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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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Gordon Craig SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By RANDALL PARRISH
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He reeled back against the desk, although I do not think I touched him, and his hand sought an open drawer. I knew him instantly for a coward and gripped his wrist, hurling him from me half across the room. He gasped a bit, rubbing his bruised wrist, his eyes shifting to the closed door as though contemplating an alarm.

"There is no use going off at half cock, Craig," he sneered. "I didn't mean any insult. And I'll get you for that some time. You'll learn yet what the Sea Gull is."

"No doubt," I coincided, tired of his threats and awakened to the fact that this quarrel was not likely to help our chances. "But for a few minutes it will be worth your while to listen to me. I am not defending this woman from anything but unnecessary insults. If she has deceived me I want to find it out. If you are Philip Henley, as you claim to be, you must have evidence to prove it. Convince me that her assertions are false and you will not find me unreasonable."

"Gordon Craig, do you mean?"

I turned to her, steeling myself to look into her appealing eyes.

"I have been honest with you from the beginning," I interrupted abruptly.

"Now, if I discover that your statements are false, the inducements are all the other way. I am a soldier of fortune."

Henley laughed, the sound grating harshly on my nerves, yet I made no movement of protest as he stepped silently back to his desk. I was no longer afraid of the fellow, even although he might have a weapon concealed in one of the drawers, for I knew I had drawn his fangs. This open avowal on my part was sufficient to convince one of his stripe that I was concerned only with my own interests. His words confirmed my judgment.

"Well said, my man. Now we begin to understand each other. Of course I have the proofs. I would be a fool to sit in such a game without a winning hand. Sit down, both of you, while we talk this over. There is no reason why the three of us should not be friends, provided you are sensible."

"But—but I am his wife," she panted to me indignantly. "Philip Henley's wife. I—I showed you our certificate."

"A fake, a forgery," asserted the other roughly, before I could find voice. "You had it framed up all right, if you had never run across me. Show me the paper."

"I cannot, for it is not here. I placed it in my valise back at that house." She stepped forward with hands held out toward me. "But you know—Gordon Craig, you know. I could not have forged that. I had not time; no information which would have led to such an act. You tell him so."

"I hardly think he will, madam," returned the captain shortly, evidently feeling it better not to let me speak.

"And there is no use going on with this any farther. Answer me a question or two, that is all. When did you first tell Craig you were Philip Henley's wife?"

I clinched my hands at the bewildered embarrassment in her eyes.

"It was after we came here, when I was frightened, and felt that I must confess the truth. I—I had begun to trust him."

"Oh, indeed, and you failed to tell him at first because you did not trust him."

"Partially that—yes. Although I do not think the name Henley was even mentioned during our first interview. I am sure I did not realize it was my husband's father who was dead until later."

"Exactly; you picked up a strange man on the street, agreed to go off on a criminal mission with him, and now expect us to believe you perfectly innocent of any wrong intent."

"That will be enough," I interrupted, unable to remain quiet any longer. "The motives of the woman and how we chanced to meet are no concern of yours. If you are Philip Henley, prove it, and let it go at that. I have told you plainly enough where I stand."

"Just as you say, Craig," affecting an easy good nature. "That is perfectly agreeable to me. However, as it makes no difference what the late Mrs. Henley thinks, we will dismiss her from the case and settle the affair quietly between ourselves. I have got a proposition which will interest you."

He touched a button, and I heard the sharp tinkle of a bell outside. Almost instantly the door in the cabin opened. "That you, Peters? Conduct the woman back to her stateroom, lock the door and bring me the key."

He bent forward, searching for something in a pigeonhole to his right, and I caught her eyes, touching my lips with my fingers to signal silence, while an inclination of the head told her to go without resistance. The swift change of expression on her face proved her instant comprehension, as, without uttering a word of protest, she turned and disappeared. Peters returned with the key. Henley dropped it into his pocket.

"That will be all," he said. "You can go."

ters, the fellow rose to his feet and held out his hand. "You are the kind I like, Craig," he said cordially. "At first I had my doubts about you and, no doubt, have been harsh. Did you see her face when you first sided in with me? She witted completely. Well, that will make the rest easy. Sit down again, and I will explain what I want you for. The legal papers which absolutely establish my identity as Philip Henley are in the hands of lawyers who represent me at Carleton. The case will not come up for adjudication for several weeks yet," speaking slowly and with careful choice of words, "but my contention as to the property is thoroughly established. It had to be, for, as you know, the judge's son had been away from this neighborhood for years, practically ever since boyhood. He was almost unknown to the local inhabitants, even to the servants. He was even reported as being dead. This state of affairs made identification the most important thing to be considered. Consequently all documents bearing directly on that point are at present out of my reach. You understand?"

"Yes; only you must have retained something to substantiate your word." "Precisely. I was coming to that. I have letters from my father which should be sufficient. You have seen Judge Henley's writing?" and he handed me a half dozen missives. They were without envelopes, each beginning simply, "My Dear Son," relating principally to local conditions on the plantation, and occasionally expressing a desire for the wanderer to return and assume the burden of management. That they were in the crumpled and peculiar handwriting of the old judge was beyond all question, and the dates covered several years. I read them through carefully, puzzled by their contents.

"There are no envelopes?"

"No; I never keep them—why?"



"I perceive your point," I said at last.

"Only that no name is mentioned; they begin all alike, 'My Dear Son.'"

"I never thought of that," he admitted, simulating surprise, "but can supplement by showing you this picture, taken three years ago at Mobile. Of course you will recognize myself, but may never have seen a photograph of Judge Henley."

"Well, that is his likeness, and there are those on board who will identify it. Does this satisfy you that I am what I claim to be?"

In truth it did not, for I would have believed nothing in opposition to the positive statement of the woman that he was not Philip Henley. Yet under other conditions—divorced from what I knew—the letters would be conclusive. Were they really addressed to him or had he stolen them? If the latter, then how had he succeeded in getting his picture on the same plate with Judge Henley's? Aware that even the slightest hesitancy might awaken suspicion, I answered quickly:

"It would seem to be unanswerable. What hurts my pride is to have been made such a fool of."

"That's nothing, Craig. We have at last had that experience. I stand ready to give you a chance now on the winning side. There will be more money in it for us both. What do you say?"

"I should prefer to know more about your proposition."

"It has nothing whatever to do with the Henley matter. That is practically settled already, so you will not be further involved with the girl."

"You would oblige me by leaving her name out of the discussion then," I interposed coldly.

He chuckled, well satisfied with his diplomacy.

"We cannot obliterate her entirely. Pretty enough to be useful, too, I imagine, if she can ever be brought to view this affair from the right angle."

I gazed directly into his eyes, barely able to keep from throttling him.

"Drop it," I said sternly. "The girl is to be left alone if I have any part in your scheme. Now I want to know what is expected of me. May I ask questions?"

"Certainly. Fire away."

"Where are we bound?"

"Spanish—Honduras," lazily, but spreading out a map and tapping it with his finger. "Puerto Cortez, if we can make that port safely; if not, then somewhere along the coast between there and Trupillo. There will be signals."

I leaned forward, startled out of my

"Honduras! Good Lord! What are you—a filibuster?"

"Hardly," with a short laugh. "That is too dangerous a job and not money enough in it. I prefer to do my revolting through others and cop the swag. That's the safe end of the game. It happens to be Honduras just now; I have been equally interested in other downtrodden countries. In truth, friend, I am a patriot for revenue only."

"You mean you furnish arms?"

"For a suitable consideration, yes. In strict confidence I will state that securely packed away in boxes labeled machinery, are 20,000 rifles, six rapid fire guns and a sufficiency of ammunition for a small army. Once safely landed, the profits of the voyage will total \$150,000 gold."

"You mean to retain the lady on board?"

"Unless she prefers to jump overboard."

"And what have I to do with all this? You said you had use for me—what use?"

CHAPTER XII.
I Join the Sea Gull.

YOU chance to be the very sort of man I need. The devil could not have sent me a better," he said, with some enthusiasm. "You are an American soldier, the best drilled men in the world for irregular service. You can understand that the longer I can keep those fellows down there fighting, the more I will sell. Good! that is part of my business. And the better they are drilled the longer they will keep it up. That is what I want you for—to help make that mob of rags into an army. You can do it, and I am willing to pay the price."

"I perceive your point," I said at last, facing him. "But what is there in it for me?"

"A good round sum," he replied. "More than you ever made before, I warrant, not excepting the promises made you in this Henley will case. We'll talk the details over later."

"Who is responsible for my pay?"

"See here, Craig, the case stands like this. The revolutionists down there asked me to find them a competent drill master, and they will pay royally. They've got the money, too, scads of it. There will be no trouble on that score. Besides, I need a reliable man ashore to look after shipments. We have to land our goods in a hurry, you understand, at night, without checking up. I can afford to hand you something pretty nice on the side to assure myself a square deal."

"It looks good," I confessed, but still hesitating. "Only I shall have to have it in writing and more in detail."

"We'll talk that over in the morning; it's late now. Take the third stateroom, starboard; it's all ready for you."

"Then I am no longer to consider myself a prisoner on board?"

"Certainly not. Practically, you are one of us."

"And I have the freedom of the deck?"

He smiled grimly, gazing intently at me.

"That is safe enough, I reckon, even if I questioned your interest in this adventure. There must be ten miles of water already between us and the coast. There are no limits on your liberty, but I wouldn't advise you going forward at present, not until the men understand the situation. They're a hard lot."

"Revolutionists?"

"No; plain New Orleans wharf rats, the scouring of the seven seas."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—First Quarter, For Jan. 9, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts ii, 1-13.—Memory Verses, 3, 4.—Golden Text, I Cor. iii, 16.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The event of this lesson, the coming of the Holy Spirit, was on the day of Pentecost, or the fiftieth day after the resurrection of Christ. It was foreshadowed, as was all else, in the law. In Lev. xxiii there is a record of the feast of the Lord (verses 4, 44) in which anointed eyes may see His death and resurrection, the coming of the Spirit and His return in glory. When He was here in the days of His flesh these feasts had become merely feasts of the Jews with the Lord left out, like much of the worship of today which is only outward form without reality.

The passover typified the death of Christ, our passover. The sheaf of first fruits on the morrow after the Sabbath clearly indicates His resurrection, Christ the first fruits. The other first fruits fifty days after the former suggests the lesson of today, the anointing of believers, the beginning of the church story, and the feast of tabernacles points to His coming again in glory and the conversion of all Israel. There is great profit in a special study of all these. See how sin in believers is typified by the leaven in the second first fruits (verse 17). Returning to our lesson, from which we wandered to Lev. xxiii because of the fiftieth day, note the expression "with one accord" which, if I have counted correctly, is used in Acts just eleven times, seven times in a good connection, as in chapters 1, 14; ii, 1, 46, and four times of the enemies of the Lord, as in vii, 57. If but a few believers could be heartily of one accord in the Lord's service great things might be accomplished, as when the disciples continued in prayer and supplication, about 120 men and women (i, 14, 15).

When the time was fully come the promised comforter, the Holy Spirit, came upon them and filled them all (verse 4; i, 8; Luke xxiv, 49). There was a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind, and cloven tongues like as of fire sat upon each of them (verses 2, 3), both the wind and the fire being symbols of the Holy Spirit (Matt. iii, 11; John iii, 8; Ezek. xxxvii, 9, 10). The Spirit on this occasion enabled them to speak in the different languages of the people named in verses 9-11, but note carefully that they all understood what the disciples said, and they all talked of the wonderful works of God. Contrast this with the so called tongues movement of our day, much of which consists of strange sounds which no one on earth can understand.

See also what the Spirit says by Paul concerning the necessity of speaking words easy to be understood and that he would rather speak five words that could be understood than ten thousand that no one could understand (I Cor. xiv, 9, 19).

Note that the only epistle that makes mention of tongues is one in which those to whom the epistle was written, were spoken of as babes and carnal (I Cor. iii, 1-4). See also how love is exalted above all else, the love that is kind and thinketh no evil (I Cor. xiii), and contrast such love as is there described with the seeming lack of love which says that, if sick, we have no faith, and if we do not speak in tongues we are not Spirit filled. It does seem to me that tongues which do not glorify God by helping someone to know Him better cannot be of God, however well intentioned and zealous the people may be. Our Lord said that the Holy Spirit, whom He would send, would enable them to bear witness unto Him (i, 8), and the one only thing for which believers are on earth is to bear witness to the fact that Jesus Christ is alive and that He is living His life in us, that those who know us may want to know Him because they know us and that we may help to make Him and the glorious story of His great salvation known to the ends of the earth.

We said in last lesson that the coming of the Spirit was in no sense the coming again of "this same Jesus," for He said that the Spirit would be "another comforter" (John xiv, 16), and "another" cannot mean "the same."

He said that the Spirit would abide with us, dwell in us, teach us all things, bring His words to our remembrance, testify of Him, guide us into all truth, show us things to come and glorify Christ (John xiv, 16, 26; xv, 26; xvi, 13, 14).

These things the Spirit loves to do, as well as to convince of sin and of righteousness and of judgment (John xvi, 8).

Whatever is not along the lines of the work which the Spirit came to do must be the work of some other spirit. These Spirit filled people were accused of being drunken, and there is something of an analogy, or a contrast, if you prefer, between a drunken person and a Spirit filled person. The man filled with wine is indifferent to what others think and acts as if he owned the whole thing; the man filled with the Spirit knows that all things are his and is not moved by what others think or say of him. See Eph. v, 18. According to chapter 1, 14, Mary, the mother of Jesus, was one of those Spirit filled people, and that is the last

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The Repeal.

By Alfred Noyes.

I dreamed the Eternal had repealed His cosmic code of law last night, Our prayers had made the Unchanging yield, Caprice was king from depth to height.

On Beachy Head a shouting throng Had fired a beacon to proclaim Their licence, With unmeasured song They proved it, dancing in the flame.

They quarrelled. One desired the sun, And one desired the stars to shine, They closed and wrestled and burned as one, And the white chalk grew red as wine.

The furnace licked and purred and rolled, A laughing child held up its hands Like dreadful torches, dropping gold, For pain was dead at their commands.

Painless and wild as clouds they burned; Till the restricted Rose of Day With all its glorious laws returned, And the wind blew their ashes away.

Oil Painting "Verboten."

A Berlin despatch says that the Bundesrath has passed nine important new food ordinances. The most interesting empowers the Imperial Chancellor to promulgate regulations for the sale, consumption, and price of coffee, tea, and cocoa, as well as to obtain statistics regarding the stocks on hand in Germany. Also, at the Chancellor's discretion, maximum prices for vegetables, fruit, and sugar may be fixed. The Bundesrath has also started an investigation into the rising price of salt. Another ordinance absolutely forbids painting with oil colors. An ordinance in October prohibited the use of paints made of white lead and linseed oil. The new ordinance prohibits all paints made with animal or vegetable oils.

Use All the Teeth.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the teeth employed for chewing present quite a clean appearance, while the unemployed ones are unclean, usually very dirty, writes Dr. John Philip Erwin in Oral Hygiene. People express surprise when informed they are running on one dental cylinder by using only the right or left side of the mouth.

When a father spied his boy using only the upper third of the saw on the log he said: "Son, the entire saw belongs to me. To do good work use it all."

The Creator never would have given man thirty-two teeth if it were possible to operate this intricate human machine successfully with a smaller number.

Thieves Don't Like Ducks.

Ducks are good watchdogs for the poultry yard. No matter what time of night the thief may come, the ducks will quack.—Farm and Fireside.

WHY YOU ARE NERVOUS

The nervous system is the alarm system of the human body. In perfect health we hardly realize that we have a network of nerves, but when health is ebbing, when strength is declining, the same nervous system gives the alarm in headaches, tiredness, restless sleep, irritability, and unless corrected, leads straight to a breakdown.

To correct nervousness, Scott's Emulsion is exactly what you should take; its rich nutriment gets into the blood and rich blood feeds the tiny nerve-cells while the whole system responds to its refreshing tonic force. Free from harmful drugs.

SABRED 118 MEN.

Russian Forces Won Decisive Victory Over Kurdish Tribesmen.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 27.—The Russian official communique says: "Authentic information having been received of the arrival at Rabatkerim, 25 miles south-west of Teheran, of a band of a thousand horsemen under Emir Krishchimet, we sent a detachment of troops there Tuesday night, under Colonel Belomestrov, with orders to destroy the band by a swift blow. On Wednesday Colonel Belomestrov encountered the enemy near Rabatkerim. The enemy, in naturally strong positions, consisted of two battalions of gendarmes, five hundred of Chief Emir's horsemen, and two hundred Zakhkharas."

"The enemy opened a violent fire. Colonel Belomestrov, after artillery preparations, attacked with his whole force in an endeavor to surround the enemy. The enemy was thoroughly dispersed, losing in men sabred alone 118, including two officers."

Subs in Sea of Marmora.

ATHENS, Dec. 27.—Recent storms have carried away the booms constructed by the Turks across the Narrows of the Dardanelles, and some of the Allied submarines have passed into the Sea of Marmora.

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