

OCTOBER 5, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

Gordon Craig

Soldier of Fortune — by Randall Parrish



Copyright, 1912, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Story by Chapters.

- Chapter I.—The First Step.
- Chapter II.—The Woman.
- Chapter III.—Her Story.
- Chapter IV.—We Go South.
- Chapter V.—A Pleasant Welcome.
- Chapter VI.—Get Into the Game.
- Chapter VII.—The Decision.
- Chapter VIII.—Circumstantial Evidence.
- Chapter IX.—A Chamber of Horrors.
- Chapter X.—Taken Prisoner.
- Chapter XI.—I Change Front.
- Chapter XII.—I Join the Sea Gull.
- Chapter XIII.—Tables Turned.
- Chapter XIV.—The Creole's Story.
- Chapter XV.—Under Way.
- Chapter XVI.—The Open Boat.
- Chapter XVII.—The Revenue Cutter.
- Chapter XVIII.—In Possession.

CHAPTER I. The First Step.

I HAD placed the lumber inside the yards, as directed, and was already retreating the traces when the man crossed the street slowly, switching his light cane carelessly in the air. He was forty or forty-five, heavily built, with a rather pasty white face, a large nose, eyes unusually deep set and a closely clipped mustache, beginning to gray. As I faced him in some surprise he looked me fairly in the eyes.

"You are the lad the train hands put off the Atlantic express at Vernon a week ago," he said. "I came in on the same train. Just caught a glimpse of your face in the light of the brakeman's lantern. How did you get here?" "Freight, two hours later."

"You're not a bum or you wouldn't be working."

I put one foot on the wheel. "Wait a minute," and there was more animation in the tone. "I may have something better for you than this lumber wagon. I'm right, ain't I, in guessing you're no regular bum?"

"I've hummed it most of the way from San Francisco. I had to. I was homesick for the east and lost my transportation. I was discharged at the Presidio."

"Oh, I see. The army—foreign service?"

"The Philippines, three years; invalided home."

"You don't look it," his eyes on me. "Never saw a more perfect animal. Fever?"

"No, bolo wound."

He looked at his watch, and I climbed into my seat.

"See here, I haven't time to talk now. If you want an easier job than this come and see me at 9 tonight, and we'll talk it over."

I took the bit of pasteboard he handed up.

"All right, sir, I'll be there on time."

"Come to the side door," he added swiftly, lowering his voice, "the one on the south. Give three raps. By the way, what is your name?"

"Gordon Craig," I answered.

"Ever been known by any other?"

"I enlisted under another. I ran away from home and was not of age."

Out of his sight I looked curiously at the card. It was the advertisement of a clothing house, and on the back was written "P. B. Neale, 108 Chestnut street."

Evidently this man Neale had need of a stranger to help him out in some scheme. Well, if the pay was good and the purpose not criminal I had no objections to the spice of danger. Indeed, that was what I loved in life. I was young, full blooded, strong, willing enough to take desperate chances for sufficient reward.

My father, from whom I had not heard a word in two years, was a prominent manufacturer in a New England village. The early death of my mother had left me to his care when I was but ten years old, and we failed to understand each other, drifting apart, until a final quarrel had sent me adrift. I was in my junior year at Princeton, when the break came. This all occurred four years previous, three of which had been passed in the ranks, yet even now I was stubbornly resolved not to return unsuccessful.

I possessed a fairly decent suit of clothes, now pressed and cleaned after the rough trip from the coast, and

that evening I dressed as carefully as possible in the dingy room of my boarding house. It was still daylight, but there was a long walk before me. Chestnut street was across the river, in the more aristocratic section.

It was dark enough when I got there and began seeking the number. I found No. 108. It was slightly back from the street, a large stone mansion, surrounded by a low coping of brick and with no light showing anywhere. I was obliged to mount the front steps before I could assure myself this was the place. I followed the narrow cement walk around the corner of the house. One window on the first floor exhibited a faint glow at the edge of a closely drawn curtain. I rapped on the door three times, my nerves tingling from excitement. There was a moment's delay so that I lifted my hand again, and then the door opened silently.

"Come in," said a man's voice. I stepped within, seeing nothing of the man, and the door was closed behind me. The sharp click of the latch convinced me it was secured by a spring lock.

"Turn on the light," said the voice at my side sharply. Instantly an electric bulb glowed dazzling overhead in a narrow hallway and I blinked, about half blinded by the sudden change.

Neale, appearing somewhat more slender in evening clothes, smiled at me genially, showing a gold crowned tooth, and led the way to a spacious apartment, evidently a library. The high ceiling and restful wall decorations were emphasized by luxurious furnishings. The only light was under a shaded globe on the central table, leaving the main apartment in shadows, but the windows had their heavy curtains closely drawn. The sole occupant was a man in evening dress, seated in a high backed leather chair. With an indolent wave of one hand he seemingly invited me to take a vacant chair to the right, while Neale remained standing near the door.

This new position gave me a better view of his face, but I could not guess his age. He was one of those old young faces, deeply lined, smooth shaven, the hair clipped short, the flesh ashen gray. He must have stared at me a full minute.

"He will do very well, Neale," he decided, with a glance across at the other. "Possibly a trifle young. Have a cigar or a drink, Craig?"

"I will smoke."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"Ever been south?"

"Only as far as St. Louis. I was at Jefferson barracks."

"Neale said you were in the army—full enlistment?"

"Yes. Discharged as corporal."

"You would be glad of a job that paid well and wouldn't mind if there was a bit of excitement connected with it, hey?"

"What is your idea of paying well?"

"Expenses liberally figured," he replied slowly, "and \$10,000 for a year's work or less if done right."

I half rose to my feet in surprise.

"Sit down, man. This is no pipe dream, and I mean it. In fact, I am willing to hand you half of the money down. See here, Craig, and he leaned forward, peering into my face, "all you have got to do to earn your money is obey orders strictly and keep your tongue still. Do you get that?"

"The proposition looks good. Only I should like to know a little more clearly what I am expected to do."

He slowly lit a fresh cigar, studying the expression of my face in the light as though deciding upon a course of action.

"Very good. We'll come down to facts. It will not take long. In the first place, my name is Vall—Justin O. Vall. I am a lawyer of some reputation in this state, and my entire interest in this affair is that of legal adviser of Mr. Neale. Here is the case as submitted to me: Judge Philo Henley, formerly of the United States circuit court, retired at sixty-four and settled upon a large plantation near Carrollton, Ala. His wife died soon after, and a week or so ago the judge also departed this life, leaving an estate valued in excess of \$500,000. Philo Henley and wife had but one child, now a young man of twenty-five years, named Philip. As a boy he was wild and unmanageable, and finally when about twenty years old some prank occurred of so serious a nature that the lad ran away. He came north and was unheard of for some time, living under an assumed name. Later some slight correspondence ensued between father and son, and the boy was granted a regular allowance. Philip remained in the north, led his

own life, became dissipated and a rounder and drifted into evil associations. Finally, about six months ago, he married an actress in this city, not of wealthy family, but of respectable antecedents. He married her under his assumed name, and they began housekeeping in a flat on the north side.

"The judge learned of this marriage in some way and began to insist that the son return home with his wife. Circumstances prevented, however, and the visit was deferred. Meanwhile, becoming more eccentric as he grew older, the father discharged all his old servants and lived the life of a recluse. When he died suddenly and almost alone he left a will leaving his property to Philip, providing the young man returned with his wife to live upon the estate within six months; otherwise the entire estate should be divided among certain named charities. Three administrators were named, of whom Neale here was one."

Neale drew a legal looking paper from his pocket.

"Here is a copy of the will," he said, "if Craig cares to examine it."

"Not now," I replied. "Let me hear the entire story first."

"The administrators," Vall went on as though uninterrupted and repeating a set speech, "endeavored to locate young Henley, but failed. Then Mr. Neale was sent here to make a personal search. He came to me for aid and legal advice. Finally we found the flat where the young couple had lived. It was deserted, and we learned from neighbors that they had quarreled, and the wife left him. We have been unable to discover her whereabouts. She did not return to or communicate with her own people in the west or with any former friends in this city. She simply disappeared and, we have some reason to believe, committed suicide. The body of a young woman fitting her general description was taken from the river and buried without identification."

"And young Henley?" I asked as he paused.

"Henley," he continued gravely, "was at last located under an assumed name as a prisoner in the Indiana penitentiary at Michigan City, serving a sentence of fourteen years for forgery. He positively refuses to identify himself as Philip Henley, and all our efforts to gain him a pardon have failed."

"But what have I to do with all this?" I questioned, beginning to have a faint glimmer of the truth.

"Wait. Here was a peculiar situation. The administrators are all old personal friends of the testator, anxious to have the estate retained in the family. Some one must impersonate Philip Henley long enough to permit the settlement of the estate."

I rose to my feet indignantly.

"And you thought I would consent—to be a party to this fraud?"

"Now, wait, Craig," as calmly as ever. "This is nothing to be ashamed of nor, so far as I can see as a lawyer, does it involve danger. It will make a man of Henley, reunite him with his wife if she still lives and give him standing in the world. We are merely helping the boy to retain what is rightfully his. Don't throw this chance away hastily. Ten thousand dollars is pretty good pay for a couple of months' work."

I sank back into my chair undecided, yet caught by the glitter of the promise. Why not? Surely, it would do no harm, and, if the administrators were satisfied, what cause had I to object?

"But—but can that be done?" I asked hesitatingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN WEAK AND NERVOUS

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

Creston, Iowa.—"I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would have pains if I overworked or lifted anything heavy, and I would be so weak and nervous and in so much misery that I would be prostrated. A friend told me what your medicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am very glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."

—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAM, 504 E. Howard Street, Creston, Iowa.

Tons of Roots and Herbs

are used annually in the manufacture of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is known from ocean to ocean as the standard remedy for female ills.

For forty years this famous root and herb medicine has been pre-eminent in controlling the diseases of women. Merit alone could have stood this test of time.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

German Officers Lost. A Rome newspaper says that Germany has lost 43,972 officers since the war began, in killed, wounded, and missing. Included in this total are 123 generals.

Japan Suspends Patents. Trademark, patent, and other industrial privileges have been taken from Germans in Japan for the duration of the war by the Japanese Government.

Germany's Losses. A Russian expert declares that the total loss of the German armies during the war is 3,620,000 killed, wounded, and missing.

GREAT ASSET TO INVENTIONS BOARD

Sir Oliver Lodge Brings Immense Scientific Knowledge.

BROUGHT UP IN POTTERIES

New Member of Central Committee to Assist Lord Fisher in Making New Devices for Army and Navy is Sixty-four Years of Age—He is Deeply Interested in "Spooks."

AMAN of many parts is Sir Oliver Lodge, who has been appointed a member of the Central Committee which will assist Lord Fisher, Chairman of the Inventions Board. Mechanics and electricity, wireless signalling, lightning conductors, educational reform, mathematics for parents and teachers, life and matter—such are the varied subjects he has dealt with in his writings and lectures, not to mention spooks. For Sir Oliver Lodge was one of the founders of the Psychological Research Society, and has always manifested a keen scientific interest in the subject of the life "beyond the veil."

Sir Oliver has known days of struggle. He was born sixty-four years ago at the little village of Penkhill, in Staffordshire, his father being a



SIR OLIVER LODGE.

merchant in the Potteries. The future scientist at first worked with his father, but the latter, recognizing that the boy's heart was not in the business, sent him to London, where he entered University College and laid the foundation of his great success.

Not that Sir Oliver was in any way a brilliant boy. Indeed, he always seemed to be getting into disgrace at the boarding-school he first attended, and has related how the master "kept the cane in his boot, except when he flung it at the class and caned the boy who picked it up and returned it to him. He was always caning some body, and was nicknamed Dick Lar-rup. I used to get on an average about three cuts a day."

Sir Oliver, who is a giant in stature, being much over six feet in height, with a face and head extraordinarily like the late Lord Salisbury, is not the dry-as-dust scientist of tradition. There never was a more unconventional professor, and he is the hero of numberless stories. He is a firm believer in recreation, and when he first began to play golf, a game for which he has the greatest respect, he got Professor Tait to teach him at St. Andrews. "Now remember," said Tait, "you don't play golf with your muscles. You play it with your morals." "But I hope, sir, my morals are not as bad as my golf," said Lodge, cheerfully.

Not Sure of Rumania.

Efforts by Roumania to purchase powder in the United States have failed so far, it is said, because firms approached by the Roumanian Government, having previously received orders for powder from France, had been obliged to pledge themselves not to supply powder to the Teutonic allies. As there has been a possibility that Roumania might swing over to the Teutonic side of the war, these firms are said to have insisted that Roumania convince them that she had no intention of entering the war against the Allies.

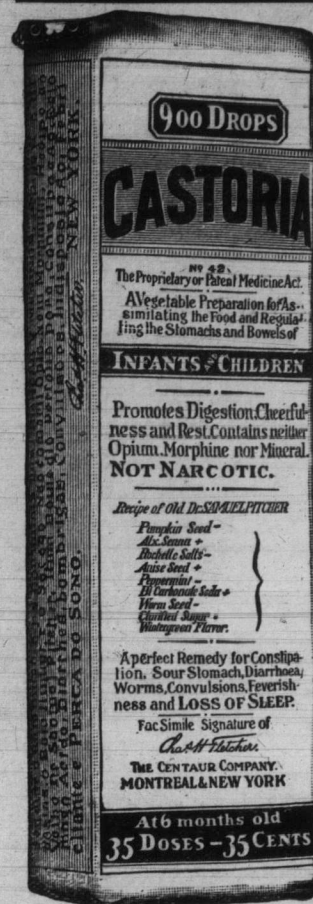
Brass Notions Seized.

Hooks and eyes, pins, and buttons made of brass, nickel or tin, must not be sold in Germany by order of the Government, according to a London report. The measure is said to be designed to preserve the dwindling supply of metals. The report adds that members of the Drapers' Association of Berlin have been notified that they must consider as confiscated that part of their stock which includes the above-named articles.

German Officers Lost. A Rome newspaper says that Germany has lost 43,972 officers since the war began, in killed, wounded, and missing. Included in this total are 123 generals.

Japan Suspends Patents. Trademark, patent, and other industrial privileges have been taken from Germans in Japan for the duration of the war by the Japanese Government.

Germany's Losses. A Russian expert declares that the total loss of the German armies during the war is 3,620,000 killed, wounded, and missing.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature

of

Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ZEPPELIN LOSSES HEAVY.

Germany's Vaunted Dirigibles Have Proved a Terrible Failure.

A despatch to The Daily Express from Geneva says: I learn from a reliable source in Friedrichshafen that the German Headquarters Staff admits the loss of 38 Zeppelins and nine Parseval airships since the war began up to August 1, 1915.

Since that date, a further report states, two Zeppelins and one Parseval are missing.

The majority of the airships were brought down by the Allies' aerial guns, and the rest suffered accidents while landing.

The average cost of these airships is over £100,000 (\$500,000), while the newest models cost nearly double this sum. Therefore Germany has lost over £5,000,000 in a year in her airships, bombs from which have killed and wounded 500 persons.

C. G. Grey, editor of The Aeroplane, discussing in The Daily Express reports that Zeppelin sheds are being removed from Brussels to Antwerp, and the fact that Zeppelins are now very frequently seen over Holland, suggests that the activities of British and French aviators have caused the Germans to make a radical change in their plans.

Recently many airship sheds at Brussels and Ghent have been destroyed, and Mr. Grey thinks the German intention is that the raiding headquarters for Zeppelins shall in the future be established at Liege or some point in Germany. Thence they will fly to Antwerp, where they will descend to renew their petrol supply and take up bombs for raids on England. In this way, too, they would have a better chance of evading the Allies' aviators operating from Flanders.

According to Alfred N. Lawson, the publisher of The Aircraft, the destruction caused in London by the airship raid on Sept. 8 was not due principally to Zeppelins, but to dirigibles of the Schuette-Lans type.

Mr. Lawson says that prior to the war there were three Schuette-Lans dirigibles in commission for the German Government, and several larger airships of an improved type have been constructed since the war began. Mr. Lawson is a representative in this country of the Schuette-Lans Airship Company.

Made a Long Journey.

The name of the Emden, Germany's famous raiding cruiser, bobbed up again when the news came that Lieut. Commander Lauterbach, her executive officer, had reached San Francisco after an adventurous journey from Singapore by way of Sumatra, Java, the Philippines, and China. It is said that Lauterbach was concerned in fomenting the uprising of native troops against the English in Singapore.

Acts as Go-Between.

One ship in the British Fleet in the North Sea is required to be always in touch with the Admiralty.

No Explanations Needed. The lady jury was out longer than the importance of the case would warrant.

The judge grew impatient. "What's the trouble in there?" he said to the bailiff.

"Hold on," cried the bailiff. "Tell 'em if there's any knotty points about the case that bother them they should appeal to me."

"Yes, your honor."

The bailiff goes to the door of the jury room and returns.

"Well?"

"They ain't got to the case yet, your honor. They're still discussin' the plaintiff's clothes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Volcanoes in New Zealand.

New Zealand's volcanic phenomena are accounted for in the Maori legends in the following manner: One of the first chiefs to reach New Zealand from the ancient home in Hawaiki brought with him a trusted follower, Ngauruhoe, with whom he set out to examine the country. When they reached the highest peak they suffered much from cold, and the chief shouted to his sister on a far distant island to send some of the fire which had been brought in canoes from Hawaiki. This fire immediately came in a southwesterly line, subterraneously burning forth on the summit where the chief and his follower sat freezing. It arrived in time to save the life of the former, but not that of Ngauruhoe, whose name is commemorated in the highest peak of the Tongariro mountains. Geysers, hot springs and fumaroles mark the course of the subterranean passage. Mount Egmont stands in solitary grandeur because he, as one of the three giants, quarreled with the other two, Tongariro and Ruapehu, and had to fly to the coast to escape their wrath.

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, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. D. Carter

Small Pits, Small Sores, Small Piles.