

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Professor Bradney," said Milman gently. "One of our great physicists now brought down by unkind circumstances to being footman in the houses of lesser men. No, not in this house, Mr. Raxon. Here Professor Bradney is an honored guest." Milman turned to Bradney. "This is Mr. Paul Raxon, who aspires to high office."

Paul Raxon turned on his host with a snarl. He had been tricked.

"If you are harboring a dismissed servant of mine who left under circumstances which point to his dishonesty, let me remind you it's a dangerous thing to do."

"After a lifetime of orderly quiet one welcomes such dangers," Peter Milman's eyes peered into those red-leeked ones of his guest.

The door opened again and Neeland Barnes, in evening dress, entered.

"This is Mr. Neeland Barnes," said Milman. "Perhaps you know him best under his name of 'Enry.' He tells me he enjoyed every minute of his stay at your delightful home."

Paul Raxon, who had staged so many unhappy scenes for the men he had enmeshed, was now to experience the unpleasant sensations of the victim. He saw, very plainly, that he must suffer what these men chose to inflict and hear what they chose to say. He had not the physical power to escape. Not idly had they sauntered into this room.

"Ah," said Neeland Barnes, with a large gesture, "this is the little fellow I had to throw off the pier at Narragansett years ago. It was my intention to drown him as one does unwelcome kittens, but some misguided Samaritan of the sea defeated my purpose."

Raxon said nothing. But he had not come to his present eminence by being physically above the average. He had risen because of a brain more skilled in craftiness and cunning than the majority. These were not the sort of men to hurt him. He must keep his nerve and let them commit themselves to verbal follies.

Barnes had hardly finished when another entered whom he recognized, despite the absence of mustache and Imperial, as M. le Vicomte Raoul de Guillain.

"This is Mr. Floyd Malet," said Peter Milman. "I think you are indebted to his knowledge for ridding your house of period forgeries."

Paul Raxon rose to his feet.

"This reception," he said, stimulating a yawn, "grows wearisome. I seem to be a guest at a manservants' club. What is it staged for? Money? If so, there's absolutely nothing doing."

"Sit down," said Peter Milman suavely; "you will be told when to go."

The next to enter was Sneed, who had been his own butler. Raxon saw clearly that by some ruse yet to be discovered his house had been entered by a band of confederates. They had defeated him there.

"Mr. John McKimber," Sneed announced.

When Raxon had seen McKimber a week before he had looked upon a crushed man from whom ambition had fled. The McKimber who came in was again the big, dominating type, radiating confidence, sure of himself and his position. This bearing could only mean that McKimber knew of the theft of the stolen page from the registry and the letters. He understood that the weapons with which Raxon had threatened him were gone. The aura of danger was about Paul Raxon, and he comprehended his position with horror. Somehow or other they had tricked him, but he would pay them back. What a scandal it would be which would involve Peter Milman in a conspiracy of this sort.

"This is the Raxon who wished to go to the senate," Milman explained. "Wished," Raxon repeated. "Who isn't to be kept out of it by the fool tricks of your amateurs?"

"He's trying to keep his courage up," Barnes volunteered. "He knows he's beaten. You can see it in his face. The man's white as chalk."

"One can't blame him for trying to bluff it out," Bradney exclaimed impartially. "The cornered rat fights, invariably."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Peter Milman said, "remember that at the present minute Mr. Raxon has no idea that he is beaten. I can see him scheming a thousand plans of revenge, all of which seem reasonable because he has no idea what we hold over him."

"You don't hold anything," Raxon snarled.

"In the interests of truth I must contradict you," said his host. Milman took from his pocket a blue manilla envelope.

"I have here," Peter Milman went

on, "those documents with which you threatened Mr. McKimber."

"You stole them," Raxon cried, "and that's a penitentiary offense."

"Stole them?" Milman returned. "You pain me, Mr. Raxon. They were offered to me for sale just as they were offered to you. You bought them in the first instance, I in the second. You are not yet aware that every word of that long interview in your tower with Mr. McKimber was taken down in shorthand by an expert and transcribed. I have three copies, of which the one in this blue envelope is only a carbon. One copy will be given to Mr. McKimber, and the original is in my safe deposit vault at my bank. I am afraid you were a little careless in guarding the sanctity of your home. On one occasion you mistook an operative for a sewer rat. 'Enry here was greatly afraid lest you should shoot.'"

"I don't believe it," Raxon cried hoarsely.

"I thought you would not. Perhaps you will realize your mistake when you hear a few paragraphs."

Raxon listened in distressed silence. There was no doubt that someone had been listening and had taken the conversation down accurately. He had no room to doubt. The place where he had heard what he thought was a rat, the place where he had been thrust, bound and gagged, had been prepared for one end—his downfall.

Raxon saw McKimber open the envelope and look at the page cut by Raxon's private detective from the register. This page, never to be replaced, together with the letters bought from relatives of McKimber's first wife, were torn into little pieces and dropped in the blazing fire. Then McKimber turned to his enemy.

"You'll get a whole lot of help from me now," he jeered.

"You aren't run for office," Raxon cried. "You've nothing on me."

Milman waved his hand warningly and elevated the incipient verbal warfare to a higher level.

"You shall judge," he said urbanely. "I may tell you this embodies the work of years. It cost time and money, again Mr. Raxon's own words, but it was money well spent. I have here, for example, an affidavit from Thomas Minnerly, formerly elevator



"It's All Right," Said Robin Glee-fully.

boy in the studio apartment where that poor girl died. He says, under oath, that you paid him money for services the details of which are set forth. There is also the confession of Patrick Ford, once a well-known jockey, but later a stablehand at Pimlico, who was badly burned in a fire there and died later from injuries. He implicates a trainer named Acheson and Paul Raxon in the plot which disgraced Neeland Barnes. And I have the testimony of Edward Nygren, who was the go-between in the matter of offering a bribe to Professor Bradney. In all I have seven documents, each one of which will prevent you ever from running for office. Do you care to see them? I dare not put them into your hands for fear that you might throw them into the fire, but Mr. Barnes will no doubt secure your arms while I show them."

Raxon waved the suggestion aside, and Barnes sat down disappointed.

"And there are other things," Milman went on. "Your attorney Loddon, when heated with wine, has been more than indiscreet. I have had his conversations transcribed. If I were you, I think I would employ another lawyer, one not given to boasting of his influence over his chief client. Truth, you know, lives under a cork."

Raxon said no word. This man Milman, whom Loddon hated, had tricked him in the end.

"We shall see about it," he said, striving for calm. "I'm not the sort of man that you can try this sort of game on. What I know about McKimber I know and the world shall hear of it."

"Would that be wise?" Milman asked solicitously. "You see, you have no evidence. In order to give credence to your story you would have to explain the ordering of that page to be cut out. Very awkward, Mr. Raxon, as you will find, to tamper with vital statistics. That is not all. If Mr. McKimber finds you are acting against him, either directly or indirectly, he will see that the opposition papers get copies of the affidavits in this envelope. You are defeated at every point. Salvation for you lies in abandoning all political ambition."

Paul Raxon knew Milman spoke the truth. Here, definitely, once for all, was the end of his ambitions. He

realized as he went down the stone steps into the avenue that he dare make no move against the men who had invaded his home and brought him low.

McKimber, sitting before the fire, felt as one might whose death sentence had been respited at the last moment. He had been told to come as though he already knew he was victor. And if he had deceived Raxon he had not convinced himself. There were tears in his eyes when Nita came in.

"My dear," he said, "you are too good for any son of mine, but if you will marry him you'll make me happier than I ever thought to be again."

Someone put a strong, firm hand on his shoulder. It was Robin.

"It's all right," said Robin gleefully. "She is going to do it."

McKimber looked up at his son and smiled.

"Robin," he said, "never forget what you owe to Mr. Milman. I can never repay him, never."

McKimber took from his pocket a long, legal envelope. He balanced it in his hand a moment.

"It would give me great pleasure, Mr. Milman, if you would throw that on the back of the fire. It's something I want to get rid of."

"Certainly," said Peter Milman courteously. "It seems to amuse you," he added, seeing McKimber's face break into a smile.

"Do you know what you've done?" McKimber demanded. "You've burned up the mortgage I hold on this house. Yes, sir, I bought it yesterday, and now can't collect."

"Really," said Peter Milman, reddening. "I could not possibly accept such a thing—no, indeed."

McKimber waved his hands. "You can't help yourself. I've more to say. I've had my lawyers going through the Hazen Brewer affairs, and you didn't lose all your money. There will be enough saved out of the wreck for you to live on here." For a man who prided himself on his word, McKimber lied with prodigality and fluency. "Loddon trimmed you, but Brewer was honest."

McKimber turned to Bradney. He felt like a super-Santa Claus handing out presents for the deserving young.

"You may not know it, professor, but I've a lot to say in the management of a small up-state university. He did not tell them he was its most munificent donor and chairman of trustees. "We want to specialize in one thing which will put us on the educational map in a national sense. I've suggested your name, and that was approved, too. All you have to do is to signify your acceptance or rejection to me."

"Rejection?" Bradney cried, his eyes lighting up. "Mr. McKimber, you are offering me my career."

"As for the father of my future daughter-in-law, if he cares to run my stock ranch near Sacramento, I want a good man at once. He can go as soon as the wedding is over. What about it?"

"Man," said Neeland Barnes earnestly, "there isn't one chance in a trillion I'll refuse." He turned to the others. "And how I hated him for the ice water he drank!"

Floyd Malet, standing in the background, saw another man reborn in the former 'Enry. Not again for Neeland Barnes would there be the life of little things and daily financial worries. Malet looked on the scene with no spirit of envy. That there was no place in McKimber's plans for him seemed of little consequence. Nita had won her happiness, and that was enough.

He looked up as the girl came to his side.

"Dearest of my uncles," she whispered, "do you think I don't know who gave me my Robin?" She kissed him before them all.

"My friend Floyd," Milman announced, "is going to live at his house near Florence, where he will do the great things we expect from him."

"My house?" Malet cried.

"Your house," said Peter Milman firmly. "The deed of gift will be drawn up as soon as possible. It is useless to me. I—I shall remain here." Milman looked about him. "There are some trees that cannot be transplanted and some men who die if they are uprooted." He embraced the others in his gaze. "I wish I could tell you what a different man you leave from the one who asked you to join him."

Never before had Peter Milman been so genuinely affected. The envelope upon which Raxon had looked with such horror, that envelope containing the affidavits that would forever hold him inactive, Peter Milman threw into the golden fire. McKimber saw the action too late. There was no possibility now of saving infinitely important documents.

"Man," he cried, "don't you realize what you have done?"

"Better, perhaps, than you," said Peter Milman, smiling. "I have destroyed an envelope containing a dozen sheets of blank paper."

[THE END.]

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 30

AMOS DENOUNCES SIN

(World's Temperance Sunday.)
LESSON TEXT—Amos 2:4-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—Seek good and no evil, that ye may live, and so the Lord the God of hosts shall be with you as ye have spoken.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Punishment of Sin.
JUNIOR TOPIC—What God Thinks of Sin.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why the Drink Traffic Is Prohibited.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Intemperance and Associated Evils.

Amos, a shepherd and tradesman (Amos 7:14, 15) was called to prophesy for God. He was neither in the prophetic line, nor trained in the prophetic schools.

1. The Sins of Judah (2:4, 5).
In the first part of the book Amos sets forth judgments upon the surrounding nations. The aim, doubtless, was to show that there is no escape from God's judgment. The nation or individual that sins shall surely be judged (Num. 32:23).

1. They despised the law of the Lord. To despise means to spurn, to disregard. To despise God's law is a sin directly against God. There is no escape from judgment for such as do this. (Heb. 10:28, 29).

2. Failed to keep the Lord's commandments (v. 4).
Disobedience logically follows the despising of God's law. It not only robs of blessings in this life, but results in eternal destruction (II Thess. 1:7-10).

3. Lies caused them to err (v. 4).
Because they despised God's law they fell into lying errors. Doctrine and conduct are inseparable. Thinking wrong precedes doing wrong.

4. Judgment upon Egypt (v. 5).
This was literally fulfilled a century and a half later in the capture of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans.

II. The Sins of Israel (2:6-8).
The message of the prophet now comes directly to the northern kingdom.

1. "Sold the righteous for silver" (v. 6).
The judge, for a bribe of silver, declared the innocent to be guilty.

2. "Sold the poor for a pair of shoes" (v. 6).
Likely this refers to the practice of selling into slavery the debtor who could not pay for a pair of shoes which had been sold to him on time.

3. "Pants" after the dust of the earth on heads of the poor (v. 30).
The word "pant" means to eagerly desire. So avaricious had these men become that they even grasped after the earth which the down-trodden poor cast upon their heads in mourning because of their misery.

4. Turned aside the way of the meek (v. 7).
These grasping rich men turned aside the meek; that is, those who would not stand up for their rights.

5. Licentiousness (v. 7).
So notorious were the immoralities practiced that they were even guilty of incestuous prostitution. This was not merely the case of falling into sensuous sin, but was indulged in with the definite purpose of insulting God, provoking His holy name.

6. Idolatry (v. 8).
They not only frequented the place of idolatrous worship, but lay down on the clothes taken from the poor, and drank wine bought with money extorted from the poor in unjust fines.

III. God's Goodness to Israel (vv. 9-12).
God's manifold blessings and His goodness are now presented in contrast with the base practices of the nation, in order to heighten the picture of their ingratitude.

1. Destroyed their enemies (v. 9).
The Amorrite stands for all powerful peoples whom God removed from Palestine to make room for Israel.

2. Delivered from cruel bondage (v. 10).
God set them free from the cruel slavery of the Egyptians. Every redeemed one has been set free from a more cruel bondage than that of the Israelites at the hands of the Egyptians (John 8:34-36).

3. Led them for forty years in the wilderness (v. 10).
The wilderness wandering is a most wonderful story, showing the tender and faithful leading of God.

4. Raised up the prophets (v. 11).
God not only bestowed great honor upon them in this, but favored them in raising up prophets from among their own offspring. The awful sin and guilt are here shown in that they not only turned the prophets from their lives of separation but gave them wine to drink.

Faith
Faith never refers to self, but always to the Word of God. There are many who want to feel that they are believers before they have believed the truth, and to feel that they are safe, before they trust in Jesus.

Our Faith
When the devil tries our faith it is that he may crush it or diminish it; but when God tries our faith it is to establish and increase it.—Marcus Rainsford.

South American Pampas
The extensive treeless plains covered with coarse grass in Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina of South America, are called pampas. These plains are being turned into cattle ranches, especially in Argentina, from which country large exports of meat take place each year.

To Drive Away Moths
The biological survey says that a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol applied to a mounted deer's head is beneficial for keeping away moths. Any druggist can supply the exact proportion. It need only be applied once every year or so.

A Few Little Smiles

ON THE LINKS

Tommy Armour, golfer, was taking tea on the veranda of the Oakmont club when a poor player came up to him and said:

"I'm improving, Mr. Armour. Yes, I'm improving. I did the 'difficult fourth hole yesterday in three.'"

The champion gave an incredulous and good natured laugh.

"Three what?" he said. "Hours?"—
Minneapolis Tribune.

APPROVED OF CLUBS

Mrs. Gabb—You certainly approve of clubs for married women?
Mr. Stabb—Yes—good heavy ones.

A Good Rule
To win success
Don't be stopping.
Hop right ahead,
And keep on hopping.

Saved!
He—Will you be my partner—
She—Oh, George, this is so sudden!
Give me a little time—
He (continuing)—for the next dance?
She (continuing) To catch my breath. I haven't recovered from the last fox-trot yet.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Couldn't Help It
A city man visiting a remote village noticed that he had neither library nor movie. "Whatever do you do here when it rains?" he asked of one of the inhabitants.

"Oh," replied the man, "we let it rain."—Tit-Bits.

Then She Got Peeved
"What did you say to Miss Antique to make her so angry?"
"Why, nothing. She asked me if I didn't think this age terrible and I merely inquired how it compared, in her experience, with previous ages."—the Pathfinder.

In the Composing Room
"Are you setting up there?"
"A fishing story," answered the compositor.
"Let me have the proofs," directed the sports editor.
"Take it on trust," advised the managing editor.

HUBBY HADN'T NINE LIVES

"This is our best pistol, madam—it shoots nine times."
"I didn't marry a tom cat, young man!"

Live on Love
Depend not on love's ration.
You'll never get enough.
Though love's a tender passion,
It's sometimes pretty tough.

Practice of Pharmacy
"I see you advertise for a drug clerk."
"Yes, I need a drug clerk. How are you at compounding?"
"Soups or medicines?" inquired the applicant.

Talented
She—I've been married three times—and each time my husbands have been Williams.
He—I'll say you're a clever Bill collector.

A Substitute
Fub—This paper says that we will send artillery to China to batter down their wall.
Dubb—Good, I'm glad that this time the politicians are going to use their heads.—Vancouver Province.

Going Too Far
Jerry—So you don't like your new boarding house? You surely don't object to hash, do you?
Dick—No, but I certainly do object to lard soup!



Approved of Clubs

Mrs. Gabb—You certainly approve of clubs for married women?
Mr. Stabb—Yes—good heavy ones.

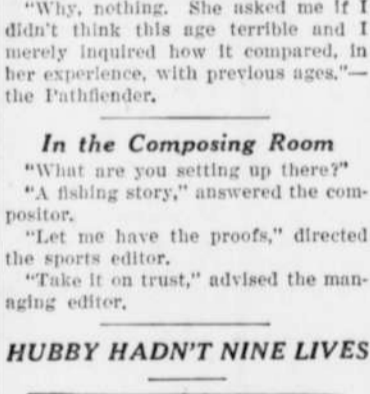


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Depend not on love's ration.
You'll never get enough.
Though love's a tender passion,
It's sometimes pretty tough.

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

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Longest Road
What is claimed one of the longest stretches of concrete road in existence is the Jefferson Davis highway between Washington and Richmond, Va. It runs, in almost a direct line, for 103 miles.

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Don't wait for your customers to complain about the variable color of your butter. Keep your butter that golden June color everybody likes by putting a few drops of Dandelion Butter Color into the churn. It is purely vegetable, wholesome and absolutely tasteless. It meets all State and National Food laws. All large creameries have used Dandelion Butter Color for years. It does not color or buttermilk. You can get the large bottles for 35c from all drug or grocery stores.

Wells & Richardson Co., Inc. Burlington, Vermont

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