

# Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

## CHAPTER XI.

I had brought the \$10,000 with me. I produced them and put them on the table, keeping a loving hand on them. "You fully understand my position, Colonel?" I said. "This thing is no use to me unless I receive at least \$320,000 to pay back principal, to meet interest, and to replace another small debt to the bank. If I do that, I shall be left with a net profit of \$5,000, not an extravagant reward. If I don't get that sum I shall be a defaulter, revolution or no revolution."

"I can't make money if it's not there," he said, but without his usual brusqueness of tone. "But to this we agree. You are to have first turn at anything we find, up to the sum you name. It's to be handed over solid to you. The Signorina and I take the leavings. You don't claim to share them, too, do you?"

"No," I said. "I'm content to be a preference shareholder. If the money's found at the Golden House, it's mine. If not, the new government, whatever it may do as to the rest of the debt, will pay me that sum."

"Well, I pushed my money over to the Colonel."

"I expect the new government to be very considerate to the bondholders all round," said the Colonel, as he pocketed it with a chuckle. "Anyhow, your terms are agreed, eh, Signorina?"

"Agreed," said she. "And I'm to have the country seat?"

"Agreed," said I. "And the Colonel's to be President and to have the Golden House and all that therein is?"

"Agreed," agreed I, and I chanted the Signorina; "and that's quite enough business. Success to the Revolution!"

I had risen to go, when a sudden thought struck me.

"Where's Johnny Carr? I say, Colonel, how indiscreet was he last night? Do you think he remembers telling you about it?"

"Yes," said the Colonel. "I expect he does by now. He didn't when I left him this morning."

"Will he confess to the President? If he does, it might make the old man keep an unpleasantly sharp eye on you. He knows you don't love him."

"Well, Carr hasn't seen the President yet. He was to stay at my house over to-day. He was uncommon seedy this morning, and I persuaded the doctor to give him a composing draught. Fact is, I wanted him quiet till I'd had time to think. You know I don't believe he would open up—the President would drop on him so; but he might, and it's better they shouldn't meet."

"There's somebody else he oughtn't to meet," said the Signorina.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Donna Antonia," she replied. "He's getting very fond of her, and depend upon it, if he's in trouble he'll go and tell her the first thing. Mr. Carr is very confidential to his friends."

We recognized the value of this suggestion. If Donna Antonia knew, the President would soon know.

"Quite right," said the Colonel. "It won't do to have him rushing about letting out that we know all about it. He's all right up to now."

"Yes, but if he gets restive to-morrow morning?" said I. "And then you don't want him at the Golden House on Friday evening, and I don't want him at the barracks."

"No, he'd show fight, Carr would," said the Colonel. "Look here, we're in for this thing, and I'm going through with it. I shall keep Carr at my house till it's all over, even if I have to use force. Master Johnny is better quiet."

"Suppose he turns ugly?" I suggested again.

"He may turn as ugly as he likes," said the Colonel. "He don't leave my house unless he puts a bullet into me first. That's settled. Leave it to me. If he behaves nicely, he'll be all right. If not—"

"What shall you do to him?" asked the Signorina.

"Oh, leave it to the Colonel; he'll manage all right," I suggested.

"Now I'm off," said the latter, "back to my friend Johnny. Good-night, Signorina. Write to the President to-morrow. Good-night, Martin. Make that speech of yours pretty long. Au revoir till next Friday."

I prepared to go, for the Colonel lingered till I came with him. Even then we so distrusted one another that neither would leave the other alone with the Signorina.

We parted at the door, he going off up the road to get his horse to ride to his "ranch," I turning down toward the Piazza.

We left the Signorina at the door, looking pale and weary, and for once bereft of her high spirits. Poor girl! She found conspiracy rather trying work.

I was little troubled myself. I began to see more clearly that it doesn't do for a man of scruples to dabble in politics. I had a great regard for poor Johnny, and I felt no confidence in the Colonel treating him with any consideration. In fact, I would not have insured Johnny's life for the next week at any conceivable premium. Again I thought it unlikely that, if we succeeded, the President would survive his downfall. I had to repeat to myself all the story of his treachery to me, lashing myself into a fury against him, before I could bring myself to think with resignation of the imminent extinction of that shining light.

What a loss he would be to the world! So many delightful stories, so great a gift of manner, so immense a personal charm—all to disappear into the pit! And for what? To put into his place a ruffian without redeeming qualities. Was it worth while to put down Lucifer only to enthroned Beelzebub? I could only check this doleful strain of reflection by sternly recalling myself to the real question—

What was the state of the Revolution was necessary. I might get the money; at least I should gain time. I was animat-

ed by the honorable motive of saving my employers from loss and by the overwhelming motive of my own love. If the continued existence of Johnny and the President was incompatible with those legitimate objects, so much the worse for Johnny and the President.

## CHAPTER XII.

The next three days were on the whole the most uncomfortable I have ever spent in my life. I got little sleep and no rest; I went about with a revolver handy all day, and jumped every time I heard a sound. I expended much change in buying every edition of all the papers; I listened with dread to the distant cries of newsmen, fearing, as the words gradually became distinguishable, to hear that our secret was a secret no longer. I was bound to show myself, and yet shrank from all gatherings of men. I transacted my business with an absent mind and a face of such superhuman innocence that had anyone been watching me, he must at once have suspected something wrong. I was incapable of adding up a row of figures, and Jones became most solicitous about the state of my brain. In a word, my nerves were quite shattered, and I registered a vow never to upset a government again as long as I lived. In future the established constitution would have to be good enough for me. I verily believe that only the thought of the Signorina prevented me making a moonlight flitting across the frontier with a whole skin at least, if with an empty pocket, and leaving the rival patriots of Aureatland to fight it out among themselves.

Happily, however, nothing occurred to justify my fears. The other side seemed to be sunk in dull security. The President went often to the ministry of finance, and was closeted for hours with Don Antonia; I suppose they were perfecting their nefarious scheme. There were no signs of excitement or activity at the barracks; the afternoon gatherings on the Piazza were occupied with nothing more serious than the prospects of lawn tennis and the grievous dearth of dances. The official announcements relative to the debt had had a quieting effect, and all classes seemed inclined to wait and see what the President's new plan was.

So passed Wednesday and Thursday. On neither day had I heard anything from my fellow-conspirators; our arrangements for writing had so far proved unnecessary—or unsuccessful. The latter possibility sent shiver down my back, and my lively fancy pictured his excellency's smile as he perused the treasonable documents. If I heard nothing on the morning of Friday, I was determined at all risks to see the Colonel. With the dawn of that eventful day, however, I was relieved of this necessity. I was lying in bed about half-past nine when my servant brought in three letters.

"Sent on from the bank, sir," he said, "with Mr. Jones' compliments, and are you going there this morning?"

"My compliments to Mr. Jones, and I replied. The letters were all marked "Immediate"—one from the Signorina, one from the Colonel, one from the barracks. I opened the last first and read as follows:

"The officers of the Aureatland Army have the honor to remind Mr. John Martin that they hope to have the pleasure of his company at supper this evening at 10 p. m. precisely. In the unavoidable absence of his excellency the President, owing to pressing cares of state, and the Hon. Colonel McGregor from indisposition, the toast of the Army of Aureatland will be proposed by Major Alphonse DeChair.

"P. S.—Friend Martin, speak long this night. The two great men do not come, and the evening wants to be filled out."

"ALPHONSE DE CHAIR."

"It shall be long, my dear boy, and we will fill out your evening for you," said I to myself, well pleased so far.

Then I opened the Signorina's epistle. "Dear Mr. Martin," it began—"Will you be so kind as to send me in the course of the day twenty dollars in small change? I want to give the school children a scramble. I enclose check. I am so sorry you could not dine with me to-night, but after all I am glad, because I should have had to put you off, for I am commanded rather suddenly to dine at the Golden House. With kind regards, believe me, yours sincerely,

"CHRISTINA NUGENT."

"Very good," said I. "I reckon the scramble will keep. And now for the Colonel."

"Dear Martin—I enclose check for \$500. My man will call for the cash to-morrow morning. I give you notice because I want it all in silver for wages. Carr and I are here together, both seedy. Poor Carr is on his back, and likely to remain there for a day or two. I'm better, and though I've cut the affair at the barracks to-night, I fully expect to be up and about this afternoon. Ever yours,

"GEO. MCGREGOR."

"Oh, so Carr is on his back and likely to remain there, is he? Very likely, I expect; but I wonder what it means. I hope the Colonel hasn't been very drastic. However, everything seems right; in fact, better than I hoped."

In this more cheerful frame of mind I arose, breakfasted at leisure, and set out for the bank about eleven.

Of course the first person I met on the street was one of the last I wanted to meet, namely, Donna Antonia. She was on horseback, and her horse looked as if he'd done some work. At the sight of me she reined up, and I could not avoid stopping as I lifted my hat.

"When so early?" I asked.

"Early?" she said. "I don't call this early. I've been for a long ride; in fact, I've ridden over to Mr. Carr's place, with a message from papa; but he's not there. Do you know where he is, Mr. Martin?"

"Haven't an idea," said I.

"He hasn't been home for four nights," she continued, "and he hasn't been to the ministry, either. It's very odd that he

should disappear like this, just when all the business is going on, too."

"What business, Donna Antonia?" I asked blandly.

She colored, recollecting, no doubt, that the business was still a secret.

"Oh, well, you know they're always busy at the ministry of finance at this time. It's the time they pay everybody, isn't it?"

"It's the time they ought to pay everybody," I said.

"Well," she went on, without noticing my correction, "at any rate papa and the President are both very much vexed with him; so I offered to make my ride in his direction."

"Where can he be?" I asked again.

"Well," she replied, "I believe he's at Colonel McGregor's, and after lunch I shall go over there. I know he dined there on Monday, and I darsay he stayed on."

"No," thought I, "you mustn't do that, it might be inconvenient." So I said: "The Colonel says Carr told him he was going off for a couple of days' sail in his yacht."

"It's very bad of him to go," she said, "but no doubt that's it. Papa will be angry, but he'll be glad to know no harm has come to him."

"Happy to have relieved your mind," said I, and bade her farewell, wondering whether Don Antonia would find no harm had come to poor Johnny. I had my doubts.

## CHAPTER XIII.

When I arrived at the bank I dispatched brief answers to my budget of letters; each of the answers was to the same purport, namely, that I should be at the barracks at the appointed time. I need not trouble the reader with the various wrappings in which this essential piece of intelligence was involved. I then had a desperate encounter with Jones; business was slack, and Jones was fired with the unholly desire of seizing the opportunity this offered to make an exhaustive inquiry into the state of our reserves. He could not understand my sudden punctiliousness as to times and seasons, and I was afraid I should have to tell him plainly that only over my lifeless body should he succeed in investigating the contents of the safe. At last I effected a diversion by persuading him to give Mrs. Jones a jaunt into the country, and thus left in peace. I spent my afternoon in making final preparations. I burned many letters; I wrote a touching farewell to my father, in which I took occasion to point out to him how greatly his imprudent conduct had contributed to increase the difficulties of his dutiful son. I was only restrained from making a will by the obvious imprudence of getting it witnessed. I spent a feverish hour in firing imaginary shots from my revolver, to ascertain whether the instrument was in working order. Finally I shut up the bank at five, went to the Piazza, partook of a light repast, and never was I more rejoiced than when the moment for action at last came. As I was dressing, lingering over each garment with a feeling that I might never put on, or, for that matter, take it off again, I received a second note from the Colonel. It was brought by a messenger, on a sweating horse, who galloped up to my door. I knew the messenger well by sight; he was the Colonel's valet. My heart was in my mouth as I took the envelope from his hands. The fellow was evidently in our secret, for he grinned nervously at me as he handed it over, and said:

"I was to ride fast, and destroy the letter if anyone came near."

I nodded, and opened it. It said: "C. escaped about six this evening. Believed to have gone to his house. He suspects. If you see him, shoot on sight."

"Had Mr. Carr a horse?" I asked of the man.

"No, sir; left on foot. Couldn't come along the road to Whittingham, sir, it's patrolled."

There was still a chance. It was ten miles across country from the Colonel's to Johnny's, and six miles on from Johnny's to Whittingham. The man divined my thoughts.

"He can't go fast, sir, he's wounded in the leg. If he goes home first, as he will, because he doesn't know his horses are gone, he can't get here before eleven at the earliest."

(To be continued.)

## Up to Her.

"I hear you are contemplating matrimony, old man," said Green. "How about it?"

"It's a fact," replied Brown, "but the outcome of my contemplation depends on the widow's night."

"How's that?" queried Green.

"She might decide to marry me, and then on the other hand she might not," answered Brown.

## Work.

"Old Crossby worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four until he amassed a fortune."

"Yes, and now his son is working twenty-four hours out of every twenty-four."

"Making another fortune?"

"No, trying to find a way to spend the fortune his daddy made."

## Drawing It Fine.

"She is daff on the subject of germs and sterilizes or filters everything in the house."

## Usual Method.

Author—Have you read my novel? Theatrical Manager—Yes.

Author—I am thinking of dramatizing it. What do you think of the idea?

Theatrical Manager—Well, it ought to make a good play after the plot is removed.

## Proof Positive.

Bess—Clara is a firm believer in the faith cure.

Nell—How do you know?

Bess—Because she spends half her allowance for complexion lotions.

## Easy for Him.

Penniss—Scribbleton tells me he is making a specialty of smart child saying jokes now.

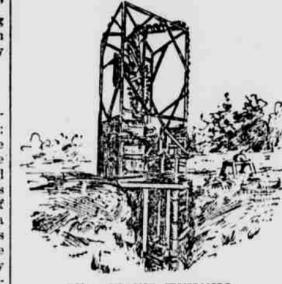
Inkerton—Yes, poor fellow! He's in his second childhood.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Turbine Windmill.

In parts of the country subject to high winds there is risk of mills on high towers being overthrown, especially if the diameter of the wheel is increased above ten or twelve feet. To overcome this difficulty it is expedient to build a mill inside of its tower rather than upon it. The turbine shown in the illustration has a diameter of twenty feet and is used to drive a feed grinder and other machinery. Its chief office, however, is to operate two pumps which irrigate



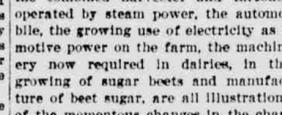
THE TURBINE WINDMILL.

sixteen acres of land. The expense of erecting this mill was about one hundred dollars. There is no particular difficulty about its construction and a considerable part of the work could be done with ordinary tools and a little mechanical knowledge.

**Lack of Mechanical Knowledge.** The full benefits of farm machinery are not realized because the average farmer has not the mechanical training or the requisite skill to get the best results out of these complex implements. We are the greatest makers and users of farm machinery in the world, and it is owing to this fact more than any other single cause that we have been able to maintain our agricultural supremacy in the markets of the world. The cost of this machinery to the farmers is greater to-day than ever before. The character of this machinery every year becomes more complicated, requiring increased knowledge of engineering principles on the part of users.

The traction engine, the steam plow, the combined harvester and thresher operated by steam power, the automobile, the growing use of electricity as a motive power on the farm, the machinery now required in dairies, in the growing of sugar beets and manufacture of beet sugar, are all illustrations of the momentous changes in the character of farm machines which have taken place in the last fifty years. The increase in skill and mechanical knowledge required by farmers to operate these complex and costly machines compared to what was needed to operate the primitive tools of half a century ago cannot be given in percentages.—Elwood Mead, in Field and Farm.

**Good Hog Trough Feeder.** The best hog trough I ever saw is made as shown in cut. A is a fence between man and pigs, 3 feet high; B, back board, 18 inches; C, bottom width to suit size of pigs; D, sticks to keep them from crowding; E, front to suit size of pigs also. You see, the pigs can't crowd each other or you as you feed them. They can't get their feet in the mush and must stand up and eat like horses in the stalls. A nice sight



HOG FEEDER.

to see thirty or forty side by side, eating quietly and cleanly.—Farm Progress.

**Cutting Silo Corn.** It is of primary importance to know at what stage corn should be cut to secure the best results. It is also necessary, it is pointed out in Farming, that a careful study be made as to how rapidly nutriment is stored up in the corn plant and when the maximum amount is reached. When corn is fully tasseled it contains but eight-tenths of a ton of dry matter an acre, or one-fifth of what it contains when fully ripe. When in milk it contains nearly three times as much dry matter as when fully tasseled. Only seventeen days were occupied in passing from the milk to the glazing stage, yet in this time there was an increase in the dry matter of 1.3 tons an acre. This shows the great advantage of letting the corn stand until the kernels are glazed. After this period the increase in dry matter is but slight.

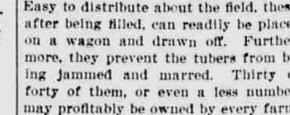
**Melons in the Corn Shock.** If when cutting corn you will place in one of your largest shocks about a dozen of your choicest watermelons, at Christmas, when the snow is on the ground and the frost is on the pane, you can sit by the roaring fire and eat one of your melons, which has kept all that time in the shock of corn.—Farm Journal.

## Harvesting Potatoes.

More or less judgment is required in doing any kind of work, and the digging of potatoes is no exception to the rule. In the first place, so many should not be dug out at one time that they cannot be handled readily. A good way is to dig during the fore part of each half day and then gather the tubers before quitting. As soon as dry they should always be picked up, and if the weather is reasonably dry the length of time necessary for drying depends almost entirely upon the nature of the soil. If sandy, an hour may be long enough, but if a moist clay it may take several hours. Potatoes, once dug, should certainly not be left out on the ground over night. If they are, the frost has every chance to get at them, and only a little freezing is required to spoil a good many bushels for market. It is a poor practice, too, to pick up potatoes without any regard to grading. Two classes, anyway, should be made of them; all those of good marketable size should be gathered first and the undersized ones left till later. It also pays to have crates or bushel measures in which to pick them up. Easy to distribute about the field, these, after being filled, can readily be placed on a wagon and drawn off. Furthermore, they prevent the tubers from being jammed and marred. Thirty or forty of them, or even a less number, may profitably be owned by every farmer who makes a business of raising potatoes and similar crops.—Fred O. Sibley, in Agricultural Epitomist.

**India's Largest Wheat Crop.** The wheat crop of India this year is a large one. The area sown amounts to 26,226,200 acres, and the yield is estimated at 8,560,000 tons, as against 7,582,000 tons last year, the increase being 13 per cent. The Indian Trade Journal, which makes this statement, says that the government is taking a deep interest in the complaint of the admixture of dirt in the wheat export. The government has consulted the chambers of commerce, some of whom, however, indicate a reluctance to depart from the present customs of the trade; but the chamber of commerce at Karachi, from which 70 per cent of Indian wheat exports are now shipped, strongly supports the government's proposal for 98 per cent pure wheat.

**Pulling Stumps.** A writer in Home and Farm gives this description of an implement for pulling stumps: Cut a good, strong pole about twenty feet long of white ash; trim and peel it nicely, hitch a strong rope to the top—a chain will do, but it is heavier to handle. Set the



FOR PULLING THE STUMPS.

pole against the stump to be pulled, letting the lower end rest between two roots. Then put a strong chain around the top of the stump, passing it around the pole. A team hitched to the rope will pull out most any stump. Place the pole close to the stump and cut the roots opposite the pole. Two men can best do the work—one to tend the horse, the other to cut roots as the stump is being turned out.

**Selecting Seed Corn.** The proper time in which to select seeds is late in the fall or winter. The reason for requiring this portion of the year for so doing is because there is then no hurry, and the work can be done better. The common practice of laying the seed corn aside to remain until spring has done great damage to the corn crop, as very often the excess of imperfect grains is such as to cause a failure of germination over the whole field. Every ear of corn should be examined and the inferior grain shelled off. Vegetable seeds also require examination, for insects, dampness and other causes interfere with their safe-keeping. Of course, every farmer is supposed to be careful with his seeds, but very few farmers know the condition of their seeds until the time comes when they are required for planting, and then the farmers are too much hurried to do anything with them.

**Shelter for Stock.** The piles of stalks and straw which go to waste can be made to do good service in providing shelter if it is not considered fit for feeding. With a few posts and poles the stalks and straw will furnish a warm place of refuge for animals that cannot be accommodated in the barn or stable. With plenty of straw on the ground under the covering so formed, no better place could be arranged for sheep, and with care in making the roof only a heavy storm will cause it to leak.

**Sowing Wheat.** One bushel and a half of wheat is ample to sow an acre, and five pecks will answer if sown early and given time before cold weather stops growth, says Farm Journal. As soon as the wheat is sown, if the land is not underdrained, it is advisable to plow some furrows where they will carry off any water that might collect in depressions. Wheat cannot grow in water.

## CHOCOLATE INDUSTRY.

Use of This Article Has Largely Increased of Late.

It is a fact to be gratified about that cocoa and chocolate are conducive to health, because they are so delicious that their lovers and users are growing in number so rapidly as to require almost a daily revision of statistics, says Cent Per Cent. If there were any harmful tendency accompanying their use the country would be facing a condition baffling all remedies, for the delights of cocoa and of chocolate using give them a hold upon appetite that it is next to impossible to break. It does not seem a long time since Rutherford B. Hayes was president, and yet within that short range of time, the use of cocoa in one form or another has increased in the United States 2,000 per cent, and the consumption of cocoa and chocolate by Americans has more than doubled in five years.

Not alone, however, is the attention challenged by the enormous increase in the use of cocoa, but an even more remarkable fact is brought to light by authorities on the subject. We refer to the fact that study of the statistics gathered by Hoggins & Lee, less than eight years ago the United States held only fifth place as manufacturer of cocoa and chocolate, England, Germany, Holland and France taking precedence in about the order named. Today we hold first place, both as manufacturers and consumers of cocoa and chocolate, by a comfortable margin, and are increasing our lead so rapidly that it is with the utmost difficulty that the American manufacturers are able to meet the demands upon them. In 1905 the United States consumed nearly 100,000 bags of cocoa, or about one-third of the world's entire crop. Even at this rate of growth the industry would be destined to become a commanding figure in the commercial world, but the consumption of cocoa is enlarging with the population, and at an increasing ratio; that is, more people are using it, and present users are consuming larger quantities.

**OVER A CLIFF.**

To go out after game in the hill country of India means that the hunter will find game, says Captain Glasford, the author of "Kilde and Romance in the Indian Jungle." One morning, followed by his shikarees, or native hunters, Captain Glasford was out looking over a rough hillside for bear. He had passed round the curve of a high ledge, when he found himself in front of a large, low-roofed cave. On the sandy floor of the entrance to the cave were the fresh longings tracks of a bear.

Our position was a sufficiently hazardous one. The ledge was extremely narrow, overhung by rock, and on the verge of a perpendicular face of sandstone. We began quietly retracing our way. But scarcely had we taken one step when a horrible disturbance occurred in the depths of the cavern. This hastened our movements; but our haste was as nothing compared to the rapidity of the eruption that was going on behind us as the bear came yelling and scrambling out of the cavern. For me there was nothing but a swift whip round to face this horrid denouement, my rifle not even permitted to reach shoulder.

To right, a blank wall of smooth cliff-side; to left, a swift descent to the unknown over the edge of the cliff, and in front a raging, roaring mass of black hair shooting toward me with the speed of a runaway motor car.

"Bang!" goes my rifle, and the next moment I am enjoying a strange, slow-moving nightmare, one of the most vivid of its memories being the smooth-brushed appearance of the bear's forehead as her jaws closed on my right thigh.

We bump and whirl swiftly downward. A semi-unconsciousness held me, and then came a shock. I saw the body of the bear hurled far from me into space, and I realized that I was clutching at something.

It was a little tree that I gripped in the strength of despair. I was hanging to it, head downward, on the face of the cliff itself.

My Jat orderly's voice soon sounded in my ear. The plucky fellow had crawled down that awful slope and managed to seize my hands. I was somehow drawn upward to the ledge. Then my gaze fell upon that solitary sapling, rooted in some mere chink in the rock. There was no other tree within many yards.

Two months on my back afforded scope for thought as to my extraordinary piece of luck.

**So Appropriate.** She had a formula by means of which she let her suitors down easy.

"Oh! no, Mr. Blank, I cannot marry you, but I will be a very dear little sister to you," she promised.

Later, she got married, and all the rejected suitors were at the wedding.

And there was quite a sensation in their ranks when the minister started the service—"Dearly beloved brethren!"—Cleveland Leader.

**Consistent.** De Style—So the affirmative side in the debate "Are Bribees a Necessary Evil?" came out ahead; congratulate you.

Gambasta—Thanks; but I want to tell you confidentially that we gave the negative side \$10 to let us win.—New York Press.

A man seldom realizes what an unprincipled scoundrel he is until he runs for office.