

Deputy of the Devil

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER X—Continued

He nodded, humbly, accepting this; and a little later they returned indoors.

Doctor Greeding that night was unable to sleep, but lay with his eyes open, staring at the ceiling. Dawn found him with burning eyes. He went to swim, and found in the water peace and contentment for a while. But later, after he had dressed again, the sultry heat settled down once more, smothering and stifling him. He relieved Mary Ann's vigil by Dan's side, and saw that Dan was better. Infection must almost certainly have set in before now, if it were to be feared at all; and Mary Ann pointed this out.

"His temperature's normal," she whispered. Dan was still asleep. "I think the danger of complications is past."

Doctor Greeding nodded. "I think so," he agreed. "It's only a matter of nursing now, of avoiding complications."

"I'll see to that," she promised, and left him. He recognized the fact that his task was done, that Dan would live.

But with this miracle accomplished, his life was left completely empty now; and at the thought, great weariness oppressed him. He who all night had been unable to sleep, suddenly surrendered to deep slumber. He went to the couch in the billiard-room and lay down; and when presently Nancy came and found him there, she covered him over tenderly. He slept till almost noon, while the others moved quietly so that he might not be disturbed.

And he woke to peace, a content and ordered mind . . .

Dan was fretful that afternoon. The heat irked him, and returning strength gave him sufficient energy to resent it. Nancy was distressed by his mood, till Mary Ann jubilantly reassured her.

"It's the best possible sign," she said. "When a sick man begins to be sulky and bad-tempered, you may know he's well on the road to recovery."

So Nancy was amused. The early afternoon she spent with Dan—Doctor Greeding was in his room, and she and Dan found themselves involved in one of those arguments without either a beginning or an end, which may arise between two people who are close to one another. He was flushed with something like anger when Mary Ann returned and found them so, and Nancy said laughingly:

"Mary Ann, you stay with him for a while. He's unbearable! I'm going swimming." She spoke to Dan. "Don't you wish you could? It will be so beautifully cool."

Dan growled, halt angrily: "That's right, make it tough for me. Go on, get out of here!" She kissed him on the forehead. "I'm going!"

"Kiss me right," he demanded. "Don't peck like that." "You don't deserve it," she protested. "But—there." And she left him with Mary Ann.

She swam, then lay on the wharf, half-asleep. The afternoon was stiflingly hot; but to the northwest, clouds were banking, and she heard a far roll of thunder, and thought a shower was near, and was grateful for the approach of this relief. After a while she saw her father come down to the beach and go into the water, and she called ironically: "Beautifully cool, isn't it?" "Great," he agreed. He said: "I believe there is a shower coming!"

She nodded, and watched him lazily, through half-closed eyes. He swam slowly, strongly, out into the lake. He often did this; often swam from the island to the mainland half a mile away. That he should do so now was not remarkable; but she called out to him: "Are you going across?"

He did not answer, probably did not hear her. She thought of joining him for the long swim, but was too much at ease.

The clouds yonder came racing toward them, a dark wall streaked now and then by lightning's flame. She watched these flashes, thrilling to the beauty of them, waiting ardently for the slashing of rain across her body.

Doctor Greeding swam straight away from shore, yet not with any purpose in his mind save to commit himself to the embrace of the cool water. Once or twice he paused, floating on his back, utterly relaxed, resting. The island, the world, was far away. Floating thus, he thought, suddenly, that Myra was here beside him; and this was absurd, because Myra had never been a strong swimmer, never ventured far from shore. Yet it seemed to him that she was here, smiling tenderly, her eyes full of the sublime and forgiving love of which only women are capable.

It was treacherously beautiful and comforting to think of her close to

him; he turned on his side to face her, to speak to her . . . But she was not here.

He heard Nancy's halloo: "Are you all right, Father?" He shouted: "Why yes, of course I am."

"I thought I heard you call."

"No. I'm all right."

He could see Nancy standing by the springboard, looking toward him; his eyes devoured her for a moment more. Then he swam on, toward the other shore.

Nancy watched him, his head a dark dot on the lake's mirror surface, and she watched the approaching shower. A veil of rain obscured the farther hills and swept down to the lake and darkened the water and raced toward her. It was a deluge, hiding everything. She saw it reach her father and conceal him from her eyes; and she stayed awhile there on the wharf, welcoming the cool downpour on her body, holding up her face to the sweet rain, opening her arms as though to a lover.

The shower continued for half an hour; but long before it ended, she was almost chilled; and she went up to the house to dress. She was in her room when the rain ceased, suddenly; the shower moved away down the lake withdrawing like a curtain, like a wall.

It had swept away the hot, stale, stifling air which had oppressed them for so long. Then suddenly the sun shone, wetly, smilingly; the world was washed bright and clean and beautiful. Nancy had a great sense of well-being, of security. She came downstairs.

Mary Ann and Jerrell were with

Dan. She saw Professor Carlisle on the veranda, and went out to him.

"This is better, isn't it?" she said happily.

"Sunshine after rain," he assented. "Nothing more beautiful." Then he asked slowly: "Where is your father?"

She looked out across the lake. "He swam over to the other shore, I expect," she replied.

He said, in mild surprise: "That's a long swim."

"Oh, he often does it," she assured him.

He looked at her thoughtfully. "You're not — concerned about him?" he inquired.

She smiled, shook her head. "Not in the least. He'll swim back when he's ready. I'm sure he's perfectly all right!" And she went into the house to be with Dan.

Professor Carlisle stayed there on the veranda for a while alone, looking out across the water; but Doctor Greeding did not reappear. So presently the Professor nodded, as though in assent to some remark, as though accepting the explanation of some matter which for a while had puzzled and disturbed him, and his brow cleared, and trouble left his eyes.

It was in fact impossible, in the bright radiance of the sunshine, to believe that in this world so newly washed and cleansed, any dark blemish could remain . . .

No trace of Doctor Greeding ever was found. He had vanished as if withdrawn by some superior power after he had served his purpose.

(THE END)

Almost Impossible to Create Synthetic Diamonds; Rubies, Sapphires Not Difficult

While it is almost impossible to create synthetic diamonds, which are pure carbon, the making of rubies and sapphires, two oxides of corundum, present far less difficulty.

As far back as 1877, two Frenchmen, Frey and Feil, met with such success that a portion of one of their crucibles containing ruby flakes is on exhibition in the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, says a writer in *Tit-Bits Magazine*. The old method of making rubies was to fix together a number of particles of natural rubies. This method destroyed a great deal of the natural color, so a little bichromate of potassium was added, and this largely revived it. In 1904 Verneuil invented a system whereby he made drops that after cutting vied with the best natural rubies.

By Verneuil's methods—in use almost unaltered today—the manufactured stone has the same density, hardness, refraction and other characteristics as the real stone. Careful examination under a lens, however, shows the synthetic ruby to have a number of tiny air bubbles beneath the surface. The success attending the manufacture of rubies tempted their makers to try to produce sapphires. At first they could not get the color right; the blue tended to form blotches instead of an even hue. Once again Verneuil came to the rescue, and he succeeded in producing a stone very

little different in color from the real sapphire.

The success that followed the making of artificial rubies and sapphires turned the attention of manufacturers to emeralds—another high-priced stone. Powdered beryl (emeralds being silicates of beryl) was treated by the Verneuil process, chronic oxide being added to color the stone green, and good imitations of true emeralds were made, each one even being provided with a flaw, since it is almost impossible to find a genuine emerald that is flawless.

When first put on the market the synthetic rubies fetched over \$30 a carat, but this rapidly fell to \$7.50, and is now \$1.25 and even less. This great difference in price between the real and the synthetic stones makes substitution a great temptation. Let your motto be, "Look before you buy."

Paste gems have no relation to the synthetic stones that are described here. Paste, derived from the Italian "pasta," food, is a plastic material that can be made to resemble precious stones, but in appearance only. It is generally composed of glass, and the resultant stone is so soft that it can be scratched with ordinary window glass.

Imitation paste diamonds need no coloring matter; for rubies, sapphires, emeralds or amethysts suitable metallic oxides are fused with the paste.

★ Unexpectedly, she kissed him with clinging warmth . . . ★

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★

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★



★ Starts in the Next Issue of This Paper! ★

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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Lesson for March 14

JESUS PRAYING FOR HIS DISCIPLES

LESSON TEXT — John 16:5-7; 17:14-26. GOLDEN TEXT — That they may be one, even as we are one, John 17:22.

PRIMARY TOPIC — When Jesus Prayed for His Friends. JUNIOR TOPIC — Did Jesus Pray for Me? INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC — Jesus Praying for Us. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC — Unity with God and One Another.

The assurance that someone is praying for us is an anchor in a time of storm. Many a man or woman has been on the point of giving up in despair, of yielding to temptation, and has been carried through to victory by the intercession of a godly mother or father. Just to know that someone prays for us is to find strength for the knees that have weakened and for the heart that has all but failed. Infinitely more precious is the truth of our lesson, that the Lord Jesus himself prayed for each one of his followers. John 17:20 makes clear that while he prayed for those who were with him at the time, he also included in his petition all who since that day have come to believe on him because of their testimony.

Before entering upon his inexpressibly precious and beautiful prayer, the Lord gave to his followers a promise which was of vital importance.

I. A Promise (16:5-7). Persecution is coming, and Jesus will not be with them to meet the trying hour. He is about to enter upon that final scene in his earthly life, which will bring it to its end in "a place called the place of a skull."

How then can he say to them that it is expedient for them that he go away? Because he will send the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. Students of the Scriptures recognize in the Holy Trinity an inscrutable mystery, but receive the teaching of the Bible concerning the ministries of the three persons in the one Godhead with glad and thankful hearts. It is a subject which cannot be entered into here, but which richly rewards careful study. Suffice it to say that while the Holy Spirit has always been active in the earth, he did enter upon a ministry of a special nature when Jesus had gone to be with the Father.

The essence of the work of the Holy Spirit is to glorify Christ (16:14), and in so doing he convicts the unbeliever of sin and guides the believer into all truth. The mark of a Spirit-filled Christian is that he permits the Spirit to glorify Christ in him and in his service for God.

II. A Prayer (17: 14-26). When one enters the sacred precincts of John 17 he feels that he has come into the holy of holies, and that he would not only loose the shoes from his feet, but also stand silent in worship and in praise. He prayed for me—for me! Each student of this lesson will wish to enter fully upon the meaning of these words as he re-reads them, in the illumination of the Holy Spirit. May I suggest three things which Jesus sought for His children?

1. Consecration (vv. 14-16). No one is Christ's child without regeneration, but, sad to say, there are many children in his blessed household who are not obedient, not spiritually well and strong. They are in the world, they must be here, but alas too many of them want to be as much like the world as possible. He prayed that we might be kept from evil, separate from the world, kept by God even in a world that hates him and his truth.

2. Sanctification (vv. 17-21). This means to be set apart and cleansed for God's service. How is it accomplished? Through the truth. His Word is the instrument of sanctification. Little wonder that there is so little holiness of living when the Word has so little opportunity to touch and cleanse the life. This separated life brings God's people into that unity of love—all in Christ, and he in the Father—all bound up in that "one great bundle of love."

3. Glorification (vv. 22-26). When Jesus came into the world in the flesh he voluntarily laid aside the glory which was his, and which still is his, and which he prays that we may behold. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image" (II Cor. 3:18). Thus in beholding his glory we also may enter into his likeness.

City Versus Country It cannot escape even a casual observer that the Bible begins with a scene in the garden to end in a city: one may be "nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth"—but certainly "the dwelling-place of God is with men."

Giving and Taking Orders He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who cannot keep silence has no right to speak.—Hubbard.

Experiences of Life—

Their Significant Interest and Some Ways to Meet Them

THE journey through life is filled with experiences from the time we are born to the day we die. Without them life would be dull and uninteresting. The more experiences are crowded into our lives the fuller and more interesting they become.

When we are in the midst of events that have elements of danger or when they are of momentous proportions with matters at

There is no age limit to the series of experiences.

Learning by Experience. The benefits of our life experiences come through our way of taking them, and on our wisdom of decisions when these require our consideration. If we think of ourselves only we become selfish, hard, and difficult. If we decide with a larger vision of results, and of the best good to others as well as to ourselves, we become fine and strong characters. By the exercise of good judgment and by making the best of things we learn to develop well by experiences.

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"Quotations"

The desire to leave something to one's children is certainly one of the most powerful motives for individual achievement.—Bruce Barton.

There are two insults which no human will endure; the assertion that he hasn't a sense of humor, and the doubly impertinent assertion that he has never known trouble.—Sinclair Lewis.

I prefer the happiness of our unorganized imperfection to the gloom of organized perfection in other countries.—Mayor F. H. LaGuardia.

There is no reason why education against crime should not be a primary factor in our common schools.—J. Edgar Hoover.

War is not an act of God, but a crime of man.—Cordell Hull.



A Child Is Puzzled Over Some of Her Experiences and Believes Mother Is Free From Such Things.

stake that may be disastrous, should things turn out differently from our wishes, the mind is too excited or too much engrossed with results to grasp anything but the immediate moment.

Reviewing Experiences.

However, on looking back over the past, we discover what thrilling times we went through, and how the experiences stand out as dramatic and of significant interest. Often we find ludicrous features entered into the experience but we had no eyes to see them at the time. We can laugh over them and actually enjoy the remembrances of what were breath-taking events when they happened.

No Age Limit.

Since life is so full of experiences some of which turn out felicitously, and others not so satisfactorily, there must be a good reason for our having to go through the events. I remember when I was a little girl and there was something which, to me, seemed very important to decide rightly, how I envied grown-ups. They always knew just what to do! The fallacy of this assumption we all know, but we do not all appreciate how dull life would be if it were true, and how development would be retarded.

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