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CHAPTER XXVL

The blue autumn night haze had almost the consistency of a cloud when Gordon leaped the wall and set his face toward the iron-works. Or, rather, it was like the depths of a translucent sea in which the distant electric lights of Mountain View avenue shone as blurs of phosphorescent life on one hand, and the great dark bulk of Lebanon loomed as the massive foundations of a shadowy island on the other.

Farther on, the recurring flare from the tall vent of the blast-furnace lighted the haze depths weirdly, turning the mysterious sea bottom into fathomless abysses of dull-red incandescence for the few seconds of its duration-a slow lightning flash submerged and half extinguished.

Gordon was passing the country colony's church when one of the torchlike flares reddened on the night, and the glow picked out the gilt cross at the top of the sham Norman tower. He flung up a hand involuntarily, as if to put the emblem, and that for which it stood, out of his life. At the same instant a whiff of the acrid smoke from the distant furnace fires tingled in his nostrils, and he quickened his pace. The hour for which all other hours had been waiting had struck. Love had called, and religion had made its silent protest; but the smell in his nostrils was the smoky breath of Mammon, the breath which has maddened a world: he strode on doggedly, thinking only of his triumph and how he should presently compass It.

The two great poplar-trees, sentineling what had once been the gate of the old Gordon homestead, had been spared through all the industrial changes. When he would have opened the wicket to pass on to the log-house offices, an armed man stepped from behind one of the trees, his gunbutt drawn up to strike. Before the blow could fall, the furnace fiare blazed aloft like a mighty torch, and the man grounded his weap-

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gordon; I-I took ye for somebody else," he stammered; and Tom scanned his face sharply by the light of the burning gases.

"Whom ?- for instance," he queried. "Why-e-yeh-I reckon it don't make any diffrence--my tellin' you; you'd ought to have ?; in for him, too. I was layin' for that houn'-dog 'at walks on his hind legs and calls hisself Vint Farley."

"Who are you?" Tom demanded.

memories. He had forgotten the lesser vengeance in the thirst for the greater-that he had come to fling their misfortunes into the faces of the father and the son, and to tell them that the work was his. He heard only voice of the savage in his heart, the and that was whispering, "Kill! kill!" . 41

It was close on midnight when the door giving on the porch opened and the two men stood on the threshold. The younger of the two was speaking.

"It's quieter than usual to-night. That was a good move-getting Ludlow and the two Helgersons jalled. I was in hopes we could snaffle old Caleb with the others. He pretends to be peacemaking, but as long as he is loose, these fools will hang to the idea that they're fighting his battle against us."

"It is already fought," said the older man, dejectedly. "My luck has gone. When Hennike" puts us to the wall, we shall be beggars."

The young man's rejoinder was an exclamation of contempt.

"You've lost your nerve. What you need most is to go to bed and sleep. Wait for me till I've made a round of the guards, and we'll go home. Better ring up the surrey right now."

He left the porch on the side nearest the furnace, and Gordon saw an active figure glide from the shelter of a flask-shed and go in pursuit. He followed at a distance. It was needful only that he should know where to find Farley when Kincald should have squared his account.

The leisurely chase led the round of the great gates first, and thence through the deserted and ruined coke yard to the foot of the huge slag dump, cold now from the long shut-down.

Tom looked to see Farley turn back from the toe of the dump. There were no gates on that side of the yard, and consequently no guards.

But the short cut to the office was up the slope of the dump and along the railway track over which the drawings of molten slag were run out to be spilled down the face of the declivity. There had been no slag-drawing since the new "blow-in" earlier in the day; but while he was watching to keep Farley in sight in the intervals between the gas-flares, Gordon was conscious of the note of preparation behind him: the slackening of the blast, the rattle and clank of the dinkey locomotive pushing the dumping ladle into place under the furnace lip.

Farley had taken two or three no stens un 16 20

There was something wrong with the dumping machinery of the slag-car, and two men were working with it on the side away from the spilling slope. Gordon had not breath wherewith 10 shout; moreover, the sarety-valve was still screeching to gulf all human cries. Farley was lying face down and motionless, with the twisted foot still held fast in a wedge-shaped crack in the cooled slag. Tom bent and lifted him; yelled, tugged, strained, kicked flercely at the imprisoned shoeheel. Still the vise-grip held, and the great kettle on the height above was creaking and slowly careening under the winching of the engine crew. If that molten torrent should plunge down the slope now, there would be two human cinders instead of one.

Suddenly the frenzy, so allen to the Gordon blood, spent itself, leaving him cool and determined. Quite methodically he found his pocket-knife, and he remembered afterward that he had been collected enough to choose and open the sharper of the two blades. There was a quick, sure slash at the shoe-lacing and the crippled foot was freed. With another yell, this time of glad triumph, he snatched up his burden and backed away with it in the tilting half-second when the deluge of slag, firing the very air with shriveling heat, was pouring down the slope.

Then he fell in a heap, with Farley under him, and fainted as a woman might-when the thing was done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Vancourt Henniker was not greatly surprised, when Tom Gordon over any other kind of indoor plants. Without being in Gordon's confi-

dence, or in that of American Aqueduct, the banker had been shrewdly putting two and two together and applying the result as a healing plaster to the stock he had taken as security for the final loan to Colonel Dubbury.

to buy this stock, Mr. Gordon," he said, to disappointment. The hardy ferns when Tom had stated his business. "Of that thrive in shady corners of the course, it can be arranged, with Mr. Farley's consent to our anticipating the maturity of his notes. But"- with a genial smile and a glance over his eyeglasses-"I'm not sure that we care to part with it. Perhaps some of us would like to hold it and bid it in."

"I reckon you don't want it, Mr. Henniker. You'll understand that it isn't will stand heat and dryness best is worth the paper it is printed on when I tell you that I have sold my pipe-pit doors is A. capillus veneris, while A. patents to American Aqueduct."

"Then the plant doesn't carry the patents? You've kept this mighty quiet, among you!"

"Haven't we!" said Tom, fatuously. Iv. man who has been looking over the finest of all the maiden hairs, cannot edge of the bottomless pit without be grown out of a green house. It is knowing it. You'll let me have the tender, but I have seen it raised in a stock for the face of the loan, won't family living room and flourish finely. you?

But the president was already pressing the button of the electric bell that changes of temperature. summated the cashier. There was no



asked for a private interview on the It is discouraging to pay several dolmorning following the final closing lars to a florist to fill the fern dish down of all the industries at Gordonia. only to have it turn yellow, if not die, in a few weeks.

The trouble lies in two things, first the kind of ferns attempted to be grown, next in not growing them under proper conditions.

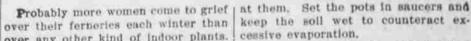
If you attempt to raise most of the "I thought, perhaps, you might wish maiden hairs indoors you are doomed woods do not take well to transplanting into hot houses, however much you may read to the contrary.

There are enough varieties of ferns, however, to have a fine display in

your living rooms. In malden hair ferns, or adiantums, the variety that A. croweanum. Another good one incaudatum, a creeping variety of maiden hair, has been grown successfully in a hanging basket indoors.

Professionals will tell you that "I know just how you feel-like a adiantum farleyense, which is the It cannot stand intense heat or

Among the most satisfactory ferns time like the present when the fate of for indoors either in fern dishes or a considerable bank asset hung on the separate pots, are the various Boston notion of a smiling young man whose ferns. Among the newer varieties of mind taight change in the winking of this fern, which is known as nephroan eye. With the Farley stock in his pocket Tom took a room at the Mariboro and spent the remainder of that day, and



Boston ferns can be stood with other foliage plants on the porch, as they are much less delicate. One woman who has a number the same size plunges the pots in porch boxes. on a semi-shady side of the house, where they make an effective showing and thrive well until time to bring indoors in the fall.

Ferns can be grown in any old pan or dish painted a rich green or dull red. Bore hole in the sides and bottom to give air. For fern dishes for table use, it is wiser to have an inner pan for the planting. This can sometimes be set in a pan of water when it shows signs of drying out.

The fern grower who likes to execa. periment with more delicate species can do so with a Wardian case. This has a wood base about six inches deep lined with zinc or is sometimes of earthenware. There are glass sides

and top, the latter hinged. The top must be lifted an inch every few days to keep the glass free from moisture, otherwise no ventilation is necessary. Delicate ferns when grown in this

way get almost the atmosphere to which they are accustomed in their native haunts and do well even in a hothouse.

School Luncheons.

following suggestions for The school lunch baskets for a week may prove a help to perplexed mothers: Monday-Two devilled eggs and let-

tuce sandwiches, using Graham

I want every

TISM REMEDY friends faction.I will p er this rem teylie acid, no colum coulds in other harmful drugs, It is for the guarantee of the Furs Fad For sale by all droggists. Pris. a

Manners of the Boy.

For some reason many note not give the same attention a manners of their sons as in g their daughters. Yet the born ing is even more important those of the girl. The man young men loave their home in after they come of age, at leave before that period, at come into contact, into intinta ciation frequently, with men wish had but little training in the ties of life, and all too fre these evil communications com good manners of the more ton class. But the boy who is train courtesy from his childhood on trusted in any environment.

Great Even in Fall,

He who is great when he at great in his prostration, and by more an object of contempt that men tread on the ruins of buildings, which men of ping a ate no less than if they stool-

Mothers will find Mrs. Winsters in Byrup the best remedy to use in this luring the teething period

PLOS OF DESERCE. Now that the surgeons can

less successfully transfer had a foot, when you meet a mis m sists on shaking your arm of ke go as far as he likes, and the departure you may go forh a doctor shop and secure a term

If You Have Common See ha if lines blur or run together, m PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, Se druggists or Howard Brs.

As He Understood It "Why is it," asked the and young orator, complaining ta a itor of the morning paper, " always report me as butin other things."

A Parting Injunction

Some years ago, when pill

was more of an undertaking in

present, a young man was he

family was gathered to say in

and not without tears. The

the Sabbath day to keep it hit.

look out for rattlesnakes, and an

ful that nobody steals your will

Kincaid's my name, and I'm s'posed to be one o' the strike guards; leastwise, that's what I hired out for a little spell ago. I couldn't think of nare' a better way o' gettin' at-

Gordon interrupted bruskly. "Tell me what you owe Vint Farley. If your debt is bigger than mine, you shall have the first chance.'

The gas-flash came again. There was black wrath in the man's eyes.

"You can tote it up for yourself, Tom-Jeff Gordon. Late yeste-day evenin', when me and Nan Bryerson drove to town for your Uncle Silas to marry us, she told me what I'd been mistrustin' for a month back-that Vint Farley was the daddy o' her chillern. He's done might' nigh ever'thing short o' killin' her to make her swear 'em on to you; and I allowed I'd jest put off goin' back West till I'd fixed his lyin' face so'at no yuther woman'd ever look at it"

Gordon staggered and leaned against the fence palings, the red rage of murder boiling in his veins. Here, at last, was the key to all the mysterles; the source of all the cruel gossip; the foundation of the wall of separation that had been built up between his love and Ardea. When he could trust himself to speak he asked a question. "Who knows this, besides yourself ?"

"Your Uncle Silas, for one: he allowed he wouldn't marry us less'n she told him. I might' nigh b'lieve he had his suspicions, too. He let on like it was Farley that told him on you, years ago, when you was a boy."

"He did? Then Farley was one of the three men who saw us up yonder at the barrel-spring?"

"Yes; and I was another one of 'em. I was right hot at you that mornin'; I shore was."

"Well, who else knows about it?" "Brother Bill Layne, and Aunt M'randy, and Japhe Pettigrass. They all went in town to stan' up with me

and Nan." Then Tom remembered the figure coming swiftly across the lawns and the call of the voice he loved. Had Japheth told her, and was she hastening to make such reparation as she could? No matter, it was too late now. The fierce hatred of the wounded savage was astir in his heart and it would not be denied or silenced.

"Give me that gun, and you shall have your first chance," he conceded. I make but one condition: if you kill him, I'll kill you."

"I was only allowin' to sp'lle his face some, and a rock'll do for that. You can have what's left o' him atter I get thoo-and it'll be enough to kill, I reckon."

At the moment of weapon-passing there came sounds audible above the sob and sigh of the blowing-enginesa clatter of horses' hoofs and the grinding of carriage wheels on the pike. Gordon signed quickly to Kincald and drew back carefully behind the bole of the opposite poplar.

It was the Warwick Lodge surrey, and it stopped at the gate. Two men got out and went up the path, and an instant later, Kincaid followed stealthfly.

Gordon waited for the next gas-flare, and by the light of it he threw the breech-lock of the repeating rifle to make sure the cartridge was in place. Then he, too, passed through the wicket and went to stand in the shadow of stah-floored porch, redolent of still be in time?

declivity when the workmen tapped the furnace. There was a sputtering roar and the air was filled with coruscating sparks.

Then the stream of molten matter began to pour into the great ladle, a huge eight-foot pot swung on tilting trunnions and mounted on a skeleton flat-car; and for Gordon, standing at the corner of the ore shed with his back to the slag drawers, the red glow picked out the man scrambling up the miniature mountain of coooler scorlathis man and another man running swiftly to overtake him.

He looked on coldly until he saw Kincald head off the retreat and face his adversary. Instantly there was spurt of fire from a pistol in Farley's right hand, a brief flash with the report swallowed up in the roar from the furnace lip. Then the two men closed and rolled together to the bottom of the slope, and Gordon turned his back.

When he looked again the trampling note of the blg blast-engines had quickened to its normal beat, the blowhole was plugged with its stopper of damp clay, and a red twillight born of the reflection from the surface of the great pot of seething slag had succeeded to the blinding glare. Where there had been two men locked in struggle there was now only one, and he was lying quietly with one leg doubled under him. Gordan set his teeth in angry disappointment. Had Kincaid broken his compact?

The first-long-drawn exhaust of the dinkey engine moving the slag kettle out to its spilling place ripped the silence. Gordon heard-and he did not hear: he was watching the prone figure at the dump's toe. When it should rise, he meant to fire from where he stood under the eaves of the ore-shed. murder-thought contemplated The nothing picturesque or dramatic. It was merely the dry thirst for the blood of a mortal enemy.

The puffing locomotive had pushed the slag-pot half-way to the track-end before Farley sat up as one dazed and seemed to be trying to get on his feet. Twice and once again he assayed it, falling back each time upon the bent and doubled leg. Then he looked up and saw the slag-car coming; saw and cried out as men scream in the death agony. The end rails of the dumping track were fairly above him.

Gordon heard the yell of terror and witnessed the frenzied efforts of the doomed man to rise and get out of the path of the impending torrent. Whereupon the murder demon whispered in his ear again. Farley's foot was caught in one of the many sears or seams in the lava bed. It was only necessary to wait, to withhold the merciful bullet, to go away and leaves the wretched man to his fate.

Like a bolt from the heavens, into the very midst of the cold-blooded murderous triumph, came a long-neglected form of words, writing itself in "Thou flaming letteds in his brain: shalt do no murder." And after it another: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you,"

Something gripped him and before he realized what he was doing he was running, gasping, tripping and falling headlong, only to spring up and run again, with all thoughts trampled out and beaten down by oner would he

all the days of the fortnight following, ferneries.

wrestling mightily with the lawyers in winding up the tangled skein of Chia- able for house culture. One of the Warwick Lodge, the bed he had not very variegated leaves. Somewhat bury Farley signed everything that was offered to him, and the obstacles odd crested fronds. to a settlement were vanquished, one

by one. draw checks on the small fortune real- the ordinary ferns. ized from the sale of the patents. One Limited at par. Another was to the he went home-for the first time is and sphagnum. two weeks.

(To be continued.)

Defining an Art Patron.

art?

"Art! He doesn't know a Raphael ferns, from a hair cut."

he was an art patron."

"Patron! That man wouldn't trade a club sandwich for a Bougueaureau! the pots into a warmer atmosphere. What does he mean by calling himself an art patron?"

sand a year to pay for the bogus mas- as soggy roots will kill every time. ters the smooth dealers coax you to Use pots large enough to keep the buy, and that makes him an art pay ferns from getting root bound and tron."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Siberian Cameis.

source of constant wonder to travel- at the roots, but must not be kept ers. On the Mongolian plateaus, for soggy any more than they can be isters a temperature of 40 degrees be- foliage, especially of maiden hairs, as it at all, walking about as blithely as low. if the weather were as balmy as mer is sometimes 140 degrees above zero, and the beasts mind the heat many ferns rest. just as little as they do the extreme

As a Rule.

cold.

"I've noticed one thing while journeying through the vale of life." "And what Is that, Mr. Biffkins?"

"As a rule the man who can quote drainage-and wetting of the leaves. Shakespeare by the yard can also make a list of all his real and per- the runners and allow only two or sonal property in the cerrespondence three crowns to a plant, otherwise section of a souvenir postal card."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Had Time to Spare,

Passenger-I say, conductor, does your bus ever go faster than this? can git aht and walk.

Oh, I'm not in such a terrible hurry as smoking will ruin the plants. that, you know .- Exchange.

of age.

Various of the pteris ferns are suit wassee affairs. Propped in his bed at lovellest is pteris Victoriae, with sileft since the night of violence, Dux- hardler is pteris Wilsoni, which has

A fine fern for indoors is the holly fern, or eyrtomium falcatum, which When it was all over, Tom began to has broad, glossy foliage quite unlike

A good fern for hanging is platy was to Major Dabney, redeeming his cerium alcicorne, or stag horn fern. two hundred shares of Chiawasses These roots feed on air and when order of Ardea Dabney, covering the planted should be hung in a warm Farley shares at a valuation based on room and kept wet. They can be the prosperout period before the crash grown in baskets or shallow pans and of '93. With this check in his pocket do best when potted in rough peat

In the care of ferns the chief thing is not too much dry heat. Keep the room at a moderate temperature and on mild days give outside air by open-"Is your husband so very fond on ing windows in an adjoining room, Never let cold air blow directly on

Many a fern dish is ruined by the "Why, I understood him to say that maid opening the dining room window over them to air the room each morning. It is little trouble to move Ferns like a rich soil, one of good loam with leaf mould and sand is "Why, he says it costs him ten thou- best. The pots must have drainage. quickly exhausting the nourishment in the soil.

Faults in watering is the chief dif-The native camels of Siberia are a ficulty in fern care. They like plenty instance, the thermometer often reg- allowed to dry out. Do not spray the

low zero, but the camels do nat mind it scorches them and turns them yel-

Unless your house is very hot the spring. On the other hand, the tem- amount of water given to ferns can be perature on the Gold desert in sum- lessened from November to February as during these three winter months

Few ferns like hot sunlight, so keep slightly back from the window and where the direct rays of the sun do not fall on them.

The chief dangers to fern growth is violent changes of temperature, soggy, sour earth-from imperfect In growing Boston ferns, cut off all the pot will soon be filled with crown and the foliage will suffer.

The chief enemy of ferhs is mealy bug. Keep a close watch for this and pick off with fingers and kill them. Red spider and thrips also attack Conductor-If yer ain't satisfied you ferns, but can be fought by fumigating with tobacco smoke. This must it loosely at each side, drawing it Passenger (with a sweet smile)- be carefully done, as too strong

Most professional gardeners to the contrary, pots of maiden hair should Thirty-eight in every thousand En- be stood outdoors in summer in some below them. Of course, it is caught glishmen who marry are over 50 years sheltered angle of the porch or in a with a few stitches in back, to keep shady nook where wind does not get it in position.

bread; Bartlet pear; slice of sponge understand it, you are usually cake

other things when you as the Tuesday-Two sandwiches made of bread, filled with two tablespoonfuls Dr. Pierce's Pellets, smill coated, easy to take as candy, a of devilled ham mixed with chopped and invigorate stomach, liver al olives; two apple turnovers; nuts and els. Do not gripe. raisins.

Wednesday-Two minced chicken and white bread sandwiches; sandtarts; olives; a banana.

Thursday-Boston brown bread sandwiches, filled with chopped nuts and cream cheese; bunch of grapes home in Vermont for Illas and an orange; piece of molasses andy.

father took the young man b Friday-Sandwiches of bread lighthand and said: "Now, John me ly toasted, with crisp fried bacon filling; gingerbread; two peaches.

Dinner Gowns.

Shot sating in pale colorings are being used for some of the prettiest of the new dinner gowns, designed on very simple lines, with long, trained skirts and draped bodices. The skirts rets' for three months and bad are left without any trimming, but for the adornment of the bodices bugle fringes are frequently employed, carried out in a mixture of clear crystal and the colorings which are seen in the shot sating. As the weather grows colder, velvet dinner gowns will be more and more frequently seen, and will most undoubtedly play a prominent part in the fashions of the immediate future. In style these also will be exceedingly simple, and will need little or nothing in the way of trimming, beyond a bertha or fichu of fine real lace, and possibly a touch

of fur.

Delineator.

Fur to Be Popular Trimming. Fur is undoubtedly the most popular trimming of the year for afternoon and evening dreases, for evening coats and afternoon coat suits. It is a little harder to settle on any one material that holds first place with the fickle public. Velvet and velvet striped and emboased chiffons are among the latest arrivals, but they are still too new to be general. The brocades and laces are very lovely, but they are too costly for most people and for most purposes. The satins, chiffons, silk crepes and mousselines de sele are neither new nor original. but they are good to look at, and perhaps have a wider and more durable popularity than anything else .- The

Novel Tunic Effect.

A pretty idea for the finishing of a tunic, especially one of veiling or other soft material, is to slash the tunic in front, like an overskirt, and knot away so as to show a great part of the underskirt up to the knees. The knots are made about half-way from the ankles and the tunic falls loosely

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than all the others I have take



YOUNG MEN WAND

TO LEARN TO DRIVE AN