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Here was Capper—poor old Hardluck Billy Capper—floored again and just when the tide of bad fortune was on the turn; so ran the minor strains of self pity under the brown bowler. A failure once more and through no fault of his own. No, no! Hadn't he been ready to deliver the goods? Hadn't he come all the way down here from Berlin, faithful to his pledge to Louisa, the girl in the Wilhelmstrasse, ready and willing to embark on that important mission of which he was to be told by Dr. Emil Koch? And what happens? Koch turns him into the street like a dog; threatens to have him before the military as a spy if he doesn't make himself scarce. Koch refuses even to admit he'd ever heard of the Wilhelmstrasse. Clever beggar! A jolly keen eye he's got for his own skin; won't take a chance on being betrayed into the hands of the English, even when he ought to see that a chap's honest when he comes and tells a straight story about losing that silly little bit of paper with his working number on it. What difference if he can't produce the ticket when he has the number pat on the tip of his tongue and is willing to risk his own life to give that number to a stranger?

Back upon the old perplexity that had kept Capper's brain on strain ever since the first day aboard La Vendee—who had lifted his ticket, and when was it done? The man recalled, for the hundredth time, his awakening aboard the French liner. What a horror that first morning was, with the ratty little surgeon feeding a fellow aromatic spirits of ammonia like porridge! Capper, in this mood of detached review, saw himself painfully stretching out his arm from his bunk to grasp his stick the very first minute he was alone in the stateroom; the crooked handle comes off under his turning, and the white wisp of paper is stuck in the hollow of the stick. Blank paper!

Safe as safe could be had been that little square of paper Louisa had given him with his expense money, from the day he left Berlin until—when? To be sure, he had treated himself to a little of the grape in Paris and, maybe, in Marseilles, but his brain had been clear every minute. Oh, Capper would have sworn to that! The whole business of the disappearance of his Wilhelmstrasse ticket and the substitution of the blank was simply another low trick the Capper luck had played on him.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A Ferret.

OUT of the rack of Capper's sad reflections the old persistent call began to make itself heard before ever the train from Rameh pulled into the Alexandria station. That elusive country of fountains, incense and rose dreams which can only be approached through the neck of a bottle spread itself before him alluringly, inviting him to forgetfulness. And Capper answered the call. From the railroad station he set his course through narrow villainous streets down to the district on Pharos, where the deep water men of all the world gather to make vivid the nights of Egypt. Behind him was the faithful shadow, Caesar, Dr. Koch's man. The Numidian trailed like a panther, slinking from cover to cover, bending his body as the big cat does to the accommodations of the trail's blinds.

Once Capper found himself in a blind alley, turned and strode out of it just in time to bump heavily into the unsuspected putner. Instantly a hem of the Numidian's cloak was lifted to screen his face, but not before the sharp eyes of the Englishman had seen and recognized it. A tart smile curled the corners of Capper's mouth as he passed on down the bazaar lined street to the Tavern of Thermopylae, at the next corner. So old Koch was taking precautions, eh? Well, Capper; for one could hardly blame him. Who wouldn't under the circumstances?

The Tavern of Thermopylae was built for the Billy Cappers of the world—a place of genial devilry where every man's gold was better than his name and no man asked more than to see the color of the stranger's money.

Capper called for an absinth drip-der and established himself in a deserted corner of the smoke filled room. Sip—sip. A soothing numbness came to the tortured nerves. Sip—sip. The clouds of doubt and self pity pressing down on his brain began to shred

away. He saw things clearly now. Everything was as sharp and clear as the point of an icicle.

He reviewed with new zest his recent experiences, from the night he met Louisa in the Cafe Riche up to his interview with Dr. Koch. Louisa, that girl with the face of a fine animal and a heart as cold as carved amethyst—why had she been so willing to intercede for Billy Capper with her superiors in the Wilhelmstrasse and procure him a number and a mission to Alexandria? For his information regarding the Anglo-Belgian understanding? But she paid for that. The deal was fairly closed with 300 marks. Did Louisa go further and list him in the Wilhelmstrasse out of the goodness of her heart or for old memory's sake? Capper smiled grimly over his absinth. There was no goodness in Louisa's heart, and the strongest memory she had was how nearly Billy Capper had dragged her down with him in the scandal of the Lord Fisher letters.

How the thin green blood of the wormwood cleared the mind, made it leap to logical reasoning!

Why had Louisa instructed him to leave Marseilles by the steamer touching at Malta when a swifter boat scheduled to go to Alexandria direct was leaving the French port a few hours later? Was it that the girl intended he should get no farther than Malta; that the English there should—

Capper laughed like the philosopher who has just discovered the absolute of life's futility. The ticket—his ticket from the Wilhelmstrasse which Louisa had procured for him; Louisa wanted that for other purposes and used him as the dummy to obtain it. She wanted it before he could arrive at Malta, and she got it before he left Marseilles. Even Louisa the wise had played with out discounting the double "O" on the wheel—fate's percentage in every game. She could not know the Vendee would be warned from lingering at Malta because of the exigency of war and that Billy Capper would reach Alexandria, after all.



He Commanded a Good View of the Gate.

The green logic in the glass carried Capper along with mathematical exactness of deduction. As he sipped his mind became a thing detached and, looking down from somewhere high above earth, reviewed the blundering course of Billy Capper's body from Berlin to Alexandria—the poor deluded body of a dupe. With this certitude of logic came the beginnings of resolve. Vague at first and intangible, then helped by the absinth to focus, was this new determination. Capper nursed it, elaborated on it, took pleasure in forecasting its outcome and viewing himself in the new light of a humble hero. It was near morning, and the Tavern of Thermopylae was well lighted when Capper paid his score and blundered through the early morning crowd of mixed races to his hotel. His legs were quite drunk, but his mind was coldly and acutely sober.

"Very drunk, master," was the report Caesar, the Numidian, delivered to Dr. Koch at the Rameh villa. The doctor, believing Caesar to be a competent judge, chuckled in his beard. Caesar was called off from the trail.

Across the street from Dr. Koch's home on Queen's terrace was the summer home of a major of fusiliers, whose station was up the Nile. But this summer it was not occupied. The major had hurried his family back to England at the first mutterings of the great war, and he himself had to stick by his regiment up in the doubtful Sudan country. Like Dr. Koch's place, the major's yard was surrounded by a high wall, over which the fronds of big palms and flowered shrubs draped themselves. The nearest villa, aside from the Kochs across the street, was a hundred yards away. At night an arc light, set about thirty feet from Dr. Koch's gate, marked all the road thereabouts with sharp blocks of light and shadow. One lying close atop the wall about the major's yard, screened by the palms and the heavy branches of some night blooming ghost flower, could command a perfect view of Dr. Koch's gateway without being himself visible.

At least, so Billy Capper found it on the night following his visit to the German physician's and his subse-

quent communion with himself at the Tavern of Thermopylae. Almost with the falling of the dark Capper had stepped off the train at Rameh station, ferried himself by boat down the canal that passed behind the major's home, after careful reconnoitering, discovered that the tangle of wildwood about the house was not guarded by a watchman and had so achieved his position of vantage on top of the wall directly opposite the gateway of No. 32. He was stretched flat. Through the spaces between the dry fingers of a palm leaf he could command a good view of the gate and of the road on either side. Few pedestrians passed below him, an automobile or two puffed by, but in the main Queen's terrace was deserted and Capper was alone. It was a tedious vigil. Capper had no reliance except his instinct of a spy familiar with spy's work to assure that he would be rewarded for his pains. Some sixth sense in him had prompted him to come, thither, sure in the promise that the night would not be misspent. A clock somewhere off in the odoriferous dark struck the hour twice, and Capper dozed. The hard stone he was lying on cramped him.

The sound of footsteps on the flagged walk aroused momentary interest. He looked out through his screen of green and saw a tall, well knit figure of a man approach the opposite gate, stop and ring the bell. Instantly Capper tingled with the hunting fever of his trade. In the strong light from the arc he could study minutely the face of the man at the gate—smoothly shaven, slightly gaunt and with thin lips above a strong chin. It was a striking face—one easily remembered. The gate opened. Beyond it Capper saw for an instant the white figure of the Numidian he had bumped into at the alley's mouth. The gate closed on both.

Another weary hour for the ferret on the wall; then something happened that was reward enough for cramped muscles and taut nerves. An automobile purred up to the gate. Out of it hopped two men, while a third, tilted over like one drunk, remained on the rear seat of the tonneau. One rang the bell. The two before the gate dozed anxiously for it to be opened. Capper paid not so much heed to them as to the half reclining figure in the machine. It was in strong light. Capper saw, with a leap of his heart, that the man in the machine was clothed in the khaki service uniform of the British army—an officer's uniform he judged by the trimness of its fitting, though he could not see the shoulder straps. The unconscious man was bareheaded, and one side of his face was darkened by a broad trickle of blood from the scalp.

When the gate opened there were a few hurried words between the Numidian and the two who had waited. All three united in lifting an inert figure from the car and carrying it quickly through the gate. Convinced with the desire to follow them into the labyrinth of the doctor's yard, yet not daring, Capper remained plastered to the wall.

Captain Woodhouse, sitting in the consultation room with the doctor, heard the front door open and the scuffle of burdened feet in the hall. Dr. Koch hopped nimbly to the folding doors and threw them back. First the Numidian's broad back, then the bent shoulders of two other men, both ill dressed, came into view. Between them they carried the form of a man in officer's khaki. Woodhouse could not check a fluttering of the muscles in his cheeks. This was a surprise to him. The doctor had given no hint of it.

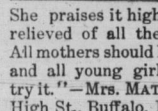
"Good, good!" clucked Koch, indicating that they should lay their burden on the operating chair. "Any trouble?" "None in the least, Herr Doktor," the larger of the two white men answered. "At the corner of the warehouse near the docks, where it is dark—he was going early to the Princess Mary, and"

continued

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Second Quarter, For May 27, 1917.

## THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xv, 26; xvi, 14. Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, John xiv, 26—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Our special topic for today is the work of the Holy Spirit, a full study of which would take us, even if we only noticed the references to Himself, from Gen. 1, 2, to Rev. xxii, 17. As in Gen. 1 and ii, all the work was accomplished by the Spirit of God and the Word of God, for the Spirit moved, and God said, "So it has been ever since and in everything." Our Lord Himself said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John vi, 63). At Pentecost the same Holy Spirit who had been working all through the Old Testament period came in a special way and to bear a testimony to a crucified, risen and ascended Christ, a thing He never could have done before, and to gather from all nations a bride for Him, His body, the church, which, being completed and caught up to meet Him in the air (1 Thess. iv, 16-18; 1 Cor. xv, 51, 52), the same Holy Spirit will continue to work according to the eternal purpose of the Father in the Son, through the great tribulation period and the thousands of years, and on to the New Earth, when God shall be all in all. How wonderful to be indwelt by such a person and to be permitted to let Him have the right of way and full control in one's life that God may be glorified! In xiv, 16, 17, our Lord called Him another Comforter, one who would be to all believers all that Christ had been to His disciples while personally present with them, and He said that He would dwell in us and never leave us. In xiv, 26, He said that the Comforter would be our teacher and remembrancer, so that, however poor a memory one may have, a believer can always, at least in the things of God, count upon his friend the Comforter. According to 1 John ii, 27, the anointing which we have received abideth in us, and we need not that any man teach us. In xv, 16, He is again called the Spirit of Truth as well as the Comforter, and our Lord said, "He shall testify of Me," and ye also shall bear witness. One of the evidences that the Spirit is having His own way in us is that we love to honor Christ and speak of Him, for "to Him give all the prophets witness," and concerning Him Peter and John said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts iv, 20; x, 43).

In our lesson chapter xvi, 7-15, our Lord said that it was better that He should go and the Spirit come for His special work to convince the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. Be careful not to confuse this saying with Acts xxiv, 25, as many do. Note our Lord's comment on this three-fold work of the Spirit, that the great sin was unbelief, the great need righteousness, because of His finished work, and that the sure consummation would be the final overthrow of the prince of this world, the devil, who is already a judged and sentenced one waiting the execution of the sentence (Matt. xxv, 41; Rev. xx, 10). The Spirit will also tell us things as we are able to receive them. Concerning verse 12 Paul also said, "I have fed you with milk and not with meat, for hitherto ye were not able to bear it," and then he gave a reason why (1 Cor. iii, 1-4). How we should desire to be able to receive all that the Lord would like to tell us and not be so preoccupied with other thoughts as to hinder Him! He will guide us into all truth and show us things to come, for he wrote the whole book from beginning to end, and He only can interpret His own writings. Verses 14, 15, make us think of Abraham's servant telling of the father's only son, to whom he gave all that he had and for whom the servant was seeking a wife, carrying with him samples of the father's wealth (Gen. xxiv, 10, 34-35).

The whole of this age is but a little while comparatively (xv, 19; xvi, 16-22), and the sufferings of verse 33 of our lesson chapter are said to be but for a moment compared with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory (II Cor. iv, 17, 18). A thousand years are in His sight but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night (Ps. xc, 4). The woman and child of verse 12 take us back to Isa. lxvi, 7, 8, and onward to Rev. xii and the time of His coming again for Israel's new birth. Until then those who stand with Him and for Him must expect the treatment of xv, 18-21; xvi, 1-4, 33. But it will be well worth while, for all sorrow shall be turned into joy. In Him we may always have peace, and the assurance to the overcomer should lift us above all present things (verses 20-23; Rev. iii, 21). His "Be of good cheer," the fourth while in His mortal body (Matt. ix, 2-22; xiv, 27), should lead us to consider His own wonderful peace and joy of which He spoke on that last night as He drew near to Gethsemane and Calvary (xv, 27; xv, 11). Note also that His first "Be of good cheer" was in connection with the forgiveness of sins, for without this we cannot be of good cheer. His second referred to a healed body, for forgiveness makes us sure of a glorified body in due time. His third covered all present perplexing circumstances, and this last was to sustain in real tribulation.

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## Master Tunnelers.

I asked a very highly-placed English officer his opinion as to the qualities in which the New Zealanders shine, says a correspondent of The London Times. He summed them up by saying that as individual fighters they were equal to any in France. He spoke particularly well of their work on the Somme, which has been described so often that I will not recapitulate it, but he mentioned something of which I had not heard—the New Zealand tunnelling company which was allotted for work in a special area. In tunnelling work they have outwitted the Germans every time. Many of them perfected their skill in the coal and gold mines of New Zealand, and there are well-trained engineers at their head. They can not only out-tunnel the Germans, but there is no case on record in which the Germans have surprised the British troops provided with New Zealand tunnellers. What this means in peace of mind to an army can only be imagined by those who, like myself, have been at points in the line when there was grave anxiety as to whether or not mysterious sounds heard sometimes by microphone, sometimes by the more simple miners' device of placing the head in a bucket of water and listening, are the approach of subterranean Huns. When it is remembered that the population of both the islands of New Zealand is less than that of any large London postal district—it is only a little over a million all told—it will be understood that this live and finely-organized band of Antipodean Crusaders constitutes an offering which is a splendid contrast to the levied masses of unwilling Poles, Czechs, Turks, Ruthenes, Slovaks, and the rest whom Prussia has bullied into her trenches.

## Colored Sea Waves.

The blueness of sea-water depends greatly on its saltness. In the tropics the tremendous evaporation induced by the blazing sun causes the water to be much saltier than it is in higher latitudes, or about 30 deg. north and south of the Equator the waters are of an exquisite azure. Beyond these latitudes the blue changes to green, and in the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans the greens are almost as vivid as the tropical blues.

The extraordinary blueness of the Mediterranean has two causes. Few large rivers of fresh water run into this sea, and, moreover, the Mediterranean is virtually landlocked, and exposed to a powerful sun, so that evaporation is rapid. By actual test the waters of the Mediterranean are heavier and contain more salt than those of the Atlantic.

The Yellow Sea of China is usually supposed to owe its color to the flood of muddy water that its great river pours into it. Living organisms are responsible for the peculiar tint.

Occasionally, for some cause yet undiscovered, great areas of the ocean turn milk-white. In March, 1904, a Japanese merchant vessel, steaming at night between Hongkong and Yokohama, ran into a snow-white sea. It was an expanse of pure snow-white that dazzled the eyes. The phenomenon lasted for six hours.

## Polite to Motors.

A bright-eyed little boy in a sailor-suit saluted the occupants of a passing motor-car so quietly that they stopped to give him attention, according to Tit-Bits. "You're very polite, little fellow," the lady motorist said. "Do you salute all the strangers who pass in the same way?" "No, no, ma'am, only motor-cars," the boy stammered, fidgeting his sixpence nervously. "Father says I've to be polite to them, because motor-cars bring him trade." The lady seemed disappointed. "What is your father's trade, my little man?" Does he repair motor-cars?" "No, ma'am; he's an undertaker," was the little fellow's response.

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