

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

The Dabney buggy was waiting for him when, after what seemed like a pilgrimage of endless miles, he had crept down to the gate. But it was Miss Dabney, and not Mammy Juliet's Pets, who was holding the reins. "I couldn't find Pete, and Japheth has gone to town," she explained. "Can you get in by yourself?" "He was holding on by the cut wheel, and the death-lock was creeping over his face again." "I can't let you," he panted; and she thought he was thinking of the disgrace for her. "I am my own mistress," she said, coldly. "If I choose to drive you when you are too sick to hold the reins, it is my own affair." "I wasn't thinking of that; but you must first know just what you're doing. My father stands to lose all he has got to—the Farleys. That's what the meeting is for. Do you understand?" She bit her lip and a far-away look came into her eyes. Then she turned on him with a little frown of determination gathering between her straight eyebrows—a frown that reminded him of the Major in his militant moods. "I must take your word for it," she said, and the words seemed to cut the air like edged knives. "Tell me the truth: is your cause entirely just? Your motive is not revenge?" "It is my father's cause, and none of mine; more than that, it is your grandfather's cause—and yours." She pushed the buggy hood back with a quick arm sweep and gave him her free hand. "Step carefully," she cautioned; and a minute later they were speeding swiftly down the pike in a white dust cloud of their own making.

There was a sharp crisis at the fore in the old log-house office at the furnace. Caleb Gordon, haggard and irremediable, sat at one end of the trestle-board which served as a table, with Norman at his elbow; and Frank, with him on either side, were taken into the room by the door. The two Farleys, Duxbury and Dabney, acting as general counsel for the company in the Farley interest, and Hanchett, representing the Gordons.

Having arranged the preliminaries to his entire satisfaction, Colonel Duxbury had struck true and hard. The pipe foundry was taken into the parent company at a certain nominal figure payable in a new issue of Chiawasee Limited stock, or three several things were due to happen simultaneously: the furnace would be shut down indefinitely "for repairs," thus cutting off the iron supply and making the company's fortune by pipe contracts inevitable; suit would be brought to recover damages for the alleged mismanagement of Chiawasee Consolidated during the absence of the majority stockholders; and the validity of the pipe-patent would be contested in the courts. This was the ultimatum. The one-sided battle had been fought in the dark, had made every double and turn that kept legal acumen and a sharp wit could suggest to gain time. But Mr. Farley was inexorable. The business must be taken into the present sitting; otherwise the papers in the two suits, which were already prepared, would be filed before noon. Hanchett took his principal into the laboratory for a private word.

"It's for you to decide, Mr. Gordon," he said. "If you want to follow them into the courts, we'll be glad to do it. But as a friend I can't advise you to take that course." "If we would only make out to find out what Tom's holding over 'em!" groaned Caleb, helplessly. "Yes; but we can't," said the lawyer. "And whatever it may be, they are evidently not afraid of it." "We'll never see a dollar's dividend out of the stock, Cap'n Hanchett. I might as well give 'em the foundry free and clear."

"That's the chance you take, of course. But on the other hand, they can force you to the wall in a month and make you lose everything you have. I've been over the books with Norman; if you can't fill your pipe contracts, the forfeitures will ruin you. And you can't fill them unless you can have Chiawasee iron, and at the present price." The old iron-master led the way back to the room of doom and took his place at the end of the trestle-board table. "Give me the papers," he said, gloomily; and the Farley's attorney passed them across, with his fountain-pen. There was a clatter of wheels on the air and the staccato clatter of a horse's hoofs on the hard metal of the pike. Vincent Farley rose quietly in his place and tiptoed to the door. He was in the act of snapping the catch of the spring-latch, when the door flew inward and he felt back with a smothered exclamation. Thereupon they all looked up, Caleb, the tremulous, with the pen still suspended over the signatures upon which the ink was still wet. Tom was standing in the doorway, deathly sick and clinging to the jamo for support. In putting on his hat he had slipped the bandages, and the wound was bleeding afresh. Duxbury yelped like a stricken dog, overturning his chair as he leaped up and backed away into a corner. Only Mr. Duxbury Farley and his attorney were wholly unmoved. The lawyer had taken his fountain-pen from Caleb's shaking fingers and was carefully recapping it; and Mr. Farley was pocketing the agreement, by the terms of which the firm of Gordon & Gordon had ceased to exist.

Tom lurched into the room and threw himself feebly on the promoter, and Vincent made as if he would come be-

The conference in Suite 32 lasted until nearly midnight, with Duxbury, painfully shadowing the corridor and sweating like a furnace laborer, though the night was more than autumn cool. The door was thick, the transom was closed, and the keyhole commanded nothing but a square of blank wall opposite in the electric-lighted sitting room of the suite. Hence the book-keeper could only guess what he may know.

"You have let in a flood of light on Mr. Farley's proposition, Mr. Gordon," said the representative of American Aqueduct, when the ground had been thoroughly gone over. "I don't mind telling you now that he made his first entrance to us on his arrival from Europe, giving us to understand that he owned or controlled the pipe-making plants absolutely."

"At that time he controlled nothing," said Tom, "not even his majority stock in Chiawasee Consolidated. Of course, he resumed control as soon as he reached home, and his next move was to have me quietly manacled while he took my father out. But father did not transfer the patents, for the simple reason that he couldn't. They are my personal property, made over to me before the firm of Gordon & Gordon came into existence."

"You are the man who've come to do business with Mr. Gordon. Are you quite sure of your legal status in the case?" "I have good advice. Hanchett, Goodloe and Tryson, Richmond Building, are my attorneys. They will put you in the way of finding out anything you'd like to know."

"I'll cut the heart out of these demons that have robbed you. Give me the pistol from that drawer, and drive me down to the station before their train comes. I'll do it, I'll do it now!" But when old Longfellow, flinging vertically between the buggy shafts, picked his way out of the furnace yard, he was permitted to turn of his own accord in the homeward direction; and an hour later the sick man was back in bed, with insistent calls for Ardea. And this time Miss Dabney did not come.

"That would be rather out of our line. If Mr. Farley owned the patents, and was disposed to fight—as, indeed, he is—we might try to convince him. But we are not out for vengeance—another man's vengeance, at that."

"Very well, then; you won't get what you've come after. The patents go with the plant. You can't have one without the other. I'm here to do business. We don't need the plant. Will you sell us your patents?" "Yes; on one condition."

"That you first put us out of business. You'll have to smash Chiawasee Limited painstakingly and permanently before you can buy my holdings."

The shrewd-eyed gentleman who had until practically all of the pipe foundries in the United States smiled a gentle negative.

ZOOLOGY OF DISEASES

LETTER BLAIR

URGEON GENERAL WYMAN of the public health service has been buying such quantities of live rabbits lately, for use in his business, that, in response to inquiry, he has felt obliged to explain that the animals are wanted not for vivisection, but for the manufacture of serums and antitoxins. They are dosed with small quantities of disease germs again and again until, having been "hyperimmunized" by this means, their blood contains an anti-poison utilisable as a cure for the maldy, whatever it may be, in human beings.

Mithridates of old, the celebrated king of Pontus, was so afraid of being poisoned, that he dosed himself constantly with small quantities of various kinds of poisons in order that he might become in a measure proof against them. Practically the same method is adopted by the public health service, which, in the manner described, "hyperimmunizes" such animals as sheep, horses, cows and rabbits, with a view to the subsequent employment of their blood for the cure or prevention of disease. It is by this means, for instance, that diphtheria antitoxin is obtained.

By the same means it is hoped to secure a satisfactory serum for the treatment or prevention of the bubonic plague. Already, in India, the plague "vaccine" has been obtained-made by breeding the germs of the disease in beef soup, and then killing them by heat, the resulting fluid being administered by hypodermic injection. This is a matter of extreme importance, inasmuch as the maldy in question is at the present time threatening to ravage our own country.

Our government, during the last fiscal year, spent \$650,000 in fighting the plague on the Pacific coast, and within the next twelve months it will expend about \$1,000,000 for the same purpose. From this fact it may be judged that the situation in regard to the bubonic disease—or black death, as it is used to be called—in the United States just now is far from cheerful, notwithstanding the efforts of the health authorities to minimize alarm on the subject.

The truth is that this most dreaded and destructive of all human maladies seems to have obtained a secure foothold on the Pacific coast, where small epidemics of it have broken out in several of the larger cities within the last three years. But the most serious feature of the situation lies in the circumstance that the bubonic infection has already become widely spread among the rats of the towns and the ground squirrels of the rural districts in that region.

The plague is a rat disease primarily. It is conveyed to human beings (as well as to ground squirrels) by the flea. A flea bites a plague-sick rat, later on, it bites a man, thus inoculating the latter with the deadly infection.

It is only through quite remarkable good luck that the maldy has not already made its appearance at our principal Atlantic seaports. This may well happen, and the public health service (which has its headquarters at Washington) has had for some time past a complete plan of campaign mapped out to meet such an emergency.

Immense quantities of grain and other merchandise are constantly being shipped from San Francisco and other Pacific coast ports to the East. Rats are often transported with such merchandise, as involuntary passengers, hidden in grain sacks, or otherwise. Let one or two plague-stricken specimens be delivered in New York and the metropolis would be likely soon to have an epidemic on its hands—the first warning of the outbreak being afforded by the finding of large numbers of dead and dying rats about the wharves and in the streets.

To fight the mischief, if it were to start in New York, the municipal authorities would be obliged to wage a war of extermination against rats. This would involve an expenditure of many millions of dollars—much money being required not only for the wholesale trapping and poisoning of the animals, but also for the ratproofing of sewers, houses and particularly buildings used for the storage of food supplies. Experience has shown that the only way to get rid of such vermin is to deprive them of food and hiding places. tribution among human beings on two animals—the rat and the flea. It serves very strikingly to illustrate what might be called the modern zoological aspect of diseases. The working laboratory of the public health service in Washington is today, indeed, a sort of station for natural history research, and an official zoologist, Dr. Charles W. Stiles, is in charge of one of its most important departments.



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STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

LOWERED FT. SUMPTER FLAG

Veteran of Famous Battle Celebrates Anniversary of Event by Playing Billiards.

April 12 was the forty-ninth anniversary of the taking of Fort Sumter by the confederate forces. There has always been some doubt as to the identity of the man who fired the first shot in that famous fight; but there has never been a question as to the identity of the man who, on that 12th of April, 1860, lowered the American flag from the fort in the first defeat suffered by the Union army in the Civil war. The man was Lieut. Col. H. W. Hammer, now a resident of Los Angeles, and the old man, now more than seventy years old, celebrated the fall of that famous fort by playing billiards all afternoon with a fellow soldier at his hotel.

Although having passed his three score years and ten, the old soldier is hale and hearty, and the hand that held the billiard cue was as steady and the eye as clear as they were 49 years ago, when he lowered the flag. It is his boast that he can outwork many a man 20 years younger than himself. He neither drinks, smokes nor chews, and he thinks nothing of starting out in the morning for a ten-mile ramble over the hills.

Colonel Hammer's memory is in regard to the taking of the fort "wonderfully clear, and to hear him tell of the events which took place during the battle, one would think they had happened yesterday instead of nearly half a century ago.

"I was a regimental quartermaster sergeant, first artillery," said Colonel Hammer. "I was assigned to Fort Moultrie, but was transferred with two companions of artillery to Fort Sumter, which was located about 1,200 yards from Moultrie. The reason for abandoning Fort Moultrie was that it could be easily swept by a rifle fire from the tops of the nearby hills. The confederate troops were stationed in front of Sumter, and when they saw us transferring all our forces to that fort they began building batteries. The next day, the 12th of April, they sent a demand to Major Anderson, who was in command of Fort Sumter, to surrender. Anderson refused, and word was sent that unless he surrendered within an hour he would open fire.

"Our supplies were low. He had heard that Lincoln was sending relief, but whether or not we could hold out until it reached us we did not know. Our ammunition was low, too. Anderson agreed that unless provisions reached us by the fifteenth we would leave the fort, and meanwhile

the greatest of all medical puzzles at the present time is cancer. Mortality from other diseases is steadily diminishing, owing to improvements in sanitation and in methods of treatment, but this dreadful maldy is killing people faster every year. Out of every eight women who pass the age of forty, one dies of cancer. In all likelihood the reason why the germ has never been discovered is that, like the microbes of yellow fever and measles, it is so tiny as to be ultramicroscopic. Probably it is carried by one or more of the lower animals, and science at the present time is engaged in a far-reaching inquiry with a view to solving this branch of the problem. Mice have been accused, and fishes likewise, but no near approach seems to have been made to a solution of the mystery. If only the secret, doubtless a simple one, were known, the discovery of a cure for cancer would not be long postponed.

A Good Retort. It is told of a successful comedian that his first bit of popularity was gained in a rough mining town where he was giving "impersonations" in a hall to a large but unpleasantly critical audience. He was young, and not exactly at his ease, and the freely-delivered comments which greeted him on his appearance were not reassuring; but he kept on, and gained in confidence. Some of the audience, however, had come prepared to amuse themselves, and did not propose to be balked.

Whenever one looks, in the study of diseases, one finds animals of various kinds acting as the carriers of the germs which make the mischief. Science as yet has made only a beginning in this sort of investigative work. The Anopheles mosquito is known to be the sole conveyor and distributor of the malaria microbe; but where did the microbe of malaria come from originally? It is, as everybody knows, a protozoan—that is to say, an animal organism of a low form; but its origin is a puzzle.

The same thing might be said of the bacterial parasites that cause yellow fever and dengue. It is thought they are closely related, the symptoms they produce being somewhat similar, but nobody ever saw either of them. Like the germs of measles and scarlet fever, they are so minute as to be invisible, even under a high-power microscope.

As for dengue, to find some way of combating it was of special importance from the viewpoint of the war department, because it was of very troublesome in the Philippines, breaking out in "explosive epidemics," and incapacitating entire companies for fighting purposes with a simultaneousness most distressing. In the manner of its spread was such as obviously to suggest an insect agency, and culx fatigans, always most plentiful where and when dengue appeared, was naturally suspected.

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ROME'S INFAMOUS PERIOD Time When the Ancient City's Illustrious Personages Were Nearly All Notoriously Vicious. It is well-known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the em-

pire. This period has a very bad reputation; not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous law suits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Caesar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were dissolute, but not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have es-

caped from this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Agrippa, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme or else degraded like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Mecenas, Treberius, Nero—to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners, who, when they were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror—Guglielmo Ferrero in At-

Curious Baths in Penang

One of the many curious things that strike the tourist as curious at Penang is the type of baths with which the hotels are provided. Penang is in the Straits Settlements, a British crown colony in the Malay peninsula, deriving its name from the Straits of Malacca, which forms the great trade route between India and China. From each of the first-class rooms opens a dark, cement-paved, damp-smelling little room which serves as the bath. In it is an immense jar of porous brown earthy substance, about 5 feet high, nearly 3 feet in diameter in the middle, and but 1½ feet in diameter at the top. It stands huge and graceful of outline, but dark and uninviting, and is full to the brim with water, not, however, to get into. Near it is a supply of soft soap and a long-handled quart

dipper. The proper procedure is to soap the body well, then throw several dippers of water over it, repeat the process until satisfied. There is water enough to keep it up for an hour or so, and a huge crash towel, as large as a sheet, to wrap up in when the bath is over.—Unidentified

A Necessity. "A balloonist can't be a timid man." "He might be." "He couldn't. Even as a matter of ballast, he has to have the 'sand.'" Lowered the American Flag From Over the Fort. he said he would make no hostile movements. This did not satisfy the confederates, who were under General Beauregard, and between two and three o'clock on the morning of the twelfth they opened fire. The first shot came from a mortar on Johnson's Island. It was afterward said that the first shot was fired by former Governor Ruffo of Virginia from the iron-clad battery on Morris' Island, but this is not right. "So low was our ammunition that we could not afford to waste a shot; every shell had to tell, so we waited until it was light enough for our gunners to take careful aim before replying to the fire of the confederates. "There is a popular idea that Anderson surrendered the fort. That is not true. We did not surrender, and never would have. We marched out under Anderson's own terms, with our flag flying and the band played 'Yankee Doodle,' and we were allowed to board the transport Isabella, which was lying in the harbor." New Things in the South. "New to me," said a traveler recently returned from his first trip in the south, "was the lunch table on wheels that they push alongside the trains there for the convenience of passengers in the cars. We saw one of these at a station in North Carolina. Table, built four feet long by two feet wide, bulge rather high and set upon wheels big enough so that the table could be moved about on them easily. Sort of a two-story table this, the lower story being practically a long, broad shelf underneath, on which they keep supplies from which to replenish the things on sale—orange, bananas, sandwiches and so on. At a station where there is no lining room or where the train doesn't stop long they roll this table along at the side of the cars; the table top is high enough for passengers to reach the things on it from the car windows.—New York Sun.