

# A Political Vendetta

By  
WELDON J. COBB

## CHAPTER II.

A vision of seeming fairy-land; a terraced rise overlooking a vernal valley, a stately marble edifice, palace-like in rich facade and minaretted roof—this set in the midst of a garden full of sweetness, taste and grandeur.

On a lower level were as many as fifty neat new frame dwellings in various stages of construction, but none occupied—death or desolation held dumb this portion of the singular landscape.

Again, at the lowermost grade of the grassy slope black, grim stacks arose from a wilderness of frame and stone factory buildings—but there were no bristling, red-lighted windows; all was cold, dark and lifeless. Here, too, was silence, deep and mournful—a dead or sleeping city of industry.

There was light only at the palace on the hill. Toward it, up the cindered road, smooth as a race course and bordered with a neatly cut stretch of sward, a man plodded his way in the gossamer moonlight—Gideon Hope.

He was five years older than upon that eventful night when the star of his destiny had set in clouds of storm, disaster and sorrow, but the stalwart form was yet straight as a sapling—that face, which always reminded of the faces one sometimes sees on old Roman medals, preserved its original staturesque dignity and contour—only, the eyes were deeper set, the lips closer drawn.

He had pushed up his hat from his brow, as though he were fevered and the falling dew a grateful boon. Once he paused, to sweep with a glance, first sardonic and then almost sad, the deserted factories, the silent homes, the towering residence on the hill-top. Immediately this passing interest departed—his mind seemed to react upon itself, his head drooped, and he resumed his way with the firm, studied stride of a man with a definite purpose, a goal in view.

Like a thunderbolt from pure heaven had fallen the announcement of the chief of police that dreadful night in the long ago—its memory was with this man now, as it had been night and day, unceasingly through the long, dragging years.

He recalled, even now, words he had spoken, questions he had asked, mechanically, like a man under a leaden spell.

"Who shut my brother in that trap of death?"

"It will never be known!"

"Who was last seen about the works?"

"The manager."

"His name?"

"One of his names is Percival Keene."

"Where is he?"

"Vanished—like the others."

"You can give me his picture?"

"Yes—but he has twenty aliases, a royal fortune to dissipate in obscurity."

"I shall find him!"

That had been his object, his one motive for life. Since then Gideon Hope had hunted half the globe.

To his quick mind the truth was plain. His unsuspecting brother had visited the works, had made some vital discovery of the company's rottenness—fatal information, which would mean prison and ruin for the schemers. He had died with his secret!

Who had shut him in? It might never be discovered. But there was one responsible head of rascality—"Percival Keene!"

This sweet, soft summer evening Gideon Hope knew at last that he had succeeded—he had found his man.

Up the hill and on he plodded. Now the elegant mansion was squarely before him; what a paradise!

From a sumptuous lounging room a colored lamp threw opalescent glinting rays across a sheltered, screened porch.

A man, august and noble of visage, occupied a large chair.

Before him fluttered a feminine form arrayed in fleecy white, with a face so radiantly rare and beautiful that Gideon Hope, pausing, had eyes only for her for the moment.

She put a newspaper, some cigars, a cup of some invigorating mixture at the elbow of the occupant of the chair upon a delicate little stand.

He nodded, forced a dismal, wan smile. She caressed him tenderly, and vanished through the open French window.

Gideon had come up the winding gravel walk slowly. Now, in shadow, he stood and watched the man as he sat alone.

The latter arose with a fierce, restless sigh. He walked to the edge of the porch, pressed his face to a north screen, and his vision could thus take in at one sweep all the salient points of the glorious landscape.

But its beauties evidently had no charms for him—even at a distance his face and manner showed that what he saw depressed and excited him alike.

He threw out a hand with an expressive gesture—like one in mute, choking despair; tottered back to his seat. His head sank in his hands, his frame shook with deep internal emotion.

Gideon came up the steps.

He noiselessly opened the outer screen door, silently approached the table, and sank into a chair opposite the other—unheard, unseen.

His eye dwelt momentarily on the window space where that fairy vision of grace and loveliness had fluttered a moment before.

His glance wandered past the exquisite draperies, across a rug worth its weight in gold made in far away Persian looms, and then up the decorated wall to a fall-length oil painting.

This seemed to speak—it was in color and expression the faithful presentment of the beautiful girl who had just passed before it.

## CHAPTER III.

Gideon Hope's eye softened—a rapt longing sadness drove from his face some of its natural grim fierceness.

In those sweet eyes was a latent something that reminded of the fair bright spirit gone down to horrible death in the

cold, close vault of the great rotten Consolidated Silver Company!

Then the mask fell. He turned from sentiment, emotion, to the stern, merciless mission that had brought him hither.

He glanced toward the drooping man before him, put out his hand and touched his limp and nerveless arm. The other suddenly started—aroused by the touch.

He stared in confusion, then surprise—and then the cold, haughty bearing of the aristocrat disguised his recent weakness.

"How came you here?" he began.

Gideon quickly produced a card. It bore two words; his simple name, in simple, modest type.

The courteous gentleman ever, he arose, his hat removed, his voice modulated low and respectfully.

"I do not know you—"

"I am nobody, nothing of myself," announced Gideon bluntly; "but I came for a great purpose. Now, Albert Tremaine, I have traveled a thousand miles to ask you a single simple question."

The latter regarded him as though he were a madman—or a trickster spreading some specious snare.

"The question," he said, however, controlling the instincts of caste—he, who, in his time, had been a nabob of the nabobs.

"I wish to verify rumor, report. You will listen to me patiently—till you know the purpose that underlies what may seem to you impertinence."

"Proceed, sir."

"You are the man, the multi-millionaire of yesterday, who was drawn into the net of a clever industrial ring, and—fleece!"

The other's face became ghastly. He half arose, as if to resent the candid, torturing remarks.

"Be patient," said Gideon, calmly; his eye and its power subduing his host, as he intended that it should. "I will be brief. You were drawn into a gentleman's agreement. There was a 'pool.' Into it you threw your holdings, your millions. You trusted men whom you believed to be strictly honorable. You were given this place as your 'share,' this town, with one reservation; the mills here and the machinery were to remain the pool possession."

"You are well informed," bitterly interpolated Mr. Albert Tremaine—"but all the world knows now!"

"You are a good man, a just man, Mr. Tremaine," proceeded Gideon. "You fancied, in the arrangement thus made, that you saw the opportunity of carrying out a philanthropic plan, long and nobly cherished. Yourself and your daughter strove unselfishly for a model industrial city filled with model workmen. You erected this magnificent home, you beautified yonder road stretchable homes for your workmen. Did you not own it all? In ten years would not the natural rise in property doubly repay you?"

Tremaine's head sank low in humiliation and grief at a thought of the reality promised, never attained.

"What happened?" continued Hope.

"The men, your partners, on a given day, voted to dismantle the mill, transfer the machinery to other distant works of the pool. That meant the ruin, the death, of this town, its desertion by your proteges, the blasting of your hopes. Practically, it pauperized you."

"Yes!"

"Out of all, you can not now realize what was once a mere yearly salary. They have tied up the active dividends. You are a frozen-out, deluded victim—the jeer, the gibe of a directory of seemingly honorable men—really, polished scoundrels."

"Yes!"

"I have come to you," said Gideon, quietly, "to turn the tables."

Tremaine stared at him in wonder.

"I have come to you," continued Gideon, arising to his majestic height, something of the old flash and fire coming into his face and eye, "to enable you to regain what you have lost, to make as the dust under your feet those who sold you. I aim at all, but I strike at one man—the head of the combination, Percy V. Kane."

At the mention of that name the famous iron master grew whiter, and sick at heart. He gasped:

"Curse him—because of her—my child—deprived of the wealth, the position, the aspirations of a noble girlhood—curse him!"

"I strike at one man!" repeated Gideon, and his own features seemed turned to stone.

"Why?"

"I shall not tell you. My motive shall not interfere with yours, I tell you what I mean and what I can do: Within one year, I promise, I swear, that the infamous pool that wrecked your life shall be baffled, beaten, at your behest—you, the master; that this man, this Percy Kane, shall cringe at your feet—at mine—for mercy!"

"You tempt me—revenge!"

"I inspire you—justice!" solemnly pronounced Gideon Hope.

"Are you a wizard, to pledge this?"

"As you like—but I can keep my word."

"You must possess a mighty weapon?"

"Yes—politics!"

It was enigmatical, the reply—vague, unsatisfactory—yet something of the master genius in Gideon Hope's nature flashed out with searchlight distinctness and impressed the other fully.

"Is it worth the effort—are you sufficiently interested to listen to the details of my plans—in confidence?"

"In confidence, of course. You are a remarkable man!"

"No—only a wronged one. It is a mighty plan I have to submit. To shrink, the ordeal once faced would be craven. You shall enter on this agreement with your eyes open. And then trust in me, in my inspiration, in my power, absolutely."

The words thrilled, they were holy as a hosanna, something of the spirit of a

prophet seemed brathed into their mysterious significance.

Tremaine regarded Gideon Hope fixedly. He could not treat this man otherwise than seriously, though a stranger, an utter stranger, to him—and tampering with his very heartstrings!

"To regain, to punish," he murmured.

"There is one vital element, one central point, that must be primarily acceded to, or the thing is impossible," spoke Gideon Hope, oracularly.

"And that is?"

"Your daughter."

The aristocratic chest reared—the gentleman, the father, spoke in the chilling austerity manifested by the iron master.

"Sir!" he cried.

"No—listen. She is the pivot on which all success must turn—she the mainspring that guides, controls. To my plan, blindly, unquestioningly, she must lend her beauty, her grace, her very life. A tender, gentle lady—oh, truly! but from the strong ordinal she will come unspotted, and—victorious!"

"No!"

Tremaine clenched his hands.

"Sir," he said, with dignity, "this is a wild temptation, an unheard of proposition!"

"Then it is useless," said Gideon, simply, taking up his hat, shrugging his broad shoulders, and turning to go.

"Wait."

Melancholy and pure as golden beads dropped into a crystal dish, a sweet, pathetic tone pierced the brief silence intervening.

At the open window stood beautiful Claire Tremaine.

"Wait, father," she said, simply.

And then she walked straight up to Gideon Hope.

Her penetrating, questioning eyes rested full upon his own, so magnetic, so clear, and yet so troubled.

"Sir," she said, in a voice that thrilled him, "I have heard your proposition. I will answer for myself. Injustice, cruelty, has been done us. Father, I trust this man."

She put out her fair, dainty hands, and rested them confidently, pleadingly, in the strong, earnest grasp of Gideon Hope.

(To be continued.)

## WILD DUCKS IN THE SOUTH.

It is called a Hunters' Heaven Along the Texas Gulf Coast.

The coast of Texas in the vicinity of Portland is the winter feeding ground for millions of ducks. The hunters go there by the score during the open season and make their headquarters at Portland, Gregory, Tarpon, Rockport and other places close to the waters of the bay, says the Kansas City Star.

In previous years when there was no game law in Texas to protect the wild fowl, professional market hunters operated along the gulf coast and slaughtered the ducks by the carload each season. This woeful destruction of wild game in Texas is now a thing of the past. Those who were engaged in the marketing of wild ducks made an effort before the last Legislature to have these fowl exempt from the provision of the law, but they were not successful.

The owners of ponds and lakes which afforded unusually fine feeding ground for the ducks made big fortunes out of killing and marketing the fowls before the game law was enacted. It is related that one Galveston citizen who owns an inland body of fresh water situated near the coast enjoyed an income of from \$40,000 to \$60,000 each year from the sale of wild ducks which were killed by professional hunters and sportsmen at his lake. The water is shallow and wild rice grows abundantly along its shores and in its bed. As soon as the weather begins to get cool the ducks literally swarm upon the waters of this lake. The owner, in addition to having a number of professional hunters constantly employed, also granted permission to sportsmen to visit the lake, with the provision that they were to leave on the ground for market purposes all ducks, over a limited number, that they might kill. W. J. Bryan has been on two hunts at this lake. On each occasion he was the guest of the late Gov. Hogg. The sportsmen and professional hunters do their shooting from blinds. The lake is still a favorite resort for duck hunters, but the enormous annual revenue which it formerly brought to its owner is now cut off.

The law now provides that no hunter shall kill to exceed twenty-five ducks in one day. Marketing the fowls is absolutely prohibited. Before legal restrictions were placed upon this sport it was no uncommon thing to see piles of dead ducks laying upon the hunting grounds and around the lodging places of sportsmen. The fowls were slaughtered, it is said, for the mere desire to kill.

It is said by sportsmen that one or two hours of good shooting a day ought to satisfy the most ardent hunter. It is an easy matter to kill the limit of twenty-five ducks in one day. When this is accomplished the hunter usually goes after quail, or, if the conditions are favorable, he takes a look around for deer.

In the arctic winter region between Portland and Brownsville the ducks were more abundant this season than ever before. This probably is due to the fact that the water from the wells has formed many small ponds and lakes upon the ranches and the feeding ground is fine for the fowls.

F. W. Fitzpatrick, consulting architect of the International Society of Building Commissioners, says the fire loss in the United States every year is \$100,000,000 greater than the amount spent in new construction. In this estimate is included the money paid annually for insurance and the cost of fighting fire.

The number of Chinese scattered throughout the world outside of the Chinese empire is given officially at 6,708,129.



### Hired Man and The Horse.

Every man who works on a farm ought to know how to care for horses. By "care" it is not meant that he should know just enough to feed a horse, but he must know how to take care of a mare in foal, how to break a colt and how to feed it to the best advantage. He should know all about horses' feet and something about shoeing, too. Many a man has dropped into a fine and permanent job because he knew these things. Horses are the most valuable animals on the farm, of course, and the man who can take the best care of them is the most valuable help.

### Changes in Farming.

Farming is not what it was twenty years ago from a revenue standpoint. Corn and cotton were the main products from which the farmer drew his income, and that, too, only once a year. Now the process has changed up. Instead of the one crop, cotton, farmers have invoked a multiplicity of crops, and not only grow corn and cotton for revenue, but have supplemented potatoes, both Irish and sweet; peaches and pears, onions, melons, berries, peanuts and ribbon cane, all of which bring money at all seasons of the year, and there is a continued market for what he has to sell.—Sulphur Springs (Tex.) Gazette.

### Growing Dates in Texas.

An experienced date grower of California who visited the lower Rio Grande region of Texas two years ago discovered large numbers of date palm trees, some of them very old but all of which were barren. He proposed to pollinate the trees artificially and share in the proceeds, a proposition which was eagerly accepted by the owners. Hundreds of these trees are now bearing delicious fruit. The poor, crippled and sick Mexicans of that section regard the man as a sorcerer and when he visits them they fall upon their knees and beg him to cure them of their infirmities.

### Machine Hoe Helps.

The machine wheel hoe is a great thing in the garden. It makes garden work a real pleasure if you have one of the modern combined drill and wheel hoe arrangements. They are not costly and not hard to operate. Any one that has a garden as big as a town lot can afford to have one, as it will save its cost the first season and will last for twenty years. You can do as much work with one of them as ten men with hand hoes and do it better.

### Fruit Tree Borers.

August is the time to look for borers. Dig the soil away around the stems of fruit trees to the depth of 3 inches, scrape the bark with a knife, and if any sawdust or exuding gum is found it is time to get to work. Dig out the borer and wash the uncovered parts with a mixture of soft cow dung, lime-wood ashes and a little crude carbolic acid. Then return the soil. The quince, dwarf pear and peach trees are particularly affected by this pest.

### Fog of the Green Bug.

Last season farmers of the South were greatly alarmed over the appearance of the wheat plant louse, commonly known as the green bug. They

### Get a Disk Harrow.

The disk harrow is a tool that is almost indispensable on an up-to-date farm. For working land that is infested with weeds that spread from their root systems the disk harrow is the only harrow that should be used. It cuts the roots where they lie and does not drag them from one part of the field and transplant them in another. With plenty of horsepower it will do the work of a plow on some kinds of soil, especially in fruit orchards, where a plow is liable to tear up large roots and start suckers to growing up where the root is cut.

### Ration for Cows.

Experiments conducted last year at the West Virginia Agricultural Station go to show that, while a ration of grain given to cows that are on pasture may keep them in somewhat better physical condition and keep up their flow of milk, the increase in butter fat is not sufficient to pay for the cost of the grain ration. This would seem to be on the assumption of a flush pasture and that the cows would eat additional grass to take the place of the higher-priced grain ration.

### Leguminous Crops.

Nature has provided a leguminous crop for every part of the earth where it was intended that man should farm. Cow peas, soy beans and Japan clover in the South, crimson clover in the Eastern slope, red clover in the Central states, alfalfa in the West, and Canada peas in the North show how thoroughly the distribution has been effected.

### Let Women Run Incubators.

Please do not get the idea that the incubator is so everlastingly automatic that you do not need to give it any attention. The result with the use of an incubator is a great deal like the results with the use of other things. They will be in proportion to the effort you make to a great extent. Of course I am not personally acquainted with you, but as a long-distance proposition I would a heap sight rather you would turn your machine over to your wife. The women folks have more natural good sense in raising poultry, and you can bet your boots they look after the pennies and dimes in whatever they undertake. While a man that is accustomed to dealing in big money often overlooks seemingly immaterial things that go to make the use of incubators and brooders a success.—M. M. Johnson, Nebraska.

### A Clover Buncher.

Clover that is pastured until the middle of June and then permitted to make a second growth will escape injury from the midge and usually give a better yield of seed. When 95 per cent of the heads are a dead brown color the mower may be set to work. The illustration shows a finger-like mowing machine attachment for bunching and laying the clover out of the way of the hoes.

### To Prevent Tomato Rot.

The disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small black or brown spots on the leaves and stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves, but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly till the plant is defoliated and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular blackish patches. If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high power microscope innumerable small, crescent-shaped bodies may be seen. These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

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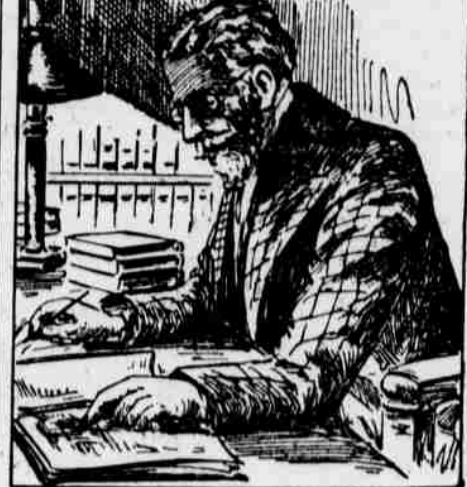
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# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1346—English defeated the French at the famous battle of Cressy.
  - 1604—New Amsterdam surrendered to the British, who changed the name to New York.
  - 1733—Brandt made the first accurate experiments on the chemical nature of arsenic.
  - 1754—A disturbance of the French and Indians occurred upon Hoosick and Schaghticoke, which led to the breaking up of these settlements.
  - 1776—British defeated the Americans in battle of Long Island.
  - 1779—Gen. Sullivan defeated the Tories and Indians at Elmira, N. Y.
  - 1798—James Wilson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died.
  - 1804—Margaret, widow of Benedict Arnold, died in London, aged 44 years.
  - 1814—The city of Washington burned by the British. . . . Specific payments were suspended in Philadelphia.
  - 1818—The Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the ocean, launched at New York.
  - 1829—First temperance society formed in Ireland. . . . Warfare between Colombia and Peru ended.
  - 1830—The steam locomotive was adapted to passenger service for the first time in America, on the Baltimore and Ohio railway.
  - 1835—Sir John Gosford, Earl of Colborne, sworn in as Governor of Canada.
  - 1836—Opening of the Buffalo and Niagara railroad.
  - 1847—Republic of Liberia inaugurated.
  - 1848—Trials of the Chartists began in London.
  - 1851—The yacht America beat the iron yacht Titania on a race of forty miles by eight miles.
  - 1855—The vessel engaged to lay the submarine cable between Cape Ray, N. F., and Cape North, C. B., began to pay it out.
  - 1856—The Dudley observatory was dedicated at Albany, N. Y.
  - 1857—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.
  - 1869—First Confederate soldiers' monument unveiled at Griffin, Ga.
  - 1872—Severe storm and high tide did great damage along the New England coast.
  - 1878—The independence of Serbia proclaimed at Belgrade.
  - 1882—The Salvation army began operations in Canada.
  - 1884—England closed a contract with a Chicago firm for 300,000 pounds of compressed beef for the Gordon relief expedition to Khartoum.
  - 1886—William J. Kendall, clothed in a cork vest, swam through the Niagara whirlpool rapids.
  - 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. Gobin of Pennsylvania elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.
  - 1902—Monsignor Guidi was appointed apostolic delegate to the Philippines by the Pope.
  - 1904—Battleship Louisiana launched at Newport News.
  - 1907—The new cantilever bridge in course of construction across the St. Lawrence river, near Quebec, collapsed, causing the death of nearly 100 workmen. . . . British House of Lords passed the bill legalizing marriages with a deceased wife's sister, thus settling a long pending question.
- ### Patrick to Supreme Court.
- Albert T. Patrick, serving a life sentence for the murder of Millionaire Rice in New York several years ago, has now appealed to the Supreme Court from the decision of Judge Lacombe denying his application for release on habeas corpus writ and a new trial. He makes the novel claim that the life sentence is an increase of penalty over that of the electrical chair which was formerly imposed on him.
- ### ALL AROUND THE GLOBE.
- King Edward purposes to pay a visit to Germany with the Queen early in 1909.
- The New Zealand government has refused to enter into any arrangement to aid in the grant of a subsidy to a Canadian-Australian line.
- The Missouri law requiring railroads to give free passes to shippers and caretakers of live stock, both to market and back home, has been declared unconstitutional.