

Dixon Hawke's Case Book—No. 3

the criminologist was taking action. The grip on his arms was slightly relaxed, and he threw himself forward with such violence that he broke free.

His head caught Francois in the stomach, and the man doubled up with a shriek of pain.

Hawke found his feet. His fist lashed out and landed on the chin of Paul Doriet. With his other hand he whipped up the chair and smashed the single electric light dangling from the ceiling of the cellar, plunging the place into darkness.

"Dumoulin! Dumoulin!" he shouted.

A mad struggle followed as the apaches, like rats, hurled themselves at him. He stood at the foot of the steps, driving them back with the chair, which he swung like a club. A gun roared from the darkness, and a bullet whistled close to his head. He threw the chair at the flash of the weapon, and heard a shriek as it caught the man.

Something seared his arm, and he faintly saw the distorted face of Francois, whose knife was lifted for another stab. Hawke hit the killer twice with all the strength he possessed. The man went down like a log.

Dumoulin's Trick.

AND then all at once the cellar was filled with the blinding light of many torches. Gendarmes with capes flying from their shoulders seemed to rain from the roof.

Doriet appeared for a moment in front of Hawke. He had a gun in his hand, and was pointing it from a range of a few feet. Already his finger was squeezing the trigger.

Crash!

The report came from the top of the steps, and the dope-peddler reeled back with a smashed wrist.

A voice spoke, very calmly and with a faint touch of humour:

"The other hand, mon vieux! A pity that both wrists should not be broken!"

Down into the cellar came the bearded professor who had been in the

shop at the time Hawke was trapped. His thick glasses were missing, and the tiny black eyes were more than familiar.

"It is myself!" he said dramatically. "Jean Dumoulin!"

"And a nice trick you played on me!" Hawke gasped as he gripped his friend's hand. "You had me worried right up to the moment when you appeared in the shop. And even then I was not quite sure! You found the paper I dropped?"

"It is why I am here, 'Awke. The old professor, he was able to pick it up. Then, with the speed of light, Jean Dumoulin acts. Voila!"

He looked curiously at the captives, and then back at Hawke.

"It was well I did not give you the hand that was free, hein? Trust my good comrade to ferret out the den of the criminals in such a short time! I was so stupid I never suspected Monsieur Paul Doriet!"

"Not a question of stupidity, Dumoulin. You were side-tracked by the disappearance of Samuel Carr."

"Ah-ha! I had forgotten him. Have you solved the mystery of his disappearance?"

"You have your hand on his arm at this moment!"

The French detective whirled and gaped at Paul Doriet. Then he broke into a torrent of words, and finished up by banging his head with his clenched fists.

"It is true! Doriet and Carr, they are the same! Put a wig and a moustache on this man, and he is Samuel Carr, of London. Remove the disguise, and he is his true self—Paul Doriet, of Paris! And that is how our man disappeared on the Golden Arrow. He merely threw his disguise away!"

"It was clever," Hawke said.

"Ah, oui, oui! But not so clever as my English bloodhound. 'Awke, I am about to embrace you——"

But the criminologist was already running up the steps. The over-excitement of Jean Dumoulin was quite the worst part of his Paris peril!