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KOENIG'S NERVE

Smooth Tree Dangerous
When Lightning Rages

Smooth-barked trees served as fatal roosts for thousands of birds near St. Charles, Mo., when they were charged with electricity during a storm last August. Dr. William G. Wilson, ornithologist, will tell the United States Department of Agriculture in a report which he is preparing. More than 5,000 dead birds were reported to have been found on a farm a short distance from St. Charles, and more than 1,100 on another farm, following the storm. "I have never heard of a case of this kind before," Doctor Wilson said, "and it may not happen again in a thousand years, but I believe that it is worth reporting to federal experts. In my opinion, only birds roosting on smooth-barked trees were killed when unusual atmospheric conditions charged the trees with electricity. I believe that this kind of tree is a conductor of electricity during a storm because water cannot be absorbed, making the tree attractive to the electrical charge. The charge was not strong enough to kill any but the smallest birds, however, since no large ones were found to have been victims."

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coars to coast.—Adv.

In Too Great Hurry to Forge Marital Chains

The pale, nervous looking man was applying for a job.

"I think I shall be able to suit all your requirements, sir," he said.

The manager shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't take you," he replied. "You see, I'm wanting a single man."

A look of horror appeared on the other's face.

"But, good gracious," he stammered, "when I came here yesterday I was told you were looking for a married man!"

"I'm sorry," said the manager. "It must have been a mistake."

The applicant stepped forward and clasped him by the arm.

"Look here," he gasped, "it's all very well for you to talk like that—but what am I to do? You married! I went straight out and got married!"

Cole's Carbollin Quick Relieves and heals burning, itching and skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 30c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 3c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill., for a package.—Advertisement.

Not Manual Laborers

Of the 290 Laborite members of the British house of commons few have come from the hard laboring classes they represent. On the contrary, titles, wealth and professions are well represented in the ranks of the Labor members of parliament. Among them are two baronets, a baronet's wife who is also a marquise's daughter, two king's counsellors, one banker, three professors, one clergyman, two solicitors, four retired army officers, nine lecturers, fourteen teachers, one chemist, ten barristers, one landowner, one Salvation army commissioner and two cartoonists.

Prosperity Must Be Shared

Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.—Thomas Fuller.

Electrical Storm Center

The Chilhowee ridge, in the Great Smoky mountains of eastern Tennessee, is known as one of the worst locations in the country for frequent and furious lightning storms.—Providence Journal.

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HATE

CHAPTER IX
—15—
The Chase Begins

To the considerable amusement of Joshua Inglepin, Fellowes was obliged to rescue Tom and Cuffee from a ring of admiring idlers who crowded the taproom of the Washington hotel to watch the negro twisting horseshoes and breaking bricks in his great hands, and listen to Tom's hair-raising yarus. Cuffee had been so delighted with the admiration he aroused that he forgot his charge to restrict Tom's drinking, with the result that Mr. Grogan was a good bit more than three sheets in the wind.

"D'you want to go with me as boss in the Centurion privateer?" demanded Fellowes.

"Boshun!"

"That's what I said. But I won't have a drunkard piping my fo'c's'le. Cuffee, who had been humbly apologetic over his dereliction from duty, was unable to confine his enthusiasm at this news.

"Yo' ketch him ship wid Long Tom, Mars' Fellowes?" he cried, eyes shining.

"Yes, but her gunner is going to be a man I can depend on. Frankly, I'm at a loss what to do with you two."

"Tush," said the merchant, "we'll send 'em to Christian Bergh. He can rig hammocks for them aboard the brig. Here, Tom, give this line to Mr. Bergh. He'll take care of you. And now, by your leave, Captain, we'll have a bite of dinner, and after wait upon his excellency."

Fellowes' head was jammed with an incoherent stream of thoughts as he walked beside the merchant under the weighted, green boughs of the tulip trees. His mind was concentrated upon the future. He was planning the berthing of one hundred and fifty men, estimating the quantities of powder and shot for great guns and small, the proportion of boarding-pikes to cutlasses, of pistols to muskets, designing special broadside ports for the Long Tom in either bulk, so that by yawing in flight the Centurion might sting a pursuer to the utmost.

He scarcely heard Joshua Inglepin's conversation; his responses were mechanical. Eating his food, drinking the choice Madeira, it was always the same: Joshua's voice, declaring positively, his own measured responses, the turgid stream of his thoughts.

They left the house and walked down Broadway. In Bowling Green they were challenged by a picket, but Joshua's name passed them inside the grounds of Government house, and they ascended the wide stairs of the portico among a procession of aides-de-camp and politicians. A short wait, then, and they were ushered into the presence of Governor Tompkins.

The governor was both courteous and interested.

"Captain Fellowes? Ah, yes, to be sure. Knew your father well, sir. A shame he left the legislature, but he was determined for diplomacy. Well, well! And you have been in the enemy's hands? Flogged, b'gad! And there are Federalists who would assure the country that no honest American has been pressed and there's not such a tool as the cat in the British fleet! But tell me your story, sir."

He listened keenly, with an occasional interjection, drawing out Joshua's theories, and after his callers had concluded delivered instant judgment.

"Your lawyer friend was in the right, Captain Fellowes. We could never maintain your evidence in judicial proceedings, civil or military. Moreover, 'twould be bad politics to attempt it, for the Federalists would make capital out of our efforts. A prosecution, d'you see? A partisan attack upon a leader of their faction. No, no, 'twouldn't do. 'Twouldn't do at all, sir. But don't think I'm belittling the value of your information. Circumstantially, it bears out evidence we have been accumulating this past twelve months. The fact is gentlemen, New England is rotten with intrigue against the national government. There's a move afoot now to summon a convention of delegates of the dissatisfied states to take action to secure a peace. There's open talk of secession."

He was silent for some minutes.

"Joshua, you have the right idea," he decided at last. "This is a matter for private enterprise. But—are you certain you wish to bring your brother to justice? Should the evidence Captain Fellowes seeks come to light, 'twould be a hanging job, my friend."

Joshua Inglepin's features contorted spasmodically, with such a congestion of blood that Fellowes wondered if he ought to loosen the man's stock. But Joshua waved him away.

"I'm—all right," Passion throbbled in the merchant's voice. "Damn Governor, who should bring my brother to justice. If not I? Isn't he a reproach to my name?"

"Yet, after all, your brother," the governor reminded him. "And there is the young lady I fear gentlemen if the affair is as black as his paint ed—"

Joshua Inglepin fairly shouted at Fellowes:

"Well, Captain, what have we to say to that? Shall we shrink from

our task because a woman is concerned with it?"

Fellowes looked from one to the other, telly aloof.

"I have settled that issue with Mr. Inglepin," he said quietly. "Miss Inglepin must take her chance. She is not—" he struggled for the right phrase, anxious neither to overblame nor excuse—"a loyal American, your excellency."

"Forgive me, captain, if I intrude upon your personal affairs," replied the governor. "But let me ask again: are you sure you will not regret your participation? Hatred is a bitter medicine."

"Not so bitter," Joshua spoke up severely. "A man hates for the satisfaction of it! There's no right in proper hatred. Take Ben. I hate him because he's disloyal. I hate him because he's my brother. I hate him because he's a Federalist. And I might go on indefinitely at the same rate. If I can live to see Ben ruined, I'll die happy. Happy, by G—d, sir! Eh, Fellowes?"

"I have no expectation of happiness," Fellowes answered wearily. "But we wander from the point of our visit. Your excellency has not said you'll help us."

"By all means in my power," the governor returned promptly. "The Secret Service shall be instructed to protect you, and report every move of these people." He paused. "I suppose you'll wish to have the young lady watched?"

"She must take her chance with the others," Fellowes insisted. "We'll play no favorites, sir."

Joshua Inglepin clipped his arm, sagely peremptory.

"Aye, no favorites, damme," rasped the merchant. "You can't afford 'em when you hate, Fellowes. I know!"

An aide knocked at the door.

"General Scott is arrived from the Niagara frontier, your excellency," he announced.

"Ah," exclaimed the governor. "In that case, I must ask you to excuse me, gentlemen. But be assured of my sympathy in your undertakings. He hesitated. "My sympathy, gentlemen, and my pity," he added earnestly.

Outside on the steps of the portico, Joshua Inglepin clutched Fellowes' arm again.

"Don't heed the governor's twaddle," he urged in his jerky, impatient speech. "He means well, but he doesn't know. How could he? How could anyone, who hasn't learned to hate? Pah! We'll show 'em, Fellowes. We'll show 'em, damme!"

Fellowes experienced a slight inclination to nausea, and asked himself if Joshua's hysterical asseverations weren't perhaps, a reaction from the same cause. He hated, he hated with his whole being. But there was no satisfaction in it, despite Joshua's claim. It was, on the contrary, rather debasing.

There was much to be done to fitting the Centurion for sea, but the easiest job of all was collecting a crew. Nimrod Sopher, with Paris Eschies, Joe Hawk and a dozen more Babyloniens posted into town by Jeff Higgle's coach as soon as the news trickled through the pine forests down the South shore, and were all enrolled in the marine guard, and put to assisting Cuffee in mounting the battery and overhauling the small arms. A Marblehead man named Spencer, who had left his home-port in disgust at New England's Federalist proclivities, was accepted as first lieutenant, and a low-voiced Virginian, Henry Reed, qualified as second.

Dire Punishment for Man "Mute of Malice"

"Mute of malice" is a legal term of considerable antiquity, and applies to prisoners who are arranged in court refuse to plead. In a recent Dublin case, counsel said that to seek a verdict of this kind nowadays was only an "absurd formality."

But once it was not so. Then penalty was terribly severe. Here is an instance as late as 1740. A highway man, who pretended to be dumb and refused to plead at Kilkenny assizes, was tried as to whether he was "mute and imbecile by the hand of God or willfully so." On being found "mute of malice," he was sentenced to be pressed to death, a decree which was carried out in the market place.

"As the weights were heaping on the wretched man" (says an account) "he

Indian Tribes Shifted

From 1817 to 1840, the great southern tribes of Indians were removed to the Indian territory from Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi. These tribes were the Cherokee, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles. These Indians held slaves and during the Civil war all of these tribes joined the Confederacy. They were expelled by the treaties of 1860 to cede to the United States much of their western lands upon which they had established no settlements, as a home for friendly Indians of other tribes.

Weaving Long Practiced

Fragments of cloth wrapped about ancient mummies show that the art of weaving dates back to at least 3000 B. C.

and. For surgeon Fellowes picked a city doctor, Aloysius O'Shaughnessy, red-headed son of a surgeon in Willett's regiment of the old New York Line.

The minor ratings were selected from some five hundred applicants, for the shipping trade was hamstrung, and employment in a fast heavy-armed privateer was infinitely preferable to enlistment in the regular army or militia, notwithstanding bounties and land warrants freely offered as inducements to recruits. Fellowes took only healthy, seasoned men. When the brig hauled out of her slip, and anchored in the stream, she mustered the choicest crew, mariners said, that ever had sailed from New York.

Fellowes was impetuously satisfied, and Joshua never tired of his visits of inspection. "I wish to God Ben would make up his mind, and sail," he'd exclaim, scowling over the stumpy hull of the True Bounty, trying a quarter mile nearer Governors island. "It's vastly annoying, this delay."

Fellowes, himself worn by the tension, could only counsel patience.

"We're ready, Mr. Inglepin. The moment he slips his cable, we'll be after him."

And Joshua would sigh gustily, his ruddy features suddenly ugly with the passion that stewed in his soul.

"If we might only seize him when he sails! But doubtless he'd destroy aught damaging to his interest."

"Doubtless," Fellowes agreed curtly. And added as curtly: "And forget not you'll watch for us until I've brought the Badger to action, aye, if it takes a year."

Strangely, Joshua never resented such reminders.

"To be sure, to be sure," he'd assent. "I mustn't be selfish. You have Collihawee to reckon with, too. And you do well to hate thoroughly, captain. You'll never regret it."

So he'd go over to the wherry, piped by Tom and his mates, like an admiral into his barge.

Summer waned into fall and the waterfront speculated freely on the conjunction of circumstances that kept the two Inglepin ships in port. So did Ben and his friends. The Secret Service reports that came to Joshua every few days were full of such passages as this:

"Mr. Inglepin had with him over the Thursday Senator Pickering of Massachusetts. They attended a meeting at the Bank Coffee house in the evening. Higgins, the waiter, says there was a deal of talk of secession, but mostly of the objective of Mr. Joshua Inglepin's new privateer brig. Mr. Benjamin assured the gentlemen he'd give the d—d rascals the slip."

Another time Mr. Daniel Webster, a young, fiery representative in congress from New Hampshire, and Mr. George Herbert were cited as having conducted an animated discussion at Ben's dinner table. "Curse this government," cried Mr. Herbert. "At six days' notice I'd march for Washington, and swear upon the altar not to return until Madison was buried beneath the ruins of the capital."

A sentiment which Mr. Webster applauded. "This is no longer a free government," said he. "The Constitution is foully libeled. There is growing up in Washington a fabric of despotism. We must take measures, gentlemen, desperate measures if need be."

Finally, in September, when the fall gales began to blow in earnest, the True Bounty loaded a cargo of barrelled flour, salt fish, and sundries, and Ben Inglepin visited the custom house in person and took out clearance papers for Cadiz.

Joshua foamed with rage when he heard this. "The impertinence of it," he fumed. "The d—n feller's been trading with the enemy. Aye, and if the truth be known, he is, now. Cadiz! H—l, Fellowes, there are roads from Cadiz to Wellington's front. Cadiz! Why not Southampton, and be done with it?"

Joshua made a nuisance of himself occasionally, but it was he who fetched the first warning of the True Bounty's sailing.

The day had been overcast, with light airs quartering from south to east. Fellowes was sitting at supper in the main cabin, solitary by choice, when a thump sounded overhead, and Joshua pelted through the companionway.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Maybe an Operation

A sixteen-year-old Hungarian boy has had several columns of his poems published. His parents fear he is now too old to grow out of it.—London Opinion.

Giving Away Secrets

Betty (to teacher)—Mummy wants you to come to tea on Saturday. Teacher—Are you sure, dear? Betty—Yes, because I heard daddy say, "Ask her and get it over with."

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