

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

Synopsis.—In December, 1918, four men gather in a hotel in Berns and hear one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hooking, American, and Steinman and Von Gratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Guy, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name Carl Peterson. Capt. Hugh (Bull-Dog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a hand headed by 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. Peterson and Lakington stop his car and look him over. While dining with Phyllis and her father Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumbscrew on Hiram Potts, who signs a paper. Drummond secures half the paper, rescues him after a struggle and takes him to his own home. Peterson calls and demands the half of the torn paper and Potts. Hugh laughs at him.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

There was something so incredibly menacing in the soft, quiet voice that Drummond looked at the speaker fascinated. He had a sudden feeling that he must be dreaming—that in a moment or two he would wake up and find that they had really been talking about the weather the whole time. Then the cynical gleam of triumph in Peterson's eyes acted on him like a cold douche.

"Your candor is as refreshing," he answered genially, "as your smiles are apt. I shudder to think of that poor little fly, Mr. Peterson, especially with your chauffeur grinding his gears to pieces." He held open the door for his visitor, and followed him into the passage. At the other end stood Denny, ostentatiously dusting a book-shelf, and Peterson glanced at him casually. It was characteristic of the man that no trace of annoyance showed on his face. He might have been an ordinary visitor taking his leave.

And then suddenly from the room outside which Denny was dusting there came a low moaning and an incoherent babble. A quick frown passed over Drummond's face, and Peterson regarded him thoughtfully. "An invader in the house?" he remarked. "How inconvenient for you!" He held his hand for a moment on the soldier's arm. "I sadly fear you're going to make a fool of yourself. And it will be such a pity." He turned toward the stairs. "Don't bother, please; I can find my own way out."

THREE.

Hugh turned back into his own room, and lighting a particularly noisy pipe, sat down in his own special chair. He was under no delusions as to the risks he was running. Under-rating his opponent had never been a fault of his, either in the ring or in France, and he had no intention of beginning now. The man who could abduct an American millionaire, and drug him till he was little better than a baby, and then use a thumbscrew to enforce his wishes, was not likely to prove over-scrupulous in the future.

After a while he began half-unconsciously to talk aloud to himself. "Two alternatives, old buck," he remarked, stabbing the air with his pipe. "One—give the Potts bird up at Berns street; two—do not. Number one—out of court at once. Preposterous—absurd. Therefore—number two holds the field." He rang the bell. "James," he said, as the door opened, "take a piece of paper and a pencil—if there's one with a point—and sit down at the table. I'm going to think, and I'd hate to miss out anything."

His servant complied, and for a while silence reigned. "First," remarked Drummond, "put down—they know where Potts is? Two—they will try to get Potts?" "Yes, sir," answered Denny writing busily. "Three—they will not get Potts? Now, James, you've got to do something else. Rise and with your well-known stealth approach the window, and see if the watcher still watcheth without."

The servant took a prolonged survey, and finally announced that he failed to see him. "Then that proves conclusively that he's there," said Hugh. "Write it down, James: Four—Owing to the watcher without being seen. Five—Potts must leave the house without being seen. I want him, James, I want him all to myself. He shall go to my cottage on the river, and you shall look after him."

"Yes, sir," returned James dutifully. "And in order to get him there, we must get rid of the watcher without. How can we get rid of the bird—how can we, James, I ask you? Why, by giving him nothing further to watch for. Once let him think that Potts is no longer within, unless he's an imbecile he will no longer remain without. Now trot along over, James, and give my compliments to Mr. Darrell. Ask him to come in and see me for a moment. Say I'm thinking and darn't."

sage to the other suite of rooms that lay on the same floor. Then he heard the murmur of voices, and shortly afterward his servant returned.

"He is in his bath, sir, but he'll come over as soon as he's finished." He delivered the message and stood waiting. "Anything more, sir?"

"Yes, James. I feel certain that there's a lot. But just to carry on with, I'll have another glass of beer." As the door closed, Drummond rose and started to pace up and down the room. The plan he had in his mind was simple, but he was a man who believed in simplicity.

"Peterson will not come himself—nor will our one and only Henry. Potts has not been long in the country, which is all to the good. And if it fails—we shan't be any worse off than we are now. Luck—that's all; and the more you tempt her, the kinder she is." He was still talking gently to himself when Peter Darrell strolled into the room.

"Can this thing be true, old boy," remarked the newcomer. "I hear you're in the throes of a brain-storm."

"I am, Peter. I want you to help me."

"All that I have, dear old fella, is yours for the asking. What can I do?"

"Well, first of all, I want you to come along and see the household pet." He piloted Darrell along the passage to the American's room, and opened the door. The millionaire looked at them dazedly from the pillows, and Darrell stared back in startled surprise.

"My God! What's the matter with him?" he cried.

"I would give a good deal to know," said Hugh grimly. Then he smiled reassuringly at the motionless man, and led the way back to the sitting-room.

"Sit down, Peter," he said. "Get outside that beer and listen to me carefully."

For ten minutes he spoke, while his companion listened in silence. Gone completely was the rather vacuous-faced youth clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown; in his place there sat a keen-faced man nodding from time to time as a fresh point was made clear.

At length Hugh finished. "Will you do it, old man?" he asked.

"Of course," returned the other. "But wouldn't it be better, Hugh," he said pleadingly, "to whip up two or three of the boys and have a real scrap? I don't seem to have anything to do."

Drummond shook his head decidedly. "No, Peter, my boy—not this show. We're up against a big thing; and if you like to come with me, I think you'll have all you want in the scuffling line before you're finished. But this time, low cunning is the order." Darrell rose. "Right you are, dearie. Your instructions shall be carried out to the letter. Come and feed your face with me."

"Not today," said Hugh. "I've got quite a bit to get through this afternoon."

As soon as Darrell had gone, Drummond again rang the bell for his servant.

"This afternoon, James, you and Mrs. Denny will leave here and go to Paddington. Go out by the front door, and should you find yourselves being followed—as you probably will—keep your heads. Having arrived at the booking-office—take a ticket to Cheltenham, say good-by to Mrs. Denny in an impassioned tone, and exhort her not to miss the next train to that delectable inland resort. Then, James, you will board the train for Cheltenham and go there. You will remain there for two days. You will then return here, and await further orders. Do you get me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your wife—she has a sister or something, hasn't she, knocking about somewhere?"

"She's a paisted cousin in Camberwell, sir," remarked James with justifiable pride.

"Magnificent," murmured Hugh. "She will daily until eventide with her palsied cousin—if she can bear it—and then she must go by underground to Ealing, where she will take a ticket to Goring. I don't think there will be any chance of her being followed—you'll have drawn them off. When she gets to Goring, I want the cottage got ready at once, for two visitors." He paused and lit a cigarette.

"Above all, James—mum's the word. As I told you a little while ago, the game has begun. Now just repeat what I've told you."

He listened while his servant ran through his instructions, and nodded approvingly. "To think there are still people who think military service a waste of time!" he murmured. "Four years ago you couldn't have got one word of it right."

He dismissed Denny, and sat down at his desk. First he took the half-torn sheet out of his pocket, and putting it in an envelope, sealed it carefully. Then he placed it in another envelope, with a covering letter to his bank, requesting them to keep the inclosure intact.

Then he took a sheet of notepaper, and with much deliberation proceeded to pen a document which afforded him considerable amusement, judging by the grin which appeared from time to time on his face. This effusion he also enclosed in a sealed envelope, which he again addressed to his bank. Finally, he stamped the first, but not the second—and placed them both in his pocket.

With the departure of the Dennys for Paddington, which coincided most aptly with the return of Peter Darrell, a period of activity commenced in Half Moon street. But being inoperative activity, interfering in no way with

the placid warmth of the street outside, the gentleman without, whom a keen observer might have thought strangely interested in the beauties of that well-known thoroughfare—seeing that he had been there for three hours—remained serenely unconscious of it. His pal had followed the Dennys to Paddington. Drummond had not come out—and the watcher who watched without was beginning to get bored.

About 4:30 he sat up and took notice as some one left the house; but it was only the superbly dressed young man whom he had discovered already was merely a clothes-peg calling himself Darrell.

The sun was getting low and the shadows were lengthening when a taxi drove up to the door. Immediately the watcher drew closer, only to stop with a faint smile as he saw two men get out of it. One was the immaculate Darrell; the other was a stranger, and both were quite obviously what in the vernacular is known as oiled.

"You prisheless ole bean," he heard Darrell say affectionately, "dash blinkin' cash my show."

The other man hiccupped assent, and leant wearily against the palms.

"Right," he remarked, "ole friend of me youth. It shall be ash you wish."

With a tolerant eye he watched them tack up the stairs, singing lustily in chorus. Then the door above closed, and the melody continued to float out through the open window.

Ten minutes later he was relieved. It was quite an unostentatious relief; Another man merely strolled past him. And since there was nothing to report, he merely strolled away. He could hardly be expected to know that in Peter Darrell's sitting-room, two perfectly sober young men were contemplating with professional eyes an extremely drunk gentleman singing in a choir, and that one of those two sober young men was Peter Darrell.

Then further interior activity took place in Half Moon street, and as the darkness fell, silence gradually settled on the house.

Ten o'clock struck, then eleven—and the silence remained unbroken. It was not till eleven-thirty that a sudden small sound made Hugh Drum-

mond sit up in his chair, with every nerve alert. It came from the direction of the kitchen—and it was the sound he had been waiting for.

Swiftly he opened his door and passed along the passage to where the motionless man lay still in bed.

"Hiram C. Potts," he said in a low, coaxing tone, "sit up and take your selfina. Force yourself, laddie, force yourself. I know it's nauseating, but doctor said no alcohol and very little meat."

His voice died away, and he rose slowly to his feet. In the open door four men were standing, each with a peculiar-shaped revolver in his hand.

"What the devil," cried Drummond furiously, "is the meaning of this?"

"Cut it out," cried the leader contemptuously. "These guns are silent. If you utter—you die. Do you get me?"

The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead, and he controlled himself with an immense effort.

"Are you aware that this man is a guest of mine, and sick?" he said, his voice shaking with rage.

"You don't say," remarked the leader, and one of the others laughed. "Rip the bed-clothes off, boys, and gag the young cock-sparrow."

Before he could resist, a gag was thrust in Drummond's mouth and his hands were tied behind his back. Then, helpless and impotent, he watched three of them lift up the man from the bed, and putting a gag in his mouth also, carry him out of the room.

"Move," said the fourth to Hugh. "You join the picnic."

A large car drove up as they reached the street, and in less time than it takes to tell, the two helpless men were pushed in, followed by the leader; the door was shut and the car drove off.

"Don't forget," he said to Drummond suavely, "this gun is silent. You had better be the same."

At one o'clock the car swung up to The Elms. For the last ten minutes Hugh had been watching the invalid in the corner, who was making frantic

efforts to loosen his gag. His eyes were rolling horribly, and he swayed from side to side in his seat, but the bandages round his hands held firm and at last he gave it up.

Even when he was lifted out and carried indoors he did not struggle; he seemed to have sunk into a sort of apathy. Drummond followed with dignified calmness, and was led into a room off the hall.

In a moment or two Peterson entered, followed by his daughter. "Ah! my young friend," cried Peterson affably, "I hardly thought you'd give me such an easy run as this." He put his hand into Drummond's pockets, and pulled out his revolver and a bundle of letters. "To your bank," he murmured. "Oh! surely, surely not that as well. Not even stamped. Un-gag him, Irma—and untie his hands. My very dear young friend—you pain me."

"I wish to know, Mr. Peterson," said Hugh quietly, "by what right this dastardly outrage has been committed. A friend of mine, sick in bed—removed, abducted in the middle of the night: to say nothing of me."

With a gentle laugh Irma offered him a cigarette. "Mon Dieu!" she remarked, "but you are most gloriously ugly, my Hugh!"

Peterson, with a faint smile, opened the envelope in his hand. And, even as he pulled out the contents, he paused suddenly and the smile faded from his face. From the landing upstairs came a heavy crash, followed by a flood of the most appalling language.

"What the—h—I do you think you're doing, you flat-faced son of a Maltese goat? And where the h—I am I, anyway?"

"I must apologize for my friend's language," murmured Hugh gently, "but you must admit he has some justification. Besides, he was, I regret to state, quite wonderfully drunk earlier this evening, and just as he was sleeping it off these desperadoes abducted him."

The next moment the door burst open, and an infuriated object rushed in. His face was wild, and his hand was bandaged, showing a great red stain on the thumb.

"What's this—jest?" he howled furiously. "And this d—d bandage all covered with red ink?"

"You must ask my friend here, Mullings," said Hugh. "He's got a peculiar sense of humor. Anyway, he's got the bill in his hand."

In silence they watched Peterson open the paper and read the contents, while the girl leaned over his shoulder.

To Mr. Peterson, Godalming, £ s. d.
To hire of one demobilized soldier 5 0 0
To making him drunk (in this item present strength and cost of drink and soldier's capacity must be allowed for)..... 5 0 0
To bottle of red ink 0 0 1
To shock to system..... 10 0 0
Total£20 0 1

CHAPTER IV.

In Which He Spends a Quiet Night at The Elms.

ONE.

"It is a little difficult to know what to do with you, young man," said Peterson gently, after a long silence. "I knew you had no tact."

Drummond leaned back in his chair and regarded his host with a faint smile.

"I must come to you for lessons, Mr. Peterson. Though I frankly admit," he added genially, "that I have never been brought up to regard the forcible abduction of a harmless individual and a friend who is sleeping off the effects of what low people call a jag as being exactly typical of that admirable quality."

Peterson's glance rested on the disheveled man still standing by the door, and after a moment's thought he leaned forward and pressed a bell.

"Take that man away," he said abruptly to the servant who came into the room, "and put him to bed. I will consider what to do with him in the morning."

"Consider be d—d," howled Mullings, starting forward angrily. "You'll consider a thick ear, Mr. Blomming-Know-all. What I want to know—"

The words died away in his mouth, and he gazed at Peterson like a bird looks at a snake. There was something so ruthlessly malignant in the stare of the gray-blue eyes that the ex-soldier who had viewed going over the top with comparative equality as being part of his job quailed and looked apprehensively at Drummond.

"Do what the kind gentleman tells you, Mullings," said Hugh, "and go to bed." He lit a cigarette, and thoughtfully blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Stop this fooling," snarled Peterson. "Where have you hidden 'otter'?"

"Tush, tush," murmured Hugh. "You surprise me. I had formed such a charming mental picture of you, Mr. Peterson, as the strong, silent man who never lost his temper, and here you are, disappointing me at the beginning of our acquaintance."

For a moment he thought that Peterson was going to strike him, and his own fist clenched under the table.

"I wouldn't, my friend," he said quietly, "indeed I wouldn't. Because if you hit me, I shall most certainly hit you. And it will not improve your beauty."

Slowly Peterson sank back in his chair, and the veins which had been standing out on his forehead became normal again. He even smiled; only

the ceaseless tapping of his hand on his left knee betrayed his momentary loss of composure. Drummond's fist unclenched, and he stole a look at the girl. She was in her favorite attitude on the sofa, and had not even looked up.

"I suppose that it is quite useless for me to argue with you," said Peterson after a while.

"I was a member of my school debating society," remarked Hugh reminiscently. "But I was never much good. I'm too obvious for argument. I'm afraid."

"You probably realize from what has happened tonight," continued Peterson, "that I am in earnest."

"I should be sorry to think so," answered Hugh. "If that is the best you can do, I'd cut it right out and start a tomato farm."

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter and lit another cigarette.

"Will you come and do the dangerous part of the work for us, Monsieur Hugh?" she asked.

"If you promise to restrain the little fellows, I'll water them with pleasure," returned Hugh lightly.

Peterson rose and walked over to the window, where he stood motionless, staring out into the darkness. Hugh realized that the situation was what in military phraseology might be termed critical. There were in the house probably half a dozen men who, like their master, were absolutely unscrupulous. If it suited Peterson's book to kill him, he would not hesitate to do so for a single second.

For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would take no chances by remaining in the house; that he would rush Peterson from behind and escape into the darkness of the garden. But it was only momentary—gone almost before it had come. For Hugh Drummond was not that manner of man—gone even before he noticed that Peterson was standing in such a position that he could see every detail of the room behind him reflected in the glass through which he stared.

Both Hugh and Peterson narrowly escape death in the dark.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEART CAN FEEL NO PAIN

But Vital Organ Sends Out Its Message of Warning When Physical Danger Threatens.

The heart has no nerves of sensation, Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D., writes in the Saturday Evening Post. If the surgeon could get to it without cutting through the sensory nerves on the surface of the body he could operate upon the heart itself without causing pain. And yet pain is sometimes a symptom of heart disease, but it is produced in a roundabout way.

If the heart cannot feel, how can there be pain in heart disease? Branches of the heart nerves go to certain subcenters in the spinal cord, and there they connect with the superficial nerves of sensation. Continued irritation of the heart nerves is thus communicated to the surface nerves and there is reflex or referred pain, not in the heart, but in the chest wall over which the sensory nerves are distributed.

True heart pain is always due to exhaustion of the heart muscle and may be recognized by the presence of other symptoms. It is made worse by the slightest exertion; by anything that increases the rapidity of the heart's contractions. And nearly always the respirations are labored and deep, expressing the desire of the sluggish blood stream for more air. But the pain is in the chest wall, never in the heart.

More significant than pain is a feeling of contraction, of tightness in the chest behind the breastbone, which may be experienced by those of middle age. It is especially noticeable after a full meal, after smoking or during exertion. This is another of nature's quiet warnings. It usually accompanies high blood pressure, with or without hardening of the arteries. The more often the sensation recurs and the more easily it is induced, the more attention it demands.

Let Your Faith Be Justified. It's folly to take for granted all that's told you about the straight road. Most of the time you can follow the travel, but where divisions come and the travel is about evenly divided you are compelled to ask for information or guess. The best way is to get a chart of the route you expect to follow before you start out. That will give you the general lay out, and full instructions as to where to find turns and branches in the road. Then when you ask information you can check up with the authority in your possession. And when you ask information you must be careful to note the intelligence of the one you talk with. Besides, he may never see you again, so he just makes a bold guess and you, by following, will soon be wondering where you are at. Have faith but don't be credulous.—Exchange.

Washington's Religion. There has been considerable controversy over the extent to which religious belief entered into Washington's character. His own chronicles show that most of his Sundays, except during the presidency, when he felt obliged to set an example, he spent in answering letters, going over his accounts, hunting or doing any business that those with whom he was negotiating had no scruples. In choosing people to work for him he set up no barriers of creed, judging men from the standpoint of honesty, industry and ability.

How Kisses Came. Of course it doesn't really matter who invented kissing—but the legend of the Grecian shepherdess who found an opal on one of the hills near Athens and, wishing to give it to a young shepherd whose hands were occupied, let him take it from her lips with his own, is one of many stories which give Greece the honor of the very first kiss.

Fat incomes of some men are due to the judicious use of writing pads.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Bureau Chiefs Must Help, No

machinery would need to be dismissed from the service.

He made it clear that the bureau chiefs did not mean that would not be given an opportunity to express their views on reorganization to the commission which had taken this work.

What the administration countenance will be under organized efforts within the government to impede the work of the reorganization commission.

The administration is proceeding in the manner in which the reorganization commission, headed by Brown of Ohio, has taken hold of work, but does not expect that he will be ready to report recommendations for legislation until the regular session of congress beginning next month.

The cause of the President's order was the outcome of a complaint made to him a few days ago by the chairman of the joint commission, that active propaganda to counteract the plans of the commission was in progress and was likely to influence congressional action.

Washington.—President Harding and the cabinet have declared war on the influence of Washington bureaucracy against government reorganization. After discovery that chiefs of government bureaus had been conducting propaganda against the administration's plan to reorganize the executive departments the President was aroused to action. Discussing the situation with the cabinet for more than an hour, the President determined upon a drastic course, each member of the cabinet being directed to serve notice upon all bureau chiefs and individual employees that propaganda against the executive effort to reform the government

was to be stopped. The President determined upon a drastic course, each member of the cabinet being directed to serve notice upon all bureau chiefs and individual employees that propaganda against the executive effort to reform the government

was to be stopped. The President determined upon a drastic course, each member of the cabinet being directed to serve notice upon all bureau chiefs and individual employees that propaganda against the executive effort to reform the government

Thirty Thousand Seals Go Into Coats

TAKING the census of seals on Pribilof islands, Uncle Sam's fur-bearing ranch, is the job of Dr. George D. Hanna. Each year from May until late September he strolls about among the huge boulders of the bleak shore, dodging the threatening bulls, who are ready to fight to death to protect their harems, counting the inhabitants.

The first seals to arrive at Pribilof are the old bulls. They climb out of the water and select homes for the females, who are about a week behind. Pribilof islands are the first land the seals have touched since the past autumn, for they spend the entire winter of seven months in midocean floating on the surface or diving after food in the depths.

As fast as the females arrive the old bulls, take a position on the beaches and round up as many wives as they desire, usually about thirty. These are driven by the ferocious bulls to the rock-bound home, sometimes six or seven blocks from the water. The younger bulls, who fear the older

ones or masters, follow the females and secure what are left. Some of the younger males do not mate until they are three or four years old.

The seals remain on land continuously for three months except during short excursions for food. The pups are born helpless like human infants and are unable to swim for two or three months.

After the count is made government hunters enter the rookeries and kill a certain per cent of the bulls. Last year 20,000 were shot and the fur marketed. This year Hanna estimates as many as 30,000 can be used.

Ingredients of the Big Melting Pot

where there are 17,388; Oregon 4,151 and Utah, Colorado and New York with between 2,000 and 3,000 each.

The white population showed only a 16 per cent expansion and the negro 6.5 per cent. Both the Indian and Chinese groups dwindled 8.5 per cent and 13.8 per cent, respectively. The growth in the white population was considerably less than the rate for the previous decade, which was 22.3 per cent.

The rate of increase in the negro population was the lowest on record. Evidence of the migration of the negro to the north and west was found in the figures showing nearly three-fourths of the increase in the negro population, or 472,418 of the 625,250 gain in these sections. A growth of only 162,832, or about one-fourth, was reported for the South, despite the fact that 85 per cent of the total negro race still is there.

The greatest numerical increase in the white population was shown in the district embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, where the increase was 3,011,363.

The rate of increase in the negro population was the lowest on record. Evidence of the migration of the negro to the north and west was found in the figures showing nearly three-fourths of the increase in the negro population, or 472,418 of the 625,250 gain in these sections. A growth of only 162,832, or about one-fourth, was reported for the South, despite the fact that 85 per cent of the total negro race still is there.

ORGANIZATION is well under way of the special bureau in the Department of Justice designed to conduct a sweeping investigation of wartime contracts. Attorney General Daugherty, in announcing the decision of the department to institute the inquiry, said the bureau would be composed of experts in various lines of business and would be headed by some "well-known man of proven ability."

The purpose of the investigation, the announcement said, was as much to clear honest individuals and firms from the suspicion under which most war contracts have fallen in the public mind, as to bring to the guilty punishment.

"We will throw back any minnows we catch in our net and let them start over again," the attorney general said to emphasize his remark that the investigation was not directed against the "quiet little fellow."

The methods of a great majority of these men who have dealt with the government are, beyond reproach, Mr. Daugherty said, but he expressed the belief that a large number of cases would be found in which the business was conducted on an unfair basis.

In case the evidence warrants it, proceedings will be begun to recover money improperly obtained by contractors.

No announcements relative to information obtained will be made publicly during the course of the inquiry, report will be issued when the work is completed. He indicated that investigation would continue for months and involve the expenditure of considerable money.

War Profiteers Must Disgorge Spoils

WAR PROFITEERS MUST GIVE BACK ILL-GOTTEN GOLD