

# THE DEVIL CHAIR

A Chronicle of the Strange Adventures of John Haynes and His Gyroscope Vehicle

THE SHUNTED MAN OF EUROPE By H. M. EGBERT

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"YOU ROGUE," HE SHOUTED SUDDENLY, SHAKING HIS FIST UNDER THE OTHER'S NOSE, "I HAVE DONE PLAYING WITH YOU."

One by one the enemies of John Haynes were encountering retribution. Robbed of his vast lands in one of the western states by a gang of conspirators, torn from his wife and daughter, and railroaded into the penitentiary at Nokomis Falls, this Englishman, in the solitude of his cell, had conceived a scheme of revenge which should overwhelm all who had feared themselves against him. He had invented, in the prison machine shop, a gyroscope wheel, which, when attached to any vehicle, afforded it unshakable stability and incredible speed. He had traveled a hundred and fifty miles an hour by automobile, a little more in an invalid's chair, while, by attaching to his foot a small replica of his invention and running along a single railroad line, he had achieved more than two hundred—more than three miles a minute.

One by one his enemies had died or disappeared. Sometimes there came no notice, sometimes a penciled warning on a morsel of notepaper. The last had been Judge Charteris, one of the Nokomis magistrates, who had sentenced Haynes to the penitentiary in return for a share in his millions. Two days before his death Charteris had received the warning. He had called upon his ally Hopkins, the chief conspirator, as soon as he received the threat, hired a special train, and within two hours set off for the west coast of America, in the vain hope of shaking off his relentless enemy. That night the train was held up by Haynes and sent crashing down a steep grade into the river, carrying, as was believed, the body of the Judge with it. In the babbling maniac who was found by the track and subsequently imprisoned for life in the State penal institution for the insane, the guards thought they had found the perpetrator of the crimes; they did not know that this creature was Charteris himself, a victim of Haynes' vengeance.

On the floor of Charteris' smoking room Edward Philenus Hopkins found the four written words which had driven his friend to his destiny. Hopkins went home. On his table a letter lay, posted in Hendersonville. "Your turn comes next," was written on the enclosure and nothing more. The words and handwriting were identical with those found on the floor of the smoking room in Charteris' house, and, sick with horror, the man gazed at that fatal message. Hopkins was physically brave, but that nerve-racking terror which he had endured

ever since the first of the gang came to his death proved too much for him. He was a widower; his married children had long since flown from the parental nest; there were no bonds or ties to keep him in Nokomis. He made arrangements for the disposal of his possessions, drew \$20,000 out of the bank, and took the train eastward. He was not unmindful of Charteris' death, but to remain in Nokomis seemed still more dangerous. It was a choice of evils.

Contrary to his own expectations, he reached New York in safety. He registered at the Hotel Monroe under an assumed name. Next morning a special delivery letter was handed to him by the hotel clerk, and Hopkins knew, before he opened it, that his fate had found him. However, he had a respite, for the message said: "Go eastward."

Well, that had been his plan. He engaged a suite aboard the "Phoenix" and sailed for England. He fled from place to place, until, in London, he felt that he had shaken off his pursuers. He did not feel secure, however, until he had crossed the continent and thus placed another sea between himself and Haynes. From Paris he went to Rome, loitered awhile in Northern Italy, and returned leisurely through Germany to Spa, in Belgium, where he took the waters.

At Spa he made the acquaintance of a pleasant, mild-mannered Englishman named Greaves, and the two became intimate. Both had retired from business and both were seeking for relaxation in travel. Often they sat together in the Casino, watching the youngsters skating on rollers over the waxed boards—for this American sport had become the rage at the fashionable resort that year.

"Next year," said Greaves, one night, as he drew a package from his overcoat pocket, "this will be the race." And he unwrapped the tissue paper and placed before his friend a curious little machine, something like a bicycle in miniature.

"What is it?" asked the other curiously.

"A foot velocipede," said Greaves. Strapped to the foot, it acts exactly upon the principle of the bicycle; and with it one can travel a vast distance without tiring. When this comes on the market the roller skate will have had its day. I am president of a company which has sole rights in the patent."

Edward Philenus Hopkins took the best way to make a Maltese cross. "No," replied Maud, after due thought. "How do you make a Maltese cross?" "Pull it's tail," said Clara promptly. The other girls tittered obligingly, but Evelyn sat solemn as an owl with a puzzled frown on her classic brow.

"What's the matter with you, Evelyn?" cried the girls, justly indignant. "Can't you see the point?" Evelyn shook her head. "Girls,

"How do you feel? Pretty comfortable? Now try to step off the metal." Hopkins bent this way and that, but he was as fast as though he had been nailed to the line. He could bend his body or knees, but from knee to ankle he remained wholly perpendicular, and the muscular strain of returning his body to the plumb line which the lower part of his legs maintained was so severe that he abandoned further efforts to move.

"You see," said Greaves, "the mechanism is working although it is not at present connected with the running gear. Until it runs or is shut off you will be unable to detach your foot from the metal. But don't be alarmed—just place your hands in your overcoat pockets."

Hopkins obeyed; a steel trap snapped in each; he was securely handcuffed to the plumb line which the lower part of his legs maintained was so unbreakable grip. And then he understood that all his efforts had availed him nothing and that the blow had fallen.

John Haynes went back to the automobile and lifted out a five-gallon can of gasoline. Opening a fold in the back of Hopkins' overcoat, he poured the fluid into a hidden receptacle until the lower part of the garment bulged like a balloon.

"Yes, it is rather a weight," Haynes said ironically. "But you will hardly feel it, Mr. Hopkins, for your feet will carry you to your destination, and the personal effort will be practically nothing. Besides, the gasoline will act as a ballast and so enable you to enjoy greater speed than you might otherwise obtain, while also preventing you from injuring yourself by inconvenient movements. For instance, if you were to lose your balance irremediably, you might perform the last few thousand miles of your journey with your head and heels horizontal."

Edward Philenus Hopkins stared up at the blue sky. A little cloud was floating overhead, a lark was rising from the ground, mounting skyward, pouring out her soul in a joyous melody. A few half incoherent words burst from between his lips and John Haynes inclined toward him to catch them.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" he echoed. "Not for the world, Hopkins. Not for all you have. You scoundrel," he cried, with a sudden outburst of fury. "do you think you can buy your miserable life when better rogues than you have made the penalty for their treachery? What are the five years that I dragged out at Nokomis Falls? What of my wife and daughter torn from me when I was treacherously entrapped? Answer me that. No, it is no use to scream. Even if anybody were near to hear you, that would but rob you of a few more minutes of anticipation."

He paused and strove to recompose his features, which were distorted by the vehemence of his emotion. "In the pursuit of my revenge," he continued, more calmly, "I have made it a principle of honor to let the punishment, as far as possible, fit the crime. There was Jack Poole, for instance. He it was who lured me into that fight in which I received a treacherous bullet wound. Jack Poole was not murdered by me, as you believe. He died by his own hand—the result of a new attempt at trickery. Then Judge Charteris, who sent me to a convict's cell. He is not dead, as you imagine, but is expiating his crimes in a penal institution under an assumed name, just as he sent me to suffer under an alias at Nokomis Falls. And you, Hopkins—you built your railroad from the proceeds of my stolen lands. You have made yourself rich on it; you have helped people to travel. And so I am going to send you traveling."

"What are you going to do with me?" implored the other. "Where am I to go?" For answer Haynes drew from his pocket the early morning edition of the "Belgique." On the first page in huge, black lettering was a column of news, standing out prominently from the type in which the remainder of the page was printed.

"You do not read French, I believe, Hopkins?" asked Haynes. "I am sure you do not. Had you done so, you would have understood the warning which I penciled upon the outside of letter of yours a few days ago, and would have taken yourself from Spa in the hope of eluding me. Well, listen! He read:

"By special arrangement with the Belgian and Imperial German governments, Mr. Cyrus W. Walkenphast will demonstrate the practicability of his new 'railroad foot velocipede' by traveling from Spa to Bonn upon a single special line which will be reserved for him, and he is expected to cover that distance at the rate of five and thirty miles an hour, arriving at his destination some time in the afternoon. In military circles the remarkable invention of this clever American, who is stated to own large railroad interests in his own country, is awaited with the utmost eagerness, and it is anticipated that large crowds will line the track throughout the greater part of the journey."

He folded up the newspaper and replaced it in his pocket. "You, my dear Hopkins, are Mr. Cyrus Walkenphast," he said.

"Then you are going to send me to Bonn?" asked the wretched man, feeling his hopes revive.

"I am going to send you toward Bonn," answered the other. But whether you ever get to Bonn appears to me to be gravely problematical. Let us hope not, for your own sake, since you will inevitably wreck the station, and there will not be much of yourself left to carry away.

"You rogue," he shouted suddenly, shaking his fist under the other's nose,

## Home Town Helps

### EASY TO BEAUTIFY THE YARD

Plot of Ground May Be Small, But There Are Always Possibilities of Improvement.

No matter how small a yard you have, there are possibilities for making it a joy to yourself and to others. In the congested parts of a city imagine the pleasure of those who live on the third and fourth floors of a house or apartment when they may look down upon a tiny spot of green! It tells them of the changing seasons; it rears them after a hard day's work; it stimulates them with hope; it refreshes them as nothing but a touch of beauty can.

Occasionally one comes upon such a yard, even when the owner has neither much time or money to expend upon it, but much may be done where there is an inherent love for growing things. One particular garden had for its nucleus a great wistaria vine, which was strong and fine with age, and it glorified the backs of unsightly houses and shielded an alley from view.

No passer-by on the street could suspect the wealth of beauty that lay hidden behind the house. The little back yard was aglow with the huge purple flowers in full bloom, making the rickety fence look picturesque. But this vine had been lovingly tended else it would have long since fallen into decay, as had its neighbors. Another fence was made attractive by vines that clambered from boxes which were placed at measured distances along the yard. There was a narrow flower bed in the center of the tiny grass plot. Surely not a pretentious garden, but one that soothed the nerves at evening and made known to all the world that spring had come.

### HOUSE SET IN SHRUBBERY

Mistake to Allow Even the Smallest Abode to Have a Bare and Unattractive Appearance.

"I have invested \$4,000 in my home," a man remarked to a friend the other day as they reached his house. "It's a comfortable little house and I will always be able to get my money out if I want to. Don't you think it was a good investment?"

"Fine," the friend replied. "You have a mighty attractive house. But you have neglected just one thing to make it a place that would capture everybody that saw it. The house looks bare. By spending a few dollars for shrubbery around it you would give it a setting that would be great."

There are several thousand houses in Kansas City that might have been the subject of such a conversation. Men will make a large investment in a house and then will fail to make the small additional investment in planting that would make the big investment really effective.

There is a charm, a sense of homelikeness about a house set in shrubbery and trees that are lacking in the house without such a setting. Bare, unbroken lines are hard and forbidding. Green leaves and branches about a building make it part of the landscape. They "tie" it to the ground and make it seem to grow out of the soil.

A house isn't really a home until nature is called into co-operation with it.—Kansas City Star.

### ONLY NEED ONE GOOD IDEA

Profits of Post, Johnson, Wright, Howe, De Long and the Lloyds So Made.

Post put Battle Creek on the map with one idea—prepared breakfast foods—remarks "Glad" in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. Johnson took the scratch out of the phonograph and so gave not only Camden and New Jersey the Victor, but the country one of its most amazing business successes.

Pulverizing charcoal to make it a more economic fuel was so good an idea that Walter S. Wright is the fourth generation of his family to continue that century old family in Camden county.

The thought that a needle could sew with the eye in the point instead of the other end was what made Howe and his sewing machine.

Sending a piece of wire to give it a "hump"—the whole world knows the story of the De Long hook and eye.

Half a dozen men sitting in a little coffee house said to another: "We'll guarantee you against losing your ship and cargo," and so started the world's most celebrated insurance concern, which is known as Lloyds.

In this age of enormous business, the fellow who gets just one good idea for bettering any one of a thousand things can at once order his steam yacht.

Higher Mathematics. "How many have I taken?" "I dunno." "You call yourself a caddy and don't know how many strokes I've had." "Look 'ere, guv'nor, I can only count up to ten."—Tatler (London).

Easily Settled. Hickville Postmaster (discussing affairs of state)—"Now, what do you think of our foreign relations,ERRY?" Prominent Lounser (earnestly)—"I think they should be barred out of this here country if they can't read an' write!"—Judge.

Sad Sound. First Working Girl—"Say, Mame, I heard an awful sad thing this morning." Second Working Girl (wearily)—"So did I—the alarm clock!"—Life.

They Couldn't Either. She was a charming English girl, but she could not see the point of a joke. Her classmates at college, jolly, fun-loving girls, regretted the serious defect in their dear friend and determined upon a reform.

So they made up a little joke with a very broad point, to spring upon Evelyn that night. Accordingly, when they had all met in Evelyn's room Clara propounded the joke, which was really a riddle.

"Maud," she said, "can you tell me

the best way to make a Maltese cross?"

"No," replied Maud, after due thought. "How do you make a Maltese cross?"

"Pull it's tail," said Clara promptly. The other girls tittered obligingly, but Evelyn sat solemn as an owl with a puzzled frown on her classic brow.

"What's the matter with you, Evelyn?" cried the girls, justly indignant. "Can't you see the point?" Evelyn shook her head. "Girls,

she said regretfully, "I know it's awfully stupid of me, but I can't for the life of me see how any one could make a Maltese cross out of a pullet's tail."—National Monthly.

### Mother's Present.

Father always forgets that it is mother's birthday until she bawls him out about it after breakfast. Then he greets down and sends her home a screen door for the kitchen or a rubber mat for the bathroom as a present.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Toothache.

Toothache is a more or less strenuous announcement on the part of a tooth that microbes have started tunneling for a subway. Stomach ache is quite bothersome, headache is uncomfortable; but toothache is pure crystallized misery. Cold water loves a sick tooth better than a colored mineral water cures and goes in search of one despite all efforts. One always knows when they meet. The best thing for a naughty tooth is a block and tackle, though sometimes a

dentist can persuade it to stop its acrobatic activities. The only inconvenience in consulting a dentist is that he always finds a hundred dollars' worth of teeth that need immediate attention. The only way to be certain you will never have toothache is to buy a set of false teeth. That fact is an eternal truth.

West Virginia Pottery Industry. West Virginia now ranks third in the value of pottery produced, being exceeded by Ohio and New Jersey,

noticed, threw him into agony. His back seemed to have been seared with red-hot pincers. Yet, if he gave way, if he allowed his exhausted muscles to rest, he would continue onward twisted like an acrobat or a man crucified. After a while the numbness almost overcame the sense of pain.

He longed for death now, craved for it as one in agony who, feeling his inevitable approach, welcomes the darkness with its merciful succor of pain. The chilling winds bit him to the bone, his lids were heavy with sleep, and yet he dared not sleep, lest he lose his balance and fall, to awake twisting and writhing on those props of legs, made one with the terrible machine. The balloon-shaped swelling in the bottom of his overcoat had grown much smaller; still, not more than half the gasoline had been consumed, and only half the night was over when he rushed out of the darkness into a glare of lights. This was Moscow, where, in anticipation of his arrival a switch had been set to carry him eastward over the single track of the trans-Siberian railway. He heard the hoarse shout of the multitude. He heard the rhythmic chant of the priests who prayed for him. Even to Moscow the news had been telegraphed, and east of this, too, for in Nijni Novgorod thousands watched for the traveler who never arrived. Lights, lights, and always lights. They burned his eyeballs and seared his brain. Then Moscow was past, and now he was speeding through the forests again.

Wolves howled in his track, wild creatures sprang aside through thickets and undergrowth. And still he never paused. The gentle summit of the Ural Mountains hardly checked the velocity of his career. They were passed; he was in Asia, sweeping over the frozen plains, crossing broad forest belts when dawn showed in the sky.

When four and twenty hours had passed the man was nothing but an automaton. His face and lips dripped blood from the branding whips of the wind, his legs and feet, his hands and arms and throat were cold as marble and no less stiff. The muscles of his back, insured to their dreadful strain, had ossified, and as some Hindoo fakir holds his disabled arm aloft, stiff and immovable after it has been fastened in this position, through years of pain, so he rushed on, erect, unbending, a frozen statue, and consciousness only a flickering spark in the recesses of his brain.

The sun rose in the sky. Clouds hung their vast shadows across the plains, blushing with the first flowers of spring. Once a troop train, bound eastward, rolled out of the distance, and, shouting wildly, the terrified soldiers in the cars fired their rifles at him. But he was gone, a speck in the east, before the bullets fell.

Nothing could stay him now. If the gasoline held out he would rush on until he plunged, at Vladivostok, the end of the line, the end of Asia, into the cooling sea. He would die there, seven thousand miles from Spa, he who had paced the Casino only two nights before, secure in the belief that he had shaken off the grip of his implacable enemy. In his despair tears gushed from his eyes. Death faced him—he might die thus, traveling, and his frozen corpse would run on, and on, while the last soul went—whither?

He sought for an answer to his own question and could find none. His life had been heaped up with wickedness and he had plundered and robbed and feasted in the high places while his victims writhed under the wheel of the juggernaut of his greed. For the first time in twenty years he prayed for mercy, that some chance might be given him to live, to make atonement.

He was half way across Siberia. He had bounded the vast expanse of Bialik, shimmering in the noon sun, and now the country grew more settled. Scared, yellow faces peered at him from behind hedgerows. Men with pig-tails and women who hobbled as they tried to run, screaming, from him, were seen. But in his new-born love for men he welcomed the sight even of these; they were no longer aliens but brothers.

As a man remote from his body, that body which he could feel no longer, he found himself wondering how he had noticed that mechanism which he himself thought leaped through his brain. He must be slacking speed. He tried to bend his head to look downward, but had no longer power over his stiffened muscles. Presently there was no longer doubt of it. The gyroscope was slackening. The gasoline was nearly exhausted and the fur coat flapped limply about his knees.

He went more slowly. Now he was traveling no faster than a quick train. The speed became that of a slow train, then of an automobile, a horse-drawn vehicle, a running man. And, with a rattling click, the machine stopped, and, finally halted. Then, the cohesive force withdrawn, it toppled from the line.

Edward Philenus Hopkins fell to the ground as a statue falls, in the center of a Chinese hamlet. When he was roused the men who carried him held him as they might have carried an arm of a tree.

There is a famous mission school today in Kinkita, the fame of which has spread far south among the yellow people of China, and far north among the wandering Siberian tribes. It is the work of one man who built and endowed it. An American, he will never visit America again—for though the mind is vigorous and alert, and the white face, strangely rigid, has come to reflect the innate nobleness of the soul, this man is nothing but a soul and mind, and the body is as inert as marble.

Important Motto. Don't overlook the importance of the motto. A full day's work for a full day's pay.—Atchison Globe.