

# A Political Vendetta

By  
WELDON J. COBB

## CHAPTER X.

Three o'clock in the afternoon of election day—three o'clock in a maelstrom, a vortex!

Percy Kane had reached the scene, the apotheosis of his career at that hour, yet here, amid turbulent, excited political conferees, he was the coolest person in the room.

It was at the central headquarters of the party—or rather clique—where he had chosen to bear him, the great trust, on to power and fortune.

Wires, constant ticking, in other rooms, the incessant jar of telephone bells—messages, telegrams, hurrying, scurrying precinct leaders, more dignified officials, a jostling, seething mob half exhausted after a day at the polls in a contest that in sixty minutes more would free or enslave a great State!

There had been peculiar rumors afloat since about dawn, for at 7 o'clock "masked batteries" had appeared all along the line.

Almost to a man the potent Amalgamated, which Kane and his hirelings had believed to be servile under a spell of dread and influence, had swung into action boldly massed for the opposition.

Then up from the southern tier of counties came the rumor of a trade in candidates that meant the swapping of five needed representatives. The western precincts, too, reported strange and mysterious defections among the ranks of the faithful.

"I can't understand it," anxiously asserted Kane to a powerful political boss at his elbow—"it looks as though concerted action had been planned months and months ago."

"It's a new play in politics, then," declared the other, "for we did not get a hint of it in advance."

"Can they win out?" questioned Kane seriously.

"With our lead, and our money?" decisively smiled the boss—"well, hardly!"

It was a restless hour for the trust magnate. He sat turning over accumulated reports on the table before him, listening to the statements of new arrivals. The minutes sped by. It was four o'clock. For woe or woe the die was cast: the election was over.

Kane arose at the striking of the clock, passed some words with his managers, and was driven to the principal hotel in the town, where the president of the trust had agreed to report to him on company matters that evening.

He found Worthington awaiting him. A first sight of his wretched, twitching face told him that he was the bearer of no encouraging news.

That morning the misappropriated securities had been placed in the local banks, the agency man hoodwinked, the statement of new assets wired to New York.

Then Kane had advised his partner he had done his all. Pending strict undivided attention to the political situation, he must not be disturbed with news of the financial outcome, good or bad, until the election was over.

"What have you to report?" he inquired, rapidly scanning his companion's face.

"The worst, Kane—the worst!" half groaned the unhappy president.

"Our stock?"

"It hasn't budged from last night's lowest figures."

"What! The new statement, the heavy buying we ordered?"

The president shook his head wearily.

"The public are scared—warned, Kane! A blight has fallen upon us! Someone with the completest knowledge of our most secret affairs is directing this attack upon our stock. The final blow—"

"How?"

"The owner of the mixed metal process, our biggest hold for profit, has gone over to the Blennerhasset combine."

"Impossible!"

"It's true, Kane. I'm frightened! I'm afraid—in fact, I have learned that it is leaking out that we have hypothesized the 'trust securities, and—"

He paused. It was needless to go on. Percy Kane's face was the face of a man who knew that the final blow had come and ruin was their portion.

In his mind at that moment was a quick, wild suggestion he treasured for final desperate action: to "run for it," with what of ready cash he could secure, if the day ended with no change in the situation.

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Kane drank deeply the few remaining hours of daylight. He managed to get rid of his limp, weak financial colleague, and sought more congenial company among his political friends.

Seven o'clock found him one of a group of half a dozen choice party leaders, occupying a room in the hotel that looked directly out upon a great blank sheet on which the returns were to be thrown from a stereopticon.

The returns were "mixed," and slow in coming in. This gave Kane time for hope—time, too, for planning what he would do if inevitable crash was not to be averted.

If the election went favorable, it would suggest one salient point in his industrial rivalry: the trust would practically control the State—a power, this, more valuable than an unlimited franchise for monopoly.

As the fumes of liquor rose to his clear, steady brain, in reckless desperation Kane encouraged a picture in which he figured as a fugitive, but with an abundance of stolen means, and a lovely bride to share his forced sojourn in some safe and remote foreign clime.

He and his friends adjourned from the table to the expansive bay window, as it was announced that the returns were beginning to come in with rapidity and regularity.

One man alone, an old, experienced political hack, remained at the table, pencil and tab before him, ready to estimate a basis of loss or gain from the merest

"straw"—indication of a precinct or county.

All were fairly hilarious as they at first watched the flashlight figures.

But in half an hour each man of the group was silent, anxious.

And then—stunned!

It was incredible! preposterous! Precinct after precinct, county after county, rolled in opposition gains, or opposition majorities.

"Kane, it looks bad!" observed a serious faced ringster, coming up to him.

"Yes, unless the tide turns, we are beaten."

"Mr. Kane!"

The old professional had arisen from the table, unsteady, but not at all maudlin. His tab was in his hand.

"Do you want an estimate?" he inquired.

"I am beginning to form a decidedly adverse one myself."

"I can give you almost exact figures."

"And they tell?"

"The State will swing round to the opposition by over 60,000 majority!"

A hissing curse left Percy Kane's grim lips, for he had confidence in the prediction.

He stepped out upon the balcony, to get a reviving breath of fresh air, to be alone, to cast up the chances as they now faced him, and—act!

Slowly he buttoned up his coat, and shook off the insidious lethargy provoked by the liquor he had drunk.

"I need a clear head," he muttered. "I must get to the treasurer's vault, I must see her, arrange for the marriage, flight, at once, if this last hope is indeed failing me."

Again he glanced at the bulletin—like snapshot reproductions the returns were flashing out, a cheering mob in the street below. Every new set of figures emphasized the fact that hoodle and bribery had sustained a telling defeat.

"Give it up!" abruptly spoke a voice at his elbow.

"Yes—short, definite."

"It's queer, though—all the work we did, so sure were we."

"There's been a mistake somewhere," drily observed Kane.

"Wrong—there's been slick, secret work of the finest description by some master-hand at politics!" retorted the other.

In politics as in finance, mused one—  
—the full force of realization overcame him.

Who had been undermining him—and why?

As he stood thinking this over, it seemed as if he could vaguely trace power and method behind the double assault on the company and the company's political interests.

"Directed at me personally?" he muttered. "Pshaw! why? and by whom? Only a turn in the tide—well, I've had my show!"

Out from the balcony a form had stolen, noiselessly as had it glided through the crowded room.

It was the "disguised" man—Gideon Hope.

He kept in the shadow, his eye fixed strangely upon one.

Then, abruptly, he struck a match on the balcony railing—it flashed, went out.

It was a signal to a man watching the balcony from the street below, who now in turn signaled to the person who was directing the stereopticon.

Absorbed, Percy Kane had not noticed the flash of the match, not even the intrusion of the stranger upon the balcony.

His glance was turned for a final view of the bulletin, ere he left the spot and the hotel.

It was no returns that met his eyes now, but a portrait—

The portrait of a man, of a face he recognized, was expected to recognize, by the man tumultuously watching him two feet away.

As an accusing wrath it confronted Percy Kane—as if a reply to the query what the motive of "the hidden hand" that has brought to him disaster!

From the canvas it looked upon his guilty face.

"From the dead—that man; murdered Everett Hope!" gasped Kane, reeling back like one stricken by a thunderbolt.

Guilt, dread, horror, were in his tones, his face, his pose.

He turned to fly, for just avenging Heaven seemed at his door at last!

At that moment he was checked.

From his concealment sprang Gideon Hope, his hands encircling the criminal's throat stoutly as bands of steel!

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CHAPTER XI.

An aspiration ringing as a hosanna left the lips of Gideon Hope, as his steel-knit fingers met about the shrinking, quivering throat of the man whom he had hounded down.

The ecstasy of a mighty passio swayed his soul, merging every emotion into one all-absorbing conception of vengeance—stern, swift, complete.

He "had found out his enemy!"—the fruition of the task of the years at hand—a self-confessed murderer writhed in his powerful grasp, and at his mercy!

Before his eyes there seemed to float a blur of blood. In lightning-quick series the chair-oscuro of events painted the vivid pictures that grouped about this present tragic denouement a marvel-fringed history of rare human interest.

For this man—his victim, now—wrecker, swindler, political master, millionaire—Gideon Hope had abandoned ambition, position, happiness, peace.

He, Percy V. Kane, had robbed him of his brother and was about to steal from him, too, the woman he loved!

And now, while the turbulent mob of ward-beetles had excited sensation-seekers surged in the street below, amid the crash of all his millions and the disaster of permanent political obliteration, Kane lay in his clutch a broken, wretched, cowering thing.

"Listen!"

Close to the marble-white face of the prostrate man he had dragged to the floor of the balcony, Hope bent his hot, hissing breath. At riot in his brain ran all the formidable facts of guilt with which he had invested his downfall. And the other shuddered, for he felt that doom, sudden and sure, enmeshed his wily soul at last.

"Who are you?" he panted, struggling to arise.

"Who?"—a grinding laugh—sardonic, full of bitter triumph—out the air. "Dream! Guess—remember: the avenger! Go back the years—Chicago, your rotten stock-jobbing swindle, the man you murdered because he had probed your secrets and in another hour would have given the facts to the commercial world—my brother, my brother, Everett Hope!"

The name was pronounced in a sob. Religiously at that moment Hope considered himself the appointed instrument of almost divine justice. Yet, the thought revived of the sunny-faced brother, so cruelly put to death, wrung his soul to anguish.

"Your brother?" gasped Kane. "The face on the transparency? It was you, then—"

His striving limbs fell inert, his eyes were horror-stricken. Now he knew: in a flash he traced the hidden hand, the motive, that had so fatally pursued him—from affluence to ruin, from proud power to the threshold of the gallows' gate!

"Run down!" he murmured, in a lost and helpless tone.

"Yes," came the prompt, discordant response. "I swore it—I have achieved it. And you—you have acknowledged all. The face of the dead on yonder canvas—Aye! you remember it. It brought confession to your lips! And I can only drag you to jail! That does not give me back my brother—poor, pitiful recompense. But you shall listen, you shall know what tireless resolve has done to rid society of its worst foe. I have snatched the cup of Croesus from your lips—I have undermined your every ambition. Thus I have done it. Writhe, weep, rave, but naught will avail you. Your hour has come!"

So Gideon Hope fervently believed. This was his moment of triumph. Into the craven, crushed face he shouted his story—a record almost incredible. He did not mention his helpers—only of the plain, strong facts he told, of the giant strokes that had assailed the great wall of power and wealth, and battered down every approach, destroyed every drawbridge of escape.

He was in a frenzy as he spoke. He could have torn the wretch in his grasp to pieces. He felt all his usual calm and steady methods fly to the winds, but he reined little. Here was the climax he had striven for, this final arraignment, and he poured forth his soul.

"To your feet!" he shouted, suddenly. Kane was brought upright like a child in the grasp of a Hercules.

"And then?" chattered his prisoner, incoherent with terror.

"Your doom!"

"Stop—wait!" hotly panted Kane. "You can prove nothing absolutely. Let us bargain. If money—"

"You have none."

"I can secure it."

"Ha!"

Scorn, disdain—cold and entire—showed in Hope's eyes. He dragged his companion toward the open window, intent on proclaiming his rightful character, first to those who had been his friends, and then to the mob in the streets below.

"Wait a moment, I say," pleaded Kane, holding back.

"No!" thundered Hope.

"You must! You shall!"

"Insult—then defiance! You scum!"

In hot anger Hope released the man, but only to sweep him back with a swift blow he could not restrain.

Both power and frenzy were in the movement, and the ex-millinaire spun through the air, a playing of caprice.

With a crash he struck the frail metal railing encircling the balcony. Hope, too late appraised of the full power of his blow, and then appalled, saw the railing give. It cracked, broke, brittle, and, shooting the darkness like a falling cloud, Kane went speeding outward and then downward, without time to even utter a cry for help or of terror.

(To be continued.)

A Discarded Throne.

On the eve of the Franco-German war when the Emperor Louis Napoleon entered upon the conflict which ended so disastrously to himself and his countrymen a couple of strangers appeared at a German town. They brought with them a large packing case, which on their arrival was carried to a hotel. Here the unknown visitors remained some time and eventually disappeared without paying their bill, which amounted to a considerable sum.

The landlord, whose curiosity had often been aroused with reference to the possible contents of the case, at last determined to open it, and on doing so found a handsomely designed and richly upholstered state chair. This was adorned with the French imperial arms, eagle and Louis Napoleon's monogram, and beneath it was a musical box which played when the cushion was sat upon.

It is supposed that the throne—for such it is believed to have been—in the event of success attending the French army was to have been used by the emperor at Berlin after the capture of the German metropolis. Fate, however, spoiled the imperial plans; hence the sudden and precipitate flight of the custodians of the chair. The widow of the hotel keeper a few years later sent it to England, where it eventually found a purchaser—Stray Strides.

The manager of the first baseball team which won a national championship was Hicks Haysburst. He managed the Philadelphia Athletics in 1871.

The human body contains enough hydrogen gas to fill a balloon that would actually lift the owner into the clouds.

Greatest depth of the Atlantic ocean is 27,360 feet; Pacific ocean, 30,000 feet.

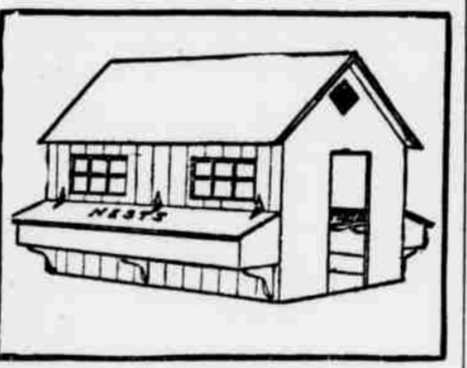
# PERCY AND GARDEN

**Select Brood Sows.**  
Many put off selecting the brood sows which they need for breeding next year until late in the fall or right at breeding time. When this is done we are apt to take the best-looking individuals, losing sight of many of the essentials of a real good breeder. I believe in keeping over all the old sows which have proved good mothers and whose pigs are thrifty. Not all sows which bring big litters are desirable breeders, because some litters lack stamina and never become thrifty. Cut these sows out, no matter if they do bring ten to twelve pigs. Then cut out the cross, ill-tempered sows, and the chicken eaters. Save every old sow that is really a good mother. Many of these old sows suckle down to almost skin and bones, but in doing that they have given their litters a mighty good start, and good feed will fetch them up in condition quickly. The selection of the young sows is a much harder problem. I never pick for "butter-balls." They seldom make satisfactory breeders, and after a few months they are bound to lose in condition. Take the rather coarse, thrifty ones, coming from big litters and from mothers which you intend to keep.—L. C. B., in the Indiana Farmer.

**Corn and Peas for Silo.**  
The corn is most easily handled by cutting with a corn binder and using a silage cutter of a sufficient capacity to avoid the necessity of cutting bands. When corn is fully tasseled it contains less than one-fourth as much dry matter as when the ears are fully glazed. From this time to maturity the increase is but slight. Records of the cost of silo filling were kept by the Illinois experiment station on ten different farms and the cost was found to range from 40 to 70 cents a ton, the average being 56 cents a ton.

That silage should keep well the corn should not be cut until most of the kernels are glazed and hard. If too ripe the silage will not settle well and the air will not be sufficiently excluded to prevent spoiling. Corn seems to be the best single crop for the silo, and by combining it with cow peas or soy beans the feeding value is greater than for that of corn alone. Of 373 comparisons made between silage and non-silage milk, 60 per cent were in favor of the silage milk, 29 per cent were in favor of non-silage and 11 per cent indicated no preference.

**Destable Poultry House.**  
One of the best arrangements for nests which can be opened without en-



HENS' NESTS ON THE OUTSIDE.  
The remaining house is shown in the picture. The nests open directly into the laying shed and a tight lid will keep them perfectly dry in all kinds of weather.

**Farm Standards Higher.**  
One thing that will cut considerable ice in the labor question: The man who has been studying the books and good farm papers, and kept up with the procession in new ways of doing things will find that he has a better grip on his job than the man who has not. Many a man has kept his position because he has taken an interest in his work and has learned how to farm according to modern methods when other men could have been hired in his place for one-third less wages. There is no doubt that the standard of farm labor is getting into a higher notch every year, and we have got to hustle and learn about things by reading books, good farm papers and attending the institutes. Get the hunger for reading, boys.

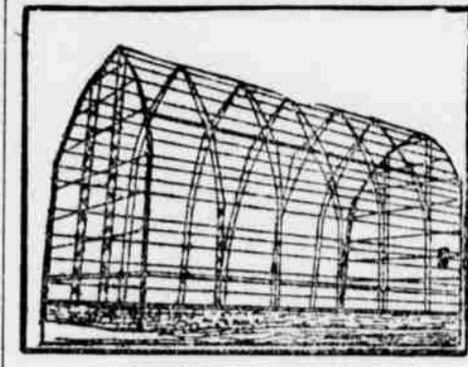
**Cure for Sheep Killer.**  
An Ohio farmer, after suspecting the dogs of all his neighbors of killing his sheep, finally discovered that the murderer was his own prize collie. As the animal is very valuable the farmer did not kill him, but subjected him to punishment which he believes has thoroughly cured him of his killing propensities. Every morning the dog is placed in a tread mill which operates the farm churn, washing machine and other utilities, with a sheep pelt hung directly in front of him, and he is compelled to work all day long in this position. So keen is the dog's grief over this punishment that he howls and cries when he is placed in the treadmill, and it is necessary to confine him carefully to prevent his running away. One day he was set to work and the sheep pelt was omitted. The dog was so overjoyed that he showed every manifestation of pleasure and worked vigorously all day, but on the next day when he went to work and found his nose rubbing the pelt his grief was uncontrollable.

**Cost of Feeding.**  
From experience of feeders at the experiment stations the pig increases with greatest profit until 6 or 7 months old, when it has reached the maximum. After that the gains require a larger amount of grain to produce a given amount of pork, and they should be fattened and disposed of.

One bushel of corn made thirteen and one-third pounds of pork at 6 months old, at 7 months old one bushel made 13.2 pounds, and at 8 months old one bushel made 12.8 pounds.

While there are varying conditions that have their influence upon the amount of gain made, it is a general principle that after 6 or 7 months the amount of gain from a bushel of corn is on a decreasing scale, and it has been demonstrated again and again that the first hundred pounds costs less than the second, and the third less than the fourth hundred, and that to produce the fourth hundred too often costs double as much as the second hundred.

**Steel Frame for Barns.**  
The picture shows a new style of frame for barns. It is made entirely



BARN FRAME OF STEEL.

of steel. Heavy planks are bolted on to the frames, onto which are nailed the roof and siding as in ordinary barns.

**Elements Necessary to Plant Life.**  
One acre of soil of medium fertility, taken to depth of 9 inches, would weigh about 3,000,000 pounds, and contain nitrogen, 200 pounds; potash, 6,000 pounds. There is enough nitrogen to provide for ten crops of corn, sixty bushels to the acre, while the phosphoric acid and potash would last much longer. There are fourteen elements necessary to plant life, and of these carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine, silicon, calcium, iron, magnesium, potassium and sodium are derived from the soil, though several are also in part derived from the air.

**To Cure Warts.**  
The common way of removing warts — by tying a silk thread around — too often proves disappointing in that the trouble returns in a short time, perhaps in a more malignant form. A practical horseman declares this simple remedy to be a perfect cure: Five cents' worth of bloodroot and 10 cents' worth of chlorate of zinc. Mix together in a paste and put on twice a day. After two or three applications grease with lard until the roots come out.

**Tube to Supply Air to Tree Roots.**  
An inventor in Algeria, Africa, has devised and had patented an air tube for supplying air to tree roots. The tube is made of ceramicware, and is almost indestructible. Placed in the ground beside a tree, with the top slightly above the surface to admit the air, the young roots find their way through a number of holes. Experiments have proved, says Popular Mechanics, that the growth of vegetation has been greatly advanced by its use.

**Clearing the Ground of Stumps.**  
There is no better way to clear land from stumps than by first loosening the soil about the roots with dynamite and then using some kind of a stump puller, of which there are many good ones in the market. It would not be safe for an amateur to use dynamite without first working for a time with some one skilled in its use.—Suburban Life.

**The Best Eggs.**  
There is a constantly growing demand for eggs that are both uniform in size and color. Such eggs, while not demanded, are generally the first selected and, all other things being even, they will sell more readily. About the only way one can judge of eggs offhand is by their appearance, and if all are uniform in color and size they will be more likely to command a better price.

**When to Plant Cherries.**  
About the best time to plant cherry trees is in early fall or very early in spring. It is better to plant in October, even before the leaves fall, stripping the leaves off, than it is late, just before winter sets in. In fact, many trees would do better than they do were they set early, stripping their leaves, not waiting for the leaves to fall.

**Notes from the Dairy.**  
Bad cream will never make good butter.

Use only salt that is fine in quality and grain for butter.

Cream left on the milk too long will get bitter and rancid.

As a rule churning is put off too long in the winter time.

In the perfect creamery the animal heat and odor are got rid of as soon as possible.

The cream pot should have its contents stirred every day at least, and every time any cream is added. This insures an even ripening and better quality of butter.



- 1519—Cortez entered the Indian city of Tlascala.
  - 1535—Carrier left his ship and proceeded up the St. Lawrence in boats.
  - 1638—De Vries sailed from Holland on his third expedition to America.
  - 1671—Mediators between the colonists and the Indians met at Plymouth.
  - 1689—Count Frontenac arrived in Canada to reassume the government of the province.
  - 1693—The British army adopted the ring-bayonet.
  - 1737—The Hebrews disfranchised by a vote of the New York Legislature.
  - 1776—Congress appointed Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Thomas Jefferson commissioners to the court of France. The new constitution of Pennsylvania was formally proclaimed.
  - 1779—Paul Jones with the Bon Homme Richard captured the British frigate Serapis.
  - 1780—Americans under Gen. Marion attacked a party of Tories at Black Mingo.
  - 1780—Samuel Osgood of Massachusetts became Postmaster General of the United States.
  - 1803—First Catholic church in Boston, Mass., dedicated.
  - 1813—Americans defeated the British in battle of Lake Ontario.
  - 1815—First daily paper printed at Albany, N. Y.
  - 1828—A monument was unveiled in Charlestown, Mass., to the memory of John Harvard.
  - 1830—Treaty between France and Texas signed at Paris.
  - 1850—A Boston merchant paid \$626 for the choice of seats for the first performance of Jenny Lind in that city.
  - 1854—A reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada signed by the governor general. United States sloop Albany sailed from Aspinwall and was never more heard of.
  - 1855—The corner stone of the Masonic Temple was laid in Philadelphia.
  - 1862—Gen. Nelson shot by Gen. Jeff C. Davis at Louisville.
  - 1863—Confederate troops attacked Gen. Burnside at Knoxville.
  - 1864—Union troops victorious in a conflict with the Confederate forces at Athens, Ala.
  - 1865—The Bank of Concord, Mass., robbed of \$200,000.
  - 1868—Gov. Warrington's veto of the negro equity bill was sustained in the Louisiana House. Gen. McClellan welcomed in New York upon his return from Europe.
  - 1870—President Grant paid a visit to Boston.
  - 1880—The judicial system of the United States established by act of Congress.
  - 1891—A strike began on the Canadian Pacific railway.
  - 1893—Naval parade in New York harbor in honor of Admiral Dewey.
  - 1902—A \$800,000 fire in Stockton, Cal.
  - 1904—Earl Grey was appointed governor general of Canada.
  - 1905—Robert Bacon resigned as director of the steel trust to become first Assistant Secretary of State. Disastrous fire in the business section of Butte, Mont. Highest court in Canada denied the appeal of Greeno and Gaynor against extradition.
  - 1906—Race riots continued in Atlanta; two negroes lynched. Mayor McClellan of New York, announced that he would support William R. Hearst for Governor.
  - 1907—Cuban agitators were arrested near Havana.
- FACTS FOR FARMERS.**
- In Norman county, Minn., wheat has been threshing out 20 bushels to the acre. Barley and flax are exceptionally good.
- The State land department of South Dakota has made the first offering of State lands in the old Fort Sully military reservation, which was practically all taken by the State at the time it was thrown open to settlement.
- While the South Dakota State veterinarian and the government authorities are watching the anthrax situation in the counties of the southeastern part of the State, the Governor's office is yet receiving complaints in regard to the situation, and demanding something more in the way of stamping the disease out. All such complaints are turned over to the officials who have the situation in charge for investigation. From reports the indications are that the situation in that part of the State is of a serious nature, and will require careful handling to get the disease stamped out.
- The Red river valley is being invaded by representatives of seed houses in the Southwest who are after the potatoes grown in this section to use for seed potatoes through Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas.
- Following out his declaration of immunity to any one defending lives or property against night riders, Gov. Wilson of Kentucky granted pardons to Walter Duncan, who was convicted of shooting and killing Newt Harlott at Jacksonville, Shelby county, in June, and Riley Harrold, who was indicted as an accessory to the murder.