

# A Political Vendetta

By  
WELDON J. COBB

## CHAPTER VI.

Gideon Hope had said he had two objects to attain: to reach the man controlling the patents on "the Kane-Latimer metal process," to revolutionize a political situation.

There was a third motive he had in view, but he did not state it to Michael Delehanty, or to the Amalgamated messenger: the crowning desire of his life was to secure some positive proof that Percy Kane was the murderer of his brother.

He had profound faith in the existence, somewhere, somehow, of an incriminating clue. Sometimes it would come to light. But if there was no such evidence, no witness, Hope determined to resort to any means to finally urge the millionaire schemer to a confession.

His—Hope's—was the task to reduce this man to poverty, to subvert every ambition and joy of his life.

But to follow that other trail, to bring actually home to Kane his crime—that had been left for the deft hand of a woman—Claire Tremaine.

Two days after the peculiar error which had "disguised" Gideon Hope most effectually, a beautiful young girl sat at a richly carved desk in the private office of the new iron magnate of the Kanawha district.

It was a luxurious apartment, supplied with every model modern accessory known to progressive business. Handsome decorations covered the walls, soft velvet rugs were scattered about the polished hardwood floors. The ornate in leather, oak and bronze supplied each corner and niche, and rich electric light chandeliers supplied the place with constant illumination.

Claire Tremaine had been in the employ of the company for three months. Under Gideon Hope's tutelage she had been trained, steered, for the part she was to play. Kane had never seen her during his dealings with her father, for the motherless girl had been away at school over three years, spending her vacation at the home of an aunt in Maryland, where her father went to visit her.

So she had few acquaintances when she came home finally to reign as queen of the fair palace her father had erected for what he believed would be a rare, happy future. Here at Stanton there seemed no probability of ever meeting any old seminary friend. Still she had considerably altered her appearance. But this had not detracted from her beauty; the assumption of the character of a poor young girl compelled to earn her daily bread—it had rather heightened her graces and loveliness that had at once won her a position as copy clerk, a promotion to the stenographer desk, and finally that of special private secretary to Percy Kane himself.

Claire was alone in the private office. Her eyes were sadly fixed upon the busy scene of labor without. In memory she went back over the past few weeks. Her lip trembled, her bosom rose and fell with varied stirring emotions.

Then a sudden determination nerved her, and she drove from soul and face the fitting tenderer sentiments that had intruded.

She drew a letter from a drawer to which she alone had the key. She opened and read it over.

"Dear Mr. Hope: I have for you the information you desired of the metal process patents.

"Of the other information I have found nothing. If he has in his possession any document or record incriminating him, or even linking him with the Consolidated Silver Company, he carefully conceals the same in some place elsewhere.

"I am at my post. I serve, I wait, as you desire, but I must see you. The ordeal is too severe! Something has happened. He—but I will not write what I must tell you.

"You must take me away from here—something has happened, as I tell you, and I must see you!"

She arose quickly, bestowing the letter at her belt. A man entered the room—massive, overt, overdressed—one of the "big four" who had engineered the deal that made a resolutely quartet of censors of the metal markets of the world.

He had the grace to remove from his mouth the cigar he was smoking as he asked:

"Kane in?"

"No, sir."

She shivered at the leering, sensuous glance of this man, a figure-head at the champagne supper directors' meeting, a being who would have been a fixture in some tannery or digging sewers but for his usefulness to Kane.

He passed out. She caught his chuckling remark to the clerk in the next room as he went out of sight:

"If it wasn't for Kane, I'd take some pains to cultivate Miss Rockford myself!"

Claire stood erect, flushing, smarting to the soul—contact with these men sullied every womanly instinct.

"I can not endure it!" she said. Just then the telephone bell in an adjoining closet rang. She went to the instrument.

Claire forgot everything except the business of the moment as she received "he message coming over the wires.

It was a long-distance announcement from Pittsburgh, and it told of the consummation of one of the largest foreign contracts ever awarded an American firm, but consequent upon the immediate presence of Mr. Kane in New York.

It was so important that Claire knew she must lose no time in getting her employer to the 'phone to answer in person.

She hastened into the outer office and addressed the inquiry clerk:

"Where is Mr. Kane?"

"He has just gone over with the superintendent beyond the casting shed, to see about the erection of a new hoisting crane," was the response.

Claire glanced about the office. She

was conscientious to the point that, though here for an ulterior purpose, she was loyal to the exigencies of the business regime of the institution.

One or two of the mill messenger boys were in sight, but they might daily; Mr. Kane might not understand from them how imperative was the necessity of the moment.

"I will go and tell him myself," decided Claire.

She ran back to the 'phone, ordered the wire held, and passed quickly out of the quarters into the open air.

She had to pass down a cindered road between two long shops, round the casting shop, and thus reach the spot where she knew her employer to be. It was over a quarter of a mile away by this route, so she hurried along the deserted road so rapidly that she did not notice a figure steal from a shelter shed and pursue her path.

This was Gideon Hope, awaiting an opportunity for a brief necessary word with her.

Since his whole facial presentment had been changed by that dip in the acid trough, he had ventured more boldly in and out among shops and workmen.

Claire sped on, full of her mission. As she reached the middle of the long casting shop, she fancied she descried a way of encompassing her purpose with due economy of time and distance.

Broad doors cut the exact center of the structure on two sides. She could look across and through the width of the place.

By covering three hundred feet, crossing the gutters and troughs in soft black molding sand, the set "pig iron" beds, she could come speedily to the other side, and at once discover Kane.

Her dainty feet disturbed the even, numerous rows of indentations sunk to receive the molten iron, but not sufficiently to destroy their utility, and she hurried along in the semi-gloom of the covered shed until about half way across the structure.

Then a grewsome, a hurried, sound checked her; then a flare, sudden, blinding, shot across both far ends of the building.

It seemed as if the jargon, the foul-some blaze of hell itself had let loose!

Claire stood appalled. The overwhelming, the terrible, the soul-crushing had happened—all in a moment!

This had occurred:

At either end, on a signal, because the time had come for the usual operation, the two immense blast furnaces had been opened up.

Instantly their gushed forth tons of molten metal, cascades, a torrent of it!

Quick as lightning, swift, lurid steam, it splashed into the central gutter, and spread.

Out, in—filling a score of feeder arteries, distributing veins, channels, in one throbbing, sentient minute the long, speeding rivulets of red hot metal dashed down, along, across.

Claire was environed—shut in!

Only now, in the vivid illumination, did the workers on the end platforms discover the human victim penned in.

But now no hand could stay the destroying stream; now no saving arm could reach her.

"She's lost!"

"Dear Mr. Hope: I have for you the information you desired of the metal process patents.

"No, not yet, but—"

A roar of many voices went up—a groan of hope it was, half cheer of hope.

Claire had sunk to her knees. She thought her doom had come, and was praying.

With closed eyes she felt the hot, scorching breath fly nearer, closer.

The spell-bound workers were glaring at one sudden, heroic figure.

A man had abruptly appeared at the side doorway Claire had recently entered.

It was Gideon Hope.

In an instant he saw the frightful peril of the woman whose life had become so strongly bound up with his own.

A spring, and he was on the planking spanning the upper arches of the grimy structure.

A keen run and he was nearly over her head.

There was a rattle. He had sprung to the side of a derrick, released its gearing.

Its hooked chain dropped, tangled, directed over the head of the fire-enveloped Claire.

It rattled, swung, vibrated. Those peering through spitting sparks of flame and foamy fits of steam witnessed him slide the chain like some apt sailor.

"Cling to me!"

Hoarsely, breathlessly, Hope shouted the word, lifting Claire as he spoke.

Her dress had caught ablaze. He dashed out the flaming cloth.

Her eyes opened in wild hope—in wilder surprise.

"You!" she cried in a love of joy, and unhesitatingly clasped her arms about his neck—for to cling there was her only safety.

A strange, weird emotion played across Gideon Hope's strong soul.

"You know me!" he uttered.

"Anywhere!"

He lifted hand over hand—they got safe above the blistering heat, the spiteful sparks of fire, shooting up like disappointed serpents.

He was forced to rest the weight, the tension was horrible. Their eyes met. A startling, thrilling rapture filled him.

Almost could he wish to cling there a moment thus, with that sweet face so near to his own, and drop deliriously to the lurking death beneath—obliteration of a broken life after one rapture-laden moment of ecstasy!

But he struggled anew. They reached the platform safe.

She still clung to him. He had saved her life. A shout aroused both.

A white-faced man, followed by others, was dashing down the planking towards them. It was Percy Kane.

"He is coming!" said Claire, "I must tell you something."

"You know me!" he uttered.

"Anywhere!"

He lifted hand over hand—they got safe above the blistering heat, the spiteful sparks of fire, shooting up like disappointed serpents.

He was forced to rest the weight, the tension was horrible. Their eyes met. A startling, thrilling rapture filled him.

Almost could he wish to cling there a moment thus, with that sweet face so near to his own, and drop deliriously to the lurking death beneath—obliteration of a broken life after one rapture-laden moment of ecstasy!

But he struggled anew. They reached the platform safe.

She still clung to him. He had saved her life. A shout aroused both.

A white-faced man, followed by others, was dashing down the planking towards them. It was Percy Kane.

"He is coming!" said Claire, "I must tell you something."

"Yes!"  
He was unnerved, in strange emotion—and trusted not to words.  
"That man! He—has asked—"  
Her gaze dropped. Then she continued faintly:  
"He has asked me to be his wife."  
Gideon Hope started as though stung. Then the old sternness came to his hard, iron face.

"You have found no clues—no papers? Nothing of his past?"

"Nothing," she said, weakly.

A void of agony was in the man's heart. But Kane was nearing them.

He thought of his purpose, of his murdered brother. His soul grew sick within him, his face was ashen, but justice urged.

As though pronouncing his own doom, in a harsh, hollow tone, Gideon Hope said decisively:

"You must marry this man!"

## CHAPTER VII.

White as marble, the president of the greatest iron and steel combine on earth staggered back from the ticker standing in one corner of his private office, and gasped a wild, frantic word "Incredible!"

Around him was the busy hum of industry, the air clouded with constant steam and smoke, the jar of giant hammers, the whirr and whistle of wheel and valve.

At one corner of this vast industrial city was his own nest of luxury, one of a suite of offices magnificent enough for a prince; there he stood. A man "suddenly transfixed," the white paper strip playing out from the ticker dropped from his grasp, and then he felt something give way, and the plate glass windows danced dizzily, and he fell in a senseless heap across the rich velvet tufted rug.

It was two months after the thrilling events that had culminated in the strange peril of beautiful Claire Tremaine in her stranger rescue by the man who was at once her master and her minion.

Little had the powerful confederation of millionaires, who directed and misdirected the doings of the great metal trust, recked of the insidious power that, invisible but potent, was slowly undermining the bold, strong work of years—they knew not, for they feared not.

And now a blow had fallen—one! And they dreamed not its source, not even its import.

For some minutes the great magnate lay stretched, a lump of clay. Then the door opened: Jauntily smoking a cigar, Percy Kane entered the apartment.

His eye was bright, his step firm. There was joy in his face—a new emotion that somewhat toned down the hard, sordid lines of his selfishness and avarice. He checked himself in surprise and then in dismay, and, rooted, stood staring blankly at the prostrate form at his feet.

"Worthington, man! what is this?" he exclaimed.

A cold sneer began to play over his lip, as the natural thought came to him that the president had tarried too long at the elegant private buffet in the interior reception room. Just now, however, the figure stirred. There was a moan, then a wild, convulsive shudder.

The sufferer sat up, his hand wildly, confusedly brushing his brow.

"Something snapped!" he muttered.

"Snapped?" challenged Kane, with irritation.

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"In my head! I was—I was—"

Laboriously the president struggled to his feet. He faltered toward the nearest chair. Then as he sank into it his white face grew still whiter. A sharp cry escaped his lips, and as pointed a trembling finger at the snake-like strip of ribbon, unwinding—unwinding, from the ticker, remorseless as some ghoul of fate telling off the fortunes made, unmade, at the stroke of the pendulum on the stock exchange of New York City, five hundred miles away.

"Look!" he shivered—"and read!"

"Oh! you mean—" began Kane coolly, passing toward the telegraph instrument—then a sudden excitement made him go quicker, for he began to estimate the source of his conferee's emotion.

He snatched up the snake-like coil—deft, practiced finger and eye ran along the narrow strip indented with harsh dots and dashes.

"The deuce!" he muttered, and his fine white teeth clenched and met through the Havana.

"Destruction!" he almost shouted after a second lightning-like scan of the ribbon, and the cigar dropped from between his lips, and a gray coil began to creep from the brow downward over his startled, his appalled face.

(To be continued.)

**Bolivian Indians.**

The Indian women of Bolivia are usually superior to their lords in actual intelligence; also in age, as a rule.

They earn the larger share of their mutual "living" and take the lead in most things.

As recognized head of the house the Bolivian Indian wife is much more likely to thrash her comparatively timid spouse than he is to ill use her.

In the markets, when produce has to be disposed of, she can drive a far better bargain than he could; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much privation and physical toil, labor, chew as much cocoa and drink as much strong drink.

Little or no money passes among the Bolivian Indians, their mediums of exchange being whatever they may raise or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, anywhere and any time when opportunity offers, "against the time of need," as they say. The majority are in a state of semi-intoxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days—the last named being remarkably frequent.—Boston Globe.

**He Has to Buy.**

"You know," said the soulful youth, "music is the food of love—"

"Nonsense!" replied the practical fellow, "my love prefers lobster salad, terrapin and other expensive fodder."

—Philadelphia Press.

## SULTAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.



ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Perhaps the most astonishing recent change in Turkey is that which is represented by the spectacle of the Sultan taking a drive. Until the threatened advance of two army corps upon Stambul forced Abdul Hamid to revive the constitution of 1876 the commander of the faithful never had dared to show himself outside the precincts of Yildiz kiosk, except for the Friday drive to the Selamk in the Hamidieh mosque, which is practically within the grounds of the palace. By thus showing himself freely to his people Abdul Hamid has done a good stroke of business for himself, because the Turk is a patient beast of burden, absolutely loyal to his padishah, and only asking not to be ridden to death by corrupt pashas and palace favorites. Hence the public appearances of the Sultan have been the occasion of a series of outbursts of perfectly sincere loyalty.



By a recently patented movable mold, a well organized force of laborers can lay 2 feet of cement sidewalk per minute.

A practically permanent paint, a rich brown in color, is made by grinding the bones of mummies with bitumen.

Although iron ore is found in almost every State and territory in the Union, it is mined profitably in only twenty-nine.

A Pittsburg firm is making a specialty of glass grave "stones," which show portraits of the deceased awarded in the front.

Contracts have been awarded for almost 10,000 tons of dynamite for use on the Panama canal within the next twelve months.

The Island of Formosa exported 4,121,566 pounds of camphor last year, of which 1,635,300 pounds came to the United States.

A patent has been granted to an attachment to a rocking chair to operate a fan to cool the occupant while awaying to and fro.

The United States produced 5,604 long tons of manganese last year, worth \$24,763, more than any previous year except 1902 and 1906.

Over \$225,000 has been subscribed to the Koch endowment to be applied to a crusade against tuberculosis, under the direction of Dr. Koch.

A company is being formed at St. Louis with \$2,000,000 capital to operate a line of steel barges between that city and New Orleans.

A Philadelphia foundry makes a specialty of breaking up old steel cannon and remelting the metal for more than half a hundred purposes.

A compressed air buffer has been patented for locomotives which, it is claimed, will prevent a serious wreck in the event of a collision.

Wax obtained by boiling crude ozocerite, obtained from the bituminous shales of central Poland and Hungary, is used for candles by the peasants.

The result of observations of double stars made from 1839 to 1907 at the observatory at Cambridge, England, soon will be published in book form.

More than 100,000,000 lobsters were propagated and set free by the fish commission last year, with the result that the price was cut almost in half.

A Russian inventor has brought to the United States a motor boat which he claims will make a speed of thirty-one miles an hour with a 12-horse power engine.

More rapid changes in animal and vegetable life, says Science, are taking place in New Zealand than almost anywhere else in the world. The native Polynesian race is disappearing before the European; the native wild animals amount to little in contest with imported species, many of which now run wild; the streams are full of American and European trout, which attain an enormous size; and even the forests are to be replaced by planting foreign

trees as the native ones disappear. Eleven million larches, oaks, spruces, Douglas firs and eucalypts have already been planted, and vast numbers of seedlings are coming in all the time. The reason for replacing the native trees with species from the United States, Europe and Australia is that those of New Zealand are too slow of growth, although some of them produce excellent timber. The plantations thrive everywhere.

The older countries have been stripped of their forests, in many cases to the danger-point, search is now being made for valuable woods in newer lands. Among these is Brazil, which is known to possess enormous wealth of this kind. Already the great Brazilian forests are beginning to feed the sawmills which are rapidly being erected. It has been remarked that notwithstanding the vast increase in the use of metal all over the world, the demand for wood is still growing. Many of the forests of Brazil are yet so far from the railroads that they remain in comparative safety, but others are feeling the ax. An increasing quantity of timber finds its way from the interior to Rio de Janeiro, where it is used for packing-boxes, match manufacture, and many other purposes, and a note of alarm is sounded by those who have learned what it means to strip a country of its forest resources without providing for their renewal.

## POINTING THE BONE.

**Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.**

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, tellum all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

**Different Opinions.**

"I see a man intends to let a rattlesnake bite him and depend on prayer for a cure. I call that faith."

"I call it cruelty to animals unless somebody's going to pray for the snake after it's bitten such a fool as that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If women are talking machines, men who sow wild oats should be classed as sewing machines.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

**Kam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.**

There is no tomorrow in God's calendar.

The worst of all failures is to succeed in doing wrong.

In killing snakes it is better to cut off an inch of head than a foot of tail.

Covetousness is the mother of many sins.

Even the devil will behave himself when chained.

God honors the man who is not afraid of a hard place.

Putting ball bearings on the church doors is a poor way to fill the pews.

Denouncing sin with a club in the hand is not the way Jesus did it.

The man God calls has to make a move of some kind. He can't stand still.

A boy generally gets his best from his mother and his worst from his father.

The book of Jonah was written to show that God is in favor of foreign missions.

The man who leads a prayer-meeting should neither exhaust his subject nor his congregation.

The preacher who does not get much out of the Bible for himself will get less for his people.

There is something about a real man that makes him shun a way that is carpeted with velvet.

## HOW ABOUT YOUR DOG?

Some facts which every lover of dogs should know are printed in Our Four-footed Friends. The writer of the article believes that nine dogs out of ten which their owners have to get rid of are simply the victims of careless or unkind treatment. Overfeeding and lack of exercise are the cause of ill in the canine race as well as among human beings.

Nothing is so certain to make a dog sullen or cross as chaining him up. He suffers so much from confinement that it inevitably changes his disposition. It is not only a wrong and a cruel way to treat a dog, but it is foolish, for a chained dog can be of no service to his owner excepting to bark. A tramp or burglar knows the dog cannot reach him to harm him.

A chained dog is likely to bark at a friend as well as at a foe, or at a dog running by or a passing team. The family gets used to his barking, and no one is likely to get up in the night and investigate every time the chained dog barks.

A dog that is well treated and has his freedom stays about the place and guards it. Of course there are exceptions—"tramp dogs," we call them; but the family wanting a watch dog can find one that will discriminate between friend and foe, and strike terror to the heart of evil-doers by the very fact that he is loose.

I have heard it said, and I believe it to be true, that burglars dread a little house dog inside the house more than a dog outside the house, as they have ways of quieting the latter. A dog that sleeps inside the barn is a greater safeguard to the barn than one outside and chained up.

If a dog is kept outside to guard a place he should not be chained, but should have a good-sized, comfortable dog house, facing south, raised at least six inches from the ground, as otherwise the floor will be cold and damp, and cause rheumatism. There should be a bed of loose straw or excelsior, changed frequently enough to keep it clean and dry, and always a dish full of fresh, clean water.

A dog is a living, sensitive creature, not a machine, yet he frequently gets less careful attention than the machinery men use. It is seldom a boy or even a man will take as good care of his dog as he does of his bicycle or his automobile.

A chained dog is wretched, and no one has a right to cause any creature constant suffering, even to serve what one may call a useful purpose.

## Beginning Early.

"Papa," said little Rollo, whose father was shaving himself, "didn't you tell me once that a man was a benefactor who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then a man who makes safety razors is a benefactor, isn't he?"