

Bull Dog Drummond

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such a fool." Hugh smiled, and as has been said before, Hugh's smile transformed his face. "I must remember that opening," he said. "It establishes a basis of intimacy at once, doesn't it?" She swayed a little toward him, and then, before he realized her intention, she put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't you understand," she whispered fiercely, "that they'll kill you?" She peered past him half fearfully, and then turned to him again. "Go, you idiot, go—while there's time. Get out of it—go abroad; do anything—but don't fool round here."



"Tell me, you ugly man," she murmured, "why you are such a fool." "Your estimable father gave me the same advice yesterday morning." "Don't ask why," she answered feverishly, "because I can't tell you. Only you must believe that what I say is the truth—you now, and tell them where you've hidden the American—you'll be all right. But if you don't—" Her hand dropped to her side suddenly. "Breakfast will be at nine, my Hugh: until then, au revoir." He turned as she left the room, a little puzzled by her change of tone. Standing at the top of the stairs was Peterson, watching them both in silence. . . .

TWO.

In the days when Drummond had been a platoon commander he had done many dangerous things. The ordinary joys of the infantry subaltern's life—such as going over the top, and carrying out raids—had not proved sufficient for his appetite. He had specialized in peculiar stunts of his own: stunts over which he was singularly reticent; stunts over which his men formed their own conclusions, and worshipped him accordingly.

But Drummond was no fool, and he had realized the vital importance of fitting himself for these stunts to the best of his ability. Enormous physical strength is a great asset, but it carries with it certain natural disadvantages. In the first place, its possessor is frequently clumsy: Hugh had practiced in France till he could move over ground without a single blade of grass rustling. Van Dyck—a Dutch trapper—had first shown him the trick, by which a man goes forward on his elbows like a snake, and in here one moment and gone the next, with no one the wiser.

Again, its possessor is frequently slow: Hugh had practiced in France till he could kill a man with his bare hands in a second. Oaki—a Japanese—had first taught him two or three of the secrets of his trade, and in the intervals of resting behind the lines he had perfected them until it was even money whether the Jap or he would win in a practice bout.

And there were nights in No. Man's Land when his men would hear strange sounds, and knowing that Drummond was abroad on his wanderings, would peer eagerly over the parapet into the desolate torn-up waste in front. But they never saw anything, even when the green ghostly flares went hissing up into the darkness and the shadows danced fantastically. All was silent and still; the sudden shrill whimper was not repeated.

Perhaps a patrol coming back would report a German, lying huddled in a shell-hole, with no trace of a wound, but only a broken neck; perhaps the patrol never found anything. But whatever the report, Hugh Drummond only grinned and saw to his men's breakfast. Which is why there are in England today quite a number of civilians who acknowledge only two rulers—the King and Hugh Drummond. And they would willingly die for either.

The result on Drummond was not

surprising; as nearly as a man may be he was without fear. And when the idea came to him as he sat on the edge of his bed thoughtfully pulling off his shoes, no question of the possible risk entered into his mind. To explore the house seemed the most natural thing in the world, and with characteristic brevity he summed up the situation as it struck him.

"They suspect me anyhow: in fact, they know I took Potts. Therefore, even if they catch me passage creeping, I'm no worse off than I am now. And I might find something of interest. Therefore, carry on, brave heart." It was dark in the passage outside as he opened the door of his room and crept toward the top of the stairs. The collar of his brown lounge coat was turned up, and his stocking feet made no sound on the heavy pile carpet. Like a huge shadow he vanished into the blackness, feeling his way forward with the uncanny instinct that comes from much practice. Every now and then he paused and listened intently, but the measured ticking of the clock below and the occasional creak of a board alone broke the stillness.

To the left lay the room in which he had spent the evening, and Drummond turned to the right. As he had gone up to bed he had noticed a door screened by a heavy curtain which he thought might be the room Phyllis Benton had spoken of—the room where Henry Lakington kept his ill-gotten treasures. He felt his way along the wall, and at length his hand touched the curtain—only to drop it again at once. From close beside him had come a sharp, angry hiss. . . .

He stepped back a pace and stood rigid, staring at the spot from which the sound had seemed to come—but he could see nothing. Then he leaned forward and once more moved the curtain. Instantly it came again, sharper and angrier than before. Hugh passed a hand over his forehead and found it damp. Germans he knew, and things on two legs, but what was this that hissed so viciously in the darkness? At length he determined to risk it, and drew from his pocket a tiny electric torch. Holding it well away from his body, he switched on the light. In the center of the beam, swaying gracefully to and fro, was a snake. For a moment he watched it, fascinated as it spat at the light angrily; he saw the flat hood where the vicious head was set on the upright body; then he switched off the torch and retreated rather faster than he had come.

"A convivial household," he muttered to himself through lips that were a little dry. "A hooded cobra is an unpleasing pet." Hugh had just determined to reconnoiter the curtained doorway again to see if it was possible to circumvent the snake, when a low chuckle came distinctly to his ears from the landing above.

He flushed angrily in the darkness. There was no doubt whatever as to the human origin of that laugh, and Hugh suddenly realized that he was making the most profound fool of himself. To be laughed at by some dirty scoundrel whom he could strangle in half



He Laughed Gently; Then He Fought in Silence.

a minute—was impossible. His fists clenched, and he swore softly under his breath. Then as silently as he had come down, he commenced to climb the stairs again. He had a hazy idea that he would like to hit something—hard.

There were nine stairs in the first half of the flight, and it was as he stood on the fifth that he again heard the low chuckle. At the same instant something whizzed past his head so low that it almost touched his hair, and there was a clang on the wall beside him. He ducked instinctively, and regardless of noise raced up the remaining stairs, on all-fours. His jaw was set like a vise, his eyes were blazing; in fact, Hugh Drummond was seeing red.

He paused when he reached the top, crouching in the darkness. Close to him he could feel some one else, and holding his breath, he listened. Then he heard the man move—only the very faintest sound—but it was enough. Without a second's thought he sprang, and his hands closed on human flesh. He laughed gently; then he fought in silence.

(To be Continued.)

65,000 Girls Disappear in Year in U. S.

Sixty-five thousand girls disappeared in the United States last year without leaving a trace. The great majority were lured to the big cities from the small towns and farms. They have dropped from sight. Their fate is an unsolved mystery. This story was brought to the National Congress of Mothers and the Parent-Teachers Association convention in Washington with a plea for the creation of a

Central Bureau to help find missing girls. Lt. Catherine Van Winkle, of the District of Columbia, police department, told the convention one of the biggest needs of the country was to save the army of girls that annually are lost in the big cities. Police departments and civic associations devoted to the task are unable to cope with the situation fully, she said. She asked the convention to take immediate steps to create a central bureau and auxiliary bureaus in all

parts of the country for the purpose of creating facilities for finding lost girls.

Now a Weedless Lawn.

A long sought fertilizer has at last been secured, after twenty years of research, which will slowly and surely extirpate the weeds, while permitting the grass to grow freely. Ammonium sulphate is found to be more advantageous than sodium nitrate,

which tends to create an alkaline condition of the soil, especially favorable to the propagation of weeds. Ammonium sulphate produces reversed conditions and the grass flourishes and the weeds are so weakened that they are crowded out. Of course this plan of fertilization must be qualified, as only grass that is an acid tolerant would develop along the line of extirpation of the weeds. The weeds to resist must be non-acid tolerant also. —Scientific American.

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Under First Nat. Bank.

Our Grocery

Line is always complete and we invite your patronage.

BROUSE'S

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

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Expert Repairing on All Makes of Cars.

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Our Meats

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Good Broom..... 68c
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Fitting glasses for 15 years. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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When You Want

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

BELLEFONTE HARDWARE CO.

THEY WHO DANCE MUST PAY FIDDLER

People Cannot Take More Out of a Community Than They Put In.

COLLAPSE IS INEVITABLE

Town Will Not Survive Long If Its Commercial Structure Is Torn Down Faster Than It Can Be Built Up.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

He who dances must pay the fiddler. That is an old saying which is full of truth. The primary idea in this saying, of course, is that one cannot have any pleasure without paying for it in some way, but this is not the only sense in which it may be construed. It means that we cannot pursue any foolish policy indefinitely without paying for it in the end.

No man can overtax his physical strength indefinitely without risking ultimate disaster. Dissipation or overwork may be continued for a time without any noticeable results, but if continued for a sufficiently long time the inevitable comes to pass. The laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity. If one takes out of life more than he puts in, if he tears down his physical strength faster than he builds it up, he must eventually pay the fiddler.

What is true of the laws of nature is equally true of economic laws. The people of a community may for a time tear down the commercial structure of a town faster than they build it up without meeting disaster, but it cannot be continued indefinitely. In the end they must pay the fiddler.

Exhaust Resources of Community. The person who makes his living in a community, receiving the money of the community for his labor or the products of his labor, and then spends his income outside of his community is helping to exhaust the resources of the community just as the man who expends his energy through dissipation or overexertion faster than he builds it up is exhausting his physical resources. One man may do this, of course, without noticeably affecting the economic strength of the community, but when a dozen men or women do it the effect becomes noticeable and when a hundred do it the resources of the community become exhausted. Those who are responsible for this situation may think that they have profited individually by their actions, but

they have not realized that in the end they must pay the fiddler.

There are some persons who seem to be able to get through life without much effort. There are some who proceed on the theory that the world owes them a living and they proceed to collect it. They take what they can get and give nothing in return. Such persons, however, are not very numerous. Most of us must pay for everything that we get. Some may have to pay more than their share and these are carrying the burden of those who get more than they pay for. The fact remains that, as a general rule, one cannot have much worth while without paying for it.

The merchants of any community are the backbone of that community, so far as its prosperity and progress are concerned. Individually there may be some of them who do not exert themselves to boost their community, but collectively they are the men upon whom the living of every person in the community depends. The success or failure of an individual merchant may not be of particular concern to the people of a community, but the success or failure of the merchants as a whole is a matter of the very greatest concern.

Provide Market for Farmers. The merchants of a town, in the first place, provide a market for a large part of the products of the farmers in the territory surrounding the town. They buy the produce of the farmers in small quantities, in accordance with their need, and some of them buy in larger quantities for shipment to foreign markets. If the merchants could not do this there would be no market at least for the small quantities except at ruinous prices. If the farmers could not realize a reasonable profit from their products, there would be no money for them to spend and there could be no money to pay for your products or to pay for your labor. It is therefore, of the greatest importance to every member of the community, whether a resident of the town or a farmer in the country surrounding the town, that the merchants be enabled to provide this market for at least a part of the farmer's products.

Every dollar sent away from a town to a mail order house helps to diminish the ability of the local merchants to provide a market for the farmer's products or to do any of the many other things which the merchants of every town do for their community.

Business in a community cannot be conducted on a one-sided basis. A man cannot take out of his community a good living for himself and family and give nothing in return. He may do so for a short time and get away with it, but in the end he must pay the fiddler.

The Best Policy.

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Everything in Electric Supplies.

THE ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.

Have your Vulcanizing Done Now.

A full line of Tires and Accessories.

BELLEFONTE STEAM VULC. CO.

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A full line of groceries at reduced prices. A full line of foreign and domestic fruits in season. Klink's bacon and ham, fresh from the market. Cream cheese a specialty. With every 50c. purchase we give free a coupon for Rogers silverware. Ask for them.

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High St., opposite P. R. Station. Successors to Sechler & Co.

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Everything in Hardware

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This Market is now under New Management and we Solicit Your Patronage

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Quality at the lowest prices is our Motto. Satisfaction guaranteed on every purchase at

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Clothing of the Best

for men who are careful of appearances. A full line of Men's and Boy's furnishings.

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The Watchman

has always advised buying at home, and it buys at home itself.

Shoes for the entire family at right prices

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The Rexall Store and that means quality. Special attention given to prescriptions.

Runkle's Drug Store

The Home of the famous Butter Krust Bread. Confectionery and Baked Goods.

The City Bakery

Everything in Lumber, Sashes, Doors and Blinds.

The Bellefonte Lumber Co.

The Home of Hart, Schaffner and Marx Clothing for Men. Also a complete line of Men's and Boy's furnishings.

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Wholesale and Retail fruits and produce.

A complete line of imported Olive Oil.

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See the best in Motion Pictures at the Scenic.

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Weaver, Grocers

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The Best

in Dry Goods and Ladies Ready to Wear.

SCHLOW'S

The Bellefonte Trust Co.

Courtesy. Safety. Service.

The Bellefonte Trust Co.

COHEN'S

The Complete Department-Store. Everything for the family.

COHEN'S

A Special

Sale of all Sizes of Tires for this Week.

WION GARAGE

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DRY GOODS

Ladies Ready to Wear

Queen Quality Shoes for Women

Regal Shoes for men

We fit the Youngsters, too, MINGLE'S SHOE STORE.