au revoir."

EPILOGUE.

"I simply can't believe it, Hugh." In the lengthening shadows Phyllis moved a little nearer to her husband, who, quite regardless of the publicity of their position, slipped an arm around her waist.

"Can't believe what, darling?" he demanded lazily.

"Why, that all that awful nightmare is over. Lakington dead, and the other two in prison, and us married."

"They're not actually in jug yet, old thing," said Hugh. "And somehow . . ." he broke off and stared thoughtfully at a man sauntering past them. To all appearances he was a casual visitor taking his evening walk along the front of the well-known seaside resort so largely addicted to honeymoon couples. And yet . . . was he? Hugh laughed softly; he'd got suspicion on the brain.

"Don't you think they'll be sent to prison?" cried the girl.

"They may be sent right enough, but whether they arrive or not is a different matter. I don't somehow see Carl picking oakum. It's not his form."

For a while they were silent, occupied with matters quite foreign to such trifles as Peterson and his daughter.

"Are you glad I answered your advertisement?" inquired Phyllis at length.

"The question is too frivolous to deserve an answer," remarked her husband severely.

"But you aren't sorry it's over?" she demanded.

"It isn't over, kid; it's just begun." He smiled at her tenderly. "Your life and mine . . . isn't it just wonderful?"

And once again the man sauntered past them. But this time he dropped a piece of paper on the path, just at Hugh's feet, and the soldier, with a quick movement which he hardly stopped to analyze, covered it with his shoe. The girl hadn't seen the action; but then, as girls will do after such remarks, she was thinking of other things. Idly Hugh watched the saunterer disappear in the more crowded part of the esplanade, and for a moment there came onto his face a look which, happily for his wife's peace of mind, she failed to notice.

"Let's go and eat, and after dinner I'll run you up to the top of the headland. . . ."

Together they strolled back to their hotel. In his pocket was the piece of paper; and who could be sending him messages in such a manner save one man—a man now awaiting his trial?

In the hall he stayed behind to inquire for letters, and a man nodded to him.

"Heard the news?" he inquired.

"No," said Hugh. "What's happened?"

"That man Peterson and the girl have got away. No trace of 'em." Then he looked at Drummond curiously. "By the way, you had something to do with that show, didn't you?"

"A little," smiled Hugh. "Just a little."

"Police bound to catch 'em again," continued the other. "Can't hide yourself these days."

And once again Hugh smiled, as he drew from his pocket the piece of paper:

"Only au revoir, my friend; only au revoir."

He glanced at the words written in Peterson's neat writing, and the smile broadened. Assuredly life was still good; assuredly. . . .

And into an ash tray nearby he dropped a piece of paper torn into a hundred tiny fragments.

"Was that a love-letter?" she demanded with assumed jealousy.

"Not exactly, sweetheart," he laughed back. "Not exactly." And over the glasses their eyes met. "Here's to hoping, kid; here's to hoping."

[THE END.]

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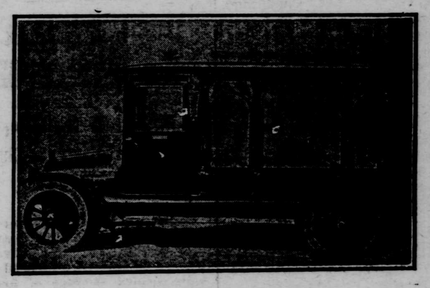
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