

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"It was," Malet said. "He was a broken-down steeplechaser which had been brought out to Mexico City by an English mining magnate."

"What happened to him?" "He ran until he dropped dead," Malet returned. "I'm not a horseman. I had no idea how far or fast a horse could run."

"That's the thoroughbred strain," Barnes said. He passed into a disquisition on feats of thoroughbred horses and dogs. It was a hobby with him.

"Is there a thoroughbred strain in men, too?" Malet asked.

"You bet there is," Barnes said promptly. "Put the thoroughbred to the test, and, whether he be man, horse, or hound, he'll respond."

"Barnes," Malet began, when the subject was exhausted, "haven't you yet found out that Nita is in love with young McKimber?"

"Impertinent puppy," Barnes stormed. "If I'd been in your place instead of being cast for a d-d flunkie, this would never have happened. I'm not sure but you couldn't have stopped it if you'd tried."

"Stopped it?" Malet returned. "You talk like a fool. I could just as easily have stretched out a hand and dammed the Colorado river in flood. Robin McKimber's been a better man than you have. What have you done all your days but loaf until you were so scared of the sight of Lippsky you took those long hikes which put you in condition? Don't scowl at me. I know you could lick me easily, but that won't make you worthy of your daughter, will it?"

Barnes listened to the story that had been told Milman and Bradley.

"What's the good of telling me this?" Barnes said. "Do you suppose I want to go back to Peekskill?"

"You won't have to. You are six hundred dollars to the good, your wardrobe is enlarged, and you've Nita. Milman admits that what we have done leaves us less clean than we were—"

"It won't hurt me," said Barnes. "You wouldn't notice it on my hide."

"I'm not approaching you from that angle," Malet said craftily. "I'm reminding you that you are winning success at Nita's expense. I'm not in the least doubtful about you. With Bradley and Milman there was a much greater chance of defeat."

"What the devil are you counting on?" Barnes demanded.

Malet put his arm on the bigger man's shoulder.

"On the thoroughbred strain in you. I'm relying on the fact that when the test comes the thoroughbreds respond."

He watched Barnes, who sat silent for almost five minutes. Barnes did not break the silence until he had torn up the copious notes he had made concerning the ranch in California, over which he knew now he would never ride.

"I'll do what the others want me to," he said.

Malet knocked again at Bradley's door.

"Barnes has come through," he said, smiling. "I know you despise men given over to sport and athletics, but when it comes to a showdown they have the right kind of heart. God protect me from a world governed by intellect. Good night."

"My father isn't well," said Robin. "He doesn't see strangers."

"He will see me," said Floyd Malet airily, "because I bring him back his youth, his reputation, and his future." By this time they had come to the car which Robin had parked by the curb.

"If this is your automobile, let us lose no time."

"Look here," said Robin, "you deliberately lied to me about Miss Brown's address. I cabled to England and Lady Horsham had never heard of Miss Agatha Brown."

"I didn't give you her aunt's address," said Malet. "I referred you to a duchess traveling in Tuscany."

"Her aunt?" Robin cried. "The countess of Horsham is the aunt of the lady we will call for the moment Miss Agatha Brown. She spoke truly in not having heard of such a person."

"I've got to know more about this," Robin exclaimed.

"You will not while you grip my arm like that. I have come to see your father. Until I do see him I shall not say any more."

Ten minutes later Malet was in McKimber's private room. The man who was now working as Raxon dictated showed very markedly his depression.

"I think I'd better see you alone," Malet suggested.

"Why?" said McKimber slowly. "My son is my full partner in everything."

"Even in your St. Louis affairs?" "I don't know what you have to do with St. Louis, but he knows everything that happened to me there."

"This amplifies matters very much," said Malet. "Now, gentlemen, if you will listen carefully, you will hear a most entralling story, the first essay in serious crime of men hitherto un-

distinguished in the crook's Who's Who." When the recital had ended a new McKimber stared into Malet's eyes. It seemed that he had shed years. In place of depression was hope and a returning health.

Malet senior had an iron grip. "Young man," he said to Malet, and subtly flattered him, "never yet has anyone done me a good turn and lost by it. This goes for you and the others." He turned to his son and commanded him to get three numbers on the long-distance wire. "I'm interested in Peter Milman's association with Brewer. Maybe I can get something back out of the wreck. But don't tell him that yet. When can I see him and the rest?"

"We thought if you could be at Milman's place three nights hence we would arrange to have Raxon there. Bradley and I have staged rather a pretty little scene. Of course, Raxon won't expect to see you or anyone but Milman."

"Can I come?" Robin McKimber asked anxiously.

"I think it might be arranged," Malet smiled. He could say no more, because McKimber bombarded him with questions and made innumerable notes. He was a shrewd and hard-headed man. Malet took the midnight train back to New York feeling he had made a friend. Robin's changed attitude was amusing. He listened with the greatest deference to Malet's remarks and thrust something into his hands as he boarded the train.

"Thank you," Malet said, "but I don't deserve a tip."

"It's a letter for her," Robin flushed a little.

On Thursday evening, which was for ever afterward memorable in the lives of Peter Milman's guests, Paul Raxon walked down Fifth Avenue wondering for what purpose he had been asked to confer with the recluse. Over the telephone Milman had said it was a matter of urgent import and had to do with his political ambitions. Ordinarily Raxon would have suspected danger, but not where Peter Milman was concerned.

The Milmans had been a great family intermarried with those who wielded immense financial power. Their prestige was undoubted in New York. Perhaps Peter Milman, brooding over his misfortunes, had some scheme to utilize the influence of his kin. The message was given in such a way as to enlist Raxon's lively interest. It was impossible to think of a visit to this austere mansion as in any sense perilous.

A French manservant admitted him. The financier was shown into a splendid drawing room. The brilliant group which Malet had done many years before took Raxon's eye immediately, although he was ignorant of the sculptor's name. He was examining the group closely when Peter Milman entered. Raxon looked at him intently. He saw a slim man of late middle age wearing the correct garb for the evening. There was a coldness about Peter Milman's manner that was not reassuring. It was almost as if the presence of Raxon were an offense. Milman looked toward the sculptured group.

"I see you are interested in that."

"I am," Raxon responded. "Who did it?"

"One who should have been our greatest sculptor but for an unjust accusation which ruined him." Milman saw Raxon's eyes narrow. "Floyd Malet."

"Malet?" Raxon repeated slowly, as if searching his memory. "Oh yes, I think I call his case to mind. Wasn't he mixed up in a studio orgy where a woman was killed, or died under mysterious circumstances?"

"Something of the sort," Milman answered. He pointed to a seat. "Please sit down, Mr. Raxon."

"I'm wondering what you can possibly have to say to me."

Peter Milman smiled. "I'm quite sure you are. It has to do with your political future mainly. It seems you wish to go to the senate from this state. My grandfather was a senator for many years, and I still retain an interest in politics."

"You didn't ask me to call just to hear that," Raxon said bluntly.

"There is more to come, much more."

The door opened and Fleming Bradley came in. He had been compelled to shave off his few days' growth of beard. Raxon looked up at him, frowning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preparation Time
If we are indeed here to perfect and complete our own natures, and grow larger, stronger, and more sympathetic against some noble career in the future, we had all best bestir ourselves to the utmost while we have the time.

To equip a dull, respectable person with wings would be but to make a parody of an angel.

When Old Age Arrives
Old age does not begin till our regrets outweigh our hopes.—Boston Herald.

The Highest Energy
"Prayer is the very highest energy of which the human heart is capable."—Coleridge.

Life
Life is the soul's nursery—its training place for the destinies of eternity.—W. M. Thackeray.

Praying and Living
He who prays as he ought will endeavor to live as he ought.—Owen.

English Girls Heavy Eaters, but Keep Thin
London.—English girls eat more than American girls, according to a London hotel and restaurant manager.

"The American woman does not order a luncheon—just a sandwich, a little chicken perhaps, and always iced coffee or iced water," he says.

"The English girl is sensible; she eats heartily and sometimes more than a man."

The city stenographer who fed on currant buns and water has disappeared, he thinks. The London girl sits down to a proper meal. Although she eats more, she still keeps slim.

Germ's Spread Feared; Ex-Hospital to Burn
Edmonton, England.—A disused hospital in the populous downtown district here has been ordered burnt by the city health authorities, who fear that if the structure were razed in any other way germs might escape.

About twenty-five years ago a smallpox epidemic raged here and since then the hospital has been used as a storage place for lumber.

Health officers said that if the building was pulled down germs might escape through the wood joints.

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (© 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for October 23

THE CALL OF THE PROPHET

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 19:19, 20; Amos 7:10-15; Isa. 6:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT—I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I, send me.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God Chooses His Helpers.

JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Call to Service.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Spirit of the Volunteer.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Need for Modern Prophets.

A prophet is one who speaks forth the message of another. A prophet may foretell events, but his primary business is to speak forth God's message.

I. The Call of Elisha (1 Kings 19:19, 20).

1. His occupation. He seems to have been a well-to-do farmer, as there were twelve yoke of oxen in service when God called him. It was while engaged in his common duty that he received the divine call.

2. How he was called. Elijah cast his mantle upon him as he passed by.

II. The Call of Amos (Amos 7:10-15).

1. His occupation (v. 14). He was a herdsman and gatherer of sycamore fruit.

2. He was a prophet, not by succession nor trained in the prophetic schools.

3. God called him from his humble life to stand before the king. God is not straitened for helpers. He raises up workers from unexpected quarters, fills them with His Spirit and sends them forth.

III. The Call of Isaiah (Isa. 6:1-8).

1. Isaiah's vision of the Lord (vs. 1-4). No one's ministry will ever be fruitful until he has had a vision of the Lord.

(1) He saw the Lord on His throne (v. 1). The supreme need of a servant of God is to have a vision of Him, even to see Him on His throne. Just now, perhaps as never before, we need a vision of the enthroned Lord, as the awful darkness is settling down upon the world.

(2) He saw the Seraphim above (vs. 2, 3). Their standing indicated that they were in readiness to do His bidding. Their equipment with six wings showed their ability to execute the divine will. In the divine presence, one pair was needed to veil the head from the divine glory, one pair veiled the feet which had been soiled in contact with the world, while the third pair was suspended in midair waiting to depart on the divine errand. As they waited in His presence their continued cry was "Holy, holy, holy."

(3) He saw manifestations of majesty (v. 4). As the holy ones cried the very doorposts moved and the temple was filled with smoke. Smoke indicates the divine presence in anger (Ex. 19:8; 20:18).

2. Isaiah's conviction of sin (v. 6). When he got a vision of the holy God he was smitten with a sense of sin. The reason that men think well of themselves is that they have never seen God. Face to face with the Lord, Isaiah saw himself as wholly vile. He realized that he had sinned in speech, and if in speech, then in heart, therefore the cry of despair.

3. Isaiah cleansed from sin (vs. 6, 7). Having been convicted of and confessed his sin, a burning coal was sent from the altar which purged away his sin. His penitential guilt was forgiven and removed.

4. Isaiah's call (v. 8). His call from God did not come until after his cleansing. The purged soul is the soul ready for the Lord's service.

5. Isaiah's dedication (v. 8). As soon as he was cleansed he quickly responded for service. The one who has been sanctified and made meet for the Master's service readily responds to the call of God. He did not wait to see the end from the beginning, but freely gave himself up to that service.

6. Isaiah's commission (vv. 9-13). Because of the unpromising outlook, Isaiah shrank from his responsibility. He saw the people steeped in selfishness, but in spite of that the Lord assured him that their blindness and sin would not continue forever. The people would go on in sin, be taken into captivity, and the land left desolate; but as the oak, after shedding its leaves is for a time apparently lifeless, yet it retains its substance and so can manifest its life, the prophet is given to see under this figure that despite the deadness of the nation a remnant shall be saved. The holy seed of the kingdom shall come to fruition in the last days.

FARMER KILLED AND BODY LEFT TO HOGS

Flimsy Motive for Crime Seen by Officials.

Hot Springs, S. D.—Has a twenty year old boy, born and raised on a South Dakota farm, walked to the home of a neighbor three times his age, a man of reserved, peaceable habits, and at the edge of the man's own corn field, in broad daylight, killed him with a shotgun and left his body to be mangled by hogs released from their adjoining pasture. And has this crime been committed, not from any one of the three ordinary motives, for money, love or revenge, but merely to gain possession of a truck and a rifle?

The supposition seems incredible. Yet Gerald Bowker, twenty years old, slight, round faced, boyish appearing, is in jail at Hot Springs, charged with the murder of Fred Tisner, fifty-eight, a bachelor, whose home is a few miles from that of Bowker's parents, highly respected farm folk who live near the village of Oral, on the prairies lying along the east side of the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Trained and Arrested. Bowker was followed by officers who started on his trail as soon as the mutilated body of Tisner had been discovered, several days after his death, and was arrested by the side of the girl wife whom he married last June. They were riding on a truck bearing the license number of Tisner's truck. And in the truck were a shotgun and a rifle, the latter corresponding to the description of one Tisner always kept in his house.

Fred Tisner was a bachelor who, German born, came to America when seventeen years old, worked on farms in Iowa and about 20 years ago came to the southwestern part of South Dakota to "take up a homestead." He had tilled his ground, raised some stock, helped a sister back in Iowa who was left a widow with eleven children to bring up, and had in the years of his hard work, accumulated little money.

But this year he had 90 head of hogs which he was getting ready for market. They were kept in a pasture at one end of which was a shed, not far from his house. Near the house, also, was his cornfield and further away his hay land.

Friday, August 26, Fred Tisner was seen by one of his neighbors about noon, driving a load of hay toward his house. He was never again seen alive, so far as is known, except by the one who killed him.

The Tisner buildings stand on a rise of ground and are visible for a considerable distance from several directions. But no one saw any unusual happenings about the place. No one knew that a tragedy had occurred at the quiet little farm until August 29, when a neighbor, Bert Thompson, came up to the house on his way to look after some of his cattle. On the edge of the cornfield, 50 yards or so from the house, lay Fred Tisner's body.

Rifle Is Missing. The gate, made of three boards which slipped into slots, had been let down. Hogs had entered from their pasture and the body was mutilated almost beyond recognition. On the boards of the gate were blood stains. The broken handle of a pitchfork firmly fixed in the haystacks were more blood stains. And in the chest of Tisner's body, when physician and coroner examined it, were not less than 25 wounds made by bullets from a shotgun.

In the stable were Tisner's four horses harnessed. From the shed between two corn cribs his light truck, always kept there, was missing. And from his house was missing the .22 caliber rifle which he was known to keep there habitually.

That was about all there was to be learned on the place. But officers soon heard of a truck answering the description of Tisner's which had passed along a road leading east, toward the Badlands.

On the second day of the pursuit the truck was overtaken. In it were the boy and girl couple. Bowker declared he had traded for the truck with a stranger and was on his way to a locality called Cuny Table to do trucking. He had no money on him and had stopped a day on the trip to work for money with which to buy gasoline. In the truck were a rifle and a shotgun.

Bowker and his wife were brought to Hot Springs and Bowker put in jail. His wife, questioned by officers, told that she was with her parents at Buffalo Gap when her husband came for her late in the day of August 26 and brought with him the truck he said he had traded for. They then started for Cuny Table.

Bowker was arraigned for murder and is held without bail.

KING'S DERBY HAT WORTH \$100,000

Diamond Ornament Saves Headpiece From Fire.

Bangkok, Siam—King Sisowath of Cambodia has died, leaving behind him the most expensive hat in the world. Cambodia is a French protectorate which once was a corner of Siam.

King Sisowath inherited from his brother a brown derby which was valued at \$100,000, because of a huge knob of diamonds which adorned its top, and he wore it on many state occasions.

According to royal custom the hat should have been burned upon the death of its first owner, but one of his numerous widows appealed to King Sisowath to save it from extinction because she admired it so. The new king gratified her wish.

More than 500 widows survive the monarch—more than mourned the death of King Solomon.

He visited Paris before the war accompanied by 200 of his wives, and wearing red shoes, a dress coat and a battered opera hat which he soon replaced with his favorite bowler.

"The French women," he said, "continually interrupt their husbands' conversation without fear of punishment."

On his way to France the monarch became seasick. That worried him, for he could not understand why a king should be seasick like common folk.

One day he became concerned about his whereabouts after seeing nothing but water for a number of days. He sent for the captain of the boat, who assured him that they would sight land the next day. They did sight land the next day, and his majesty was so pleased that he ordered a special hymn of joy to be sung for Buddha.

His surprise at the captain's "prediction" coming true was so great that he decorated him with a Cambodia order, observing at the same time, with a touch of hauteur, that it was strange the captain knew where his ship was while his majesty did not.

King Sisowath was said to be the oldest monarch in the world, and to have been born in 1840. He succeeded to the throne of his brother, King Norodom, in 1904.

Ancient Roman Kitchen Found in Great Britain

Epsom, Surrey.—Roman remains dating back to the time when the British Amazonian Queen Boadicea rose in revolt, have been brought to light near here.

Excavations on the site of the Roman villa in Ashted wood, discovered by A. Lowther, two years ago, have shown that underneath and extending beyond the rear of the building are the walls of an earlier structure. From the manner in which it was built and the style of the material used it is considered that it was destroyed about 60 A. D., or the period of the rising of Boadicea. The latter building probably dates to the time of Hadrian, 130 D. D., and remained, to judge from the latest finds of pottery, until at least 250 A. D.

The latest discoveries include a kitchen with an oven tiled at the side and connected at the bottom full of charcoal, an enamel bronze brooch with the design of a dolphin on it, two blue glass beads, a silver coin of Hadrian, and a small head of a swan in bronze.

Berlin Eases Passport Rules for Americans

Berlin.—To facilitate the entry into Germany of those Americans traveling in Europe who make up their mind at the last moment to come to this country, the German passport department has tentatively instructed the principal frontier stations at Benthelm, Alexla-Chapelle, Kehl and Basel, to allow all Americans equipped with a passport, and against whom there are no formal objections, to pass the border into Germany, even without a regular German visa.

This measure, however, is merely an experiment to continue in effect until October 30 of this year, when the authorities will determine if a sufficient number of Americans have availed themselves of this prerogative to warrant the permanent adoption of such a regulation.

Not Appreciated

Jersey City, N. J.—Because she made her own clothes and neither smoked nor drank, Mrs. Ida Wagner declares her husband, George P. Wagner, jeered at her for not being "modern" and finally deserted her.

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