POOR DOCUMENT

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WHEN IT WAS DARK.

BY GUY THORNE

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CHAPTER XXV.

There was a round table, covered with a gleaming white cloth, by the fire. The kidneys in the silver dish were cold, the grease had congealed. The silent servants had brought up a breakfast to him. He had watched their clever automatic movements. Did they know who they were attending on, what would happen—?

His thoughts flashed hither and thither, now surveying a world in torture, now weaving a trivial and whimsical romance about a waiter. The frightful activity of his brain, inflamed by thoughts beyond the power of even that wonderful machine, began to have a consuming physical effect.

He felt the grey matter bubbling. Agonizing pains shot from temple to temple, little knives seemed hacking at the back of his eyes. Once again in a wave of unutterable terror, the fear of madness submerged him.

On this second occasion he was unable to recall his composure by any effort which came from within himself. He stumbled into his adjoining dressing-room and selected a bottle from a shelf. It was bromide of potassium, which he had been taking of late to deaden the clamor and vibration of his nerves.

In half an hour the drug had calmed him. His face was very pale, but set and rigid. The storm was over. He felt shattered by its violence, but in an artificial peace.

He took a cigarette.

As he was lighting it his valet entered and announced that Mr. Dawlish, his man of business, was waiting in an anteroom.

He ordered that he should be shown in.

Mr. Dawlish was the junior partner of the well-known firm of city solicitors, Burrington & Tuite. That was his official description. In effect he was Schuabe's principal man of business. All his time was taken up by the millionaire's affairs all over England.

He came in quickly—a tall, well-dressed man, hair thin on the forehead, moustache carefully trained.

"You look very unwell, Mr. Schuabe," he said, with a keen glance. "Don't let these affairs overwhelm you. Nothing is so dangerous as to let the nerves go in times like these."

Schuabe started.

"How are things, Dawlish?" he said.

"Very shaky, very shaky, indeed. The shares of the Budapest Railway are to be bought for a shilling. I am afraid your investments in that concern are utterly lost. When the Bourses closed last night dealings in Foreign Government Stock were at a standstill. Turkish C and O bonds are worthless."

Again the millionaire started. "You bring me a record of disaster," he said.

"Baumann went yesterday," continued the level voice.

"My cousin," said Schuabe.

"The worst of it is that the situation is getting worse and worse. We have, as you know, made enormous efforts. But all attempts you have made to uphold your securities have only been throwing money away. The last fortnight has been frightful. More than two hundred thousand pounds have gone. In fact, an ordinary man would be ruined by the last month or two. Your position is better because of the real property in the Manchester mills."

"Trade has almost ceased."

"Close the mills down and wait. You cannot go on."

"If I do, ten thousand men will be let loose on the city with nothing but the Union funds to fall back on."

"If you don't you will be what Baumann is today—a bankrupt."

"I have eighty thousand cash on deposit at the Bank of England."

"And if you throw that away after the rest you will be done for. You don't realize the situation. It can't recover. War is inevitable. India will go, I feel it. England is going to turn into a camp. Religion is the pretext of war everywhere. Take your money from the Bank in cash and lock it up in the Safe Deposit strong rooms. Keep that sum, earning nothing, for emergencies, then wait for the other properties to recover. It will be years perhaps, but you will win through in the end. The freehold sites of the mills are alone worth almost anything. It is only paper millionaires that are easily ruined. You are a great property owner. But you must walk very warily, even you. Who could have foreseen all this? I see that fellow Hands is dead—couldn't stand the sight of the mischief he'd done, I suppose. The fool! the eternal fool! why couldn't he have kept his sham discovery to himself? Look at the unutterable misery it has brought on the world."

"You yourself, Dawlish, are you suffering the common fate?"

"I? Certainly not! That is to say, I suffer of course, but not fatally. All my investments are in building in safe quarters. I may have to reduce rents for a year or two, but my houses will not be empty. And they are my own."

"Fortunate man," said Schuabe, "but why sham discovery?"

"Out of business hours," said the solicitor, with some stiffness and hesitation, "I am a Roman Catholic, Mr. Schuabe. Good-morning. I will send the transfer round for you to sign."

The cool, machine-like man went away. The millionaire knew that his fortune was tottering, but it moved him little. He knew that his power in the country was nearly over, had dwindled to nothing in the stir of greater things around. Money was only useful as a means of power, and with a sure prescience he saw that he would never regain his old position.

The hour was over.

Whatever would be the outcome of these great affairs, the hour was past and over.

The one glowing thought which burned within him, and seemed to be eating out his life, was the awful knowledge that he and no other man had set in motion this terrible machinery which was grinding up the civilized world.

Day and night from that there was no relief.

His valet again entered and reminded his master that some people were coming to lunch. He went away and began to dress with the man's help.

The guests were only two in number. One was Ommaney, the editor of The Daily Wire, the other Mrs. Hubert Armstrong.

Both the lady and gentleman came together at about two o'clock.

Mrs. Armstrong was much changed in appearance. Her face had lost its serenity; her manner was quick and anxious; her voice strained.

The slim, quiet editor, on the other hand, seemed to be untouched by worry. Quiet and inscrutable as ever, the only change in him, perhaps, was a slight briskness, an aroma rather than an actual expression of good humor and bien etre.

They sat down to the meal. Schuabe, in his dark grey frock-coat, the careful ensemble of his dress no less than the regular beauty of his face—now smooth and calm—seemed to be beyond all mundane cares. Only the lady was ill at ease.

The conversation at first was all of the actual news of the day, as it had appeared in the morning's newspapers. Hand's death was discussed. "Poor fellow," said Mrs. Armstrong, with a sigh; "it is sad to think of his sudden ending. The burden was too much for him to bear. I can understand it when I look round upon all that is happening; it is terrible!"

"Surely you do not regret the discovery of the truth?" said Schuabe, quickly.

"I am beginning to fear truth," said the lady. "The world, it seems, was not ripe for it. In a hundred years, perhaps, our work would have paved the way. But it is premature. Look at the chaos all round us. The public has ceased to think or read. They are reading nothing. Three publishers have put up the shutters during the week."

The journalist interrupted with a dry chuckle. "They are reading The Daily Wire," he said; "the circulation is almost doubled." He sent a congratulatory glance to Schuabe.

The millionaire's great holding in the paper was a secret known only to a few. In the stress of greater affairs he had half forgotten it. A swift feeling of relief crossed his brain as he realized what this meant to his tottering fortunes.

"Poor Hands!" said the editor, "he was a nice fellow. Rather unpractical and dreamy, but a nice fellow. Owing to him we had the greatest chance that any paper has ever had in the history of journalism. We owe him a great debt. The present popularity and influence of the paper has dwarfed, positively dwarfed, all its rivals. I have given the poor fellow three columns today; I wish I could do more."

"Do you not think, Mr. Ommaney," asked Mrs. Armstrong, "that in the enormous publication of telegrams and political foreign news, the glorious fact that the world has at last awakened to a knowledge of the glorious truths of real religion is being swamped and forgotten? After all, what will be the greatest thing in history a hundred years from now? Will it not be the death of the old superstitions rather than a mutiny in the East or a war with Russia? Will not the names of the pioneers of truth remain more firmly fixed in the minds of mankind than those of generals and chancellors?"

The editor made it quite plain that these were speculations with which he had nothing whatever to do.

"It's dead, Mr. Armstrong," he said, brutally. "The religious aspect is utterly dead, and wouldn't sell an extra copy of the paper. 'It would be madness to touch it now. The public gaze is fixed on Kabul River and St. Petersburg, Belgrade and Constantinople. They have almost forgotten that Jerusalem exists. I sent out twelve special correspondents ten days ago."

Mrs. Armstrong sighed deeply. It was true, bitterly true. She was no longer of any importance in the public eye. No one asked her to lecture now. The mass meetings were all over. Not a single copy of John Mulgrave had been sold for a month. How differently she had pictured it all on that winter's morning at Sir Michael's; how brightly and gloriously it had begun, and now how bitter the denouement, how utterly beyond foresight. What was this superstition, this Christianity, which in its death struggles could overthrow a world?

"The decisive events of the world occur in the intellect." Yes, but how soon do they leave their parent and outstrip its poor control?

There was no need for women now. That was the bitterest thought of all. The movement was over—done with. A private in the Guards was a greater hero than the leader of an intellectual movement. What a monstrous bouleversement of everything.

Again the lady sighed deeply.

"No," she said again, "the world was not yet strong enough to bear the truth. I have sold my Consols," she continued; "I have been advised to do so. I was investing for my daughters when I am gone. Newspaper shares are the things to buy now, I suppose! My brokers told me that I was doing the wisest thing. They said that they could not recover for years."

"The money market is a thing I have very little concern with, except inasmuch as it affects large public issues," said the editor. "I leave it all to my city editor and his staff—men in whom I have the greatest possible trust. But I heard a curious piece of news last night. I don't know what it portends; perhaps Mr. Schuabe can tell me; he knows all about these things. Sir Michael Manichoe, the head of the Church political party, you know, has been buying Consols enormously. Keith, my city editor, told me. He has, so it appears, invested enormous sums. Consols will go up in consequence. But even then I don't see how he can repay himself. They cannot rise much."

"I wonder if I was well advised to sell?" said Mrs. Armstrong, nervously. "They say Sir Michael never makes a mistake. He must have some private information."

"I don't think that is possible, Mrs. Armstrong," Ommaney said. "Of course Sir Michael may very likely know something about the situation which is not yet public. He may be reckoning on it. But things are in such hopeless confusion that no sane speculator would buy for a small rise which endured for half a day. He would not be able to unload quickly enough. It seems as if Sir Michael is buying for a permanent recovery. And I assure you that nothing can bring that about now. Only one thing at least."

"What is that?" asked both Mrs. Armstrong and Schuabe together.

The editor paused, while a faint smile flickered over his face. "Ah," he said, "an impossibility, of course. If anyone discovered that 'The Discovery' was a fraud—a great forgery, for instance—then we should see a universal relief."

"That, of course, is asking for an impossibility," said Mrs. Armstrong, rather shortly. She resented the somewhat flippant tone of the great man.

"These things were all her life. To Ommaney they but represented a passing panorama in which he took absolutely no personal interest. The novelist disliked and feared this detachment. It warred with her strong sense of mental duty. The highly-trained journalist, to whom all life was but news, news, news, was a strange modern product which warred with her sense of what was fitting.

"You're not well!" said the editor, suddenly turning to Schuabe, who had grown very pale. His voice reassured them.

It was without a trace of weakness.

The "Perfectly, thank you" was deliberate and calm as ever. Ommaney, however, noticed that, with a very steady hand, the host poured out nearly a tumbler of Burgundy and drank it in one draught.

Schaube had been taking nothing stronger than water hitherto during the progress of the meal.

The man who had been waiting had just left the room for coffee. After Ommaney had spoken, there was a slight, almost embarrassed, silence.

A sudden interruption came from the door of the room.

It opened with a quick push and turn of the handle, quite unlike the deliberate movements of any one of the attendants.

Sir Robert Llewellyn strode into the room. It was obvious that he was laboring under some almost uncontrollable agitation. The great face, usually so jolly and fresh-colored, was ghastly pale. There was a fixed stare of fright in his eyes. He had forgotten to remove his silk hat, which was grotesquely tilted on his head, showing the hair matted with perspiration.

Ommaney and Mrs. Armstrong sat perfectly still.

They were paralyzed with wonder at the sudden apparition of this famous person, obviously in such urgent hurry and distress.

Then, with the natural instinct of well-bred people, their heads turned away, their eyes fell to their plates and they began to converse in an undertone upon trivial matters.

Schuabe had risen with a quick, snake-like movement, utterly unlike his general deliberation. In a moment he had crossed the room and taken Llwellyn's arm in a firm grip, looking him steadily in the face with an ominous and warning frown.

That clear, sword-like glance seemed to nerve the big man into more restraint. A wave of artificial composure passed over him. He removed his hat and breathed deeply.

Then he spoke in a voice which trembled somewhat, but which, nevertheless, attained something of control.

"I am really very sorry," he said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "to have burst in upon you like this. Please excuse me. But the truth is—the truth is, that I am in rather a hurry to see you. I have an important message for you from"—he hesitated a single moment before he found the ready lie—"From Lord ——. There are—there is something going on at the House of Commons which'——

"But I will tell you later on. How do you do, Mrs. Hubert? How are you, Ommaney? Fearfully rushed, of course! We archaeologists are the only people who have leisure nowadays. No, thanks, Schuabe, I lunched before I came. Coffee? Oh, yes; excellent!"

His manner was noticeably forced and unnatural in its artificial geniality. The man, who had now entered with coffee, brought the tray to him, but instead of taking any he half filled an empty cup with Kummel and drank it off.

His hurried explanation hardly deceived the two shrewd people at the table, but at least it made it obvious that he wished to be alone with their host.

There was a little desultory conversation over the coffee, in which Llwellyn took a too easy and hilarious part, and then Mrs. Armstrong got up to go.

Ommaney followed her.

Schuabe walked with them a little way down the corridor. While he was out of the room, Llwellyn walked unsteadily to a sideboard. With shaking hand he mixed himself a large brandy and soda. His shaking hands, the intense greed with which he swallowed the mixture, were horrible in their sensual revelation. The mask of pleasantness had gone; the reserve of good manners disappeared.

He stood there naked, as it were—a vast bulk of a man in deadly fear.

Schuabe arose and closed the door silently. He drew Llewlyn to the old spot, right in the centre of the great room. There was a wild question in his eyes which his lips seemed powerless to utter.

"Gertrude!" gasped the big man. "You know she came back to me. I told you at the club that it was all right between us again?"

An immeasurable relief crossed the Jew's face. He pushed his friend away with a snarl of concentrated disgust.

"You come here," he hissed venomously, "and burst into my rooms to tell me of your petty amours. Have I not borne with the story of your lust and degradation enough? You come here as if the"—. He stopped suddenly. The words died away on his lips.

Llwellyn was transformed.

Even in his terror and agitation an ugly sneer blazed out upon his face. His nostrils curled with evil laughter. His voice became low and threatening. Something subtly vulgar and common stole into it. It was this last that arrested Schuabe. It was horrible.

"Not quite so fast, my good friend," said Llwellyn. "Wait and hear my story; and, damn you! if you talk to me like that again, I'll kill you! Things are equal now, my Jewish partner—equal between us. If I am in danger, why, so are you; and either you speak civilly or you pay the penalty."

A curious thing happened. The enormous overbearing brutality of the man, his vitality, seemed to cow and beat down the master mind.

Schuabe, for the moment, was weak in the hands of his inferior. As yet he had heard nothing of what the other had come to tell; he was conscious only of hands of cold fear knocking at his heart.

He seemed to shrink into himself. For the first and last time in his life, the inherited slavishness in his blood asserted itself.

He had never known such degradation before. The beauty of his face went out like an extinguished candle. His features grew markedly Semitic; he cringed and fawned, as his ancestors had cringed and fawned before fools in power hundreds of years back.

This inexpressibly disgusting change in the distinguished man had its immediate effect upon his companion. It was new and utterly startling. He had some to lean on Schuabe, to place the threads of a dreadful dilemma in his hand, to rest upon his master mind.

So, for a second or two, in loathsome pantomime the men bowed and salaamed to each other in the centre of the room, not knowing what they did.

It was Sir Robert who pulled himself together first. The fear which was rushing over him in waves gave him back a semblance of control.

"We must not quarrel now," Llewllyn said in a swift, eager voice. "Listen to me. We are on the brink of terrible things. Gertrude Hunt came back to me, as you know. She told me that she was sick to death of her friends the priests, that the old life called her, that she could not live apart from me. She mocked at her sudden conversion. I thought that it was real. I laughed and mocked with her. I trusted her as I would trust myself."

He paused for a moment, choking down the immense agitation which rose up in his throat and half strangled speech.

Schuabe's eyes, attentive and fixed, were still uncomprehending. Still the Jew did not see whither Llwellyn was leading—could not understand.

"She's gone!" said the big man, all color fading absolutely from his face. "And Schuabe, in my mad folly and infatuation, in my incredible foolishness . . . . I told her everything."

A sudden sharp animal moan burst from Shuabe's lips—clear, vibrant and bestial in the silence.

His rigidity changed into an extraordinary trembling. It was a temporary palsy which set every separate limb trembling with an independent motion. He waited thus, with an ashen face, to hear more.

Llewellyn, when the irremediable fact had passed his lips, when the enormous difficulty of confession was surmounted, proceeded with slight relief.

"This might, you will think, be just possibly without significance for us." It might be a coincidence. But it is not so, Schaube. I know now, as certainly as I can know anything, that she came to me, was sent to me, by the people who have got hold of her. There has been suspicion for some time, there must have been. We have been ruined by this woman I trusted."

"But why * * * how?"

"Because, Schuabe, as I was walking down Chancery Lane not an hour since I saw Gertrude come out of Lincoln's Inn with the clergyman Gortre. They got into a cab together and drove away. And more: I learn from Lambert, my assistant at the Museum, that Harold Spence, the journalist, who is a member of his club and a friend of his, left for Palestine several days ago."

"I have just heard," whispered Schuabe, "that Sir Michael Manichoe has been buying large parcels of Consols."

"The thing is over. We must—"

"Hush!" said the Jew, menacingly. "All is not lost yet. Perhaps, the strong probability is, that only this Gortre knows yet. Even if anything is known to others, it is only vague, and cannot be substantiated until the man in Palestine gets a letter. Without this woman and Gortre we are safe."

The professor looked at him and understood. Nor was there any terror in his face, only a faint film of relief.

Five minutes afterwards the two distinguished men, talking easily together, walked through the vestibule of the hotel, down the great courtyard and into the roaring Strand.

A hotel clerk explained the celebrities to a voluble group of American tourists as they went by.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Key to the Secret.

Harold Spence was essentally a man of action. His mental and moral health depended for its continuance upon the active prosecution of affairs more than most men's.

A product of the day, "modern" in his culture, modern in his ideals, he must live the vivid, eager, strenuous life of his times for the fibres of his brain became slack and loosened.

In the absorbing interest of his first mission to the East Spence had found work which exactly suited his temperament. It was work which keyed him up to his best and most successful efforts.

But when that was over, when the news that he had given briliantly to the world became the world's and was no longer his, then the reaction set in.

The whole man became relaxed and unstrung; he was drifting into a sloth of the mind and body when Gortre had arrived from the North with his message of hope.

The renewed opportunity of action, the tonic to his weak and waning faith—that faith which alone was able to keep him clean and worthy—again strung up the chords of his manhood till they vibrated in harmony.

Once more Spence was in the Holy City.

But a short time ago he was at Jerusalem as the collective eye of millions of Englishmen, the telegraph wires stretched out behind him to London.

Now he was, to all official intents, a private person, yet, as the steamer cast anchor in the roadstead of Jaffa, he had realized that a more tremendous, responsibility than ever before rested with him.

The last words spoken to Spence in England had been those of Sir Michael Manichoe. The great man was bidding him good-bye at Charing Cross.

"Remember," he had said, "that whatever proof or help we may get from this woman, Gertrude Hunt, will be the basis for you to work on in the East. We shall cable every result of our investigations here. Remember that, as we think, you have immense ability and resource against you. Go very warily. As I have said before, no sum is too great to sacrifice, no sacrifice too great to make."

There had been a day's delay at Jaffa. It had been a day of strange, bewildering thoughts to the journalist.

The "Gate of the Holy Land" is not, as many people suppose, a fine harbor, a thronged port.

The navies of the ancient world which congregated there were smaller than even the coasting steamers of today. They found shelter in a narrow space of more or less untroubled water between the shelving rock of the long, flat shore and a low reef rising out of the sea parallel to the town. The vessels with timber for Solomon's Temple tossed almost unsheltered before the terraces of ochre-colored Oriental houses.

For several hours it had been too rough for the passengers on the French boat to land. More than a mile of restless bottle-green sea separated them from the rude ladders fastened to the wave-washed quay.

There had been one of the heavy rainstorms which at that season of the year visit Palestine. Over the Moslem minarets of the town the purple tops of the central mountains of Judah and Ephraim showed clear and far away.

The time of waiting gave Spence an opportunty for collecting and ordering his thoughts, for summing up the situation and trying to get at the very heart of its meaning.

The Messagerie steamer was the only one in the roads. Two coasting craft with rags of light brown sails were beating over the swell into the Mediterranean.

The sky was cloudy, the air still and warm. Only the sea was turbulent and uneasy, the steamer rolled with a sickening regular movement, and the anchor chains beat and rattled with the precision of a pendulum.

Spence sat on the indiarubber treads of the steps leading up to the bridge, with an arm crooked round a white-painted stanchion supporting the handrail. A few yards away two lascars were working a chain and pulley, drawing up zinc boxes of ashes from the stoke-hold and tipping the minto the sea. As the clinkers fell into the water a little cloud of steam rose from them.

There were but few passengers on the ship, which wore a somewhat neglected, "off-duty" aspect. No longer were the cabins filled with drilled bands of tourists with their loud-voiced lecturing cleric in charge. Not now was there the accustomed rush to the main deck, the pious ejaculations at the first sight of Palestine, the electric knocking at the hearts even of the least devout.

Nobody came to Jerusalem now from England. From Beyrout to Jaffa the maritime plain was silent and deserted, and no tourists plucked the roses of Sharon any more.

A German commercial traveller, with cases of cutlery, from Essen, was arguing with the little Greek steward about his wine bill; a professional photographer from Alexandria, traveling with his cameras for a New York firm of art publishers; two Turkish officers smoking cigarettes; a Russian gentleman with two young sons; a fat man in flannels and with an unshaven chin, very much at home; an orange buyer from a warehouse by the Tower Bridge—these were the undistinguished companions of the journalist.

The steward clapped his hands; dejeuner was ready. The passengers tumbled down to the saloon. Spence declined the loud-voiced Cockney invitation of the fruit merchant and remained where he was, gazing with unseeing eyes at the low Eastern town, which rose and fell before him as the ship rolled lazily from side to side.

There was something immensely, tremendously incongruous in his position. It was without precedent. He had come, in the first place, as a sort of private inquiry agent. He was a detective charged by a group of three or four people, a clergyman or two, a wealthy member of parliament, to find out the yearold movements—if, indeed, movements there had been!—of a distinguished European professor. He was to pry, to question, to deceive. This much in itself was utterly astonishing, strangely difficult of realization.

But how much more there was to stir and confuse his brain!

He was coming back alone to Jerusalem. But a short time ago he had seen the great savants of Europe—only thirty miles beyond this Eastern town—reluctantly pronounce the words which meant the downfall of the Christian Faith.

The gunboat which had brought them all was anchored in this very spot. A Turkish guard had been waiting yonder on the quay, they had gone along the new road to Jerusalem in open carriages—through the orange groves—riding to make history.

And now he was here once more.

While he sat on this dingy steamer in this remote corner of the Mediterranean it was no exaggeration to say that the whole world was in a state of cataclysm such as it had hardly at least, not often—known before.

It was his business to watch events, to forecast whither they would lead. He was a Simon Magus of the modern world, with an electric wire and stylographic pen to prophesy with. He of all men could see and realize what was happening all over the globe. He was more alarmed then even the man in the street. This much was certain.

And a day's easy ride away lay the little town which held the acre of rocky ground from which all these horrors, this imminent upheveal, had come.

Again it seemed beyond the power of his brain to seize it all, to contain the vastness of his thoughts.

These facts, which all the world knew, were almost too stupendous for belief. But when he dwelt upon the personal aspect of them he was as a traveler whose way is irrevocably barred by sheer precipice.

At the very first he had been one mouthpiece of the news. For some hours the packet containing it had hung in the dressing-room of a London Turkish bath.

His act had recoiled upon himself, for when Gortre found him in the chambers he was spiritually dying.

Could this suspicion of Schuabe and Llwellyn possibly be true? It had seemed both plausible and probable in Sir Michael's study in London. But out here in the Jaffa roadstead, when he realized—or tried to realize—that on him might depend the salvation of the world. . . . He laughed aloud at that monstrous grandiloquent phrase. He was in the nineteenth century, not the tenth.

He doubted more and more. Had it been anyone else it might have been possible to believe. But he could not see himself in this stupendous role.

The mental processes became insupportable, he dismissed thought with a great effort of will and got up from his seat.

At least there was some action, something definite to do waiting for him. Speculation only blurred everything. He would be true to the trust his friends in England reposed in him and leave the rest to happen as it was fated.

There was a relief in that attitude—the Arab attitude. Kismet!

Griggs, the fruit merchant, came up from the saloon wiping his lips.

"Bit orf," he said, "waiting like this. But the sea will go down soon. Last spring I had to go on to Beyrout, the weather was that rough. Ever tried that Vin de Rishon le Zion? It's a treat. Made from Bordeaux vines transplanted to Palestine—you'll pass the fields on the way up—just had a half bottle. Hallo!—look, there's the boat at last—old Francis Karane's boat. Must go and look after my traps."

A long boat was creeping out from behind the reef. Spence went to his cabin to see after his light kit. It was better to move and work than to think.

. . . . . .

It was early morning—the morning after Spence's arrival in Jerusalem. He slept well and soundly in his hotel, room, tired by the long ride—for he had come on horse-back over the moonlight slopes of Ajalon.

When at length he awoke it was with a sensation of mental and bodly vigor, a quickening of all his pulses in hope and expectation, which was in fine contrast to the doubts and hesitations of the Jaffa roads.

A bright sun poured into the room.

He got up and went to the window. There was a deep, unspoken prayer in his heart.

The hotel was in Akra, the European and Christian quarter of Jerusalem, close by the Jaffa Gate, with the Tower of Hippicus frowning down upon it.

The whole extent of the city lay beneath the windows in a glorious panorama, washed as it was in the brilliant morning light. Far beyond, a dark shadow yet, the Olivet range rose in background to the minarets and cupolas below it.

His eyes roved over the prospect, marking and recognizing the buildings.

There was the purple dome of the great Mosque of Omar, very clear against the amber-primrose lights of dawn.

Where now the mezzuin called to Allah, the burnt-offerings had once smoked in the courts of the Temple—it was in that spot the mysterious veil had parted in symbol of God's pain and death. It was in the porches bounding the court of the Gentiles that Christ had taught.

(To be continued.)

"GLORIFY GOLD, NOT GOD"

President Schurman of Cornell Declares This is What the American People Are Doing—Has No Fear of Anything But Penitentiary and Scaffold—Cardinal Principle is to Get Money at Any Cost.

Syracuse, Jan. 2.—Pres. Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell University, delivered a remarkable address on the universal craze for wealth before the union meeting of the Associated Academic Principals of the state of New York. He said:

"If a visitor from Mars alighted on our continent he would hear the pulpits proclaim 'Glorify God;' but he would find it the general practice to 'Glorify Gold.'

"Are we then in the twentieth century to revert to the barbarous worship of Mammon? Are Americans to renounce their Christian heritage; are they to repudiate the Hebrew law of righteousness, are they to disclaim the Hellenic call to reason and beauty, are they to spurn the dignity and glory of mankind in order to concentrate all their energies on the gratification of acquisitive instincts which we possess in common with the brutes, and which, when exclusively followed and satisfied, only leave us more complacently and more hopelessly brutish?

"The universal passion for money and whatever money buys is an amusing phenomenon. It has been nourished by the colossal material prosperity of the age. It has allied itself with the ambition of the American youth to succeed in the world. We should naturally expect that it would have met invincible opposition from religion; but religion, already weakened by the decline of dogmatic faith, and falling back on institutions and organizations, has itself been too often tempted to purchase the gifts of the Holy Ghost with money. Well, the craze may endure for a season, but disillusionment is certain.

"The vice—the natural and almost inevitable vice — of a generation which makes money the chief end of life is dishonesty and 'graft,' The cardinal maxim of such an age is 'Put money in thy purse.' And whether the money be thine or thy neighbors is a matter of little moment. That is to say, life being emptied of all moral and spiritual significance, and money being exalted as the chief good, the man who gets most money has not only achieved the greatest success but best fulfilled the recognized end of existence.

"It is a generation which has no fear of God before its eyes; it fears no hell it fears nothing but the criminal court, the penitentiary and the scaffold. To escape these ugly avengers of civil society is its only categorical imperative, the only law with which its Sinai thunders.

"To get there and not get caught is its only Golden Rule. To 'get rich quick' the financiers of this age will rob the widow and the orphan, grind the face of the poor, speculate in trust funds, and purchase immunity by using other people's money to bribe legislators, judges and magistrates.

"And then we hear the praises of the poor boys who have become millionaires. O God! send us men of honor and integrity!"

FIRE IN FURNESS LINER'S CARGO

Steamer Florence at Halifax Reports Spontaneous Combustion Caused Blaze Which Caused Some Damage.

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 3.—(Special)—The furness liner Florence, which arrived from London this morning, met with a continuation of terrific head gales and high seas on the way over and was tossed about badly. The cargo in number two hold was shifted and a number of barrels of oil were broken, their contents mixing with a lot of hemp and causing a fire from spontaneous combustion. After hard work the burning bales were got out by the crew and thrown over board. The ship received no damage.

SPOTTER AT WORK

Street Railway Conductor Reported to Have Lost Job Through One.

The motormen and conductors on the St. John street railway are feeling somewhat indignant because of the recent activity of a man whom they regard as being a "spotter."

The person in question, they claim, was formerly in the employ of the street railway. It is understood that of late he asked for, and was given, a dozen or so of transfers by a conductor. This was a violation of the rules, but the transfers were given in view of the other's previous connection with the line. Subsequently, the conduct of the conductor was reported at headquarters, and on Monday, he was suspended.

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