

SCORED A JUST REVENGE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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ONE WOLF, once an Indian chief, though he did not look it now in his rags and misery, but came of a proud race, sat sunning himself on the pavement. His squaw, a tiny papoose at her breast, occupied a near doorway. They were footsore, homeless, tired, hungry, too, and it was fully ten miles to the reservation where they had friends.

Suddenly the door behind the woman was pulled open inward. Some one had come down the stairs from the gambling room above the town tavern. He was a flashily dressed, not unhandsome fellow, but the scowl of a loser was on his face.

"Out of the way," he growled rudely, and gave the squaw a vicious push with his knee. She could not help but topple over. He heard her head strike the hard pavement unmovable. She uttered a concerned cry, striving to shield the helpless papoose, and rolled to a stop, sustained by one hand, with eyes and thought only for the little one.

Then Mort Dwyer drew back and his hand whipped to his hip pocket like a streak of lightning. An inert mass, that squallid form on the pavement was suddenly infused with life. Straight as an arrow, a gleaming knife upraised, Lone Wolf made a wild spring for the miscreant who had impaled wife and babe.

Speedy as was the gambler, he would have been at fault and disadvantage had the Indian perfected that maddened swoop. Lone Wolf's flight was checked by a low hissing word from the squaw. Seemingly it told him that the papoose was unhurt. Further it awoke the savage to the realization that an attack upon a white man in that section, no matter how provoked, would culminate at a rope's end. The woman was bruised about the face and bleeding, but what mattered that, when the child was safe?

So, with a muttered curse, Dwyer strode from the spot. Lone Wolf gathered up his traps. His squaw prepared to move on. The child wailed at being disturbed by the rough shaking up.

"Wagh! Lone Wolf will remember!" spoke the Indian with a just menacing glare after the gambler.

The latter forgot the incident with in the hour. He was of a profession and border experience where Reming, tons and bowles played conspicuous parts. Free of the babbling business thoroughfare of the town he paused reflectively. A man of coarser mood than himself joined him.

"Down on your luck, it seems?" observed the latter, stealthily studying the face of the other.

"It seems right to you, then," growled Dwyer. "The cards have turned wrong and Monte Pete has got me for more than I am worth."

"Try the heiress, Miss Barclay," smiled Luke Worden, lawyer and blackleg—principally the latter.

"Hey?" ejaculated Dwyer with a start.

"Why not? With her fortune you can afford respectability."

"You say it easy. From all I gather she is as good as engaged to that young fellow Preston, the cashier at the bank."

"You get a start with the girl, and you'd ought to, for you've got the looks and ways with you to captivate women folks, and it's easy crossing out Marcy."

"I'll—I'll think of it," said Dwyer—and he did. He not only thought of it, but he met his friend and familiar that evening more glum and despondent than ever.

"Well?" interrogated the maker of plots and benefiter from the same, "What luck?"

"Miss Eva Barclay simply stared at me in wonder. Then she turned a ring on her finger around several times. Why, she has been engaged to Rolfe Preston for nearly a month."

"What would be your chances with that forward young champion of law and order out of the way?"

"Not the slightest in the world," declared Dwyer definitely. "The girl isn't of my class and never would be." It was a pet scheme of Lawyer Worden rudely dashed to the ground. It was only recently that old John Barclay, father of Eva, had made over all his property to her preparatory to moving to a real city over the divide.

property had been made to Eva, the deed was not yet recorded.

Her father was to be lured into a specious gambling plan. He was to be swindled out of his ready money. Then Dwyer was to offer to stake him to a fair amount for a quit claim deed on what property he might own in Rock county. Barclay had several mining prospects in litigation. He was to be made to believe that it was these that Worden was after.

Now, in the meantime, by a strange coincidental circumstance Lone Wolf and his family became denizens of a little house at the rear of the Barclay place. Eva had, seen them. The squaw was ill and she had offered them shelter, food and care.

Resentment at the wrong done him by Worden the Indian had nourished. He had waited, watched for revenge, and one afternoon, lurking near the office of the lawyer, he overheard their conversation.

Lone Wolf was intelligent enough to comprehend its purport. He was full of gratitude towards Eva. He knew of her lover, Preston, sought him out, and in broken dialect revealed his story. One hour later the faithful Indian, mounted on a superb steed, was on his way across a 45-mile prairie stretch, the precious deed in his hunting blouse.

At almost the same time, similarly mounted, Dwyer left the settlement by the same route. Lone Wolf knew that he had a ten-mile lead, but two leagues beyond that his horse broke down.

"It is well," he cried, as he settled the wind direction and the probable distance of his rival. He knelt and struck a match.

First a creeping, hissing snake of flame, then the mighty uprising of a pillar, and then a wall of fire. It raged like lightning. It would not pause until it had swept Dwyer and his horse, as Lone Wolf well knew.

And then, on foot, the dauntless savage started for his destination.

When Mort Dwyer, by a circuitous route, reached the county seat the next afternoon, he knew that he had been outwitted.

When he returned to the settlement that night, hot with rage and seeking for Lone Wolf, it was to find that the Barclays had sent him to a point of safety.

Lone Wolf, the despised, had scored a just revenge!

Lumley Castle Oldest Residence in England

It is claimed that Lumley castle, owned by the earl of Scarborough, is the oldest residence in England. Lumley was first historically mentioned in the record of the gifts given by Styr, son of Ulf, to the church of St. Cuthbert during the reign of Ethelred (978-1015). The building continued in the state of a manor house till the time of Sir Ralph de Lumley, who fell at Crecenator, fighting against Henry IV. He had obtained licenses to enbattell and crenellate his mansion from both Richard II and Bishop Skirlaw. The bishop's license predated the king's by three years, being granted in 1380. The place has been inhabited by a Lumley ever since its original erection, so that even if it be not the oldest residence in the country, it will be difficult to find one to beat it. The pedigree of the Lumley family is a long one and brought forth the remark from James I to the bishop of Durham, who was explaining it to him, "Oh! man, give me further, let me digest the knowledge I ha' gained, for by my soul I did not ken Adam's name was Lumley." Lialph, the Saxon, who was murdered by some Norman followers of Bishop Walcher, in 1080, was an ancestor of the Lumley family. This crime led to a rising of the Saxons in the bishopric, during which, Bishop Walcher was slain at Gatteshead in the same year as Lialph met his death.

Trade Trick

The young man and the young woman were musing on the strangeness of life in general. A very favorite occupation nowadays when everybody is convinced that they have a special flair for soulfulness.

"Photography is a strange profession," said the young man, apropos absolutely of nothing at all.

"Because it develops negatives?" inquired his companion with a knowing look.

"No, not that exactly. The other day I had my photograph taken in my riding things—not on horseback, you know, just standing with my crop in my hand. Today the photographer sent me word that the portraits are ready, and, do you know, he says that they are all mounted."

"Minority Presidents"

According to the usually received count, Hayes, in 1876, received about 200,000 popular votes less than Tilden; and Harrison in 1888 was elected over Cleveland, though he had 98,000 fewer votes. If we include votes given successful candidates against the total polled by all opponents, there are numerous minority Presidents: Benjamin Franklin in 1789; Taylor in 1848; Buchanan in 1856; Lincoln in 1860; Hayes in 1876; Garfield in 1880; Cleveland, 1884; Harrison, 1888, and Wilson, 1912.

Just Publicity

Six-year-old Dorothy was used to hearing more or less shop talk at home, both her parents being at one time in the advertising business.

Last Sunday she brought home a text from Sunday school. Her mother, seeing something in her hand, asked what she had. Dorothy replied, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "Oh, only an ad about heaven."

ROAD BUILDING

LACK OF SIDEWALKS IS RURAL MENACE

Why should people walking along our highways be compelled to walk in the path of a trackless locomotive? This is the question that is agitating many who use American highways—from the motorist who rounds a curve to find in his path a number of children returning home from the country school, to the country lad who has to use the highway in getting to the cow pasture and the suburbanite who walks over it to make a call upon a neighbor.

In certain sections of America the rural towns are so close together and the population is so dense that the country roads are used constantly by pedestrians for lack of sidewalks. This is true particularly of all the New England states and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and other states. In New Jersey at the present time the matter of constructing sidewalks along the highways is being seriously agitated as the result of numerous accidents to pedestrians on the highways.

State highway departments have given considerable thought to the proposition, and it is not improbable that the state legislature will authorize the department to undertake the construction of sidewalks along some of the principal highways at least. It is declared that waterproof and dust-proof paths can be constructed very cheaply of asphaltic macadam and that pathways of that kind will not only keep pedestrians out of the way of automobiles and trucks, but will afford a roadway for bicyclists as well.

Resolutions were recently adopted by the New Jersey Association of County Engineers recommending passage by the New Jersey legislature of a law authorizing the laying of sidewalks along all state and country roads and authorizing condemnation of property for the purpose where there is insufficient width. It is proposed that the act be not mandatory, but that it give discretionary powers to the boards of county commissioners with respect to country roads and to the state highway commission where state highways are involved. In New Jersey, the proposition has been welcomed by motorists and pedestrians as well as public officials.

Wider Roads Safeguard Life of Motor Drivers

Everybody recognizes that the value of human life cannot be estimated. Safeguarding of human life, therefore, by preventing accidents, is one of the most important problems confronting the modern highway builder. He must build highways so as to avoid congestion. Elimination of congestion is vitally important now, with the constant extension of paved road systems, bringing an increase in the number of motor vehicles and making the speed of travel much greater.

At present the number of automobiles is increasing more rapidly than the paved highways to carry them are being built. This is bound to cause congestion of the roads as they now are. And congested traffic conditions mean that travel at the speeds necessary to highest efficiency will be likely to cause accidents.

The solution of the problem lies in more roads and wider roads. Wider roads are particularly important to accommodate the greater number of motor vehicles. Every motorist—you in particular—must help to make highway travel more pleasant and more safe by working for wider roads.

Already steps have been taken in many parts of the country to build new paved roads wider and wider old ones by adding new strips of pavement at the side. Old concrete pavements which were built 16 or 18 feet wide are being increased to 20 feet or more by laying new strips of concrete at the side of the old pavement.

This movement must be continued and extended to make motor-vehicle traffic safe and efficient.

Constructing Highways in Great Hoosier State

In order to salvage as far as possible the original investment in the existing gravel and stone roads as bases for new motor highways the Indiana state highway department has lately embarked upon a more extensive program of bituminous construction, divided into two classes, one of which is known as "surface treatment" and the other as the "penetration method." Under the former method the surface of the road is treated with asphaltic materials. Under the latter a top course of asphalt is constructed by having the asphaltic binding material penetrate, under compaction, the gravel and stone in the base.

Big Road Building Plans

Improved roads are now being built in the United States at the rate of forty thousand miles a year. Under the federal highway act of 1921, which is administered by the Department of Agriculture through its bureau of public roads, a program has been established which will give the country a connected system of main highways. Practically every city of five thousand population or more will be directly on the system and all will be connected with it by improved roads.

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

"THAT IS THAT!"

THE fences that had always protected Elizabeth Bennett from untamed life, suddenly, when she reached forty, were torn away. Her father, whom she had ever placed before her friends, died—took his own life when he himself ruined, involved in a disgraceful failure. So, with a school girl's knowledge of the world, Elizabeth found herself without family, without money, without name. She was, she realized, quite alone—even Uncle Will seemed to have forgotten her. And, having come to this realization, she summed it all up saying to herself, "That is that!"

A month later she read in a farm journal an advertisement of five acres and a house in Vermont. And within the week she was a land owner possessed of just cash enough to worry through the winter.

The man she had engaged at the railroad station to drive her the ten miles to Hardscrabble road had looked askance at her as she mentioned her destination. His last words as he left her before her tumble-down doorway were, "Watch them—they're a tough lot, these Hardscrabble people." And as, with curiosity written large on their staring faces, they drifted past that evening, she could easily believe it. Inside, there was no furniture—just four cracked walls with broken window panes. But one thing was clear: she couldn't afford to change her mind. Again "that was that!"

Having faced the cold, bare facts, certain of them began to take on significance. She noticed that the roughest of her neighbors went regularly on Sunday to the red school house to church. When they learned that she could read, they asked her to lead their service in the absence of the visiting minister. When she suggested raising the few hundred dollars necessary for a church building, they backed her up trustingly, and lent her a horse and buggy to scour the countryside, and then cut down their trees and seasoned their lumber, and finally dedicated their chapel. Meanwhile Elizabeth had discovered that packing boxes made delightful chairs and tables. She had cut her first crop of hay with the aid of the Hardscrabble children at a few cents an hour. She fished in the trout stream that ran past her back door. She had begun to preserve her berries and fruits. In short, from what others said and from her own observation, she knew that the community had improved and that her own property had appreciated since she had come to Hardscrabble. "And that," she told herself, "is that!"

As her second spring approached, she had an offer for her farm that doubled what she had originally put into it. Then Uncle Will walked in one May day—Uncle Will who for two years had been searching to find where she had hidden herself. She told him her story and then ended up as had become her custom: "So, that is that!" And in those characteristic words he had the explanation of her miracle—her habit of facing facts.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

(By Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

THIS is the time of year when most men get all fagged out dodging hard work.

Somehow, it always makes a woman suspicious when her husband warns her against all the artful little tricks which other men employ in deceiving a woman.

While a man is trying to decide which of half a dozen fascinating women he will choose for life, some plain, simple, unassuming little thing sneaks up from behind and casually marries him.

Clothes do not make the man—yet, Solomon in all his glory might not have been a beauty in a bathing suit.

When you tell a woman that her photograph does her justice, she always acts a little hurt; but when you tell a man that she does him justice, he is perfectly satisfied. That's all he could ask of any photograph!

"Repentance" is what a little boy feels when he knows that he has been caught and is going to be punished, and what a grown man feels when he knows that his wife has discovered a way to make him good.

Love is neither the Soul's Paradise nor the Fool's Paradise—but a divine hallucination which gilds the hard facts of life with refined gold, and tints its drab commonplaces to match your illusions.

A man may change his politics, his religion, his hair-cut or his wife—but neither tears, pleadings nor threats of sudden divorce will induce him to replace his dress suit, until it falls off his back.

To a bachelor, the sweetest thing, next to love's young dream, is to wake up and find himself still single—and free to dream again!

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As With Humanity.

The vine produces more grapes when it is young, but better grapes for wine when it is old, because its juices are more perfectly concocted.—Eacot.

Lightly Clad.

Preacher (climbing to oratorical heights)—Breathless and pantless he dashed into the city of refuge.—Toronto Goblin.

Stray Bit of Wisdom.

To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the test of the life of woman.—Balzac.

Not to be Evaded.

No man of woman born, coward or brave, can shun his destiny.—Bryant.

Evidently It Isn't So Much.

Easy street isn't so attractive. People who live there seldom spend the winter or summer at home.

When Speech Is Silver.

If a husband has the last word, it is something like this: "All right; buy the darned thing."—Duluth Herald.

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Uncle Eben.

"De man wif a rabbit's foot may feel lucky," said Uncle Eben; "but de man who got de rest of de rabbit was luckier."

A man is getting old when he rather resents the necessity for a new necktie.—Baltimore Sun.

Mankind will never lack obstacles to give it trouble or the pressure of necessity to develop its powers.—Goethe.

Two and a half glasses of good milk contain as much calcium as 100 slices of bread.

They who have nothing to trouble them will be troubled at nothing.—Benjamin Franklin.

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