OVERNIGHT GUEST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE STORY THUS FAR: Allen Blake, FBI operator, inspector Tom and Mrs. Tope died in the Blake-made effects they were vacationing. Tope found a new woodwork of coin—coin—spotted by Ben Dorsett, for was believed to be Mr. Lathrop, head of war that—I cannot. Bobbie, friend of Lathrop, was found unconscious in a hospital. Bobbie's chauffeur, Hall, had disappeared but was later found in the Paradise cottage. He admitted he identity but said he did not know where his wife was. She car had been found in quarries and it was believed that her body was in the car. He said that the dead man was not Lathrop and that upon Bobbie's orders he had hid the body in the bed.

CHAPTER IX

Without a word Tope swung sharply into the Mill, into the dining-room. Adam and Cumberland followed him; and the two men at the table there looked up. Then Whitlock rose.

"Hello, Tope," he said.

Tope stared at him. "I knew I'd seen you somewhere, Whitlock. Where?"

The other hesitated. "Are you on this thing, Inspector?"

Tope suddenly nodded as though remembering. "You're from a private agency?" he guessed.

Whitlock said reluctantly: "Well, yes."

"What are you after?"

Whitlock, wary as a dog in a strange yard, looked at the others here, doubt and caution in his eyes. The inspector said insistently: "Whitlock, this gentleman is Mat Cumberland, the District Attorney. You'll have to play ball with us." And he added: "You were here Monday night, leaving a stolen car—or so you said. Why did you come back?"

"We heard that a dead man had been found here."

"What of it?" Whitlock was still. "Who put you on this?" The detective said nothing. "What's your outfit? Hoskins? Or Myers?"

Myers agreed. Whitlock asked: "You boys stay here tonight," Tope said flatly.

"You're taking a high hand," Whitlock protested. "Where do you get—anyway?"

But Adam Bruce said quickly: "I'm from the Department of Justice. I back Tope; and so does Dist. Attorney Cumberland, if you want to argue!"

"Oh, all right," Whitlock grudgingly agreed. "I guess you can't run many guns, Tope. We'll play!"

Ben Dorsett said, "I'll show you a cabin, gentlemen!" and they followed her away.

Tope, as soon as they were gone, turned in haste toward the telephone, which was in a closet under the stairs. Tope heard the name, and fact, as he put in the call.

A little later he arranged, his eyes shining, but he only said, speaking to his District Attorney: "Well, Mat, that's about all we can do tonight. You'd better take Kari along to town." Then he turned to Bird Quill, and without any apologies to the others, drew Ned aside.

"Son," he asked the trooper, "do you know Sally Tennant—the daughter of Bobbie's gardener?"

"Sure," Quill returned. He grinned. "Mighty pretty girl."

The old man nodded. "All right. Quill, go see this Tennant girl—tonight or in the morning. Her father said she was in love with Bob Flint, Bobbie's pilot. Ask her whom she saw him last, anything else she'd tell you."

"Sir?" Ned agreed.

Tope turned back toward the others. "Mat," he said to Cumberland, "don't forget to have Doctor Medford check on gas in the dead man's lungs, and whether he was drugged. How good night. I'll come you at the quarry in the morning."

Cumberland assented heavily, and turned toward the car. When they were gone, Tope mopped his face and sighed and turned to Mrs. Tope. "I had to get rid of Mat," he said. "Having him around is like parking a piano. He's—slick, heavy! How I can get him!"

The phone rang, and Adam went to answer it. Mrs. Tope asked solicitously: "Have you do anything more tonight? You're so tired."

"I'll rest tomorrow night," he promised, and he said with a chuckle: "You can see, tomorrow night I aim to sleep about seventy-four hours without waking. You go along."

But before she could go, Adam returned from the telephone, and Ben came back from showing Whitlock and Reid their cabin. "They're all asleep in the good little beds," she reported; and her eyes were twinkling. "Is much sad mind! I loved the way you squelched them!"

Tope chuckled; and then he asked: "Miss Dawson, do you know anything about a lodge back in the hills somewhere? Lathrop's place?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly. "Why?"

"Mr. Eberly's there," Tope explained. She offered an affirmative but at once at relief and of surprise; and Tope added: "Adam, you know where it is?"

Adam shook his head.

"She knows, you tell him," Tope requested. "I want to see Mr. Eberly." And he added: "You might give me that letter to take to him, Mr. Lathrop. I'll give it to him."

Ben did so, readily enough. "How do you know he's there?" she asked, and Tope said:

"Kari told me." And he added, his tone all reassurance: "Now that you've tucked Whitlock and Reid in bed, do as much for Mrs. Tope, will you?" He looked at Mrs. Tope. "Unless you want to sleep in the Mill, my dear?"

"No, I prefer myween bed," Mrs. Tope decided.

So she and Ben departed, and Tope and Bruce were left alone. Tope mopped his brow, and to asked:

"Sleepy, Adam?"

Adam hesitated: "Up to see Mr. Eberly?"

Tope smiled. "Well, yes. But first we'll get these two detectives, take them away."

"What for?"

"To introduce me to their chief."

Bruce asked sharply: "Chief Eberly?"

And Tope said, his eyes sober: "No, Adam. Miss Lathrop."

Mrs. Tope woke in the first gray of dawn, and looked across the cot-



"What for?" he asked in a dazed tone.

ts, expecting to see the Inspector there cited. But the bed was untouched; and she thought how weary he would be after a sleepless night, and lay awhile wakeful, waiting for the sound of his car. But it did not come, and at length—for sun had not yet risen—she rose and dressed quickly, and went out of doors.

Now a car did come along the road, with three or four men in it; a moment later it turned in at the drive, stopped beside the Mill and the passengers vanished out. They had not yet seen Mrs. Tope when Kari Priddy came out of the kitchen door, and Ben appeared about him naturally. Mrs. Tope, watching with amusement, saw Priddy suddenly the men of the hotel, important, erect, facing their questions and then their cameras with a rigb tend and steady eye. She nerve nerd enough to overhear—understood that these were reporters, that the trap was now public property now.

Then Ben approved: and later Bird Quill on his motorcycle roared into the drive outside. Before his engine died, the newcomers were out to meet him. Mrs. Tope and Ben watched them from the Mill door, till suddenly, at notice word from Quill, they were racing away.

Quill grinned and came toward the Mill, and Mrs. Tope asked: "What did you tell them?"

"I heard the lieutenant," the young man answered explained. "Old up in the woods. The number plates are gone, so they can't make anything out of it, but there's blood on the floor. I told 'em about it by get them out of the way, so I could see Tope."

At a little past ten, Tope did return, with Bruce, and a quiet, elderly man whom Ben greeted warmly.

"Why, Mr. Eberly!" she cried; and she said in affectionate reproach: "You gave me an awful scare, when I telephoned to Ed Flynn and you weren't there!"

But Mrs. Tope was attentive only to the inspector. His eyes were red and tired. He asked: "Anything new?"

"Trooper Quill says they'll raise the car out of the quarry about noon," she explained.

Tope's eyes quickened, and he turned to the other man. "Mr. Eberly, you stay here, will you?" he requested.

When Joe Dane set out to fetch Hoskins back to North Maidenton, he took with him Ed Pringle, a detective attached to Mat Cumberland's office. They came at length to the private hospital to which Hoskins had been taken, and presented their credentials to the physician in charge. The doctor insisted that Hoskins could not safely travel till morning. So it was a little past eight that Joe and Pringle and the doctor went in to see him.

Dane, big with the dignity of a small man, spoke. "Mr. Hoskins," he said, "my name is Dane. I'm Assistant District Attorney of Highland County. Mr. Cumberland, my chief, sent me to bring you up there."

Hoskins — his head swathed in bandages, his eyes swollen and weary—looked at Joe slowly. "What for?" he asked in a dazed tone.

Dane glanced at Pringle as though calling the other man's attention to his discretion. "Mr. Cumberland will tell you himself," he said, but could not resist adding, "if you don't already know."

"I don't know anything," Hoskins said. "But I'm due at my office."

"I'm afraid that isn't possible," said Joe Dane pleasantly. "But if you wish, I'll let them know that you will be away for a few days."

"A few days?"

Dane smiled grimly. "A subpoena," he explained; and left Pringle's amused eye upon him, and colored hotly.

But thereafter he held his tongue, and Hoskins made no new objection, and presently they were on the road, Pringle driving. Dane and the hurt man in the seat behind. Hoskins for a while sat staring straight ahead with dull eyes; but presently he went slightly to sleep, his head back, his mouth open. Sometimes when the car struck a bump, his face twisted as though he winced with pain.

When toward noon they reached the courthouse in North Maidenton, Dane and Pringle, supporting Hoskins, who was weak and unsteady on his feet, went up the worn old stairs; and Dane flung open the door of Cumberland's private office, with some notion of making an entrance in style.

But Cumberland was not here to be impressed, and the office was in charge of Janet Cumberland, Mat's niece, a fresh, colorless young woman to whom even Priscilla Mat was an old and rather stodgy man, while the Dane was young and handsome. She looked up at him with coy delight, and Joe tweaked her ear and said jollily:

"Hello, Jan! Office get along all right without me?"

"We've missed you, Mr. Dane," she told him. "There's been so much going on. They caught Bird, you know. He's the chauffeur. And they found the car in the quarry. Oh, and Mr. Dane, I have a telephone message for you from Earl Priddy. You know, down at Deweese's Mill. He says he has some important evidence."

Dana chuckled. "Earl's the biggest liar in the county. But I might run down to the Mill, see if he's got anything. Be back soon, Jo," he told Pringle. "You keep Hoskins tame."

Dane found Priddy waiting outside in the Kindness motor. Mrs. Priddy's watchful eye. At sight of Dane, Hoskins came starting to his feet.

"Joe!" he cried. "High time you came! I got something to tell you—"

Mrs. Priddy thrust her husband forcibly back into his chair. "You can act right there and tell it!" she exclaimed. "I want them noises dismissed!"

"Now, Ma, this here's private and confidential," Earl insisted. "Joe, you make her—"

"Let him step outside with me, for a minute, Mrs. Priddy," Joe suggested. "I know you wouldn't want to obstruct justice."

She yielded grudgingly. "Just because he sent them people when they hurt some here—" she began.

Earl, his hand through Dane's arm, was already at the door. "And it was me was him here Kari sneak into Farmers inn!" he boasted, and dragged Joe outside.

"Sure what people?" Joe demanded.

"That fellow and the woman. Friday night," Earl reported, and told the tale of the stolen car; and then he gave his version of the capture of Kari, and of Tope's midnight departure; and Joe asked many questions.

"I ain't a hand to listen," Earl said finally. "Only a fool way of my daisy! But Ike Murrell, he sneaks around all hours of the night. He seen Kari sneak into Farmers inn that Friday night—them that stole the car—and she was talking to the fellow with her, begging him not to do it, whatever it was. He heard her call him by name. Name of Rupe."

Joe was instantly alert. "Rupe?" he echoed. "Say, was a Rafe! Rafe Dorn Tope know about this?"

Rafe was Lathrop's partner.

They found Isaac, and Joe questioned him rapidly.

Isaac and Earl between them recalled the talk.

"I hear the car come in," Earl explained. "Late, after everybody was asleep. I figured was up to Little Bear, and he gave me five dollars."

"I know, I know," Joe said impatiently. "You told me. But Murrell, what were you doing up there?"

"Why, I don't sleep good," Isaac Murrell meekly explained. "And sometimes I go out and walk around; and I heard Jud begging him not to do something or other. I heard her say: 'Oh, no, she's, Rupe! Please don't, Rupe!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By MARCUS L. STOCKWELL, D. D.
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Lesson for January 27

A PEOPLE AT WORSHIP

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 35:1, 10-35; 36:1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT—Let us worship the Lord for Him, and His only God Jesus Christ.—Hebrews 9:14.

A nation which knows God must have a place and a plan for worshiping Him. The history of Israel has moved forward to the arrangements for worship which the people desired from bondage are established as a theocratic nation, that is, one governed by God.

The covenant at Sinai (ch. 19) was followed by the giving of the law (chs. 20-23), and then in chapters 24-40 we find the worship of God established. Two elements are necessary—a way in which God may be approached and a place to meet Him. The former is provided in the ordaining of the Aaronic priesthood, and the latter in the building of the Tabernacle.

I. God Provides a Way to Worship (35:1).

The appointment of Aaron as high priest, and his sons to serve with him, provided for the proper conduct of the worship of God which was to take place in the Tabernacle.

The sinner coming into the presence of God must approach by way of the bloody altar where sacrifice could be made for sin. This called for a priest set apart for this holy duty, which would open the way for the repentant one to enter into the Holy place, and ultimately to leave God (ch 40) was covered in the Day of Holies.

Greater the grace of God in that providing for the deep spiritual need of His people. All of this pointed forward to the day when Christ the true High Priest was to make the perfect and final atonement for sin by the sacrifice of Himself on Calvary's tree.

The symbolic dress of the priest and the consecration for his duties are all very instructive, but we do not have space to comment at length. Suffice it to say that the one who is to serve in the conduct of the worship of God is to be a called, cleansed and consecrated man, set apart for a holy calling and eager to be used of God to lead men into fellowship with Him.

From these final provisions for the worship of God we find that basic items of the high principles which are to guide the church regarding the call and separation of men to the ministry. The gift and grace of God shown in the man's character are the more important than certificates of social standing.

II. God Provides a Place of Worship (35:10-35; 36:1-7).

The plan for the Tabernacle was given by God to Moses in much detail. A close study of it will bring much reward.

Although the plans were made by God (Exod. 26:30), note that He gave to the people the privilege of providing the materials. They recognized it as a high privilege and not a burden, and they came enthusiastically with their gifts.

That thought bears application to the believer. Do we know that God still loves a cheerful giver (II Cor. 9:7). Those who groan and grumble about the money and material needed for the worship of God have not caught the real spirit of Christian giving.

The children of Israel brought more than enough of their own treasured possessions and of the labor of their hands. In fact, they had to be told to stop (Exod. 36:1-7). Imagine having to tell people to stop giving! That would be a novelty!

The Tabernacle was duly built, and thus there was provided for Israel a place of meeting (Tabernacle literally means "tent of meeting"), beautiful and appropriate for their days of ministering in the wilderness.

The significance of the Tabernacle is both interesting and important.

(1) It is a symbol of God's presence with His people. All who were drilled were exhorted because God was there.

(2) It is a type of God's method of bringing sinners to Himself. There must be a sacrifice for sin before communion can be established.

The furniture of the Tabernacle is likewise significant. The color of curtains and the layer of cleansing come first in the outer court. Then on his journey from the door to the ark of the covenant of the Holy of Holies, the one who seeks God is led by the shewbread, lighted by the candlestick and surrounded by the altar, of which the altar of incense speaks.

Christ is the Bread of life, the Light of the world, our High Priest and interceding Advocate.

Within the Holy of Holies the mercy seat typifies the covering of a believer's sins by the blood of Christ.

(3) It is a symbol of the incarnation of Christ of whom it is said that He "tabernacled" with men.

(4) It is a symbol of heavenly things. Christ now appears in heaven for us as our minister and high priest (Heb. 8:1-5).

(5) It is a symbol of God's dwelling with men in the ages of eternity (Rev. 21).

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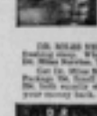
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