

The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

Fate plays strange tricks. Do you ever stop to consider that seemingly trivial incidents sometimes change the whole course of a person's life—missing a train at a junction point, becoming infected and necessitating amputation of a limb; a few words of back-slanded letter, etc. Fate continues to play strange tricks on Whitaker.

Previous installments of "The Destroying Angel" told how Hugh Whitaker, married an innocent girl and saved her honor and left the country immediately. Five years later he reappeared in New York, robust and wealthy, and found an old friend, Drummond, engaged to marry his supposed widow, now a famous actress known as Sara Law. She disappeared. Drummond is thought to have committed suicide, as her previous lovers had done. Whitaker learned he was endangered by mysterious agents and went to the country place of Martin Embler, his friend. Drummond turned up, a raving morphomaniac, and tried to kill Whitaker, who was helped by a beautiful Miss Flisk.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"The most amiable person I know!" he cried, elated. "Greetings!"

She paused by the steps, looking up at a fascinating vision.

"You're able to stand without assistance?"

"As a matter of fact, I can move only at the cost of excruciating agony," she replied. "Greetings!"

She considered him with a softer face and smiling eyes. "I don't believe you. You're a fraud. Besides, I didn't expect to see you at all; I came to see Mr. Embler. Embler dotes so to neglect me. Did you deliver my invitation?"

"I did, unwillingly. He was desolated, but he couldn't accept—and to run back to town immediately after dinner?"

"It's as great a fraud as you are. But since he isn't here, I shall go."

"Please—I'm famished for human society. Have pity. Sit down. Tell me where you've been with the boat."

"Merely to the head of the bay to have the gasoline tanks filled. A most boring errand. If I promise to come over this evening and play to you and your two—will you permit me to go home now?"

"On such terms I'll do anything you can possibly suggest," he declined, enchanted. "But—No alone, through the woods? I can't permit that."

"Flisk shall row me down the shore and then go back to see cook company. Sum Pat can see me home—if you find it still necessary to keep up the invalid pose."

"I'm afraid," he laughed, "I shall call my own bluff. . . . Must you really go so soon?"

"Good afternoon," she returned impudently, and ran down the steps and off to her boat.

Smiling quietly to himself, Whitaker watched her cast the boat off, get under way, and swing its bow around the trees. Then his smile faded and faded and gave place to a look of acute disquiet. Three mortal hours to fritter away in pointless anticipation.

At seven Whitaker was more nervous.

By eight he was unable to sit still.

Half an hour later the house was too small to contain him. He foundered himself at the end of the dock, looking with impatience, but finding some little consolation in the restless sweep of the wind against his face and body. He could see little—a mere suggestion of a phosphorescent glow of breaking wavelets. Some minutes elapsed. The pallor of the end grew more marked. Whitaker fanned he could detect a figure moving on the dock.

Then, startled, he grew conscious of the thick door of a heavily-powered motor boat, near inshore. Purring quickly, he discovered a black, vague shape not twenty yards from the boat, stooping, neither bow nor side lights; a stealthy and mysterious apparition creeping toward the dock with something of the effect of an animal about to spring.

And immediately he heard a man's voice from the boat, abrupt with anger:

"Not this place, you use the next."

"Shut up," another voice replied.

"There's somebody on that dock."

At the same time the bow of the boat swung off and the dock slipped away to seaward—toward the Flisk place.

A wondering apprehension of some, nameless and desperate enterprise, somehow involving the woman who obsessed his thoughts, traveled in Whitaker's mind. Automatically he turned back, let himself down to the beach, and began to pick his way toward the Flisk dock, half running despite his stiff ankle. But he had not gone a few yards before he pulled up with a throbbing heart, started beyond expression by a cry in the night—a cry of wild appeal and protest ringing clear down the wind, a voice whose timbre was unmistakably that of a woman:

"Aux secours! Aux secours!"

Twice it cried out, and then was hushed as grimly as the first incoherent screams. No need now to guess at what was towards: Whitaker was at the beach, heedless of his injured foot—pitching, slipping, stumbling, leaping—somehow making progress.

By now the moon had risen above the beach high enough to fill him somewhat with its waning light; and looking ahead, he could distinguish dimly shapes about the dock and upon it that seemed to bear out his most cruel fears. The power boat was possibly distinct, her white side showing plainly through the tempered darkness. Midway down the dock he made out struggling figures—two of them, he judged; a man at close grips with a female. And where the structure of the woman, a second pair, again a man and a woman, strove and swayed.

For all this, he was not slow; he was still a fair thirty yards away when the struggle on the dock ended abruptly with the collapse of the woman; and as he thought, her strength had failed all in an instant—as if she had fainted. He saw the man catch her up in his arms, where she lay limp and unresisting; and with this burden upon the back to the boat, and disappear from sight beneath the booms.

An instant later he reappeared, standing at full height in the cockpit. Without warning his arm stretched out and a tongue of flame darted from his hand; there was a report; in the same breath a bullet buried itself in the low earth bank on Whitaker's right. Heedless, he pulled on.

The shot seemed to signal the end of the other struggle at the landing stage. Scarcely had it rung out ere Whitaker saw the man lift a hat and dash it brutally into the woman's face. Without a sound he turned and fled; and as he fled, he saw the man turned, ran swiftly but to the end of the dock, cast off the headboard and jumped aboard the boat.

She began to sheer off as Whitaker set foot upon the dock. She was twenty feet distant when he found himself both at its end and at the end of his resource. Frantic with despair, he thrashed the air with impotent arms; a fair mark, his white garments shining against the dark background of the land. Aboard the moving boat an automatic fluttered, lighting ten shots in as many seconds. "That's all," said a voice from the boat, and the boat lurched forward. "That's all," said a voice from the boat, and the boat lurched forward.

On the narrow beach near the dock, a small flat-bottomed rowboat lay, its stern aloft, its bow hanging over the side. A man and a woman were upon the act of launching it. Jumping down, Whitaker put his shoulder to the stern.

As he did so, the other woman roused, not unwillingly to her feet, screamed, then catching sight of him, she fled.

Whitaker watched her cast the boat off, get under way, and swing its bow around the trees. Then his smile faded and faded and gave place to a look of acute disquiet. Three mortal hours to fritter away in pointless anticipation.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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LESSON FOR JANUARY 7

JESUS THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF MEN.

The studies for the first six months of this year are devoted to the gospel of John; the remaining portion of the year to II Kings, Ezra and Nehemiah, being a study with the prophets. One year from now we begin the new graded uniform lessons recently adopted by the reorganized International Lesson Committee.

John was younger than his brother, James, and lived to be the oldest of the apostles, dying somewhere between A. D. 85 and 95. His name means "Peace," though he is surmised to be of the "son of thunder" (Mark 3:17). He was the New Testament's "beloved disciple." He bled the gentleness of a dove with the force and vision of an eagle. The purpose of his gospel is clearly stated (ch. 20:31). Only about 8 per cent of it is found in the other three gospels. It is used in the word "witness" is used. The word "father" occurs 140 times and the name "Jesus" 240 times.

1. The Word (v. 1-5). Words are thoughts; a word is an expression of an inaudible and invisible thing. As the Word, Christ is Creator (ch. 14:3-8:19). He is the source of light. "The Word is God heard; the life is God felt, and the light is God seen." The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us.

2. The Witness (v. 6-19). John the Baptist came for a witness. He was not the light, but he bore witness to the light. Some might have thought him to be the light, but he was a lamp which held forth light to men concerning the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He reflected light (v. 8). John bore witness to the light, and the light was the Word. The Word was with him, and the Word was God. The Word was with him, and the Word was God. The Word was with him, and the Word was God.

3. The World (v. 11-14). This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus. This world was created by Jesus.

4. The Light (v. 15-18). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

5. The Word (v. 19-24). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

6. The Light (v. 25-28). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

7. The Word (v. 29-32). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

8. The Light (v. 33-36). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

9. The Word (v. 37-40). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

10. The Light (v. 41-44). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

11. The Word (v. 45-48). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

12. The Light (v. 49-52). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

13. The Word (v. 53-56). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

14. The Light (v. 57-60). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

15. The Word (v. 61-64). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

16. The Light (v. 65-68). This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word. This light was the Word.

17. The Word (v. 69-72). This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word. This Word was the Word.

Horticultural Advice

CHOICE VARIETIES OF PEAR

Excel Most Apples in Rich, Juicy Texture and Delicacy of Flavor—Bartlett is Leader.

(By G. B. BRACKETT.)

The pear has long been regarded as one of the most luscious of the many kinds of fruit brought under cultivation. The choice varieties excel most apples in rich, juicy texture and delicacy of flavor, and for both dessert and culinary purposes, either canned or fresh, stand the year in commendable great acceptance. With a proper selection of varieties and with careful handling and storing of the fruit, its season of use may be extended from midsummer to late winter without resorting to artificial means of preservation.

Two distinct classes for types of the pear are now grown in this country: (1) the European and (2) the Asiatic, or Oriental.

The European type is a native of Europe; from it most of our domestic varieties have sprung. Pears of this class are well adapted to the New

England States, New York, Pennsylvania and other states southward and westward to California, Washington, Oregon and Idaho. In the states named beyond the Rocky mountains, extensive commercial orchards have been planted with choice varieties of this class of pears, the Bartlett leading all other varieties in commercial plantings.

The Asiatic, or Oriental, type is of comparatively recent introduction. In its natural condition it is scarcely an edible fruit and must receive an admixture of our improved varieties of pears in order to render it at all acceptable.

Young strawberry plants produced during the current season are best for new strawberry beds. In the new year, the horticultural department of the Nebraska College of Agriculture, The greater part of the root system of the plants over one year old will be of a dark color, white roots of plants formed this summer will be light. They may be set out either in fall or spring.

A blanket of three or four inches of straw put on after the ground has frozen will stop much of the alternate freezing and thawing of the ground during the winter. A portion of the mulch may be removed in the spring when growth first begins.

Corn cobs make good mulch for raspberries and blackberries. Spread them on the patch in late fall or winter they will keep down weeds the following spring and summer and retain soil moisture with an evident success as any other medium. By replacing the top layers each season those who plant raspberries and blackberries will find the advantage of such a mulch in the clean underfooting it provides for pickers.

Dead limbs take a great deal of water from growing apples. Their removal will stop the sap flow and make the whole crop look diseased. If caused by canker, the disease will spread to other parts of the orchard. Prune them out now and paint the wounds.

Pruning of great benefit. Iowa Orchards Pruned Annually Gave Average Returns of More Than \$125 Per Acre.

An orchard survey in an Iowa county showed that it paid to prune trees every year; that the orchards pruned annually gave average net returns of more than \$125 an acre, whereas orchards pruned occasionally or not at all gave a return of slightly less than \$55 an acre.

The Difference. "Bill said you seemed so sympathetic when he asked you to lend him some money."

"To be sure, I was," I said, "but I was 'touched'."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Fiebia's* Castoria.

The Chateau government has postponed conversion of its paper currency to gold until January, 1919.

Credit is always second to "obedience" of duty.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! It coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups—Adv.

A Motorist's Criticism. "Here's a map that will show you all the rights of interest on the route."

"It's no good," replied Mr. Granger. "It shows a lot of landmarks, but it doesn't definitely locate the repair shops."

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS. The cost of food today is a serious matter to all of you. To cut down your food bills and at the same time improve the health of your family, serve them Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti two or three times per week. Children love it and thrive on it. It is the best possible food for adults. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful color book telling how to serve it in a hundred ways. It's free to every mother—Adv.

Popped Out at the Popping. Aunt—I suppose, Edith, when Mr. Slow-boy proposed.

"Niece—No; I fully intended to, but I was so excited I fainted and exclaimed 'At last!'"—Boston Evening Transcript.

An Attack of Grip Always Leaves Kidneys in Weakened Condition. Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy this winter with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a weakened condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which so many people say cured their kidneys and strengthened the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root is a great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., offer to send a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. It will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular size bottles 50 cts. and \$1.00. For sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper. Adv.

Wicked Geons On. "I understand automobiles have revolutionized the life farmers lead."

"So they have, in one way."

"How is that?"

"Farmers often return home in their cars from making a night of it in the city at the hour when they used to get up and go to work."

Garfield Tea was your grandmother's Remedy for every stomach and intestinal ail. This good old-fashioned home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days, is even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day—Adv.

Not Worth Much. "I have just been listening to a war expert talk."

"Get much information?"

"A great deal, but I'm afraid it is just about as reliable as the average weather prediction."

DANDRUFF AND ITCHING. Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, then morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and water. Then use Cuticura and soap thoroughly by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

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