

A Political Vendetta

By
WELDON J. COBB

THIS is a new and engaging work of fiction from the pen of a popular western author. It is a story of the hour and deals with themes and incidents of every-day national life as we find it about us. It is a story that goes into the depths of tragedy and rises to the heights of strong emotion. It is sentient with powerful humanity. Its central figure is such a man as has been the model theme of many a timely pen. The heroine is a lovely girl whom circumstance and fate arm with the power to meet her destiny with a strong devotion that gilds this great story with rare closeness to the truth and courage of a noble nature.

The political element of the story is well devised and handed in a masterly manner, showing how the field of politics is one that can be used to advantage to themselves and disadvantage to others, by schemers who know how to control the voters of a community. The timeliness of the theme will appeal to all readers, who at the present time are interested in the great national issues now so prominently before the public.

The reader will find this serial very entertaining in its details and its plot motive is strong and intensely dramatic. We commend the story for its peculiar originality of treatment and the satisfactory ending, while true worth is rewarded and the plots of the schemer defeated. All should read it. It is a rare work of fiction.

CHAPTER I.

The great city was looking for a man—a missing man.

The newspapers had published columns concerning his mysterious disappearance and printed his picture times without number. Friends and acquaintances had searched everywhere for him, and the police department, powerful, on-pressing, had brought into play all its efficient machinery—for, back of the impelling motive were the mandate, the direction, the influence of the master-will of a great political "boss"—Gideon Hope.

It was Gideon Hope's brother, Everett Hope, aged 25, bright, buoyant, on the threshold of smiling yet majestic manhood, who had dropped from view as though abruptly blotted out of existence. He had left no trail—like a bird in the air, a stone in the water, a simoon, breath in desert wastes. In the midst of bustling activity, in the very heart of the mighty metropolis, in broad daylight, he had walked to some mysterious doom that had buried, had obliterated him completely. From a certain public street corner, at a definite hour and minute, he had been lost to the sight of mortal man, and there was no clue to motive, whereabouts or fate, although a full week had passed by.

They were men of strength, courage and character—these Hopes. Gideon had come to the city twelve years before, a brawny, bronzed son of toil—from the northern rolling hills district, it was said. Rumor had it that, the scion of a millionaire king of industry, he had dropped with falling fortunes into the pit of hard, manual labor. He had the air, the appearance, the dignity of a man, who with equal grace and deftness, could deal an anvil stroke that would split a ten-inch steel beam, or clasp a diamond bracelet about the dainty wrist of a duchess.

Gideon had become the timekeeper for a great iron shop in the city, then its superintendent, and then a man with a nameless position, but with an extravagant salary—the censor, the directing magnate, who hired or discharged all employes at will. One spring election he turned the political tide of municipal affairs by marching eighteen hundred laborers to the polls and voting them as one man. Thenceforth he held the dominant party in the hollow of his hand—a giant playing with an eggshell. The next year he was heart, soul, center, of the most formidable political organization that ever controlled the destinies of a great commonwealth.

Gideon Hope asked for no reward, seemingly; he demanded no office. With his strong, ruling face and grim, set manner, he was content to lurk slither at the core of every political movement, to hold the strings that controlled men and millions—his puppets. His word was law, his will supreme.

This man, with his harsh, hard face and crisp, repellent manner, however, had one tender spot in his nature—his brother, Everett. His fellows had noted his cold eye flicker when he spoke of him. When, later, he introduced among them a fair, delicate flax-haired youth, all gentleness and courtesy—a strange contrast to himself—there were pride in his eye and devotion in his smile. It seemed impossible that they could be kin, so widely dissimilar were they.

And now, upon this fond brother, Gideon centered every hope, lavished all the affection of a deep, repressive nature. He had "worked the wires" for others—too well he knew the steps that would lead Everett Hope to the portals of success and the companionship of millionaires. He marked out his plan like setting the stakes for a political campaign—initially, familiarity with business men and business methods, credit-man in a great trust establishment, where Gideon had "the pull" to place whom he would, a secretaryship, and then—care, cleverness, manipulation, and Everett was a made man.

It was in pursuance of this plan that, on a fair first day of June, Everett Hope undertook the simple duties of a commercial reporter, entering the service of the great Dunstreet Agency. His routine would throw him among mighty and small, the man of means and the one struggling to keep alive the penny-shop

enterprise—it was as an outcome of this same direct plan that, one bright afternoon in July, Everett Hope met a mysterious and mournful fate.

If Gideon Hope felt the terror and suspense of that awful week, when police activity seemed ever on the verge of some hideous discovery, he showed it not.

The city was flaming with the passion and ardor of a great political issue. Within the limits of twenty-four hours might lay the ruin of the dominant wing of the party. A schism had been provoked and intensified, and the eye of every "heeler," as of every man of note, was fixed on the movements of his political opponents. But the adherents of the Hope faction were sanguine. An able general, never yet baffled or defeated, was at his post, they well knew, and there might be a bitter battle, but who could doubt the victory?

It was the afternoon upon which the vote was to be taken that would make Hope supreme in twenty-seven wards, or master of none. He had his enemies, and he knew it. He laughed them to scorn, yet within the apparently cool, crafty man of politics, there flamed a volcano of hidden, consuming emotion. Above the Medusa-head of strife and faction there hovered to his fancy—hauntingly, continually—the sweet, pathetic face of missing Everett Hope.

As he passed through the city hall on his way to the place of convention, Gideon rid himself of the servile throng at his side and heels. He turned into a corridor, and past a door, the "Open Sesame" to which was known to very few of lower position than a county commissioner.

Gideon came into the presence of the chief of police in his private office, immobile and placid of face as wonted, yet his lips crushed a sob as he threw himself into a vacant chair.

"No news," said the official, promptly and sadly.

"It is strange," replied Hope. The chief shook his head seriously. "We are at a dead wall—no clue," he went on; "we have traced your brother's movements down to three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of his disappearance."

Gideon was shading his face, iron set, with one palm.

"Go on," he said, in a tone strangely subdued, for him.

"Your brother started out on his work at ten o'clock. He had his customary credit, comprising eight inquiries as to the credit standing of as many business firms. He went to seven."

"To seven," murmured Gideon, mechanically.

"Yes," howled the chief; "we traced him, found that out positively."

"And the eighth?"

"We do not know."

"How?"

The official repeated his declaration.

"Why do you not know—what was the eighth firm?"

"The Consolidated Silver Company," Gideon looked up, shrewdly.

"The rotten stock corporation that dragged in half a million and went to the wall?" he quickly inquired.

"The same—a stench in the nostrils of every honest man! You know the game? They hired a big vacant factory, fenced it in mysteriously, and proceeded, according to popular supposition, to make silver to order. They were closed up the day after your brother had them on his list—next evening, officers and manual equipment disappeared, leaving a few useless machines, some 'bogus' metal mixtures, and a big load of debts."

Gideon moved wearily. The public prints had detailed the giant failure in a spectacular way, and the particulars were still fresh in his mind.

"My brother went there that day?" he, half-consciously, murmured.

"We don't know that," explained the chief; "and, perhaps, hardly. You see, it was shut up tight—practically abandoned. Some of the officials were fitting about the premises, off and on during that day, but we have no reason to think your brother really went there. I visited the place. It's empty enough. They haven't found a thousand dollars in assets. The

big vault has not been opened yet, but of course those swindlers left nothing of value there. Receiver going to break the locks this afternoon."

The chief talked on, more to distract his visitor's attention from his main source of anxiety than anything else. Gideon arose, with a sigh.

"Well, if you find any trace—at any time—let me know at once," he said.

"Trust me for that!" assured the official. Gideon Hope was a man to tie to. Besides, his magnetism really caught the chief.

Hope went on to the political meeting. Soon he was the center of attention and pivot of action. Around his table and chair, on the right hand side of the stage, buzzed and flitted the captains of precincts, while the chairman rapidly rushed business along, and the masses in the hall harangued, bickered and perspired.

The critical moment arrived. Masked harmony had so far prevailed. Now came the putting of the motion that Gideon Hope must defeat, by a masterful struggle, with opponents howling, battling for existence. Each faction strove for the floating vote, which, at the beck of caprice or bribery, would turn the balance.

Gideon sat watching for the instant to arrive when, with a gesture of his powerful arm, the enunciation of twenty impressive sentences, he could carry the mob by storm.

He had superb confidence in his ability. His eye was awake, every sense on the keen alert. He sat waiting for his cue. A touch caused him to turn.

"What?" he said, sharply, as though a dagger-thrust had touched his vitals, for he read disaster in the interruption.

His hands trembled slightly, and a dull pallor wreathed his firm-set lips. It was his friend, the chief of police, who stood by his side.

"You told me to come—at any time, you know," he stammered apologetically.

"Yes! yes!" half whispered Gideon, his tone quite eager and harsh, cracked and dry.

"We've found out something."

"What?"

The query came with pistol-shot quickness.

"Or, rather, we have found somebody."

"Whom?"

The word was a hollow gasp.

"Your brother."

Gideon Hope swayed—then, recovering, sat stiff, erect again.

"Dead?"

"When—where? Tell me!"

The body of the hall was in riot. The chairman was pounding with his gavel—what were they, the interests of politics, the guidance of a commonwealth, to Gideon Hope at that supreme moment? Some men were tumbling over chairs and tables to reach their leader.

"Tell me!" again said he, fixing his eyes on the grave-faced chief, with a shudder.

The official bent over—whispered ten words in Hope's shrinking ear. The great political boss covered like a child and hid his white face in his nerveless, powerless hands.

"Hope?"

"Quick—are you daft, man?"

Political leaders had reached his side, pouring into his ear the vital announcement that the question of the hour had been put, and the opposition were pressing them sorely.

"Check the stampede—up on your feet, man—your old self!" panted a breathless Congressman, "or the day is lost!"

They tore away Gideon's shielding hands, revealing a face grown gray, and dusky, and old in a moment. His gaze was vacant, uncomprehending. He swept out one hand and waved them aside.

"He's stricken, gentlemen," explained the chief, in a low tone—"he's heard bad news, and—"

"What's that to yonder mob!" howled a palpitating alderman. "Are we sold—did he sell us? One word, and he could have stayed the tide! And now!"

A yell like that of a pack of hungry, victorious wolves rent the air. The opposition had split the party. Gideon Hope's power was gone—he was buried deep—fathoms deep—in the oblivion of discredit and neglect, in a single moment. Never again to lift his face with its old proud expression as king and leader—never again to raise his voice in eloquent defense of party principles.

He walked from the hall like a man in a dream, forevermore haunted with the horrible picture the whispered words of the chief of police had conjured up.

For that official had told him that they had burst open the massive steel door of the vault of the rotten, exploded Consolidated Silver Company, to find one asset—Dead, murdered Everett Hope!

(To be continued.)

Where Prices Run High.

The late H. O. Havemeyer, said a sugar jobber of New Orleans, "possessed in a marked degree the kindly virtue of charity. On my last visit to New York—it was some months before the panic—I spoke harshly of a millionaire who had been accused of double dealing in connection with a bank."

"Well now," said Mr. Havemeyer, "let us not condemn this man unheard. Remember that his guilt has not yet been proved, nor has he told his own side of the story." Then Mr. Havemeyer laughed and said that in the most untoward conditions accused men were often able to clear themselves. He said a young girl a week or so after Christmas complained bitterly to her mother:

"Mamma, I doubt if I shall be happy with George. I fear he is deceptive and false."

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Well, mamma," said the young girl earnestly, "you know that collarpin he gave me for Christmas? He swore to me that he paid \$25 for it, but in Biffany's to-day I saw its exact counterpart for \$5."

"Ah, but my child," said the mother with true charity, "you must remember how very religious George is. Undoubtedly he bought the pin at a church fair."

Vermont gets the credit of being the granite State, but Pennsylvania leads in the production of stone, with nearly 14 per cent of the total to her credit.



Building a Dam.

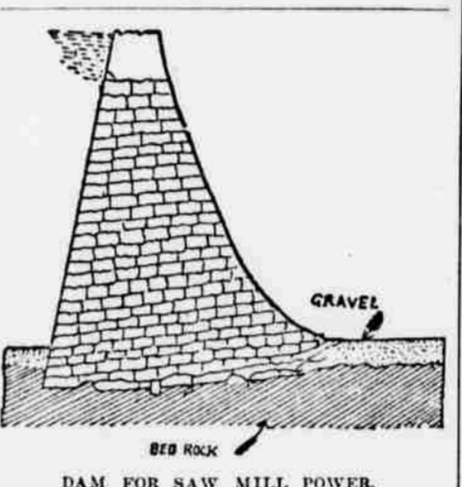
I expect to build a dam on a creek for a saw mill. Dam will be about 100 feet long at top to raise the water ten feet. 1. What would be the cheapest way of building the dam? 2. Will you give a plan of such a dam? 3. What size of turbine would be necessary to run a 48-inch circular saw?

Ans.—The accompanying sketch shows a cross-section of the style of dam that would be required for this purpose. Dams are sometimes constructed by a curbing of wood, masonry, or cement, the interior being filled with dry stones. Such a dam is called a rock-fill dam. If stone is plentiful, the dam may be built entirely of masonry. The top should be laid either with plank or cement.

As the illustration shows, the dam is laid on bed-rock, the bed rock being blasted out sufficiently to secure a key and a solid footing generally. With a ten-foot dam the base should be ten feet wide. On the upstream side, the batter or slope of the dam is about 1 in 4, and on the downstream side the upper part of the batter is about 1 in 3 and the lower part 1 in 1. The dam throughout its length should curve upstream, so as to present a concave surface to the pressure of the water.

The masonry work should be constructed of rubble with cement mortar, and all the work should be very thoroughly done.

A necessary provision in connection with a dam is sufficient wasteway for water not utilized for power. The common form of wasteway is a tunnel through the dam sufficiently large to provide for the maximum amount of water that would be required to pass through it. In addition sluice gates should be provided, by which the flow of water would be controlled. The water to be utilized for power may be carried to the wheel by means of a flume. A fifteen-inch turbine wheel would provide from 8 to 10 horse power, which would be sufficient to run a saw of the size mentioned.—Montreal Star.

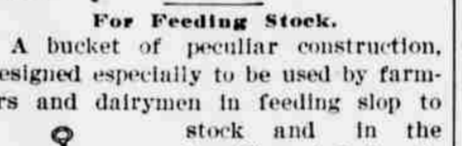


DAM FOR SAW MILL POWER.

For Feeding Stock.

A bucket of peculiar construction, designed especially to be used by farmers and dairymen in feeding slop to stock and in the handling of fluid substances is the invention of a Michigan man. It serves in a sense as a dipper.

The arrangement is such that it can be filled by forcing it bottom downward into a receptacle of fluid substance, the hinged portion of the bottom being opened to permit the bucket to be filled and closed to hold the contents until carried to the place of feeding. The contents can thus be discharged into a trough without wasting it and without the liability of spilling it upon the clothes of the operator. The hinged portion of the bottom of the can is operated by a rod extending above the top, which terminates into a handle. As the bucket is carried by the latter, pressure is always maintained upon the bottom to keep it closed. When it is desired to discharge the contents the handle is pushed downward.



NEW BUCKET.

Pig Money in Waste Land.

The woven wire fence is revolutionizing the hog industry in the whole country, and when farmers learn to utilize every bit of waste land for pasture for their hogs the herds will be healthy and the cost of production will be decreased many dollars. It won't do to allow the pigs to lie in the shade of the corn cribs or to allow them only a run of pasture. Feed a little corn all of the time that the pigs are running in the pasture. The grass-grown pig does not appear so attractive with his working clothes on, but when he is well developed and ready to be fitted he makes the pampered pet look like 30 cents. He makes a fine appearance and is a credit to his owner and feeder.

Portable Canning Machine.

A machine by which the farmer can prepare and can his fruits, tomatoes, corn, beans or any other farm produce which can be canned, in the fields or orchards in which the vegetable or fruit is growing, is described in Popular Mechanics. Mounted on a wheelbarrow arrangement the machine can be pushed from one orchard to another or from a tomato patch to a cornfield as necessity requires. Water for the process is heated by a kerosene burner.

Salt for Live Stock.

Why salt should be regularly supplied to stock is thus put by a famous English authority: Because in the blood of animals there is six or seven times more sodium than potassium, and that the composition of the blood is constant. To keep animals in good health a definite amount of common salt must be assimilated. The excess of potassium salts in vegetable foods causes by chemical exchange an abnormal loss of common salt. This is proved by the fact that the craving of an animal for common salt is most noticeable when the food contains a large proportion of potassium salts, such as wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, beans and peas. The addition of salt to animal food increases the appetite, promotes the repair of tissue by its searching diffusion through the body, and stimulates the rapid using up of its waste products. Bousisingault's experiments showed that salt increases muscular vigor and activity, and improves their general appearance and condition.

The Right Way to Pack Fruit.

If the fruitgrower simply tumbles his apples into the barrel without sorting and without arrangement, in order to get the greatest number into the barrel, heads it up and ships to market, he will discover when he gets his check that his fruit has been sold for the lowest price. The only way to get the top prices for fruit is to sort it according to grades, arranging in barrels or boxes in layers, placing each apple in by hand, and selecting for the top layer fruit of the same color. The top layer should be made up of apples all of the same size if possible, and the fruit should come just to the top of the staves. Then the heading should be carefully placed on top and gently pressed down until it slips into the chine. This can be done better by the use of a block placed under a lever.

Nitrate of Soda.

The value of nitrate of soda applied to barnyard millet at the New Jersey experiment station was stated by the experimenters as follows: Amount applied, 160 pounds per acre; yield untreated acre, 7.63 tons; treated acre, 13.38 tons; gain by use of nitrate, 5.75 tons; per cent of gain, 75.4; value of gain, at \$3 per ton, \$17.25; cost of nitrate per acre, \$3.60, net gain per acre by use of nitrate over cost, \$13.65. The crop was seeded on June 16 on well-fertilized land at the rate of three-fourths bushels of seed per acre, after a crop of oat and pea forage had been harvested, which averaged six tons per acre. The nitrate was applied soon after the plants were well rooted and capable of absorbing food rapidly.

Cow Stall.

The stall as shown here is four feet over all, but can be made less. Cow when eating will stand with her hind feet just behind the 2 by 4, leaving the droppings behind it.

When she lies down she will be compelled to lie in front of the 2 by 4



COW STALL.

with her head under the feed rack. It is not necessary to have a gutter in a stall of this kind. There should be short partitions, however, to keep the cows from turning around.

For building, use 2 by 4 for bottom, feed rack; bottom of rack 3 feet above floor. Strips of 1 by 4, 6 inches apart form the rack, and should slope back 60 degrees. From 7 to 8 feet from front of stall place 2 by 4 on edge; if set in dirt use stakes.

Chemical Action of Manure.

Although cultivation is necessary and will increase your crops, no matter how much you cultivate, or how you labor, it should be remembered that the plant food in the soil is the vital element of crop production. The crop removes this element, but by applying manure it is put back again. Manure not only enriches soil with the elements of fertility, but also renders the stored plant food of the soil more available, improves the chemical conditions, makes the soil warmer and enables it to retain more moisture and to draw it up from below.

Farming Notes.

Remember the importance of the kitchen garden.

Some genius has figured out that a bee will on a busy day draw sugar from 120,000 different clover heads.

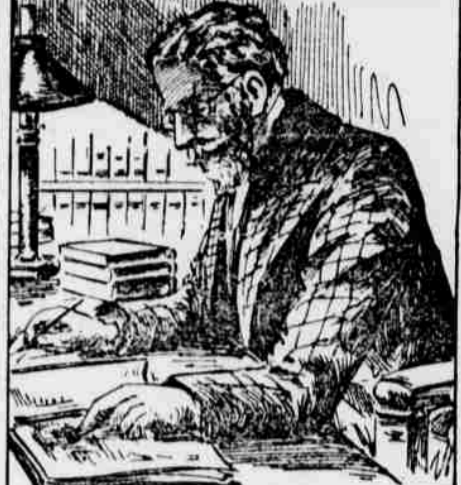
When mustard is a serious pest the fields are sprayed with a solution that kills the weed, but does not harm the crop.

The government spent \$10,000 this last spring planning ways to destroy the green bug in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

One hundred and thirty-nine cows, comprising the best of thirty-six Illinois herds, produced an average of 300 pounds of butter fat last year.

A cow owned by William Maher of Sheffield, Ill., gave birth to three good-sized and perfectly developed calves. She is half Jersey, and raised the calves the first three weeks on her own milk.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1765—Riot in Boston on account of the stamp act.

1775—Continental army under Gen. Montgomery arrived at Ticonderoga.

1776—British defeated the Americans in battle of Long Island.

1785—Lord George Germain, the irreconcilable foe of America in the cabinet of Lord North, during the Revolution, died. Born Jan. 26, 1716.

1795—French directory established.

1808—British under Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French and Spanish forces at Vimiera, in Portugal.

1814—British evacuated the city of Washington....The city of Washington burned by the British.

1818—The Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the ocean, launched at New York.

1819—The Duke of Richmond, governor general of Canada, died of hydrophobia.

1820—Copper discovered at Galena, Ill.Warfare between Colombia and Peru ended....First temperance society formed in Ireland.

1835—Sir John Gosford, Earl of Colborne, sworn in as governor of Canada.

1836—Opening of the Buffalo and Niagara railroad.

1846—Annexation of New Mexico to the United States.

1847—Republic of Liberia inaugurated.

1848—Trials of the Chartists began in London.

1851—The yacht America won the new famous cup at the international regatta at Cowes, England.

1857—Port Huron, Mich., incorporated a city....Beginning of a financial panic in the United States, which culminated in an almost entire suspension of the banks.

1858—First treaty signed between Great Britain and Japan.

1860—Victoria railway bridge at Montreal opened by the Prince of Wales.

1865—Thomas Chandler Haliburton, noted Canadian writer, died. Born 1796.

1869—First Confederate soldiers' monument unveiled at Griffin, Ga.

1878—The independence of Servia, proclaimed at Belgrade.

1886—William J. Kendall, clothed in a cork vest, swam through the Niagara whirlpool rapids.

1890—Maj. Gen. Sir F. D. Middleton retired from the command of the Canadian militia.

1891—Decennial census placed the population of Canada at 4,823,344.

1894—A tornado swept the shores of the Sea of Azof and caused the loss of 1,000 lives.

1897—President Borda of Uruguay assassinated at Montevideo....Congress of Salvador adopted the gold standard....Gen. J. P. S. Golin of Pennsylvania elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

1904—Battleship Louisiana launched at Newport News.

1907—British House of Lords passed the bill legalizing marriages with a deceased wife's sister, thus settling a long pending question.



Owing to the failure to secure advantageous railroad rates between Salt Lake, Utah, and Ely, Nev., the proposed bout between Battling Nelson and Joe Gans, scheduled for Labor Day at Ely, has been called off.

Forty-three strikeouts is the record which was established in a remarkable game at Buffalo Lake between the home team and the fast Olivia team. The contest was prolonged for twenty innings, during which Olivia used one twirler, while Buffalo Lake used two. Olivia won.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Central States Rowing Association it was decided to present the grand prize for the highest merit to the South Side Rowing Club of Quincy, Ill., and the association will have a duplicate prize made to present to the Mount City Club of St. Louis. The original prize is a handsome bronze plaque presented by the Burlington Boating Association, The Mount City and the South Side clubs tied for first honors.

At the close of the Olympic games in London, the American athletes were covered with medals. Queen Alexandra handed out fifteen gold medals to the Yankees at the stadium. These with a tray full of silver and bronze emblems of victory, made by far the most imposing array of "jewelry" awarded to any nation. America's victory, 114 1-3 to England's 66 1-3 was by the biggest margin on record. At Athens two years ago the count was 75 1-16 to 41 in favor of America. The Americans came within ten points of scoring as much as all the other nations combined.