

Nov. 16, 1915

Gordon Craig SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By RANDALL PARRISH
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"Oh, I simply cannot stand this place!" she exclaimed. "There is something perfectly horrid about it, and the people. How shall I ever get through the night?"

"That is nothing," I soothed, although hardly at ease myself. "She is evidently of the taciturn sort. We don't need to keep these servants, you know. I'll hunt up some more cheerful in town tomorrow. Why, by Jove, it's 10 o'clock already. Have you finished?"

"I couldn't choke down another mouthful."

"Well, don't be afraid. They mean well enough, no doubt. Sallie!" She came gliding in, her back to the door.

"Are you the one who is to show us to our rooms?"

"Yes."

She picked up the lamp and went out, and Mrs. Bernard followed instantly, evidently afraid to be left in the dark. I followed with the grips, trailing up the stairs, having seen nothing of Coombs in the front room. In the upper hall our guide threw open two doors, going into the rooms and lighting lamps, thus giving glimpses of the interiors. The one in the corner was the larger and better furnished.

"This will be yours," I said, placing her valise on the floor. "You can feel safe enough there with the door locked—yes, there is a key—and I will be right opposite if you need anything."

She gave me her hand, but I felt it tremble.

"You are still afraid?"

"Yes, I am—but but I am not going to be such a fool."

As her door closed I turned to the mulatto, who still stood there, lamp in hand. I was not sleepy, and I wanted most of all to have an understanding with Coombs. "Is the overseer downstairs?"

"Ah reckon he's out in one o' ther cabins, sah—he done don't sleep in the house nobow."

"He doesn't sleep here? Why?"

"Ah spect it's cause he's afraid, too, sah," she replied, her snaky eyes showing.

"Ah's a voodoo, an' Ah don't care 'bout 'em fell, but good Lor', dar ain't no white man wants ter stay in des yere house more'n one night."

She laughed, a weird, grating laugh and started downstairs. I stood still, watching her light disappear. Then, swearing at myself for a coward, I stepped back into my own room and closed the door.

This revelation of conditions left me thoroughly puzzled. I was not frightened at the situation, for I largely attributed the fear shown by both Pete and Sallie to negro superstition. But Bill Coombs was a very different proposition. He was of the hard headed kind, not to be easily alarmed by visionary terrors, and yet he was manifestly afraid to sleep in the house. I was sufficiently acquainted with his type to comprehend there must be some real cause driving him to retreat to the negro cabins for rest.

I sat there for some time smoking, endeavoring to think it all over coolly and listening intently. At first I could distinguish the rattle of dishes downstairs as Sallie cleared the table, and, a little later, heard Mrs. Bernard moving about uneasily in her room across the hall. But at last these sounds ceased and the house became still. I removed a portion of my clothing and lay down on the bed, a certain uneasiness preventing me from undressing entirely. I was tired, but with little inclination for sleep. Could there be any truth in Mrs. Bernard's questioning of the motives actuating the man who had sent us here? Had we come—mere pawns in some game of crime—deceived, perhaps betrayed to arrest? Was Coombs here merely to watch us and report to Neale and Vall bow we carried out our part of the bargain? The affair certainly looked altogether different now I was upon the ground, although I could figure out no possible object those men could have. At least they could accomplish nothing without my co-operation, and, if I discovered any evil afoot, I could block them instantly. I was there to save this property for the rightful heir and was determined now to see that Philip Henley received all that was due him. It was after 11 o'clock before I fell into a drowsy sleep.

Indeed, it hardly seemed to me that I had entirely lost consciousness when I was jerked bolt upright by the sharp report of a firearm. For a single instant I imagined the shot fired within my room; then I sprang to the door and flung it open, peering out into the hall. Everything was still, the rays from my lamp barely extending to the head of the stairs. I could neither see nor hear anything, and yet I had a strange premonition that I was not alone. There was an automatic pistol in the pocket of my coat, and I stepped back after it, picking up the lamp on my return, determined on a thorough examination of the upper story. There was no doubt about the shot—the sound was no effect of a dream. I wondered if the girl had been awakened by the report and paused to listen at her door, but no sound reached me from within.

I moved down the hall cautiously, regretting the need of a lamp, but the

place was strange, and I dare not ture about in the dark.

The first doors I came to were ajar, but the moon was at the back of the house, and I was obliged to enter each apartment and flash my light into the corners to make sure they were vacant. These were medium sized bedrooms, comfortably furnished, although containing nothing new. Only one exhibited any evidence of late occupancy, being in considerable disorder, the bed unmade, some discarded garments strewn about the floor.

Some man had been sleeping up here lately, and it was not Coombs, but a much smaller individual. This knowledge made me even more cautious as I tiptoed down the hall, now narrowed by the back stairway. The first door opened into a bathroom, the tub half full of dirty water, a mussed towel on the floor. The last door, leading to a room apparently extending clear across the rear of the house, was tightly closed. I set my lamp down well out of sight and gripped my pistol before attempting to manipulate the knob. It opened noiselessly. Moonlight streamed through one window where the curtain was not closely drawn, but the gloom was too dense to reveal much of the shrouded interior. I could dimly perceive a table and some chairs, one overturned. There was no movement, however, no sign of present occupancy. Convinced as to this, I slipped back for my lamp, shading the flame so the light was thrown forward into the room. A single glance revealed everything. The table, a common deal affair, contained two bottles, one half filled, and three dirty glasses, together with a pack of disreputable looking cards, some of these scattered about the floor. There was no other furniture, and the walls were bare, a dirty gray color. But what my eyes rested upon in sudden horror was the body of a man curled up in a ball on the floor as a dog lies, his face hidden in his arms. That he was dead I knew at a glance.

This murder—or was it suicide?—had occurred within ten minutes. I turned the man over, revealing a bearded face, the features prominent but refined. He was no ordinary rough, and his clothing was of excellent material. He had been shot in the back of the head.

It was murder then—murder! Even as I struggled with the horror a sudden gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and I gripped the table, staring about in the haunted darkness. A moment and my eyes adapted themselves to the new environment, the moonlight streaming through the open window and across the man's body. With heart quaking like a frightened girl, I stole across the floor and glanced out. A single story extension, probably the kitchen roof, was below. Kneeling upon this the assassin could easily fire into the room. Beyond the pale moonshine revealed a patch of grass, a weed entangled garden, and behind these a dense forest growth. To the right of the garden I could dimly distinguish a row of small cabins, the negro quarters. Coombs would be occupying one of these, and they were so close that, even if asleep at the time, he could scarcely fail to hear the report of the gun in the silent night. Yet there was no light along the row of huts, no sign of human presence.

Seized by sudden terror, I caught up the extinguished lamp, scarcely breathing until again outside in the hallway, the door closed behind me. Trembling in every limb, I felt my way along through the darkness, guiding myself by the wall. "What could I do?" "What ought I to do?" I knew nothing of the house or where to find Sallie. I was not even sure of her presence. Indeed, the very memory of her snaky eyes gave me new horror. And Coombs! Suspecting him, as I did, it would be the height of folly to seek him out yonder in the dark. There was nothing left but to await daylight, to remain on watch, endeavoring alone to formulate some plan of future action.

God only knows how glad I was to discover the open door to my own room again. There were matches there so I struck three before the wick of the lamp caught fire.

CHAPTER VI.

I Get Into the Game.

I SAW the affair now from a new viewpoint. I was not so sure, so certain, that I understood the entire truth. Coombs was no plantation overseer, but a mere Texas bully. The very appearance of the man told that, and those neglected, weed grown fields were another proof. What was he here for, then? And Sallie! Lord, I could despise that Texas rough, but the snaky eyes of the woman made me shiver and look about apprehensively. Then there was the dead man. There was wrong somewhere surely—cowardly crime, murder!

With the first return of daylight I would seek out Coombs, tell him what I had seen and compel him to confess the truth. Then I should know how to act, how to approach her and explain. My nerves steadied as I sat there in the silence, and my mind drifted to the woman sleeping across the hall. Then I also fell asleep, in the chair.

The gray of dawn was on the windows when I awoke, my body aching from its unnatural position. With loaded pistol in my pocket I slipped into the hall. The faint light revealed its shabbiness, the grimy rag carpet and discolored walls. Some spirit of adventure led me the full length until my hand was upon the latch of that last door. I could not resist an impulse to look upon the dead man again by daylight and thus assure myself of the reality of what seemed only a dream. All was exactly as I recalled it to memory—the stained walls, the

dirty floor, the table littered with cards, the overturned chair and the motionless body of the dead man.

From the wound in the head a dark flow of blood stained the floor, and as I bent closer I noticed the eyelids were lowered over the dead eyes. Shot as he had been, killed instantly, the hand of the assassin must have performed this act. Then surely this killing had been no common quarrel, but a planned assassination, the culmination of some prearranged plot.

This knowledge, while it set my heart throbbing in realization of new danger, yet served also to stiffen my nerves. My thought was not so much concerned with myself and my own danger as with that of the young woman whom I was bound to protect.



It Was Murder Then—Murder!

I closed the door on the silence and stole quietly downstairs. There was no movement, no sound in the great house. The front room, hideous in its grimy disorder, was vacant, and I opened the front door noiselessly and stepped forth into the spectral gray light of the dawn. The first glimpse about was depressing enough. The house itself, big and glaring as it was, was nevertheless little better than a ruin. Several of the windows were broken, and the steps sagged and trembled under my weight. The front yard, a full half acre in extent, was a tangled mass of bushes and weeds, a high, untrimmed hedge shutting off all view of the road. From the foot of the steps a narrow passage trampled into the dirt dried the corner of the house, disappearing within a few feet. Convinced that this must lead to the rear and possibly the negro cabins where Coombs slept, I followed its tortuous windings, although half afraid to desert my guardianship of the house even for this purpose. Still there was little to be feared so long as Mrs. Bernard remained securely locked in her room. Perhaps by the time she awoke and appeared below stairs I could find a reasonable explanation of all this mystery—something to smile over, rather than fear.

I emerged into a somewhat clearer space of ground at the rear. The kitchen was an ell, constructed of rough boards, but with a single roof. The door stood ajar, and I glanced in, only to find the room empty, the pots and pans used the night before still unwashed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cape Wolfe, Canada.—"Last March I was a complete wreck. I had given up all hope of getting better or living any length of time, as I was such a sufferer from female troubles. But I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am in good health and have a pair of twin boys two months old and growing finely. I surprised doctors and neighbors for they all know what a wreck I was."

"Now I am healthy, happy and hearty, and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies. You may publish this letter if you like. I think if more women used your remedies they would have better health."—Mrs. J. T. Cook, Lot No. 7, Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., Canada.

Because your case is a difficult one, and doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of women—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Lesson VIII.—Fourth Quarter,
For Nov. 21, 1915.

Text of the Lesson, Jonah iii, 1-10.
Memory Verse, 10—Golden Text, Matt. xxviii, 19, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Any one who questions the truth or the reality of this story of Jonah casts discredit on the Lord Jesus Christ, for He called Jonah a prophet and said that his three days and nights in the belly of the fish were typical of His own three days and nights between His death and resurrection. He also spoke of the repentance of the people of Nineveh under the preaching of Jonah and of a future judgment (Matt. xii, 39-41; Luke xi, 32). To question the words of the Lord Jesus is to question God the Father, for He said that the Father always told Him what to say (John xii, 47-50). Jesus Christ said, "I am 'The Truth,' and God is called 'the God of Truth'" (John xiv, 6; Isa. lxi, 16). Therefore let our hearts cry, "Let God be true, but every man a liar;" "For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth" (Rom. iii, 4; II Cor. xiii, 8).

When Jonah is mentioned people always think of the fish, whereas the fish is mentioned but four times in the book, while God or Lord is mentioned forty times. We are not as right with God as we might be until we give the same relative importance to people and things that He does; therefore let us not magnify the fish, but the Lord. This is called a foreign missionary lesson, and it is certainly a good one on that topic, as we shall see.

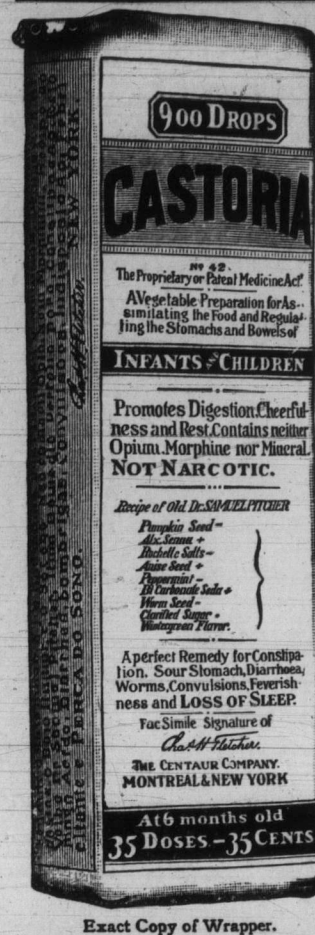
Two of the great foundation truths of the Bible are "God is love" and "The Lord is not willing that any should perish" (I John iv, 8, 16; II Pet. iii, 9). In this lesson we see a great city of at least 600,000 people (120,000 children) and much cattle, and there was great wickedness in the city (Jonah i, 2; iv, 11), but God would rather save than destroy them, and He sent Jonah to call upon them to repent that He might spare them.

That is always God's attitude to the world lying in the wicked one. He commandeth all men everywhere to repent, for He will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth (Acts xvii, 30; I Tim. ii, 3, 4). But how can they know unless some one tells? So Jonah is called of God to go and tell Nineveh that, while the Lord does not wish them to perish, unless they repent judgment will come in forty days (i, 2; iii, 4). At first Jonah is unwilling to go and seeks to flee from the call. Then follows the record of the voyage to Tarshish begun seemingly so favorably, but suddenly interrupted, for God sent two detectives to arrest His man and bring him back. A great wind to stop him and a great fish to bring him ashore (i, 4, 17). Arrested on the high seas and brought back, it reads like an up to date story, for our God is always up to date and away ahead. Look at the wireless and rapid transit as seen in the story of Daniel and Gabriel (Dan. ix, 3, 20, 21).

As to the present day attitude of those who profess to be the Lord's people toward the command of our Golden Text and of Mark xvi, 15; Luke xxiv, 47; John xxi, 23; Acts i, 8, could there be a more vivid picture than that of Jonah on this ship before the captain woke him up? The only man on the ship who knew the true God fast asleep, while the heather sailors earnestly cried unto their gods. Those who have the Bible and in it the knowledge of the living and true God and of salvation by Jesus Christ for all who will receive Him are as indifferent to the welfare of the millions of so called heathen who are earnestly calling upon their gods as was Jonah when fast asleep on that ship.

They need to hear the cry of that shipmaster: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not" (i, 6).

If we had anointed ears we might hear the heathens say, "Arise and tell us of thy God and of His great salvation." And we would surely hear God saying, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" (Isa. vi, 8). If God was seeking in this age to win the world to Himself both He and we might well be discouraged, but He is not discouraged, and He cannot fail (Isa. xlii, 4). This book of Jonah shows us his plan. Jonah was an Israelite. After his resurrection from the dead, in a figure, he went to Nineveh and preached the preaching that the Lord bade him, and a whole city repented (chapter iii). I do not know of another instance on record of a whole city turning to God. Now see the foreshadowing of His plan. Israel has long been rebellious, but when they shall see the Lord Jesus, the risen Christ, their glorious and glorified Messiah, coming in His glory, as Saul saw Him on the way to Damascus, they will receive Him and with the zeal of Paul will speedily make Him known to all the world, and whole nations will turn to Him and be saved (Isa. xxv, 9; xxvii, 6; xxxv, 10; ill, 9, 10; lx, 1-3; Rom. xi, 12, 15). Notice in this book how God used a wind, a fish, a worm and even such a strange man as Jonah and, being first of all sure that you are redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, say to Him with all your heart, "Here am I; use me." Oh, use me, Lord, use even me, just as thou wilt, and when and where, until Thy blessed face I see; Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.



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Delayed "Last Moments."

In the battle of Friedland, on June 14, 1807, there was a young lieutenant in Napoleon's army named Schramm. When the victorious general was riding over the battlefield that evening he came upon the eighteen-year-old officer lying on the ground mortally wounded and weeping bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" asked Napoleon as he rode by.

"Because I must die before I can become a captain," the youth complained.

The words of the dying lieutenant softened the emperor's heart. "My son, I shall gladly fulfill your wish," he said. "I hereby advance you to the rank of captain."

The unexpected promotion actually saved the boy's life. He recovered. Later on he fought most valiantly for the cause of Napoleon, and by the time of the battle of Waterloo he had already become a general. He outlived his "last moments" on the field of Friedland by more than seventy years.

Eugene Field and Children.

"It was children whom Field loved best," says Miss Hildegard Hawthorne in St. Nicholas, "and he would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about or boxed or nodded strange heads or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends his family knew nothing of. His brother tells how a few hours after his death a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr. Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much loved figure lay and left there. In a little while he came limping downstairs, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and went silently away, known to nobody there."

In the Distance.

Back to the land, they tell us,
To rise at five a. m.
To curdy down the chickens
And feed the sitting hen.
It really sounds alluring.
But please to mark this down:
Just two weeks of this pleasure
And, oh, you job in town!

Always the Excuse.

"I don't see what causes my hair to come out so."
"You need a wife."
"What for?"
"To chafe it up to."

Substitute For Coal.

"How is the weather in your country?"
"We have cold waves to burn."
"By the way, what kind of fuel do they make?"

So Simple.

"He has a scheme to abolish war."
"He will be known as a great world benefactor. How is he going to do it?"
"Have nations quit fighting."

HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do colds settle on your chest or in your bronchial tubes? Do coughs hang on, or are you subject to throat troubles?

Such troubles should have immediate treatment with the rare curative powers of Scott's Emulsion to guard against consumption which so easily follows. Scott's Emulsion contains pure cod liver oil which peculiarly strengthens the respiratory tract and improves the quality of the blood; the glycerine in it soothes and heals the tender membranes of the throat. Scott's is prescribed by the best specialists. You can get it at any drug store. Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont.

Kept Her Busy.

"Very busy did you say she is?"
"Very."
"And clever, too, I understand."
"Extremely clever."
"How does she occupy herself most?"
"Drawing alimony from a number of former husbands."

Knew Him of Old.

"He has a most remarkable stock of common sense."
"Who—Brown?"
"Yes."
"Is that so?"
"Most remarkable."
"Now, I wonder where he has been stocking up?"

Reverse Argument.

"His argument isn't left with a leg to stand on."
"That doesn't make any difference to it."
"Why not?"
"It looks as well standing on its head."

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE

LIVER PILLS are

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