

# Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

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

## CHAPTER XIX.

In spite of many anxieties, after this eventful day I enjoyed the first decent night's rest I had had for a week. The Colonel refused, with an unnecessary ostentation of scorn, my patriotic offer to keep watch and ward over the city, and I turned in, tired out at eleven o'clock, after a light dinner. I felt I had some reasons for self-congratulations, for considering as my present difficulties were, yet I undoubtedly stood in a more hopeful position than I had before the revolution. I was now resolved to get my money safe out of the country, and I had hopes of being too much for McGregor in the other matter which shared my thoughts.

The return of the day, however, brought new troubles. I was roused at an early hour by a visit from the Colonel himself. He brought very disquieting tidings. In the course of the night every one of our proclamations had been torn down or defaced with ribald scribbles; posted over or alongside them there now hung multitudes of enlarged copies of the President's offensive orders, and by whom these seditious measures had been effected we were at a loss to tell, for the officers and troops were loud in declaring their vigilance. In the very center of the Piazza, at the base of the President's statue, was posted an enormous bill, "Remember 1871! Death to Traitors!"

"How would they do that unless the soldiers were in it?" asked the Colonel gloomily. "I've sent those two companies back to the barracks and had another lot out. But how do I know they'll be any better?" I met DeChair just now and asked him what the temper of the troops was. The little brain grinner said: "Ah, mon President, it would be better if the good soldiers had a little more money."

"That's about it," said I; "but then you haven't got much more money."

"What I've got I mean to stick to," said the Colonel. "If this thing is going to burst up, I'm not going to be kicked out to starve. I tell you what it is, Martin, you must let me have some of that cash back again."

The effrontery of this request amazed me. The man's want of ordinary morality was too revolting. Didn't he know very well that the money wasn't mine? Didn't he himself obtain his help on the express terms that I should have this money to repay the bank with?

"Not a farthing, Colonel; not a farthing! By our agreement that cash was to be mine; but for that I wouldn't have touched your revolution with a pair of tongs."

He looked very savage, and muttered something under his breath.

"You're trying things with a high hand," he said.

"I'm not going to steal to please you," said I.

"You weren't always so scrupulous," he sneered.

I took no notice of this insult, but repeated my determination.

"Look here, Martin," he said, "I'll give you twenty-four hours to think it over; and let me advise you to change your mind then. I don't want to quarrel, but I'm going to have some of that money."

Clearly he had learned statecraft in his predecessor's school. "Twenty-four hours is something," thought I, and determined to try the cunning of the serpent.

"All right, Colonel," I said, "I'll think it over. I don't pretend to like it; but after all, I'm in with you and we must pull together. We'll see how things look to-morrow morning."

"There's another matter I wanted to speak to you about," he went on.

I invited him into the breakfast room, gave him a cup of coffee (which, to my credit, I didn't poison), and began on my own eggs and toast.

"I'm away," said I briefly.

"I suppose you know I'm going to be married?" he remarked.

"No, I hadn't heard," I replied, feigning to be entirely occupied with a very nimble egg. "Rather a busy time for marrying, isn't it? Who is she?"

"You needn't pretend to be so very innocent; I expect you could give a pretty good guess."

"Madame Deveraux?" I asked blandly.

"Suitable match; about your age—"

"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny!" he exclaimed. "You know as well as I do it's the Colonel's girl."

"Really?" I replied. "Well, well, I fancied you were a little touched in that quarter. And she has consented to make you happy?"

I was curious to see what he would say. I knew he was a bad liar, and as a fact, I believe he told the truth on this occasion, for he answered:

"Says she never carried a stray for anyone else."

"Not even Whittingham?" I asked maliciously.

"Hates the old ruffian!" said the Colonel. "I once thought she had a liking for you, Martin, but she laughed at the idea. I'm glad of it, for we should have fallen out."

I smiled in a somewhat sickly way, and took refuge in my cup. When I emerged, I asked:

"And when is it to be?"

"Next Saturday. Fact is, between you and me, Martin, she's ready enough."

This was too disgusting. But whether the Colonel was deceiving me or the Signorina had deceived him, I didn't know; a little bit of both, probably. I saw, however, that the Colonel's game was plainly enough he was in his clumsy way, warning me off his pretensions, and of course, he knew my pretensions, for of course, I think I imposed on him very much. But I was anxious to avoid a rupture and gain time.

"I must call and congratulate the lady," I said.

The Colonel couldn't very well object to that, but he didn't like it.

"Well, Christina told me she was very busy, but I dare say she'll see you for a few minutes."

"I dare say she will," I said dryly.

"I must be off now. I shall have to be busy trying to catch those fellows who destroy the bills."

"You won't be doing any business today, then?"

"What about settling the government?" I asked, grinning. "Not just yet. Wait till I've got the Signorina and the money, and then we'll see about that. You think about the money, my boy."

Much to my relief he then departed, and as he went out I roared that neither Signorina nor money should he have. In the course of the next twenty-four hours I must find a way to prevent him.

"Rather early for a call," said I, "but I must see the Signorina."

On my way up I met several people and heard some interesting facts. In the first place, no trace had appeared of Don An-

And indeed she looked at this moment a dangerous subject for such treatment. "I know what no one else knew, and I could influence him as no one else could, and I had my revenge. But now," she said, "it all ends in nothing."

And she broke down, sobbing. Then, recovering herself, and motioning me to be still, she went on:

"You must be quiet and cautious. But I must go to-night—to-night, Jack, either with you or to the President."

"My darling, you shall come with me," said I.

"Where?"

"Oh, out of this somewhere."

I was full of rage against McGregor, but I couldn't afford the luxury of indulging it, so I gave my whole mind to finding a way out for me. At last I seemed to hit upon a plan. The Signorina saw the inspiration in my eye.

"Have you got it, Jack?" she said.

"I think so—if you will trust yourself to me, and don't mind an uncomfortable night."

"Go on."

"You know my little steam launch? It will be dark tonight. If we can get on board with a couple of hours' start we can show anybody a clean pair of heels. She travels a good pace, and it's only fifty miles to safety and foreign soil. I shall land there a beggar."

"I don't mind that, Jack," she said.

"I have my five thousand, and aunt will join us with the rest. But how are we to get on board? Besides, oh, Jack! the President watches the coast every night with the Songstress—and you know she's got steam—Mr. Carr just had auxiliary steam put in."

"No," I said, "I didn't know about that. Look here, Christina, excuse the question, but can you communicate with the President?"

"Yes," she said, after a second's hesitation.

"And will he believe what you tell him?"

"I don't know. He might and he might not. He'll probably act as if he didn't."

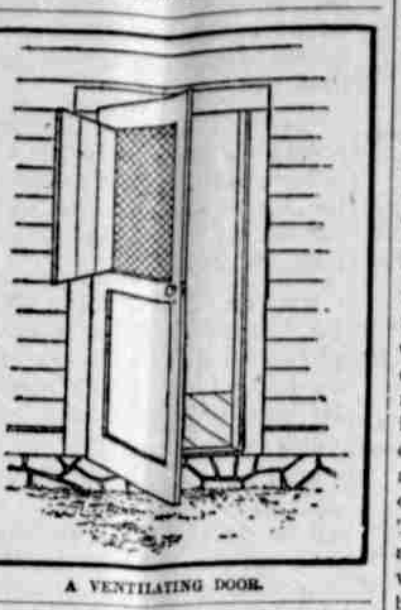
"Well, we must chance it," I said. "At any rate, better be caught by him than stay here. We were, perhaps, a little hasty with that revolution of ours."

(To be continued.)



### Convenient Hen House Door.

It is frequently desired to allow ventilation through the henhouse without opening the doors so that the fowls may get out. An arrangement which makes this possible is shown in the cut, consisting of an opening in the upper half of the door, inside of which a screen is placed. This allows ventilation in the henhouse without draft upon the birds, ordinary poultry netting may be used in the opening, with a tight boarded shutter to be



### How to Drive a Well.

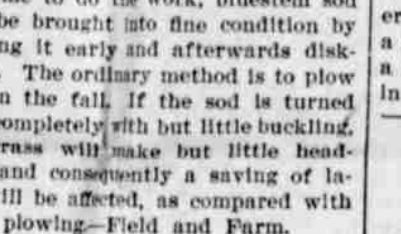
In many sections of the country where there is a gravelly substratum, the obtaining of water is a comparatively simple matter by means of a driven well, says Farming. The method is as follows: A section of pipe (a quarter) is fitted with a point of iron. This pipe is bored full of holes, which are covered with a brass gage. The point is driven into the ground by a sledge hammer and five-foot sections of galvanized iron pipe are joined to it as it is driven into the ground. Frequent tests are made with a pitehr pump to discover when water has been reached. This method of obtaining water is not altogether satisfactory, because from the very nature of things the work has to be done blindly, and very often one is obliged to give up entirely after having driven twenty or thirty feet of pipe through quicksand from which no water can be obtained.

### Maturing Peach Trees.

The Nebraska experiment station has demonstrated that rapidly growing peach trees are made hardier in both wood and fruit bud by the use of a cover-crop. By drying the ground somewhat in late summer the growth of the trees is checked and the wood matures properly before the advent of freezing weather. Cover-crops that survive the winter—rye, for instance—are detrimental to orchards, because they dry the ground excessively in spring when the trees need abundant moisture. Cover-crops that are killed by the early frosts are better than those which live later, because as soon as killed they stop drying the soil, catch fall rains and winter snows and check evaporation.

### Gate for the Farm.

This gate can be made from the farmer's wood pile. A is main post, B is a post 4 inches in diameter, setting on a stone, D about 10 inches thick, half in the ground, with a depression in center.

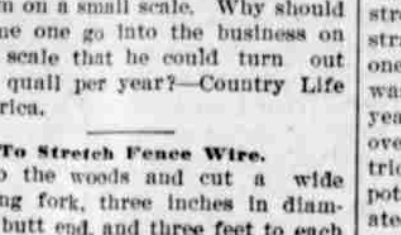


### Security of Quail.

Quail starved to death by thousands in the winter of 1904-05, but last winter they had an easy time except in February and March. From Massachusetts to Indiana the quail are so scarce that restocking has become necessary. The birds for this purpose are hard to find. More than 100,000 have been captured in Alabama and the southwest, and have been shipped north for breeding. Even this supply is inadequate, and may not last long. The quail is perhaps our most popular game bird, and a market will be found for all that can be procured. Complete success has been had in raising them on a small scale. Why should not some one go into the business on such a scale that he could turn out 100,000 quail per year?—Country Life in America.

### To Stretch Fence Wire.

Go to the woods and cut a wide spreading fork, three inches in diameter at butt end, and three feet to each



### World's Sheep Supply.

This country is beginning to gain slowly in its number of sheep and yield of wool. But here the lamb and mutton demand has developed so rapidly that from this cause the increase is slower than in some other countries. Argentina seems to stand at the head now in numbers, having 74,379,562 head, and Australia 72,322,918. Russia is third, with about 53,000,000, and the United States next, with 45,170,423. The United Kingdom claims 29,076,777. France has 17,800,985 sheep, against Germany's 7,907,173. Cape Colony has 11,515,829 sheep and Natal 726,752.

### Improving Live Stock.

Improvement by selection has made the live stock of this country more valuable. It was once supposed that a three-minute gait in trotting was very fast, and the four-mile running horses barely accomplished the distance in eight minutes. A 60-pound sheep was large, and the razor-back hog was every farm. To-day we have trotting horses that have gotten close to a mile in two minutes, the runner has nearly reached a minute and a half, while sheep that weigh 400 pounds alive are not rare.

### No Divorce for Him.

Browning: They say Skinner's wife treats him shamefully. Greening: Why doesn't he get a divorce? Browning: He's afraid to. All his money is in her name.

### Both Sides of It.

Her—There's nothing more disgusting than a boy who acts girlish. Him—With the possible exception of a girl who acts boyish.

The people of Thibet rarely wash, finding it warmer to be dirty.

### Use and Value of the Silo.

The use and value of the silo has made phenomenal progress throughout the country during recent years. In 1888 the United States Agricultural Department reported only ninety silos in the country. The recent report finds approximately 500,000. Formerly the benefits of the silo were almost wholly unknown to the average farmer; now it is found to be a necessity on thousands of farms. This is especially true in the corn belt, where the silo is almost a necessity in economical dairying. Recent experiments prove conclusively that the use of silage is quite as much of a necessity in beef production as it not only provides a palatable, succulent, healthy food, but enables the farmer to keep about twice the number of live stock as before the advent of the silo. It not only produces nearly double the quantity of dairy products and beef, but augments the fertility of the soil. The silo is here to stay, and every farmer should plan to have one. With all its other advantages, there is no other way that roughage can be so cheaply stored.

### Let other lands, exulting, gleam

The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our plows their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeable April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain  
Beneath the sun of May  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frost-kissed leaves  
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,  
And winter winds are cold,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the eye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God.  
—John G. Whittier.

### The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside,  
I wandered by the mill,  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The only sound was still;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm tree,  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid;  
For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—  
The night came on alone—  
The little stars sat one by one,  
Each on his golden throne;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind—  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind;  
I drew me nearer—nearer—  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.  
—Lord Houghton.

### PAPERS WALL WITH CHECKS

Remind Owner of Time When He Was Prosperous.

Sitting many hours a day gazing reminiscently at the walls of a square room papered with canceled bank checks, Gerald de Costa, a queer old character, is passing the last days of his life, says a New York World correspondent at River Denys, Cape Breton. Physicians say that he has an incurable disease and order him to lie down, but he insists on sitting up, that he may look at the checks.

De Costa went from London to Chicago after the great fire which devastated the Windy city and became a prosperous grain merchant. He continued to wax rich until the panic of 1893, when he was forced to the wall and fell practically penniless. While wealthy he did a big business through banks, and as he always kept the checks after they had come back by way of the clearing house he had nearly a trunkful at the time he failed.

These checks he has always treasured as souvenirs of his prosperous days and when he came here in 1898 and bought a small house between River Denys and Port Hood he papered the walls of one of his rooms with them. They are drawn on at least twenty banks, and DeCosta declares he can tell what each paid for. That is all the more remarkable, as the man settled his personal as well as his business obligations with paper. He never carried more than a dollar in cash in his pockets at one time, and if a man didn't want to cash a check he made no sale.

De Costa says that he would rather look at the checks than eat his dinner, and this is literally true, for all his meals are served in the check room.

### Essential of a Silo.

The proper construction of the silo is of the greatest importance. If the sides of the silo are not airtight, too much air is admitted and the silage will spoil. If the walls are not perfectly rigid the presence of the silage will cause them to spring out, thus allowing air to enter between the silage and the wall, and, again, the result is decayed silage.

Before building a silo the most careful attention should be given to location, size, form and method of construction. These will differ somewhat according to locality and individual needs.—Farming.

### Fruit Trees and Rabbits.

When snow is on the ground rabbits have a hard time securing food and will eat anything that will prevent starvation. It is then that they girdle trees and do damage which is not withstanding in the power of the farmer to repair. Smearing the trunk with blood or wrapping the trees with tarred paper or mosquito netting two feet from the ground serves as a protection.

## THE WORLD'S RICHEST WOMAN.

Disdaining Princely Suitors, She Marries a Poor Man.

Disdaining princely wooers and darning the crown of her Emperor, the world's richest woman was married to a poor man. Bertha Krupp is a girl who is accustomed to have her own way, and when her heart went out to Gustav von Bohlen and Halbach she announced that she would marry him though the whole world might object. The young man chosen to share her tremendous power and her almost uncounted millions is 35 years old, is secretary to the Prussian legation at the Vatican in Rome, and possesses not a dollar beyond his insignificant salary. He is a clean-cut young man, however, of good family, and the match is one prompted purely by love on both sides. Emperor William, who was a great friend of the young woman's father and in a sort of sense her guardian, objected strenuously, but Bertha went to him and told him she would marry the man of her choice though all the crowned heads in Europe flung objections. Then William gave in and accepted an invitation to be present at the wedding, which took place in the great gun room of the Krupp works at Essen.

No one knows exactly what Bertha Krupp is worth. Her fortune is estimated all the way from \$75,000,000 to \$225,000,000, and is probably nearer the latter figure than the former. She is the principal owner of the great Krupp works, where 65,000 men are employed in the foundries; she owns a fleet of steamers carrying coal and iron between Hamburg and Spain; she



has mines by the score in Germany and a number of quarries and shipyards at Kiel. She is not yet 21 years of age, but exerts more commercial influence and possesses a greater industrial power than any other woman in the world. She is a pretty girl with a dark, rich complexion; dresses plainly and is a superb horsewoman. She is in close touch with the gigantic industries under her control and knows personally thousands of her begrimed employes. Her delight is visiting their families, looking after their needs in sickness and sharing their joys in their health and prosperity.

After the wedding the bride announced that she and her husband would give \$250,000 toward the workmen's invalid fund. Her mother said she would give another \$250,000 and would also donate 125 acres of land on which to build modern economical cottages for the workmen.

The great Krupp fortune, to which she fell the principal and directing heir, is one of the most gigantic in the world. The history of the Essen factory dates back to 1810, when Peter Frederick Krupp began his experiments in steel-making and was ruined thereby. His son, Alfred Krupp, left an orphan at 14, was the real founder of the house. He took up the experiments where his father had left them, and from the manufacture of unwielded tires for wagon wheels drifted into the making of guns. When the Prince Regent of Prussia, afterward Emperor William I. of Germany, gave Krupp an order for 300 guns, he made the future of the works secure. Since that time more than 40,000 gigantic weapons have been supplied to no less than thirty-five nations and States. To-day the Krupp field gun is the basis of the mobile artillery of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia and Turkey.

For three generations the Krupp works had descended from father to son, but there was no son to succeed Baron Frederick Krupp. But Bertha had been her father's chum and confidante and she knew almost as much about the works as he did. Therefore he named her as his successor, and she has proved well equipped for the task.

### His Own Son.

Richard Seddon, then premier of New Zealand, was very active in urging the colony to send troops to aid the mother country in South Africa during the Boer war, says the New York Tribune. On one occasion he was taunted by an opposition member with readiness to sacrifice the lives of the colony's manhood.

"You are ready enough to send our sons and brothers to be shot at, but—" began the opponent.

"Sir," interrupted the premier, "I have this morning signed a commission for my own son—and I have dared him to come back without a wound."

His critic was effectually silenced.

### What Caused the Explosion.

A sweet little girl, the pride of the family, rushed into the bedroom one afternoon where her mamma was indulging in the afternoon nap and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, there is a man in the kitchen hugging the hired girl." Seeing the look of surprise on her mamma's face she clapped her hands and cried: "April fool! It's only papa!"—Oakley (Kan.) Graphic.

Every Monday we wonder what people do on Sunday to make them so cross on Monday. We know what we did; we ate gravy, and chicken dumpings, and pie.

There is such a demand for selves in the house that any man can become known as a good husband by hammering up a few.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to hunt the neighbor's geese to get goose quills with which to make potato shooters?

