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# DON'T START TOO LATE

A MAN WAS RUNNING hard to catch a car. He was almost ready to swing aboard when the car started forward and the conductor closed the door.

A friend who was near him said: "John, you didn't run fast enough."

"Yes I did run fast enough," he replied, "but I didn't start soon enough."

And that will be the story of a lot of folks who put off saving money until they are well along in years. They may save as fast as they can but they will find they did not start soon enough.

A dollar saved by a child will grow into several dollars before old age comes. That is why we urge all young people to learn to save money.

Think it over.

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T. H. DICKENS, Vice-President

H. M. STOVALL, Cashier

Capital \$50,000.00

Surplus \$10,000.00

Louisburg,

North Carolina

### BULL DOG DRUMMOND.

(Continued from Page Two)

the man into the car. "Lakington won't," said Hugh with a grin. "And if you see him tomorrow—don't ask after his jaw. Good-night, Phyllis."

With a quick movement he raised her hand to his lips; then he slipped in the clutch and the car disappeared down the drive.

He felt a sense of elation and of triumph at having won the first round, and as the car whirled back to London through the cool night air his heart was singing with joy of action. And it was perhaps as well for his peace of mind that he did not witness the scene in the room at The Elms.

Lakington still lay motionless on the floor; Peterson's cigar still glowed steadily in the darkness. It was hard to believe that he had ever moved from the table; only the bullet imbedded in a tree proved that somebody must have got busy. Of course, it might have been the girl, who was just lighting another cigarette from the stump of the old one.

At length Peterson spoke. "A young man of dash and temperament," he said genially. "It will be a pity to lose him."

"Why not keep him and lose the girl?" yawned Irma. "I think he might amuse me—"

"We have always our dear Henry to consider," answered Peterson. "Apparently the girl appeals to him. I'm afraid, Irma, he'll have to go—"

and at once. The speaker was tapping his left knee softly with his hand; save for that slight movement he sat as if nothing had happened. And yet ten minutes before a carefully planned coup had failed at the instant of success. Even his most fearless accomplices had been known to confess that Peterson's inhuman calmness sent cold shivers down their backs.

#### CHAPTER THREE.

In Which Things Happen in Half Moon Street.

##### ONE.

Hugh Drummond folded up the piece of paper he was studying and rose to his feet as the doctor came into the room. He then pushed a silver box of cigarettes across the table and waited.

"Your friend," said the doctor, "is in a very peculiar condition. Captain Drummond—very peculiar. Can you enlighten me at all as to what he has been doing during the last few days?" Drummond shook his head. "Haven't an earthly, doctor."

"There is, for instance, that very unpleasant wound in his thumb," pursued the other. "The top joint is crushed to a pulp."

"I noticed that last night," answered Hugh noncommittally. "Looks as if it had been mixed up between a hammer and an anvil, don't it?"

"But have you no idea how it occurred?"

"I'm full of ideas," said the soldier. "In fact, if it's any help to you in your diagnosis that wound was caused by the application of an unpleasant medieval instrument known as a thumbscrew."

The worthy doctor looked at him in amazement. "A thumbscrew! You must be joking, Captain Drummond."

"Very far from it," answered Hugh briefly. "If you want to know, it was touch and go whether the other thumb didn't share the same fate." He blew out a cloud of smoke and smiled inwardly as he noticed the look of scandalized horror on his companion's face. "It isn't his thumb that concerns me," he continued; "it's his general condition. What's the matter with him?"

The doctor pursed his lips and looked wise, while Drummond wondered that no one had ever passed a law allowing men of his type to be murdered on sight.

"His heart seems sound," he answered after a weighty pause, "and I found nothing wrong with him constitutionally. In fact, I may say, Captain Drummond, he is in every respect a most healthy man. Except—er—except for this peculiar condition."

Drummond exploded. "Damnation take it, man, what on earth do you suppose I asked you to come round for? It's of no interest to me to hear that his liver is working properly." Then he controlled himself. "I beg your pardon, doctor; I had rather a trying evening last night. Can you give me any idea as to what has caused this peculiar condition?"

His companion accepted the apology with an acid bow. "Some form of drug," he answered.

Drummond heaved a sigh of relief. "Now we're getting on," he cried. "Have you any idea what drug?"

"It is, at the moment, hard to say," returned the other. "In a day or two, perhaps, I might be able to—er—arrive at some conclusion."

"Which, at present, you have not. Right; now we know where we are. As you don't know what the drug is, presumably you don't know either how long it will take for the effect to wear off."

"That—er—is, within limits, correct," conceded the doctor.

"What about diet?"

"Oh! light. . . . Not too much meat. . . . No alcohol. . . . He rose to his feet as Hugh opened the door; really the war seemed to have produced a distressing effect on people's manners. Diet was the one question on which he always let himself go.

## DON'T DESPAIR

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"Not much meat—no alcohol. Right. Good morning, doctor. Down the stairs and straight on. Good morning." The door closed behind him, and he descended to his waiting car with cold disapproval on his face.

"Excuse me, sir." The doctor paused and eyed a well-dressed man who had spoken to him uncomprehendingly. "Am I right in assuming that you are a doctor?"

"You are perfectly correct, sir, in your assumption."

The man smiled; obviously a gentleman, thought the practitioner, with his hand on the door of his car. "It's about a great pal of mine, Captain Drummond, who lives in here," went on the other. "I hope you won't think it unprofessional, but I thought I'd ask you privately, how you find him?"

The doctor looked surprised. "Captain Drummond, so far as I am aware, has never been better. I—er—cannot say the same of his friend." He stepped into his car. "Why not go up and see for yourself?"

The car rolled smoothly into Piccadilly, but the man showed no signs of availing himself of the doctor's suggestion. He turned and walked rapidly away, and a few moments later—in an exclusive West End club—a trunk call was put through to Godalming—a call which caused the recipient to nod his head in satisfaction and order the Rolls-Royce.

Meanwhile, unconscious of this sudden solitude for his health, Hugh Drummond was once more occupied with the piece of paper he had been studying on the doctor's entrance. Beyond establishing the fact that the man in the peculiar condition was Hiram C. Potts, the American multi-

millionaire, he could make nothing out of it.

"If only I'd managed to get the whole of it," he muttered to himself for the twentieth time. "That dam' fellow Peterson was too quick." The scrap he had torn off was typewritten, save for the American's scrawled signature, and Hugh knew the words by heart.

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AM. C. POTTS.

At length he replaced the scrap in his pocket-book and rang the bell.

"James," he remarked as his servant came in: "You'd better know that as far as I can see we're up against a tough proposition."

"Indeed, sir," murmured his servant. "The gentleman is asking for you, sir." Mrs. Denny's voice from the door made them look round.

Hugh walked quickly along the passage to the room where the millionaire lay in bed.

"How are you feeling?" said Drummond cheerfully.

The man stared at him uncomprehendingly, and shook his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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