

Nov. 9, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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## Gordon Craig SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By RANDALL PARRISH  
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I told him, and he agreed to send over certain papers to me by messenger. These arrived promptly, and I studied them carefully until nearly train time, getting all the facts firmly implanted in my mind. Mrs. Bernard and I met beneath the grim shadow of the train shed.

At first, as she came toward me through the crowd near the gate, holding out a neatly gloved hand, I could scarcely realize that this well-dressed, soft-voiced lady was the former homeless creature.

"So you did not even know me," she said pleasantly. "Oh, but you did not. You were passing by when I spoke. Don't apologize, for really I take it as the highest compliment. You are wonderfully improved yourself. Is this our train?"

"Yes," and I took up the grip she designated as hers. "Let us get settled and into the diner, for I am hungry as a wolf."

I had procured opposite sections, and before retiring we studied the papers, together with Vail's letter of instructions, and thus came to a complete understanding. She was quick-witted and spoke frankly, and yet when I finally lay down in my berth I felt less well acquainted with her than before. Somehow, in a manner inexplicable, a vague barrier had arisen between us. I could not trace it to any word or action on her part, and yet I felt held away by an invisible hand. Her very cordiality exhibited a reserve which made me clearly comprehend that the slightest familiarity would be checked.

It was at the close of the following afternoon when our train reached Carleton. The depot must have been a mile from the town, and very few people were upon the platform, two drummers and ourselves the only ones to disembark. The traveling men hastened to the nearest hack, while I glanced about in search of a conveyance. The only other vehicle present was a two-seated surrey, driven by a rather disreputable negro. I approached in some doubt.

"No, sah," he said, grinning. "Dis yere am my own currage, sah; tain't nothin' ter do wid' de Henley plantation. I reckon dey done didn't git telegam. I reckon you're Massa Philip Henley, sah, though you've sure growed some since I saw you de last time. It's of Pete, sah. I reckon you remembers of Pete."

"Of course I do," I returned heartily, encouraged by his words to believe I would pass muster. "Can you drive us out?"

The negro scratched his head. "I reckon as how I can, sah, least wize so far as ther gate. It's going to be plum dark when we gits dar, an' dis nigger don't fool round dar none in de dark."

"Why, what's the trouble, Pete?" "Cause of Massa Henley's ghost was hangin' round, sah."

"Oh, pshaw," I laughed, turning toward the silent girl. "We will risk the ghost if you'll drive us out. Put in the grips."

He climbed into his place, but with no special alacrity, but whipped his team into a swift trot, evidently anxious to complete the trip as early as possible.

"Pete," I asked, "who is out there now?"

The negro turned so I could see the whites of his eyes. "At de Henley plantation, sah? Why, I reckon de overseer an' de housekeeper—both white folks. I done don't know juss who dey am fer shure, cause dey don't stay long no more. I reckon dey can't abide dat ghost, sah, an' de field han's dey won't stay on de place at all after dark."

"The overseer and housekeeper, then, are newly employed?"

"Dem am de fac's, sah. Deh ain't been dar no time at all, an' I reckon as how dey won't stay long, though de niggers say de overseer am a bad man."

Here was a pleasant situation surely. While the conditions were favorable enough so far as our purpose was concerned, yet I fervently wished we had postponed our arrival until daylight. While the negro's ghost had no terrors for me—indeed, merely afforded amusement—I realized my companion was not so indifferent. She pressed closer to me in the narrow seat, her eyes on the dusky shadows. Soon it became quite dark. I endeavored to laugh away her fears, but got little response. The road was a lonely one, although apparently well traveled, bordered by rail fences and deserted looking fields.

Suddenly the negro pulled up before a high hedge, and I perceived the white glimmer of a gate opposite us, the black shadow of trees beyond.

We had no sooner alighted and paid Pete than he wheeled his team and departed, whipping the horses into a run. I felt her hand grip my sleeve and glanced aside into her face.

"Frightened?" I asked, endeavoring to speak easily. "Don't let that fellow bother you; surely you do not believe in spooks?"

"No," her voice trembling, "but it is all so desolate. I—I wish we had waited until daylight."

"Well, frankly, so do I," I responded,

"but come on," and I picked up the suit cases. "We will probably be laughing at ourselves in five minutes. You will have to unlatch the gate."

It was held in place by a sagging rope, but opened noiselessly, and we advanced on to a brick walk, so little used as to be half hidden by weeds growing in the crevices. The moon dimly revealed rank vegetation on either side, while ahead beneath the tree shadows the darkness was profound. There was no sound, no faintest gleam of light, to indicate the house, and I was compelled to advance cautiously to keep to the path, which apparently wound about in the form of a letter "S." We were at the foot of the front steps, the building itself looming black before us almost before we realized its nearness.

At the top a man, seemingly a huge figure, suddenly emerged from the shadow of a column and confronted us. "What are you doin' here?" he ejaculated sullenly.

It was not in my nature to fear men, and this was evidently a man. "You surely startled me, friend," I explained. "Are you the overseer?"

"I reckon I am, but what I want to know is who you are."

"I'm striving to regain my wits. Why, I am—am Philip Henley. We—we have just got in from the north."

"Is that a woman with you?" "Yes. May we come in?"

"Oh, I reckon I ain't got no license to turn yer away if yer mind ter risk it. Lord knows I'm willin' 'nough to hav' company. Git yer duds, an' I'll light up so yer kin see a bit."

He disappeared, and I logged the grips to the top of the steps, where we waited. Then a faint light streamed out through the open door, a moment later outlining his figure.

"Come on in," he said, still gruffly. "Yer don't need be afeerd o' me, mam, and de housekeeper'll be yere directly."

I confess I entered the dim hall reluctantly, obsessed by some strange premonition of danger. But Mrs. Bernard clung to me, and the sight of her white face gave me new courage.

### CHAPTER V. A Pleasant Welcome.

It was an old-fashioned living room into which we entered, the floor unswept, the chairs faded and patched. Curtains were drawn closely at the windows, while the single oil lamp stood on a center table littered with old newspapers. The shading of the light gave me only a partial view of the man, but he was big, loose-jointed, having enormous shoulders, his face so hidden by a heavy mustache and low drawn brows I could scarcely perceive its outline. He appeared a typical rough, wearing high boots, with an ugly looking revolver in a belt holster.

"Where are you from?" I asked, surprised at this display of firearms.

"Texas," with a grin not altogether pleasant. "That's an ol' friend. I was hired fer to keep people outter this shebang. There ain't no work goin' on, so I don't hav' no niggers to keep folks out."

"Who employed you?" "That don't make no difference. Those wus my orders—not to talk nor let anybody hang 'round except you folks."

"Then we were excepted?" in surprise. "Sure, I reckon yer'd 'a' been hoodin' it up the road long afore this otherwize. Still, I dunno," with a suggestive wink. "I've got a likin' for pretty girls."

I glanced at her, where she had sank down on a dilapidated sofa, but no expression of her face told me she had

Only please remember the lady is under my protection. What is your name?"

"Coombs," in better humor, feeling he had bluffed me. "Bill Coombs."

"Can we have a bit of lunch?" "I reckon yer can. Of Sally is a rustin' some grub now. I stirred her up when I first cum in."

He sat down crosslegged on a chair the other side the littered table and stared at us, his hat still drawn down over his eyes. I spoke to her quietly in a voice which would not carry across the room.

"Don't mind him," I whispered. "He's only a rough neck trying to bully a bit. I'll teach him his place before tomorrow."

"It is not the man so much," she replied, giving me a glimpse of her eyes. "But it is all so desolate and gloomy."

"Shadows won't hurt us, and this place will look better by daylight."

"You haven't any nerves."

"Oh, yes, I have; only they are trained. I didn't anticipate an easy job when I came down here. I am beginning to wonder if those fellows were square, if they gave me the straight story. Coombs' words would seem to indicate that he knows I'm a fraud. Perhaps he didn't mean that, but it sounded so. Why should they tell that rough neck their plans and send him down here? I'll find out what he knows and how he knows it before another ten hours. If he's here to spy on us I'll make him earn his money."

"I—I hardly know why I consented to come, only I was so miserable, anything seemed better than the life I was leading."

"You saw all the papers," I interposed, "and they bear out every statement."

"Yes. But could they not be forged? Why should any honest lawyer advise a client to undertake such a fraud? It seems to me we are actually criminals, engaged in a criminal plot. Because the plan was concocted by a lawyer makes no difference. We could be arrested, imprisoned."

"We shall have to play out the game tonight at least," I said, startled by her earnestness. "I will talk with Coombs and will tell you the result tomorrow. Your nerves are all unstrung, and the affair may appear different by daylight."

The Texan got noisily to his feet and swaggered across the floor.

"If you all hav' got through yer whisperin'," he said roughly, "I reckon Sally's got her grub laid out."

I bit my lips to keep back a hot reply, feeling the restraint of her eyes, and we followed him into the next room. The table was set for two, and I could distinguish the shadow of a woman standing motionless in the farther corner.

"Yer kin talk it out yere," announced Coombs, waving one hand, "cause I won't be present, havin' already. I reckon Sally won't interfere none."

He slammed the door viciously going out, causing the lamp to sputter. Then the woman came silently forward, a coffeepot in her hand. She was a mulatto perhaps sixty years of age, her face scarred by smallpox, and with strangely furtive eyes. Somehow she fitted into the scene, and I saw my companion gazing at her almost with horror as she fitted about us silently as a specter. I endeavored to talk while eating heartily, for I was hungry, but found it difficult to arouse Mrs. Bernard to any response, and she merely toyed with her food.

When the colored woman went out Mrs. Bernard dropped her fork and pushed back her chair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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—Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Lesson VII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 14, 1915.

Text of the Lesson, Dan. i, 8-20—Memory Verse, 15—Golden Text, I Cor. xvi, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

I am very glad to have the privilege of writing a lesson on Daniel, even though it be what is called a temperance lesson, for we shall find much more in it than appears on the surface. He is mentioned in Ezek. xiv, 14, 20, with Noah and Job as noted for their righteousness. He is mentioned by the Lord Jesus in Matt. xxiv, 15, in connection with the great tribulation at the end of this age immediately preceding the return of the Lord in His glory, to which Daniel also refers in chapters ix, 27; xii, 1. We recently saw a little captive maid glorifying the God of Israel under very trying circumstances, and in this lesson we see four captive young men glorifying the God of Israel under difficulties. The Lord permitted this oppression and captivity because of the sin of Judah and gave Jehoiakim and some of his people and some of the vessels of the house of God into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, and among the captives were these four young men of royal blood, who were chosen to stand in the king's palace and to be taught the learning and tongue of the Chaldeans that they might stand before the king (verses 3-5).

They were to have a three years' course of preparation for their calling, and as to their food they were nourished from the king's table daily the same meat and wine which he ate and drank. At least that was the provision made for them. It was humiliating for an Israelite to be a captive. It was humiliating to have their beautiful Jewish names, each of which had in them a suggestion of the true God of Jehovah, changed to names suggestive of idols (verses 6, 7). But this they could bear without any sin on their part. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself was taken prisoner, bound and led by His captors as they pleased. They also called Him a devil and Beelzebub and said that He was beside Himself. So in these two particulars they were foreshadowing the sufferings of Christ.

When we suffer in these ways we have fellowship with Him in His sufferings. When it came to eating and drinking that which had been offered to idols Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself, and he prayed to his God about this. He asked permission of the prince of the eunuchs that he and his friends might be excused from receiving the food from the king's table and be given very plain fare, which had not passed that way, asking that they might be proved for ten days. The same God who permitted them thus far to suffer for His sake now gave them favor in the sight of this man, and he consented to prove them. At the end of ten days they were fairer and fatter in flesh than those who did eat the portion of the king's meat, so it was kept from them, and they were given the plain fare, which had not been offered to idols. See Deut. xxxii, 37, 38. If this is a temperance lesson the same principle applies to food as to drink.

To my mind it is a lesson on the necessity of keeping one's self wholly for God in every particular and of being willing to submit cheerfully to difficult circumstances for His sake. In chapter x, 2, 3, Daniel says that for three weeks he did without pleasant bread or flesh or wine, while he mourned and waited upon God for a special purpose, implying that he did not always see the necessity of denying himself food that could have the blessing of God. As to the sin of intemperance or self-indulgence in any matter, the teaching of scripture is very plain, and the faithfulness and beastliness of strong drink could scarcely be more vividly described or condemned than in Isa. v, 11, 12, 22, 23; xxviii, 7, 8. The only remedy is in Christ Jesus, who alone can forgive sin and give the sinner a new nature and such a purpose to keep one's self wholly for Him as Daniel had.

Though he stood before the earthly king in a place of honor, he stood more consciously before the King of kings, for whose sake he in his old age went to the lion's den rather than dishonor him by any fear of man, for whose sake his three friends went to the fiery furnace rather than bow down to any image which man might set up. No doubt Daniel and his friends were prayerfully diligent in their Chaldean studies, but God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom, and He gave Daniel understanding in all visions and dreams, so that these young men were ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers in the whole realm (verses 17-20). On three different occasions related in this book, when all the wisdom of Babylon's wise men failed, Daniel did not fail once because his God never failed him. Any believer who is willing to pay the price by self-denial and indifference to what others say or think of and a purpose of heart to see no one but Jesus only and covet only His approval may know the power of God as others cannot. The whole cost of salvation fell upon Jesus Christ, and we receive freely what He so fully provided and paid for. But to be His faithful witnesses we must have the devotion, self-denial and continuance of Daniel.

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## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE simon pure kicker is always deluged when he can see that he is getting the fraction of an inch the worst of it, for it gives him the chance he is sickening for to indulge in his speciality.

It may never be too late to mend, but it is sometimes useless.

In the school of experience the vacations are apt to be expensive.

Nothing succeeds like a good time.

A no account dog is harder to get rid of than a no account boy is to keep employed.

There is nothing that goes against the grain like having to take a favor from a person whom we have just affronted.

You have to be both boss and workman in yourself if you expect to turn out a good job.

There are really well meaning people who insist upon regarding all bill collectors with something of suspicion.

Now the only thing that seems necessary in order to unmarried is to marry.

It isn't safe to judge either by appearances or reappearances.

True.  
"It is a dull season."  
"Is that so?"  
"It is."  
"I don't see how you make that out."  
"Why?"  
"Because everybody is held close down on the grindstone."

Curious.  
"Money can buy anything."  
"Can it?"  
"You bet it can."  
"Brains?"  
"Brains, sure."  
"Wonder you wouldn't supply yourself with a few."

## 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, dreamful sleep, irritability and unless corrected, leads straight to a breakdown.

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Discernment.  
Show me the fellow  
Who is looking for a snap,  
Show me the party  
Who is ready for a nap;  
Then with my finger  
I will wager I can point  
To one who is certain  
That the times are out of joint.

It is so easy  
To complain and make a kick,  
It is so simple  
At the times to throw a brick,  
Pointing to barons  
Who are busy frying fat,  
One who is busy  
Havin' time for sport like that.

Life is a struggle  
And a foot race and a scrap,  
Nothing worth having  
Ever falls into your lap.  
It is to hustle  
From the very day of birth,  
A war tug with the fellows  
Who are out to own the earth.

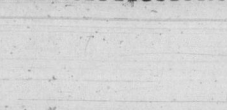
Nothing is easy  
If it's worth the taking home,  
True here today  
As it was in ancient Rome.  
Constant endeavor  
And a pleasant line of talk  
Win you the marbles  
And the money and the chalk.

## Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of  
Sorts—Have no Appetite.

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