Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By Cyril McNeile "Sapper"

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

—15—

"Stop it, Lakington." His voice was stern as he caught the other's uprised arm. "That's enough for the time."

For a moment it seemed as if Lakington would have struck Peterson himself; then he controlled himself, and, with an ugly laugh, flung the whip into a corner.

"I forgot," he said slowly. "It's the leading dog we want—not the puppies that run after him yapping." He spun round on his heel. "Have you finished?"

The rope-artist bestowed a final touch to the last knot, and surveyed his handiwork with justifiable pride.

"Cold mutton," he remarked tersely, "would be lively compared to him when he wakes up."

"Good! Then we'll bring him to."

Lakington took some crystals from a jar on one of the shelves, and placed them in a tumbler. Then he added a few drops of liquid and held the glass directly under the unconscious man's nose. Almost at once the liquid began to effervesce, and in less than a minute Drummond opened his eyes and stared dazedly round the room. He

"Stop It, Lakington." His Voice Was Stern as He Caught the Other's Uprailsed Arm.

blinked foolishly as he saw Longworth and Sinclair; then he looked down and found he was similarly bound himself. Finally he glanced up at the man bending over him, and full realization returned.

"Feeling better, my friend?" with a mocking smile. Lakington laid the tumbler on a table close by.

"Much, thank you, Henry," murmured Hugh. "Ah; and there's Carl."

He grinned cheerfully, and Lakington struck him on the mouth.

"You can stop that style of conversation, Captain Drummond," he remarked. "I dislike it."

Hugh stared at the striker in silence.

"Accept my congratulations," he said at length, in a low voice which, despite himself, shook a little. "You are the first man who has ever done that, and I shall treasure the memory of that blow."

"I'd hate it to be a lonely memory," remarked Lakington. "So here's another to keep it company." Again he struck him, then with a laugh he turned on his heel. "My compliments to Miss Benton," he said to a man standing near the door, "and ask her to be good enough to come down for a few minutes."

The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead at the mention of the girl, but otherwise he gave no sign; and, in silence, they waited for her arrival.

She came almost at once, a villainous looking blackguard with her, and as she saw Hugh she gave a pitiful little moan and held out her hand to him.

"Why did you come, boy?" she cried. "Didn't you know it was only a forgery—that note?"

"Ah! was it?" said Hugh softly. "Was it, indeed?"

"An interesting point," murmured Lakington. "Surely if a charming girl is unable—or unwilling—to write herself to her fiance, her father is a very able person to supply the deficiency. Especially if he has been kindly endowed by Nature with a special aptitude for—er—imitating writing.

"But time presses. And I don't want to go without telling you a little about the program. Captain Drummond. Unfortunately both Mr. Peterson and I have to leave you for tonight; but we shall be returning tomorrow morning—or, at any rate I shall. You will be left in charge of Heinrich—you remember the filthy Boche!—with whom you had words the other night. As you may expect, he entertains feelings of great friendship and affection for you, so you should not lack for any bodily comforts, such as may be possible in your present somewhat crimped position. Then tomorrow, when I return, I propose to try a few experiments on you, and, though I fear you will find them painful, it's a great thing to suffer in the cause of science. . . . You will always have the satisfaction of knowing that dear little Phyllis will be well cared for." With a sudden, quick movement, he seized the girl and kissed her before she realized his intention. The rope round Drummond creaked as he struggled impotently, and Lakington's sneering face seemed to swim in a red glow.

"That is quite in keeping, is it not," he snarled, "to kiss the lady, and to strike the man like this—and this—and this? . . ." A rain of blows came down on Drummond's face, till, with a gasping sigh, the girl slipped fainting to the floor.

"That'll do, Lakington," said Peterson, intervening once again. "Have the girl carried upstairs, and send for Heinrich. It's time we were off."

With an effort Lakington let his hand fall to his side, and stood back from his victim.

"Perhaps for the present, it will," he said slowly. "But tomorrow—tomorrow, Captain Drummond, you shall scream to heaven for mercy, until I take out your tongue and you can scream no more." He turned as the German came into the room. "I leave them to you, Heinrich," he remarked shortly. "Use the dog-whip if they shout, and gag them."

The German's eyes were fixed on Hugh gloatingly.

"They will not shout twice," he said in his guttural voice. "The dirty Boche to it himself will see."

TWO

"We appear," remarked Hugh quietly, a few minutes later, "to be in for a cheery night."

For a moment the German had left the room, and three motionless, bound figures, sitting grotesquely in their chairs, were alone.

"How did they get you, Toby?"

"Half a dozen of 'em suddenly appeared," answered Sinclair shortly, "knocked me on the head, and the next thing I knew I was here in this d—d chair."

"Is that when you got your face?" asked Hugh.

"No," said Toby, and his voice was grim. "We share in the matter of faces, old man."

"Lakington again, was it?" said Hugh softly. "Dear Heaven! if I could get one hand on that . . ." He broke off and laughed. "What about you, Algy?"

"I went blundering in over the way, old bean," returned that worthy, "and some dam' fellow knocked my eyeglass off. So, as I couldn't see to kill him, I had to join the picnic here."

Hugh laughed, and then suddenly grew serious.

"By the way, you didn't see a man chewing gum on the horizon, did you, when I made my entrance? Dogrobber suit, and face like a motor-mascot."

"Thank God, I was spared that!" remarked Algy.

"Good!" returned Hugh. "He's probably away with it by now, and he's no fool. For I'm thinking it's only Peter and him between us and—" He left his remark unfinished, and for a while there was silence. "Jerry is over in France still, putting stamp-paper on his machine; Ted's gone up to see that Potts is taking nourishment."

"And here we sit like three well-preserved specimens in a bally museum," broke in Algy, with a rueful laugh. "What'll they do to us, Hugh?"

But Drummond did not answer, and the speaker, seeing the look on his face, did not press the question.

Slowly the hours dragged on, until the last gleams of daylight had faded from the skylight above, and a solitary electric light, hung centrally, was the only illumination. Period! Heinrich had come in to see that they were still secure; but from the sounds of the hoarse laughter which came at frequent intervals through the half-open door, it was evident that the German had found other and more congenial company. At length he appeared carrying a tray with bread and butter on it, which he placed on a table near Hugh.

"Food for you, you English swine," he remarked, looking gloatingly at each in turn. "Herr Lakington the order gave, so that you will fit be tomorrow morning. Fit for the torture." He thrust his flushed face close to Drummond's, and then deliberately spat at him.

Algy Longworth gave a strangled grunt, but Drummond took no notice. With a quiet smile, he looked up at the German.

"How much, my friend," he remarked, "are you getting for this?"

The German leered at him.

"Enough to see that you tomorrow are here," he said.

"And if always believed that yours was a business nation," laughed Hugh. "Why, you poor fool, I've got a thousand pounds in notes in my cigarette case."

"You hof, hof you," the German grunted. "Then the filthy Boche will for you of them take care."

Hugh looked at him angrily.

"If you do," he cried, "you must let me go."

The German leered still more.

"Naturlich. You shall out of the house at once walk."

He stepped up to Drummond and ran his hands over his coat, while the others stared at one another in amazement. Surely Hugh didn't imagine the swine would really let him go; he would merely take the money and probably spit in his face again. Then they heard him speaking, and a sudden gleam of comprehension dawned on their faces.

"You'll have to undo one of the ropes, my friend, before you can get at it," said Hugh quietly.

For a moment the German hesitated. He looked at the ropes carefully; the one that bound the arms and the upper part of the body was separate from the rope round the legs. Even if he did undo it the fool Englishman was still helpless, and he knew that he was unarmed. Had he not himself removed his revolver, as he lay unconscious in the hall? What risk was there, after all? Besides, if he called some one else in he would have to share the money.

And, as he watched the German's indecision, Hugh's forehead grew damp with sweat. . . . Would he undo the rope? Would greed conquer caution?

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 vise-like grip. His plan had succeeded.

And Longworth and Sinclair, who had seen many things in their lives, the remembrance of which will be 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 lifted 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

With a Sudden, Quick Movement He Seized the Girl and Kissed Her Before She Realized His Intention.

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 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 numbed 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 out the light," whispered Hugh. "We'll wait 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 monotonous regularity; at times it resembled a brass band—at others it died away to a gentle murmur. And occasionally it was punctuated with a strangled snort. . . .

"Great Scott!" muttered Hugh excitedly, "the whole bolling 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 smile 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 drunken 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 grim smile 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

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

course he is. I forgot. When does Peterson come back?"

"Termorrow, too, sir, as far as I knows," answered the man.

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

"On the level, guvnor, I can't tell yer. Strite, 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?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SICILY'S MANY FAMOUS CITIES

Have Been Prominent in History Mainly Because of Geographical Position of Island.

Sicily, named by its admirers "L'Isola Incantevole"—island of enchantment—is situated at the very toe of the boot made by Italy, as if about to be kicked out of the way, and is included in the possessions of that country. It is a colorful island in old history. Before the Trojan war—fire kindled by the light of a woman's eyes—the Phoenicians sent colonies to Sicily. Syracuse, its principal city, is named by St. Paul in The Acts: "And landing at Syracuse we tarried there three days." Thucydides wrote of the great sieges occurring four centuries B. C. against Syracuse, placed, as one writer expresses it, for both war and commerce in the very center of the ancient world. Two centuries later the old mathematician Archimedes held at bay for three years the fleets and armies of Rome before finally capitulating and yielding Syracuse to its enemies. Messina, another city old in story, was founded by the Greeks more than seven centuries B. C. and is the chief commercial town of the island. Catania, a city of beauty with its palaces, villas and orange groves, is seated at the foot of Aetna, a volcano with a record of many eruptions. Palermo, the capital, is a most interesting city, facing the deep blue sea. In its great cathedral repose the bones of Emperor Frederick II, a ruler with an intellectual development some two centuries ahead of his time and consequently misunderstood.

Wealth in Beads.

Probably the choicest and most valuable beads in the world are those possessed by the natives of Borneo. In many cases they are very old, and have been kept for centuries in one family.

Some are thought to be of Venetian origin, while others resemble a Roman variety.

It is difficult to induce the natives to sell their beads, which they guard as heirlooms. A rich chief may possess old beads to the value of thousands of pounds.

When children are small they are carried on the backs of their mothers in a kind of cradle, which is often elaborately adorned with beads. One chief possesses a cradle valued at £200.

Wifely Requirements.

The Spaniards have a saying that a wife should resemble three things, and yet differ from these same things. First, she should be like a snail, which always guards its house, but she should not carry the house with her whenever she goes out. Second, she should be like an echo, which speaks only after the other is finished, but she should not always have the last word, and last, she should be like the town clock, which always sounds the hours with regularity, but she should not sound so loud that the whole town shall hear it.

Too Many Before Him.

Edward, returning empty handed from the post office, said: "You will have to send me earlier next time, mamma, because when I got there the letters were all gone."

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MARKS CENTER OF THE EARTH

Lofty Monument in Delhi, India, Erected After a Meteorite Fell Near the Spot.

The idea that the earth is not a flat disk, but a globe, does not seem to have "caught on" in India, for they still talk about a certain place being the "center of the world."

In Delhi stands a lofty monument that goes by name of Kutub Minor, temple of which it is a part.

A structure towering high above the surrounding country, it is a fine piece of architecture in the shape of a number of tiers of columns, seemingly tied together in bundles. At big intervals there are balconies.

The Kutub Minor is of special interest and note in the world over which the religion of the teacher Buddha holds sway. Here, long ago, tradition has it a meteorite fell, sent by the ruling powers in the mystic world beyond this life to mark in the exact center of the world.

In commemoration of this miraculous event the Kutub Minor was erected on the spot, that mankind might never forget it.—London Answers.

Oodles of Karats.

He—I want to get you the finest engagement ring in the world. What kind of stone would you like?

She—One like David in the Bible used.

He—Meaning?

She—The kind that'll knock 'em dead.—Wayside Tales.

It's an ill wind that blows contrary to the predictions of the weather prophet.

Touring.

"Why must they always have a third party along?"

"To decide on the route. He and his wife can never agree."

Radium and Beauty.

The marvelous discovery of the wonderful effects of Radium when applied to the skin, has astonished the world. RADIOR FACE CREAMS contain enough Radium to impart that soft bloom and velvety texture, which make a perfect complexion. RADIOR FACE CREAMS cost 75c and $1.50 per jar. On sale at leading drug stores, or write us direct.—Radior Company of London, 1476 Broadway, New York.—Advertisement.

Shingles for Trees.

The coniferous trees present much the same aspect in winter as in summer, says the American Forestry Magazine. The arrangement of the buds and branches of these trees is what we should note. Buds form in the axils of leaves and so their arrangement is the same as that of the leaves. Trees have a definite plan in the placing of the leaves—just as definite as the carpenter's plan in arranging the shingles on a house. The shingles are placed so they will catch all the rain. Leaves are placed so they will catch the sunbeams.

Workingmen's Carelessness.

Of all the accidents to workmen which occurred in the plants of the United States Steel corporation, only about 5 per cent were due to machinery causes. The others came under the head of hand labor, and it is claimed that half of these might have been prevented by the exercise of a little care by the workmen. In analyzing the causes of any group of 100 accidents it has been found that 90 per cent of them might have been prevented by the victims themselves.

Differences of Taste.

"Some of those summer boarders seemed to think they were superior in elegance and refinement," said Mrs. Gorntossel.

"Maybe they are more up-to-date than we are," answered her husband. "But just the same I'm glad they're gone, now we can put the jazz records up in the attic and listen to some classical music."

Natural.

"Who has taught you those naughty words?"

"Nobody, mamma; I know them by heart."—Klods-Hans.

In A. D. 455 Genseric, king of Vandals, sacked Rome.

Health First!

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