

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

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"SAPPER"

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(Continued from last week.)

The American nodded dazedly; then he made a great effort to pull himself together, as the voice continued:

"Go at once. It's your only chance. Tell her I'm on the roof here."

With a sigh of relief he saw the millionaire leave the room; then he straightened himself up, and proceeded to reconnoiter his own position. There was a bare chance that the American would get through, and if he did, everything might yet be well. If he didn't—Hugh shrugged his shoulders grimly and laughed.

It had become quite light, and after a moment's indecision Drummond took a running jump, and caught the ridge of the sloping roof on the side nearest the road. From where he was he could not see The Larches, and so he did not know what luck the American had had. But he realized that it was long odds against his getting through, and that his chief hope lay in himself. It occurred to him that far too few unbiased people knew where he was; it further occurred to him that it was a state of affairs which was likely to continue unless he remedied it himself. And so, just as Peterson came strolling around a corner of the house followed by several men and a long ladder, Hugh commenced to sing. He shouted, he roared at the top of his very powerful voice, and all the time he watched the men below with a wary eye.

It was just as two laborers came in to investigate the hideous din that Peterson's party discovered the ladder was too short by several yards.

Then with great rapidity the audience grew. A passing milkman; two commercial travelers, a gentleman of slightly inebriated aspect, whose trousers left much to the imagination; and finally more farm laborers. Never had such a tit-bit of gossip for the local squire been seen in the neighborhood; it would furnish a topic of conversation for weeks to come. And still Hugh sang and Peterson cursed; and the audience grew. Then, at last, there came the police with notebook and pen complete, and the singer stopped to laugh.

The next moment the laugh froze on his lips. Standing by the skylight, with his revolver raised, was Lakington, and Hugh knew by the expression of his face that his finger was trembling on the trigger. Out of view of the crowd below he did not know of its existence, and, in a flash, Hugh realized his danger.

"Good morning, Henry," he said quietly. "I wouldn't fire if I were you. We are observed, as they say in melodrama. If you don't believe me," his voice grew a little tense, "just wait while I talk to Peterson, who is at present deep in converse with the village constable and several farm laborers."

It is doubtful whether any action in Hugh Drummond's life ever cost him such an effort of will as the turning of his back on the man standing two yards below him, but he did it apparently without thought. He gave one last glance at the face convulsed with rage, and then with a smile he looked down at the crowd below.

"Peterson," he called out affably. "There's a pal of yours up here—dear old Henry. And he's very annoyed at my concert. Would you just speak to him, or would you like me to be more explicit? He is so annoyed that there might be an accident at any moment, and I see that the police have arrived. So—er—"

Even at that distance he could see Peterson's eyes of fury, and he chuckled softly to himself. But when the leader spoke, his voice was as suave as ever; the eternal cigar glowed evenly at its normal rate.

"Are you up on the roof, Lakington?" The words came clearly through the still summer air.

"Your turn, Henry," said Drummond. "Prompter's voice off—yes, dear Peterson, I am here, even upon the roof, with a liver of hideous aspect."

With a mighty effort Lakington controlled himself, and his voice, when he answered, was calm.

"Yes, I'm here. What's the matter?" "Nothing," cried Peterson, "but we've got quite a large and appreciative audience down here, attracted by our friend's charming concert, and I've just sent for a large ladder by which he can come down and join us. So there is nothing that you can do—nothing." He repeated the word with a faint emphasis, and Hugh smiled genially.

"I'm interested in quite a number of things, Captain Drummond," said Lakington slowly, "but they all count as nothing beside one—getting even with you. And when I do . . ." He dropped the revolver into his coat pocket, and stood motionless, staring at the soldier.

The next instant he opened a door in the skylight which Hugh had failed to discover during the night, and,

climbing down a ladder inside the room, disappeared from view.

"Hullo, old bean!" A cheerful shout from the ground made Hugh look down. There, ranged round Peterson, in an effective group, were Peter Darrell, Algy Longworth, and Jerry Seymour. "Bird's-nest in?"

"Peter, old soul," cried Hugh joyfully, "I never thought the day would come when I should be pleased to see your face, but it has!"

"Ted and his pal, Hugh, have toddled off in your car," said Peter, "so that only leaves us four and Toby."

For a moment Hugh stared at him blankly, while he did some rapid mental arithmetic. He even neglected to descend at once by the ladder which had at last been placed in position. "Ted and us four and Toby" made six—and six was the strength of the party as it had arrived. Adding the pal made seven; so who the deuce was the pal?

The matter was settled just as he reached the ground. Lakington, wild-eyed and almost incoherent, rushed from the house, and, drawing Peterson on one side, spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"It's all right," muttered Algy rapidly. "They're half-way to London by now, and going like hell—if I know Ted."

It was then that Hugh started to laugh. He laughed till the tears poured down his face, and Peterson's livid face of fury made him laugh still more.

"Oh you priceless pair!" he sobbed. "Right under your bally noses. Stole away! Yoicks!" There was another interlude for further hilarity. "Give it up, you two old dears, and take to knitting. Well, au revoir. Doubtless we shall meet again quite soon. And, above all, Carl, don't do anything in Paris which you would be ashamed of my knowing."

With a friendly wave he turned on his heel and strolled off, followed by the other three. The humor of the situation was irresistible; the absolute powerlessness of the whole assembled gang to lift a finger to stop them in front of the audience, which as yet showed no signs of departing, tickled him to death. In fact, the last thing Hugh saw, before a corner of the house hid them from sight, was the majesty of the law moistening his indestructible pencil in the time-honored method, and advancing on Peterson with his notebook at the ready.

"One brief interlude, my dear old warriors," announced Hugh, "and then we must get gay. Where's Toby?"

"Having his breakfast with your girl," chuckled Algy. "We thought we'd better leave someone on guard, and she seemed to love him best."

"Repulsive hound!" cried Hugh. "Incidentally, boys, how did you manage to roll up this morning?"

"We all bedded down at your girl's place last night," said Peter. "And then this morning, who should come and sing carols outside but our one and only Potts. Then we heard your Cadenza din on the roof, and blew along."

TWO.

"Go away," said Toby, looking up at the door opened and Hugh strolled in. "Your presence is unnecessary."

He felt himself irresistibly propelled toward Drummond's car, with only time for a fleeting glimpse at his own four flat tires, and almost before he realized it they were away. And it was then that the man he had thought mad laughed gently.

"Is it all right, Peter?" Hugh asked. "All safe," came a voice from behind.

"Then dot him one!" The sleuth had a fleeting vision of stars of all colors which danced before his eyes, coupled with a stinging blow on the back of the head. Vaguely he realized the car was pulling up—then blackness.

FOUR.

"My dear fellow, I told you we'd get here somehow." Hugh Drummond stretched his legs luxuriously. "The fact that it was necessary to crash your blinking bus in a frosty field in order to avoid their footing passport regulations is absolutely immaterial. The only damage is a dent in Ted's dicky, but all the best waiters have that. They smear it with soup to show their energy. . . . My God! Here's another of them."

A Frenchman was advancing toward them down the stately vestibule of the Ritz waving protesting hands. He addressed himself in a voluble crescendo to Drummond, who rose and bowed deeply. His knowledge of French was microscopic, but such trifles were made to be overcome.

The Frenchman produced a notebook. "Votre nom, Monsieur, s'il vous plait?"

"Undoubtedly, mon Colonel," remarked Hugh vaguely. "Nous crashons dans—"

"He wants your name, old dear," murmured Jerry weakly.

"Oh, does he?" Hugh beamed on the gendarme. "You priceless little bird! My name is Captain Hugh Drummond."

And as he spoke, a man sitting close by, who had been an amused onlooker of the whole scene, stiffened suddenly in his chair and stared hard at Hugh. It was only for a second, and then he was once more merely the politely interested spectator. But Hugh had seen that quick look, though he gave no sign; and when at last the Frenchman departed, apparently satisfied, he leaned over and spoke to Jerry.

"See that man with the suit of hand-me-downs and the cigar?" he remarked. "He's in the game; I'm just wondering on which side."

He was not left long in doubt, for

the man who had been busy doing nothing feverishly trying to crank his car, which, after the manner of the brutes, had seized that moment to jib. Still smiling, Hugh got out and walked up to the perspiring driver.

"A warm day," he murmured. "Don't hurry; we'll wait for you." Then, while the man, utterly taken aback, stared at him speechlessly, he strode back to his own car.

"Hugh—you're mad, quite mad," said Peter resignedly, as with a spluttering roar the other car started, but Hugh still smiled. On the way to the air-drome he stopped twice after a block in the traffic to make quite sure that the pursuer should have no chance of losing him, and, by the time they were clear of the traffic and spinning toward their destination, the gentleman in the car behind fully agreed with Darrell.

At first he had expected some trick, being a person of tortuous brain; but as time went on, and nothing unexpected happened, he became assured. His orders were to follow the millionaire, and inform headquarters where he was taken to. And assuredly at the moment it seemed easy money. Then, quite suddenly, the humming stopped and he frowned. The car in front had swung off the road, and turned through the entrance of a small air-drome. What the devil was he to do now? Most assuredly he could not pursue an airplane on a motor—even a racer. Blindly, without thinking, he did the first thing that came into his head. He left his car standing where it was, and followed the others into the air-drome on foot.

Perhaps he could find out something from one of the mechanics; someone might be able to tell him where the plane was going.

There she was with the car beside her, and already the millionaire was being strapped into his seat. Drummond was talking to the pilot, and the sleuth, full of eagerness, accosted a passing mechanic.

"Can you tell me where that airplane is going to?" he asked ingratiatingly.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the said mechanic had just had a large spanner dropped on his toe, and his answer was not helpful. It was an education in one way, and at any other time the pursuer would have treated it with the respect it deserved. But, as it was, it was unfortunate that Peter Darrell should have chosen that moment to look round. And all he saw was the mechanic talking earnestly to the sleuth. . . . Whereupon he talked earnestly to Drummond. . . .

In thinking it over after, that unhappy sleuth whose job had seemed so easy, found it difficult to say exactly what happened. All of a sudden he found himself surrounded by people—all very affable and most conversational. It took him quite five minutes to get back to his car, and by that time the plane was a speck in the west. Drummond was standing by the gates when he got there, with a look of profound surprise on his face.

"One I have seen often," remarked the soldier; "two sometimes; three rarely; four never. Fancy four punctures—all at the same time! Dear, dear! I positively insist on giving you a lift."

He felt himself irresistibly propelled toward Drummond's car, with only time for a fleeting glimpse at his own four flat tires, and almost before he realized it they were away. And it was then that the man he had thought mad laughed gently.

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He was not left long in doubt, for

barely had the swing doors closed behind the gendarme, when the man in question rose and came over to him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, in a pronounced nasal twang, "but I heard you say you were Captain Hugh Drummond. I guess you're one of the men I've come across the water to see. My card."

Hugh glanced at the pasteboard languidly.

"Mr. Jerome K. Green," he murmured. "What a jolly sort of name."

"See here, Captain," went on the other, suddenly displaying a badge hidden under his coat. "That'll put you wise. That badge is the badge of the police force of the United States of America; and that same force is humming some at the moment." He sat down beside Hugh, and bent forward confidentially. "There's a prominent citizen of New York city been mislaid, Captain; and, from information we've got, we reckon you know quite a lot about his whereabouts. What about Hiram C. Potts?"

"What, indeed?" remarked Hugh. "Sounds like a riddle, don't it?"

"You've heard of him, Captain?" "Few people have not."

"Yes—but you've met him recently," said the detective, leaning forward. "You know where he is, and"—he tapped Hugh on the knee impressively—"I want him. I want to take him back in cotton-wool to his wife and daughters. That's why I'm over on this side, Captain, just for that one purpose."

"There seem to me to be a considerable number of people wandering around who share your opinion

about Mr. Potts," drawled Hugh. "He must be a popular sort of cove."

"Popular ain't the word for it, Captain," said the other. "Have you got him now?"

"A matter of speaking, yes," answered Hugh, beckoning to a passing waiter. "Three Martinis."

"Where is he?" snapped the detective eagerly.

Hugh laughed. "Being wrapped up in cotton-wool by somebody else's wife and daughters. You were a little too quick, Mr. Green; you may be all you say—on the other hand, you may not. And these days I trust no one."

The American nodded his head in approval.

"Quite right," he remarked. "My motto—and yet I'm going to trust you. Weeks ago we heard things on the other side, through certain channels, as to a show which was on the rails over here."

Hugh nodded. "Then Hiram Potts got mixed up in it; exactly how, we weren't wise to. But it was enough to bring me over here. Two days ago I got this cable. He produced a bundle of papers, and handed one to Drummond. "It's in cipher, as you see; I've put the translation underneath."

Hugh took the cablegram and glanced at it. It was short and to the point:

"Captain Hugh Drummond, of Half Moon street, London, is your man."

He glanced up at the American, who drained his cocktail with the air of a man who is satisfied with life.

"Captain Hugh Drummond of Half Moon street, London, is my man," he chuckled. "Well, Captain, what about it now? Will you tell me why you've come to Paris? I guess it's something to do with the business I'm on."

For a few moments Hugh did not reply, and the American seemed in no hurry for an answer. Some early arrivals for dinner sauntered through the lounge and Drummond watched them idly as they passed. The American detective certainly seemed all right, but . . . Casually, his glance rested on a man sitting just opposite, reading the paper. He took in the short, dark beard—the immaculate, though slightly foreign evening clothes; evidently a wealthy Frenchman giving a dinner party in the restaurant by the way the head waiter was hovering around. And then suddenly his eyes narrowed, and he sat motionless.

"Are you interested in the psychology of gambling, Mr. Green?" he remarked, turning to the somewhat astonished American. "Some people cannot control their eyes or their mouth if the stakes are big; others

cannot control their hands. For instance, the gentleman opposite. Does anything strike you particularly with regard to him?"

The detective glanced across the lounge.

"He seems to like hitting his knee with his left hand," he said, after a short inspection.

"Precisely," murmured Hugh. "That is why I came to Paris."

CHAPTER IX.

In Which He Has a Near Shave.

ONE.

"Captain, you have me guessing." The American bit the end off another cigar, and leaned back in his chair. "You say that swell Frenchman with the waiters hovering about like fleas round a dog's tail is the reason you came to Paris. Is he kind of friendly with Hiram C. Potts?"

Drummond laughed.

"The first time I met Mr. Potts," he remarked, "that swell Frenchman was just preparing to put a thumb-screw on his second thumb."

"Second?" The detective looked up quickly.

"The first had been treated earlier in the evening," answered Drummond quietly. "It was then that I removed your millionaire pal."

The other lit his cigar deliberately. "Say, Captain," he murmured, "you ain't pulling my leg by any chance, are you?"

"I am not," said Drummond shortly. "I was told, before I met him, that the gentleman over there was one of the boys. . . . He is, most distinctly. In fact, though up to date such matters have not been much in my line, I should put him down as a sort of super-criminal. I wonder what name he is passing under here?"

The American ceased pulling at his cigar.

"Do they vary?" "In England he is clean-shaven, possesses a daughter, and answers to Carl Peterson. As he is at present I should never have known him, but for that little trick of his."

"Possesses a daughter!" For the first time the detective displayed traces of excitement. "Holy Smoke! It can't be him!"

"Who?" demanded Drummond.

But the other did not answer. Out of the corner of his eye he was watching three men who had just joined the subject of their talk, and on his face was a dawning amazement. He waited till the whole party had gone into the restaurant, then, throwing aside his caution, he turned excitedly on Drummond.

"Are you certain," he cried, "that that's the man who has been monkeying with Potts?"

"Absolutely," said Hugh. "He recognized me; whether he thinks I recognized him or not, I don't know."

"Then what," remarked the detective, "is he doing here dining with Hocking, our cotton trust man; with Steinemann, the German coal man; and with that other guy whose face is familiar, but whose name I can't place? Two of 'em at any rate, Captain, have got more millions than we've ever likely to have thousands."

Hugh stared at the American.

"Last night," he said slowly, "he was foregathered with a crowd of the most atrocious ragged-trousered revolutionaries it's ever been my luck to run up against."

"We're in it, Captain, right in the middle of it," cried the detective, slapping his leg. "I'll eat my hat if that Frenchman isn't Franklin—or Libstein—or Baron Darrott—or any other of the blamed names he calls himself. He's a genius; he's the goods. Gee" he whistled gently under his breath. "If we could only lay him by the heels."

(To be Continued.)

HOW THE COLOR SEAS WERE NAMED.

There are several large seas which were named for their colors. The White Sea bears its name with perhaps the best reason of any. Its shores are covered with snow the greater part of the year, and its frozen surface is for that time a snowy plain.

The Red Sea is also entitled to its name. Through its clear waters the reefs of red coral are clearly to be seen. Much of its rocky bed is the growth of the coral insect. Another reason, and probably the true one for the name of this sea, is the fact that along its shores lies ancient Edom. This name signifies red.

In the case of the Yellow Sea its name is sufficiently accounted for from the appearance of its water. The sea receives a great deal of mud from the rivers of China, moreover, it is shallow, and the sandy bottom gives its own color a long way out from the shore.

The Black Sea affords no clear account of its name. The waters are not black, but blue. The Greeks, when they first became acquainted with this sea, called it by a name which signifies The Inhospitalable. Later they changed it to the Hospitable. It has naturally been inferred by this change of name that upon further acquaintance the Greek sailors found these waters friendly. But the Greeks were inclined to give soft and flattering names to the objects of their dread, and that may be what they did in this particular case. The Greek name holds to this day among the older nations of Europe. The Russians called the sea Black. It seems likely that this name was suggested by contrast. The sea lies south of Russia, as the White Sea lies to the north. Had the latter been called the North Sea, then the Hospitable of the Greeks might have been named by the Russians, South Sea. In the same way Black Sea was named in contrast to the White Sea.—Well-spring.



With Her Hands on His Coat and Her Big Eyes Misty With Her Fears for Him, She Begged Him to Give It All Up.

and uncalled for, and we're no pleased. Are we, Miss Benton?"

"Can you bear him, Phyllis?" remarked Hugh, with a grin. "I mean lying about the house all day?"

"What's the notion, old son?" Toby Sinclair stood up, looking slightly puzzled.

"I want you to stop here, Toby," said Hugh, "and not let Miss Benton out of your sight. Also keep your eye skinned on The Elms, and let me know by phone to Half Moon street anything that happens. Do you get me?"

"I get you," answered the other. With a resigned sigh he rose and walked to the door.

"I've got five minutes, little girl," said Hugh, taking her into his arms as the door closed. "Five minutes of heaven. . . . By Jove! But you look great—simply great."

"The girl smiled at him. "Tell me what's happened, boy," she said eagerly.

"Quite a crowded night." With a