

# A Political Vendetta

By WELDON J. COBB

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)  
The clerk roused up as Hope approached his desk. He stared strangely, curiously at the disordered visitor.  
"I have come here twenty miles on a hurried order," summarized Hope.  
He took a folded bit of paper from his pocket.  
"Do you know Warren? Warren, of the Vulcan Co.?" he added, inquiringly.  
"Why—yes," admitted the clerk, standing up and rubbing his eyes.  
"Do you know his handwriting, also?"  
"I think I do."  
"There's a specimen of it."  
"Yes, 'tis," slowly and wonderingly nodded the clerk, as he perused a scrawl ordering "the delivery to bearer" of a certain satchel in a certain closet in the house.  
"Queer, to send for his satchel that's been here so long! I'll get it for you, though."  
"Be speedy, then, and—careful."  
"Eh!"  
"It might hold some of his goods—see?"  
"Oh! dynamite? Yes, but he knows enough to have it protected," confidently retorted the clerk.  
Gideon sank into a chair, pretty well exhausted. He felt a trifle grieved as he heard a dust-covered satchel, the clerk repeated. His hand shook as he took it. Strange thrills ran through his being. A thousand deaths lurked in the little innocent looking leather receptacle, he well knew.  
He breathed more freely as he again reached the outer air. With the thoughtfulness of a true man he took the middle of the road, alone anxious for the nonce in getting the explosive far and quickly from the proximity of human beings.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
At the edge of the silent town Gideon Hope paused. What should he do with the dynamite to insure its harmlessness, now that he had it?—that was the question.  
He recalled the explicit directions that Warren had given him: To sink it in some unfrequented water course, and he remembered he had crossed a bridge above a winding little stream, about a mile from the town.  
Toward it Hope bent his course. He had proceeded a distance when a dull sound grew into momentarily augmentative resonance and distinctness.  
Klappetty klop—klappetty klop—klappetty klop!  
In the soft moonlight he observed approaching two horsemen. An instant suspicion assailed him. Suppose they were allies of the misnamed pair at the isolated house, scouring the country for him?  
"I'll take no chances," he decided quietly—"at least until the dynamite is disposed of."  
So he drew aside into some bushes fringing the road. It was well that he did so. As the men passed him he was positive he had seen them in the garden of the private asylum—hired appendages of that nefarious institution.  
As they rounded a curve in the road out of view, Gideon resumed his way.  
About five minutes later, as he was nearing the bridge, almost noiselessly a man mounted on a horse emerged from the thickets and nearly ran him down.  
He brought his animal to a sharp halt—he stared hard at Hope. Piece by piece he seemed inspecting his clothing as if identifying him from description.  
Gideon stood his ground. Soon he started to move on.  
Click!  
"I want you!" spoke the horseman, and he now held a revolver in his hand.  
He ran his horse fairly upon Hope, leaped over, and aimed a blow at him with the weapon. Gideon dodged. Then he grappled with the form leaning toward him. He felt a stinging pain in one shoulder—the firearm had exploded.  
But in wrath and strength he clung to the fellow, dragged him from the stirrups, and giving him a mighty fling, sent his head cracking across a mass of bowlders.  
The satchel he had carried strapped across one shoulder. As the man lay senseless, Hope started again for the river. He staggered. The horse, well trained, had not moved away. As he began to experience a strange dizziness, Hope pulled himself into the saddle, hurried by shouts around the bend in the road.  
The two horsemen in advance had probably heard the shout, and were hurrying back.  
"Up—on!" feebly ordered Gideon, but in sheer weakness he almost fell across the horse's neck.  
Then there seemed a lapse of sheer insensibility. Again his brain slightly cleared, and he was conscious of being borne at a plodding gait along a wildwood bridle path.  
The steed must have taken a course out of range of the regular road, and the pursuing horsemen. Day was breaking. Gideon knew that the bullet wound in his shoulder was accountable for the great weakness that made him even forgetful of the fearful burden of dynamite that he still carried.  
He lapsed into renewed unconsciousness—again revived.  
It was broad daylight now. The horse was browsing in a sort of garden. Near by was a house. Hope straightened up in the saddle, tried to rally his confused faculties.  
He lifted his eyes toward the building. All its windows were closely shuttered but one. That was on the second floor, and barred.  
There his glance was riveted. Was it delirium, fancy? For the roseate dawn illumined a figure, wonder eyed, gazing down at him.  
Claire!

CHAPTER XXIV.  
This had happened: The horse that had safely borne Gideon Hope to this unlooked-for destination belonged, as he had inferred, to the stables of the se-

cluded bannt where his pursuit by Elita's allies had begun.  
Apparently the animal had made frequent journeys between the two places, and instead of returning home, had come hither, with Hope a helpless burden across the saddle.  
The truth, the fortune of this climax burst over the man's soul with ardor. Not only had he escaped his enemies, but he had found Claire!  
Instantly weakness, his injuries, his confusion, were forgotten, obliterated. To that glorious face marvelingly looking down at him he raised his glance, full of fervor and love.  
"Claire—Miss Tremaine!" he breathed, and slipped from the saddle. As he did so, unheeded the satchel of dynamite dropped from his shoulder to his feet. But Hope noticed it not, for the moment absorbed in contemplation of the beginning and the end of all the present motives of his life.  
"It is you! It is you!" slowly, dubiously murmured Claire, an eager light in her beautiful eyes, her pale face working with intense emotion.  
"And you—a prisoner!" cried Hope, rousing up.  
"Yes, for a long time. Since the night I was taken away to marry the man you bade me obey."  
"Who is in this house now?"  
"I, alone," explained Claire. "A woman has been in charge, but she went away last evening, leaving me securely locked in."  
"She will soon return."  
"Why did you not try to escape?"  
"Because they have led me to believe you desired that I remain here."  
"Wait!"  
Gideon Hope flashed from the spot. Soon he was at the front door. With a great billet of wood he dashed it from place. Up a stairway he made advance, and before his irresistible assaults door after door gave way.  
Pale, excited, apprehensive, the fair captive was brought out into the garden.  
"Listen," spoke Hope, all thought and action: "You are trembling, weak, excited. There is much to do, and no time for immediate explanations. Let me lift you to the saddle. Ride to the nearest town, and await my coming."  
"But you?" faltered Claire, and there was no mistaking the tender light that shone from her anxious eyes upon the man she had learned to obey so implicitly and love so devotedly.  
"I will remain here for a time. I have something to do," answered Hope seriously.  
There was the dynamite to dispose of. And then, too, he had resolved to confront Claire's jailer when she returned, and force from her lips a confession that would enable him to intelligently proceed about a raid upon the inmates of that other isolated house which harbored the Kanes and their infamous associates.  
"I will do as you say," assented Claire, and moved toward the grating horse.  
"But—wait," interrupted Hope again. He had brought her from the house without any head covering or wraps. Now he explained and left her side momentarily.  
He was not gone two minutes, and returning with the articles he had gone for, he cleared the staircase four steps at a time, as if a shriek from the outside warned him of some peril or alarm on the part of Claire.  
When he came around to the side of the house the horse had stamped into an adjoining field. Upon the green sward where Hope had left her was Claire, in a dead faint.  
No other person was in view. What had happened? Quickly Hope lifted her head in his arms, and murmured his anxiety and solicitude into her white, pulseless face.  
Thus several minutes went by, until at length her eyes opened. She shrieked.  
"Where is he?" she cried, with a frightened start.  
"Whom?" inquired Hope quickly.  
"That man!"  
"You mean?"  
"Kane."  
"He was here!" exclaimed Hope, in absolute amazement.  
"Yes!" she panted, looking about her, all in a tremble.  
"When?"  
"While you were gone." She clung to him hysterically. "Oh, Mr. Hope!" she cried, "protect me from him if he comes again."  
"Do not fear for that," assured Hope. "You are certain it was Kane?"  
Flutteringly Claire related a singular story. Hope had no sooner gone into the house than Kane had appeared. Wild faced, his garments disordered, a broken chain dangling from one wrist, he had burst upon her appalled view.  
He had sprung to her side, seized her arm, in hurried accents announced that she must at once accompany him in flight. It was his desire—Gideon Hope's command.  
She had struggled. He sought to drag her from the spot. Something he caught from her incoherent words, that she disbelieved and disregarded him, that Hope was even now in the house, that the horse, the satchel, he had brought hither.  
"I called for help," narrated Claire. "Suddenly Kane's eyes flared with a strange, eager light. He sprang toward the satchel, saying: 'This is Hope's? Then it contains the money! If you will not go with me, at least I have the fortune.' Then I fainted away."  
"The doll—the victim! That satchel contains—"  
Hope was interrupted. A flying horse-woman came up the road. It was Elita.  
"You here!" she cried, facing Hope, "and you free?" she shouted at Claire.  
"Has he been here?" she demanded.  
"Your husband? said Hope.  
"Yes—what is that!"  
What, indeed! A strange breath, a gasp of nature gasping, a flutter of the leaves

of the trees, a check in bird-song and insect whirr—all caused by a harsh, cutting crash at some near distance.  
Upon the topmost branch of a lofty elm a robin had built her nest.  
As day broke, she faced the sun, and began, first, her faint, twittering note, then a slow, low trill, and finally her full burst of glorious song.  
A man dashing through the brush, hatless, pale, yet eager, bearing a satchel in his hand, looked up and echoed the exultant note, and laughed gayly, triumphantly.  
It was Percy Kane. He had escaped, had been forced to abandon the thought of taking Claire away with him, but he had not in the satchel the other half of the severed bank notes? Yes! his folly led him to believe. He was rich, and the money was the main thing, after all.  
As he hoped, planned, anticipated a new future in some new field, thus equipped with a princely fortune, he grew half wild with reckless delight.  
He waved the satchel caressingly, he plunged on. Soon he came to a break in the landscape. Fair valleys, a radiant, fertile expanse, spread out—the world lay all before him!  
"The final hour!" he exulted—"and I am the victor!"  
Yes, the hour had come—but not of victory, of doom, instead—the hour of ripening dynamite! Retribution and total extinguishment!  
He knew no shock or pain—simply a flashing dissolution. The dynamite had exploded, and he was blotted out.  
One last act of justice the woman, Elita, performed ere with her unfortunate father, she disappeared from the scene of her recent endeavors, never to be seen there again. She gave to Gideon Hope some secret papers of her dead husband, proving his connection with the murder of Everett Hope, and the base swindles that had been perpetrated against Albert Tremaine, thus insuring a return of a portion of his lost fortune.  
Warren, of the Vulcan Co., was released from the asylum. Hope saw to it that Kane's accomplices were punished.  
Fate had been more powerful in bringing about the unmaking and destruction of the guilty than his own fondly cherished plans, but the recompense was of justice, and he was content.  
To his country, to his political aspirations, he bade a final adieu.  
He had love now to live for—love that never faltered, though well nigh sacrificed—and, away from the scenes where its first inception had been harsh and painful, and might prove haunting, he and Claire sought mutual forgetfulness of the past and unalloyed joy for the future.  
(The End.)

TEACHING BY MOVING PICTURES.  
Surgical Operations and Nervous Diseases Before the Camera.  
One of the new uses to which moving pictures are put is teaching, and at least one house dealing in films publishes a list of some hundreds intended for classroom use, says the New York Sun.

Why the Young People are Leaving the Farms  
An Indiana Agricultural Laborer Writes President Roosevelt About Country Life.  
FARMERS ARE EIGHT-HOUR MEN  
Long Periods of Labor and Lack of System in Operations are Deplored.  
An Indiana farmhand has written a letter to President Roosevelt about the work which the Country Life Commission is carrying on. The President has turned the letter over to the Country Life Commission and the commission has asked the farmhand to write some more.  
"I have been a farmhand just long enough," says the President's correspondent, "to learn the cause of so many sons and daughters and well-meaning, reliable farmhands leaving the beautiful farm and country and going to the city. A lack of order and system on the farm and too long hours for a day is what is driving the best minds from the farm to the city and shop. What can we expect of a hand, or the farmer's wife and her posterity, in the way of intellectual development when they get out of their beds at 3:30 in the morning and work from that time until 8 or 9 p. m.?" And no attention paid to the sanitary conditions of the home, and necessary conveniences on the farm for doing the farm work with the least labor and time."  
This man has given the Country Life Commission some very interesting first-hand information about rural conditions and recommendations based on a long experience in farm work and farm life. He has worked for all kinds of farmers, good and bad, he says, and he has always had his eyes open to detect the causes of their success or failure. He has drawn his own conclusions and sets them forth in down-right, straightforward fashion. Education pays in farming, he says. The farmer who plans out his work and carries it through in a systematic, business-like manner, just as the city man does, will be able to shorten the hours of labor "So many farmers measure everything on the farm from the standpoint of muscle," he continues, "and are extreme in some things and slack in others. I decided several years ago that life is too short to work for Peter Tumbledown farmers."  
"Compel the farmer to be a business man," he says. "Go into the homes of some of the farmers and the so-called farmers and ascertain how they live, and learn of their methods of doing the business in which they are engaged. And you will be surprised what a variety you will find. Ascertain what they read, and what stresses they put on the literature that comes into their homes (if any comes) bearing on the business they are engaged in. See what per cent study their business."  
"Give me the educated farmer as a boss and the educated farmhand as a hand. When I come in contact with a hand or farmer that studies his business I find him advancing, and it is a pleasure to work for such men."  
"The majority of the farmers are eight-hour men, that is, eight hours in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon. Eight or ten hours on the farm cannot well be adapted in all cases, but it need not be from fourteen to sixteen hours. If the family arise every morning at 5 o'clock and the wife and daughters attend to the household duties, and the farmhands and sons attend to the chores and go to the field at 7 o'clock and work until 11 or 11:30 and go to the field again at 1 and keep at it until 6 o'clock, and go to the house and eat the supper and then do the evening chores, they have done a farm day's work. Regular hours for work, and regular hours for meals, and regular hours for sleep, and regular hours for rest and recreation, with plenty of standard papers and books, including the best agricultural papers and books, and a full faith in God, and good grub is wanted."  
"The family should rise at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning as well as on week days, and do the necessary Sunday morning chores, and then go to church and show the business man in the city that Sunday on the farm does not consist in changing the stock from one field to another, or salting it, or unloading a load of hay that was brought in on Saturday evening."  
"Coming to the meals at the meal hour makes it easy on the wife so she can arrange her household duties in order, as can also the husband his farm work."  
"Men of worth and standing in the shop and city tell me that if order and system were used on the farm they would go back to the farm. If the farmer wants to keep his sons and daughters on the farm he must not lengthen the hours for a day's work at both ends. Limit the hours of work on the farm to twelve or thirteen with pay for overtime, and freedom to the hired man on Sunday."  
Not Wholly Careless.  
Thomas Chett was a meek but careless clerk, who, through no greater fault than carelessness, was continually blurr-

ing in his work. His most usual mistake was to misdirect letters, either by substituting a wrong street number, or by writing, say "Cal." for "Col." One day his employer laid on his desk a letter which had been over a month in the mails without reaching its destination—and all because of Thomas' error.  
"Now, this has got to stop," said his employer. "Such delays waste time and money. If you had used an envelope which hadn't had our address in the corner, we might never have known where this letter went to."  
"That's true," assented the humble clerk. "But I am always careful to use that kind of envelope just for that reason."  
Being a little slow of comprehension, he did not understand why his patient employer bit his lip and turned away smiling.  
A CONQUERED GRIEF.  
A Word in Season that Proved to Be of Great Benefit.  
If Edith Rodney bore her head bravely abroad it drooped at home, for gossip, in a little college town, centers so persistently on a girl whose engagement has been broken. At 19, too, one can suffer in tortured pride and humiliation far beyond the actual worth of the grief itself.  
"What shall I do, Claudia?" Mrs. Rodney asked her closest friend, a woman brilliant, sympathetic, attuned to the world's best harmonies. "It worries me so. I hate to send her away. It's such a confession of failure. Yet she is miserable here. Everything reminds her, and will go on reminding her, of John. I think that there must be something horribly wrong with me when I, her own mother, can do nothing to comfort her."  
"I want to speak to her if you will let me," said Miss Tremholm, after a moment's thoughtful silence. I believe I can help her, because—"  
"May I go in to her now?" she asked, quickly.  
Edith was sitting at the library window, looking listlessly over to where the woods met the sky; a wonderful Corot world, more wonderful still for being painted just by nature herself. Miss Tremholm sat down beside her, and took the girl's hands in both her own.  
"May I talk to you?" she asked. "Will you let me tell you that I know what has happened? May I speak to you about it?"  
"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Edith, with almost weary resentment. "Everybody knows now, and the world always despises the girl who's been jilted, of course."  
"It does not," replied Miss Tremholm, firmly. "It is for you to indicate to the world how it is to think of you, to talk about you, to judge you. To let others pity you now—to pity yourself—is to submit to spiritual poverty. Believe me! I know, because twenty years ago I suffered all that you are suffering, worried as you are worrying over the world's whippersnappers perhaps as much as over the loss itself."  
"You?" cried the girl, breathlessly. Claudia Tremholm had always been her ideal; radiant, shining in the praise of all men and women, seemingly untouched by time or grief. It seemed impossible that such a thing could have happened to her!  
"It is just the frequent little tragedy of the college town, my dear," said the older woman, somewhat sadly. "I was very unhappy over my broken engagement, and I made my family suffer with me; burdened them with my sorrow, until, by some heaven-sent chance, I read a book that helped me. It was Jane Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility.' You have read it, I know. Don't you remember how Elinor Dashwood tells her sister why she has never spoken to her family of Edward's faithlessness? See, even now I can say it by heart. 'But I did not love only him, and while the comfort of others was dear to me, I was glad to spare them from knowing how much I felt. I would not have you suffer on my account.' Her splendid candor, her sincerity made me feel how ungenerous I had been, and made me know, too, that I could be spiritually stronger than my own grief and pride."  
For a while neither spoke. Then Edith turned to her friend impulsively. "I believe you have helped me!" she cried. "I had forgotten that the others must suffer with me. I do not love only him, and I want—just as you are—to be beyond spiritual poverty."  
Already the glowing rose of the sunset outside had flushed her face, and lent it a look of hope.—Youth's Companion.

Ple with Knives.  
George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe, the first five Presidents, each ate pie with his knife. It was not until John Quincy Adams entered the White House that the substitution of the fork for the knife seems to have occurred to any citizen of America. "He contracted the habit while in France," said Mrs. Adams in an apologetic tone to some of her guests, "and he finds it difficult to break himself of it since we returned home." So the first great general of the American army, the sturdy patriot of Massachusetts, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the chief advocate of the federal constitution and the originator of the Monroe doctrine, all ate pie with the knife.—Utica Observer.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN  
1502—Columbus entered the harbor which he called Porto Bello.  
1580—Sir Francis Drake returned from his voyage round the world.  
1606—Henry Hudson arrived at Dartmouth, England, on his return from his first voyage of discovery in the new world.  
1620—The Plymouth company was organized.... The Mayflower cast anchor in Provincetown harbor, Cape Cod.  
1755—Two hundred Scotchmen from Nova Scotia were banished from Boston.  
1769—Rev. John Carroll made bishop of Baltimore.  
1775—Lord Dunmore declared Virginia to be in a state of rebellion.  
1777—Gen. Howe's army went into winter quarters in Philadelphia.... Americans repulsed British attack on Mud Fort, which later became Fort Mifflin.  
1782—The America, the first line-of-battle ship built in America, launched at Portsmouth, N. H.  
1783—Continental army disbanded and returned to their homes.  
1804—Rhodium discovered in platinum ore by Dr. Wollaston of London.  
1811—Gen. Harrison defeated the Indians in battle of Tippecanoe.  
1813—Gen. Jackson defeated the Indians in battle of Talladega.... British repulsed in an attack on Ogdensburg, N. Y.  
1814—Fort Erie destroyed by United States forces.  
1816—Two hundred persons drowned in the wreck of the transport Harpooner off Newfoundland coast.  
1820—British government opened the West India trade to the United States.... President Jackson proposed to reduce the number of navy yards in the United States to four—Norfolk, Narragansett, Washington and Charleston.... New England coast visited by a storm of unusual violence.  
1837—Elijah P. Lovejoy, anti-slavery editor, mobbed and killed at Alton, Ill.  
1838—Martial law established in Montreal.  
1842—Wedding of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd at Springfield, Ill.  
1847—First American missionary church organized in China.  
1852—Fire destroyed a large section of the city of Sacramento, Cal.  
1861—Gen. Hunter superseded John C. Fremont in command of the western department of the army.... Battle of Belmont ended in a victory for the Confederate forces.  
1862—Gen. Burnside succeeded Gen. McClelland in the command of the army of the Potomac.  
1864—Federal forces won victory at battle of Franklin, Tenn.... Abraham Lincoln re-elected President of the United States.  
1865—Gen. Frederick Funston, U. S. A., born in Ohio.... The Confederate privateer Shenandoah surrendered at Liverpool after having destroyed about thirty vessels.  
1868—Gen. Ulysses S. Grant elected President of the United States.... England and the United States agreed to arbitrate the Alabama affair.  
1871—Henry M. Stanley discovered Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji.  
1872—Fire broke out in Boston and in two days burned over an area of sixty-five acres and caused a loss of \$80,000,000.  
1875—Richard P. Bland of Missouri introduced free silver bill in the House.  
1878—Remains of Alexander T. Stewart, millionaire merchant, stolen from the vault in St. Mark's churchyard, New York.  
1880—James A. Garfield of Ohio elected President of the United States.  
1882—South Dakota adopted a constitution.  
1884—Grover Cleveland of New York elected President of the United States.  
1885—Last spike of the Canadian Pacific railway driven at Eagle Pass, B. C.  
1889—President proclaimed Montana a State of the Union.  
1893—The government of Sir William Whitway returned to power in Newfoundland.... Steamer City of Alexandria, from Havana for New York, burned at sea; thirty lives lost.  
1898—William A. Stone elected Governor of Pennsylvania.  
1900—Cuban constitutional convention met in Havana.  
1903—The Republic of Panama recognized by the United States.... New Irish land act went into operation.  
1906—President Roosevelt called for Panama.... Sultan of Morocco received United States Minister Gunsmere at Fez. A. Stensland and Horning, Chicago bank wreckers, sentenced to the penitentiary.  
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