

# THE QUACKING

FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XXVI

The blue autumn night had almost the consistency of a cloud when Gordon leaped the wall and set his feet toward the iron-works. Or, rather, it was like the depths of a translucent sea in which the distant electric lights of Mountain View avenue shone as blurs of phosphorescent life on one hand, and the great dark bulk of Lebanon loomed in the misty foundations of a shadowy island on the other. Farther on, the recurring flare from the tall vent of the blast-furnace lighted the haze depths weirdly, turning the mysterious sea bottom into fathomless abysses of red-red incandescence. For the few seconds of its duration—a slow lightning flash submerged and half extinguished.

Gordon was passing the country colony's church when one of the torch-like flares redoubled on the night, and the glow picked out the gilt cross at the top of the sham Norman tower. He flung up a hand involuntarily, as if to put the emblem, and that for which it stood, out of his life. At the same instant a whiff of the arid smoke from the distant furnace first tingled in his nostrils, and he quickened his pace. The hour for which all other hours had been waiting had struck. Love had called, and religion had made its silent protest; but the smell in his nostrils was the smoky breath of Mammon, the breath which had maddened a world, he strode on doggedly, thinking only of his triumph and how he should presently compass it.

The two great poplar-trees, sentinels what had once been the gate of the old Gordon place, were being wrenched through all the industrial changes. When he would have opened the wicket to pass on to the log-house offices, an armed man stepped from behind one of the trees, his blunder drawn up to strike. Before the glow could fall, the furnace flare blazed like a mighty torch, and the man grounded his weapon.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gordon; I took you for somebody else," he stammered; and Tom scanned his face sharply by the light of the burning gases.

"Whom?" for instance, he queried. "Why—e-yeh—I reckon it don't make any difference—my teller you; you'd ought to have it in for him, too. I was layin' for that houn-dog 'at walks on his hind legs and calls hisself 'Vint Farley'."

"Who are you?" Tom demanded. "Kincaid's my name, and I'm 'sposed to be one of the strike guards; leastwise, that's what I hired out for a little spell ago. I couldn't get no more a better way of gettin' 'at."

Gordon interrupted briskly. "Tell me what you owe Vint Farley. If your debt is bigger than mine, you shall have the first chance."

The gas-flare came again. There was black wrath in the man's eyes. "You can tote it up for yourself, Tom-Jeff Gordon. Late yest'evenin', when me and Nan Bryerson drove to town for your Uncle Silas to marry us, she told me what I'd been murrainin' for a month or more. Vint Farley was the daddy of her children. He's done might 'nigh ever'thing short of killin' her to make her swear 'em on to you; and I allowed I'd jest put off goin' back West till I'd fixed his lyn' face so 'at no yuther woman'd ever look at it."

Gordon staggered and leaned against the fence pallings, the red glare of murder boiling in his veins. Here, at last, was the key to all the mysteries; the source of all the cruel gossip; the foundation of the wall of separation that had been built up between his love and Ardea. When he could trust himself to speak he asked a question. "Who knows this, besides yourself?"

"Your Uncle Silas, for one; he allowed he wouldn't marry us less'n she told him. I might nigh 'nigh he had his suspicions, too. He let on like it was Farley that told him on you, years ago, when you was a boy."

"He did? Then Farley was one of the three men who saw us up yonder at the barrel-press?"

"Yes; and I was another one of 'em. I was right hot at you that mornin'; I shored was."

"Well, who else knows about it?"

peace-making, but as long as he is loose, these fools will hang to the idea that they're fighting his battle against us." "It is already fought," said the older man, dejectedly. "My luck has gone. When Henkner puts us to the wall, we shall be beggars."

The young man's rejoinder was an exclamation of contempt. "You've lost your nerve. What you need most is to go to bed and sleep. Wait for me till I've made a round of the guards, and we'll go home. Better ring up the survey right now."

He left the porch on the side nearest the furnace, and Gordon saw an active figure glide from the shelter of a flask-shed and go in pursuit. He followed at a distance. It was useful only that he should know where to find Farley when Kincaid should have squared his account.

The literally chaotic led the round of the great gates first, and thence through the deserted and ruined coke yard to the foot of the huge slag dump, cold now from the long shut-down.

Tom looked to see Farley turn back from the top of the dump. There were no gates on that side of the yard, and consequently no guards.

But the short cut to the office was up the slope of the dump and along the railway track over which the drawings of molten slag were run out to be struck. Before the workmen lapped the dexterity. There had been no slag-drawings since the new "blow-in" earlier in the day; but while he was watching to keep Farley in sight in the intervals between the gas-flares, Gordon was conscious of the hot heat of expectation behind him; the slackening of the blast, the rattle and clank of the dinkey locomotive pushing the dumping ladle into place under the furnace lip.

Farley had taken two or three scrambling steps up the rough-sloped furnace, the glow from the slag-lapped the dexterity. There was a spluttering roar and the air was filled with coruscating sparks.

Then the stream of molten matter began to pour into the great ladle, a huge eight-foot pot swung on tilting runtrucks and mounted on a skeleton flat-car; and for Gordon, standing at the corner of the ore shed with his back to the slag drawers, the red glow picked out the man scrambling on the miniature mountain of cooling scoria—his cap and another man running swiftly to overtake him.

He looked on coldly until he saw Kincaid head off the retreat and face his adversary. Instantly there was a spurt of fire from a pistol in Farley's right hand, a brief flash with the red-hot slag splashing up in the air from the furnace lip. Then the two men closed and rolled together to the bottom of the slope, and Gordon turned his back.

When he looked again the tramping note of the big blast-engines had quickened to its normal beat, the blow-holes were lit with its stammer of damp clay, and a red twilight born of the reflection from the surface of the great pot of seething slag had succeeded to the blinding glare. Where there had been two men locked in struggle the two were now only one, and he was lying quietly with one leg doubled under him. Gordon set his teeth in angry disappointment. Had Kincaid broken his compact?

The first-long-drawn exhaust of the dinkey engine moving the slag kettle out of its spilling place ripped the silence. Gordon heard—and he did not hear; he was watching the prone figure at the dump's toe. When it should rise, he meant to fire from where he stood under the eaves of the ore-shed. The murderer-thee contemplated nothing picturesque or dramatic. It was merely the dry thirst for the blood of a mortal enemy.

The puffing locomotive had pushed the slag-pot half-way to the track-end before Farley set up as one dazed and then he tried to get on his feet. Twice and once again he assayed it, falling back each time upon the bent and doubled leg. Then he looked up and saw the slag-car coming; saw and cried out as men scream in the death agony. The milk of the dumping track fell fairly above him.

Gordon heard the yell of terror and witnessed the frenzied efforts of the doomed man to rise and get out of the path of the impending torrent. Whereupon the murderer whispered in his ear: "Parley's foot was caught in one of the many seams or seams in the lava bed. It was only necessary to wait, to withhold the merciful bullet, to go away and leave the wretched man to his fate."

Like a bolt from the heavens, into the murderer's triumph, came a long-neglected form of words, writing itself in flaming letters in his brain: "Thou shalt do no murder." And after it another: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." "Something gripped him and before he realized what he was doing he was running, gasping, tripping and falling headlong, only to spring up and run again, with all thoughts trampled out and his mind collected enough to choose and open the sharper of the two blades. There was a quick, sure slash at the shoe-lacing and the crippled foot was freed. With another yell, this time of glad triumph, he snatched up his burr-head and backslung it to the right. The second second with the defuse of slag, bring the very air with shrilling heat, was pouring down the steps. Then he fell in a heap, with Farley

under him, and fainting as a woman might—when the thing was done.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Mr. Vancourt Henkner was not greatly surprised when Tom Gordon asked for a private interview on the morning following the final closing down of all the industries at Gordonia. Without being in Gordon's confidence, or in that of American Agueduct, the banker had been shrewdly putting two and two together and applying the result as a healing plaster to the stock he had taken as security for the final loan to Colonel Dubbury.

"I thought, perhaps, you might wish to buy this stock, Mr. Gordon," he said, when Tom had stated his business. "Of course, it can be arranged, with Mr. Farley's consent to our anticipating the maturity of his notes. But— with a general smile and a glance over his eyes— "I'm not sure that we care to part with it. Perhaps some of us would like to hold it and bid it in."

"I reckon you don't want it, Mr. Henkner. You'll understand that it isn't worth the paper it is printed on when I tell you that I have sold my pipe-pit patents to American Agueduct."

"Then the plant doesn't carry the patents?" You've kept this mighty quiet, among you!"

"Haven't we!" said Tom, fatuously. "I know just how you feel—like a man who has been looking over the edge of the bottomless pit without knowing it. You'll let me have this stock for the face of the loan, won't you?"

But the president was already pressing the button of the electric bell that summoned the cashier. There was no time like the present when the fate of a considerable bank asset hung on the notion of a smiling young man whose mind might change in the twinkling of an eye.

With the Farley stock in his pocket Tom took a room at the Marlboro and spent the remainder of that day, and all the days of the fortnight following, wrestling mightily with the lawyers in winding up the tangled skein of Chlawasse affairs. Propped in his bed at Warwick Lodge, the bed he had not left since the night of violence, Duk-hury Farley banked everything that was offered to him, and the obstacles to a settlement were vanquished, one by one.

When it was all over, Tom began to draw checks on the small fortune realized from the sale of the patents. One hundred shares of Dabney, redeeming his two hundred shares of Chlawasse Limited at par. Another was to the order of Ardea Dabney, covering the Farley shares at a valuation based on the prosperous period before the crash of '93. With this check in his pocket he went home—for the first time in two weeks.

(To be continued.)

## BRANDED WITHOUT A PAIN

In April the coats of cattle become dull and dead, and will rub off easily, disclosing the close new coat underneath. In "Farming It," Judge Henry A. Shute describes how he discovered this fact. One morning, in rubbing down his Jersey cow, he found that with his fingers he could pull the old coat off in tufts, and that she apparently enjoyed having it pulled.

Without really thinking of what I was doing, I wrote my initials, H. A. S., on her back by pulling out the dead hair. Seeing how easily I could do this, I drew, or rather pulled, on her side near the curve of the belly, a grotesque figure of a small boy, then a circular brand on her shoulder, and three X's on her flank. Then I quietly led her to the hitching post at the side of the house and awaited development.

In a moment my wife came to the door with wide-open eyes. "For gracious sake, what have you been doing to that cow?" she demanded. "Oh, nothing," I replied. "That's the way range cattle are branded. This cow had a good many owners, and evidently each one branded her." "It's no such thing!" she retorted hotly. "You did it yourself. That explains why she bellowed so this winter."

She had belloyed a good deal when I took away her calf, but I did not say so, for I always like to get a rise out of my wife. "I think it is just horrid in you, and about the crudest thing I ever heard of, and you have just spoiled her looks."

Now out of the corner of my eye I could see old Cyrus, the neighborhood nuisance, peering over the fence and listening to the conversation. After giving him time to satisfy himself thoroughly, I led the cow back to the barn, followed by my wife, and there illustrated the matter by drawing on the off side of the animal a serpent and a circular brand, while the delighted animal stood with eyes half-closed in ecstasy.

Much relieved and amused, my wife went back to the house, leaving over the ridiculous decorated animal. But the affair did not end there. Old Cyrus brought a charge for "Cruelty in branding, cutting, branding and otherwise torturing a certain Jersey cow," and I was arrested and brought to trial.



### The Care Gold Fish

There is nothing prettier in a room than a bowl of gold fish. The bright colored, lively little creatures darting in and out of the green vegetation in the bowl makes a picture that one never tires of studying. But gold fish are delicate things and it is depressing, when one has left them full of life and energy the previous night, to discover them dead in the morning. I find that many novices have trouble in the same direction and in some instances have given up the attempt to keep fish in the bowl. So I decided to get expert information on the subject for the benefit of the readers of this column.

"In the first place," said the expert, "don't make the mistake that one woman did who came complaining to me today. I questioned her concerning the food she had given the fish and found that she had fed them nothing but bread. That is a sure way to kill the fish, for the bread contains yeast and this sours the water and it would be necessary to change it every half hour or so to keep the fish alive."

"If you will watch a fish that is fed with bread you will see him eat for a little time, but as the bread gets sour from the action of the water he will take it in his mouth and cough it out very quickly. Common sense ought to teach one that when the fish spits out the bread it is not the right food for him. Oatmeal makes good fish food, but the prepared food make especially for the purpose is the best thing to feed them with."

"Don't overfeed the fish. They don't require a lot of food. Give them enough to have a good bite or two all around, but don't keep the fish floating all the time on the surface of the water. It fouls the water and the fish will overfeed themselves and probably die."

"When you see the fish seeking the top it is a sure sign that the water is getting stale and should be changed. The fish will naturally stay near the bottom and as long as the water has sufficient oxygen for their needs they will swim around in any part of the bowl. But when the oxygen is getting low and the water used up you will see the fish crowd to the top and begin to gasp. When they do this, thrusting their heads half out of the water and gulping in the air you will know that they need fresh water, and if you do not give it to them quickly you will find your fish floating at the top, dead."

"Don't keep the fish bowl in a dark corner. The fish require sunlight, and if they are given plenty of light and air, the water will not need to be changed so frequently. Remember that the fish are accustomed in their native habitat to sunlight and air all around them. From this, they are taken and confined in a small bowl, and this bowl is kept in a close room into which the sun seldom or never penetrates, and the consequence is the oxygen in the water is used up rapidly and the fish die for want of air."

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### New Ornamentation.

If something new be your aim in matter of the ornamentation of a blouse, drawn work is suggested by some of the most successful makers as an effective relief from the perennial insertion or embroidery. The coarse meshes so much in use this season offer stability and an unusual coolness to which characteristics is added the easy "drawing" quality. When the meshwork or yoke is drawn and worked with coarse linen thread in burning, cutting, branding and otherwise torturing a certain Jersey cow, and I was arrested and brought to trial.

At the close of the trial I assured the court that the cow was then and there in transitu, and that I should call her as my first witness, and asked the court to adjourn to the square.

I stripped off the blanket, and there in plain sight were the various marks on the cow's hide. At my request the court and the attorney ran their hands over her and found no scars.

"Now to show your honor how these marks were made—"

"It is unnecessary," said the court. "I have owned cows myself, and perhaps I can illustrate as well as you; and stepping forward, with rapid hands he fashioned upon her side the word "Stung," at which there was a roar of delight from the crowd.

"Respondent discharged," he continued, "and court is adjourned."

Had Time to Spare.



### HOW TO CLEAN WHITE SHOES

Comparatively Simple Matter to Restore Footwear to Original Perfect Whiteness.

Many a girl discards her white shoes when they are "good and dirty," without knowing that a little effort will restore them to their pristine purity.

The first requirement for complete restoration is not to get the white shoes too soiled, for they never look so well as when they are taken in hand before the discoloration becomes too deep. After wearing canvas shoes they should be given a good brushing with a stiff brush, the sole edges and heels freed from mud and washed off with plain water. But do not let the water get on the canvas, for this will only serve to fasten the soil the tighter.

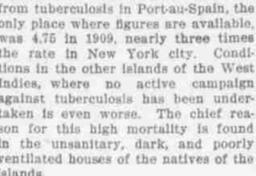
For whitening the canvas there are many bottled liquids in the market, Chinese white being a favorite and the most efficacious one. A home-made whitener which is just as good if put together according to the formula is made of half an ounce of gum arabic dissolved in 40 ounces of water; to this add an ounce of white vinegar and 20 ounces of powdered chalk. Shake the bottle well before using, and put the white on with a brush, going over the shoes with a second coat after the first one has dried in. If they seem to need it.

Where it is desired to match a shoe to the dress that old white canvas ties or satin slippers may easily be changed to any color wanted by adding a little dye to the gum arabic water and vinegar instead of the chalk. With any of the bottled liquids they may also be made tan or black.

### AND NOW COMES THE JIBBAH

If You Don't Know What It Is, Read the Following Description of Garment.

My friends admire my jibbah. It is much prettier and more graceful than an ordinary kimono, and it takes only half a day to make one. The material should be at least 44 inches wide. There is absolutely no waste in cutting, except the circle or square at the neck.



The length of the sleeve must be determined according to the figure. When that is done the distance from underarm to bottom, b, d, is bisected at c, and the triangular portion, a, b, c, which is cut out, is turned right around to form the gore, d, c, e. If the gown is made of figured material, a yoke of plain goods would be pretty. If the jibbah is of plain cloth the yoke may be beautifully embroidered, making a pretty and becoming house gown.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

### To the Needleworker.

It is said that hemstitching is going to be used extensively as a finish for waists and gowns. This will be welcome news to the woman who likes the clever effort made by a row of even, open stitches. The hemstitched edge will be used chiefly on chiffon garments.

Save every scrap of trimming, for even a tiny piece may be exactly the finish for some garment when you are in sore need. Save all pieces of linen and silk, for most of them may be used in some way, either as fancy work or trimming. Have a scrap box always ready for them.

### Crib Cover.

A pretty crib cover may be made from a yard each of white and pale blue or pink flannel. On the colored bandel embroider a flower and bow-knot design; on the white a conventional border and a large central monogram. Bind the two together by means of wide satin ribbon and put a bow or rosette in one corner, with the colored side considered as the top.

Really the silk is the more desirable of the two.

In stringing any precious beads, and pearls especially, never use a needle. Simply wash the ends of the silk and pass it through the hole. The knotting is also an important point. It must be large enough to hold the bead, but not large enough to show. Pearl-stringers use an intricate knot of their own, and that is why it is, on the whole, better to have very expensive jewels strung by a professional. When there is a collar or something of the sort to be made, this is absolutely necessary.

### Short Pleated Fall.

Many of the new fall waists display the short knife-pleated frill down the closing. The shorter length—from neck to bust—is more generally becoming, especially when the width graduates to nothing at all at the lower end. It will be noticed that the short frill is more graceful looking when trimming a waist that closes a little to the left side rather than down center front.

### His Finish.

She—"They say her husband was driven to his grave."

He—"Well, he couldn't very well walk."

Many reformers would go out to shoot gophers with a brass band.

### KNOW HIS DESTINATION.



Papa—"That was the supreme court of the United States we just came out of."

Tommy (aged seven)—"Gee, pop! dere wasn't nobody dere but a lot of bearded old women dressed in black."

### NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heartbreaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy than ever saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."

### Puzzled by Wireless.

"Mistah Jenkins," asked an old negro of Atlanta of his employer, "would you be so good, sah, as to explain to me 'bout this wireless telegraph business I hears 'em-a-talking 'bout'?"

"Why, certainly, Henry," responded the employer, "though I can do so only in a general way, as I myself know little of the subject. The thing consists in sending messages through the air instead of over wires."

"Yassah," said Henry, "I knows 'bout dat; but sah, what beats me is how dey fasten the air to the poles!"

### Unhappy Thought.

Just suppose the man who finally obeys the latest demand of fashion and goes on his knees to propose, finds he has had a moving picture machine making material of him for a new comic film!

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