

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

QUEER LUCK

Did you ever have a piece of really good luck—for instance, help from an entirely unexpected source when you were in deep trouble?

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Where's Miss 'Law'?" he asked. "I dunno—go ask Max."

"Come on, then." Passing his arm through the manager's, Whitaker drew him out into the alley. "We'll get a taxi before this mob—"

"She'll be the death of me, yet," the little man insisted gloomily.

"Look here, I'm not going. I've got my own car out for me back there—with a jolt of his head toward the theater."

Whitaker hesitated, then without regret decided to lose him. It would be as well to get over the impending interview without a third factor.

"Very well," he said, beckoning a taxicab in to the curb. "What's the address?"

Max gave it suitably. "So long," he added moodily as Whitaker opened the cab door; "sorry I ever laid eyes on you."

Whitaker settled back in the cab and, oblivious to the lights of Broadway streaming past, tried to think. It suddenly presented itself to his reason, with shocking force, that his attitude must be humbly and wholly apologetic. It was a singular case: he had come home to find his wife on the point of marrying another man.

He stated loudly with pardonable wonder, I am this truly the home of Mary Ladislaus Whitaker—her property—he had built far better than he could possibly have foreseen with that investment of five hundred

dollars six years since. Soft, shaded lights, rare furnishings, the rich yet delicate atmosphere of exquisite taste, the lush and orderly perfection of a home made and maintained with consummate art: these furnished him with din, provoking intimations of an individuality to which he was a stranger—less than a stranger—nothing.

Almost immediately he became aware of feminine footsteps on the staircase—there entered to him a lady well past middle age, with the dignity and poise consistent with her years, her manifest breeding and her iron-gray hair.

"Mr. Whitaker?" He bowed.

"I am Mrs. Secretan, a friend of Miss 'Law's. She has asked me to say that she begs to be excused, at least for tonight. And I am further instructed to ask if you will be good enough to leave your address."

"Certainly!" He stopped at the Ritz-Carlton; but he demurred—"I should like to leave a note, if I may?"

Mrs. Secretan nodded an assent. "You will find materials in the desk there," she added, indicating an extraordinary little box.

Thinking her, Whitaker sat down, and, after some hesitation, wrote a few lines:

"Please don't think I mean to cause you the slightest inconvenience or distress. I shall be glad to further your wishes in any way you may care to designate. Please believe me my sincere regret."

Signing and folding this, he rose and delivered it to Mrs. Secretan.

He found himself in the street, with his troubles for the reward of his pains. He wondered what to do, where to go, next. The driver of the taxicab was holding the door for him, head bent to catch the address of the next stop. But Mrs. Secretan's name was still in doubt.

Dinly he became aware of the violent bawlings of a brace of news vendors who were ramping through the

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street, one on either side of him. At the spur of a vague recollection of the papers were already nosing about the news of the fiasco at the Theater Max. Whitaker purchased a paper.

"There's, say, 'Orrible moilder'!" The man galloped on, howling. But Whitaker stood with his gaze riveted in horror. The news item so pointedly offered to his attention was clearly legible in the light of the club lamps:

LATEST EXTRA

TRAGIC SUICIDE IN HARLEM

Stopping his automobile in the middle of Washington bridge at 139 p. m., Carlotta E. Drummond, wife of the late Mr. Drummond, the actress, threw herself to her death from the bridge.

CHAPTER VII.

A History.

Whitaker consulted a telephone book without finding that Drummond had any private residence connection, and then tried at random one of the clubs of which they had been members in common in the days when Hugh Whitaker was a human entity in the knowledge of the town. Here he had better luck—luck that is, in as far as it put an end to his wanderings for the night; he found a clerk who remembered his face without remembering his name, and who, consequently, was not unwilling to take Drummond, if Mrs. Secretan's name was mentioned, along with that name, for nearly a week before he registered as Hugh Morten, and in the space of a few hours married her, under your true name, and shipped her off to New York.

Nothing further was known of his actions save the police report. The car had been found stationary on Washington bridge, and deserted, Drummond's motor car had not been seen since. By telegram a brother in San Francisco, the only member of Drummond's family of whom he had any record. Friends, fellow members of the club, were looking after things—doing all that could and propriety ought to be done under the circumstances.

Whitaker walked back to his hotel. There was no other place to go; no place, that is, that would his humor in that hour. He was bewildered and shocked. He held himself measurably responsible for Drummond's act of desperation. Next to poor Peter Stark,

whom his heart mourned without ceasing, he had cared most for Drummond of all the men he had known and liked in the life. Now, he felt alone and very lonely, sick of heart and forlorn. There was, of course, Lynch, his partner in the Antipodes; Whitaker was fond of Lynch, but not with the affection that a generous-spirited youth had accorded Peter Stark and Drummond—a blind and unreasoning affection that asked no questions and made nothing of faults. The capacity for such sentiment was dead in him, as dead as Peter Stark, as dead as Drummond.

It was nearly midnight, but the hour found Whitaker in no humor for bed or the emptiness of his room. He strolled the lounge, sat down at a detached table in a corner, and ordered something to drink. A page, bearing something on a salver, ambled through the lounge, now and again opening his mouth to blurt, unprofessionally, "Miss Whitaker, Miss Whitaker."

The owner of that name experienced a flush of exasperation. What right had the management to cause him to be advertised in every public room of the establishment? But the next instant his resentment evaporated, when he remembered that he remained Mr. Hugh Morten in the managerial comprehension.

He was a man of a larger, the boy swayed toward him, tendered a blue envelope, accepted a gratuity and departed.

It was a cable message; very probably an answer to his to Grace Pettit. Whitaker tore the envelope, and unfolded the inclosure, glancing first at the signature to verify his surmise. As he did so, he heard his name a second time.

"Pardon me, this is Mr. Whitaker?" a man stood beside the little table, one whom Whitaker had indifferently goggled on entering as an equally lonely lounge at another table.

Though he frowned involuntarily with annoyance, he couldn't deny dearth of his identity.

"Yes," he said shortly, looking the man up and down with a captious eye. Yet it was hard to find much fault with this slender of his personification. He had the poise and the dress of a gentleman; dignity without aggressiveness, completeness without ostentation.

He had a spare, not unattractive body, a plain, dark face, a humorous mouth, steady eyes, a man easily forgotten or overlooked unless he willed it otherwise.

"My name is Embler," he said quietly. "If you'll permit me—my card." He offered a slip of parchment on which was engraved with the name of Martin Embler. "And I'll sit down, because I want to talk to you for a few minutes."

Accordingly he sat down. Whitaker glanced at the card, and questioningly back at Mr. Embler's face.

"I don't know you, but... What are we to talk about, please?" The man smiled, not unpleasantly.

"Mrs. Whitaker didn't send you to me? Then how—What the deuce—"

"I happened to have a seat near your box at the theater tonight," Mr. Embler explained coolly. "From what I saw there, I inferred that you must be—yourself. Afterwards I got hold of Max, confirmed my suspicion, and extracted your address from him."

"What the devil are you?" he demanded bluntly.

"I was," said the other slowly, "once, a private detective. Now—I'm a person who has been the recipient of independent means, with a penchant—your're at liberty to assume—for poking my nose into other people's business. Mrs. Grace Pettit once employed me to find her sister, Miss Mary Ladislaus, who had run away with a chauffeur named Morton."

"Just a minute," said Whitaker suddenly—"by your leave—"

Embler bowed gravely. For a thought or two Whitaker's gaze roved over his eyes in vain effort to fathom what was going on behind them, the anxious undiscovered by his words; then, remembering, he looked down at the cable message in his hand.

"Mary Embler (at Mr. private agency 1435 Broadway, Grace Pettit)." Whitaker folded the paper and put it away in a pocket.

"Go on, please," he said quietly. "I don't know," Mr. Embler resumed, "did such things indifferently well. I had little trouble in following the runaways from Southampton to Greenport. There they parted. He was wanted in New York in a former position, was arrested, convicted and sent to Sing Sing; where he presently died. I'm glad to say... Miss Ladislaus had registered at the Commercial house as Mrs. Morten. She was there along with that name, for nearly a week before you registered as Hugh Morten, and in the space of a few hours married her, under your true name, and shipped her off to New York."

"And then—"

"I traced her to the Hotel Belmont, where she stopped overnight, then just her completely; and so reported to the driver's seat. By telegram a brother in San Francisco, the only member of Drummond's family of whom he had any record. Friends, fellow members of the club, were looking after things—doing all that could and propriety ought to be done under the circumstances."

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 19

FROM MELITA TO ROME.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 21:1-3. Paul and Silas were not ashamed of the gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.

In this lesson we see something of the human side of Paul's character. No man appreciated fellowship more than he. Look up Acts 17:15; 18:5; 1 Cor. 7:6; 1 Thess. 3:1, 2; 1 Tim. 4:21.

Paul left Melita (Malta) probably February 1, A. D. 60. From there to Syracuse was a distance of between 80 and 100 miles. From the island of Syracuse (now a part of Italy) to Rhegium was one day's sail. From Rhegium to Paestum was 180 miles. Paestum (modern Paestum) is in the Bay of Naples, eight miles from the modern city of Naples. Paul and his band who had done so much for the Maltese were specially honored with many honors.

In these verses we have a picture of Paul seeking out his brethren wherever he went, thanking God and taking courage as they came to meet with him and converse with him. It is a picture upon which we ought to ponder deeply and be grateful that it reveals to us a side of Paul little known and appreciated.

II. The Land Journey (vv. 14, 15). At Paestum, Paul and his companions began their march to 140 miles of the city of Rome. After a march of 60 miles they reached the famous April Forum, i. e., "The market of Apollo."

Here Paul is met by the first delegation from the church at Rome, who were waiting to welcome him and Luke and escort them to the capital city. A second delegation met them in three taverns, or "The Three Shops," as we would call stores in the modern sense. These Christians had come at no small cost, as they had to walk 40 miles to the April Forum and 33 to the Three Taverns, and then walk the same distance back to the city. Thus it was that the sight of these friends cheered Paul and he thanked God. We can well imagine the joy of those souls, the communion enjoyed by those pilgrims as they journeyed toward the imperial city.

We can see in the letters which Paul wrote from Rome plain signs of his longing for sympathetic friends and company. He had to be content with the few who had met him at Paestum, and being thus greeted on his journey. We can also imagine something of the blessing and inspiration which must have come to those Christians who met this famous soldier of the cross and who had the privilege of escorting him to the city.

III. In Rome (vv. 16-23). Having entered into the city the centurion Julius, who had become a friend of Paul, delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard. This officer we are told was a liberal-minded man, one of the few good people in the corrupt life of the city. Paul was probably first taken to the forum, which was the center of imperial power and magnificence and near which was the "house of Caesar." (Phil. 4:22) Paul was not sent to prison for it was against the law to trial, but he was permitted to dwell by himself in "his own hired house."

Of course, there was a soldier who guarded him. This was the city where Paul had so long desired to preach the Gospel. (Rom. 1:15-16) As in other places, he first turned to the Jews, for he loved his own people no matter how much he had suffered at their hands. He got them together where he might preach to them Jesus and sought to conciliate them.

In Paul's preaching he always emphasized that a Messiah was risen from the dead as a guaranty of all other resurrections. In his way, as in his present one, there were those who spoke against this, and yet that resurrection was to conquer the world and to save it from moral ruin. These present had had no word out of their mouths. (vs. 21) As at later and a public meeting (vs. 23) there came unto him, that is, into his lodgings, great numbers of whom Paul sounded the Gospel of the kingdom and gave his personal testimony. He drew out of the law of Moses and out of the prophecies, common ground for them all, that the Messiah had truly come, the prophecies of the kingdom of God had been fulfilled, and that Jesus by his life and death had shown the Jews how perfectly the latter were fulfilled. This Paul did from morning till evening, following the same line as in his speech before Agrippa and in other places where he had been testifying. All of his explanations and testimonies centered in Jesus. It was no abstract mental theory for an improved order of society but a definite reign of a definite person, Jesus of Nazareth. Paul is a great example for any Bible student to follow.

As to how many other occasions Paul's preaching caused a division. (vs. 18) And again he turns to the Gentile (vs. 23).

Paul told them plainly what lay at the root of their unbelief (vs. 27), although they refused the salvation as none the less of God.



HEAVY FEED CAUSES SCOURS

Common and Very Effective Remedy is Dose of Castor-Oil—Best to Feed Calf Twice Each Day.

By W. L. FOWLER, Department of Animal Husbandry, Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater.

The change of climate and milk should not cause a calf to scour, unless too much milk of poor quality is given to the calf on route or after it arrives. Scours are generally caused by heavy feeding or by the use of cold or sour milk fed out of unclean buckets. In case the calf scours, I would cut its amount of milk to about one-half and give a dose of castor oil, or a mixture of salol and Vaseline subnitrate. The latter is a common remedy and is very effective.

The best practice is to feed the calf twice a day. If you are milking your cow three times a day, the calf can be fed as often. Good results are had by feeding the calf warm sweet milk immediately after the cows are milked. If the calf is of the Jersey or Guernsey breed, eight to ten pounds of milk a day for the first few weeks will be enough. If you have no way of weighing the milk, it would be a good idea to feed just a little more than half a gallon of milk twice a day.

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