# THE DESTROYING ANGEL <br> By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE 


#### Abstract

There is reason to belleve that Ember and the young woman, who helped Whitaker after hils fight on the beach with the strange spy have some sort of plan concerning whitaker which they songe want in this instatlment. You will -d and strong hinta are given about Whitaker, you know, had married an innocent oirr to save her honor five years previouty-at a time when he expected soon to die - and left the country. He returnm, healthy and wealthy, and finds  posedily commits suicicte. Whiteaker is fierecyly assautted in the dark, and goos to the country home o hts friend martin Ember to recover. and is helped by a handsome


CHAPTER X-C.
What 1 wisthed to convee was stm-
pty my intention no longer to bear my masculline weight upon an women-el A sulle contended momentarily with
he frown, and triumphed brilinantly. "I mean to ask you." he euld dellb-
crately, Ho whom am I lodebted $-r$ To his consternation the smille van
shed, as though a cloud had salled be fore the sun. Doubt and something
strongly resembling locredulty informed her glance. know ${ }^{2}$ you mean to she demanded after a mou don't
"Surenty "Surely Mr. Ember must have told
your
"Ember seemed to De "Ember seemed to be laboring under
the misapprehension that the Fiske
place was without an place was without a tenant."
"Oh ${ }^{1}$ Her tone was thoughtrul.
Has he gone back to town?" "Has he gone back to town"
"Business called htm. At least such
was the piausible excuse he advanced was the plausible excuse he advanced
for depriving himself of my exclustre "I see", she nodded-"I see
"But aren't you going to tell me?
Or ought I to prove my human intell. gence by assuming on logical ground
that you're Miss Fisker that you're Miss Fiske? intent gaze seeking the distances of "Then that's settled," be pursued in accents of satisfaction. "You are Miss
Fiske-Christian name at present unknown to deponent. And we are nelghbors. Do you know, I think this
very deceat sort of a world after all $r$ "And still"-she returned to the mean to do, siace you refuse my help. "I mean," he asserted cheerfully. "to sit here untill some kind-hearted person
fetches me a stick to serve as emergen etches me a sttck to serve as emergen hobble to your motor boat and than She shook her hend in dainty annoy-
ance, then. Hght-footed. darted from sight round the side of the bathhouse
Presently she reappeared, dragging an eight-foot pole. He rose on one foot
and tested the staff with hls weight. you very much."
But even with its aid, his progress toward the boat necessarily consumed
a tedious time. It was Impossible to favor the infured foot to any great ex
tent. He made little or no attempt to converse while in motion. so she had
plenty of opportunity to make up her If her eyes were a rellable index.
she found him wa teast lo times thelr expression was enigmatic beyond any reading. Again they
seemed openly perplexed. At all she sighed quietly with a passing look unaware. served during a hatit. "I was sure he was Drummond
"Drummond!"
"Friend of mi y any chance know You don't your"
"Tve beard the name."
"Yon committed suicide - jumped off Washmarry Sara Law, the actress?
I may as well tell you-1t's although only a tew people know itald, alive, in the flesh, a good half-hour after the time or his reported suictde." nothing more than clyll but perfonctory interest in the comment. "Are And another time, when they were near the boat:
"When do you expect Mr. Emberr" asked the girl.
"Tonight, probably
"I shall be glad to see him," aald the giri whe "Please tell him, will you? Don't torger.
him, I shall be tempted to wire hitm not to come."
"Absurd !" whe laughed.


 satablish
"It is written." returned Sum over "that I dle after returaed Sum Fat
bonorable wenen years recetving long-deferred talse tall wage on
rate He shuffed of, chuckling. in wages.
"I tancted I "I fancled I saw the flutter of a pet-
tcoat through the trees, as I came up "Acquaintance of yours, 1 belleveMiss Fiske."
"Mliss Fiske:"
mazement in the echo. was unfelgned
"Anything win Anything wonderful nbout thatr
nquired Whitnker. starply. "I fancle rather good fricuds,"
"Just surprised-thats nll," snld
Ember, recovering. "You see, I didn" Chber, recovering, "You see, 1 didn
think the Fiske place was open thit year."
He but the
genuous.
"She
desire to see sou-told me to tell you. "Oh? Such belag the case, on
would think she mikht've waited."She had tast started homene when
you drove in." Whitaker explaloed with elaborate ease. "She'd merely ruin
over for over for a moment to inquire after
my ankle, and couldn't wat. 1 say.
who are the Eiskes anyway"
"Well . . the Fiskes are the "Well . . The Fiskes are the
people who own the next cottage."
I know, but-"
"Oh, I never troubled to inguire: have a hazy notion Tiske does nome
thing in Wanl street" Ember passed
moothly over this thw In tis prote sional omnisclence. "How did you happen to meet her
"Oh, mere beach thls mornlag. I Allpped and along and brought me home th her motor boat."
"You haven"
Yy signs of him, have your"
"Eh-what $\gamma$ " Whitaker
startied. "No, I
bow should Ir"
"
In merely wondered. You see, I
Well, to tell the truth, I took the tib-


## staff.

erty of camping on his trall, whlle in
town. But I couldn't find any trace him.". ${ }^{\text {"Oh, I say I" Whitaker expostulated }}$ diched by this evidence of disinterea:
thoughtfolness. "You persuad
 Immortal truth. Why you had me
gotng for a white. Only laat night
there was a fellow skulking round here, and 1 was just dippy enough hanks to your fanuence, to think H
resembed Drummond. But this morn ag got a good look at him, and he" Enber sat up, eyes snapplng. "Who was he, herything."
Whitaker resignedily delivered htm self of the tale of the mare'm-nest-an
e still regarded it. When he had come the lame concl
"What are you
"Wataker tiquire
"Waeh and
lood" was
obly think
toserem exeres


NO MORE ART IN THE HOME Bungalows and Apartments of Today Have No Place for Great Plo.
tures of Past. "The future of art will be in mo
eums, as the future of the dead it veums, as the future of the dead is
in cemeteries," John $L_{\text {, Balderston }}$
guotes George Moore in The Atlantic "As 1 have sald, after the art of the
cemple, the cattedral, and the palace came the art of the howse, whe art of the ve in bousen. They are all movin to bungalows, or, which in the same
bing, into apartments-and tin a bun salow there is no room for art.
ave futle attempts at art for angalow, as we shall have pretende
art for the Pullman car, for the moto of the past, having hung in houses fo centurfes, are pasing Into museums
not only because people are morto of houses, but becnuse new soct dens are destroying the great estat
nd making it tmpomible to keep val able art works from one generation to
nother. In Enlind now three death
duties will break up the greatest estate in the kingdom. Youn ayy you sttill have
houses in America and millionairee with money enough to buy pleturesi
Ah, but think of what they but It
takes an lifetime to learn to recognize a lood pleture, and how can a man whe
as spent his best years mnking a for
an une expect to know a masterplece
when be sees it? When I was ta Paris orty years ago your
vere buylng trash $l^{\text {I" }}$
Cood Work of American Chemiota.
Prior to August, 1914, , chthyol,
Pood Work of American Chemiota.
Prior to August, 1914, Ichthyol, an
apphaltic material employed as an an iseptic medicament, was importe Itumlnous rock, filled with fossil finh That is found in the Austrian Tyro
In view of the inadequacy of the for gn supply to meet the domestle de
nand under present condittons, Ame
ca has come to depend on fte own r ources. So for na known, there ars
on this country no deposits of asphalte
natertal of the peculiar type frow of supplying the domestic needis on the
 yany

## DORTLANDSEED(0.

IRRITATING COUGHS

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## Tha hate imparateat 1. bad







## SEE! SEE!




PISO'S

