



The BLACK GANG

A Sequel to Bulldog Drummond.

BY CYRIL MCNEILE SAPPER
W.N.U. Service

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—To a gathering of anarchists in Harking, London suburb, Zaboloff, foreign agitator, tells of the operations of a body of men who have become a menace to their activities. He is interrupted by the men he is describing (the Black Gang), who break up the meeting, sentencing some of the participants to condign punishment and carrying away others. A memorandum found on Zaboloff gives an address in Hoxton, London, which the leader of the attacking party considers of importance.

CHAPTER II.—Sir Bryan Johnstone, director of criminal investigation, hears from Inspector McIver, sent to arrest Zaboloff the night before, of his discomfiture. He had been seized and chloroformed and his raid frustrated. Hugh Drummond, man of leisure and old friend of Johnstone's, arrives and tells of seeing the kidnappers and their victims. He becomes an unpaid agent of the police, to be under the direction of McIver, and takes up his duties at once.

CHAPTER III.—A "Mr. William Atkinson," ostensibly pawnbroker and money lender, really Count Zadowa, director of anarchy in England, does business in another London suburb. A mysterious stranger invades the premises. Count Zadowa, after a brief glimpse of the intruder, is strangely disconcerted.

CHAPTER IV.—Drummond, having knowledge of Atkinson's anarchic activities, arranges to burglarize the latter's office to secure evidence of the fact. While so engaged, with two companions, a bomb is hurled at them from an adjoining room.

CHAPTER V.—The explosion kills "Ginger Martin," expert burglar whom Drummond had employed to open Atkinson's safe. Drummond and his friend escape, taking with them a bag they find on the floor. Neither Drummond nor his companion at the time find out what it contains.

CHAPTER VI.—At a fashionable hotel Rev. Theodosius Longmoor and his daughter Janet are guests. "Longmoor" is really Carl Peterson, international crook, with whom Drummond has an old feud. Zadowa tells Longmoor and his daughter of the bomb he had hurled, which he believes killed the three invaders. Longmoor is enraged, pointing out that the diamonds (Russian crown jewels, of which Zadowa had known nothing) had been lost thru his action. Longmoor insists that Zadowa recover the diamonds, suggesting that they may be in the hands of the police, and warning his subordinate (Longmoor is addressed by Zadowa as "chief") that failure will be punished with death.

CHAPTER VII.—Drummond discovers that Longmoor, most cleverly disguised, is Carl Peterson. Janet, at the same time, recognizes in Drummond the leader of the Black Gang, and their old enemy.

CHAPTER VIII.—Drummond becomes convinced that Peterson knows he is head of the Black Gang. Zadowa also knows it. **CHAPTER IX.**—Zadowa, impressed with the belief that Drummond has the diamonds, visits him and makes the proposition that Hugh restore the gems as an equivalent to Zadowa's agreeing not to divulge to the police the fact that Drummond is the leader of the Black Gang. Drummond, incited by the death of Martin, and the despicable character of the man before him, thrashes his visitor severely and kicks him out of the house.

CHAPTER X.—Mrs. Drummond disappears and Hugh recognizes Peterson's hand. Peterson summons Drummond to his hotel. He goes, and they come to an understanding. Peterson stipulates that the diamonds must be returned to him before Mrs. Drummond is released. Hugh agrees to the terms, and leaves to bring the gems.

CHAPTER XI.—Returning with the stones, Drummond is drugged and placed in an auto, which Peterson plans to be driven into the Thames. Drummond's consequent death being made to appear the result of an accident.

CHAPTER XII.—Drummond escapes from the river and, following his would-be murderers, reaches a house, Maybrick Hall, in which he has learned his wife is hidden. He effects her release.

CHAPTER XIII.—Unable to escape from the grounds, though at liberty, Hugh witnesses the arrival of an automobile in which are Peterson, Zadowa and, to his consternation, his wife, again a captive. Peterson threatens instant death to Mrs. Drummond if Hugh does not surrender.

CHAPTER XIV

In Which a Murderer Is Murdered at Maybrick Hall.

"YOU appear to have a wonderful faculty for remaining alive, my young friend," remarked Peterson, two minutes later, gazing benevolently at Drummond over his clerical collar. "You can't imagine the unpleasant surprise it gave me," Peterson continued gently, "when your charming wife hailed my car. So unexpected! so delightful. And when I realized that you were running about in our grounds here instead of being drowned as that fool No. 10 told me over the telephone. By the way, where is No. 10?"

He turned snarling on the Russian, but it was one of the men behind Drummond's chair who answered. "It's dead. This guy threw him on the live wires."

"Do you mean to say," said the Russian in a harsh voice, "that it was only this man Drummond outside there?"

"You have guessed it, Adolph," answered Drummond, speaking mechanically. It had seemed to him, suddenly, that, unseen by the others, Phyllis was trying to convey some message. "Alone I did it, to say nothing of that squib-faced bird upatira with the long arms. In fact, without wishing to exaggerate, I think the total bag is five."

What was she trying to make him understand? And then suddenly she began to laugh hysterically, and he half rose from his seat, only to sit down again abruptly as he felt the cold ring of a revolver pressed into the nape of his neck.

"Three and two make five," said Phyllis, half laughing and half crying, "and one makes six. I worked it out tonight, and it all came right." She went on aimlessly for a while in the same strain, till the Russian swung round on her with a snarl,

and told her to shut her mouth. He was talking in low tones to Peterson, and, with one searching look at Hugh she relaxed into silence. There was no hysteria in that look, and his heart began to pound suddenly in his excitement. For 3256 Mayfair was the number of Peter Darrell's telephone, and she could only mean one thing—that she had got through to Peter before she stopped the car. And if that was so there was still hope, if only he could gain time.

First—how long did he want? Two hours at least: three if possible. To round up all the gang and get cars in the middle of the night would take time—two hours at the very least. Secondly—and there was the crux—how was he going to get such a r--p--p--p--p? For this time he could not hope for another mistake. It was the end, and he knew it.

No trace of mercy showed in the faces of the three men opposite him. He caught occasional remarks, and after a while he realized what the matter under discussion was. Evidently the red-headed Russian was in favor of killing him violently, and at once—and it was Count Zadowa who was advocating caution, while Peterson listened impassively, with his eyes fixed on Drummond.

"I know the Black Gang," Zadowa was saying. "You don't. And they know me." Then he heard the word "accident" repeated several times, and at length Yulowski shrugged his shoulders and leaned back in his chair.

"Have it your own way," he remarked. "I don't care how they're killed, as long as they are killed. If you think it's necessary to pretend there has been an accident. The only point is what sort of an accident."

It was left to Carl Peterson to decide matters.

"Nothing is easier," he remarked suavely, and his eyes were still fixed on Drummond. "We are discussing my young friend," he continued, raising his voice slightly, "the best way of getting rid of you and your charming wife. I regret that she must share your fate, but I see no way out of it. To keep her permanently about the premises would be too great an inconvenience; and since we can't let her go without involving ourselves in unpleasant notoriety, I fear—as I said—that she must join you. My friend Yulowski wishes to bayonet you both, and bury you in the grounds. He has done a lot of that sort of thing in his time, and I believe I am right in stating that his hand has not lost its cunning since leaving Russia. A little out of practice, perhaps; but the result is the same. On the other hand, Count Zadowa, whom you know of old, quite rightly points out that there are the members of your ridiculous gang, who know about him, and might very easily find out about me. And when in a few days your motor car is hoisted out of the water, and is traced by the registration number as being yours, he fears that not only may he find things very awkward, but that a certain amount of unenviable and undesirable limelight may be thrown on this part of the country, and incidentally on this house. As my friend Zadowa most justly observed—we want an accident; a real good, bona-fide accident, which will relieve the world of your presence and will bring no searching glare of publicity upon this house or any of my confreres who remain in England. You may recall that that was my original idea, only you seem in the most extraordinary way to have escaped from being drowned. Still, as far as it goes, we have a very good foundation to build on. Your car—duly perceived by the gentleman of limited intelligence who works the bridge—went over the edge. You were duly perceived in it. Strangely enough, his eyesight must have been defective—or else he was so flustered by your amazing action that he was incapable of noticing everything at such a moment. Because he actually failed to see that your charming wife was seated beside you. In that moment of panic when she realized you had fainted, she leant forward—doubtless to try and throw out the clutch. Yes—his eyes, cold and expressionless, were turned momentarily on Phyllis—"I think that is what she must have. That accounts for the not very intelligent gate-keeper failing to see her. Because, Captain Drummond, both bodies will be recovered from the river the day after tomorrow, shall we say? some two or three miles down-stream."

He was leaning forward, his elbows on the table—and for the first time Drummond understood something of the diabolical hatred which Peterson felt for him. He had never shown it before; he was far too big a man ever to betray his feelings unnecessarily. But now, as he sat facing him, gently rubbing his big white hands together, Drummond understood.

"Thank you a thousand times," he repeated in the same gentle voice. "And since you are so concerned about the matter, I will tell you my plan in some detail. I need hardly say that any suggestions you make on any points that may strike you will receive my most careful attention. When the car crashed into the water it carried you and your wife with it. You were both hurled out

as the car plunged into the water, and somewhat naturally you were both thrown forward. Head foremost, you will note, Drummond, you left the car—and your heads struck the stonework of the opposite pier with sickening force, just before you reached the water. In fact, a marked feature of the case, when this dreadful accident is reported in the papers, will be the force with which you struck that pier. Your two heads were terribly battered. In fact, I have but little doubt that the coroner will decide, when your bodies are recovered some few miles downstream—that you were not in reality drowned, but that the terrific impact on the stone pier killed you instantly. Do you think it's sound up to date?"

"I think it's d--d unsound," remarked Drummond languidly. "If you propose to take me and endeavor to make my head impinge on a stone wall, someone is going to get a thick ear. Besides, the bridge isn't open, and even your pal, the not too intelligent gate-keeper, might stick in his toes a bit. Of course"—he added hopefully—"you might say you were doing it for the movies. Tell him you're Charlie Chaplin, but that you dressed in such a hurry you've forgotten your mustache."

The red-headed Russian was snarling venomously. "Let me at him, chief. He won't try being funny again."

The Russian half rose to his feet, his teeth bared, and Peterson pulled him back into his chair.

"You'll get your chance in a moment or two, Yulowski," he remarked savagely. Then he turned once more on Drummond, and the genial look had vanished from his face. "Doubtless your humor appeals to some people; it does not to me. Moreover, I am in rather a hurry. I do not propose, Captain Drummond, to take you to the bridge and endeavor to make your head impinge on a wall, as you call it. There is another and far simpler method of producing the same result. The impinging will take place in this house. As a soldier you should know the result of a blow over the head with the butt of a rifle. And I can assure you that there will be no bunging this time. Yulowski is an expert in such matters, and I shall stay personally to see that it is done."

Drummond passed his tongue over his lips, and despite himself his voice shook a little.

"Am I to understand," he said after a moment, "that you propose to let that man butcher us here—in this house—with a rifle?"

"Just so," answered Peterson. "That is exactly what you are to understand."

"You are going to let him smash my wife over the head with a rifle butt?"

"I am going to order him to do so," said Peterson mildly. "And very shortly, at that. We must not have any mistakes over the length of time you've both been dead. I confess it will be quite sudden. Yulowski, as I told you, is an expert. He had a lot of experience in Russia."

"You inhuman devil!" muttered Drummond dazedly. "You can do what you like to me, but for Heaven's sake let her off!"

He was staring fascinated at the Russian, who had risen and crossed to a cupboard in the wall. There was something almost maniacal in the look on his face—the look of a savage, brute beast, confronted with the prey it desires.

"Impossible, my dear young friend," murmured Peterson regretfully. "It affords me no pleasure to have her killed, but I have no alternative. To see you dead, I would cross two continents," he snarled suddenly, "but—and his voice became normal again—"only bitter necessity compels me to adopt such measures with Phyllis. You see, she knows too much."

Yulowski handled his rifle lovingly, and his teeth showed in a wolfish grin.

"Which shall I take first, chief?" he said carelessly.

"The point is immaterial," returned Peterson. "I think perhaps the woman."

Drummond tried to speak and failed. His tongue was clinging to the roof of his mouth; everything in the room was dancing before his eyes. Dimly he saw the red-headed brute Yulowski swinging his rifle to test it: dimly he saw Phyllis sitting bolt upright, with a calm, scornful expression on her face, while two men held her by the arms so that she could not move. And suddenly he croaked horribly.

Then he saw Yulowski put down the rifle and listen intently for a moment.

"What's the matter?" snapped Peterson irritably.

Drummond passed his tongue over his lips, and despite himself his voice shook a little.

(Continued on Page Six)

Heppner Tailoring Shop
Now located
in our quarters on lower Main Street.

CUSTOM TAILORING
CLEANING :: PRESSING
also
Full line of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Ready Made Suits.

What About It?

Are You Reading "THE BLACK GANG"?
We Want To Know!

If you have not already done so, will you please clip the attached coupon, and mail to us. Our purpose is to serve you to the best of our ability, and we want to know the things in which you are particularly interested. We have published two serial stories on the supposition that you would like them. But if there is a better way in which you believe we can serve you, let us know about it.

Heppner Gazette-Times

To HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES:

() I have been reading "THE BLACK GANG."
() I want another serial story.
() Please print, instead.

(Signed) _____

(Mark a cross (X) in space before preferred remark)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Coach \$ **645** f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

Carefully check the quality and equipment offered in the Improved Chevrolet Coach! Check it against any five-passenger closed car in the world! Know what its new low price really means!

Where else can you get for \$645 a five-passenger closed car with balloon tires, speedometer, fine Fisher body, Duco finish, one-piece VV windshield, Alemite lubrication and other essentials to modern motoring?

Come in—note these many quality features—get a demonstration—experience the car's amazing performance—and then you will realize how much more it gives for \$645 than any other five-passenger closed car on the market today.

New Low Prices

Touring	\$510
Roadster	510
Coupe	645
Coach	645
Sedan	735
Limousine	765
1 Ton Truck	395
(Chassis Only)	
1 Ton Truck	550
(Chassis Only)	

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Government tax reduction on automobiles officially in effect on March 29 is allowed NOW on all purchases of Chevrolet cars.

Ask for a Demonstration!

Ferguson Chevrolet Co.
Heppner, Oregon

Reduce Harvesting Costs with a "HOLT" Combined Harvester

ENJOY—this year—the advantages of a better, quicker, cheaper harvest. Banish drudgery. Eliminate high costs. Equip yourself with a "Holt" Combined Harvester, which has proven—in the hands of its hundreds of enthusiastic users—its superior endurance, simplicity, accessibility, efficiency and economy.

- Save Grain** — "Holt" Combined Harvesters are notable for their ability to avoid grain losses—to do a thorough job of cutting, threshing, separation, cleaning.
- Save Time** — One trip through the field and the job is done, the grain ready for market.
- Save Labor** — Two, three, or four men form the entire crew. The "Holt" is amazingly easy to handle.

Western Harvester Co. has been formed by "Caterpillar Tractor Co." to continue the manufacture of "Holt" Harvesters and parts. It sells its product through a dealer organization of highest type. Ask about new reduced prices of Harvesters and parts, and for name of your dealer.

WESTERN HARVESTER CO.
General Offices and Factory: Stockton, Calif.
Distributing Warehouse, Spokane, Wash.
Manufacturers of "Holt" Combined Harvesters