

Bull Dog Drummond

(Continued from page 2, Col. 2.)

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 Berners 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 watches 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, Potts cannot leave the house 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 aren't move."

James rose obediently, and Drummond heard him cross over the passage 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 falls—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 flier, 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 scrap—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 palsted cousin in Camberwell, sir," remarked James with justifiable pride.

"Magnificent," murmured Hugh. "She will dally until eventide with her palsted 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 Denny for Paddington, which coincided most aptly with the return of Peter Darrell, a period of activity commenced in Half Moon street. But being interior 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 Denny 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, "this blinking cabby my show."

The other man hiccoughed assent, and leant wearily against the palings.

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

With a tolerant eye he watched them tuck 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 chair, 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 Drummond 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 semolina. Force yourself, laddie, force yourself. I know it's nauseating, but doctor said no alcohol and very little meat."

(To be Continued.)

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The spring clean-up time, now a regular annual feature of town and city life, can not be observed on farms in the same season because of more pressing work. Efforts are made constantly, therefore, to encourage picking up the odds and ends about the farms in the slack time between fall planting and early spring. In many towns, however, the home demonstration agents give their organizing

ability to furthering such work in the early weeks of spring.

In Spokane, Wash., a campaign called the "Alley and Back Yard Beautiful," began in 1919 to extend through five years. This work was initiated and guided by the city home demonstration agent, whose reports show excellent progress. Newspapers give constant publicity to the work, urging the repairing of screens, windows, and outbuildings, and the planting of shrubbery, trees, and flowers. In 1920, in the city of Spokane, more than 8,000 grape cuttings and rooted

plants were set out. The chamber of commerce supplied thousands of circulars drawing attention to the duties of citizenship, particularly for home owners. In many yards, as a result, there are to be seen purple grapes, the stately hollyhock, the modest fox-glove, and many other flowers growing inside freshly painted fences. In one yard, 50 by 142 feet, the hitherto neglected vines produced more than a ton of grapes last year. In the work this spring Spokane is being districted for a beautification campaign to be conducted precisely as the Liberty

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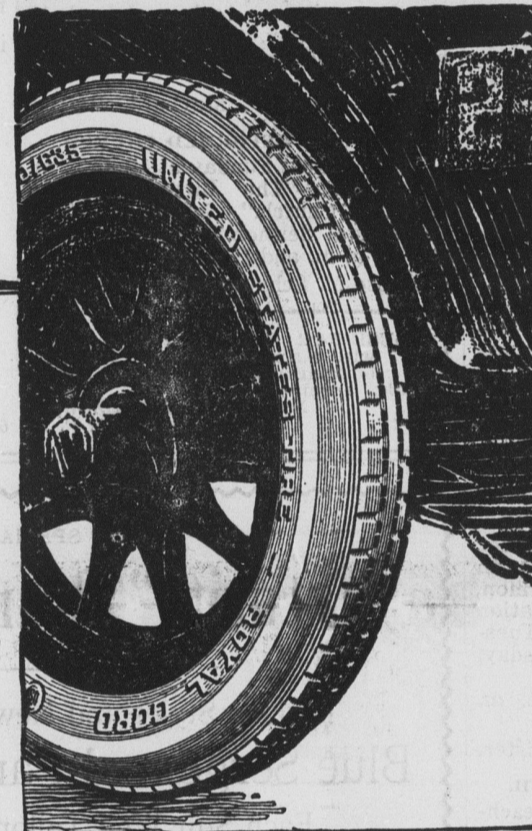
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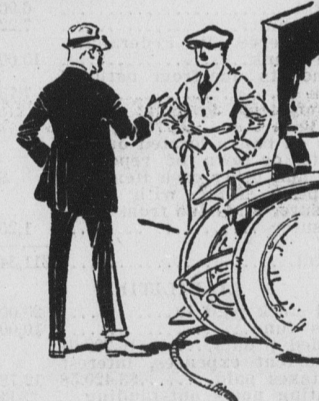
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