

Dec. 7, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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Gordon Craig SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By RANDALL PARRISH
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"Waal, I told yer," he growled resentfully. "Yer kin believe or not, just as you please, but so help me that's the truth. I reckon I know."

As I stared at him, half believing, half incredulous, I became conscious that she stood in the hall doorway. Coombs lifted his head, glad of any respite, and I glanced aside also, dropping the pistol back into my coat pocket.

"You—you were quarreling?" she asked, coming into the room. "You were so long I became anxious and came down."

"Nothing serious," I assured her smilingly. "Coombs here was a little reluctant to impart information, and I was compelled to resort to primitive methods. The result has been quite satisfactory."

"Kin I go now?" he asked uneasily.

"Yes, by way of the front door."

I watched his great hulking figure until he disappeared along the path leading around the house. I had no fear that he would ever face me openly. All I needed to guard against was treachery. Then I turned and looked into the questioning eyes of the woman.

"What did you learn? What did he say?"

"Only one thing of real importance," I answered in subdued tone, "and I dragged that out of him by threat. He was not employed by Neale, and the fellow who was sent down here to assist us was disposed of in some way."

"Killed you mean?"

"I suspect as much, but Coombs claims he was kicked off the place and returned north."

For a moment she stood silent, breathing heavily, her eyes on my face. In the pause I saw again the picture of the old judge and remembered.

"Why is he here, then? What authority has he?"

"Come outside into the garden and I will tell you the whole story."

In front of the veranda and to the right of the brick walk the latticework of a small summer house could be discerned through a maze of shrubbery and weeds. On a rustic seat within we were completely screened from observation. With flushed cheeks and eyes bright and questioning she could scarcely wait for me to begin.

"Now tell me. Surely you are out of sight and hearing."

"I do not think I shall ever be entirely assured as to that until I know more of our exact situation," I replied, speaking cautiously. "We may have been seen coming here, and those weeds would easily conceal an eavesdropper. The truth is, I have gained very little information of value and am as mystified as ever. If that fellow told the truth it is beyond my understanding. I think he lied and yet cannot be sure. He claims to be working under the orders of Philip Henley."

"What! Impossible!"

"So I felt, and consequently hesitated to tell you, but now that I have been compelled to do so, I will explain in full. He said this under a menace, a condition which often inspires men to speak the truth. I can scarcely imagine his making up such a story, for he is a dull witted fellow, and even before he had threatened to test your claims to be Henley's wife."

"You told him, then?"

"Everything, except the original cause of our being here. I determined this morning to fight in the open, under my own name. That is the right way, is it not?"

"Yes, I think so," she lifted her eyes to mine. "I like you better for that."

"I think I like myself better also," I said with a laugh. "I confess I didn't care much at first. But after what you said the night of our arrival I began to view the thing in a new light, and to despise my part in it. Yet even then I felt bound to carry out my agreement. It was only when you told me your identity, that I felt free to decide otherwise. I want to serve you, and I want you to respect me. Down in your heart you haven't really been assured that I was not one of that gang of conspirators. You came down here to watch me."

"No—no. I scarcely think I ever did doubt you, only it was all very strange. Nothing seemed real."

"We are both getting our heads above the mist now," I interrupted gently, "and deep as the mystery appears, when finally solved it will likely prove a very sordid, commonplace affair. The main thing is for us to thoroughly understand and trust each other."

"I trust you." And both her hands were impulsively extended. "I have from the very first. I did not come here to watch, but because I believed in you. Truly this was my motive rather than any thought of the property. I came because—because I knew you needed me. I had an intuition that you were going into danger, into some trap. It was not until that afternoon that I realized clearly what this all meant to me personally. I seemed to wake up as from a dream. Then I sat down in the rest room of one of those big department stores and thought it all out. At first I determined to tell you everything, but I did not know you at all. I trusted

you, I believed in you, I—I had to test you, Gordon Craig."

"My only wonder is that you retained any confidence."

"Oh, but I did," she insisted warmly. "That alone brought me here. I came back to you that night because—because I believed you to be a gentle-

man. I am convinced I chose aright. You are the man I thought you to be. I am glad I came."

For an instant the hot blood coursed through my veins. Wild words leaped to my lips, only to be choked back unspoken, although I scarcely knew what strength combined to win the swift struggle. Impulse, made with sudden revelation of love, swept me perilously near to outburst, yet reason held sufficiently firm to restrain the flood of passion. I knew I must restrain; I read it in the calm depths of those eyes fronting me in frank friendship. A word, a single, mad, ill considered word would sever the bond between us as though cleft by a sword. With any other I might have dared all, but not with her. She trusted me—yes! But as a gentleman. Should I fall in that test of her faith I could never again hope to regain my place in her esteem.

"Let's not talk of ourselves," I said, releasing her hands, "but of what we must face here. I have told you that Coombs claims to be working under the orders of your husband. Is that possible?"

"I cannot conceive clearly how it could be, and yet he might have received notice of his father's death in time to assume control of the estate by telegraph or even by letter."

"I hardly think Coombs has been here so short a time."

"He might have been the old overseer, however, and retained."

"True. Yet how could Philip Henley know that he had inherited the property?"

"She thought a moment seriously, a little crease in the center of her forehead."

"Of course I can only guess," she hazarded at length, "but it would seem likely he was notified of his father's death by one of the administrators and doubtless told at the same time of his inheritance. He was the only son, and there were no other near relatives. It would be only natural for him to retain the old servants until he could come here and select others."

"There is only one fact which opposes your theory," I acknowledged, "otherwise I would accept it as my own also. Coombs plainly threatened to confront you with Henley to test your claim to being his wife."

"Even that would not be impossible," she admitted reluctantly, "for he must have known of the judge's death even before—before I left. Only I do not believe it probable, as he was in no condition to travel and had very little money. Besides," her voice strengthened with conviction, "those men who sent you here, Neale and Vail, would never have ventured such a scheme had they been uncertain as to Philip Henley's helplessness. I believe he is either in their control or else dead."

"Then Coombs lied."

"Perhaps, although still another supposition is possible. Some one else may claim to be the heir."

"This was a new theory and one not thought. Still it was sufficiently probable, so that I dismissed it without much consideration. She apparently read this in my face."

"It is all groping in the dark until we learn more," she went on slowly. "Have you decided what you mean to do?"

"Only indefinitely. I want to make a careful exploration of the house and grounds by daylight. This may reveal something of value. Then we will go into Carleton before dark. I cannot consent to your remaining here another night after what has occurred. Besides, we should consult a lawyer—the best we can find—and then proceed under his advice. Do you agree?"

"Certainly; and how can I be of assistance?"

"If you could go back to the house and keep Sallie busy in the kitchen for an hour; hold her there at something so as to give me free range of the house."

"With Sallie?" She lifted her hands in aversion. "It doesn't seem as though I could stand that. But," she added, rising resolutely to her feet, "I will if

you wish it. Of course I ought to do what little I can. Why, what is this—a seal ring?"

She stooped and picked the article up from the floor out of a litter of dead leaves and held it to the light between her fingers. As she gazed her cheeks whitened, and when her eyes again met mine they evidenced fear.

"That—that was Philip Henley's ring," she said gravely. "Family heirloom; he always wore it. He must be here."

"At least it would seem that he has been. The seal is a peculiar one, not likely to be duplicated. But I doubt if he is here now, for he could have no reason for avoiding us, unless—"

"I know what you mean," she replied, as I hesitated, "unless he intended to repudiate me, to refuse me recognition."

"Is he that kind of a man?"

"No, not when sober. Under the influence of liquor he becomes a brute, capable of any meanness."

"Perhaps that may be the secret then. The others here may be keeping him intoxicated and hidden away for purposes of their own. However, this need not change our plans. Will you go in to Sallie?"

"Yes; it will be a relief to be busy, to feel that I am accomplishing something."

I stood upon the bench, from where I could look out above the weeds and tangled bushes, and followed her course to the house. At top of the steps she paused an instant to glance back and then disappeared within. I waited patiently, knowing that if she failed to discover the housekeeper she would give some signal. Meanwhile I watched the weed grown area about me carefully in search of any skulker observing our movements.

The knowledge that Philip Henley was alive, that any discoveries I might make would benefit him even more than his wife, robbed me of some interest in the outcome. Nothing I had heard of the man was favorable to his character. I felt profoundly convinced that whatever affection his wife might have once entertained for him had long ago vanished through neglect and abuse. My sympathies were altogether with her, and I had already begun to dream of her as free. She had come into contact with my life in such a way as to impress me greatly. We had been thrown together in strange familiarity. Little by little I had grown to appreciate her beauty, not only of face, but also of womanly character.

I dreaded the reappearance of Henley. Would she return to him? Would she forgive the past? I could not be ignorant of the fact that she liked me, trusted me as a friend. But beyond this rather colorless certainty I possessed no assurance. She was not the kind ever to compromise with duty nor to pretend. No love for me, even if it had already begun to blossom in her secret heart, would make her disloyal to sacred vows. I knew that and deep down in my own consciousness honored her the more, even while I struggled against the inevitable. Yesterday I might have spoken the words of passion on my lips, but now they were sealed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ancient Weapon.

There is on exhibition at Woolwich a bronze gun, weighing eighteen tons and made of two pieces of metal screwed together, which was employed during the defence of the Dardanelles in 1468.

No School Prizes.

It has been decided by the London County Council to suspend during the war the award of prizes in elementary schools and so save \$50,000 a year.

ONLY SIXTEEN, GIRL VERY SICK

Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

New Orleans, La.—"I take pleasure in writing these lines to express my gratitude to you. I am only 16 years old and work in a tobacco factory. I have been a very sick girl but I have improved wonderfully since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now looking fine and feeling a thousand times better."

—Miss AMELIA JAQUILLARD, 891 Tchoupitoulas St., New Orleans, La.

St. Clair, Pa.—"My mother was alarmed because I was troubled with suppression and had pains in my back and side, and severe headaches. I had pimples on my face, my complexion was sallow, my sleep was disturbed, I had nervous spells, was very tired and had no ambition. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has worked like a charm in my case and has regulated me. I worked in a mill among hundreds of girls and have recommended your medicine to many of them."—Miss ESTELLA MAGUIRE, 110 Thwing St., St. Clair, Pa.

There is nothing that teaches more than experience. Therefore, such letters from girls who have suffered and were restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be a lesson to others. The same remedy is within reach of all.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 12, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Hos. xi, 1-11. Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, Hos. xi, 4—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Again we are reminded that the two great topics of the Bible are the love of God and the sinfulness of man. His love to Israel as a people is everywhere set forth, and briefly summarized in the first verse of our lesson. In Ex. iv, 22, He said, "Israel is my son, my firstborn." In Deut. vii, 6-8, He said, "The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself above all people," and the only reason given is "Because the Lord loved you." Of course He expected them to love Him in return (Deut. vi, 4, 5), and it was their failure to do so, and their loving idols in His stead that grieved Him. In Isaiah, who was contemporary with Hosea (Isa. i, 1; Hos. i, 1), He says: "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" (Isa. v, 4.) In our lesson chapter He not only says, "I loved him," but He also says, "I taught Ephraim to go; I healed them; I drew them with cords of a man with bands of love; I laid meat unto them" (verses 1-4). He ever reminded them that He brought them out of the land of Egypt and that He alone was their Saviour (xiii, 4; Isa. xlii, 3, 11); but he had to say, "My people are bent to backsliding from me. O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself" (verse 7; chapter xii, 9). The sin was all theirs. His was the unchanging love. His yearning for them and desire to win them back to Him is seen in such words as these, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel?" "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, * * * I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely" (verse 8; chapter xiv, 1, 4). Hear Him in Ps. lxxxi, 10-10, as He again reminds them that He brought them out of Egypt: "My people would not hearken to my voice, and Israel would none of me. Oh, that my people had hearkened unto me and Israel had walked in my ways."

It was the same cry when He was here in humiliation: "How often would I, and ye would not." "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (Matt. xlii, 37; John i, 10, 11). What an almost unbelievable record it is that such a God of love should receive such treatment from those whom He so lovingly and patiently seeks to win to Himself that He may bless them and bestow upon them His fullness! Those who have this world's wealth to bestow have no difficulty in finding willing recipients, but the great God, the Creator of heaven and earth, who giveth to all life and breath and all things, in whom we live and move and have our being, can scarce get a hearing and receives only ingratitude from those for whom He does so much. Why does He bear with such a people and not blot us from off the earth, as He did in the days of Noah? Because He is God and not man, and not willing that any should perish (verse 9; II Pet. iii, 9). He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that we might not perish. The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me. He bore my sins in His own body on the cross that I might be delivered from the wrath to come (John iii, 16; Gal. ii, 20; I Pet. ii, 24; I Thess. i, 10).

What kind of a hard, ungrateful heart must I have if such love does not constrain me to live no longer unto myself, but unto Him who so loved me? Whether in Israel or in believers now, the heart is always the same, deceitful and desperately wicked. But He is ever ready to receive and forgive all who truly turn to Him, and when the backslider comes to himself and returns to his Father, even though in rags and filth, there is a hearty welcome for him, with no upbidding. Neither of those sons in Luke xv knew their father, neither the one that spent all on himself nor the one who remained at home and thought that he did his duty. The wanderer knew him better after his loving welcome home. The dumb brutes know their masters better than God's people know Him (Isa. i, 2, 3). We vainly think to please Him by sacrifice and offering, but we cannot until we have first allowed Him to have mercy upon us (Hos. vi, 6; Matt. ix, 13). Our own doings beset us about and keep us from turning to God (Hos. v, 4; vi, 2). But when we cease from our own doings, having seen the folly of them, and turn helplessly to Him, then He abundantly pardons and gives Himself wholly to us, and such love constrains us to wait on Him.

The first verse of our lesson had a fulfillment in the Son of God, the True Israel, the Son of Mary (Matt. ii, 15), and in Him alone of all the sons of men did the Father find that which He desired. He never pleased Himself nor sought His own will nor in any way, in thought, word or deed, dispensed His Father, but could say truthfully, "I do always those things that please Him." "I delight to do Thy will, O my God" (John viii, 29; Ps. xl, 8). His resurrection from the dead and His return from heaven in glory were seen in Hos. vi, 1-3, including the resurrection of all His redeemed.

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LAY OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Why It Stops When the Little Birds Come Out of the Shell.

It is generally assumed that a bird sings because he is happy, but science goes deeper for an explanation of the why and wherefore of the bird's song. Nature's optimistic joy in constructive progress is expressed in the singing of the male birds who charm their mates to further their wooing and continue after eggs are laid to encourage the fulfillment of hatching.

The song stops when the little birds come out of the shell. The nightingale for weeks during the period of nest building and hatching charms his mate and human ears near him with the beautiful music of his love song. But as soon as the little nightingales come from the eggs the song changes to a sort of guttural croak, implying anxiety and sense of responsibility.

If the nest and contents were destroyed the nightingale would at once resume his beautiful song to inspire his mate to help him build another nest and start all over again the loving work of being fruitful and multiplying.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Economizing Labor.

Two laborers were engaged to deepen a well which had become dry. One of them sent his mate down into the well while he sat at the top and directed the work. He first ordered the other man to "dig a bit on this side," then the latter, tired of both the work and the orders, exclaimed, "You sit up there and use your tongue, while I have to do all the work!" "One man here giving directions," said the man at the top, "can do as much as ten men down there." Thereupon his mate threw down his pick and climbed up beside the other man. "What are you doing here?" inquired the latter. "Two men up here," answered his mate, "can do as much as twenty men down there!"—London Strand.

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A WORD FOR MOTHERS

It is a grave mistake for mothers to neglect their aches and pains and suffer in silence—this only leads to chronic sickness and often shortens life.

If your work is tiring; if your nerves are excited; if you feel languid, weary or depressed, you should know that Scott's Emulsion overcomes just such conditions.

It possesses in concentrated form the very elements to invigorate the blood, strengthen the tissues, nourish the nerves and build strength.

Scott's is strengthening thousands of mothers—and will help you. Try it. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

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LEAST RESISTANCE.

THERE is really nothing in it As you journey day by day To be fussing with the neighbors And the folks along the way. You can as you labor daily Pull as many dollars down From the place where they are hiding With a smile as with a frown.

If you care to lay a wager It's a safe and certain bet There is nothing for the kicker That the others do not get. For in meeting with a stranger He can very soon depend On a man who hates his picture Where he might have had a friend.

It's a rough and tumble mixup That at best we have to face, And a grouch as excess baggage Wins us neither friends nor place. When you jolt a fellow being, When his head you try to crack, You can bet that he is laying For a chance to hand it back.

Down the line of least resistance It is easier to sail, Winning with the softened answer Where an angry word might fail, Toeing here and there a favor In this world of give and take, Casting bread upon the water, Bread that may return as cake.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bileless-ness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Dose, Small Price.

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