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HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Lion Fellowes American
merchant ship is sunk by a British
frigate off Portugal in the
War of 1812. The crew surren-
ders, but Fellowes reaches shore
exhausted. His life is saved by
an English-speaking girl, who
conceals her identity. She is
secret to Lisbon. Fellowes
goes to Lisbon where he
meets an acquaintance, Capt.
Chater of the American ship
True Bounty, who offers him a
berth as a mate, but knowing
Chater is disloyal in trading
with the enemy, he refuses. He
meets the girl who saved his
life, Cara Inglepina, daughter
of the owner of True Bounty. She
is bound for home and induces
Fellowes to sail as mate. He is
in love with Cara. The vessel is
stopped by the British frigate,
Badger, Captain Collishaw. De-
spite his claims to American
citizenship, Fellowes is taken
aboard the Badger a "pressed"
man. Maddened at what he be-
lieves is Cara's and Chater's
treachery he strikes Collishaw,
who orders him a hundred lashes
with the "cat." Fellowes hated
of the three becomes an obses-
sion. Off New York Fellowes
escapes from the Badger. He
seizes a pilot's mate's cabin to
be held at Chater's home.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Saul Chater!" Mrs. Rhodes' lips
clamped in a tight line. "Ye mean
that skunk—"
"Tha't's what we want to find out
I've sent Joe Doak and Paris Eaches
to rouse Sopher and the Fenclies.
We'll catch the English, and overhaul
the farm." He hesitated, strangely re-
luctant to name Cara Inglepina, despising
himself for his embarrassment.
"Chater has visitors—"
"Mr. Benjamin Inglepina from New
York, 'n' his daughter," corroborated
Mrs. Rhodes, her jaw still very square.
"An arrant Federalist knave, by all
accounts."
"Are the Inglepina's the only stran-
gers at Chater's?"
"Right now, they be; but Saul's had
a passel o' company since he come
home from Portugal. Mr. Inglepina's
one o' them. He's a merchant, a dozen
fellows off 'n'—most o' em from New Eng-
land, by the way they talked."
Fellowes experienced a rush of savage
excitation. "There's a mess of
treason brewing on Saumpwama creek
but we'll upset the pot," he said. "And
that reminds me: Jeff, will you wake
the Fenclies, who live on Main
street?"
"Will whip 'em out o' bed, if I got
to." Riggie assented. "M'ndy, I
want to borrow that air musket o'
y'er's. I'm goin' to have a shot at the
felker poked his pistol in my stum-
pucker."
"I'll believe it when some one else
tells me," she retorted as he departed.
"Oue o' squire's men 'd do my powder
'n' lead more justice." She leveled an
admonitory forefinger at Tom. "Now
that hairy teettle feller, he looks like
he'd be better at shootin' than hakin'."
"Ah!" yer pardon, m' man," replied
Tom, shuffling his brown feet, "but I'm
no hand with a gun. If ye had a cut-
lass—or a boardin' ax—"
"Tha't's a wood ax ye're welcome to.
What about the olgzer, squire? He
don't look decent in that naked state.
He's welcome to the gun, but I can't
cover him with a shirt, let alone a coat, to
cover him."
"Cuffee can get along as he is," re-
joined Fellowes. "But he'll be grateful
for a musket, Mrs. Rhodes."
The negro favored her with a view of
his entire mouthful of filed teeth.
"Cuffee plenty lub fo' shoot," he
said.
"Heavens, what gibberish," she pro-
tested. "And is he a landy-shank with
all them wicked teeth?"
"No more'n ye be, yerself," growled
Tom before Fellowes could answer.
"Hit 'em—'f they 'n' snapp'd the widow
"Keep a civil tongue in yer head, m'
man."
"An' if ye think to talk back to me
ye little, hairy vermin! I'll try the
weight o' yer skull," she threatened.
But Cuffee thrust his enormous body
between them.
"Cuffee him b'long fo' Tom," he said
in his curiously soft, soothing voice.
"Tom him b'long fo' marse' Fellowe.
Cuffee plenty lub him bofe. You don
hit Tom."
She regarded the negro with unwilling
respect.
"Why, ye talk like a Christian—
which is more'n that Tom does."
"Tom him no lub woman," ex-
plained Cuffee, grinning. "Oh, my
sunt, him plenty afraid fo' woman."
"Land's sake, so 'hat's the kind o'
critter he is!" Mrs. Rhodes sniled
upon the pair of them. "Wasn't it his
time he learned that a respectable
woman's like. Poor feller! Tha's
naught newer to a lubby than a sailer
in this world." Tom started to retreat
toward the door. "Tom! You, Tom!"
"Yes, m'am?" he answered meekly.
"Wha't yer name?"
"Tom Grogan, m'am—o' Phillydel-
phy."
"Set yerself down, Tom! I wouldn't
pay for any man to think I mean
him harm. Will ye have a drop o'
drink lest to wet yer tongue?"
Tom brightened perceptibly.
"Why I'd take it kindly, m'am."
"Not too much," cautioned Fellowes
and turned to greet Nimrod Sopher
who hurried in at the head of four o'
five men, all carrying rifles, muskets
or fowling pieces of various dates and
patterns. Sopher was a man of about
forty, thin as a rail, with a long
mourning face that reminded Fellowes
of a horse. Around his waist was
belted a dragon's sabre of prodigious
size.

"This is an unforseen pleasure,
Lion," he proclaimed ponderously. "I
very nearly fell out my window when
Paris told me you were home. An
extraordinary deliverance! A veritable
Odyssey, I doubt not. You'll have
much to tell us, yes, yes! But we have
not been idle at home. And you'll find
the Manor all in order. I've had some
trouble with Chater, who gave me to
understand 'twas your pleasure he
should be permitted to buy the swamp
tract east of the creek; but I trust
I've not merited rebuke in resisting
his persuasions."
"Chater led to you," rasped Fel-
lowes. "He and—an accomplice of his
betrayed me to Collishaw—to silence
me lest I reveal their intercourse with
the enemy Collishaw, as Eaches
must have told you—"
"Ah, but my dear Lion, how can you
prove this British officer comes with
the intention of proposing a commerce
in treason?"
"Tha't's why I had your Fenclies
rouse. We must catch the scoundrels
in the act."
"Scoundrels!" Sopher was dis-
tressed. "A libelous phrase, my friend
And it occurs to me that Chater has



Who is the Guiding Hand in the Plot? Flared Fellowes.

visiting him Mr. Benjamin Inglepina,
a reputable merchant, of New York city
as well as Mr. Inglepina's daughter—"
"Who is the guiding hand in the
plot?" flared Fellowes.
"But, Lion! Mr. Inglepina is a rep-
utable merchant!"
"Say a wealthy merchant, and I'll
agree with you. Grown wealthy on
trading with the enemy. A corrupt,
conspiring Federalist, bent on restoring
allegiance to the Crown."
Sopher was bewildered.
"Th' passes comprehension," he said.
"An' as your attorney, Lion, I must
counsel you to have your proofs in
order before you undertake to prose-
cute your charges."
"With your Fenclies to aid me, I'll
have proof enough to hang the lot of
them."
"Wha't a woman?"
"Mrs. Rhodes, who had stood by his
tender arms akimbo, rapped sternly:
"An' why not, if she deserves it?"
"Why not?" echoed Fellowes.
Sopher wagged his head forebodingly.
"I like it not, Lion, and tha't's
the truth. As your attorney—"
"Th' is not as my attorney, but as
captain of the Fenclies I've called on
you. Will you aid us to capture these
British invaders?"
"Ah, tha't's a different matter." The
lawyer with a plucked up his spirits.
"There to be sure, we have
the law on our side. Invaders in arms
may be resisted, nay, they should be
resisted." But laying an information
alleging the crime of high treason is a
derision at somebody who thinks he
has discovered something startling
when it is in fact something known
to all.—Kansas City Times.

No Prize Offered for "Mare's Nest" Discovery

"Mare's Nest" is a phrase which we
occasionally hear and which we un-
derstand to refer to almost any sort
of a discovery which upon its face
and at first sight seems to be of con-
siderable importance, but which sub-
sequently is ascertained to be a hoax.
By inference, therefore, a "mare's
nest" has acquired the meaning of
something that does not exist.
Just how the expression originated
is not clearly established. However,
it is authoritatively conceded that
it was first employed over 300 years ago
by John Fletcher and that he himself
probably adapted it from an earlier
phrase, "horse's nest," which, in the
then vernacular, referred to any story
worn throughout by constant repeti-
tion. This latter is said to have been
first used by Stanyhurst at the end
of the Sixteenth century.
The line, "He's come upon a mare's
nest and is laughing at the eggs," is
frequently heard in Ireland to express

Holland's Independence

An error often made is to attribute
Dutch stress in the war for inde-
pendence too much to William and
to Dutch pluck and endurance. Both
these were inestimable factors in the
defeat of Spain. But William died
25 years before Dutch independence
was recognized and Maurice of
Orange and Oldenbarneveldt must not
be given their due for their work aft-
er his death.
Nor must Spanish inefficiency and
poverty be forgotten. A Spanish cap-
tain once said: "If I had had to come
from Spain we would be sure of a
long life," and twice Philip had to re-
pudiate his national debt.—New
York Herald Tribune.

matter requiring protracted considera-
tion. I should err in my responsibility
did I not urge reflection upon the pos-
sible consequences."
"Care nothing for the conse-
quences," Fellowes said coldly. "To
protect the Inglepina and Chater, Col-
lishaw pressed me off the True Boun-
ty, and gave me a hundred lashes on
the cut. Did you ever see a man who
had taken a hundred lashes on his
back? Do you understand what it
means to be compelled to serve
against your country?"
"Your resentment is justifiable," de-
plored the lawyer, "yet justice is to
indicate that justice is seldom realized
through passion."
Eaches, who hovered by the window,
made an awkward attempt to come to
attention.
"Axin' yer pardon, Cap'n," he re-
ported, "the powder's served out, and
the company be acillin' for ye 'n'
squire."
"An' 'bout time some one took heed
to actin' 'stead o' arguin'!" announced
Mrs. Rhodes. "Here!" She opened a
cupboard, and drew from it a musket,
extended her arm and shot pouch, which
she extended to Nimrod. "Tom, jest
strut yerself out to the woodshed, and
ye'll find a hefty ax I honed, myself.
Squire, tha't's a pistol in the drawer o'
that table. Nimrod, git out o' here
and muster yer Fenclies or I'll go do
it for ye."
"I trust I do not need to be re-
minded of my duty, Mirandy Rhodes,"
the lawyer returned with dignity.
"Corporal Eaches, lead out your squad.
After you, Lion!"
In the hall they encountered Tom,
fingering the edge of a shiny, broad-
bladed wood ax.
"Run yer thumb over that," he in-
vited them admiringly. "The Badger's
gunner couldn't have it no sharper.
Tha's a woman for yer! Cripes, she'd
fight a seventy-four 'soon as look at it."
Fellowes reflected uneasily that, at
least, she'd probably fight more handily
than his prolix attorney. But a
climax of voices distracted his atten-
tion. "Hil, wha't's the squire?" "Down
with the bloodsuckers!" "Come on,
Nimrod, we want to fight!" "Three
cheers for the Fenclies!" "We'll
show them Englishmen a few tricks!"
"Hey, Sopher! Hear yer bloodhounds
barkin'!"
Not so well disciplined, the Fenclies,
who, after all, were only very
day farmers and fishermen. Thank
God for the misty darkness!
The men were armed as none
describably as the squad that had at-
tended Eaches—half of them carried
old Brown Bess blunderbusses, with bay-
onets; the remainder sported hunting
rifles, the some and fowling pieces.
Lads barely in their teens shambled
beside grandfathers wearing their
white hair long in the fashion of the
last century. But all, regardless of
age or equipment, were hysterically
aggressive, and they broke ranks with
a whoop to receive Fellowes.
He quailed the demonstration with
difficulty.
"The British will hear you, friends.
Our one hope is to surprise them
Fall them in, Nimrod."
"Come on,
Sopher dress the sasher with a clang.
"Fall in, men! Fall in! Sergeant
Peit! Where's Sergeant Peit?"
One of the ancients of the company
stepped clear of the confusion and
stuttered with shaky smartness.
"Mustard the men, sergeant. Coi-
am of fours."
"An' douse those torches," added
Fellowes.
Prompt obedience plunged the group
in darkness, and the confusion in-
creased until the Widow Rhodes ap-
peared with a lighted stable-lantern
in either hand.
"I never see such clumsy oafs," she
snapped. "For land's sake, git agoin',
Abner Peit. I've heard yer tell about
Saratoray for thirty years. S'pose ye
show us a bit o' s'erjery for a change."
"Ye will Mirandy, we will," quav-
ered Peit. "The Fenclies ain't 'on
diments, but they know that drill.
Fall in, men! Slope arms! Right
dress!" His old voice took on a
ghostly ring of virility. "By fours—
column right—for'ard!"
(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE KITCHEN CABINET
(C. 1922 Western Newspaper Union.)
Some find it "a man-killing job,"
but it seems to me to be the great-
est work-a-day task that an am-
bitious person with ideals can find
—helping a community and at the
same time making a worldly suc-
cess for one's self. It is a voca-
tion for optimists.—Charles H.
Grasty.

DISHES A LA CREOLE

The creole style of cooking is fun-
damentally Franco-Spanish. Inter-
marriage between the
French and Spanish
brought into prominence
a style of cookery that
partook of both nations.
The Creole of the old
Franco-Spanish Louisi-
ana is a lover of exot-
ic foods. The hot, moist
climate of the South
requires certain kinds of food com-
binations if one would keep well and
enjoy his food.
The pliant, spicy, peppery flavored
foods stimulate the lazy liver and give
 zest to the appetite. A true Creole
sauce is a work of art.

Creole Sauce.—Place in a saucepan
one cupful of stewed tomatoes, half
a cupful of chopped onions, half a
cupful of stock or water, one clove
of garlic, a quarter teaspoonful of
thyme and two chopped peppers.
Cook until the onions and peppers are
soft, then cool and rub through a
sieve. Place three tablespoonfuls of
butter or olive oil in a pan, add four
tablespoonfuls of flour, brown, then
add the puree. Cook until well blend-
ed, for three minutes. Now add two
tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, a
quarter teaspoonful of the powdered
sassafras leaves, or chili powder may
be substituted. Serve with meat,
fish, boiled rice or eggs.
Rice and Apple Creole.—Boil a quar-
ter of a cupful of rice until tender,
add one-half cupful of thick seasoned
apple sauce, one egg yolk well beaten
and a teaspoonful of lemon extract.
Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white
and mold in small cups. Serve very
cold with a cream or custard sauce.
Belle Calais.—Place two cupfuls and
a half of boiling water in a saucepan
and add half a cupful of washed rice.
Cook until the rice is soft and the
water absorbed. Cool, turn into a
sieve and mash in a mixing bowl.
Place one-third of a yeast cake with
three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and
one teaspoonful of salt in three
fourths of a cupful of warm wa-
ter. Stir to dissolve thoroughly and
then add the rice in the bowl. Beat,
stand over night and add two well
beaten eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful
of nutmeg and a pinch of soda.
In the morning, beat again and drop
by spoonfuls into hot fat, sprinkle
with powdered sugar and cinnamon
and serve hot.
Cold Puddings.
Preparing a dessert, having some-
thing that the family likes, at the
same time avoid-
ing monotony, is
a daily task for
the housewife of
women. Any
suggestions are
usually gladly re-
ceived here are
a few:
Apple Meringue.—Peel after coring
six good flavored apples. Put one
cupful of water, one cupful of sugar
and the juice of half a lemon into a
stewpan and cook to a sirup. Put the
apples into a glass baking dish and
pour over the sirup, then bake until
tender. Chill and fill with whipped
cream and dot each with a candied
cherry. Nutmeg, cinnamon or orange
rind may be used if preferred for
flavoring. This is a dessert that the
children may enjoy with a cookie or
piece of plain cake.
Fig Crumb Pudding.—Mix one cupful
of cake crumbs with four crushed
macaroons, three tablespoonfuls of
sugar, two eggs with the yolks of two
more beaten together; add a cupful
and a half of cream, one teaspoonful
of vanilla, half a cupful of chopped
walnuts and a tablespoonful of candied
peel chopped. Beat well, pour into a
buttered mold, cover, place in a pan
of hot water and bake until firm.
Turn out and decorate with figs filled
with whipped cream.

Mixed Fruit Jelly.—Cook one cupful
of tannin in a quart of milk until
clear; stir in a glass of apple jelly
and pour into a deep round bowl.
When cold turn out on a bed of
chopped peach gelatin made from
fruit sirup, garnished round with
sliced peaches and cherries. Serve
with a bowl of whipped cream.
Rice Dumplings.—Wash one cupful
of rice and cook in a quart of water
until soft and the water is absorbed.
Cool, rub through a sieve and add
one-half cupful of sugar, one-quarter
teaspoonful of salt and one-half tea-
spoonful of nutmeg. Beat well, rinse
pudding cloths in cold water and dust
lightly with flour. Spread the rice in
half-inch layers on the cloth and
place in the center of each a core of
sliced and pared apple. Fill the cavity
with brown sugar and raisins and tie
the cloth closely around the apple. Plunge
into a deep saucepan of boiling water
and cook thirty-five minutes. Remove
from the cloth, brush with beaten
egg, sprinkle with brown sugar and
cinnamon and bake a light brown in
a hot oven. Serve with a hard or
custard sauce.

Easy to Find

Editor Edmunds of the Manu-
facturer's Record was discussing inter-
national relations.
"Things are looking bad," he said.
"There's suspicion, there's anger,
there's defiance. The speeches of lead-
ing statesmen everywhere seem to
show that they are looking for
trouble."
Editor Edmunds snooks his head.
"An' looking for trouble," he con-
cluded, "is like looking for Pike's peak
in Teller county, Colorado—you can't
miss it."

Those Party Lines

The old cut belonging to a woman
in a Colorado village died. Her tele-
phone is on a 12-party line, and she
told her mother over the phone that
she would have to get another cut.
That evening two cats were left in
her yard. The next day a sack con-
taining a mother cat and five kittens
was left at the gate. And within a
day or two, three half-grown kittens
wandered in, evidently having been
left close by.

Never Too Late

Some of the best work ever pro-
duced on earth, even in the realm of
art, has come from the redemption
of failures.—American Magazine.

Whatever you give for the com-
fort and welfare of old folks is well
given.

Cause and Cure

Not only is it possible to buy meals
and dyspepsia cures in the same drug
store, but a local pawnshop shows
stomachies and shotguns in the same
window.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Simplicity Above All

In character, it matters in style
in all things, the supreme excellence
is simplicity.—Lutzfellow.



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Those Party Lines

The old cut belonging to a woman
in a Colorado village died. Her tele-
phone is on a 12-party line, and she
told her mother over the phone that
she would have to get another cut.
That evening two cats were left in
her yard. The next day a sack con-
taining a mother cat and five kittens
was left at the gate. And within a
day or two, three half-grown kittens
wandered in, evidently having been
left close by.

Never Too Late

Some of the best work ever pro-
duced on earth, even in the realm of
art, has come from the redemption
of failures.—American Magazine.

Whatever you give for the com-
fort and welfare of old folks is well
given.

Cause and Cure

Not only is it possible to buy meals
and dyspepsia cures in the same drug
store, but a local pawnshop shows
stomachies and shotguns in the same
window.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Simplicity Above All

In character, it matters in style
in all things, the supreme excellence
is simplicity.—Lutzfellow.

Needless Suffering



The next time a headache makes
you stay at home—
Or some other ache or pain pre-
vents your keeping an engagement—
Remember Bayer Aspirin! For
there is scarcely any pain it cannot
relieve, and relieve promptly.
These tablets give real relief, or
millions would not continue to take
them. They are quite harmless, or
the medical profession would not
constantly prescribe them.
Don't be a martyr to unnecessary
pain. To colds that might so
easily be checked; to neuritis, neu-
ralgia; to those pains peculiar to
women; or any suffering for which
Bayer Aspirin is such an effective
antidote.

For your own protection, buy the
genuine. Bayer is safe. It's always
the same. It never depresses the
heart, so use it as often as needed;
but the cause of any pain can be
treated only by a doctor.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer, Manufacturer of Monacheim-Weid, Germany

Realized Eve Was Not "Dressed for Company"

Arthur Train, president of the Au-
thors' League, was talking about a
banned book.
"I guess it ought to have been
banned," he said. "All the same the
men who go in for this banning busi-
ness don't strike me as moralists. They
strike me as prudes.
"They remind me of Stiggins, the
head of an anti-vice society.
"I had a curious dream last night,
Stiggins said at breakfast in the
boarding house.
"The boarders looked at him with
interrogative smiles.
"Ye's, he went on, I dreamed that
I was in the garden of Eden.
"Och, how cute!" said an old maid
school teacher. "And was Eve like all
the pictures of her?"
"Ye'er—" stammered Stiggins, very
red and wriggly—"I of course—I
didn't look."—Detroit Free Press.

Work of Patient Artist

In a shop at Nantucket, says the
Boston Globe, some New Bedford
(Mass.) girls noticed what looked like
a cherry stone set on a base like that
of a collar button. They inquired
what it was and were told it was a
spoon holder, and when they looked
incredulously, the proprietor of the
shop removed the cherry stone from
its base and shook out of it two do-
zen silver spoons. Each spoon had an
unmistakable bowl, yet one which
would hold no more than a micro-
scopic drop of tea. The novelty was
the work of a Nantucketer whose
keenness of vision and skill in hand-
icraft excited admiration and wonder.

A woman has no right to grow old
until after she has been married at
least once.

For Best Results in Home Dyeing

You can always
give richer, deeper,
more brilliant
colors to faded or
out-of-style dress-
es, hose, coats,
draperies, etc., with
Diamond Dyes.
And the colors stay in through
wear and washing!
Here's the reason. Diamond
Dyes contain the highest quality
anilines money can buy. And it's
the anilines that count! They are
the very life of dyes.
Plenty of pure anilines make
Diamond Dyes easy to use. They
go on evenly without spotting or
streaking. Try them next time
and see why authorities recom-
mend them; why millions of women
will use no other dyes.
You get Diamond Dyes for the
same price as ordinary dyes; 15c
at any drug store.

Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator that
Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry,
Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks
K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry
yard with absolute safety and contains no deadly
poisons. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recom-
mended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under
the Comstock process which insures maximum
strength. Two cans killed 378 rats at Arkansas
State Farm, one at ordinary test.
Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee
K-R-O is the original Squill exter-
minator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times
as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply
you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O KILLS RATS ONLY

Let experts grade and price your furs. Ship
to McMillan Fur & Wool Co. for
highest prices. Prompt cash returns. Large
receivers of Northern Furs. Over 30 years
in the fur business.
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
111 N. WASHINGTON ST.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

STOP THAT COUGH

The safe easy way before
worse troubles follow. Take
HALE'S HONEY
OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
The tried home remedy for breaking
up colds, relieving throat troubles,
healing and soothing—quick relief
for coughing and hoarseness.
30c at all druggists
Use Hale's Toothache Drops.

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