

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL MCNEILE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

"And now, Carl Peterson," he remarked, as the door closed behind the last of the struggling prophets of a new world, "it is time that you and I settled our little account, isn't it?"

The master-criminal rose and stood facing him. Apparently he had completely recovered himself; the hand with which he lit his cigar was as steady as a rock.

"I congratulate you, Captain Drummond," he remarked suavely. "I confess I have no idea how you managed to escape from the somewhat cramped position I left you in last night, or how you have managed to install your own men in this house. But I have even less idea how you discovered about Hocking and the other two."

Hugh laughed shortly.

"Another time, when you disguise yourself as the Comte de Guy, remember one thing, Carl. For effective concealment it is necessary to change other things besides your face and figure. You must change your mannerisms and unconscious little tricks. No—I won't tell you what it is that gave you away. You can ponder over it in prison."

"So you mean to hand me over to the police, do you?" said Peterson slowly.

"I see no other course open to me," replied Drummond.

The sudden opening of the door made both men look round. Then Drummond bowed, to conceal a smile.

"Just in time, Miss Irma."

The girl swept past him and confronted Peterson.

"What has happened?" she panted. "The garden is full of people whom I've never seen. And there were two men running down the drive covered with weeds and dripping with water."

Peterson smiled grimly.

"A slight setback has occurred, my dear. I have made a big mistake—a mistake which has proved fatal. I have underestimated the ability of Captain Drummond; and as long as I live I shall always regret that I did not kill him the night he went exploring in this house."

Fearfully the girl faced Drummond; then she turned again to Peterson.

"Where's Henry?" she demanded.

"That again is a point on which I am profoundly ignorant," answered Peterson. "Perhaps Captain Drummond can enlighten us on that also?"

"Yes," remarked Drummond, "I can. Henry has had an accident. After I drove him back from the duchess' last night—the girl gave a cry, and Peterson staided her with his arm—"we had words—dreadful words. And for a long time, Carl, I thought it would be better if you and I had similar words. In fact, I'm not sure even



"But where is he?" said the girl, through dry lips.

"Where you ought to be, Carl," answered Hugh grimly. "Where, sooner or later, you will be."

He pressed the studs in the niche of the wall, and the door of the big study swung open slowly. With a scream of terror the girl sank half-fainting on the floor, and even Peterson's cigar dropped on the floor from his nervous lips. For, hung from the

ceiling by two ropes attached to his arms, was the dead body of Henry Lakington. And even as they watched it, it sagged lower, and one of the feet hit suddenly against a beautiful old gold vase.

"My God!" muttered Peterson. "Did you murder him?"

"Oh, no!" answered Drummond. "He inadvertently fell in the bath he got ready for me, and then when he ran up the stairs in considerable pain, that interesting mechanical device broke his neck."

"Shut the door," screamed the girl; "I can't stand it."

She covered her face with her hands, shuddering, while the door slowly swung to again.

"Yes," remarked Drummond thoughtfully, "it should be an interesting trial. I shall have such a lot to tell them about the little entertainments here, and all your endearing ways."

With the big ledger under his arm he crossed the room and called to some men who were standing outside in the hall; and as the detectives, thoughtfully supplied by Mr. Green, entered the central room, he glanced for the last time at Carl Peterson and his daughter. Never had the cigar glowed more evenly between the master-criminal's lips; never had the girl Irma selected a cigarette from her gold and tortoise-shell case with more supreme indifference.

"Good-by, my ugly one!" she cried, with a charming smile, as two of the men stepped up to her.

"Good-by," Hugh bowed, and a tinge of regret showed for a moment in his eyes.

"Not good-by, Irma," Carl Peterson removed his cigar, and stared at Drummond steadily. "Only as revolt, my friend; only as revolt."

EPILOGUE.

"I simply can't believe it, Hugh," in the lengthening shadows Phyllis moved a little nearer to her husband, who, quite regardless of the publicity of their position, slipped an arm around her waist.

"Can't believe what, darling?" he demanded lastly.

"Why, that all that awful nightmare is over. Lakington dead, and the other two in prison, and we married."

"They're not actually in jail yet, old thing," said Hugh. "And somehow . . ." he broke off and stared thoughtfully at a man sauntering past them. To all appearances he was a casual visitor-taking his evening walk along the front of the well-known seaside resort so largely addicted to honeymoon couples. And yet . . . was he? Hugh laughed softly; he'd got suspicion on the brain.

"Don't you think they'll be sent to prison?" cried the girl.

"They may be sent right enough, but whether they arrive or not is a different matter. I don't somehow see Carl picking oakum. It's not his form."

For a while they were silent, occupied with matters quite foreign to such trifles as Peterson and his daughter.

"Are you glad I answered your advertisement?" inquired Phyllis at length.

"The question is too frivolous to deserve an answer," remarked her husband severely.

"But you aren't sorry it's over?" she demanded.

"It isn't over, kid; it's just begun." He smiled at her tenderly. "Your life and mine . . . isn't it just wonderful?"

And once again the man sauntered past them. But this time he dropped a piece of paper on the path, just at Hugh's feet, and the soldier, with a quick movement which he hardly stopped to analyze, covered it with his shoe. The girl hadn't seen the action; but then, as girls will do after such remarks, she was thinking of other things. Idly Hugh watched the saunterer disappear in the more crowded part of the esplanade, and for a moment there came into his face a look which, happily for his wife's peace of mind, she failed to notice.

"Let's go and eat, and after dinner I'll run you up to the top of the headland."

Together they strolled back to their hotel. In his pocket was the piece of paper; and who could be sending him messages in such a manner save one man—a man now awaiting his trial?

In the hall he stayed behind to inquire for letters, and a man nodded to him.

"Heard the news?" he inquired.

"No," said Hugh. "What's happened?"

"That man Peterson and the girl have got away. No trace of 'em." Then he looked at Drummond curiously. "By the way, you had something to do with that show, didn't you?"

"A little," smiled Hugh. "Just a little."

"Police bound to catch 'em again," continued the other. "Can't hide yourself these days."

And once again Hugh smiled, as he drew from his pocket the piece of paper:

"Only as revolt, my friend; only as revolt."

He glanced at the words written in Peterson's neat writing, and the smile broadened. Assuredly life was still good; assuredly . . .

And into an ash tray nearby he dropped a piece of paper torn into a hundred tiny fragments.

"Was that a love-letter?" she demanded with assumed jealousy.

"Not exactly, sweetheart," he laughed back. "Not exactly." And over the glasses their eyes met.

"Here's to hoping, kid; here's to hoping."

CELEBRATES 70TH BIRTHDAY

On Easter Monday, April 17th, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Dean, of Cedar Rock, Franklin County, were at home to a host of friends and relatives, the occasion being the celebration of Mr. Dean's fifty-ninth birthday.

About two o'clock those present began to assemble around the table which had been prepared for that special occasion, under the large oaks on the lawn.

Just before partaking of the good things before them, Miss Beulah Stallings, with a few, but well selected words, presented Mr. Dean with a very handsome silver watch, the gift of Messrs. Wheeler and Johnson, sena-in-law of Mr. Dean, after which the blessing of God were invoked by M. G. W. Holmes.

Second to none was that beautiful dinner of barbecue and other good things too numerous to mention, which was well prepared and attractively served.

It was indeed a happy gathering as all eight children with their husbands, wives and children, making sixteen grand-children, were able to attend. Besides these the following visitors were present: Mr. and Mrs. Z. V. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Johnson, R. H. Bobbitt, W. O. Stone, J. W. Wheelers, J. A. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dean, and Misses Ruth Lambert, Beulah Stallings and Lois Jackson.

The occasion was a great one and every one present wished for Mr. Dean many more happy birthdays. One girl present expressed her feelings thus:

"Here's to the Deans and the Deans health

If I could, I'd be a Dean myself. But as I'm an old maid, must lead an old maid's life.

I'll never be content, 'til I'm a Dean's wife."

We would not fail to mention the faithful services of the colored servants on Mr. Dean's farm who did their part toward making the occasion the wonderful success it was; one among them has been serving the family for over thirty years.

Relative enjoying the hospitality of the occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Wheeler, of Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Cogswell, of Spring Hope, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Dean, Mr. J. A. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Dean, Mr. J. J. Dean and Miss Martha Gray Dean, of Cedar Rock, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bobbitt, of Hickory Rock and Miss Lois Jackson, of Louisburg.

DEATH OF MRS. T. H. WOODLIEF.

Died at her home near Mitchiner's Cross Roads in Franklin County, on Friday, April 14th, 1922 near the noon hour, Mrs. Jane Ellen Woodlief, wife of Mr. Thomas Henry Woodlief, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, after a long period of failing health.

Her father was Mr. Peter Perry and her mother Mrs. Eunice Pearce Perry. There was a large family, three boys and three girls, of whom there is now only one surviving member, a sister, Mrs. Rufus C. Woodlief, of Vance County.

She was born in Wake County on Aug. 8th, 1848. Her parents moved to this county when she was a small child and she passed the remainder of her life here.

She was married to Mr. T. H. Woodlief in Feb. 1870. Of this union there were eight children, six of whom survive her viz: Messrs. H. C., O. T., M. J., U. G. and Miss Sallie E. Woodlief, of this county, and Mr. E. P. Woodlief, of Henderson. Her husband, Mr. T. H. Woodlief and five grandchildren also survive her.

The funeral services were held at the church Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dowell pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Franklinton, and the interment made in the cemetery at Perry's Chapel Baptist church of this county, where the deceased was for many years a faithful member. The newly made mound was covered with the choicest flowers speaking a love and esteem stronger than words. The pallbearers were: Messrs. W. S. Pruitt, G. C. Mitchiner, C. T. Nicholson, Preston Strickland, Joseph Wynans and J. C. Strother.

Although she never enjoyed good health, she did much to relieve the suffering of her friends and neighbors and, in fact, was always willing and ready to do more than her strength allowed, for those around her. Her long and useful life was lived in such a way as to be a noble example for her children and her children's children. It can be truly said of her,—"She hath done what she could."

The sympathy of this county and adjoining counties is extended to the bereaved husband, children and relatives.

A RELATIVE.

REACHES SEVENTY THOUSAND GROWERS

The Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association has printed 70,000 copies of the speech of Robert W. Hingham, the North Carolinian who has led the Kentucky Barley Growers Association to success and recently addressed enthusiastic audiences of business men and farmers in Raleigh and Goldsboro, North Carolina.

Judge Hingham's speech will be mailed this week to every member of the Association from the northern limit of the tobacco area in Virginia to the Georgia line in the Tri-State Tobacco Grower, the official organ of the 70,000 organized tobacco farmers.

Any growers who may feel baffled by the smoke screen of misleading statements thrown out by the speculative interests need only to read Judge Hingham's speech to learn of the complete success of the Kentucky Barley Growers in marketing their tobacco by cooperative sale.

Judge Hingham tells why Kentucky growers in the Association could sell 20,000,000 pounds of their tobacco at one time for a higher price than the average of the open market. He also told why he loaned the organized Kentucky growers a million dollars and willingly offered the Carolina Virginia Association an advance of \$300,000.

SCHOLARSHIP HONORS HERE.

Women Found One at Arden, N. C. School in Tomlinson's Memory.

The women's auxiliary of the Church of the Epiphany yesterday founded a scholarship in full, a \$1,000 scholarship in the Christ school at Arden, N. C., as a memorial to Lieut. John Wilbur Tomlinson, of this city, who was killed in Texas on September 11, 1918, while in the air service in which he was training for the world war. The scholarship will aid some poor boy in the mountains of North Carolina to obtain a schooling. It is perpetual.

Lieut. Tomlinson was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Tomlinson, of 1344 Vermont avenue. He was 23 years old at the time of his death. —Washington (D. C.) Post, April 6, 1922.

The cap that cheers now not infrequently cheers the hairs.—Philadelphia North American.

It will be joyful news to British residents in Egypt that hereafter the Egyptians will be free to take an occasional peck at one another instead of at heretofore confining their attention strictly to Britons.—Toronto Globe.

Employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing who have lost their jobs might find an opening in Germany.—Boston Transcript.

PARTITION SALES.

Under and by virtue of an order of the clerk of the Superior Court, made in an action entitled Mrs. T. W. Cooke, A. A. Nowell and others Vs. T. W. Ruffin, guardian ad litem for Percy Tomlinson, I, the undersigned commissioner, will on

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1922

at about 12 o'clock M. at the court house door of Franklin county, at Louisburg, sell for cash, (or upon such terms as may be then and there announced) the following described real estate, to-wit:

First, the remainder interest, subject to the dower right of Mrs. Coraella Francis Nowell (a life estate) in the following described tract, recently allotted to Mrs. Nowell, a map showing this description and the other two tracts hereinafter referred to being of record in the office of the clerk of the superior court of Franklin county; Beginning at an iron stake at the northwest corner, thence S 96 1-2 E 21.32 chs to a stake, southwest corner of dower on C. M. Cooke's estate, thence S 3 1-4 W 785 ft to a stake, southeast corner of dower, thence N 86 1-2 E 1775 to a stake, thence N 3 1-4 E 224 to a stake, thence N 56 1-2 W 410 to a stake in N. B. Tomlinson's line, Northeast corner of dower, thence N 1 1-4 E 423 to the beginning. Containing 35.93 acres.

Second tract in fee, lying on the north side of the above described dower tract and containing 30.67 acres.

Third tract in fee, lying on the south side of said dower tract and containing forty-two acres.

This April 19th, 1922.

S. A. NEWELL,
Commissioner.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

Having qualified as administrators of the estate of J. C. Brantley, deceased, late of Franklin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate will present the same to either of the undersigned on or before the 28th day of April, 1922, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This April 23, 1922.

J. J. MURRAY,
R 3 Spring Hope, N. C.
C. E. BRANTLEY,
R 2 Zebulon, N. C.

Admins of J. C. Brantley, dec'd.
Wm. H. and Thos. W. Ruffin,
Atty's, Louisburg, N. C. 4-23-22

The Irish envoy to Argentina has gone home—probably to find out whom he is working for.—New York Evening Sun.

If conditions continue as they are the public will have to go to jail in order to get away from the criminals.—New York Tribune.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN

DR. O. B. BONNER
of
Mrs. Bonner & Bonner
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
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North Carolina
Will be in Louisburg on Thursday at each week. Office over Scoggin's Drug Store.

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Physician and Surgeon
Louisburg, N. C.
Office in Bickett and Yarborough Building.
Office Phone 236 Residence Phone 23

DR. W. R. HORTON
Eye-Specialist
Office in Hotel Building
Louisburg, North Carolina

S. ATWOOD NEWELL
Attorney-at-Law.
Louisburg, N. C. Phone 249
Office in First National Bank Building
General Practice

I wish to advise my patients and the public generally that after the 1st of September my business will be on a Cash basis when work is completed.
DR. ARTHUR HYNES FLEMING

S. P. BURT, M. D.
Louisburg, N. C.
Office over Scoggin's Drug Store.
Hours 11 a. m. to 1 p. m., and 4 to 5 p. m.

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DR. D. S. SMITHWICK
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DR. J. B. DAVIS
Physician
Louisburg, North Carolina
Office Church St. Next to Louisburg Bottling Works
Hours: 8 to 10; 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.
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Res. 64-2 Rings.

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Louisburg, N. C.
Office in First National Bank Building
Day Phone 249 — Night Phone 249-2

G. H. BEAM
Attorney-at Law
Louisburg, N. C.
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Practices in all courts.

Wm. H. Ruffin, Thos. W. Ruffin
WM. H. & THOS. W. RUFFIN
Attorneys-at-Law
Louisburg, North Carolina
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