GREEN FANCY

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," "FROM THE HOUSETOPS," ETC.

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"SHE IS LYING AWAKE"

Synopsis.—Thomas K. Barnes, a wealthy young New Yorker, on a walking trip in New England near the Canadian border, is given a lift in an automobile by a mysterious and attractive girl bound for a house called Green Fancy. At Hart's tavern Barnes finds a standed troupe of "barn-storming" actors, of which Lyndon Rushcroft is the star and "Miss Thackeray" the leading lady. He learns Green Fancy is a house of mystery. That night Andrew Roon and his servant, guests at the tavern, are shot near Green Fancy. Barnes comes under suspicion and stays to help clear up the double murder. He gets into the Green Fancy grounds; meets the mysterious girl, who gives him the cut direct, and is politely ejected by O'Dowd, an interesting adventurer. Enter at the tavern another man of mystery, Sprouse, "book agent." Barnes visits Green Fancy with the sheriff and stays to dinner. Enter still another mysterious personage, "Loeb," secretary to Curtis, owner of Green Fancy, who does not appear because of illness. Barnes again meets "Miss Cameron," the mysterious girl, who is a ravishing beauty in evening dress. She is a prisoner and secretly appeals to him for help. Sprouse reveals himself as a secret service man and tells the enthralling story of the Green Fancy representatives of a royal house oppressed by Germany and his purpose to recover royal papers and jewels that night.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

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"With the landlord's approval," he explained, pointing to the instrument, "but unknown to the telephone company, you may be sure. Call him up about half past ten. O'Dowd may be up at this unholy hour, but not she. Now I must be off to discuss literature with Mrs. Jim Conley. The hardest part of my job is to keep her from subscribing for a set of Dickens. Conley's house is not far from Green Fancy. Savvy?"

Barnes, left to his own devices, wandered from taproom to porch, from porch to forge, from forge to taproom, his brain far more active than his legs, his heart as heavy as lead and as light as air by turns. More than once he felt like resorting to a well-known expedient to determine whether he was awake or dreaming. Could all this be real?

Ten minutes later he was in Sprouse's room, calling for Green Fancy over an extension wire that had cost the company nothing and yielded

"Hello! How Are You This Morning?"

nothing in return. After some delay O'Dowd's mellow voice sang out:

"Hello! How are you this morning?"

"Grievously lonesome," replied Barnes, and wound up a doleful account of himself by imploring O'Dowd to save his life by bringing the entire Green Fancy party over to dinner that night.

O'Dowd was heart-broken. Personally he would go to any extreme to save so valuable a life, but as for the rest of the party, they begged him to say they were sorry to hear of the expected death of so promising a chap and that, while they couldn't come to his party they would be delighted to come to his funeral. In short, it would be impossible for them to accept his kind invitation. The Irishman was so gay and good-humored that Barnes took hope.

"By the way, O'Dowd, I'd like to speak with Miss Cameron if she can come to the telephone."

"Don't be surprised if you are cut off suddenly. The coast is clear for the moment, but— Here, Miss Cameron. Careful now."

Her voice, soft and clear and trembling with eagerness, caressed Barnes' eager ear.

"Mr. O'Dowd will see that no evil befalls me here, but he refuses to help me to get away. I quite understand and appreciate his position. I cannot ask him to go so far as that. Help will have to come from the outside. It will be dangerous—terribly dangerous—"

"You say O'Dowd will not assist you to escape?"

"He urges me to stay here and take my chances. He believes that everything will turn out well for me in the end, but I am frightened. I must get away from this place."

"Then keep your eyes and ears open for the next night or two. Can you tell me where your room is located?"

"It is one flight up; the first of the two windows in my room is the third to the right of the entrance. I am confident that someone is stationed below my windows all night long."

"You still insist that I am not to call on the authorities for help?"

"Yes, yes! That must not even be considered. I have not only myself to consider, Mr. Barnes. I am a very small atom in—"

"All right! We'll get along without them," he said cheerily. "Afterward we will discuss the importance of atoms."

"And your reward as well, Mr. Barnes," she said. Her voice trailed off into an indistinct murmur. He heard the receiver click on the hook, and after calling "hello" twice hung up his own with a sigh. Evidently O'Dowd had warned her of the approach of a less considerate person than himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Wayfarer Receives Two Visitors at Midnight.

The coroner's inquest over the bodies of Roon and Paul was held that afternoon at St. Elizabeth. Witnesses from Hart's Tavern were among those to testify. The verdict was "Murder at the hands of parties unknown."

Sprouse did not appear at the Tavern until long after nightfall. The secret agent listened somewhat indifferently to the latter's account of his telephonic experiences. At nine o'clock he yawned prodigiously and announced that he was going to bed, greatly to the surprise of Mr. Barnes, who followed him from the taproom and demanded an explanation.

"People usually go to bed at night, don't they?" said Sprouse patiently. "It is expected, I believe."

"But, my dear man, we are to undertake—"

"I have some cause for believing that one of those chaps in there is from Green Fancy. Go to bed at ten o'clock, my friend, and put out your light. I don't insist on your taking off your clothes, however. I will rap on your door at eleven o'clock. By the way, don't forget to stick your revolver in your pocket."

A few minutes before eleven there came a gentle tapping on Barnes' door. He sprang to his feet and opened it, presenting himself before Sprouse fully dressed and, as the secret agent said later on, "fit to kill."

The night was as black as pitch. Barnes, trusting to the little man's eyes and hanging close upon his coattails, followed blindly but gallantly in the tracks of the leader. It seemed to him that they stumbled along parallel to the road for miles before Sprouse came to a halt. "This is the short cut to Green Fancy," he whispered, laying his hand on Barnes' arm. "We save four or five miles, coming this way. Do you know where we are?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"About a quarter of a mile below Curtis' house. Are you all right?"

"Fine as a fiddle, except for a barked knee and a skinned elbow, a couple of more or less busted ribs. I've banged into more trees than—"

"Sh!" After a moment of silence, intensified by the mournful squawk of night birds and the chorus of katydids, Sprouse whispered, "Did you hear that?"

Barnes thrilled. This was real melodrama. "Hear what?" he whispered shilly.

"Listen!" After a second or two: "There!"

"It's a woodpecker hammering on the limb of a—"

"Woodpeckers don't hammer at night, my lad. Don't stir! Keep your ears open."

Sprouse clutched his companion's arm and, dropping to his knees in the thick underbrush, pulled the other down after him.

Presently heavy footsteps approached. An unseen pedestrian passed within ten yards of them. They scarcely breathed until the sounds passed entirely out of hearing. Sprouse put his lips close to Barnes' ear.

"Telegraph," he whispered. "It's a system they have of reporting to each other. There are two men patrolling the grounds near the house. You see what we're up against, Barnes. Do you still want to go on with it?"

"I'll stay by you," replied Barnes sturdily.

Several minutes went by. There was not a sound save the restless patter of rain in the tree tops. At last the faraway thud of footsteps came to the ears of the tense listener. They drew nearer, louder, and once more seemed to be approaching the very spot where he crouched.

Then came the sound of a dull, heavy blow, a hoarse gasp, a momentary commotion in the shrubbery,

"My God! Have You Killed Him?"

and—again silence. Barnes' blood ran cold. He waited for the next footfall of the passing man. It never came.

A sharp whisper reached his ears. "Come here—quick!"

He floundered through the brush and almost fell prostrate over the kneeling figure of a man.

"Take care! Lend a hand," whispered Sprouse.

Dropping to his knees, Barnes felt for and touched wet, coarse garments, and gasped:

"My God! Have you killed him?"

"Temporarily," said Sprouse, between his teeth. "Here, unwind the rope I've got around my waist. Take the end—here. Got a knife? Cut off a section about three feet long. I'll get the gag in his mouth while you're doing it. Hangmen always carry their own ropes," he concluded, with grewsome humor. "Got it cut? Well, cut two more sections, same length."

With incredible swiftness the two of them bound the feet, knees and arms of the inert victim.

"I came prepared," said Sprouse, so calmly that Barnes marveled at the iron nerve of the man.

"By heaven, Sprouse, I—I believe he's dead. We—we haven't any right to kill a—"

"Don't be finicky," snapped Sprouse. "It wasn't much of a crack, and it was necessary." Straightening up, with a sigh of satisfaction, he laid his hand on Barnes' shoulder. "We've just got to go through with it now, Barnes. We'll never get another chance. Putting that fellow out of business queers us forever afterward." He dropped to his knees and began searching over the ground with his hands. "Here it is. You can't see it, of course, so I'll tell you what it is. A nice little block of sandalwood. I've already got his nice little hammer, so we'll see what we can raise in the way of wireless chit-chat."

Without the slightest hesitation he struck a succession of quick, confident blows upon the block of wood.

"By gad, you are a wonder!"

"Wait till tomorrow before you say that," replied Sprouse, sententiously. "Come along now. Stick to the trail. We've got to land the other one."

Turning sharply to the right, Sprouse guided his companion through the brush for some distance, and once more came to a halt. Again he stole on ahead, and as before the slow, confident, even careless progress of a man ceased as abruptly as that of the comrade who lay helpless in the thicket below.

Barnes laid a firm, detaining hand on the man's shoulder.

"See here, Sprouse," he whispered, "it's all very well for you, knocking men over like this, but just what is your object? What does all this lead up to?"

Sprouse broke in, and there was not the slightest trace of emotion in his whisper.

"Quite right. You ought to know. I suppose you thought I was bringing you up here for a Romeo and Juliet tete-a-tete with the beautiful Miss Cameron—and for nothing else. Well, in a way, you are right. But, first of all, my business is to recover the crown jewels and parchments. I am going into that house and take them away from the man you know as Loeb, if he has them. If he hasn't them my work here is a failure."

"Going into the house?" gasped Barnes. "Why, my God, man, that is impossible. You would be shot down as an ordinary burglar and—the law would justify them for killing you. I must insist—"

"I am not asking you to go into the house, my friend. I shall go alone," said Sprouse coolly.

"On the other hand, I came up here to rescue a helpless—"

"Keep cool! It's the only way. Now listen. She has designated her room and the windows that are hers. She is lying awake up there now, take it from me, hoping that you will come tonight. I shall lead you directly to her window. And then comes the only chance we take—the only instance where we gamble. There will not be a light in her window, but that won't make any difference. This nobby cane I'm carrying is in reality a collapsible fishing rod. First we use it to tap gently on her window ledge or shade or whatever we find. Then you pass up a little note to her. Here is paper and pencil. Say that you are below her window and—all ready to take her away. Tell her to lower her valuables, some clothes, etc., from the window by means of the rope we'll pass up on the pole. There is a remote possibility that she may have the jewels in her room. For certain reasons they may have permitted her to retain them. If such is the case our work is easy. If they have taken them away from her she'll say so, some way or another—and she will not leave! Now I've had a good look at the front of that house. It is covered with a lattice work and huge vines. I can shin up like a squirrel and go through her room to the—"

"Are you crazy, Sprouse? You'd take your life in your hands and—"

"See here," said Sprouse shortly, "I am not risking my life for the fun of the thing. I am risking it for her, bear that in mind—for her and her people. And if I am killed they won't even say 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' So let's not argue the point. Are you going to stand by me or—back out?"

Barnes was shamed. "I'll stand by you," he said, and they stole forward

There were no lights visible. The house was even darker than the night itself; it was vaguely outlined by a deeper shade of black.

At last they were within a few yards of the entrance and at the edge of a small space that had been cleared of shrubbery. Here Sprouse stopped and began to adjust the sections of his fishing rod.

"Write," he whispered. "There is a faint glow of light up there to the right. The third window, did you say? Well, that's about where I should locate it."

The tiny metallic tip of the rod, held in the upstretched hand of Barnes, much the taller of the two men, barely reached the window ledge. He tapped gently, persistently on the hard surface. Just as they were beginning to think that she was asleep and that their efforts were in vain their straining eyes made out a shadowy object projecting slightly beyond the sill.

After a moment or two of suspense Barnes experienced a peculiar, almost electric shock. Someone had seized the tip of the rod; it stiffened suddenly, the vibrations due to its flexibility ceasing. Someone was untying the bit of paper he had fastened to the rod, and with fingers that shook and were clumsy with eagerness.

He had written: "I am outside with a trusted friend, ready to do your bidding. Two of the guards are safely bound and out of the way. Now is our chance. We will never have another. If you are prepared to come with me now write me a word or two and drop it to the ground. I will pass up a rope to you and you may lower anything you wish to carry away with you. But be exceedingly careful. Take time. Don't hurry a single one of your movements." He signed it with a large "B."

It seemed an hour before their eyes distinguished the shadowy head above. As a matter of fact but a few minutes had passed. During the wait Sprouse had noiselessly removed his coat, a proceeding that puzzled Barnes. Something light fell to the ground. It was Sprouse who stooped and searched for it in the grass. When he resumed an upright posture he put his lips close to Barnes' ear and whispered:

Barnes, Sprouse and "Miss Cameron" have an exciting night at Green Fancy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

All that blusters is n[illegible]

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

CUB WILL MAKE GOOD SCOUT

There are times when a scoutmaster must tell someone that one of his kids is a mighty fine little scout or "bust" trying to keep still. P. T. Runion of Troop No. 2, Winfield, Kan., sends this letter about one of his scouts:

"For three years he has been working with the scouts, as best he could, not being old enough to be registered. He is an honest little fellow, small for his age and quiet in disposition, but will play his jokes. Does not start any disputes, but will fight for his rights, and takes well with other boys.

"Two years ago, at the age of ten years, while on a hike by himself, playing scout, he came in contact with a large rattlesnake, which bit him on his wrist. He finished killing it, then put a tourniquet on his own arm, cut off the snake's rattles, and walked two miles home, picking at the wound to keep it bleeding so as to wash out as much poison as possible. So tight did he twist the tourniquet that he shut the circulation of blood off from his arm, so that none of the poison reached his body. Good for a ten-year-old, wasn't it?

"Last summer, age eleven, he rescued a full-grown man from drowning by throwing out a long grapevine which the man held to. As he puts it, he threw a grape harbor out to him."

CARRYING 150-POUND PACK.

DILLON WALLACE,
Explorer of Labrador, Is Scout Commissioner in Dutchess County, New York.

INTRODUCING A NEW SCOUT.

Exit the "boy slouch" and enter the new version of the boy scout. To the old we say good-by, and to the new welcome with all the warmth of brotherly feeling.

Years ago a boy who didn't brush his teeth was common—today he is the exception. Why? Because we have found out the cause of decay, and brushing is the remedy.

What is true of teeth is true of clothes. Two or three slovenly dressed scouts in a troop tend to defeat the pride which a majority take of "looking the part." A dirty uniform is a disease carrier and a menace to any troop.

Troop pride tends to show up the fellow who never washes his uniform. Headquarters is going to help each troop in dealing with the fellow who looks as if he didn't care.

Under the new uniform regulations a scout must appear on the street or at troop meetings in full dress, and that uniform must reflect a clean scout inside.

SCOUTS AID SERVICE MEN.

The boy scouts troops of Pasadena, Cal., have been canvassing the business and commercial firms of the city to compile a roll of honor of the concerns which have given jobs to returned soldiers, sailors and marines.

The canvass is not simply a local enterprise, but the scouts are making the compilation at the request of the government. Tallman H. Trask, scout commissioner for the Pasadena scout troops, has received a request from Washington for the information and a request for the scouts to assemble it. Mr. Trask says the Pasadena scouts will lose no time in obtaining the information.

It is believed that the canvass will show that every soldier and sailor who went from Pasadena got his position back on his return if he wanted it, and that in addition many other returned service men have been placed there.

WHAT THE SCOUTS DO.

A drive for lemons to furnish refreshment for soldiers passing through Dennison and Uhrichsville, Ohio, is being made by Boy Scouts. Every home is expected to furnish a lemon or its equivalent in money.

Boy Scouts of Troop No. 1, Medford, N. Y., while engaged in a game of baseball were called upon by the scoutmaster, Hal B. Fullerton, to search for a lost girl. They immediately quit the game and hot-footed it over the woods where the girl had gone.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 7

THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 25:31-46.
GOLDEN TEXT—For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.—II Cor. 5:10.

The subject selected by the committee is "The Future Life." [illegible] at best such a statement would [illegible] the use of the term in an [illegible] dated sense. According to legitimate textual and contextual significance it is the judgment of the living nations which lies still in the future (v. 32). The idea of a general judgment which is of such frequent occurrence in religious literature and teaching is a fundamental error. It is not found in the Bible, neither the [illegible] which it is intended to convey. Doctor Pentecost most distinctively says: "It is a mischievous habit that has [illegible] the Christian world to speak of the judgment as being one great event taking place at the end of the world when all human beings, saints and sinners, Jews and Gentiles, the living and the dead, shall stand up before the great white throne and then be judged. Nothing can be more [illegible] the Scriptures." The Bible speaks of different judgments, differing in respect to the subjects to be judged, the place of judgment, the time of judgment and the result of the judgment. This is not the judgment set forth in Revelation 20:11-14, but precedes that one at least one thousand years.

I. The Judge (v. 31.).

It is the Son of Man, the one who came and died to redeem the human race, and who now being clothed with majesty and power will act as judge. Those who accept him now shall not come into the judgment (John 5:24).

II. The Time (v. 31).

This will be when the Lord comes in his glory, accompanied by a host of glorious angels. This will take place after he has gathered the remnant of Israel. There will be a resurrection in connection with the judgment.

III. The Place (v. 31).

It will be on his glorious throne. This throne will be most surely in the land of Israel. The Prophecy of Joel, third chapter, and Zechariah 14 make it to be in or near Jerusalem. The angel said to Mary, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; he shall be great and shall be called the son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1:31-33). Just as there was a literal place and a literal king there shall be a literal throne.

IV. The People Judged (vv. 32-46).

These will be the living nations on the earth after the church has been translated (I Thess. 4:16, 17). These are the nations to whom the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached, and prior to the coming of the end. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24:14). The gospel is distinguished from the gospel of the grace of God which is now being preached. The preachers of the gospel will be Jews (Rev. 7 and Rev. 11). These are the brethren in the flesh, of the Lord, they that must go among the nations of the world with the startling message of the news of the Lord's approaching kingdom. Some of the nations will gladly receive the message and most kindly receive the king's messengers, give them clothing, food, shelter, etc. Others will persecute them, thrust them into prison, etc. Here the Bridegroom will visit these messengers of the king and provide for their wants. At this time the judge will separate the nations, placing the sheep on the right and the goats on the left. The "sheep" are those who have given proper treatment to Christ's brethren. The "goats" are those who rejected and ill-treated his brethren. If these three classes, the "sheep," "goats," "brethren," are kept separate all confusion will be avoided.

V. The Issue of the Judgment (vv. 34-41; cf. 34-41).

1. The sheep enter upon the inheritance of a prepared kingdom (v. 34).

2. The goats go into an everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels (v. 46). This judgment should determine their destiny.

The Secret of Comfort.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our understanding of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases. —Sharp.

Love Thy Neighbors.

I would tear out my own heart if it had no better disposition than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbors.—Pope.

Live by the Day.

The secret of a sweet and Christian life is learning to live by the day, it is the long stretches that tire us.

A Hope Begun.

Immortality does not consist of an argument completed, but in a hope begun.—Newell Dwight Hillis.