

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

(Continued from last week.)

At last the Boche made up his mind, and went behind the chair. Hugh felt him fumbling with the rope, and flashed an urgent look of caution at the other two.

"You'd better be careful, Heinrich," he remarked, "that none of the others see, or you might have to share."

The German ceased undoing the knot, and grunted. The English swine had moments of brightness, and he went over and closed the door. Then he resumed the operation of untying the rope; and, since it was performed behind the chair he was in no position to see the look on Drummond's face. Only the two spectators could see that, and they had almost ceased breathing in their excitement. That he had a plan they knew; what it was they could not even guess.

At last the rope fell clear and the German sprang back.

"Put the case on the table," he cried, having not the slightest intention of coming within range of those formidable arms.

"Certainly not," said Hugh, "until you undo my legs. Then you shall have it."

Quite loosely he was holding the case in one hand; but the others, watching his face, saw that it was strained and tense.

"First I the notes must have." The German strove to speak conversationally, but all the time he was creeping nearer and nearer to the back of the chair. "Then I your legs undo, and you may go."

Algy's warning cry rang out simultaneously with the lightning dart of the Boche's hand as he snatched at the cigarette-case over Drummond's shoulder. And then Drummond laughed a low, triumphant laugh. It was the move he had been hoping for, and the German's wrist was held fast in his vice-like grip. His plan had succeeded.

And Longworth and Sinclair, who had seen many things in their lives, the remembrance of which will with them till their dying day, had never seen and are never likely to see anything within measurable distance of what they saw in the next few minutes. Slowly, inexorably, the German's arm was being twisted, while he uttered gasping cries, and beat impotently at Drummond's head with his free hand. Then at last there was a dull crack as the arm broke, and a scream of pain, as he lurched round the chair and stood helpless in front of the soldier, who still held the cigarette case in his left hand.

They saw Drummond open the cigarette case and take from it what looked like a tube of wood. Then he felt in his pocket and took out a match-box, containing a number of long thin splinters. And, having fitted one of the splinters into the tube he put the other end in his mouth.

With a quick heave they saw him jerk the German round and catch his unbroken arm with his free left hand. And the two bound watchers looked at Hugh's eyes as he stared at the moaning Boche, and saw that they were hard and merciless.

There was a sharp, whistling hiss, and the splinter flew from the tube into the German's face. It hung from his cheek, and even the ceaseless movement of his head failed to dislodge it.

"I have broken your arm, Boche," said Drummond at length, "and now I



"And Now I Have Killed You. I'm Sorry About It."

have killed you. I'm sorry about it; I wasn't particularly anxious to end your life. But it had to be done."

The German, hardly conscious of what he had said owing to the pain in his arm, was frantically kicking the Englishman's legs, still bound to the chair; but the iron grip on his wrists never slackened. And then quite suddenly came the end. With one dreadful, convulsive heave the German jerked himself free, and fell doubled up on the floor. Fascinated, they watched him writhing and twisting, until at last, he lay still. . . . The Boche was dead. . . .

"What was that blow-pipe affair?" cried Sinclair hoarsely.

"The thing they tried to finish me with in Paris last night," answered Hugh grimly, taking a knife out of his waistcoat pocket. "Let us trust that none of his pals come in to look for him."

A minute later he stood up, only to sit down again abruptly, as his legs gave way. They were numb and stiff with the hours he had spent in the same position, and for a while he could do nothing but rub them with his hands, till the blood returned and he could feel once more.

Then, slowly and painfully, he tottered across to the others and set them free as well. They were in an even worse condition than he had been; and it seemed as if Algy would never be able to stand again, so completely dead was his body from the waist downwards. But, at length, after what seemed an eternity to Drummond, who realized only too well that should the gang come in they were almost as helpless in their present condition as if they were still bound in their chairs, the other two recovered.

"All fit now? Good! We've got to think what we're going to do, for we're not out of the wood yet by two or three miles."

"Let's get the door open," remarked Algy, "and explore."

Cautiously they swung it open, and stood motionless. The house was in absolute silence; the hall was deserted.

"Switch on the light," whispered Hugh. "We'll wander round."

They crept forward stealthily in the darkness, stopping every now and then to listen. But no sound came to their ears; it might have been a house of the dead.

Suddenly Drummond, who was in front of the other two, stopped with a warning hiss. A light was streaming out from under a door at the end of a passage and, as they stood watching it, they heard a man's voice coming from the same room. Some one else answered him and then there was silence once more.

At length Hugh moved forward again, and the others followed. And it was not until they got quite close to the door that a strange, continuous noise began to be noticeable—a noise which came most distinctly from the lighted room. It rose and fell with a regularity; at times it resembled a brass band—at others it sounded like a gentle murmur. And occasionally it was punctuated with a single short. . . .

"Great Scott!" muttered Hugh excitedly, "the whole boiling bunch are asleep, or I'll eat my hat."

"Then who was it spoke?" said Algy. "At least two of 'em are awake right enough."

And, as if in answer to his question, there came the voice again from inside the room.

"Wal, Mr. Darrell, I guess we can pass on, and leave this bunch."

With one laugh of joyful amazement Hugh flung open the door, and found himself looking from the range of a yard into two revolvers.

"I don't know how you've done it, boys," he remarked, "but you can put those guns away. I hate looking at them from that end."

"What the devil have they done to all your dials?" said Darrell, slowly lowering his arm.

"We'll leave that for the time," returned Hugh grimly, as he shut the door. "There are other more pressing matters to be discussed."

He glanced round the room, and a slow grin spread over his face. There were some twenty of the gang, all of them fast asleep. They sprawled grotesquely over the table, they lolled in chairs; they lay on the floor, they huddled in corners. And, without exception, they snored and snorted.

"A dandy bunch," remarked the American, gazing at them with satisfaction. Then he turned to Drummond. "Say now, Captain, we've got a lorry load of the boys outside; your friend here thought we'd better bring 'em along. So it's up to you to get busy."

"Mullings and his crowd," said Darrell, seeing the look of mystification on Hugh's face.

For a few moments Drummond stood, deep in thought; then once again the grin spread slowly over his face. "Get the boys in, Peter; and get these lumps of meat carted out to the lorry. And, while you do it, we'll go upstairs and mop up."

THREE.

Even in his wildest dreams Hugh had never imagined such a wonderful opportunity. To be in complete possession of the house, with strong forces at his beck and call, was a state of affairs which rendered him almost speechless.

"Keep your guns handy," whispered Hugh. "We'll draw each room in turn till we find the girl."

But they were not to be put to so much trouble. Suddenly a door opposite opened, and the man who had been guarding Phyllis Benton peered out suspiciously. His jaw fell and a look of aghast surprise spread over his face as he saw the four men in front of him.

Hugh stepped past him and was smiling at the girl who, with a little cry of joyful wonder, had risen from her chair.

"Your face, boy," she whispered, as he took her in his arms, regardless of the others, "your poor old face! Oh, that brute, Lakington!"

He laughed gently, and for a moment she clung to him, unmindful of how he had got to her, glorying only in the fact that he had. It seemed to her that there was nothing which this wonderful man of hers couldn't manage; and now, blindly trusting, she waited to be told what to do. The nightmare was over; Hugh was with her. . . .

"Are there any cars outside?" Hugh turned to the American.

"Yours," answered that worthy.

"And mine is hidden behind Miss Benton's greenhouse unless they've moved it," remarked Algy.

"Good," said Hugh. "Algy, take Miss Benton and her father up to Half Moon street—at once. Then come back here."

"But, Hugh—" began the girl appealingly.

"At once, dear, please." He smiled at her tenderly, but his tone was decided. "This is going to be no place for you in the near future."

With no further word of protest the girl followed Algy, and Hugh drew a breath of relief.

"Now, you ugly-looking blighter," he remarked to the cowering ruffian, who was by this time shaking with fright, "we come to you. When does Lakington return?"

"Tomorrow, sir," stammered the other.

"Where is he now?" The man hesitated for a moment, but the look in Hugh's eyes galvanized him into speech.

"He's after the old woman's pearls, sir—the duchess of Lampshire's."

"Ah!" returned Hugh softly. "Of course he is. I forgot. When does Peterson come back?"

"Tomorrow, too, sir, as far as I know," answered the man.

"And what's he doing?" demanded Drummond.

"On the level, gunner, I can't tell yer. Stride, I can't."

At that moment Darrell's voice came up from the hall.

"The whole bunch are stowed away, Hugh. What's the next item?"

Hugh walked to the top of the stairs. A grin spread over his face as he saw half a dozen familiar faces in the hall, and he hailed them cheerily.

"Like old times, boys," he laughed. "Where's the driver of the lorry?"

"That's me, sir." One of them stepped forward.

"Good," said Hugh. "Take your bus ten miles from here: then drop that crowd one by one on the road as you go along. You can take it from me that none of 'em will say anything about it, even when they wake up. Then take her back to your garage: I'll see you later."

"Now," went on Hugh, as they heard the sound of the departing lorry, "we've got to set the scene for tomorrow morning." He glanced at his watch. "Just eleven. How long will it take me to get the old buzz-box to Laidley Towers?"

"Laidley Towers," echoed Darrell. "What the devil are you going there for?"

"I just can't bear to be parted from Henry for one moment longer than necessary," said Hugh quietly. "And Henry is there, in a praiseworthy endeavor to lift the duchess pearls. . . . Dear Henry!" His two fists clenched, and the American, looking at his face, laughed softly.

But it was only for a moment that Drummond indulged in the pleasures of anticipation; all that could come after. And just now there were other things to be done—many others, if events next morning were to go as they should.

"Take those two into the center room," he cried. "Incidentally there's a dead Boche on the floor, but he'll come in very handy in my little scheme."

"A dead Boche!" The intimidated rabbit gave a frightened squeak. "Good heavens! you ruffian, this is beyond a joke."

Hugh looked at him coldly.

"You'll find it beyond a joke, you miserable little rat," he said quietly. "If you speak to me like that." He laughed as the other shrank past him.

"Three of you boys in there," he ordered briskly, "and if either of them gives the slightest trouble clip him over the head. Now let's have the rest of the crowd in here, Peter."

They came filing in, and Hugh waved a cheery hand in greeting.

"How goes it, you fellows," he cried with his infectious grin. "Like a company pow-wow before popping the parapet. What! And it's a bigger show this time, boys, than any you've had over the water. Gather round, and listen to me."

For five minutes he spoke, and his audience nodded delightedly. Apart from their love for Drummond—and three out of every four of them knew him personally—it was a scheme which tickled them to death. And he was careful to tell them just enough of the sinister design of the master-criminal to make them realize the bigness of the issue.

"That's all clear, then," said Drummond, rising. "Now I'm off. Toby, I want you to come, too. We ought to be there by midnight."

"There's only one point, captain," remarked the American, as the group began to disperse. "That safe—and the ledger." He fumbled in his pocket, and produced a small india-rubber bottle. "I've got the soup here—gelatine," he explained, as he saw the

mystified look on the other's face. "I reckoned it might come in handy. Also a fuse and detonator."

"Splendid!" said Hugh, "splendid! You're an acquisition, Mr. Green, to any gathering. But I think—I think—"



And Once Again the American Laughed Softly at the Look on His Face.

Lakington first. Oh! yes—most undoubtedly—Henry first!"

And once again the American laughed softly at the look on his face.

CHAPTER XI

In Which Lakington Plays His Last "Coup."

ONE

"Toby, I've got a sort of horrid feeling that the hunt is nearly over."

With a regretful sigh Hugh swung the cart out of the sleeping town of Godalming in the direction of Laidley Towers. Mile after mile dropped smoothly behind the powerful two-seater, and still Drummond's eyes wore a look of resigned sadness.

"Very nearly over," he remarked again. "And then once more the tedium of respectability positively stares us in the face."

"You'll be getting married, old bean," murmured Toby Sinclair hopefully.

"For a moment his companion brightened up.

"True, O King," he answered. "It will ease the situation somewhat; at least, I suppose so. But think of it, Toby; no Lakington, no Peterson—nothing at all to play about with and keep one amused."

"You're very certain, Hugh." With a feeling almost of wonder Sinclair glanced at the square-jawed, grey profile beside him. "There's many a slip. . . ."

(To be Continued.)

REFORMED DAY TO BE JULY 22.

The annual reunion of members of the Reformed churches of Central Pennsylvania will be held this year on July 22nd at Lakemont park, Altoona. This occasion has proven a great asset to the life of the denomination in this section. Many people see each other but once a year and then only while they attend this annual gathering. The attendance upon the reunion has been increasing through the years. This year should see an especially large attendance of country folks as the harvest is advanced.

The program this year, as always, will be opened at 11 a. m. in the p. m. and from then on until 10 p. m. there will not be an idle moment. Those attending the reunion have always demanded the delivery of a sermon at the morning service and this year the Rev. J. Hamilton Smith, D. D., of Pottstown, will be the preacher.

Family dinners and the renewing of old and the making of new acquaintances will be in order from noon until 2:30. At the 2:30 service the members of the Huntingdon church will render a pageant entitled, "Democracy."

The sport events for boys and girls after the afternoon services have always been a popular feature and will be in charge of H. S. Lang. The ball games between ministers and consistory members will close the afternoon program. The ministers won last year and the laity are out to redeem their defeat this year.

The evening program will begin at 7:30 and be little more than an hour in length to give all an opportunity to stay for its rendition. The choir of Grace Reformed church, Altoona, assisted by an orchestra, will render a sacred cantata, "The Resurrection and the Life," by Ira Wilson. Luther Mitchell will be the director of the chorus.

The reunion is in charge of a capable committee of which Prof. George D. Robb is chairman and every effort is being made to have this one of the best ever held. The day should be marked a holiday on the calendar of every member of the Reformed church.

1800 at Penn State Summer Session.

All records for attendance at the summer session for school teachers at The Pennsylvania State College were broken this year with the enrollment of eighteen hundred men and women students. This is five hundred more than last year, when a few more than 1300 established a record. The classes this year will be optional for six and nine weeks, and about 600 have signified their intention to remain for the full nine weeks' training. Over two hundred courses are being taught this summer, and the schedule of outside lecturers is the most attractive ever arranged.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Happiness is symbolized. It belongs to us exactly in proportion to our appreciation of it. People who know what happiness is are happy. Only those who do not understand remain fretting like foolish children.—Home Chat.

It is rumored that the French designers, tiring of a season of dull trimmings, will again swing the style pendulum back to ornaments of scintillating surfaces this fall. Dull wax flowers and black felts, according to the forthcoming issue of the Retail Millinery Association or America's bulletin, have led to a vogue that calls for glistening things.

"There are the most unusual cabochon ornaments sponsored by Maria Guy, who uses these beads in graduated rows and mounts them on a foundation of net. Across the front of an upturned brim this trimming is really striking and must be carried out, of course, in black or the still newer bronze or copper—or preferably platinum.

For the hat that depends on its shape for its success there is a belt of cabochons finished at the front with eyelets and buckles of steel that is absolutely captivating as a trimming. Its simplicity and thorough novelty will doubtless gather admiration.

"A combination of jet and steel is the newest and smartest of ideas in ornaments that the French are sure will prove one of the biggest vogues of the fall season. Fringe suspended from a cut jet and steel plaque is both unusual and distinctive, and when artfully arranged on a hat of dull black fabric it achieves the effect of simplicity and good taste.

"Ornaments of steel and copper are extremely new, and when finely cut in a cabochon of unusual design prove an asset that will carry a plain hat into the class of distinction. Fringes of steel and jet are considered one of the important trimming notes for the smartest gowns and have penetrated their way into the millinery world in a variety of attractive designs."

Garbage cans generally have to be discarded after two or three seasons' usage, but if treated in the following manner they will last for a number of years: Purchase from any paint store one can of tar-roofing paint, give the entire inside a coat of this and the outside and the sides also, to the height of 10 inches. This tar paint will prevent the acids of foods corroding the inside of the can, and it is impossible for the dampness of the ground to rust the outer base.

If sleeves are long, for instance, they are apt to be full. If they are three-quarters long, they are bell-shaped. The neck is no longer plain when it is cut to a deep V. It is finished with a single or triple fichu which rises high at the back of neck. The topless corset which is more and more acceptable to women in this country permits a hip-line instead of waistline, but it calls for a flat diaphragm. Skirts are wider, even when they are not longer; they are usually both. Floral fabrics are in fashion, and such things as applied roses, garlands of flowers, embroidered designs are frequent.

A coat of kerosene oil applied to stoves before putting them away for the summer will prevent their rusting.

Cut olives in rounds, is an attractive garnish. The bright red and green is very effective.

To mend a torn place in a freshly laundered curtain, cut a patch out of lace or net to match as near as possible, dip in starch and iron on over the hole. It will make a neat patch and will be next to impossible to detect.

Sweet pickled apples are delicious with meat, especially pork.

A turpentine solution is good for washing workroom or floors in closets and wardrobes. Moths will not live in a place that has been washed with turpentine.

Ice cream can be kept hard for 24 hours if it is placed in a paper cooking bag, the ends being folded over tightly to keep out the air, then placed directly on the ice in the refrigerator.

Every week the refrigerator drain pipe should be well cleaned with cold water and a few bits of charcoal deposited in the corners of the refrigerator to keep it sweet. All food should be cold before being placed in the refrigerator.

To remove mildew, rub over the marks with the juice of a raw tomato and then sprinkle with salt and lay in the sun for one hour or more. Repeat if necessary.

To remove grass stains, wash the stained parts with alcohol and rinse in clear water. If possible, treat the stain as soon as possible.

For cracks in plaster a good filling is composed of plaster of paris, set for 20 or 30 minutes. The putty-like mass must be pushed into the cracks and can be smoothed off evenly with a table knife.

Sally Lunn With Blueberries.—A sally lunn with blueberries is another hot bread that can be served at either breakfast or tea. Mix a scant half cupful of shortening with a fourth of a cup of sugar, add a cup of milk, one beaten egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two cupfuls of flour. Stir into this batter just before baking it one cupful of blueberries. It can be baked in a loaf or in individual pans.

Bran Muffins.—A most unusual recipe for bran muffins calls for three-fourths of a cupful of orange juice. Sift together a half cupful of flour and a half a teaspoonful of salt, then stir into it a cupful of bran. Dissolve a half teaspoonful of soda in three-fourths of a cup of orange juice, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one and a half of molasses. Beat vigorously and pour into a hot buttered gem pan and bake in a hot oven.

FARM NOTES.

—It is well to consider at this time the purchase of lime and fertilizers for fall application.

—Approximately thirty-four per cent. of the farmers of Pennsylvania are using gas engines.

—There is practically no market for wool in Pennsylvania at the present time. Many farmers are holding two clips.

—Celery suffers more from lack of water than any other common vegetables. A thorough soaking of the soil once a week will accomplish wonders.

—It appears that eighteen per cent. of the farmers and fruit growers of Pennsylvania sprayed their orchards the past spring for insect pests and plant diseases.

—The number of lambs in Pennsylvania the past spring appears to be ninety-four per cent., compared with the usual number. Number of pigs, eighty-eight per cent.

—About forty per cent. of the farmers of Pennsylvania are using cream separators. As the market for whole milk develops and improves the number of separators in use declines.

—There should be no let up in potato spraying because of intensely hot weather. Some growers stopped spraying during hot spells, believing it to be injurious to the plants. State College specialists say it is beneficial rather than harmful.

—It is not only unsightly, but poor farm practice to allow rank growths of weeds to appear along fence rows and roadsides. One can well spend a day or two with a scythe at mowing down weeds before they produce seed to scatter through fields.

—Colts and calves that are running on grass will do better if penned in cool, dark stalls away from flies during the day time, and allowed to pasture during the early evening and at night. If any stock is on pasture during the day, be sure that shade is provided.

—The Lady Beetle is a beneficial insect but apparently few people realize it, as many specimens are being sent to the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, asking how to get rid of them. The lady beetle both in the adult stage and the larva stage feed upon plant lice or aphids and other small insects, and upon the eggs of larger insects. They should be preserved—do not injure them, because they help to keep down destructive insect pests.

—The small green aphids are becoming more numerous on potato plants. Watch the plants carefully during hot, dry weather. When they become damaging add one pint of nicotine sulphate (Black Leaf 40) to 100 gallons of Bordeaux spray mixture. If a separate spraying is made, use one pint of nicotine with four or five pounds of dissolved soap to 100 gallons of water. A spray broom having three nozzles to a row will be satisfactory, but it may be necessary to extend the distributing pipes by putting in a five inch nipple, directing the nozzles upward so as to drench the entire plant.

—All duck eggs should be tested at least twice during incubation, preferably on the seventh and fourteenth days, and the infertile eggs and those with dead germs removed. Dead germs in duck eggs decompose very rapidly, and are often detected by their odor.

Duck eggs having pure white shells are often tested as early as the fourth or fifth day, and the infertile eggs sold to bakers. Infertile eggs make good feed for ducklings, and can be used for cooking. The eggs are tested with the large end up so that the size of the air cell may be seen, as well as the condition of the embryo duckling, specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture say. Testing should be done in a dark room.

The infertile egg when held before the tester will appear perfectly clear, much the same as a fresh egg, while a fertile egg will show a small dark spot known as the embryo, with a mass of little blood vessels extending in all directions, if the embryo is living. If dead the blood settles away from the embryo toward the edge of the yolk, forming in most cases an irregular circle of blood, known as a blood ring. The eggs containing strong, living embryos are dark and partly filled up after the fourteenth day, and show a clear, distinct line of demarcation between the air cell and the growing embryo, while dead germs show development only in part and lack this clear, distinct outline.

—An opportunity to save one-third of the hog grain bill and at the same time place the hogs in good condition on the early market at the top prices, is offered to every Pennsylvania farmer who starts immediately to fatten his porkers on suitable pastures.

The greatest draw-back to the average hog grower is trying to raise hogs in too close quarters and depending too much on expensive grain feed. Twenty-two hog pasture demonstrations conducted in various parts of the State last year when farmers cooperated with county agents and The Pennsylvania State College extension division, showed conclusively that pasture with grain accomplishes a great saving. If preparation has not been made for this method of feeding, plan now to utilize a part of an alfalfa, clover or rape field during the summer months. Grass orchards may be used to advantage. College specialists advise, however, that at least three to three and a half pounds per hundredweight must be fed each day while on pasture. A mixture of corn, shorts and tankage is recommended.

Last year's experiments, which included the feeding of 672 hogs in this manner, showed that only 318 pounds of grain was needed for a hundred pounds of pork gain, as against 475 pounds on dry feeding. There was also a profit gain of \$2.76 per hundred pounds in forage over dry lot. By using hogs in pasture, a profit of over \$21 was realized per acre. Compared with the college dry lot tests, there was an average saving of 33 per cent. in the grain bill. In late September the hogs may be set to harvesting portions of the corn field, which will place them in first class market condition.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."