

Bellefonte, Pa., May 6, 1921.

Bull Dog Drummond

(Continued from page 2 Col. 3).

ion's face. "It isn't his thumb that concerns me," he continued; "it's his general condition. What's the matter with him?"

The doctor pursed his lips and looked wise, while Drummond wondered that no one had ever passed a law allowing men of his type to be murdered on sight.

"His heart seems sound," he answered after a weighty pause, "and I found nothing wrong with him constitutionally. In fact, I may say, Captain Drummond, he is in every respect a most healthy man. Except—except for this peculiar condition."

Drummond exploded. "Damnation take it, man, what on earth do you suppose I asked you to come round for? It's of no interest to me to hear that his liver is working properly." Then he controlled himself. "I beg your pardon, doctor; I had rather a trying evening last night. Can you give me any idea as to what has caused this peculiar condition?"

His companion accepted the apology with an acid bow. "Some form of drug," he answered.

Drummond heaved a sigh of relief. "Now we're getting on," he cried. "Have you any idea what drug?"

"It is, at the moment, hard to say," returned the other. "In a day or two, perhaps, I might be able to—er—arrive at some conclusion . . ."

"Which, at present, you have not. Right; now we know where we are. As you don't know what the drug is, presumably you don't know either how long it will take for the effect to wear off."

"That—er—is, within limits, correct," conceded the doctor.

"What about diet?"

"Oh! light. . . . Not too much meat. . . . No alcohol. . . ."

He rose to his feet as Hugh opened the door; really the war seemed to have produced a distressing effect on people's manners. Diet was the one question on which he always let himself go.

"Not much meat—no alcohol. Right. Good morning, doctor. Down the stairs and straight on. Good morning." The door closed behind him, and he descended to his waiting car with cold disapproval on his face.

"Excuse me, sir," the doctor paused and eyed a well-dressed man who had spoken to him uncomprehendingly. "Am I right in assuming that you are a doctor?"

"You are perfectly correct, sir, in your assumption."

The man smiled; obviously a gentleman, thought the practitioner, with his hand on the door of his car.

"It's about a great pal of mine, Captain Drummond, who lives in here," went on the other. "I hope you won't think it unprofessional, but I thought I'd ask you privately, how you find him."

The doctor looked surprised. "Captain Drummond, so far as I am aware, has never been better. I—er—cannot say the same of his friend." He stepped into his car. "Why not go up and see for yourself?"

The car rolled smoothly into Piccadilly, but the man showed no signs of availing himself of the doctor's suggestion. He turned and walked rapidly away, and a few moments later—in an exclusive West End club—a trunk call was put through to Godalming—a call which caused the recipient to nod his head in satisfaction and order the Rolls-Royce.

Meanwhile, unconscious of this sudden solicitude for his health, Hugh Drummond was once more occupied with the piece of paper he had been studying on the doctor's entrance. Beyond establishing the fact that the man in the peculiar condition was Hiram C. Potts, the American multi-millionaire, he could make nothing out of it.

"If only I'd managed to get the whole of it," he muttered to himself for the twentieth time. "That dam' fellow Peterson was too quick." The scrap he had torn off was typewritten, save for the American's scrawled signature, and Hugh knew the words by heart.

plete paralysis ade of Britain months I do the holder of of five million earl necklace and the are at present chess of Lam-p k no questions btained. AM. C. POTTS.

At length he replaced the scrap in his pocket-book and rang the bell.

"James," he remarked as his servant came in: "You'd better know that as far as I can see we're up against a tough proposition."

"Indeed, sir," murmured his servant. "The gentleman is asking for you, sir." Mrs. Denny's voice from the door made them look round.

Hugh walked quickly along the passage to the room where the millionaire lay in bed.

"How are you feeling?" said Drummond cheerfully.

The man stared at him uncomprehendingly, and shook his head.

"Do you remember last night?" Hugh continued, speaking very slowly and distinctly. Then a sudden idea struck him and he pulled the scrap of

paper out of his case. "Do you remember signing that?"

For a while the man looked at it; then with a sudden cry of fear he shrank away.

"No, no," he muttered, not again.

Hugh hurriedly replaced the paper. "Bad break on my part, old bean; you evidently remember rather too well."



"No, No," He Muttered, "Not Again."

It's quite all right," he continued reassuringly; "No one will hurt you." Then after a pause—"Is your name Hiram C. Potts?"

The man nodded his head doubtfully and muttered "Hiram Potts" once or twice, as if the words sounded familiar.

"Do you remember driving in a motor car last night?" persisted Hugh.

But what little flash of remembrance had pierced the drug-clouded brain seemed to have passed; the man only stared dazedly at the speaker. Drummond tried him with a few more questions, but it was no use, and after a while he got up and moved toward the door.

"Don't you worry, old son," he said with a smile. "We'll have you jumping about like a two-year-old in a couple of days."

Then he paused; the man was evidently trying to say something. "What is it you want?" Hugh leaned over the bed.

"Danger, danger." Faintly the words came, and then, with a sigh, he lay back exhausted.

With a grim smile Drummond watched the motionless figure.

"I'm afraid," he said half aloud, "that you're rather like your medical attendant. Your only contribution to the sphere of pure knowledge is something I know already."

He went out and quietly closed the door. And as he re-entered his sitting-room he found his servant standing motionless behind one of the curtains watching the street below.

"There's a man, sir," he remarked without turning around, "watching the house."

For a moment Hugh stood still, frowning. Then he gave a short laugh. "The devil there is!" he remarked. "The game has begun in earnest, my worthy warrior, with the first nine points to us. For possession, even of a semi-dazed lunatic, is nine points of the law, is it not, James?"

TWO.

At twelve o'clock precisely the bell rang, announcing a visitor, and Drummond locked up, as his servant came into the room.

"Yes, James," he remarked, "I think we are at home. I want you to remain within call, and under no circumstances let our sick visitor out of your sight for more than a minute."

In fact, I think you'd better sit in my room."

James, with a curt "Very good, sir," left the room. Almost at once he returned, and flinging open the door, announced Mr. Peterson.

Drummond looked up quickly and rose with a smile.

"Good morning," he cried. "This is a very pleasant surprise, Mr. Peterson." He waved his visitor to a chair. "Hope you've had no more trouble with your car."

Mr. Peterson drew off his gloves, smiling amiably. "None at all, thank you, Captain Drummond. The chauffeur appears to have mastered the defect."

"It was your eye on him that did it. Wonderful thing—the human optic, as I said to your friend, Mr. —Mr. Lakington. I hope that he's quite well and taking nourishment."

"Soft food only," said the other genially. "Mr. Lakington had a most unpleasant accident last night—most unpleasant."

Hugh's face expressed his sympathy. "How very unfortunate!" he murmured. "I trust nothing serious."

"I fear his lower jaw was fractured in two places." Peterson helped himself to a cigarette from the box beside him. "The man who hit him must have been a boxer."

(To be Continued.)

A French scientist says that by examining an egg he can tell whether it will produce a male or a female chick. The egg that will hatch out a rooster is slightly heavier relatively to size.

Salvation Army Plans Waif Care.

An old dream of the Salvation Army to establish a community for the care of waifs from all over the country is about to be realized, Commander Evangeline Booth announced, through the gift of a tract of land near Greenville, S. C., for that purpose.

In accepting the gift, Miss Booth promised the plan will become a reality within ten years. The land com-

prises 105 acres overlooking the city and includes a 35-acre peach orchard. It was the gift of W. W. Burgess, a Greenville manufacturer, who made it as a memorial to his young son who died recently.

A colony for children alone will be built upon the tract, Commander Booth said. There will be schools, a church, a hospital, modern homes and other necessary buildings. Orphans, hospital waifs and street children from every city in the country will be

sent there to gain education and better starts in life.

"No more desirable spot for the children's village can be found," said Commander Booth on making the announcement. The gift was a voluntary one, following an address the Army leader made in Greenville recently. The land overlooks the Blue Ridge mountains on an elevation that commands a sweeping view of Greenville and the surrounding territory.

—The centuries-old Eskimo method of freezing freshly caught fish in salt water to preserve them has been revived in a more modern way by a plant in Los Angeles. The plant has a capacity of 140 tons a day and is shipping to distant ports as well as supplying local markets. Zero-temperature brine is kept in motion over trays of fish for about an hour, or until the freezing is complete.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

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Read these articles with care. They may present something you hadn't thought of before. Patronize the people whose ads appear here. They are your neighbors and will treat you right. The money you spend with them stays in circulation in Bellefonte.

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The Latest

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Our Grocery

Line is always complete and we invite your patronage.

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Willard

is the Storage Battery of Service. Any make battery repaired and recharged.

WITMER'S

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Expert Repairing on All Makes of Cars.

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are always fresh and wholesome. Phone Your Order.

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Ford parts that are not genuine. Make our garage your headquarters, Ford owners.

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Hardware of any description call and see us. We invite your patronage.
BELLEFONTE HARDWARE CO.

ASKING FAVORS OF MAIL ORDER HOUSE

Interesting Results Might Be Obtained by Making Certain Requests.

LOCAL MERCHANTS HELPFUL

Do All the Things for the People of Their Community That the Catalogue Concerns Will Not Do.

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It has been said that three-fourths or nine-tenths, or some such big proportion—the exact figures do not matter—the business of the world is done on credit. If this was not true there wouldn't be much business done for no currency system could be devised that would furnish enough money to meet the needs of commerce if every article sold had to be paid for in actual cash. The amount of money in circulation in the United States is only \$47 per capita and this would not go very far if everyone had to keep enough cash on hand to pay for all that he might buy.

The greatest of financiers need credit. They keep their resources employed and at times are in need of ready cash. The same thing is true at times of men of smaller means. The credit system, as it is used sometimes, especially in the smaller communities, is abused and works a serious hardship upon the business men of the town. Some merchants, to avoid the loss that results from such abuse of the system or possibly to enable them to sell goods at a lower price than their competitors, operate strictly on a cash basis, but the great majority of merchants in every community give those customers who are responsible and honest the privilege of a charge account and the chances are that some sort of a credit system, properly safeguarded, will always continue to be a feature of legitimate trade.

Ask Catalogue House for Credit. You who have a reputation in your community for being at least fairly responsible and upright know that when you desire it or need it you can obtain credit from at least some of the merchants in your town. But some time when you are in need of some article of merchandise and are a little short of ready money, order what you want from a mail order house in Chicago or some other city and ask them to please charge it till the first of the month. The experiment will be interesting, at

least, and the answer that you receive may cause you to give a little thought to the difference between trading with the mail order house in some far-off city and buying from the merchants in your own home town.

Some mail order concerns are now operating a so-called credit system, but it is not a credit system such as is maintained by most retail merchants. These mail order houses will sell certain merchandise on the installment plan, but they not only demand an initial cash payment, but require the purchaser to sign a contract which operates as a mortgage not only on the merchandise purchased, but upon any other property that the customer may possess. There is nothing in this system that bears any similarity to the open credit system that is used by the majority of retail merchants.

There are some other requests you might make of the mail order man when the occasion arises and the responses might be equally interesting. For instance, you, Mrs. Farmer, who bought that box of groceries from the catalogue house last month, might write the manager and ask him to buy your butter and eggs. Of course, it would be considerable more trouble to pack them for shipment to the city than it is to take them in to your local grocer, who is always ready to pay you the market price for them, but then maybe the mail order man would pay you enough more than the market price to pay you for the extra trouble. And then again, maybe he wouldn't.

And, then, there is that moving machine that you, Mr. Farmer, have been figuring on trading in for a new machine. Suppose you write to the mail order man from whom you bought that wire fencing and ask him what he will allow you for your old machine on a trade for a new one. Of course, the local hardware dealer in the town where you find a market for your farm products will allow you a fair price for your old machine, but what's the use of asking him to do it. The mail order man surely will be glad to do that much for you, will he not? Yes, he will not.

List Is Endless. There are a good many things the mail order man will not do for you. The list would be too long to crowd into one issue of a newspaper. He will not give you credit, however much you may need it. He will not buy the farmer's produce. He will not pay a dollar of taxes to help support your schools or build your roads. He will not contribute a cent to the support of your churches or your charitable institutions. He will not lend you a helping hand in time of trouble. The local merchants in a community will do everything for the people in that community that the mail order man will not do for them. This fact should make it easy for the people of the community to decide which it is to their interest to do business with.

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50 lb. Cotton Mattress, \$10.75
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