



# The Glow of the Rubies

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter lists of surprises to the wearer.

**CHAPTER II—(Continued).**

And he did, and seemed to hit the thing squarely.

I knelt on the chair and craned over, while Jenkins still held the stick tightly at the point where the thing had struck.

"Get him!" I queried. "Where is he?"

"That's it, sir," said Jenkins in an odd voice. "It ain't here."

"Why, dash it, I saw you strike the beast, right where you're holding that club."

"Mr. Lightnut, sir—Jenkins spoke a little huskily and glanced around at me queerly—"will you look under the end of this stick and see if you see what I see?"

I climbed down and examined cautiously.

"Why, by Jove, it's the little spider!" I exclaimed, surprised.

"Exactly, sir; what's left," Jenkins took a deep breath.

"Thank you, sir—it's a great relief," he sighed.

"Eh?"

"I mean, sir, I'm glad I ain't the only one who thought he saw that other. It's some comfort."

Jenkins spoke gloomily.

"Thought you saw?" I repeated.

But Jenkins only shook his head as he gathered up the remains of the spider and consigned them to a cuspidor.

"You mean—say, what the devil do you mean?" I asked sharply.

Jenkins straightened with air respectful but solemn.

"Mr. Lightnut, sir," he began gravely, "there's a party lectures on the street corner every night at nine on the fearful consequences of the drink habit, and passes around blank pledges to be signed. I'm going to get one first chance; and if you will accept it, sir—meaning no offense—I would be proud to get you one, too."

I stared at him aghast.

"Oh, I say, now," I murmured faintly, "you don't think it was that, do you?"

Jenkins's face was eloquent enough.

"I'm through, sir," he said sadly.

"When it comes to seeing things like that—?" He lifted his eyes. "No more for me, sir; my belief is, it's a warning—yes, sir, that's what a warning."

I collapsed into a chair.

"By Jove, Jenkins!" I said, trying to go a feeble smile. "I never felt so fit for a corking stiff highball in my life—never!"

I took a screw on my glass and studied him curiously.

"And I say, you know—better take one yourself!" I added.

**CHAPTER III.**

**I Don the Pajamas.**

"By Jove, Jenkins, they fit like a dream!"

I twisted before the glass and surveyed the pajamas with much satisfaction. They looked jolly right from every point. Moreover, with all their easy looseness, there was not an inch too much. They had a comfortable, personal feel.

"Lucky thing they weren't made originally for some whale like Jack Billings—eh, Jenkins?" I commented musingly.

Behind his hand Jenkins indulged in what is vulgarly known as a snicker.

"Mr. Billings, sir, he couldn't get one shoulder in 'em, much less a 'h-leg," he chuckled. "They'd be in ribbons, sir!"

I yawned sleepily, and Jenkins instantly sobered to attention. He held his finger over the light switch as I punched a pillow and rolled over on the mattress.

"All right," I said; "push the jolly thing out." And with a click darkness fell about me.

"Good night, sir," came Jenkins's voice softly.

"Night," I murmured faintly, and I was off.

Sometime, hours later, I awoke, and with a devilish yearning for a smoke. It often takes me that way in the night.

I climbed out in the blackness and found my way into the other room. I remembered exactly where I had dropped my cigarette case when we were fooling with the pajamas by the table, and I found it without difficulty.

In the act of stooping for it, my hand clutched the edge of the table and I felt a spot yield under the pressure of my thumb. It was the button controlling the bell to Jenkins's room.

"Lucky thing he sleeps like a jolly porpoise," I reflected.

I pushed a wicker arm-chair into the moonlight and breeze by a window, and pulling a flame to a cigarette, leaned back, feeling jolly comf. For

the breeze was ripping and delicious, and the delicate silk of the pajamas flowed in little wavelets all the way from my heels to my neck.

I was just about dropping off, when I heard some one hurrying along the private hall leading to the back.

Jenkins himself popped into the room. "Did you ring, sir?" he inquired, and advanced quickly.

And then, before I could think about it to reply, he halted suddenly, almost pitching forward. Then, with a kind of wheezy howl, he sprang to the wall.

Next instant, I was blinking under the dazzling electric light.

"Here, I say! Shut off that light!" I remonstrated, half blinded.

I heard a swift rush across the rug, and the next thing I knew I was roughly jerked from out my chair; strong fingers clutched my throat, and I found myself glaring into a frightened but resolute face.

"Jen-Jenkins!" I tried to gasp, but only a gurgle came.

I was so taken unawares, I knew it must be some dashed dream. Perhaps another minute, and I would wake up. But he gripped me tighter and shook me like a rag.

"Say, who are you?" he hissed.

"How did you get in here?"

And then, of course, I knew that he was crazy. Whether he was crazy in a dream or crazy with me awake, I couldn't guess. It made very little difference, anyhow, for I knew that in another minute I should be either dream dead or real dead; and dash me if I could see any odds worth tossing for in either, you know.

But I don't belong to the athletic club quite for nothing, and have managed to pick up a few tricks, you know. So with the decision to chuck the dream theory, I shot my leg forward with a mix-up and twist that made Jenkins loosen his clutch and stagger backward.

"What's the matter with you?" I gasped, advancing toward him. "Are you trying to murder me?" But I was so hoarse, the only word that came out plainly was "murder."

Jenkins uttered a howl. "Help, Mr. Lightnut! Murder!"

"You old fool!" I cried, exasperated.

"Come here!"

He was coming. He seized a light chair and swung it behind his head. Then he rushed me with a shout.

"Oh, Mr. Lightnut!"

"Gone clear off his nut!" was my thought. As he swung the chair, I ducked low, and man and chair went crashing to the floor. But he was up again in a jiffy and dancing at me.

"Mr. Lightnut, sir, why don't you help me?"

"Help you—you jolly idiot!" I muttered indignantly. Then my voice raised: "I've a mind to kill you!"

With a yell, he made a kangaroo jump and swung at me again.

"He says he's going to kill me, Mr. Lightnut!" he panted as I dodged again. "Help me—wake up, sir!"

Wake up? Wake up, indeed, when I had never been so devilish wide awake in all my life! I was sure now about that. I moved toward him cautiously.

"Stop your row!" I cried angrily; "you'll have somebody in. Think I want the police up here?"

With a glare at me, Jenkins darted past me to the bedroom I had just left. Its light switch clicked, and then back through the brightened doorway he sprang and dashed for a wall cabinet at its side. He began tugging at its little drawer. And suddenly I remembered the revolver there, an old forty-five from a friend in Denver—and loaded!

My spring to intercept him was quick, but not quick enough! Half-way to him I pulled up under the compelling argument of the long blue barrel pointed at my head.

"Here! Look out, you fool—it's loaded!" I warned, backing away to the window.

Jenkins advanced. "What have you done with him?" he panted hoarsely.

"Where is he?"

"Where's who?" I asked savagely, for I was getting devilish tired of it all. But for the publicity, I should have yelled from the window.

"Where's Mr. Lightnut?" he demanded.

"Oh, he's all right," I decided to adopt that soothing tone that I had read somewhere was the proper coper with lunatics.

"Where?" Jenkins insisted, pushing nearer.

And dashed if I knew what to answer; for, if I made a mistake, it might be serious, by Jove! Perhaps some jocular reply would be safest—might divert his attention, you know.

The open window gave me an idea.

"Why, do you know," I said pleasantly, "I just checked him down into the street."

It sounded like a cannon cracker, that gun! The shower of splintered glass from the picture between the windows barely missed me. But I never waited a second—for this last devilish straw was too much, don't you know, and something had to be done. I leaped for the weapon as it jerked the hardwood floor between us, struck from Jenkins's hand by the unfamiliar upward kick. Another instant and I was poking the muzzle into his side.

"I've just had enough of this, you fool!" I cried impatiently. "Here, take a good look at me!" I pushed my face closer. "Look at me, I tell you!"

By Jove, he shuddered! His eyes, wide distended with terror, rolled to the ceiling.

"I can't," he whispered; "I just can't—anything but that! Only, please—please don't kill me, too."

"Kill you?" I said, frowning sternly as he gave a furtive glance. "I certainly will, if you don't take a good look at me!"

He gave a sort of despairing sigh and closed his eyes so tightly the lashes disappeared. "All right, then," he said sullenly; "you may kill me!"

The way with these lunatics, I thought. Next thing, he would be begging and insisting that I kill him. I motioned to the door of my guest-room and gave him a push.

"In there," I said, "and keep perfectly quiet."

And as he shot inside, I closed the door and locked it. I just had to take the chance of his hurting himself against the walls and furniture; I didn't believe he was so crazy he would undertake the six-story leap to the ground. Listening, I heard something like a sob. Then I caught my name.

"Poor Mr. Lightnut," came chokingly; "the kindest, gentlest master!"

And then more sobs and gulps.

By Jove, under his insane delusion, the poor beggar was grieving for me; not thinking of himself at all, you know. I felt my eyes grow a bit moist, somehow, and all at once my heart went heavy. Thought how long poor old Jenkins had been with me—ever since I was out of college, you know—five years—and remembered how devilish faithful and attached he had always been. Poor old Jenkins! It was awful his going off this way! I recalled how he had taken to seeing things, earlier in the evening, and had made me see them, too, dash it! One thing I determined: whatever had to be done with him, he should have the finest of attention.

I knew that I ought to telephone to somebody or something, but dashed if I had any idea who or where. Oddly enough, not a soul seemed to have been roused by the pistol shot, but I saw by the little clock that it was close to three—the hour in a bachelor apartment house when everybody is

ing to the operator. "I say, will you give me information?"

A loud about suddenly sounded from behind the closed door, and there came a frantic double-pounding of fists.

"Mr. Lightnut—Mr. Lightnut!" screamed Jenkins. "Oh, Mr. Lightnut, you're back—you're alive—I can hear your voice! This is Jenkins, Mr. Lightnut; you, sir, Jenkins. They've got me locked in!"

I clapped the receiver on the book and sprang to the door, unlocking it. Jenkins almost tumbled into my arms. By Jove, for a second I hung in the wind, he acted so crazy still; at least, it seemed so just at first. The fellow threw his arm about my neck and laughed—laughed and cried, dash it—and just wringing my hands and carrying on—Oh, awful! And even when I got him into a chair, he just sat there laughing and crying like a jolly old silly, patting my hand, you know, and wiping his eyes, what time they were not devouring me.

"Has he gone, sir?" he gasped huskily. "Did he jump from the window?" But I waved all questions aside.

"After you've had some sleep," I insisted. "Then I'll tell you the whole jolly story." And I just got him to his room myself, despite his distress and protests over my attention.

"Thank you, sir, and good night," he said as I left him. And he murmured placidly, "I guess we're all right now."

But I was not so sure as to him, when I viewed the broken chair and scattered fragments of glass—ominous reminders of the scene through which I had passed. And so, though I threw the pistol on top of a bookcase, I spent the rest of the night upon the soft cushions of my big divan.

**CHAPTER IV.**

Jenkins Declares for the Water Wagon.

"But this savage-looking Chinaman that you saw, Jenkins—how was he dressed?" I adopted a careless tone of inquiry.

It was high noon, and I was toying



He Sprang to the Wall.

asleep, if they're going to sleep at all. I decided that the best thing to do first was to get into some clothes. And with this thought I was turning away, when it occurred to me to make an effort to see if poor Jenkins seemed more rational now or had gone to sleep.

I tapped upon the door. "Are you asleep?" I asked softly.

A howl of positive terror came back.

"I'm a-keeping quiet," he cried, "but don't let me hear your voice again, or I'll jump right out of the window."

I shook my head sadly and tiptoed into my room, where I slipped hurriedly out of the pajamas and into some clothes; then back I went to the telephone. It was on my little writing-table close to the door containing Jenkins.

I lifted the receiver with a sigh.

"Hello, central," I began, respond-

with an after luncheon, or rather after breakfast, cigar.

Jenkins' head shook dubiously. "I just remember something blackish. My, sir, I didn't have time to notice anything like clothes!"

His tone conveyed aggrieved protest. He went on:

"Just as I'm telling you, sir, I saw some one sitting there by the window and walked toward him, thinking it was you. Then, all of a sudden, I see his awful face a-scowling at me there in the moonlight."

"And he was smoking, you say?" Jenkins snifled indignantly. "Free and easy as a lord, sir! He held a long stick to his ugly mouth, and smoke was curling out of a little bowl near the end."

"Oh, opium pipe, eh?"

"Likely, sir," agreed Jenkins; "but I never saw one."

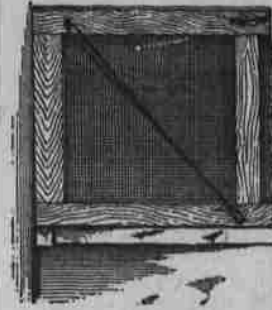
(TO BE CONTINUED)

# INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS

**PREVENTS SAGGING OF DOOR**

Simple Stay Has Been Devised Consisting of Hook Placed at Lower Corner of Screen.

Screen doors are usually of such a light construction that they are apt to sag after a little use. In order to prevent such sagging, or to correct such a condition in an old door, a simple form of stay has been devised consisting of a hook placed at the lower outer corner of the door, to which a wire is attached extending to a bolt at the opposite corner of the lower panel of the door. The wire is doubled and the bolt is so arranged that it may be turned to twist the wire, thus shortening it and lifting the sagging side to normal position.



Stay for Sagging Doors.

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**PINE STUMPS FOUND USEFUL**

Found Rich in Turpentine and Resin—Several Products Are Secured From Material.

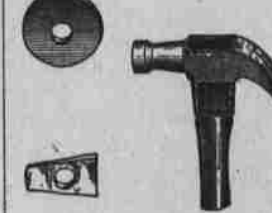
The stumps of the Norway pine left on the fields years ago in the trail of the woodsman are now being turned to account by many establishments in Michigan and Wisconsin. These stumps are rich in turpentine and resin, and the process utilized is what is known as destructive distillation, which is quite simple and interesting owing principally to the great variety of materials which are secured from this refuse of the fields. The stumps are cut into blocks and loaded on iron cars of cage construction and fired in a retort. The heat drives out the moisture and oil and opens up the fibers of the wood. The water comes off first, followed by the resin, then turpentine, succeeded by a mixture of tar and turpentine, and finally the flow consists of pure tar. The average yield is 26 gallons of turpentine and 57 gallons of tar from a cord of wood weighing about 3,333 pounds. The residue consists of 40 bushels of soft charcoal.

From this material there are obtained the following products: Sheep dip, tree spray and disinfectant, shingle stain, wood filler, embalming fluid furniture polish, face lotion, paint and pigments.

**FASTENING A HAMMER HEAD**

Average Handy Man Probably Has Not Heard of New Idea Shown in the Illustration.

The following method of securing hammer heads to handles may prove useful: It consists in taking an ordinary washer, cutting it away at opposite sides, and then beveling it to form a wedge. When this is driven into the end of the hammer handle it is held firmly in place by the fibers of the wood that are forced into the orig-



Handle Wedge Made of a Washer.

inal washer hole in the center of the wedge. This idea is not offered as something new, but the average handy man has probably not heard of it, and may find it a very serviceable kink.—Scientific American.

**Asbestos Output.**

The Canadian asbestos output has increased from 380 tons in 1880 to 53,300 tons in 1909. The quarries and factories are capitalized to the amount of \$24,190,000. In the Black Lake quarries, province of Quebec, there are 45,000,000 tons of asbestos in sight.

**Concrete Railway Sleepers.**

Reinforced concrete railway sleepers with asbestos fibers soaked in water and mixed thoroughly with cement is one of the parts that have been used on Bavarian railways, and in the first five months of service showed no defects.

**Use Flange Couplings.**

Flange couplings should be used liberally in installing pipes. Sometimes it is necessary to take out a piece of pipe, thereby saving in time replacing and extra cost.

**Production of Copper.**

The United States now produces more copper than all the rest of the world together.

# METALS IN FOOD SUPPLIES

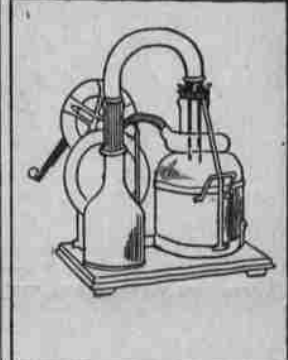
Lemonade, One of Most Popular American Drinks, Said to Contain Poisonous Lead.

A pure food investigation by Dr. Carlo Formenti, of Milan, has dealt with poisonous metals in food supplies. Most metal salts are poisonous, and are liable to occur in acid foods and drinks from chemical action on containing vessels. Lemonades and other acid drinks so popular in America, and even carbonated waters, often contain lead. This comes not only from metal utensils used in preparing the drinks, but also as impurities in tartaric acid and in carbon dioxide gas; and even in minute quantity taken often may be a real danger, as lead tends to accumulate in the tissues of the body until it causes illness or even death. Copper was found in nearly all canned green vegetables, its use for tinting such products being emphatically condemned. The finding of much manganese in certain vinegars was a surprise, but special inquiry showed that potassium permanganate is used to correct the taste of cheap vinegars made from refuse and rotting fruit. Though the manganese is probably not harmful, vinegar from such materials should be prohibited. Arsenic in wines sometimes comes from insecticides used on vines, and the use of arsenical insecticides was lately forbidden in France. The investigator recommends aluminum cooking and containing vessels as quite harmless.

# ICE MACHINE FOR THE HOME

Water is Frozen by Vacuum Apparatus Which Also Freezes Ice Cream—Idea From Denmark.

All the way from Denmark comes the idea of the vacuum ice machine for the home. The various uses of this apparatus makes it very convenient to have about the house. It works on the principle that water freezes when quickly evaporated, and is so simple that even the stupidest domestic can operate it, which is saying a great deal. A jar to hold water is connected with a vacuum bell by means of a hose, and the vacuum is



Turn Crank and Water Freezes.

created by turning a crank. As the air passes through the jar the water freezes. This same process can be used in making ice cream or iced tea and coffee, and in the first mentioned case, in particular, is a big improvement over the method that requires turning a crank for twenty minutes. The only chemical used in the apparatus is sulphuric acid, and the acid does not come into contact with the water or other liquids to be cooled.

# INDUSTRIAL and MECHANICAL NOTES

Chicago is the world's greatest lumber market.

Overbores are now being made of a mixture of rubber and asbestos.

Many shoes sold abroad as "American made" are not such in any particular.

The coal consumption per capita in England is three times that of France.

There are twenty-five types of American automobiles on the market in England.

The German industries employ 9,000,000 women, of which 20,000 are employed in mining.

Gas furnaces alone are now used at the royal mint for the melting down of precious metal.

A single needle manufacturing machine will produce one and a half million needles per week.

Germany has 435 plants for the preservation and utilization of potatoes in one form or another.

The effect of seasoning wood is to bring into the same space 10 per cent more of the fibres as when the wood was green.

As a possible substitute for cotton, German textile experts are experimenting with the fiber of the Asiatic silk cotton tree.

There has been great industrial development in Austria in the last eight years and the standard of living has been raised materially.

A new white metal alloy, aluminum, is lighter than aluminum, makes sound castings, turns well and may be soldered, forged and welded.

Wood is so scarce in England that a process has been invented for producing it artificially. Straw, sawdust and grass are compressed to make it.

A nail puller consisting of a curved shoulder and a toothed wheel eccentrically mounted is carried on one side of a hammer patented by a Washington man.