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### REDEMPTION

By MARGARET A. NORTON.

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It was a crucial moment. Rachel recognized it. Without a second's hesitation she grasped the steaming coffee pot and, with an alarming agility, sent it, contents and all, right through the big pane of glass in the dining room window.

Then, with a slightly heightened color, but apparently otherwise calm and placid, she began filling some glasses with water to substitute in place of the usual beverage.

Ralph, astonished, aghast, his mouth open, stood as if turned to stone and watched his wife's movements. To his astonished gaze she appeared as cool and chilly as a winter morning. "They" had told her—why, even Ralph's own mother had warned her—that Ralph's ugly temper had spoiled his first wife's life; that he was given to fits of "meanness," which while they lasted made life near him, or with him, a misery and a terror.

"They" had said that she would rue the day she married him, for he was "overbearing and tyrannical" and "had no thought for anyone but himself."

To all well-meaning critics, except Ralph's mother, Rachel had turned a smiling but unmovable face. With Mrs. Rodman she had talked earnestly.

For some months her tactfulness and the love Ralph undoubtedly bore his handsome and cheerful wife held his tyrannical temper within bounds. But this lovely April morning he had risen with all his disagreeable propensities on the surface.

Rachel had not uttered a word of remonstrance, not even when her husband kicked the unoffending cat, threw a chair in his path to the other side of the room and nearly broke the covers of her new range when he replenished the fire. She pretended not to notice that her merry remarks were unanswered or glared at. It was not until, through his own carelessness, he had spilled a few drops of hot coffee on his wrist and had, with a muttered oath, thrown the offending cup across the room, landing it in scraps on a pretty and prized rug, that Rachel acted.

It was then that she followed his example, but to his horror and the sudden cooling of his pettish resentment, not only followed his example, but went his several better, for the window pane was a valuable one and the coffee pot one of their best wedding gifts.

Neither spoke during the hasty meal that followed.

At dinner she acted just as usual. Ralph was very silent. He noted that the debris of the morning explosion lay where it had fallen. His mother and uncle were coming to tea.

After dinner he gathered up the broken glass and cleared away the coffee grounds.

That night she prepared a letter. It was not long. In it Rachel told her husband that she had been warned about his inflammable temper; that she loved him despite that very bad bluish, and she believed he was manly enough to conquer his ruling passion. She told him that she meant for a while, "only for a while, and just as an object lesson, to show you how terrible such behavior is. When I see that my nets are not bearing fruit and that you are not bearing fruit and that you are not worth my descending to such tactics then I shall say 'good-by' and forever 'good-by'! I cannot live with a husband unworthy my respect. I should still love you, Ralph, but I should leave you just the same as if my love had departed, for I am an individual with a right to happiness, and it would be unobtainable with you. Think it over, husband!"

Ralph never mentioned the letter, but it was many months before he allowed his hesitating vice to get the better of him again, and when he did it proved to be the last time. This time he stoned and killed a hen that had done some damage in the garden. When Rachel, who loved all helpless creatures, saw the mutilated body she acted. That night when Ralph went out to feed his poultry, which he fancied, despite his occasional cruelties, his poultry house was empty. Rachel had given every bird away.

"When you can use creatures humanely," she said, "I'll agree to have more here. But that hen's broken ribs and body made me understand that you had to learn humane principles before we could trust animals of any kind in your hands."

It was the last lesson necessary. Ralph saw the point. He began to respect, as he had never done before with any woman who had come into his life, the will which refused to submit tamely to injustice and tyranny.

"I must not lose her," he thought, "for if she goes it will be forever."

A year later as the pair were looking at some fowl that Rachel herself had installed in the poultry house, Ralph remarked, reminiscently:

"I'm mighty glad, Rachel, that you had the gumption to hit hard from the shoulder when I merited it."

And Rachel, her prophecies fulfilled, answered: "I never hit you, honey, but I did hit the black moods that were killing you."

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### Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

#### OLD BILL HAMILTON'S STRANGE DUEL WITH AN ENGLISHMAN

One of the greatest of the old-time mountain men in western history was William T. Hamilton, or "Old Bill" Hamilton as he was known in the early days in Montana. His strange duel with an Englishman is historic. Old Bill had offended the Englishman in some way, and the Britisher challenged him to a duel.

"All right; I'll fight you!" said Old Bill. "But I get to name the weapons and rules for the fight."

The Englishman agreed, and this is what Hamilton decided: Each man was to strip to the skin, go out to the Yellowstone river, and with an ax chop a hole in the ice. Then the two men were to get down in these holes and sit in the water up to their shoulders. The first to leave this icy bath was the loser.

The contest began. The Englishman stood it for a few minutes. Then with a wild yell he leaped out and, with his teeth chattering, ran for a house and a stove as fast as he could. Old Bill followed close on his heels, calling the shivering Britisher every name in his vocabulary. Old Bill was declared winner of the duel. It had been no hardship for Hamilton. He had lived among the Indians and was as hardy as they. He is said to have been the only white man of his time who could strip naked, take a bow and arrows and shoot buffalo from horseback as well as the savages, with whom he lived.

Hamilton finally settled down at Fort Benton, Mont., where he opened a log cabin hotel and a butcher shop. The governor of Montana appointed him sheriff of Chouteau county, and he was also a deputy United States marshal. In 1805 the governor asked him to visit the Crow and Gros Ventre Indians and persuade them to come in to Fort Benton to make peace.

"But how can I go?" said Old Bill. "I have to look after my eatin' house and butcher shop, and tend to my duties as sheriff and marshal. I've got two prisoners on hand now and no jail to keep 'em in."

Finally he consented and, accompanied only by an Indian boy, he made the dangerous trip. After a series of exciting adventures he returned in safety, bringing the two tribes with him to the council.

Old Bill died in 1808 at the age of eighty-six. He was always proud of the fact that he had been a scout for the United States army, and to the day of his death he kept the Stars and Stripes floating over the little log cabin where he lived.

#### COUNT DE SRIECK



The young Comte Van de Stegen de Srieck of Belgium, is shown lowering the flag on the afterdeck of the Belgian steamer Peraier, aboard which he is serving as apprentice seaman.

#### SYNGMAN RHEE



Syngman Rhee, president of the provisional government of Korea, who hopes to plead for self determination for his country before the delegates to the conference on limitation of armaments.

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