

The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

HOW THE STORY GOES

Hugh Whitaker is told, after a diagnosis by eminent surgeons, that he cannot live longer than six months. His sweetheart jilts him. The double blow stuns him. Peter Stark, his friend, proposes a South sea voyage on Stark's yacht. Whitaker consents, but runs away to a country hotel with the intention of committing suicide. He surprises Mary Ladislav, daughter of a rich and hard New Yorker, in the act of drinking poison and stops her. She has been deserted by the man with whom she had planned a clandestine marriage. Whitaker marries the girl to save her good name, gives her money and immediately puts her on a train for home. He turns and walks into Peter Stark's arms. "No more foolishness," says Stark. "You've got to go sailing with me." The sick man shrugged wearily: "All right," he replies. "Have your own way." What happens next is told in this installment. You'll find it mighty interesting.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Beyond drawing heavily on his bank and sending Drummood a brief note, Whitaker failed to re-establish contact with his home. He sank into a state of semi-synthetic content. The Adventures was five months out of port before he began to be conscious that he was truly accurate. There came a gradual thickening of the shadows that threatened to efface his existence. And then, one day as they dined with the lonely trader on an isolated station in the D'Entrecasteaux Islands, he fell from his chair as if possessed. He regained consciousness only to shiver with the chill of the wind that fanned by the wings of death. It was impossible to move him. The agonies of the damned were his. Then, with exquisite gentleness, they lifted him to a bed.

Stark sat down in the Adventures before sunset of the same day, purposing to fetch a surgeon from Port Moresby. Whitaker said a last farewell to his friend, knowing in his soul that they would never meet again. Then he composed himself to die quietly. But the following morning before a suphane trading schooner from the island came in, in the estate of supercargo, a capricious Scotch gentleman who had been a famous specialist of London before drink laid him by the heels. He performed a heroic operation on Whitaker within an hour, announced by nightfall that the patient would recover, and the next day sailed with his ship to end his days in some abandoned Australian town. Several months later.

In the same place, and at the same time, he received his first authentic news of the fate of the Adventures. The yacht had struck on an uncharted reef, in heavy weather, and had foundered almost immediately. Of her entire company, a solitary sailor managed to cling to a life raft until picked up a week after the wreck, by a steamer on whose decks he gaped at his news and his life in the same breaths.

Whitaker hunted up an account of the disaster in the files of a local newspaper. He read the owner, Peter Stark, Esq., and his guest, H. M. Whitaker, Esq., both of New York, had gone down with the vessel. There was also a cable dispatch from New York detailing the wreck. The financial and commercial prominence—evidence that the news had been called home. To all who knew him Whitaker was as dead as Peter Stark.

"There is a world outside the one you know," Whitaker said to himself, "but for curiousness I'll can't compare; it is the place where willful missings are."

As we can testify, for we are there. Kipling's lines buzzed through his head more than once in the course of the next few years, for he was "there." They were years of such vagabondage as only the South Seas countenance; neither unholy nor very strenuous, nor yet searred by the tooth of poverty.

Twenty-four and five thousand dollars in traveler's checks which he converted into cash while in Sydney. Memory of the wreck of the Adventures seemed already fading from the Australian mind; no one dreamed of challenging the signature of a man seven months dead. And as certainly and as quietly as the memory, Whitaker faded away. Hugh Morten took his place, and Hugh Morten was no more, nor did any other parts wherein he had answered to his rightful name.

The money staved by him handsomely. Thanks to a strong constitution and a tough body (now that his negligent claims were exercised) he found it easy to pick up a living by one means or another. Indeed, he played many parts in as many fields before joining hands with a young Englishman he had known since childhood, and entering upon what seemed a forlorn bid for fortune. Thereafter he prospered amazingly.

When at length he did make up his mind to go home, he was in Melbourne with Lynch, his partner. Whitaker passed old friends in the street. They were George Presbury and his wife—Anne Forsythe, but was self-contented tourist, looking the town over between steamers. Presbury, with no thought of Hugh Whitaker before the day of judgment, looked at and through him with a bit of recognition; but his wife was another person altogether.

Whitaker could not be blind to the surprise and perplexity that shone in her eyes, even though he pretended to be blind to her uncertainty; long after his back was visible to her he could hear her inquiring stare boring into it. The incident made him think; and

he remembered that he was now a man of independent fortune and of idle limbs as well. After prolonged consideration, he suddenly decided to go back to look out for his interests and expect him back when he should see him, and booked for London by a Royal Mail boat—left in half a day. From London Mr. Hugh Morten crossed immediately to New York on the Olympic, landing in the month of April—nearly six years from the time he had left his native land.

He put up at the Ritz-Carlton, precisely as any foreigner might be expected to do, and permitted Hugh Morten while he provided around the city and found himself. Now and again in the course of his wanderings he encountered well-remembered faces, but without pausing to notice the slightest gleam of recognition; circumstances that only went to prove how thoroughly dead and buried he was in the estimation of his day and generation.

Nothing, indeed, seemed as he remembered it. But his ultimate and utter awakening to the truth that his home had outgrown him fell upon the fourth afternoon following his return, when a total but most affable gentleman presented himself in Whitaker's condescension with a bogus name and a genuine offer to purchase him a drink, and promptly attempted to engulf him in a confabulation. Whitaker had degenerated into a rattlesnake joke in the days when both of them had worn knickerbockers. Whitaker privately admitted that he was not classed; that it was time to seek the protection of his friends.

He began with Drummood. The latter, of course, had moved his offices. Whitaker found him independently established in an imposing suite in the



"Whitaker!" He gasped. "My God!"

Whitaker's hand found him an ashen-faced man of thirty-five, who clutched the side of his roll-top desk as if to save himself from falling. "Whitaker!" he gasped. "My God!"

"Whitaker!" said Whitaker. "I'm sure."

He derived considerable mischievous amusement from Drummood's patent stupefaction. It was all so right and proper—as it should have been. He considered his a highly satisfactory restoration. So long does a scene pass off as one plus it; but Drummood played up his part in a most public display of fashion—gratifying to say the least.

He took him some minutes to recover. Whitaker standing by and beaming. He remarked changes, changes as striking as the improvement in Drummood's fortunes. Physically his ex-partner had gone off a bit; the early life led by the average successful man of business in New York had marked his person unmistakably. Only his face seemed as it had always been—sharply handsome and strong. Whitaker remembered that he had always somewhat meanly envied Drummood his good looks; he himself had been footloose after the new order of architecture with a steel frame.

He discovered that they were both talking at once—frenziedly—and, without surprise, that he had a great deal more enlightenment to impart to Drummood than he had foreseen.

"You've got an economical streak in you when it comes to conversation," Drummood commented, offering Whitaker a sheet of paper he had just taken from a tin document-box. That's Exhibit A.

DAILY FACTS

VARIATIONS IN CREAM TESTS

One of Most Common Causes Is Difference in Amount of Water Used for Flushing.

There are many causes for the variations sometimes found in cream tests. Frequently would be a better word to use than sometimes in connection with this subject, for variations in the tests may always be looked for. A few of the causes are here given.

If the milk of a herd of cows whose average test is 4 per cent is separated so that the cream tests 40 per cent and the milk suddenly drops to 3.5 per cent of fat, as will often occur, the cream will then test only 35 per cent. The amount of fat lost in the skim milk is not affected to any appreciable extent by the richness of the milk separated.

One of the most common causes of variation in the test of cream from the farm separator is a variation in the amount of water or skim milk used for flushing out the cream at the end of the run. It is apparent that especially where a small quantity of cream is separated, a marked difference in the richness of the cream may be made by a change in the amount of water or skim milk used. It is an easy matter to vary a pint or more in the water or skim milk used and this alone may easily change the per cent of fat in the cream from 2 to 5 per cent. The per cent of fat in the cream may be readily changed, as is well known, by adjusting the cream screw.

The cream screw, however, is not changed very frequently and it is not the common cause of the variations in the test which constantly occur and which causes so much friction between the buyer and seller of cream.

SCRUB SIRE NOT PROFITABLE

Farmers Advised of Ohio Expert Not to Sell Head of Herd Until Daughters Have Tested.

Can a bull be worth nearly \$3,000 in one year in a dairy herd? The animal may be worth this much or even more, according to figures given by Prof. C. C. Hayden of the Ohio experiment station.

He shows that in the station dairy herd one bull produced daughters averaging 133 pounds more butterfat annually than their dams. If ten daughters produce as much as this, the total production of this sire would be worth \$2,750 more than that of a bull that produced no increase. If butterfat is worth 20 cents a pound, the value of the sire would be \$5,500 more than that of a bull that produced no increase.

Since the value of the bull can be determined only by the milk and butter yields of his daughters, farmers are advised not to sell the dairy sire until his daughters have been tested. The average dairy sire produces an old bull if he has some high-producing daughters, for his value cannot be determined until he is at least four years old.

HERD SUBORDINATE TO FARM

Farmer Makes Big Mistake If He Does Not Regard Cows as Assistants or Side Issue.

(By DR. H. R. VAILL.)

The man who doesn't regard his herd of dairy cows, he grades or purchases breeding cattle, as the hand-milkers of the farm, as the assistants, as the side issues of the farm, and which is only a means of building the farm up to its highest possibilities, ought to fail, and be probably very much so. For, after all, it is the farm that counts and not the herd that is on it. It is the farm that makes the farmer, and not the herd. In the long run, the farm that counts, there will be no great farmers, because the herd is subordinate to the farm and is used for the purpose of magnifying the farm.

RICHNESS OF A COW'S MILK

Mistake to Expect That It Can Be Influenced by Character of Feed Given to Animal.

It seems reasonable to expect that the richness of milk could be influenced by the character of the feed given to the animals. However, it has been thoroughly proved that for all practical purposes it is impossible. The richness of the cow's milk depends upon inheritance and can no more be changed permanently by the feed than can the color of her hair. If the milk cannot be changed in richness by the feed it is clearly impossible for cream to be influenced in this way.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR OCTOBER 29

THE VOYAGE.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 7:1-3. GOLDEN TEXT—Commit thy way unto Jehovah; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass—Ps. 121:1.

Paul sailed from Cosares August, A. D. 50 (Ramses), a few days after his address before Agrippa. He reached Malta about November 15. Paul knew how to meet mobs, but most of his adventures are more outstanding than the one we are studying today. Luke, his physician, was a companion, and the historian, Josephus, states that on board the ship there were more than 100 people traveling with Paul. Paul was a man of distinction, a Roman citizen. He had his own hired house in Rome. Aristarchus may possibly have been his servant to furnish comfort for the journey. Ramses believes Paul had received hereditary property, thus making him a Roman citizen of rank, of learning and of standing financially.

I. Fair Weather and Contrary Winds (v. 1-12). Sailed was about 70 miles north of Caesarea on the coast of Palestine. Here Paul received liberty to go ashore and visit his Christian friends. Myra is in Asia Minor. It requires 14 days to reach this point from Sidon, a distance of about 400 miles. Here, instead of going up the Aegean sea route, often used in going to Rome, the centurion found a grain ship bound from Alexandria to Italy, and put his prisoners on board. September 1 they started for Italy. The direct course would have been westward, but the wind was contrary, and the progress was slow. On the 23d they were opposite Cnidus, the southwest point of Asia Minor, 130 miles from Myra. September 27 they entered the harbor of Fair Haven, near the middle of the south shore of the island of Crete. The fast day, October 5, the day of the great atonement, was observed in this place. The question of going farther was a debatable one, yet the commander persisted, and about the 10th of October they sailed for Fair Haven.

II. The Hurricane (v. 13-20). Taking advantage of a gentle wind they put out of Fair Haven, and almost immediately encountered the hurricane. It was perhaps hard for Paul during these 14 days to discern the gentle hand of God. (Josh. 1:4, 7; Isaiah 20:3; John 16:33), but they may, no matter how directly tested, never know that God has not ceased to look upon them with favor. Sometimes the best thing for us to do, when thus tempest tossed, is to "batten the hatches" (v. 18).

III. The Message of Cheer: "Believe God" (v. 20-25). Neither sun nor stars having shone for many days, and all hope that any should be saved seemingly taken away, yet God is able to save in the darkness as well as in the sunshine, in the tempest as well as in the calm, and there was in that boat one man at least whose hope was not gone, for God had led him to him. "Don't must bear witness at Rome" (v. 23-24). God's message of cheer in the midst of this despair and after they had been so long without food, immediately comforted him as a leader of wisdom and power.

Paul could make this promise because "an angel of God whose I am and whom I serve" had come to him and assured him that God would redeem the promise made two years before. This implies that Paul had given himself to prayer. Observe how a godly man can save many ungodly men (Gen. 18:22-33). God's vision came to Paul, but Paul used it for the comfort and cheer of the whole ship's company (II Cor. 1:4). A modern illustration of a similar experience was that of Mr. Moody and General Howard, returning from Europe on the steamship Spree in 1902.

General Howard relates that Mr. Moody did a great deal to cheer the passengers by both his words and his actions, during those days of storm and stress. The darker and stormier the night, the more likely are the angels of God to appear to us. We read his (23. Cf. Cf. 15:22-11). Sometimes these angels stand beside us and we do not see them, we are taken up with the darkness and the howling of the storm. It is a great thing to obey God and to be in the hands of God and say, "I am his." To make this statement intelligently, and with a deep realization of its meaning will give significance and solemnity to all.

IV. Paul, the Life Saver (v. 27-37). Paul did not stop with simply saying that God was his, but went on to say, "Whom also I serve." Many say they love of service. Paul loved to think and speak of himself as the servant of God (Rom. 1:9; II Tim. 1:3; Titus 1:1). Some of the sailors thought to launch the boat, leaving the passengers to their fate.

All the hurricanes that ever struck the sea or the ships of the sea could not prevent the fulfillment of God's promise, and Paul fully accepted the significance of God's word "fear not."

GOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN

Children love Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti because of its delicious taste. It is good for them and you can give them all they want. It is a great builder of bone and muscle, and does not make them nervous and irritable like meat. The most economical and nutritious food known, made from the finest Durum wheat. Write Skinner Macaroni Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book. It is sent free to mothers.—Adv.

Want Hens in English Parks.

In the hope of saving a large part of the \$400,000,000 spent every year for foreign eggs, an agitation is on foot to throw open London parks for poultry breeding. The scheme is receiving serious consideration from the authorities because it is one of the latest wartime economies suggested on a large scale. The promoters of the idea have asked for part of one park to be set aside. The plan provides for a site of about three acres and accommodation for 600 hens. The leading poultry breeders of the country will be invited to send six selected fowls of various breeds and strains. Scientific feeding tests are to be made. All the eggs will go to the wounded soldiers, and prizes will be awarded to the owners of the hens laying the most eggs.

HOW TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Itching and Irritation of the Scalp With Cuticura. Trial Free.

On retiring lightly touch spots of dandruff, itching and burning with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo thoroughly with Cuticura Soap and hot water. These super-creamy emollients do much to keep the scalp clean and healthy and to promote hair growth.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

May Develop Irish-Cool Admirers.

The idea that Ireland will never become a mining country of any account is not the view of the Newry Urban council, which at their last meeting considered the proposals made by the Irish Association of Gas Managers at Dublin, in view of the present condition of the Irish coal supply. If not relieved, the gas works must be shut down and the government should be urged to provide an adequate supply of coal at reasonable rates. The Newry council approved this opinion and passed a special resolution to be presented to the British executive stating that the time was opportune for the development of the large and valuable coal measures which undoubtedly exist in Ireland.

Metal Tent Supports.

Those who are camping out will be glad to hear of a new contrivance consisting of a combined tent frame and cot, which dispenses with cumbersome poles and simplifies the question of how to move one's sleeping accommodation from place to place. The new tent supports are of light metal frame, and the longer pieces as well as those forming the cot which go with each are joined so that they may be folded up when necessary. The frames of the cots are suspended from the uprights by two coil springs, used for the same purpose as springs in the ordinary mattress. During the day the cots can be folded up against the tent frame and well out of the road, by releasing one of the springs at each end.

Logical Deduction.

"Is Willie interested in his nature study class?"

"Very much," wanted to know to-day it cut-along belonged to the pussy-willow family."

Potato-Eating Nations.

The potatoes are the greatest potato enters in the world, and the Irish come second.



Sunny Dispositions

and good digestion go hand in hand, and one of the biggest aids to good digestion is a regular dish of

Grape-Nuts

This wonderfully delicious wheat and barley food is so processed that it yields its nourishing goodness to the system in about one hour—a record for ease of digestion.

Take it all round, Grape-Nuts contributes beautifully to sturdiness of body and a radiant, happy personality.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"