

# A Political Vendetta

By  
WELDON J. COBB

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)  
Hope thrilled, his eyes glistened with interest.  
"Is escape, then, possible?" he demanded quickly.  
"And easy?"  
"Show me the way to freedom, then!"  
"You pledge yourself I shall go with you?"  
"Oh, surely!"  
"To assist me if I need aid?"  
"Yes!"  
"To hasten yourself to the execution of the mission, should I be overcome and incapacitated by weakness or accident?"  
"I promise you that!"  
"And you look like a man who means what he says, and I believe in you," earnestly said the other. "Very well, then—our course is simple. Alone, I fear I could not carry out my designs, but you are strong, fearless, while I am a physical wreck. There is a window in my cell, unlike your own. An hour's work with the saw will enable you to break out the framed grating. Then there is a yard to cross, a high stone wall to scale, and—liberty! But we must wait for nightfall, for all day long the attendants here are about the garden."

Hope's energies spurred up as if by magic. His crushing experience of the past week had well nigh distracted other than a pained interest in life, but every man craves liberty, and the prospect of freedom was alluring.  
"I shall certainly hold myself solely at your service while you carry out this mission of yours," he said.  
At the allusion, the former agitation of his companion recurred.  
"My mission!" he repeated, weirdly, pacing the floor with excitement. "Heavens! when I think of it! And only twenty-four hours left! If I fail—if I fail!"

Hope placed a hand soothingly on the man's arm, for he observed that he was becoming frightfully worked up.  
"Be calm, my friend," he said, reassuringly. "You are not going to fail. It is not the way to freedom open to us?"  
"Yes, yes—it seems so."  
"Will not I be at your side to assist you?"  
Then the man's face glowed with hope! He resumed his place on the bench.  
"My name is Warren," he said, after a long, dreary pause, "and I am an expert chemist, and agent for the Vulcan Nitro-Glycerine Company of New York."

So peculiar and grim-sounding was this announcement that Hope secretly wondered if, after all, the speaker was entirely responsible for what he said, but the latter proceeded, with a manifest powerful effort to be cool and coherent:  
"It was exactly two months ago yesterday that I was struck down in the railroad wreck. This I know by computation, for I learned the day of the month from a newspaper and an overheard conversation in the garden. It is, therefore, precisely 63 days to-morrow morning that I left in the Vanduyke House, at Murryville, a satchel containing my latest chemical experiment in dynamite."  
"You mean?"  
"What I tell you. It is there now, in the closet of the room I always occupied when a guest there, pushed way back on a dusty, unused shelf."  
"Ah, I see," nodded Hope, "you fear someone may discover it, tamper with it, and create disaster?"  
"Not at all!" dissented Warren, sharply. "No one would do that, for the hotel people understand my ways, and I have frequently used the room. Again, the satchel has a warning tag attached that would at once apprise a meddling of his risk."

"Then?"  
"Listen," proceeded Warren, his tones shaking—"it is nearly ripe!"  
"Ripe?"  
"Yes."  
"I don't understand you."  
Warren wrung his hands.  
"As a chemist," he said, "I know that precisely 63 days from the date I made the mixture spontaneous explosion will positively materialize!"  
Hope gave an awed start, comprehending.  
"Then, indeed—" he began.  
"It must be reached, removed, cast into some deep river bed. Aye! or a hundred innocent lives will be blotted out. Why, man! there is enough dynamite in that little satchel to blow the Vanduyke House to atoms in an instant!"

It was fated that what Warren had planned should be in a measure carried out.  
Just after dusk Gideon Hope and his strange associate in escape removed the sawed-through window frame, let themselves down by a trellis to the garden, found a ladder, and gained the top of the high stone wall surrounding the private asylum.  
Its broad surface was littered with broken crockery and glassware. About to pull up the ladder to drop it over on the other side, Hope caught a faint moan from the lips of his companion.  
"What is the matter?" he inquired quickly.  
Warren was tottering, and Gideon grasped him to steady him with his strong hand.

"I have cut my wrist on a fragment of broken glass!" panted Warren, and it is bleeding profusely. I am so weak—ah, I feared it! I shall not have the strength to go with you."  
"Nonsense—courage!"  
"No—you must see that. Ah! now it is not a question of choice!"  
A shout arose from the garden, a rustling echoed. Two attendants came into view around the corner of the building.  
"Halt, there!" was gruffly ordered, and the click of a revolver cut the air, sharp and menacing.

CHAPTER XIX.  
"Go!"  
"And leave you behind—never!"  
"You must!"  
Warren had summoned the strength to throw himself before Hope, so as to shield him from the revolver aimed upwards from the garden.  
Thence had arisen the brief instruction: "Drop the big one—he's a special!"  
"Jump, I tell you!" insisted Warren. "They dare not injure me. In two days I shall be free, but you—man! the dynamite! Save the innocent lives at that hotel!"  
"Yes!" cried Hope, inspired with the holy purpose indicated.  
He leaped backwards. In half a minute he was safe in the shelter of shrubbery, in half an hour, at the end of a keen run, fully four miles away from his recent prison place.  
Now he sat down on a fallen tree to regain his breath and calculate what was to be done, and the speediest way of accomplishing it.  
He had conversed so generally with Warren that day that he knew he must lose no time in heading straight and swiftly for the hotel where the satchel of dynamite lay.  
Hope put aside the exultation of freedom, the complications of the escape, even all thoughts of Kane, of Claire, as he realized the sacred pledge he must fulfill at all hazards.

Murryville was 20 miles across country. By going back six in the direction of the asylum he could strike a railroad, but it might be to run directly into a nest of attendants on the lookout for him. Again, he knew nothing of the train schedule. He resolved to press onward on foot, trusting to general ideas of direction and distance to cover the straight twenty miles before daylight.  
But, a man badly injured in a brutal melee and shut up in an unwholesome prison for a week, Hope found that he was scarcely in normal shape. He proceeded more slowly than he had calculated. The lonely country road oppressed him. He became footsore and dizzy-headed.

Hope welcomed a light shining in the distance. He kept it in sight as a beacon, and traced it to the window of a cabin near a quarry.  
A knock at its door brought thither an uncouth laborer, sleepy-eyed and uncivil.  
"What you want?" he challenged gruffly.  
"A horse, or a horse and vehicle," responded Hope promptly. "Only for a few hours. See—I will pay liberally to secure the means of getting at once to Murryville."

"I've got no horse," advised the man, "and there's no place between here and Murryville that I know of where you could get a rig—hold on!" he interrupted himself; "there is."  
"Where?" eagerly demanded Hope.  
"Go down the road a mile."  
"Yes?"  
"You'll come to the old Thorndyke place. Some strangers have rented it lately, and they keep a horse and carriage—I've seen 'em."  
"Good!"  
Hope tossed the man a coin as a reward for his cheering information, and put forward with renewed ardor.

The district was rough, barren and to a habitant did he pass until he came in sight of what had once been quite a pretentious residence, probably formerly that of some person interested in the quarries in the vicinity.  
It was lighted up, front and side. As Hope approached, he, too, made out stables at the rear.  
"I must get a conveyance here," he ruminated. "It is only ten miles to Murryville, but I don't seem to be able to walk it on foot. I am dreaming!"  
These last words fell from his lips in a wild gasp, as, crossing an unkempt garden space, he fixed his eyes upon a man seated in a lighted room, and smoking leisurely.

The windows were open, the lamplight showed him plainly—  
"Percy Kane!"  
Like one in a trance, rooted, incredulous, Hope gazed in at the man. His temples throbbed, the old fever of hatred and vengeance crowded back the mission that had strangely guided him to this spot, to this vital, unaccountable discovery.  
Firmly he set his lips—his hands closed, unclosed—his breath came hard. Gideon went around to the front. An open door showed a hallway—at its end the room in which Kane sat.  
"He shall tell me—of her—of Claire!" hissed Hope, and noiselessly entered the place.

As he crossed the threshold of the inner room Kane sprang up. His eyes dilated. He brushed one hand swiftly across them, as if to exclude an unreal vision, though he paled, and his lips parted, against.  
The sternness of confrontation was lost for Hope, for as Kane arose a singular revelation caused the former to stare in amazement.  
About one wrist of Kane was a bright, strong handcuff, and a chain ran from this to a stout marble pillar of the ornamental fireplace.

Lost in wonderment and mystery, Hope exclaimed:  
"What does this mean?"  
Kane had grown steadily whiter. But a bitter sardonic sneer made his evil face now rather defiant and reckless than affrighted.  
His lips parted, but ere he could speak there was a sound in the adjoining room, a swishing frou-frou, like the rustling of silken skirts.  
Quick as a flash, Kane turned, pointed through the opening connecting doorway, and said in bitter mockery:  
"Ask her!"

"Your—wife?" breathed Hope, and his senses reeled as he caught sight of a graceful feminine figure arrayed in tasteful evening attire.  
"Claire! His heart seemed bursting within him. Claire! Were they to meet thus at last?"  
He took a step forward to address her, to once more view that lovely beloved face.  
"What would she say at the recognition? What could she say, save to hurl upon the man who had driven her to link her destiny with that of the deepest scoundrel on earth, words of reproach and contempt!"  
"Claire! Miss Denslow! Mrs. Kane!" The woman turned. They came face to face.  
"Great heavens!" rang from Gideon Hope's ashen lips, his heart in a tumult, as he recoiled with a shock.

CHAPTER XX.  
Gideon Hope stood petrified—abashed. He was transfixed with consternation and incredulity.  
"You—you are not—" he began.  
"I am not—what?" came the sharp, quick inquiry.  
From the lips of the woman upon whom he had advanced the words issued. Never for an instant had his gaze left her face—the confrontation, unreal as was it unexpected, fascinated him.  
There she stood—a woman to admire, to wonder at; for most men to worship, for she was queenly in form and bearing, her eyes were dazzlingly piercing, her features statuarily radiant. She was naught to Gideon Hope, though—for she was not the woman he had expected to meet, was not Claire Tremaine—or rather, Claire Kane, as he had expected to greet her and find her.

The discovery was a puzzle, and the puzzle a shock—but as yet no ray of the true light flooded his mind; only sheer, profound mystification and bewilderment permeated.  
"You are not his—this man's wife," stammered Hope, indicating the manacled arch-plotter with a movement of his hand backward.  
"Indeed!"  
A change went over the tragic face of the woman—a scornful defiance was presented, and he could not but note these rapid changes, the intense power of expression. The most superb and skilled actress could no better portray the emotions that were apparently quick-kindling fuel to a strongly unique temperament.

And, too, Hope fancied in the queerly iridescent eyes there was a token of strange import, as though this creature hovered on a distorted mental plane.  
"Ask—him!" she said, and power and triumph greigther her tones that were part a mocking cry, part a malignant hiss.  
With that—a quivering indication of her index finger in the direction of the adjoining room where Kane sat—she turned coldly and unceremoniously from Hope, and as she swept past a portiered doorway the overwhelmed intruder slowly, dubiously moved around, and with vague, dulled steps returned to the presence of the man he so hated.

Kane sat as before in the luxurious armchair—as before, the stout chain encircled one wrist, running to the heavy marble pillar, and holding him captive. The pallor that had been occasioned by the first startling and unexpected appearance of Hope had departed. His lip was curled with a mockery that seemed born of some mysterious innate confidence. He regarded his visitor's face sardonically. Then he burst into a short, harsh and derisive laugh.

Kane poised motionless and silent, trying to study out the situation, striving to analyze the jarring elements that had distracted all his original ideas and purposes.  
With cool and contemptuous demeanor Kane laughed twice again. Then he reached over to the dainty stand at his elbow, selected a fresh cigar, lit it, sank back with a chuckle and a grin, and calmly puffed out the blue leisurely smoke towards his enemy.

In all this, Hope suddenly fancied he detected trickery—some diabolical effort that had for its ends the baffling of his cherished project to discover Claire and wrest her from the power and presence of this unpunished scoundrel. His muscles relaxed to grow instantly rigid again, but menacingly so, for he had both hands clutched above his head, his eyes aflame, his white, regular teeth bristling, and he posed as if to spring upon Kane.  
"What!" jeered the other—"would you jump on a helpless man!"  
(To be continued.)

The Voice of Fame.  
An American author of some note was passing a summer in New Hampshire. One day he received word that a distinguished Englishman was visiting in the country town and would like to call upon the author, of whom, he added in his note requesting an audience, he had heard.  
Somewhat flattered, the author wondered to himself who had spoken to the distinguished Englishman about him.

"Some Oxford dignity doubtless," he reflected, pleasantly, "or possibly some London publisher or critic," and he awaited the stranger's arrival with interest.  
"So you had heard of me," he ventured, after the usual greetings had been spoken. "Well, that is odd. Might I ask who—?" but his visitor interrupted him.  
"Oh, yes," he said, "I heard all about you before I got here. The porter on the Pullman told me that you were the very man to come to to ask about the best route to Niagara, and what hotel I'd better stay at."

No Trouble to Stick.  
"Yes, sir," said the pompous individual, "it pays a man to stick to his own business. I made a fortune doing that."  
"What is the nature of your business?" queried the interested party.  
"I'm a glue manufacturer," was the significant reply.

Out for Business.  
The Arctic Explorer—Say, can you tell me where I can find the north pole?  
The Eskimo—Nix. If I knew I'd had it in a museum long ago.

## A Sub-Marine Boat for Sponge Fishing

Through the ingenuity of Vicar General Raoul, of Carthage, a submarine boat for sponge fishing has been perfected, and bids fair to displace the dangerous and health-ruling process of sponge gathering by divers. The submarine boat of Abbe Raoul is very much smaller and simpler than its naval prototypes. It is 16½ feet long and 5½ feet in diameter and carries two men. Its general form is that of a cylinder with rounded ends. The only opening is a man-hole at the top, which is surmounted by a turret hermetically closed by a cover that can be operated equally well from below. When the vessel is afloat, it is possible to walk on the convex top with the aid of steel handrails which extend fore and aft on each side of the turret. The vessel is caused to sink by opening three sea-cocks and thus filling as many water ballast tanks. Two of these tanks, placed amidship in the bilge, to port and starboard, have a combined capacity of 154 gallons of sea water, the weight of which balances most of the buoyancy and brings the top of the boat nearly awash. These two tanks are to be kept filled, as a rule, but they can be emptied by means of a hand pump. The third tank, which is placed between the other two, holds only seventeen gallons.

The water flows in directly from the sea and is forced out by connecting the tank with two reservoirs which contain air at a pressure of 150 atmospheres.

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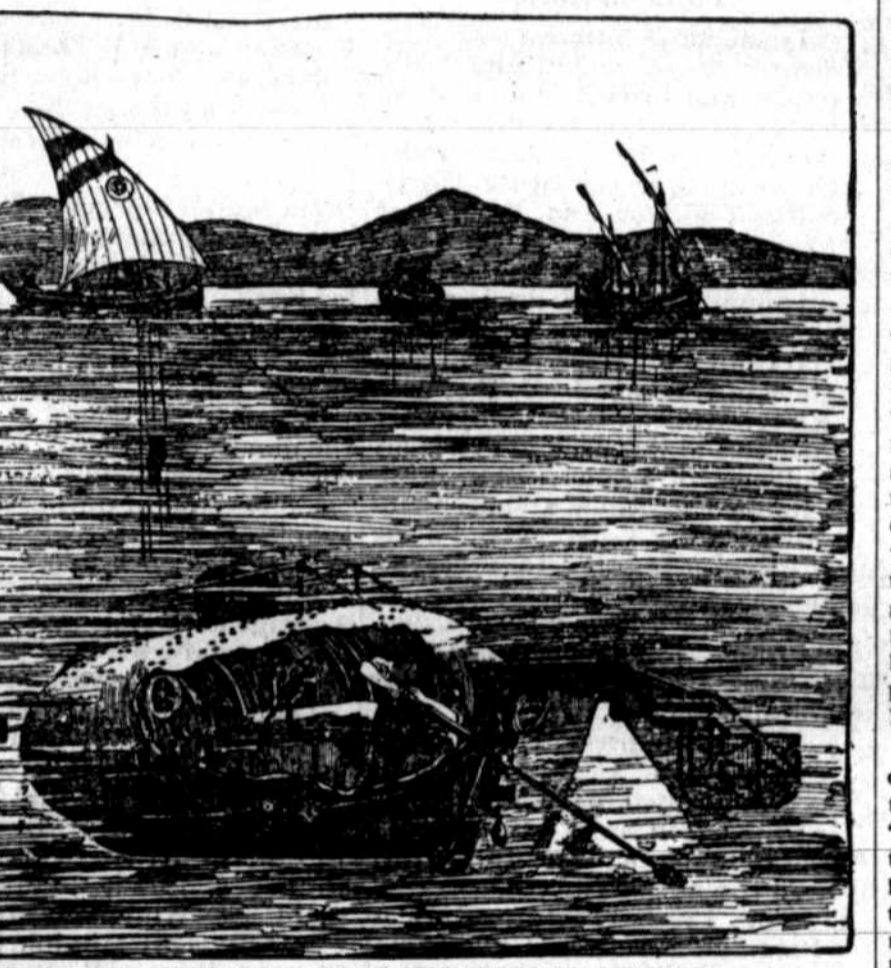
also made for telephonic communication between the submerged boat and a floating vessel.—Montreal Star.  
LION INVADERS THE CAMP.

African Traveler Tells of an Exciting Adventure in Thora Inclosure.  
"When in Somaliland, Africa, I had an exciting adventure with a black-maned lion," writes a correspondent "I had intended to reach a village one night, but it was getting dark, and we were a couple of hours' march off; so, finding an old zereba, or thorn inclosure, we went into it. This zereba covered half an acre. It was only about four feet high and four feet thick, the thorny branches composing it having sunk down and fallen apart.

"We repaired about 100 yards of it, pitched our tent, and the cook got his fire lighted, gave me some dinner, and I turned in. Our nineteen camels are squatted in a circle to the right of the tent, our horses were tethered near to them and our twenty-one men lighted three or four fires, cooked their food and lay down to sleep around the camels. We also had five donkeys tethered to two or three saplings, which were growing about two paces in front of the tent, and, therefore, toward the center of the zereba.

"About 2 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by two feeble brays, followed by a third. Lighting a candle, I tumbled out in my pajamas and got hold of my rifle and a couple of cartridges, to meet the Somal hunters showing their woody heads through the tent door, saying, 'Waraba!' (hyena). Deep growls were going on, and I at once felt sure that it was no hyena, but a lion, in the zereba. Fortunately, the camels did not stampede.

"It was pitch dark, but I saw that one of the five donkeys tethered in front of the tent was gazing intently toward the left and center. The other four



A SUBMARINE BOAT FOR SPONGE FISHING.

Small movements of ascent and descent can be made and controlled readily by manipulating the compressed air valve. In case of accident a lead weight of 1,500 pounds, which forms the amidship section of the keel, can be instantly detached, causing the lightened vessel to rise rapidly to the surface.

The boat is propelled by means of two steel oars, with feathering blades. The oars pass through the hull in water-tight spherical joints which give freedom of motion in every direction. Similar joints are used on the torpedo tubes of warships.

Attached to the forward fixed section of the keel is a wheel on which Abbe Raoul expects his unique vessel to travel over the level bottom of hard sand on which the sponges are found. By regulating the supply of compressed air to the small ballast tanks the pressure of the wheel on the sea bottom can be made as small as is desired, and there is no apparent reason why the vessel should not be propelled over the bottom by the oars—for it has no other motor. The purpose of this device is to evade the necessity of rising from the sea bottom, and consequently drawing on the supply of compressed air in moving from place to place in search of sponges. Raoul's first boat had a similar wheel, which worked very well.

The sponge fishing apparatus consists of a movable arm which projects from the lower part of the curved bow, through a water-tight spherical joint, and carries cutting pliers at its extremity. By means of this device, operated by a man inside the hull, the sponge is cut loose and deposited in a large iron basket suspended from the end of a fixed tubular arm of sheet iron, which occupies nearly the place of the bowsprit of a ship. To the middle of this fixed arm are attached electric lamps and a reflector for the purpose of illuminating the sea bottom, which can be observed through a bull's-eye in the bow of the boat. These lamps, as well as those which light the interior of the vessel, are supplied with current by a small battery of accumulators. A ball of lead attached to a steel wire can be raised and lowered by means of a windlass inside the tubular arm, and thus serves the purpose of an anchor. The windlass is operated by gearing terminating in a shaft which passes through a stuffing box into the interior of the boat and which bears a crank handle at its inner end. Provision is

had disappeared. There was a black mass discernible in the center of the zereba, which, however, I found in the morning to be simply a mass of old dried thorn branches, so the six or eight shots I fired at it in the darkness did little harm.

"The men were now bushing the fires and the cook supplied four or five of the men with sticks and with kerosene and rapidly made some torches. I then noticed that the donkey was gazing more to the left of the center, and, guided by the growling which was going on continuously and furiously, I crept on my hands and knees past the donkey for a couple of yards. The men with the torches were then a little behind my right shoulder.

"Suddenly the torches flamed up brightly, and the light behind me somewhat, I was not dazzled by it, but saw the lion dragging off a donkey. It did not take me more than one second to snap both barrels at him, and his growls at once ceased. After putting in two more cartridges and having the torches retrimmed, we again advanced, to find the lion lying on his side, giving a few expiring gasps. His nose touched the donkey's throat, a trickle of blood flowed down from under his left eye, and, as I afterward found, he had got my second bullet in the nape of the neck."

How Birds Meet Emergencies.  
Dr. Francis H. Herrick says a sparrow will pluck a horsehair from the mouth of a nestling, while another bird, like an oriole, will stand by and see its mate hang until dead without attempting to release it.  
A robin will tug at a string which has caught on a limb, but is never seen fully to meet the situation by releasing the string. It will make several turns of a cord about a limb and leave the other end free without any relation to the nest, so that its effort is useless. It ties no knots.  
The gull, according to abundant and competent testimony, will carry shell fish to a considerable height, drop them on the rocks or hard ground and repeat the experiment until it gets the soft meat.—Chicago Tribune.

Even when the unexpected happens there is always some fellow around to say: "I told you so."

It's always better to throw bouquets than it is to hand lemons.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

Tea is a germicide according to a Boston physician, who claims it is an especially rank enemy of the typhoid bacillus.  
Missouri led in the production of lead in the United States in 1907, pushing Idaho, the leader in 1906, back to second place.  
Although the house fly lays eggs, the flesh fly, better known as the "blue bottle," produces living larvae, about fifty at a time.  
A \$10,000 plant for the production of ozone by electrolysis, the largest in the world, has been completed at a Pittsburgh hospital.  
A Norwegian factory receives power for six turbines from water that falls 3,287 feet through a tunnel from a lake seven miles away.  
Peru has officially adopted as its standard time that of the seventy-fifth meridian, the same as "eastern" time in the United States.  
The electrical equipment of the Cunard liner Mauretania includes over 250 miles of cables, and more than 6,000 16-candle-power lamps.  
Three parts by weight of boracic acid to one of powdered borax makes a good compound for brazing steel. It should be applied as a paste with water.  
On the west coast of India is found a species of oyster, Placuna placenta, whose shell consists of a pair of roughly circular plates about six inches in diameter, thin and white. At present these oysters are collected for the pearls which they often contain, although few are fit for the use of the jeweler. But in the early days of English rule in India the shells were employed for window-panes. Cut into little squares, they produced a very pretty effect, admitting light like frosted glass. When the Bombay cathedral was built, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, its windows were paneled with these oyster shells. In Goa they are still thus employed.

Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy, as the result of an inquiry into the origin and meaning of "fire cults," so common among ancient nations and among modern savage and barbarous tribes suggests that many races conceived the "sacred fire," not as a practical convenience or an ancient custom or a means of frightening demons, but as a vehicle of life, or magical energy, the prosperity of the household or tribe depending in part on the perpetuity, vitality and purity of the fire. It was thought of as subject to a tendency to grow old and weak, like all natural forces—hence the custom of periodically renewing it. This conclusion is based partly upon the statements made by the Iroquois Indians and the Maori.

Dr. Robert E. Coker, writing to Science from Lima, advocates the protection of the guano-producing birds—the "guano," a species of cormorant, and the "alcatraz," a species of pelican—in order that the Peruvian deposits of this valuable manure may be in part, renewed. The great ancient deposits, he says, are now almost non-existent. Only the lower grades of guano are left. But the birds annually make fresh deposits on their nesting grounds, and if they were properly protected, he believes that the annual supply of fresh deposits would be largely increased. The birds, he says, should no longer be treated as wild animals. They should be regarded as valuable domestic animals. At present they are decreasing in number, but this decrease could be checked. They are also driven from their haunts during the season when they should be allowed to remain there. When driven away by the presence of man during the nesting season, they spend a large part of their time upon the water, or on small islets and cliffs, where the deposits are either lost entirely or are rendered less available.

Gathering Roses.  
I've gathered roses and the like in many glad and golden June, but now, as down the world I hike my weary hands are filled with prunes. I've gathered roses o'er and o'er, and some were white and some were red, but when I took them to the store the grocer wanted eggs instead. I gathered roses long ago, in other days, in other scenes, and people said, "You ought to go and dig the weeds out of your beans." A million roses bloomed and died; a million more will die to-day. That man is wise who lets them slide and gathers up the bales of hay.—Emporia Gazette.

Scoping Up the Wreckage.  
The owner of the racing automobile was a novice at the sport. Naturally, he felt rather mystified when the expert driver handed him the following bill on the morning after the race: Gasoline, \$60; repairs to car, \$70; cutting expenses, \$1,000.  
"What the deuce," said the amateur owner, "is the meaning of this item, 'Cutting expenses?'"  
"Oh, that," observed the chauffeur carelessly "represents the surgeon's fee for renovating my mechanic."—Judge.

Setting It Right.  
"In your paper this morning, sir, you called me a 'bum actor.' I want an explanation."  
"I shall be happy to explain, young man. That word 'actor' was inserted by the proofreader, who thought I had omitted it accidentally. I shall take care that it doesn't happen again."—Chicago Tribune.

A turkey is never tough because he is so good he is never allowed to become old.