

Dec. 21, 1915

Gordon Craig

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By RANDALL PARRISH
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I risked one more match to make certain of the opening through the wall. I glanced, beyond the wall, at the light. It was not deceiving. Here was a second, wood supported passage, unobstructed so far I could perceive, but black as pitch. I held the flaming splinter aloft, anxiously scanning the few feet thus revealed, but as it spluttered out, the red ash dropping to the floor, I felt renewed confidence that I was alone, unobserved. Whoever these assassins might be, they had departed, leaving only the helpless dead behind. No doubt they would come again, to remove the bodies, to seek refuge in this hidden hole. But for the moment I was there undiscovered, and must utilize each precious instant for discovery and escape. With reckless, desperate desire to break away from those gruesome surroundings, I became all caution. Swiftly as I dived in the darkness I crept forward, feeling the smooth wall with eager fingers, my right hand still nervously gripping the pistol butt. Then I came to the door, similar to the other, although no groping about would reveal the catch or enable me to force it open.

Again I struck a match, guarding the infant flame with both hands against a slight draft which threatened its extinction. I caught a glimpse of a shadow on the wall and made one swift, automatic effort to leap aside, dropping the fatal match. The movement was too late. Something despatched crashing upon my head, and I pitched forward into unconsciousness.

It must be I lay there practically dead for some time. I had no knowledge of being approached or handled, and yet every pocket was rifed, the pistol jerked from my hand and my coat ripped from my body. Like so much carrion the fellows had flung me back against the wall so as to make room for the swinging open of the door. Little by little, slowly, comprehending now what had occurred and warmed by the sound of voices not far away, I changed posture slightly, stretching out cramped and aching limbs, and so turning my head as to enable me to see along the passage, where a ray of light appeared.

I my twenty feet from the entrance to this habitable underground, thrust into the black shadow behind the door, which stood partially ajar. My position precluded any possibility of learning what was beyond that wooden barrier, but I could plainly view the entire north portion of the interior, although the only light radiated from a flickering candle. One edge of the table came within my vision, a man sitting beside it, his back turned toward me. He was smoking a short stemmed pipe and contented himself with a growling, indistinct utterance when addressed. Opposite, however, was a man of a different type, slender and active, his hair very dark and incited to curl, a rather long face, slightly olive-hued, with a small mustache waxed at the ends. His black, sparkling eyes attracted me first, and then his long, shapely hands. These grasped a sheet of paper, and I noticed others, including several unopened envelopes, lying before him on the table. He laughed a bit unpleasantly, a row of white teeth visible beneath the dark mustache.

"It's just as I thought, Herman," he said genially. "The fellow is a mere adventurer. There will be no one to take his disappearance seriously." "But some one knows he came here." "Only the two who sent him, and they'll never dare tell, and the woman. She is safe enough. Nigger Pete drove them out here, and we can close his mouth easily enough. It's been easy, Herman, and now with these two settled it leaves me a clear field."

"Maybe so—yes. But what you think it all means? I would know how, yet was dead come."

The younger man, shuffling the papers restlessly, his eyes on the face of the other.

"I confess there are some details missing," Herman, he said slowly, "but, in the main, it is clear enough. I take it this man Nettle is a rascal. He went north to find the heir, discovered that he was either dead or had disappeared, ran into some scamp of the same kidney as himself and, between them, determined to cop the coin. That's my guess. Then they picked up this penniless soldier, who, by the way, resembles the missing son a bit, and sent him down here to play the part."

"Well, maybe so. But what about the girl, hey?" "Some one they picked out the streets. He's told to do it in this letter. They thought it best to prove their man married and so had to procure a woman. We won't have any trouble with her. "What you do to be sure?"

"Turn her loose in New Orleans with a few dollars," he said. "All she knows about the affair can't hurt us if she does squeal. There are plenty of ways to shut her mouth. I'll know better how to handle her case right when I see her. Broussard is a long time at his job."

"Perhaps she fight him—hey?" "The worse for her—that creole is a wildcat. But I wish he would hurry, so we can get through the case on the

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 26, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Hos. xiv.—Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. ciii, 8. Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Lesson I.—Elijah in Naboth's vineyard, I Kings xxi, 1-20. Golden Text, Num. xxii, 23. "Be sure your sin will find you out." The wicked may act as if they owned this world and may oppress and even kill those who seem to have no helper, but "He that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they" (Eccl. v. 8). The blood of the righteous Abel cried unto God (Gen. iv. 10; Matt. xxiii, 35).

Lesson II.—Elijah taken up into heaven, II Kings ii, 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. xvi, 11. "In Thy presence is fullness of joy. In Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." It is especially helpful in this lesson to note the devotion of Elijah and how he steadfastly clung to Elijah, and received that which his heart desired. The two going on, together suggest how we may walk with God if we will.

Lesson III.—Elisha, heals Naaman, the Syrian, II Kings v, 1-14. Golden Text, Ex. xv, 26. "I am Jehovah that healeth thee." A little captive maid and a great man of God used to magnify the God of Israel in the healing of Naaman, the great man of Syria, who was a leper. Naaman had thought as to how he should be healed, but they were vain. Humility and obedience are essential. The gifts of God cannot be bought.

Lesson IV.—Elisha's heavenly defenders, II Kings vi, 8-17. Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 7. "The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Vain are the efforts of man against a child of God unless God permit. He delivered the king of Israel from the king of Syria by His servant Elisha. He delivered Elisha in a wonderful way by sending blindness on those who sought him. He caused Elisha's servant to see the angelic hosts.

Lesson V.—The boy Joash crowned king, II Kings xi, 4-12. Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 11. "The house of the wicked shall be overthrowed, but the tent of the upright shall flourish." This is another instance of heavenly care and preservation and of God watching over His Word to perform it, for if all the seed royal had been slain the Word of God to David would have failed. The preservation of Joash was to preserve the line of David. God uses human agencies.

Lesson VI.—Joash repairs the temple, II Kings xii, 4-16. Golden Text, II Cor. ix, 7. "God loveth a cheerful giver." Both the miracle and the temple said that God was in the midst of His people, and needed to the temple was an insult to God. Ahab had treated the temple with the same contempt that he treated God, but Joash obtained funds in the appointed way by willing offerings and repaired the temple and restored the worship.

Lesson VII.—Daniel in the king's court, Dan. i, 8-20. Golden Text, I Cor. xvi, 13. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." Here is the purpose of heart which glorifies God and obtains wisdom beyond all human wisdom; a purpose to be one of God's undefiled ones who walk in His way (Ps. exli, 1); a man who would stand calmly before kings because He stood before God.

Lesson VIII.—Jonah's missionary to Nineveh, Jonah iii, 1-10. Golden Text, Matt. xxviii, 19, 20. "Go ye therefore, and evangelize in all the world, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." A striking lesson on God's unwillingness that any should perish, and His difficulty in finding willing messengers; also the great results from preaching the message He bids us, then the fore-shadowing of the conversion of nations by a converted Israel.

Lesson IX.—Amos the fearless prophet, Amos v, 1-15. Golden Text, Jer. xxiii, 28. "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." The great need of believers is to be turned away from all idols, and especially from self, to walk with and serve the Living God, who has revealed to us by the prophets His purpose, that we may be fully agreed with Him.

Lesson X.—Uzziah's pride and punishment, II Chron. xxvi, 8-21. Golden Text, Prov. xxix, 23. "A man's pride shall bring him low, but he that is of lowly spirit shall obtain honor." We have seen a great man healed of leprosy when he was willing to be humble and obedient, but here is a great king becoming proud and dying a leper. God resisteth pride, but blesses humility.

Lesson XI.—Jehovah yearns over backsliding Israel, Hosea x, 1-11. Golden Text, Hosea xi, 4. "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." Israel the Son of God contrasted with Christ, the True Israel; the one utterly selfish and sinful; the other with self and sin. As the Father loves the Son, so He loves us and would have us live in His love (John xv, 9). Our difficulty is that we do not know Him.

Lesson XII.—The song of the angels, Luke ii, 8-20. Golden Text, Luke ii, 10. "Be not afraid, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." Note simple faith of the shepherds and their making known what they saw and heard. Consider the ministry of angels at His birth, in the wilderness, in Gethsemane.

the brass rails on either side, which led to a spacious cabin. A table extended its full length, already set for a meal, and a round faced negro in white serving jacket, grinned at me as the men pressed me between them into a narrow passage, leading forward. A moment later I was ceremoniously thrust into a small apartment on my right, the ropes about my wrists loosened, and the door shut and locked behind me. For perhaps five minutes I lay where I had been so unceremoniously dropped, weakened by loss of blood and dazed by the rapidity of events. I found it hard to adjust my faculties to this new situation, but I thought it might yet be my privilege to foil these villains and rescue Mrs. Henley. It was my belief she was also on board this vessel. I had no reason to assume this except the wording of Broussard's report, which I had over-



"She am de Sea Gull, an' a mighty fine boat, sah."

heard. But she was a prisoner, and this vessel would be the most likely place for her to be confined. I sat up, my flesh burning, and stared about. The light shining through the single closed port was dim, convincing me the sun had already set. As I got to my feet I could feel a faint throbbing of the engine and realized we were moving slowly through the water. The glass of the porthole was thick, but clear. I knelt on the berth and looked out, dimly perceiving the shore line slipping past, with an ever broadening stretch of water intervening. Then I sat down helplessly on the stool and waited for something to occur. Escape was impossible.

The man who appeared to be the chief had said he would turn the girl free in New Orleans, where she could do them no harm. New Orleans, then, was doubtless the port for which we sailed. "It was clear they meant no personal harm to her, and they would never have brought me on board alive if they had deemed it necessary to otherwise dispose of me. These considerations, and, in the main, reassurances, as I turned them over in my mind I began to feel better humored. Besides, my head ceased to ache."

It was fully an hour after the coming of darkness before I was disturbed. Then the door opened, and the entering gleam of a light swinging in the passage revealed the grinning negro steward bearing a well filled tray. He deposited in the berth, while applying a match to the lamp overhead. I saw no shadow of any guard outside, but the fellow made no effort to close the door, and I did not move, confident he was not alone.

"Say, George, what boat is this?" I asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Singing of Carols.

The custom of singing carols is still maintained in Italy, indeed, on the continent, caroling at Christmas is almost universal—and particularly in Rome, where, during the season of Advent, pilgrims may be seen and heard performing their novenas. These pilgrims, who, by the way, are shepherds from the Galabrian mountains, annually flock to Rome at this season. Their picturesque costume is thus described: "On their heads they wear conical felt hats, adorned with a frayed peacock's feather or a faded band of red cords and tassels. Their bodies are clad in red waistcoats, blue jackets and small coats of skin or yellowish homespun cloth. Skin sandals are bound to their feet with cords that interlace each other up the leg as far as the knee, and over all is worn a long brown or blue cloak, with a short cape buckled closely round the neck. Sometimes, but rarely, this cloak is of a deep red with a scalloped cape."

There are many beautiful stories associated with the origin of the first Christmas tree. One legend says that on the holy night all nature, even the animals and the trees, was rejoicing and that the cedars, instead of pointing their branches upward as pointed, slender trees, spread their branches wide to protect the mother and her new born child.

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What the Chimes Say

"Do Good! Do Good!"
They Ring Out at Christmas.

How plainly the Christmas chimes seem to ring out to all, both rich and poor: "Ye who would be truly happy, do good, do good! Live not for yourselves, for there is no joy in selfishness. Dispel the grief and want you see everywhere around you. Give freely of what you have and thereby lay up treasures in heaven." Thus chime the bells, and he who hears their solemn warning while merrily they ring may have his Christmas blessing if he will.

Happiness! It is a divine gift, and man is godlike, if ever, when he fills some human heart with joy.

What was it but a laudable desire to render all mankind joyful at Christmas which impelled people in the olden time to open their homes and their hearts as well to all alike at Christmas that all might enter and share the Christmas feast? Friend or stranger, it mattered not, the master welcomed all, and all men who would partook of his bounty. No man sat down alone beside his Christmas fire, wrapped in his own selfishness and careless of others' comfort. No, the great Yule log was brought with pomp and much rejoicing from the wildwood, a mighty fire was kindled upon the hearth, and the whole neighborhood gathered around to share the genial warmth, while bright eyes danced with glee as the Christmas boughs cracked merrily in the ruddy blaze. The flush of joy was on every cheek, and every honest heart throbbed with gratitude and homely pleasures. The wassail bowl went round, blithe carols were sung, and merry lads and maidens danced under the mistletoe boughs.

Christmas, which was also called Yuletide, lasted a fortnight, and everybody had leisure to spare until the Christmas revels ended with the masques, the plays and the mad frolics of Twelfth Night. But nowadays how things are changed! Even the wreck between Christmas and New Year's is full of industry, and few are those who devote all their time to enjoyment. The great heartstones of ancestral halls have disappeared. There are no wide chimney nooks wherein the brownies may lurk in cozy comfort, and heaven only knows where our penates hide—perhaps in the piano box or up in the chandeliers.

Enemies to Peace.

Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us—viz, avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride. If those enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—Petrarch

NOT ENOUGH CHILDREN

ever receive the proper balance of food to sufficiently nourish both body and brain during the growing period when nature's demands are greater than in mature life. This is shown in so many pale faces, lean bodies, frequent colds, and lack of ambition.

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A Wish For the Holiday Season

THINE own wish wish I thee in every place, The Christmas joy, the songs, the feast, the cheer; Thine be the light of love in every face

That looks on thee to bless thy coming year. My own wish wish I thee—what dost thou crave? All thy dear hopes be thine, whatever they be. A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave. I wish thee wisdom's eyes whenever with thee. Behold, she stands and waits, the youthful year! A breeze of morning breathes about her brow: She holds the storm and sunshine, bliss and fear. Blossoms and fruit upon the bending boughs. She brings thee gifts. What blessing wilt thou choose? Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above? The one immortal joy thou canst not lose Is love! Leave all the rest and choose thou love.

—Celia Thaxter.

Indians In Columbus' Day.

It has been computed that at the time of the arrival of Columbus there were 25,000,000 Indians in North and South America!

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