

DEPUTY OF THE DEVIL

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Her heart leaped. She cried: "Father, he's all right. See!" Doctor Greeding fought back to self-control; he began a swift examination. Nancy's eyes blurred with tears, but she heard buttons yield, and the movement of garments, and saw Dan's white flesh, and saw through misty eyes the wound.

"Does it hurt, darling?" she pleaded. "Does it?"

Dan shook his head, his white lips grinned. "Not a bit," he said weakly. "Tell Mr. Jerrell—it's all right. Accident!"

Jerrell, somewhere above them, standing over them, cried: "Dan, I swear I tried not to. Something—"

Mary Ann flashed one glance toward him, reassuring, comforting. Then she watched Doctor Greeding. He met her eyes and shook his head in negation.

Her cheeks flamed. She cried: "You can help him! You can operate!"

The doctor protested: "Hopeless! I've nothing here to work with." Mary Ann stood up. "We'll manage," she insisted. "You've got to. Quickly. We can't just—give up!"

He faced her. "Mary Ann," he said gravely. "If we could act instantly, there might be a slim chance; but as it is—to get him to the mainland, to the hospital, to move him. It's hopeless!"

He added: "And even if there were time, it would need a miracle to save him!"

Mary Ann held his eyes with hers. "You can do miracles," she said, her tones vibrant, compelling. "I know. I've seen them. But it wasn't anything I could see. Oh, I've seen what you did with your hands, your instruments. Everything you did! But it wasn't what you did! It was something inside you. She caught his arms, grasped them firmly. "You must do a miracle for Dan," she said.

She spoke quickly to Nancy. "Your father will have to operate, here, at once. In the house. With plenty of light. A table, somewhere."

Nancy caught strength from Mary Ann. She suggested steadily: "The kitchen. There's a big skylight, and a long table."

Mary Ann nodded. "Perfect." She turned to Jerrell. She saw then that he stood white and shamed and sorrowful; and she went to him, and rose on tiptoe to kiss him, touched his cheek reassuringly.

"Don't—worry. You must—help us, Ira," she said. "Get something to carry Dan into the house—something so that he can lie flat. I will telephone the nearest hospital. Where is it, Nancy?"

Nancy told her. Jerrell, instantly galvanized into activity, was already running toward the house. Mary Ann looked at Doctor Greeding. "You will need," she reflected, "these things." And she named them, in a swift catalogue. "Anything else?"

Doctor Greeding said gently: "No, that will do. But—it's no use, Mary Ann!"

The girl ignored his word. "I'll have them send everything," she said, moving toward the path; and then, to Nancy: "While I'm phoning, get water boiling. Get Dan on the table. Find some razor-blades—new ones, if you can—and put them on to boil. And if you've some blunt-ended scissors. Or any scissors will do. And thread, and big needles. And big spoons. Put everything on to boil. But first come show me where the telephone is. I'll call the hospital, and then I'll search the house, see what I can find. There must be first-aid things—"

They went swiftly together toward the house, and Doctor Greeding was left alone here beside Dan.

The man stood looking down, his eyes brooding. His universe was chaos in this hour. The discovery that Dan was not dead—though his wound must almost certainly prove fatal—had struck Doctor Greeding with a shocking force.

Dan, the rock upon which all his hopes and plans were shattered, Dan whom he hated and whom he had meant should die—was still alive!

And he had meant that Dan should die by Jerrell's carelessness, so that Mary Ann would abhor the man. Yet—here a moment ago—Mary Ann had kissed Jerrell on the lips. She loved her brother; she should for his carelessness hate Jerrell. But instead, she had kissed him, in comfort and in love.

Doctor Greeding could not recognize the world so long familiar. He felt himself under the glance of a stern, condemning eye; he seemed to hear mockery in the air, and a derisive laughter.

He spoke, without knowing it, aloud. "He must die! He can't live," he muttered.

Dan on the ground at his feet, said stubbornly, without opening his eyes: "I'm not dead yet, Doctor!"

And the older man said, crushingly: "You're badly hurt! Don't nurse any futile hopes."

But Dan would not by words alone be daunted. His mouth twisted in a grin. "I'll show you something about getting well that you never saw before," he insisted, laboring over his words. "I'm—telling you!"

Doctor Greeding shook with a murderous rage; Dan was like a scotched snake, to be crushed under a grinding heel. The Doctor looked over his shoulder toward the path along which Nancy and Mary Ann had disappeared. There was no one in sight. His eyes searched all around; and then he knelt beside Dan again, his countenance contorted. If the man were not now dead, yet he must die!

But Nancy called, from the path: "I'm coming, Dan." So Doctor Greeding stood up quickly, brushing his hands together, withdrawing from the stricken man.

Yet he took only a grudging and reluctant hand in what immediately followed. Thomas and Jerrell and Nancy and her father worked together. Thomas had brought one of the shutters used to seal the windows of the house in winter; and they laid it on the ground, and managed as gently as possible to lift Dan upon it. His breath whistled through dry lips, and his mouth twisted, but he did not speak or complain.

They lifted him, and with Nancy and her father at one end, Jerrell and Thomas at the other, they carried the shutter and its burden across the court and through the gate, and along the path toward the house. They came to the kitchen door. Ruth, and Margaret, the cook, had made all ready there. They bore Dan into the kitchen, and laid the shutter upon which he rested on the table, and Doctor Greeding felt the hurt man's pulse.

Nancy turned quickly to the servants. "Margaret," she directed, "you keep the kettles boiling. Ruth, bring blankets and sheets and pillows. Lots of them. Clean ones. Don't let them touch anything, the wall or anything."

Old Margaret, white-faced but steady, turned to the stove. Ruth, pale as death, departed to do as Nancy bade her. Jerrell stood silent by the kitchen door, waiting for commands; and Thomas went stolidly out of doors, a lumpish man not easily dismayed. Doctor Greeding looked around at them all—saw Margaret, her back turned, busy at the stove, and he said softly:

"Nancy, and you, Ira, you'd better leave me with him." He might even now find the opportunity to do what he intended.

But Nancy answered stoutly: "I'm never going to leave him again. Never!"

Then Mary Ann, her hands full, came through the pantry. "I got the hospital on the phone," she reported. "They're sending everything. Nancy, have some one meet the car at the landing. And I've been rummaging the house for things we could use." She spoke to Doctor Greeding. "You can begin with what I have here. By the time you're ready to close the wound, the things from the hospital will have come."

He said stubbornly: "Dar is sinking, Mary Ann. This is valorous, but it is futile too."

She deposited her burden on the draining-board beside the sink and took Dan's wrist in her hand; and after a moment she said crisply: "His pulse is not bad!"

Then, almost sternly: "Doctor Greeding, I have seen you do miracles. You didn't do them with instruments, and equipment. You did them with the gift of healing that is in you. You can do one now!"

The man's eyes flickered uncertainly, in a sort of desperation; and beads of perspiration appeared upon his brow. He repeated after her, like a lesson learned by rote: "I can do one now." Then his color flamed, and he seemed about to speak, to refuse. But in the end, as though surrendering, he said decisively: "Quick, then!"

Mary Ann nodded; turned back to the sink. "I found this can of ether, in the bathroom closet upstairs," she reported. "It's never been opened. And here's iodine, and alcohol, and gauze for sponges—"

Mary Ann went to the stove to inspect the things boiling there; she nodded, satisfied. And she turned to Nancy, looked at her appraisingly.

"Do you want to stay, to help?" she asked.

"Yes," said Nancy.

"You will stand up to it," Mary Ann decided. "But first, send some one to meet the car from the hospital, at the landing."

Jerrell volunteered: "I'll go."

He was grateful for even this small chance to be of help, hurried away, and Mary Ann turned back to Doctor Greeding. The man was still like one dreaming, bewildered, stunned. Mary Ann, because she knew exactly what she wished for, commanded him in his uncertainty. "Go and prepare yourself," she directed. "We'll have to do without gloves. I'll contrive a mask.

Nancy and I will get him ready. Come back quickly."

He turned submissively away; and then Ruth appeared, her arms full of linen.

Nancy, during what followed, had no sense of dealing with the body of Dan, whose flesh and blood she loved. This was an impersonal task that must be done. She and Mary Ann stripped off his garments, and while Mary Ann and Ruth lifted first his head and then his feet, Nancy slipped under his body blankets and sheets to cushion the hard shutter on which he still lay. A pillow under his head; then sheets over him, expertly slit and folded to expose the field in which Doctor Greeding must work.

Once Dan whispered something, weakly, and Mary Ann said: "Hush, dear. Rest!"

"Where's—Nancy?" he asked.

"Here," said Nancy, and touched his lips with her finger; so that he was content.

When they were ready, Mary Ann said crisply:

"Go tell your father to hurry." Nancy obediently departed. Mary Ann went to the sink, and under the running faucet scrubbed her hands

hands lifted, protecting them against any least contamination. He said: "You know it's hopeless, Mary Ann. We're not properly sterile. Infection—"

Nancy, with the can of ether in her hand, cried miserably: "I can't open this!"

"Stick an ice-pick into it," Mary Ann commanded. "And—don't touch anything that we're using afterward, Nancy. You're not clean now, Doctor—we'll have to risk infection." Her voice broke for a minute in something like a sob. "For that matter, there's infection enough already inside him. Begin!"

"He's not ready yet."

Mary Ann was white with desperation, white with haste. "Dan," she cried. His lips moved. "Dan, if it hurts, lie still," she commanded. "Nancy's going to give you ether now. Just breathe deeply. You won't feel it long."

Nancy came with the can, the pungent smell of ether preceding her. "Pour it on the towel, Nancy," Mary Ann commanded. "Now lay the towel over his face!" And then, curtly, over her shoulder: "Ruth, scrub your hands with soap and water and then alcohol. Don't touch anything afterward. We may need you." To Doctor Greeding: "I'll assist, do everything I can."

"We'll have an explosion here," Doctor Greeding muttered. "These fumes, and the stove."

"It's a gas-stove," Mary Ann insisted. "Not lighted."

"Coal fire in the water heater," he insisted.

She said in a still fury: "We've got to risk something!"

Doctor Greeding picked up a razor-blade from the kettle. It was still hot enough to burn his fingers, and he dropped it, with an exclamation.

"Careful!" Mary Ann cried in a deep exasperation.

Doctor Greeding steeled himself; he picked up the blade again. He looked at his hands.

These hands of his were, miraculously, steady. He studied them as though they belonged to some one else, astonished at their rocklike firmness. Himself in turmoil, his body and his soul shaken as by a tempest, it seemed to him incredible that these trained hands of his should be so still and sure.

Dan's chest was heaving, his breath labored. His face was covered by the towel. The fumes of ether filled the kitchen.

They stood in a silent group, waiting; Doctor Greeding by Dan's side, Mary Ann facing him across the table, Nancy at Dan's head. Ruth, holding her scrubbed hands out in front of her, white and motionless, stood near, awaiting any command. Old Margaret, the cook, bowed her head, and her lips moved silently.

There was no sound save Dan's long, rattling inhalations; and the clock ticked on the wall.

"He's ready," said Mary Ann.

Doctor Greeding's thoughts began to race. It was a moment before he realized that, at her word, and without command from his will, his hands had begun their business here.

CHAPTER IX

Doctor Greeding, during this terminable time while he waited beside Dan, with Mary Ann facing him, and Nancy at his left dripping ether on the towel, felt himself helpless as even the stoutest swimmer must be helpless in the full sweep of a mighty current. And when at last he began, he watched like a spectator this conflict between his will—which desired Dan to die—and his deed. He wished to bungle, to be inept and clumsy; but despite himself, those long-trained fingers went about their accustomed tasks, seeking out the hurts that must be mended, discovering them infallibly by touch alone.

Lord Willington recently was installed lord warden and admiral of the Cinque ports by the grand court of Shepway, writes a London correspondent in the Chicago Tribune. To have witnessed the installation was to have seen the greatest possible muddle of ancient and modern in ceremony. A great gentleman with a notable record garbed in all the finery of uniform that an admiral can boast; "barons" and "combarons" dressed in scarlet cloaks with trimmings of blue and gold and the arms of the Cinque ports on the shoulders; others in black knee breeches and white satin embroidered waistcoats; still others in black frock coats and top hats. All were gathered on Dover college close for the ceremony. The old court which had a real service to perform was held at Shepway Cross, but this modern one was held under a marquee, where the lord warden undertook the duty of main-

tain "the franchises, liberties, customs and usages of the ports."

The post of the lord warden is today a sinecure. It costs the holder about \$400 a year and there are various titles attached to it which are more or less meaningless. Even the "Cinque Ports" is a misnomer, since there are seven ports—Hastings, Dover, Hythe, Romney, Sandwich, Rye, and Winchelsea.

The mixing of ancient customs and costumes now meaningless with those modern elements for which can be found no ancient pattern is the result of the Englishman's love of pageantry and his passion for the romantic past. Sometimes it "comes off" successfully, sometimes it is funny.

More Speed

"If I had a race horse," said Uncle Eben, "I'd call it 'Money,' 'cause I don't know anything dat kin go faster."

From Girl to Woman!

MRS. Maude Davis of 710 1/2 N. Maple St., Spokane, Wash., said: "When I was a girl developing into womanhood I was awfully nervous and weak. I suffered from headaches associated with functional irregularity and was underweight. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and my appetite increased, then I gained in weight and developed into strong healthy womanhood." Buy of your druggist.

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To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous; all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has long enjoyed worldwide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

FOR COLDS

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit

Salicon Tablets

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

HEATHMAN

ALL COMFORTS AT RATES ALL CAN AFFORD

PORTLAND'S FINEST HOTELS

BROADWAY & SALMON SALMON & PARK HARRY E. HEATHMAN MGR.

ANCIENT CEREMONY AMUSING IN A MODERN ENGLISH SETTING AT LORD'S INSTALLATION

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If you are suffering from constipation, sleeplessness, sour stomach, and gas bloating, there is quick relief for you in Adierka. Many report action in thirty minutes after taking just one dose. Adierka gives complete action, clearing your bowel tract of those ordinary laxatives do not even reach.

Dr. H. L. Shosh, New York, reports "As addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierka checks the growth of intestinal bacteria and colon bacilli."

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