A Political Vendetta

By

WELDON J. COBB

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The clerk roused up as Hope approached his desk. He stared strangely, curiously at the disordered visitor.

"I have come here twenty miles on a hurried order," summarized Hope.

He took a folded bit of paper from his pocket.

"Do you know Warren? Warren, of the Vulcan Co.?" he added, inquiringly.

"Why—yes," admitted the clerk, standing up and rubbing his eyes.

"Do you know his handwriting, also?"

"I think I do."

"There's a specimen of it."

"Yes, 'tis," slowly and wonderingly nodded the clerk, as he perused a scrawl ordering "the delivery to bearer" of a certain satchel in a certain closet in the house. "Queer, to send for his satchel that's been here so long! I'll get it for you, though."

"Be speedy, then, and—careful."

"Eh!"

"It might hold some of his goods—see?"

"Oh! dynamite? Yes, but he knows enough to have it protected," confidently retorted the clerk.

Gideon sank into a chair, pretty well exhausted. He felt a trifle grewsome as, bearing a dust-covered satchel, the clerk reappeared. His hand shook as he took it. Strange thrills ran through his being. A thousand deaths lurked in the little innocent looking leather receptacle, he well knew.

He breathed more freely as he again reached the outer air. With the thoughtfulness of a true man he took the middle of the road, alone anxious for the nonce in getting the explosive far and quickly from the proximity of human beings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the edge of the silent town Gideon Hope paused. What should he do with the dynamite to insure its harmlessness, now that he had it?—that was the question.

He recalled the explicit directions that Warren had given him: To sink it in some unfrequented water course, and he remembered he had crossed a bridge above a winding little stretm, about a mile from the town.

Toward it Hope bent his course. He had proceeded a distance when a dull sound grew into momentarily augmentative resonance and distinctness.

Klappetty klop—klappetty klop—klappetty klop!

In the soft moonlight he observed approaching two horsemen. An instant suspicion assailed him. Suppose they were allies of the mismated pair at the isolated house, scouring the country for him?

"I'll take no chances," he decided quietly—"at least until the dynamite is disposed of."

So he drew aside into some bushes fringing the road. It was well that he did so. As the men passed him he was positive he had seen them in the garden of the private asylum—hired appendages of that nefarious institution.

As they rounded a curve in the road out of view, Gideon resumed his way.

About five minutes later, as he was nearing the bridge, almost noiselessly a man mounted on a horse emerged from the thickets and nearly ran him down.

He brought his animal to a sharp halt—he stared hard at Hope. Piece by piece he seemed inspecting his clothing as if identifying him from description.

Gideon stood his ground. Soon he started to move on.

Click!

"I want you!" spoke the horseman, and he now held a revolver in his hand.

He ran his horse fairly upon Hope, leaned over, and aimed a blow at him with the weapon. Gideon dodged. Then he grappled with the form leaning toward him. He felt a stinging pain in one shoulder—the firearm had exploded.

But in wrath and strength he clung to the fellow, dragged him from the stirrups, and giving him a mighty fling, sent his head cracking across a mass of bowlders.

The satchel he had carried strapped across one shoulder. As the man lay senseless, Hope started again for the river. He staggered. The horse, well trained, had not moved away. As he began to experience a strange dizziness, Hope pulled himself into the saddle, hurried by shouts around the bend in the road.

The two horsemen in advance had probably heard the shout, and were hurrying back.

"Up—on!" feebly ordered Gideon, but in sheer weakness he almost fell across the horse's neck.

Then there seemed a lapse of sheer insensibility. Again his brain slightly cleared, and he was conscious of being borne at a plodding gait along a wildwood bridle path.

The steed must have taken a course out of range of the regular road and the pursuing horsemen. Day was breaking. Gideon knew that the bullet wound in his shoulder was accountable for the great weakness that made him even forgetful of the fateful burden of dynamite that he still carried.

He lapsed into renewed unconsciousness—again revived.

It was broad daylight now. The horse was browsing in a sort of garden. Near by was a house. Hope straightened up in the saddle, tried to rally his confused faculties.

He lifted his eyes toward the building. All its windows were closely shuttered but one. That was on the second floor, and barred.

There his glance was riveted. Was it delirium, fancy? For the roseate dawn illumined a figure, wonder eyed, gazing down at him.

Claire!

CHAPTER XXIV.

This had happened: The horse that had safely borne Gideon Hope to this unlooked-for destination belonged, as he had inferred, to the stables of the secluded haunt where his pursuit by Elita's allies had begun.

Apparently the animal had made frequent journeys between the two places, and instead of returning home, had come hither, with Hope a helpless burden across the saddle.

The truth, the fortune of this climax burst over the man's soul with ardor. Not only had he escaped his enemies, but he had found Claire!

Instantly weakness, his injuries, his confusion, were forgotten, obliterated. To that glorious face marvelingly looking down at him he raised his glance, full of fervor and love.

"Claire—Miss Tremaine!" he breathed, and slipped from the saddle. As he did so, unheeded the satchel of dynamite dropped from his shoulder to his feet. But Hope noticed it not, for the moment absorbed in contemplation of the beginning and the end of all the present motives of his life.

"It is you! It is you!" slowly, dubiously murmured Claire, an eager light in her beautiful eyes, her pale face working with intense emotion.

"And you—a prisoner!" cried Hope, rousing up.

"Yes, for a long time. Since the night I was taken away to marry the man you bade me obey."

"Who is in this house now?"

"I, alone," explained Claire. "A woman has been in charge, but she went away last evening, leaving me securely locked in. She will soon return."

"Why did you not try to escape——" began Hope.

"Because they have led me to believe you desired that I remain here."

"Wait!"

Gideon Hope flashed from the spot. Soon he was at the front door. With a great billet of wood he dashed it from place. Up a stairway he made advance, and before his irresistible assaults door after door gave way.

Pale, excited, apprehensive, the fair captive was brought out into the garden.

"Listen," spoke Hope, all thought and action; "You are trembling, weak, excited. There is much to do, and no time for immediate explanations. Let me lift you to the saddle. Ride to the nearest town, and await my coming."

"But you?" faltered Claire, and there was no mistaking the tender light that shone from her anxious eyes upon the man she had learned to obey so implicitly and love so devotedly.

"I will remain here for a time. I have something to do," answered Hope seriously.

There was the dynamite to dispose of. And then, too, he had resolved to confront Claire's jailer when she returned, and force from her lips a confession that would enable him to intelligently proceed about a raid upon the inmates of that other isolated house which harbored the Kanes and their infamous associates.

"I will do as you say," assented Claire, and moved toward the grazing horse.

"But—wait," interrupted Hope again. He had brought her from the house without any head covering or wraps. Now he explained and left her side momentarily.

He was not gone two minutes, and returning with the articles he had gone for, he cleared the staircase four steps at a time, as a shriek from the outside warned him of some peril or alarm on the part of Claire.

When he came around to the side of the house the horse had stampeded into an adjoining field. Upon the green sward where Hope had left her was Claire, in a dead faint.

No other person was in view. What had happened? Quickly Hope lifted her head in his arms, and murmured his anxiety and solicitude into her white, pulseless face.

Thus several minutes went by, until at length her eyes opened. She shrieked.

"Where is he?" she cried, with a frightened start.

"Whom?" inquired Hope quickly.

"That man!"

"You mean?——"

"Kane."

"He was here!" exclaimed Hope, in absolute amazement.

"Yes!" she panted, looking about her, all in a tremble.

"When?"

"While you were gone." She clung to him hysterically. "Oh, Mr. Hope!" she cried, "protect me from him if he comes again——"

"Do not fear for that," assured Hope. "You are certain it was Kane?"

Flutteringly Claire related a singular story. Hope had no sooner gone into the house than Kane had appeared. Wild faced, his garments disordered, a broken chain dangling from one wrist, he had burst upon her appalled view.

He had sprung to her side, seized her arm, in hurried accents announced that she must at once accompany him in flight. It was his desire—Gideon Hope's command.

She had struggled. He sought to drag her from the spot. Something he caught from her incoherent words, that she disbelieved and disregarded him, that Hope was even now in the house, that the horse, the satchel, he had brought hither.

"I called for help," narrated Claire. "Suddenly Kane's eyes flared with a strange, eager light. He sprang toward the satchel, saying: 'This is Hope's? Then it contains the money! If you will not go with me, at least I have the fortune.' Then I fainted away.'

"The dolt—the victim! That satchel contains——"

Hope was interrupted. A flying horsewoman came up the road. It was Elita.

"You here!" she cried, facing Hope, "and you free?" she shouted at Claire. "Has he been here?" she demanded.

"Your husband?' said Hope.

"Yes—what is that!"

What, indeed! A strange breath, as of nature gasping, a flutter of the leaves of the trees, a check in birdsong and insect whirr—all caused by a harsh, cutting crash at some near distance.

* * * * * * *

Upon the topmost branch of a lofty elm a robin had built her nest.

As day broke, she faced the sun, and began, first, her faint, twittering note, then a slow, low trill, and finally her full burst of glorious song.

A man dashing through the brush, hatless, pale, yet eager, bearing a satchel in his hand, looked up and echoed the exultant note, and laughed gayly, triumphantly.

It was Percy Kane. He had escaped, had been forced to abandon the thought of taking Claire away with him, but had he not in the satchel the other half of the severed bank notes? Yes! his folly led him to believe. He was rich, and the money was the main thing, after all.

As he hoped, planned, anticipated a new future in some new field, thus equipped with a princely fortune, he grew half wild with reckless delight.

He waved the satchel caressingly, he plunged on. Soon he came to a break in the landscape. Fair valleys, a radiant, fertile expanse, spread out—the world lay all before him!

"The final hour!" he exulted—"and I am the victor!"

Yes, the hour had come—but not of victory, of doom, instead—the hour of ripening dynamite! Retribution and total extinguishment!

He knew no shock or pain—simply a flashing dissolution. The dynamite had exploded, and he was blotted out.

One last act of justice the woman, Elita, performed ere with her unfortunate father, she disappeared from the scene of her recent endeavors, never to be seen there again. She gave to Gideon Hope some secret papers of her dead husband, proving his connection with the murder of Everett Hope, and the base swindles that had been perpetrated against Albert Tremaine, thus insuring a return of a portion of his lost fortune.

Warren, of the Vulcan Co., was released from the asylum. Hope saw to it that Kane's accomplices were punished.

Fate had been more powerful in bringing about the unmasking and destruction of the guilty than his own fondly cherished plans, but the recompense was of justice, and he was content.

To his country, to his political aspirations, he bade a final adieu.

He had love now to live for—love that had never faltered, though well nigh sacrificed—and, away from the scenes where its first inception had been harsh and painful, and might prove haunting, he and Claire sought mutual forgetfulness of the past and unalloyed joy for the future.

(The End.)

TEACHING BY MOVING PICTURES.

Surgical Operations and Nervous Diseases Before the Camera.

One of the new uses to which moving pictures are put is teaching, and at least one house dealing in films publishes a list of some hundreds intended for classroom use, says the New York Sun.

Most peculiar of all are the pictures of operations intended for display in hospitals and medical colleges. In fact, it is explicitly stated that medical and surgical films are restricted to exhibition before such institutions and cannot be leased except under strict guarantees that their use will be so limited.

Perhaps, however, the general public would not care to sit through a vaudeville show and at the end as the house was darkened read in letters of light upon the screen: "Removal of a myxomatous tumor of the thigh," or "Extirpation of a bilateral exopthalmic goitre."

The catalogue, which describes these films and which promises many more than are contained in the issue for this year, describes them in great detail. One series consists of half a dozen operations all of the same general nature, the "Extirpation of encapsuled tumors," and in all more than one-fifth of a mile of film is needed.

Surgery is not alone in being thus illustrated. Medicine has its pictures, more particularly to illustrate the diseases in which there is a characteristic walk. Various forms of paralysis where the diagnosis is dependent on the gait are shown in detail. The pictures of such a disease as paralysis agitans show the characteristic rigidity of the body when the sufferer is walking and of the face muscles when talking.

An unusual series illustrates the effect of beri-beri on the natives of Borneo.

Moving pictures also have their use in solving problems of agriculture and public health. The dealers in films announce that by a process which they describe as micro-kinematography they can show the typhoid bacilli magnified 850 diameters in all stages of growth and movement. Similarly the circulation of blood in the web of a frog's foot is shown and the movement of the chlorophyl or green coloring bodies in the leaf.

The possibility of teaching geography in this way is easily understood and the motion pictures camera has invaded most parts of the civilized world. Even the religious field is not neglected and the attention of Sunday schools and missionary societies is called to such subjects as "open air Bible class in India," conducted by native evangelists or "outcasts of India; Procession of men, women and children who have embraced the Christian religion."

Zoology offers a list of subjects that ought to charm any child into forgetting that he is learning. The subjects range from polar bear fishing to camels crossing the desert. Very many of these pictures have been made in the famous wild animal park of Carl Hagenbeck near Hamburg.

Of the microscopic picture some 600 feet is devoted to the one subject of "life in a water butt," with a cheerful collection of views of such creatures as megatherium bacilli and paramecium or a swarm of water fleas.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Attend the Institutes.

The farmers' institute season is at hand. Now, Mr. Farmer, these meetings are for you. They are held for the purpose of bringing you and your neighbors together to discuss the fundamental principles and facts concerning your great business. State speakers will be on hand to instruct and lead the discussions, but you must be there to get any benefit from the meetings. It is your duty to yourself and your neighbors to attend and take part in the farmers' institute when it is held in your county or township. Do not go in a critical mood, but go with a desire to learn more about farming and if you have some problem that is worrying you, tell about it and may be someone can help you out. Perhaps your experiences will be of direct value to some other man who is having a hard time.

The farmers' institutes were established for the same purpose as our agricultural colleges and experiment stations; for the purpose of furthering the cause of agricultural education; of helping the man on the farm better understand his business and thereby make a greater success. The State speakers are all thoroughly practical men and women who have had experience in what they talk about and are willing to give help and information whenever they can. But the success of any farmers' institute meeting will depend upon the farmers themselves whether they will attend and take part in the programs. Enthusiasm is generally marked by numbers and when an enthusiastic body of men get together, there is sure to be some good come of it.—Farmer's Guide.

The So-Called "Alaska" Wheat.

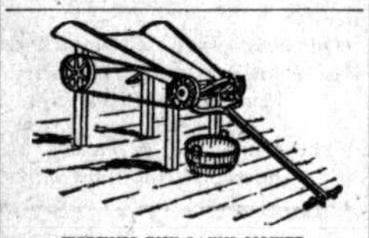
The Bureau of Plant Industry has prepared the following statement in anticipation of inquiries concerning "Alaska" wheat:

A variety of wheat under the name of "Alaska" is being widely advertised as capable of yielding at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre 'under ordinary soil conditions" and even better "under extra conditions." It is stated that this variety was found growing wild in Alaska, and claims of the most extravagant nature are made for it. In consequence of this notoriety the department is receiving many requests for seed.

This type of wheat has been known for many years both in this country and in Europe. It has been tried at several state experiment stations in the western part of the United States during the past fifteen years, but nowhere have the yields been high enough to merit attention. The wheat has been grown to a very limited extent on certain heavy undrained soils in France for many years. In such locations it is said to yield rather better than ordinary wheat, but as it is one of the poorest wheats known for making flour, it is never grown where ordinary varieties of wheat will thrive.

Homemade Feed Cutter.

An old lawn mower can be arranged to make a fairly satisfactory straw or feed cutter. One must rig up a hopper,



WORKING THE LAWN MOWER.

as shown in the sketch, and attach the mower to the lower end of it so that the straw or grain will just strike the knives where the grass usually comes into the mower. A crank and a belt arrangement makes it easy for one man to feed and turn the the cutter. This is a good use for a lawn mower in the winter time when it is not working outdoors.—Farm and Home.

Keeping Milk Sweet.

In some of the milk studies made at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station (Geneva), it was observed that carbonic acid gas in the milk tended to prevent its souring. This seemed worthy of further investigation and a series of tests was conducted in which the gas was combined with the milk under varying pressures, using the ordinary soda water charges and sealing the bottles to retain the gas and exclude the air. With the higher pressures of gas, souring of the milk was delayed indefinitely; as bottles charged under pressure of 175 pounds to the inch remained sweet for five months. The milk thus treated makes an agreeable drink, and it is believed that the process will be valuable for preserving milk for use on sea-going vessels, in hospitals, and elsewhere. Full details of the tests are given in Bulletin No. 292 of the station, which may be obtained on application.

Prairie Hay and Corn.

As the result of some experiments in fattening cattle, it was shown that when prairie hay was fed with corn alone it gave small, unsatisfactory gains and very little profit.

Loco Weed.

It has been found by Government experts that the poisonous action of the loco weed is due to barium. Investigations have been in progress for the past few years to determine the cause of this condition of range stock, which has come to be known as "locoed." The reason the weed is so poisonous in some sections and not in others is that on some soils it contains no barium. The Bureau of Plant Industry, in a recent bulletin, says that it is possible to kill out the weeds if the pastures are fenced, as the weeds grow in patches. There is no feasible way of ridding ranges of the weeds, however.

It was found that locoed cattle can in most cases be cured by a course of treatment with strychnine, while locoed horses can generally be cured by a course of treatment with Fowler's solutions. The animals under treatment must not be allowed to eat the loco weed and should be given only nutrious food, but as far as possible food with laxative properties. To this end magnesium sulphate was administered to correct the constipation, which is almost universal among locoed animals. It should be noted, too, that magnesium sulphate may serve to some extent as an antidote to the poison.

Dipping Fowls for Lice.

To treat a number of fowls individually with louse powder is a tedious, unpleasant task. An easier and equally successful plan is to dip the fowls in a reliable brand of sheep dip.

Hold the fowls by the legs, heads down, with one hand supporting their heads. Let the solution cover every part of the body from the toes up, except the head and eyes of the hen. Reserve this part until last, as the hens gasp and struggle when their heads go under. Pull the fowls to and fro several times in the tub, which insures the solution percolating through the feathers and reaching all sections of the body.

Keep each fowl in the solution not less than one full minute, and two minutes is often better. Dipping should be performed only on warm, clear days so the fowls can afterwards dry themselves in the sun and will not catch colds.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Graft and Stock.

The question of the influence of the stock on the graft and vice versa has been much discussed. The experiments recorded by M. L. Guignard in the Comptes Rendus were made with a view of discovering whether there is any migration of chemical substances from the one to the other. Plants rich in compounds of hydrocyanic acid were chosen, as this is easy to detect. It was found that when a plant containing a hydrocyanic glucoside is grafted on one destitute of it, or inversed, there is no passage of this substance from the one to the other. The general conclusion seems to be that grafting is a sort of artificial symbiosis in which each species retains its individuality.

Not a Cure-All.

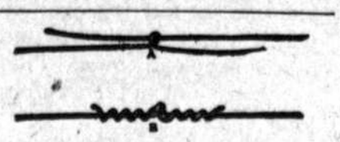
A great many have had an idea that pasteurization was going to solve all of the difficulties regarding our milk supply, but after a close study of the matter we believe that it is often used as a cure-all for milk and cream that is not fit for human consumption. It has been proven that the pasteurization given in the usual commercial way kills only the lactic acid germs which nature placed in the milk as a protection, while the pathological germs which are the real menace to health are left in an alkaline instead of an acid medium all ready to multiply when other conditions are favorable.

Breaking a Colt.

Every farmer's boy should break a colt to ride and drive before he can call his education complete. It will be an experience that the boy will be proud of and which will do him much good. Three things must be taught every colt to make it useful. They are courage, obedience and good workmanship. The first is necessary to prevent horses becoming frightened at unusual things; the second is required in order that it may be of good service, and in the third case the horse's value depends upon the neatness and consistency with which it performs its work.—Field and Farm.

Good Fence Wire Splicer.

There are not many people who know how to make a good neat wire splice.



In the picture figure A shows the first movement and figure B the ends after they have finally been secured.

Value of a Cow.

A Denver dealer in dairy cows places the valuation of an animal by fixing the price at the rate of $12 a gallon of milk given daily rich enough to show 3½ per cent of fat. To this price he adds or subtracts $1 for every one-fourth of one per cent. By this rule a cow is bought entirely on her merits.

ALFALFA FOR OREGON.

Is Proving Good Forage Crop for the Milk Cow.

By James Dryden, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.

There is a great deal of milk in the ground that was not spilled and cried over, but it is there nevertheless. At certain seasons of the year the Thousand-Headed kale pulls the milk out of mother earth and the cow pulls it out of the kale and puts it in the bucket. There is a period, however, during the summer when the cows go hungry and the milk languishes in the ground because there is no green thing to pull it out and coax the cow to fill the milk bucket.

Western Oregon is one of the best dairy sections of the union. With mild open winters in which kale flourishes and furnishes green succulent food, the dairy business thrives all the year around with the exception of a short period during the summer. During this period the land is out of commission, the cows barely subsist on the pasture fields and there is no profit to the farmer. Forty-cent butter and a scarcity of good fresh milk is the evidence of a lack of green food.

What is needed in the valley is a forage crop that will utilize the soil and furnish green food and pasture during the dry season. Will alfalfa fill the bill? If alfalfa could be raised extensively and successfully it would change the face of nature and add immensely to the value of the farms in the Willamette valley. It would increase the dairy products and the poultry products; it would cheapen the production of pork and beef and mutton.

Alfalfa has been grown for two thousands years in the Mediterranean region. It has been grown successfully in arid parts of America for half a century. A gentleman traveling over what was then regarded as a land unfit for settlement in Western Nebraska by reason of its aridity discovered a thrifty green alfalfa plant growing where no other green thing could be found for miles around. That was a demonstration that satisfied the gentleman and he purchased a large tract of land for a trifle. On the same land he has since fed fifty thousand sheep in one season on alfalfa. Alfalfa goes down into the depths of the soil for moisture and through wireless communication with the atmosphere brings down from above food which feeds the plant and enriches the soil.

Since 1891 the acreage of alfalfa in Kansas has increased from 34,388 to 615,000 in 1906. A recent bulletin from that state says of alfalfa: "The steer feeders and mutton feeders of Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska would be lost without it."

At the Kansas station it is stated: "A gain of 800 pounds of pork was made from a ton of alfalfa, and a little less than that amount of gain was made from an acre of alfalfa pasture." Again, "We found that 100 pounds of alfalfa hay saved 96 pounds of corn." Figuring on the basis of these experiments it is stated that "with green alfalfa producing ten tons per acre (20,000 pounds) it would produce 2,000 pounds of pork, which, at 4 cents per pound would be worth $80 per acre."

Director Burkett, of the Kansas station, says: "By promoting the successful production of alfalfa the station has not only extended the dominion of an imperial forage crop, but in so doing has discharged its own entire expense, and in addition has added millions of dollars to the wealth of the state."

At the Ontario agricultural college in ten years 30 cuttings, yielding over 5 tons an acre, were made. An experiment showed this great soil enriching qualities. Wheat grown after alfalfa yielded 61.5 bushels per acre and after timothy sod 42.1 bushels. In the two succeeding years the alfalfa sod produced 30.2 bushels of barley and 24 bushels of corn, while the timothy sod produced 19.7 bushels barley and 17.9 bushels corn. The three crops on the alfalfa sod were worth about $90 while those on the timothy sod were worth about $59.

At the Oregon Agricultural college alfalfa has been growing successfully for several years, and tests are being made by the agronomists with different varieties to determine which will suit the conditions best in this state. The station men are glad at all times to answer questions in regard to its cultivation.

A few miles from Corvallis Mr. W. H. Hamlin cut this year 200 tons of alfalfa hay. It yielded about 2½ tons to the acre in two cuttings. Before seeding to alfalfa the land had been "cropped out." In fourteen years fourteen grain crops had been taken from the land, and Mr. Hamlin explains that on richer land the yield is much heavier. He further explains that the oldest stand yields the best, showing that it takes several years on certain classes of soil for the alfalfa to make a good growth.

It looks as though an alfalfa campaign would be worth millions to this state.

Q. What is meant by "50 per cent," "40 per cent," and so on, dynamite?

A. The percentage given refers to the amount of nitroglycerin in the powder. For instance, a 40-per-cent dynamite is supposed to contain 40 per cent of nitroglycerin and 60 per cent of "dope."—F. S. Thomson, Washington State College, Pullman

A Proposal.

"Yes," he said, "I'm in love."

"Huh!" she replied scornfully. "I wouldn't care to be you."

"And I wouldn't like you to be. I'd rather you were mine."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where my husband spends his evenings. Mrs. Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home. You see, I had to stay in myself last night.—Harper's Weekly.