

# Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

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"Sapper"

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Stop it, Lakington." His voice was stern as he caught the other's upraised arm. "That's enough for the time."

"For a moment it seemed as if Lakington would have struck Peterson himself; then he controlled himself, and, with an ugly laugh, flung the whip into a corner."

"I forgot," he said slowly. "It's the leading dog we want—not the puppies that run after him yapping." He spun round on his heel. "Have you finished?"

The rope-artist bestowed a final touch to the last knot, and surveyed his handiwork with justifiable pride. "Cold mutton," he remarked tersely, "would be lively compared to him when he wakes up."

"Good! Then we'll bring him to." Lakington took some crystals from a jar on one of the shelves, and placed them in a tumbler. Then he added a few drops of liquid and held the glass directly under the unconscious man's nose. Almost at once the liquid began to effervesce, and in less than a minute Drummond opened his eyes and stared dazedly round the room. He



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Blinked foolishly as he saw Longworth and Sinclair; then he looked down and found he was similarly bound himself. Finally he glanced up at the man bending over him, and full realization returned.

"Feeling better, my friend?" With a mocking smile, Lakington laid the tumbler on a table close by.

"Much, thank you, Henry," murmured Hugh. "Ah! and there's Carl." He grinned cheerfully, and Lakington struck him on the mouth.

"You can stop that style of conversation, Captain Drummond," he remarked. "I dislike it."

Hugh stared at the striker in silence.

"Accept my congratulations," he said at length, in a low voice which, despite himself, shook a little. "You are the first man who has ever done that, and I shall treasure the memory of that blow."

"I'd hate it to be a lonely memory," remarked Lakington. "So here's another, to keep it company." Again he struck him, then with a laugh he turned on his heel. "My compliments to Miss Benton," he said to a man standing near the door, "and ask her to be good enough to come down for a few minutes."

The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead at the mention of the girl, but otherwise he gave no sign; and, in silence, they waited for her arrival. She came almost at once, a villainous-looking blackguard with her, and as she saw Hugh she gave a pitiful little moan and held out her hand to him.

"Why did you come, boy?" she cried. "Didn't you know it was only a forgery—that note?"

"Ah! was it?" said Hugh softly. "Was it, indeed?"

"An interesting point," murmured Lakington. "Surely if a charming girl is unable—or unwilling—to write herself to her fiancé, her father is a very able person to supply the deficiency. Especially if he has been kindly endowed by Nature with a special aptitude for—er—imitating writing."

"But time presses. And I don't want to go without telling you a little about the program. Captain Drummond. Unfortunately both Mr. Peterson and I have to leave you for tonight; but we shall be returning tomorrow morning—or, at any rate, I shall. You will be left in charge of Heinrich—you remember the filthy Boche?—with whom you had words the other night. As you may expect,

he entertains feelings of great friendship and affection for you, so you should not lack for any bodily comforts, such as may be possible in your present somewhat cramped position. Then tomorrow, when I return, I propose to try a few experiments on you, and, though I fear you will find them painful, it's a great thing to suffer in the cause of science. . . . You will always have the satisfaction of knowing that dear little Phyllis will be well cared for." With a sudden, quick movement, he seized the girl and kissed her before she realized his intention. The rope round Drummond creaked as he struggled impotently, and Lakington's sneering face seemed to swim in a red glow.

"That is quite in keeping, is it not," he snarled, "to kiss the lady, and to strike the man like this—and this—and this? . . ." A rain of blows came down on Drummond's face, till, with a gasping sigh, the girl slipped fainting to the floor.

"That'll do, Lakington," said Peterson, intervening once again. "Have the girl carried upstairs, and send for Heinrich. It's time we were off."

With an effort Lakington let his hand fall to his side, and stood back from his victim.

"Perhaps for the present, it will," he said slowly. "But tomorrow—tomorrow, Captain Drummond, you shall scream to heaven for mercy, until I take out your tongue and you can scream no more." He turned as the German came into the room. "I leave them to you, Heinrich," he remarked shortly. "Use the dog-whip if they shout, and gag them."

The German's eyes were fixed on Hugh glottingly.

"They will not shout twice," he said in his guttural voice. "The dirty Boche to it himself will see."

TWO

"We appear," remarked Hugh quietly, a few minutes later, "to be in for a cheery night."

For a moment the German had left the room, and three motionless, bound figures, sitting grotesquely in their chairs, were alone.

"How did they get you, Toby?"

"Half a dozen of 'em suddenly appeared," answered Sinclair shortly. "Knocked me on the head, and the next thing I knew I was here in this d—d chair."

"Is that when you got your face?" asked Hugh.

"No," said Toby, and his voice was grim. "We share in the matter of faces, old man."

"Lakington again, was it?" said Hugh softly. "Dear Heaven! if I could get one hand on that . . ." He broke off and laughed. "What about you, Algy?"

"I went blundering in over the way, old bean," returned that worthy, "and some dam' fellow knocked my eye-glass off. So, as I couldn't see to kill him, I had to join the picnic here."

Hugh laughed, and then suddenly grew serious.

"By the way, you didn't see a man chewing gum on the horizon, did you, when I made my entrance? Dog-robber suit, and face like a motor-mas-cot."

"Thank God, I was spared that!" remarked Algy.

"Good!" returned Hugh. "He's probably away with it by now, and he's no fool. For I'm thinking it's only Peter and him between us—and—" He left his remark unfinished, and for a while there was silence. "Jerry is over in France still, putting stamp-paper on his machine; Ted's gone up to see that Potts is taking nourishment."

"And here we sit like three well-preserved specimens in a bally museum," broke in Algy, with a rueful laugh. "What'll they do to us, Hugh?"

But Drummond did not answer, and the speaker, seeing the look on his face, did not press the question.

Slowly the hours dragged on, until the last gleams of daylight had faded from the skylight above, and a solitary electric light, hung centrally, gave the only illumination. Periodically Heinrich had come in to see that they were still secure; but from the sounds of the hoarse laughter which came at frequent intervals through the half-open door, it was evident that the German had found other and more congenial company. At length he appeared carrying a tray with bread and water on it, which he placed on a table near Hugh.

"Food for you, you English swine," he remarked, looking glottingly at each in turn. "Herr Lakington the order gave, so that you will fit to be tomorrow morning. Fit for the torture." He thrust his flushed face close to Drummond's, and then deliberately spat at him.

Algy Longworth gave a strangled grunt, but Drummond took no notice. With a quiet smile, he looked up at the German.

"How much, my friend," he remarked, "are you getting for this?"

The German leered at him. "Enough to see that you tomorrow are here," he said.

"And I always believed that yours

was a business nation," laughed Hugh. "Why, you poor fool, I've got a thousand pounds in notes in my cigarette case."

"You hof, hof you," the German grunted. "Then the filthy Boche will for you of them take care."

Hugh looked at him angrily. "If you do," he cried, "you must let me go."

The German leered still more. "Naturally. You shall out of the house at once walk."

He stepped up to Drummond and ran his hands over his coat, while the others stared at one another in amazement. Surely Hugh didn't imagine the swine would really let him go; he would merely take the money and probably spit in his face again. Then they heard him speaking, and a sudden gleam of comprehension dawned on their faces.

"You'll have to undo one of the ropes, my friend, before you can get at it," said Hugh quietly.

For a moment the German hesitated. He looked at the ropes carefully; the one that bound the arms and the upper part of the body was separate from the rope round the legs. Even if he did undo it the fool Englishman was still helpless, and he knew that he was unarmed. Had he not himself removed his revolver, as he lay unconscious in the hall? What risk was there, after all? Besides, if he called some one else in he would have to share the money.

And, as he watched the German's indecision, Hugh's forehead grew damp with sweat. . . . Would he undo the rope? Would greed conquer caution?

At last the Boche made up his mind, and went behind the chair. Hugh felt him fumbling with the rope, and flashed an urgent look of caution at the other two.

"You'd better be careful, Heinrich," he remarked, "that none of the others see, or you might have to share."

The German ceased undoing the knot, and grunted. The English swine had moments of brightness, and he went over and closed the door. Then he resumed the operation of untying the rope; and, since it was performed behind the chair he was in no position to see the look on Drummond's face. Only the two spectators could see that, and they had almost ceased breathing in their excitement. That he had a plan they knew; what it was they could not even guess.

At last the rope fell clear and the German sprang back.

"Put the case on the table," he cried, having not the slightest intention of coming within range of those formidable arms.

"Certainly not," said Hugh, "until you undo my legs. Then you shall have it."

Quite loosely he was holding the case in one hand; but the others, watching his face, saw that it was strained and tense.

"First I the notes must have." The German strove to speak conversationally, but all the time he was creeping nearer and nearer to the back of the chair. "Then I your legs undo, and you may go."

Algy's warning cry rang out simultaneously with the lightning dart of the Boche's hand as he snatched at the



With a Sudden, Quick Movement He Seized the Girl and Kissed Her Before She Realized His Intention.

cigarette-case over Drummond's shoulder. And then Drummond laughed a low, triumphant laugh. It was the move he had been hoping for, and the German's wrist was held fast in his vise-like grip. His plan had succeeded.

And Longworth and Sinclair, who had seen many things in their lives, the remembrance of which will be with them till their dying day, had never seen and are never likely to see any-

thing within measurable distance of what they saw in the next few minutes. Slowly, inexorably, the German's arm was being twisted, while he uttered gasping cries, and beat impotently at Drummond's head with his free hand. Then at last there was a dull crack as the arm broke, and a scream of pain, as he lurched round the chair and stood helpless in front of the soldier, who still held the cigarette case in his left hand.

They saw Drummond open the cigarette case and take from it what looked like a tube of wood. Then he felt in his pocket and took out a match-box, containing a number of long thin splinters. And, having fitted one of the splinters into the tube he put the other end in his mouth.

With a quick heave they saw him jerk the German round and catch his unbroken arm with his free left hand. And the two bound watchers looked at Hugh's eyes as he stared at the moaning Boche, and saw that they were hard and merciless.

There was a sharp, whistling hiss, and the splinter flew from the tube into the German's face. It hung from his cheek, and even the ceaseless movement of his head failed to dislodge it.

"I have broken your arm, Boche," said Drummond at length, "and now I have killed you. I'm sorry about it; I wasn't particularly anxious to end your life. But it had to be done."

The German, hardly conscious of what he had said owing to the pain in his arm, was frantically kicking the Englishman's legs, still bound to the chair; but the iron grip on his wrists never slackened. And then quite suddenly came the end. With one dreadful, convulsive heave the German jerked himself free, and fell doubled up on the floor. Fascinated, they watched him writhing and twisting, until at last, he lay still. . . . The Boche was dead. . . .

"What was that blow-pipe affair?" cried Sinclair hoarsely.

"The thing they tried to finish me with in Paris last night," answered Hugh grimly, taking a knife out of his waistcoat pocket. "Let us trust that none of his pals come in to look for him."

A minute later he stood up, only to sit down again abruptly, as his legs gave way. They were numb and stiff with the hours he had spent in the same position, and for a while he could do nothing but rub them with his hands, till the blood returned and he could feel once more.

Then, slowly and painfully, he tottered across to the others and set them free as well. They were in an even worse condition than he had been; and it seemed as if Algy would never be able to stand again, so completely dead was his body from the waist downwards. But, at length, after what seemed an eternity to Drummond, who realized only too well that should the gang come in they were almost as helpless in their present condition as if they were still bound in their chairs, the other two recovered.

"All fit now? Good! We've got to think what we're going to do, for we're not out of the wood yet by two or three miles."

"Let's get the door open," remarked Algy, "and explore."

Cautiously they swung it open, and stood motionless. The house was in absolute silence; the hall was deserted.

"Switch out the light," whispered Hugh. "We'll wander round."

They crept forward stealthily in the darkness, stopping every now and then to listen. But no sound came to their ears; it might have been a house of the dead.

Suddenly Drummond, who was in front of the other two, stopped with a warning hiss. A light was streaming out from under a door at the end of a passage and, as they stood watching it, they heard a man's voice coming from the same room. Some one else answered him and then there was silence once more.

At length Hugh moved forward again, and the others followed. And it was not until they got quite close to the door that a strange, continuous noise began to be noticeable—a noise which came most distinctly from the lighted room. It rose and fell with monotonous regularity; at times it resembled a brass band—at others it died away to a gentle murmur. And occasionally it was punctuated with a strangled snort. . . .

"Great Scott!" muttered Hugh excitedly, "the whole boiling bunch are asleep, or I'll eat my hat."

"Then who was it spoke?" said Algy. "At least two of 'em are awake right enough."

And, as if in answer to his question, there came the voice again from inside the room.

"Wal, Mr. Darrell, I guess we can pass on, and leave this bunch."

With one laugh of joyful amazement Hugh flung open the door, and found himself looking from the range of a yard into two revolvers.

"I don't know how you've done it, boys," he remarked, "but you can put those guns away. I hate looking at them from that end."

"What the devil have they done to all your dials?" said Darrell, slowly lowering his arm.

"We'll leave that for the time," returned Hugh grimly, as he shut the door. "There are other more pressing matters to be discussed."

He glanced round the room, and a slow grin spread over his face. There were some twenty of the gang, all of them fast asleep. They sprawled grotesquely over the table, they lolled in chairs; they lay on the floor, they huddled in corners. And, without exception, they snored and snorted.

"A dandy bunch," remarked the American, gazing at them with satisfaction. Then he turned to Drum-

mond. "Say now, Captain, we've got a lorry load of the boys outside; your friend here thought we'd better bring 'em along. So it's up to you to get busy."

"Mullings and his crowd," said Darrell, seeing the look of mystification on Hugh's face.

For a few moments Drummond stood, deep in thought; then once again the grin spread slowly over his face. "Get the boys in, Peter; and get these lumps of meat carted out to the lorry. And, while you do it, we'll go upstairs and mop up."

THREE.

Even in his wildest dreams Hugh had never imagined such a wonderful opportunity. To be in complete possession of the house, with strong forces at his beck and call, was a state of affairs which rendered him almost speechless.

"Keep your guns handy," whispered Hugh. "We'll draw each room in turn till we find the girl."

But they were not to be put to so much trouble. Suddenly a door opposite opened, and the man who had been guarding Phyllis Benton peered



"And Now I Have Killed You. I'm Sorry About It."

out suspiciously. His jaw fell and a look of aghast surprise spread over his face as he saw the four men in front of him.

Hugh stepped past him and was smiling at the girl who, with a little cry of joyful wonder, had risen from her chair.

"Your face, boy," she whispered, as he took her in his arms, regardless of the others, "your poor old face! Oh, that brute, Lakington!"

He laughed gently, and for a moment she clung to him, unmindful of how he had got to her, glorying only in the fact that he had. It seemed to her that there was nothing which this wonderful man of hers couldn't manage; and now, blindly trusting, she waited to be told what to do. The nightmare was over; Hugh was with her. . . .

"Are there any cars outside?" Hugh turned to the American.

"Yours," answered that worthy. "And mine is hidden behind Miss Benton's greenhouse unless they've moved it," remarked Algy.

"Good," said Hugh. "Algy, take Miss Benton and her father up to Half Moon street—at once. Then come back here."

"But, Hugh—" began the girl appealingly.

"At once, dear, please." He smiled at her tenderly, but his tone was decided. "This is going to be no place for you in the near future."

With no further word of protest the girl followed Algy, and Hugh drew a breath of relief.

"Now, you ugly-looking blighter," he remarked to the cowering ruffian, who was by this time shaking with fright, "we come to you. When does Lakington return?"

"Tomorrow, sir," stammered the other.

"Where is he now?" The man hesitated for a moment, but the look in Hugh's eyes galvanized him into speech.

"He's after the old woman's pearls, sir—the duchess of Lampshire's."

"Ah!" returned Hugh softly. "Of course he is. I forgot. When does Peterson come back?"

"Tomorrow, too, sir, as far as I know," answered the man.

"And what's he doing?" demanded Drummond.

"On the level, guv'nor, I can't tell yer. Strite, I can't."

At that moment Darrell's voice came up from the hall.

"The whole bunch are stowed away, Hugh. What's the next item?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIFE REQUIREMENTS.

The Spaniards have a saying that a wife should resemble three things, and yet differ from these same things. First, she should be like a snail, which always guards its house, but she should not carry the house with her whenever she goes out. Second, she should be like an echo, which speaks only after the other is finished, but she should not always have the last word, and last, she should be like the town clock, which always sounds the hours with regularity, but she should not sound so loud that the whole town shall hear it.

TOTS LOCKED IN CLOSET 90 HOURS

Playmate Innocently Shut Them Up and Forgot to Tell Searchers About It.

Paterson, N. J.—Missing for 90 hours, Stella Weiner, five years old, and her playmate, Harry Barber, seven, were found, suffering from hunger and exhaustion, in the clothes closet of a vacant apartment in which they had been imprisoned. After they had been revived, the children explained they entered the closet while playing hide and seek, but had not closed the door.

Soon afterward, they said, Ethel Bellinofsky, another playmate, slammed the door, and they did not realize they were sealed up until after she



Saw the Partly Conscious Form of His Little Sister.

had left the room. Ethel, who is only four, either forgot to mention that she had closed the door, or else did not realize they were in the closet.

When the children failed to come home to supper, the distracted parents began an exhaustive search for them. Police and neighbors combed the vicinity, but found no trace of them. A few days later Jacob Weiner and Samuel Miller visited the vacant apartment for a game of cards. Strange noises from a clothes closet startled them and they opened the door. On the floor Weiner saw the partly conscious form of his little sister, and huddled in a corner was her boy playmate. Doctors summoned soon revived the children. The fact that the closet door did not fit closely, thus permitting a slight circulation of air, saved their lives, the doctors who attended them said.

GIRL SWIMS FLOODED RIVER

Indian Maiden Travels 40 Miles to Reach Lover Waiting for Her on Colorado Ranch.

Durango, Col.—Undaunted by the 40 miles which separated her home on the reservation from the ranch on which John Miller, her Navajo lover, worked, an Indian maid, ward of the United States on a reservation near Durango, Col., walked the entire distance, leading a goat as gift to her betrothed.

When she reached the La Plata river it was out of bounds and there was no bridge for many miles. She staked the goat in a grassy plot, removed her clothing and swam the river.

The Navajo and his dusky sweetheart were married on the Willard Wyatt ranch after the employer of the Indian had secured a marriage license for the pair.

Mother Mouse Built Her Home With Greenbacks

While plumbers were laying a gas line into the S. W. Kiser restaurant, at Spencerville, O., they found in the corner of a dark closet a large greenish-looking paper ball. Investigation proved it to be the home of a mother mouse and her brood. Closer examination showed the ball to be made up of greenbacks of denominations from one to ten. Part of the bills were chewed up, but three one-dollar and one five-dollar bill can still be redeemed.

Dove From Train Going Mile a Minute

Pana, Ill.—A negro passenger, believed to be the Rev. F. E. Clark, of Hope, Ark., leaped head foremost through the window of a coach of a passenger train, running 60 miles an hour, east of here. He was picked up unconscious but without any broken bones.

Man's Head Offered as Evidence

Orlando, Fla.—The head of George Bryant, severed at the request of the prosecuting attorney, was offered as evidence in the trial of John R. Bryant, son of the dead man, and charged jointly with his wife with murder.