

# BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by **CYRIL McNEILE**  
"SAPPER"  
Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS**

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CHAPTER IX.  
In Which He Has a Near Shave.

ONE.

"Captain, you have me guessing." The American bit the end of 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 looked at Potts.

"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 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. I'd like to know 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 Steinmann, 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 foregathering with a crowd of the most atrocious rascals, trans-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 Franklyn—or Libstein—or Baron D'Arfoit—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."

For a while he stared in front of him, lost in his dream of pleasant anticipation; then, with a short laugh, he pulled himself together.

"Quite a few people have thought the same, Captain," he remarked, "and there he is—still drinking highballs."

"You say he was with a crowd of revolutionaries last night. What do you mean exactly?"

"Bolsheviks, Anarchists, members of the Do-no-work-and-have-all-the-money brigades," answered Hugh. "But excuse me a moment, Walter."

A man who had been hovering round came up promptly.

"Four of 'em, Ted," said Hugh in a rapid undertone. "Frenchman with a beard, a Yank, and two Bohes. Do your best."

"Right-o, old bean!" returned the waiter, "but don't hope for too much."

He disappeared abruptly into the restaurant, and Hugh turned with a laugh to the American, who was staring at him in amazement.

"Who the devil is that guy?" asked the detective.

"Ted Jeringham—son of Sir Patrick Jeringham, Bart., and Lady Jeringham, of Jeringham hall, Rutland, England," answered Hugh, still grinning. "We may be crude in our methods, Mr. Green, but you must admit we do our best. Incidentally, if you want to know, your friend Mr. Potts is at present tucked between the sheets at that very house. He went there by airplane this morning. He waved a hand toward Jerry. "He was the pilot."

The American was shaking his head a little dazedly. "We've got to get

out all we're likely to find, until we can get to that ledger. And thanks to your knowing those birds, Mr. Green, our trip to Paris has been of considerable value."

The American nodded.

"I guess I'm on," he remarked slowly; "but, if you take my advice, captain, you'll look plumpy tonight, I wouldn't linger around corners admiring the mud. Things kind o' happen at corners."

TWO.

But on this particular evening the detective proved wrong. They reached Maxims' without mishap, they enjoyed an excellent dinner, during which the American showed himself to be a born conversationalist, as well as a shrewd man of the world. And over the coffee and liquors Hugh gave him a brief outline of what had taken place since he first got mixed up in the affair. The American listened in silence, though amazement shone on his face as the story proceeded. Only when Hugh had finished, and early arrivals for supper were beginning to fill the restaurant, did he sum up the matter as he saw it.

"A tough proposition, captain—d-d tough. Potts is our biggest shipping man, but where he comes on the pic-



ture at that moment has me beat. As for the old girl's jewels, they don't seem to fit in at all. All we can do is to put our noses inside that ledger, and see the book of the words. It'll sure help some."

And as Hugh switched off the electric light in his bedroom, having first seen that his torch was ready to hand in case of emergency, he was thinking of the detective's words. Getting hold of the ledger was not going to be easy—far from it; but the excitement of the chase had fairly obsessed him by now. He lay in bed, turning over in his mind every possible and impossible scheme by which he could get into the secret center room at the Elms. He knew the safe the ledger was kept in; but safes are awkward propositions for the ordinary mortal to tackle. Anyway, it wasn't a thing which could be done in a minute's visit; he would have to manage at least a quarter or half an hour's undisturbed search, the thought of which, with his knowledge of the habits of the household, almost made him laugh out loud. And, at that moment, a fly pinged past his head.

He felt singularly wide-awake, and, after a while, he gave up attempting to go to sleep. The new development which had come to light, that evening was uppermost in his thoughts; and, as he lay there, covered only with a sheet, for the night was hot, the whole scheme unfolded itself before his imagination. The American was right in his main idea—that he had no doubt; and in his mind's eye he saw the great crowds of idle, foolish men led by a few hot-headed visionaries and paid blackguards to their so-called Utopia. Starvation, misery, ruin, utter and complete, lurked in his mental picture; specters disguised as great ideals, but grinning sardonically under their masks. And once again he seemed to hear the toot-toot of machine-guns, as he had heard them night after night during the years gone by. But this time they were mounted on the pavement of the towns of England, and the swish of the bullets, which had swept like swarms of cock-chafers over No Man's Land, now whistled down the streets between rows of squalid houses. . . . And once again a fly pinged past his head.

With a gesture of annoyance he waved his arm. It was hot—insufferably hot, and he was beginning to regret that he had followed the earnest advice of the American to sleep with his windows shut and bolted. What on earth could Peterson do to him in a room at the Ritz? But he had promised the detective, and there it was—curtains drawn, window bolted, door locked. Moreover, and he smiled grimly to himself as he remembered it, he had even gone so far as to emulate the hysterical maiden lady of fiction and peer under the bed. . . .

The next moment the smile ceased abruptly, and he lay rigid, with every nerve alert. Something had moved in the room. . . .

(To Be Continued.)

—It's a pity that the good old summer time can't come in the winter, when we do so appreciate that heat.



"A Tough Proposition, Captain—D-d Tough."

**CHIEF LIGHTENING DEAD**

Last of Indian Leaders in Custer Massacre Passes.

In the recent death of Chief Iron Lightning, at his home near Thunder Butte, in the northwestern part of the Cheyenne Indian reservation, the country lost probably the greatest of the few remaining famous Indian characters who figured in the early history of Dakota Territory, says a Pierre, South Dakota, dispatch.

Iron Lightning was one of the sub-chiefs, who, under Sitting Bull, participated in the memorable battle of the Little Big Horn; June 25, 1876, when Custer and his band of 261 men were annihilated. He is said to be the last of the chiefs who were in control of the Sioux nation at that time. He was 76 years old at the time of his death and has for years made his home in the vicinity of Thunder Butte station.

Unusually tall and well proportioned, even for an Indian, and possessing a voice which commanded attention and obedience although it knew no word of English, Iron Lightning was a natural leader of men. In the early part of this century following the Ute Indian uprising, when the Utes had been rounded up and sent to the Cheyenne reservation, it was Iron Lightning who went among them urging them to forget their grievance

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with the whites and settle down to peaceful living.

He was the last Indian, so far as is known, to have continued to live with two wives after the order prohibiting polygamy and further polygamous marriages among the Indians was made. Iron Lightning was called to the Thunder Butte station when this order was received and told he must choose between the two women with whom he was living.

"If the commissioner has lived with one woman," the chief replied in Indian, "he will know how impossible it is for Iron Lightning to separate himself from two." Iron Lightning laughs.

This speech won for him his case

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60 2/5 Acres—4 1/2 miles from York, and less than half mile to Philadelphia school house, church and station. Four room residence, besides half 4-room tenant house; barn; 3 wells of good water, and nice orchard. About 8 acres in pasture and woods and balance open land. Act quick if you want it. Property of C. J. Thomason.

90 Acres at Brattonville—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here.

144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of W. M. Burns, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 6-stall barn and other outbuildings; two 4-room tenant houses, barns, etc.; 2 wells and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, hickory) and pasture. About 2 miles to Dixie School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Barry.

33 Acres—Adjoining the above tract. About 3 or 4 acres of woods and balance open land. Will sell this tract separately or in connection with above tract. Property of J. A. Barry.

195 Acres—Four miles from York, on Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of Gettys, Queen and Watson; 2-horse farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one-half miles to Philadelphia and Miller schools. The price is right. See me quick. Property of Mrs. Molly.

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210 acres—3 1/2 miles from York on Picketney road. 3 room residence, well of good water, 2 large barns, three 4 room tenant houses and one 3 room tenant house. 40-acre pasture. Good orchard. About 150 acres open land, balance in oak and pine timber. Property of M. A. McFarland and J. A. Barry. About 100 acres of arming lands.

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REAL ESTATE

and the two wives were retained. They lived together in harmony, one doing the cooking for the family, which among the Indians is regarded as an honor, for one week, when the other came into power for a like period.

A Logical Inquiry.—An eager looking urchin approached a man hurrying toward the railway station. "Carry your bag, sir?" he asked.

"No," snapped the man.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," said the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!"

snarled the man.

"Don't you?"

"No!" No!

Whereupon the lad broke into a quick trot to keep up with his visitor's hasty strides, as he asked, in innocent curiosity:

"Then what are you carrying it for?"

—What a glorious world this would be if the ice men would only deliver opportunity at the door.

—A girl fainter in the pulpit is a sore trial but the soprano in the choir is apt to be a sooper.

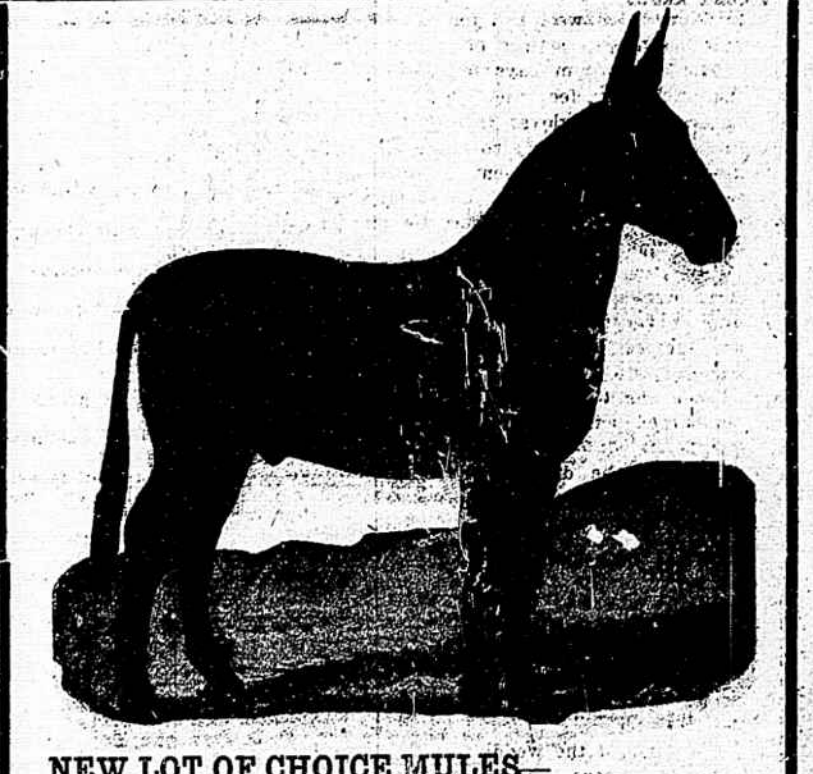
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