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The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

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TWO.

It was a couple of hours later that Hugh rang up his rooms in Half Moon street. From Algy, who spoke to him, he gathered that Phyllis and her father were quite safe. He also found out another thing—that Ted Jerningham had just arrived with the hapless Potts in tow, who was apparently sufficiently recovered to talk sense. He was weak still and dazed, but no longer imbecile.

"Tell Ted to bring him down to The Elms at once," ordered Hugh. "There's a compatriot of his here, waiting to welcome him with open arms."

"Potts is coming, Mr. Green," he said, putting down the receiver. "Our Hiram C. And he's talking sense. It seems to me that we may get a little light thrown on the activities of Mr. Hocking and Herr Steinemann, and the other bloke."

The American nodded slowly.

"Von Gratz," he said. "I remember his name now. Steel man. Maybe you're right, Captain, and that he knows something; anyway, I guess Hiram C. Potts and I stick closer than brothers till I restore him to the bosom of his family."

But Mr. Potts, when he did arrive, exhibited no great inclination to stick close to the detective; in fact, he showed the greatest reluctance to enter the house at all. As Algy had said, he was still weak and dazed, and the sight of the place where he had suffered so much produced such an effect on him that for a while Hugh feared he was going to have a relapse. At length, however, he seemed to get back his confidence, and was persuaded to come into the central room.

"It's all right, Mr. Potts," Drummond assured him over and over again. "Their gang is dispersed, and Lakington is dead. We're all friends here now. You're quite safe. This is Mr. Green, who has come over from New York especially to find you and take you back to your family."

The millionaire stared in silence at the detective, who rolled his cigar round in his mouth.

"That's right, Mr. Potts. There's the little old sign." He threw back his coat, showing the police badge, and the millionaire nodded. "I guess you've had things humming on the other side, and if it hadn't been for the Captain here and his friends, they'd be humming still."

"I'm obliged to you, sir," said the American, speaking for the first time to Hugh. The words were slow and



The Millionaire Stared in Silence at the Detective.

hesitating, as if he was not quite sure of his voice. "I seem to remember your face," he continued, "as part of the awful nightmare I've suffered the last few days—or is it weeks? I seem to remember having seen you, and you were always kind."

"That's all over now, Mr. Potts," said Hugh gently. "You got into the clutches of the most infernal gang of swine, and we've been trying to get you out again." He looked at him quietly. "Do you think you can remember enough to tell us what happened at the beginning? Take your time," he urged. "There's no hurry."

The millionaire passed his hand dazedly over his forehead.

"I was stopping at the Carlton," he began, "with Granger, my secretary. I sent him over to Belfast on a shipping deal and—" He paused and looked round the group. "Where is Granger?" he asked.

"Mr. Granger was murdered in Belfast, Mr. Potts," said Drummond quietly, "by a member of the gang that kidnaped you."

"Murdered! Jimmy Granger murdered!" He almost cried in his weakness. "What did the swine want to murder him for?"

"Because they wanted you alone," explained Hugh. "Private secretaries ask awkward questions."

After a while the millionaire recovered his composure, and with many breaks and pauses the slow, disjointed story continued:

"Lakington! That was the name of the man I met at the Carlton. And then there was another . . . Peter . . . Peterson. That's it. We all dined together, I remember, and it was after dinner, in my private sitting room, that Peterson put up his proposition to me. . . . It was a suggestion that he thought would appeal to me as a business man. He said—what was it?—that he could produce a gigantic syndicalist strike in England—revolution, in fact; and that as one of the biggest shipowners—the biggest, in fact—outside this country, I should be able to capture a lot of the British carrying trade. He wanted two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to do it, paid one month after the result was obtained. . . . Said there were others in it. . . ."

"On that valuation," interrupted the detective, thoughtfully, "it makes one million pounds sterling," and Drummond nodded. "Yes, Mr. Potts; and then?"

"I told him," said the millionaire, "that he was an infernal scoundrel, and that I'd have nothing whatever to do with such a villainous scheme. And then—almost the last thing I can remember—I saw Peterson look at Lakington. Then they both sprang on me, and I felt something prick my arm. And after that I can't remember anything clearly. Your face, sir"—he turned to Drummond—"comes to me out of a kind of dream; and yours, too," he added to Darrell. "But it was like a long, dreadful nightmare, in which vague things, over which I had no power, kept happening, until I woke up last night in this gentleman's house." He bowed to Ted Jerningham, who grinned cheerfully.

"And mighty glad I was to hear you talking sense again, sir," he remarked. "Do you mean to say you have no recollection of how you got there?"

"None, sir; none," answered the millionaire. "It was just part of the dream."

"It shows the strength of the drug those swine used on you," said Drummond grimly. "You went there in an airplane, Mr. Potts."

"An airplane!" cried the other in amazement. "I don't remember it. I've got no recollection of it whatever. There's only one other thing that I can lay hold of, and that's all dim and muzzy. . . . Pearls. . . . A great rope of pearls. . . . I was to sign a paper; and I wouldn't. . . . I did once, and then there was a shot and the light went out, and the paper disappeared. . . ."

"It's at my bank at this moment, Mr. Potts," said Hugh; "I took that paper, or part of it, that night."

"Did you?" The millionaire looked at him vaguely. "I was to promise them a million dollars when they had done what they said. . . . I remember that. . . . And the pearl necklace. . . . the duchess of . . ." He paused and shook his head wearily.

"The duchess of Lampshire's?" prompted Hugh.

"That's it," said the other. "The duchess of Lampshire's. It was saying that I wanted her pearls, I think, and would ask no questions as to how they were got."

The detective grunted.

"Wanted to incriminate you properly, did they? Though it seems to me that it was a blamed risky game. There should have been enough money from the other three to run the show without worrying you, when they found you weren't for it."

"Wait," said the millionaire, "that reminds me. Before they assaulted me at the Carlton they told me the others wouldn't come in unless I did."

For a while there was silence, broken at length by Hugh.

"Well, Mr. Potts, you've had a moldy time, and I'm very glad it's over. But the person you've got to thank for putting us fellows on your track is a girl. If it hadn't been for her I'm afraid you'd still be having nightmares."

"I would like to see her and thank her," said the millionaire quickly.

"You shall," grinned Hugh. "Come to the wedding; it will be in a fortnight or thereabouts."

"Wedding!" Mr. Potts looked a little vague.

"Yes! Mine and hers. Ghastly proposition, isn't it?"

"The last straw," remarked Ted Jerningham. "A more impossible man as a bridegroom would be hard to think of. But in the meantime I pinched half a dozen of the old man's Perrier Jouet 1911 and put 'em in the car. What say you?"

"Say!" snorted Hugh. "Idiot boy! Does one speak on such occasions?"

And it was so. . . .

THREE.

"What's troubling me," remarked Hugh later, "is what to do with Carl and that sweet girl Irma."

The hour for the meeting was drawing near, and though no one had any idea as to what sort of a meeting it was going to be, it was obvious that Peterson would be one of the happy throng.

"I should say the police might now be allowed a look in," murmured Darrell mildly. "You can't have the man lying about the place after you're married."

"I suppose not," answered Drummond, regretfully. "And yet it's a dreadful thing to finish a little show like this with the police—if you'll forgive my saying so, Mr. Green."

"Sure thing," drawled the American. "But we have our uses, Captain, and I'm inclined to agree with your friend's suggestion. Hand him over along with his book, and they'll sweep up the mess."

(To Be Continued)

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Cleaning It Up

In a neighbor's house, not long since little Georgie for the first time saw a face vibrator.

At home shortly afterward, the youngster said:

"Mrs. Umson's face must get awful dirty, mother."

"Why do you think that?" the mother asked.

"Because," replied Georgie, "while I was there I saw her trying to fix it up with a vacuum cleaner."—Youngstown Telegram

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 25

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially them who are of the household of faith.—Gal. 6:1-10.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Gal. 6:1-10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Stories of Paul.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Serving Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Living for Jesus.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Sacrificing for Jesus.

Two methods may profitably be employed in the review of the lessons of the Quarter. First, a biographical sketch of the Apostle Paul, such as his birth, home training, education, conversation, teaching and missionary work. Second, the leading teachings of the lessons, which may be made prominent by summarizing the facts of each lesson and stating the most vital teaching thereof. The first method can be used in reviewing the lessons in all departments and grades, and can be easily adapted by any teacher. The second method will be preferred by many in the senior and adult classes.

The following is given by way of suggestion:

Lesson 1. Paul was born at Tarsus, of Hebrew parentage. Being brought up in a pious home, he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of devotion to the Scriptures. He was educated at Jerusalem under the tutorship of Gamaliel. The chief text book was the Bible. In addition to his religious training he was taught a trade which came in very useful later, enabling him to support himself while preaching the gospel.

Lesson 2. In Paul's training as a Pharisee, he was taught to love his own nation, to love God's law, and to be zealous toward God, that is, to have a passion for God and His work.

Lesson 3. Paul's burning hatred of Jesus incited him to endeavor to stamp out the Nazarene heresy. While on the way to Damascus, with authority to arrest and imprison the believers, men and women, he was stricken with blindness and fell to the earth, and Jesus spoke to him from heaven, saying, "Why persecutest thou me?" In response to the heavenly instruction he went to Damascus where Ananias baptized him, and he received his sight and was filled with the Holy Spirit.

Lesson 4. Paul straightway preached Christ in the synagogue. Like everyone who is really converted he began to tell of the newly found Saviour. After a lengthy sojourn in Arabia he visited Jerusalem where he was befriended by Barnabas when suspected by the disciples.

Lesson 5. When the religious awakening at Antioch had come to the attention of the Jerusalem church, Barnabas was sent to inspect it, and seeing help was needed he brought Paul from Tarsus to be his helper.

Lesson 6. After teaching a year at Antioch, the Spirit moved the church to send forth Barnabas and Paul to evangelize the heathen. The church sent her best men.

Lesson 7. As Paul and Barnabas were preaching at Iconium, an attempt was made to worship them as gods. Their efforts were frustrated by the tact of Paul. Soon after this Paul was stoned, showing that satanic worship can soon be turned into satanic hate.

Lesson 8. Paul's preaching the grace of God to the heathen brought on a controversy in the church at Antioch. The question in dispute was: "Shall Gentiles be required to keep the Mosaic law as a condition of salvation?" The decision was in favor of Paul, and so Paul and Barnabas were free to begin their second missionary journey.

Lesson 9. The Spirit forbade Paul to tarry longer in the provinces of Asia preaching the Gospel, and by a vision of a man from Macedonia pleading for help, he was called into Europe.

Lesson 10. The casting out of a demon from a young woman resulted in landing Paul and Silas in jail. They were miraculously delivered and the jailer was converted.

Lesson 11. Being driven out from Thessalonica and Berea, Paul went to Athens where he preached the gospel on Mars' Hill. The result of his preaching here was that some mocked, some procrastinated, and some believed.

Lesson 12. Paul in this lesson sets forth the grand principles which should govern the believer's life, the sum and substance of which is: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

The Name of Jesus.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the the name of Jesus every knee should bow; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father—Philippians 2: 9-11.

Trust in God.

Trust in God for great things. With your five loaves and two fishes He will show you a way to feed thousands.—Horace Bushnell.

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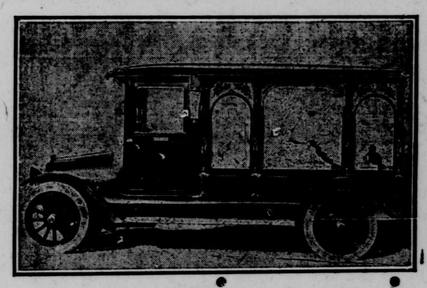
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