

A Political Vendetta

WELDON J. COBB

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

He had sustained a shock, it was evident. He tried to brace his nerves, but his knees shook as he stepped forward, his face to meet the wretched, cruel one of his companion.

"Speak," he said, almost hissing—"if you know what this means!"

"What it means?" he asked, hysterically retorted. "It means 'rain'!"

"Nonsense!"

Kane shrugged his shoulders. He had got the mastery over momentary weakness now.

"You see?" pursued the other—"a drop."

"Of thirty points?"

"Which means—"

"Only two millions!"

"Only two millions! yes—but if this goes on—"

"It can't," confidently insisted Kane. "Rouse up, man—some rascally stock-juggling jargon of competitors! A case like this has frightened the holders of our stock, there has been a stampede. To-morrow our turn will come."

"But the cause—the cause?" persisted Worthington—for there was a cause! "We are too solid to be the football of the market; then whence the break—and why?"

"Come in," spoke Kane gruffly, as a tap sounded on the polished mahogany door, and a messenger boy entered, handed him a telegram, departed. Kane tore it open. A queer click sounded in his throat. For a second he breathed laboriously. He handed the message to Worthington, the latter in turn perused it.

"Great heavens!" he gasped. "Kane! what is the meaning of this accumulating disaster?"

The message was from a trusted agent on the New York Stock Exchange and it ran:

"Our stock is going to pieces. It has dropped thirty points in two hours. Blennerhassett of the opposition syndicate has announced that he will sell his entire holding in deficit on listed assets, and our bonds inflated and duplicated at two different local banking concerns. How did he find out?"

How—for it was true! Old, tarred swindler that he was, Percy V. Kane shuddered as he realized what such a revelation meant: First, in money loss, next, in the eyes of the law.

"Something's wrong!" reiterated Worthington, setting up and pacing the floor like a prodded animal. "There has been a leak. But—how?"

"You and I only know of the bolter necessary to tide over the last dividend," said Kane thoughtfully.

"Unless—except—"

Worthington hesitated. He directed a keen, though hesitating, glance at his companion. The latter met the look sternly.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Except your private secretary."

"She?" burst forth Kane, a rapturous, instead of an incensed man. "Yes, Worthington," he said, "and if there was one redeeming trait of gentleness in his base nature it came to the front now—she, indeed, knows with us the shifts, the secret subterfuge requisite for the accomplishment of a gigantic coup. But, and his voice grew even more tender, "she is one of us."

"One of us?"

"Yes—she is soon—very soon—to be with us."

"As far gone as that?" muttered Worthington, genuinely astonished.

"No," pursued Kane, "and how the leak, look elsewhere. And ferret it out, man! for this is a serious, a critical situation."

"You must act—"

"I shall act."

"Listen," he said, focusing his glance upon his weak and frightened confederate, his soul upon the theme in play; "leave me to myself for a time. I will think out a way to checkmate Blennerhassett and his crew. Meantime, you seek to learn who is playing us false in this office. I shall telegraph the Chemical National to sell all our securities on the quiet, and have the funds applied towards buying up everything offered of our stock to-morrow."

"Will it check the tide?" waveringly inquired the president.

"It will bluff our rivals."

"But the local banks—the gross deflection in assets—"

"Leave that to me; there is work to do—important, prompt. Why, man, we dare not be broken now. To-morrow's election places in our net seventy-three Representatives and a Senator. Before this election day is over we have the key to the State treasury, a foothold in Congress, our hands tight-clasped on the throat of justice! It is not a State, this country, that we own; it is the world is our free stamping ground."

"Kane, you are a bold genius—but I trust you to get us out of this dilemma."

"You do not trust vainly!" declared Kane.

Left to himself, he slowly, meditatively paced the apartment. He reflected rapidly—but deeply, and to the point. "Something" was indeed "wrong"—a hidden hand was groping for the vitals of the great trust. Whose?

Something was wrong? They stood to lose two millions unless public confidence could be restored, and the shadow of perjury, dishonesty, larceny, and fraud, less past crooked dealing in the manipulation of inflated and duplicated stocks could be covered up.

Percy Kane thought out a way!—then his lips broke to a smile, and his eyes grew tender.

It was thinking now of the lovely girl who had come into his life like a new revelation of joy and delight, and for the moment he forgot his business troubles and his political aspirations.

Again he was interrupted, again a rap at the door irritated him.

"Come in," he said impatiently.

A manly dressed creature crossed the threshold. At a first careless glance Kane took him to be one of the workmen from the mills.

"What do you want?"

"I want to show you something," began the visitor.

"Oh! go to the superintendent," angrily ordered Kane, believing the visitor had come with some complaint, or, as he extended one ragged arm, intended to disclose some injury received at work for which he hoped to secure compensation.

He waved the stranger away. The latter sprang, strangely, quick and menacing before him.

"Mr. Percy Kane," he said, squarely confronting the other, and kicking close the open door behind him, "I want to show you—this!"

Out from his sleeve he snatched a short, thick bar of steel.

"Stand where you are—listen to me!" he grated hoarsely, "or with this, and here, now, I'll batter out your wicked brains. Look well at me!"

And in a tone of thunder, the dreadful weapon uplifted, his eyes two angry sparks of flame, the stranger sternly demanded:

"Percy Kane, do you know me?"

some into the president's ear must have been weighted with ominous import, for he drew back with a sharp shiver.

"Oh, never!" he gasped. "Kane, you can not mean it!"

"Yes, I do mean it," calmly, decisively, retorted the other.

"To apply the trust funds left in our charge secretly—man! should they be embezzled, then, for you, for myself, it is the convict garb, and prison bars!"

"It must be done—there is no other way. We must turn back the storm of distrust beating at our threshold, at all cost or risk!"

He prevailed upon his confederate at last. They laid their plans for the morrow. They spoke of the impending election—to-morrow—the day that would see them masters of the industrial world—or paupers.

About two hours later Percy Kane entered his private office. He paused ere he approached the trim, little figure at a desk—the private secretary.

It was the lower—rapt, reverent—as he spoke softly to beautiful Claire Tremaine of their approaching marriage. In his ardent joy at the near possession of this rare treasure, he did not know that she shuddered every time her eyes met his own.

He was buoyed up by love when he left her. The future seemed golden. He felt he could overcome all obstacles, and with the morrow his grasp on fortune and power would tighten—most tightly!

And she—this peerless being—had consented to be his wife—like a new moon, new and mighty happiness!

Alone, Claire Tremaine stood like one dazed, but borne irresistibly forward by stern, somber fate.

She drew from a pocket a small photograph. It was a severely treated portrait of a girl.

She tore it across, once, twice, tears falling upon the fragments. She dropped them like sacred relics into the fireplace.

It was too late to draw her away, she had pledged her word to Percy Kane that in two days she would become his wife!

(To be continued.)

BLONDES DYING OUT.

Scientists Say They Will Be Extinct in Six Hundred Years.

Despite the use of peroxide and face lotion, the blondes are passing. They are getting scarcer every day, and they will disappear entirely in six centuries according to the melancholy prediction of science. There will be no more fair complexions, no more golden locks or ogee contrast in the spangled ranks of the chorus. The world will be a wilderness of brunettes, ranging between the shades of coffee and bituminous coal. Lovers will sigh and dream of the golden past, unless they are quite blinded by their passion. Artists will resign themselves to studies in black and white. A blonde person who appears in the street will probably be arrested for drawing a crowd. Even red whiskers will be an extreme rarity, only exhibited in dime museums, and the juxtaposition of white horses and red-headed girls will be a rarity.

It is a frightful prospect, as sketched by Frederick Boyle in *The Contemporary Review*, and one that is alleviated only by its comparative remoteness. Humanity may be able to think up some means of staying off its brunetted doom within the next 600 years. It might decide to wear wigs or spend part of each season at international bleacheries established at the North Pole. The congresses and parliaments of the world might offer a reward for the discovery of a hair dye that won't run and a face cream that won't taste like oleomargarine. Six centuries do give us a little breathing time to take steps against the descent of darkness.

The fair complexioned folk, it seems, are not fitted to survive in these modern days of quick luncheons and quick travel. They were all right to conquer and colonize the world when that was a healthy outdoor exercise, but they can't compete with the brunettes now in the bustle and close quarters of great cities. The whole Aryan race is probably on the downhill. This race includes the Hindus, Anglo-Saxons, Afghans, Germans, Greeks, Persians, Irish, French and other tribes, who generally despise one another and call the other kind "dagob." The whole lot of them are losing their blue eyes, pale cheeks and light hair, as if the evolutionary make-up man were preparing them for a minstrel show. The process did not begin yesterday, but it has no doubt been accelerated with the speedy development of modern conditions.

The blondes were great beauties in France, crooked hair and other things. Never, of course, use gasoline in a room where there is burning stove or where the gas is lighted.

When Women Admired Whiskers.

For ages beard was the delight of ancient beauties. The sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion. To obey the injunctions of his bishoper, plucking away the beard, was a punishment. The French king, Louis XIV., had a beard as long as his arm, and he was not alone. The Athenians were probably fair, d. blue eyed, like the early Venetians had the so-called Moors who conquered Spain.

Spirit Land Messages.

Perhaps all the so-called messages from the dead come from living minds. I mean the minds of those about us. Dr. Reed, a friend of mine, once, after he had gone to a patient to have a test sitting with a very celebrated psychic who claimed to be able to read sealed letters. Just before the appointed day Reed's patient died suddenly of heart disease, leaving a sealed letter on his desk.

The doctor, fully alive to the singular opportunity, put the letter in his pocket and hastened to the medium. The magician took it in his hand and pondered. At last he said: "This was written by a man now in the spirit world. I cannot read it. There isn't a medium in the world who can read it, but if you will send it to any person, he will be able to read it and read it in it. I will tell you what it is. I cannot get the words unless some mind in the earth plane has absorbed them."

That would seem to prove a sort of universal mind reservoir, wouldn't it? Isn't that a staggering hypothesis?—Hamilin Garland in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Bottomless Pits.

Bottomless pits are facts, not fancies, according to Prof. E. A. Martel, a distinguished French geologist. He declares that this term may be applied to cliff caves whose lowest part has been cut off by the erosion of the valleys below, thus turning them into tunnels through which the valley may be seen. The most remarkable abyss of this kind is the hole of Platy in Europe. From the railway between Grenoble and Veynes, it is seen high up in the air like a pinhole near the summit of a limestone cliff.

His Usual Stunt.

"Dear," said the melancholy, "if you die first you will wait for me there on that far shore, won't you?"

"I guess so," replied her husband, wearily. "I've always had to wait for you everywhere I go."—Philadelphia Ledger.

New York City has 5,000 push-cart mechanics. In some instances the value of their stock on one cart amounts to \$150.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Don't Be a Dredge.

When a woman is a household drudge, who has time neither to improve her mind or her body, it is well for her to ask the reason of it. Often it will be found to be caused by lack of system. The necessary duties of the house are done just any time and in any way. In consequence, sometimes they are crowded out entirely, at other days are done under such a feeling of pressure as to become a burden. It is as important to live on schedule in one's domestic arrangements as it is in one's business life.

Many women feel themselves drudges because they attempt a scale of living beyond their resources. While every one wants a dainty appointments and service as possible, when that can be had only at the expense of nerves and brain development, it is not to live more simply. If you find you cannot get through your day's work comfortably without being tired and unduly simplify your work in every possible way. Have less elaborate meals. The change will save not only your time alone, but your money and your family dignities. Buy all the labor-saving appliances that can be had. It will be found to be economy in the end, though the first bills may be rather staggering.

Often the drudgery may be caused by not getting up early enough in the morning. A late breakfast keeps everyone in a drag all day. It is not a hardship to get up early if the habit is once formed, indeed you will soon get to enjoy it. If you can save enough time off this end of the day to snatch a half hour's rest after the noonday meal, it will mean much more real rest.

When you know you are a drudge, steal the time to get a little reading done each day, even if it is only an occasional missing or the baby does not have hand-made slippers. If it is only fifteen minutes it will give you a new grip on life, and make the inevitable wrestling with three meals and dish-washing more endurable.

The mother of a large family, who, suddenly awakening to the realization that she was an unpaid slave, decided to take her day out like the cook, has discovered the secret of throwing off her drudgery. That one afternoon a week devoted to visiting, an occasional concert, long walks or an hour or two with a good book, has eased all the rest of the week's work. Don't be a Dredge. It can be helped, and it should be.

Gasoline for Washing.

Too many people tell of their failure in gasoline washing. In nine cases out of ten, the reason is that too little gasoline is used. If you wash with water, you usually take a good basinful or painful, but when you wash with gasoline, you are apt to put a cupful into your curls, plaitings stay plaited. It is just enough to stir up the dirt and to distribute it in a gray tone all over the face, gloves or what not to be cleaned. Take a generous bowlful of gasoline and wash your gloves, laces, veils, neckwear, ribbons and silken articles, then rinse them in plenty of clean gasoline. After using, if you will let the gasoline stand for a few moments, all the dirt will settle and you can carefully pour off the clean gasoline to use at another operation. To clean gloves, put them on the hands and scrub with a little brush, afterward rinsing them like a pocket handkerchief. Silk washed in gasoline loses none of its gloss; feathers lose none of their curl; plaitings stay plaited. Never, of course, use gasoline in a room where there is burning stove or where the gas is lighted.

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REVIEW OF INDIANA

Ed Simmonds, 52 years old, a farmer five miles northeast of Goshen, fell unconscious in a field while husking corn and died two hours later without regaining consciousness.

The recent advent into this world of a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lubin, of South Bend, forms an odd combination. The girl, born on Friday, the 13th, is the thirteenth child of Mr. and Mrs. Lubin.

W. F. Beckman, a member of the Indianapolis police force for the last sixteen years, dropped dead while out hunting near Seymour. Heart failure was the cause of his sudden death. He was 51 years old.

Her horse, taking fright at a street car in Wabash, lunged and threw Mrs. John Unger from her buggy, her skull being fractured. The hospital attendants say she will die. Mrs. Frank Cooper, who was with her, was also badly hurt.

A farmer near Oakland City, has a pumpkin in which the seeds have sprouted and small vines have formed. Until the pumpkin was cut open there was no way for air to reach the vines, still they have attained a length of several inches.

The stone-crushing plant of the Marquette Manufacturing Company, at Marquette, thirty miles west of New Albany, on the Southern railway, was destroyed by fire recently. The origin is unknown. Loss on building and machinery is about \$10,000, partly insured.

David Mitchell, a miner from Scranton, Pa., who now lives at Oakton, is the father of twelve children, ten of whom are living. No two of his children have been born in the same month, each child representing a different month. The oldest is twenty and the youngest is three months.

William Hoffer, a barber of Evansville, was stricken with total paralysis at his barber chair while shaving a customer. The razor fell from his nerveless hand across the throat of the man in the chair, but the blade turned and inflicted only a slight gash over the jugular vein. Hoffer will die.

Joshua Whitman, aged 59 years, and his daughter Essie, aged 22, south-west of Morocco, are both dead from m. k. sickness. Mr. Whitman, who was a prominent farmer, contracted the disease about ten days ago. Shortly after his death the daughter was stricken in the same way, dying a short time afterward.

David Hetzler, living nine miles northwest of Morocco, was hauling some marsh hay to cover a shed when he uncovered a large muskrat. In attempting to kill the animal Hetzler stumbled and fell to the ground and before he could rise it bit him twice on the hand and on the wrist, inflicting painful wounds which may prove serious.

William Locke was probably fatally hurt and Fred Whitte was seriously injured when a scaffold fell at the home of Newton Johnson, south of Lafayette. Both are carpenters. Locke fell on his head, suffering concussion of the brain and other broken ribs. Whitte's leg was broken, and he is injured internally. The scaffold was twenty-six feet above the ground.

Lillian Wirth, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wirth, of Princeton, who died in Evansville recently after a brief illness, was familiarly known in Princeton as "the Little Milkmaid," from the fact that for more than two years she had driven her father's dairy wagon, and her cheerful greetings to her patrons as she made her daily rounds, won the warm friendship of all with whom she came in contact.

Covington Kessler, a well-known citizen of Danville, was painfully and probably fatally injured while engaged in making the excavation for the new electric light plant. He was driving the "snatch team," drawing a large wagon carrying nearly two yards of clay from the excavation, when he slipped and fell under the wheels, which passed over his body between the hips and shoulders. The other driver stopped his team, and in so doing he was allowed to remain on the ground. When the resignation was first demanded Campbell asked why he should resign and demanded to know if Captain Graham and the police board had any grounds on which they based their demand. An evasive answer was given and he refused to quit.

The suit against the Rev. George T. Butler, of Albion, brought by Mrs. Belle Howard, of Peru, to recover money obtained from her by Mr. Butler for a cement factory stock has been dismissed. Mrs. Howard asserted that the minister had misrepresented the stock, and she, together with many others in Peru, had purchased in amounts totaling \$20,000. The cement plant was never finished, and the stockholders received no dividends. The company was organized by Toledo capitalists represented by Mr. Butler in the sale of stock.

Because their parents had threatened to send them to the Girls' Reformatory School for playing hooky Miss Mabel Griffin and Lucile Vye attempted suicide together at Bloomington. Their recovery is doubtful.

John Scott, 25 years old, of Andersonville, while hunting rabbits ran before A. J. Farthing's gun just as the latter shot at a rabbit. The entire charge entered his abdomen, producing instant death. Scott leaves a widow and two small children.

The new station of the Big Four, in Franklin, is completed and in use. The old station was destroyed by fire about a year ago, and since then a passenger coach had been used. The new building is heated with a furnace and lighted with electricity.

Owing to losses which he is said to have sustained in making deals in blooded hog stock, F. D. Conrad, a young farmer, living near Leo, stuffed all the cracks in his room in a Fort Wayne hotel, turned on the gas and was found in a critical condition. He probably will recover.

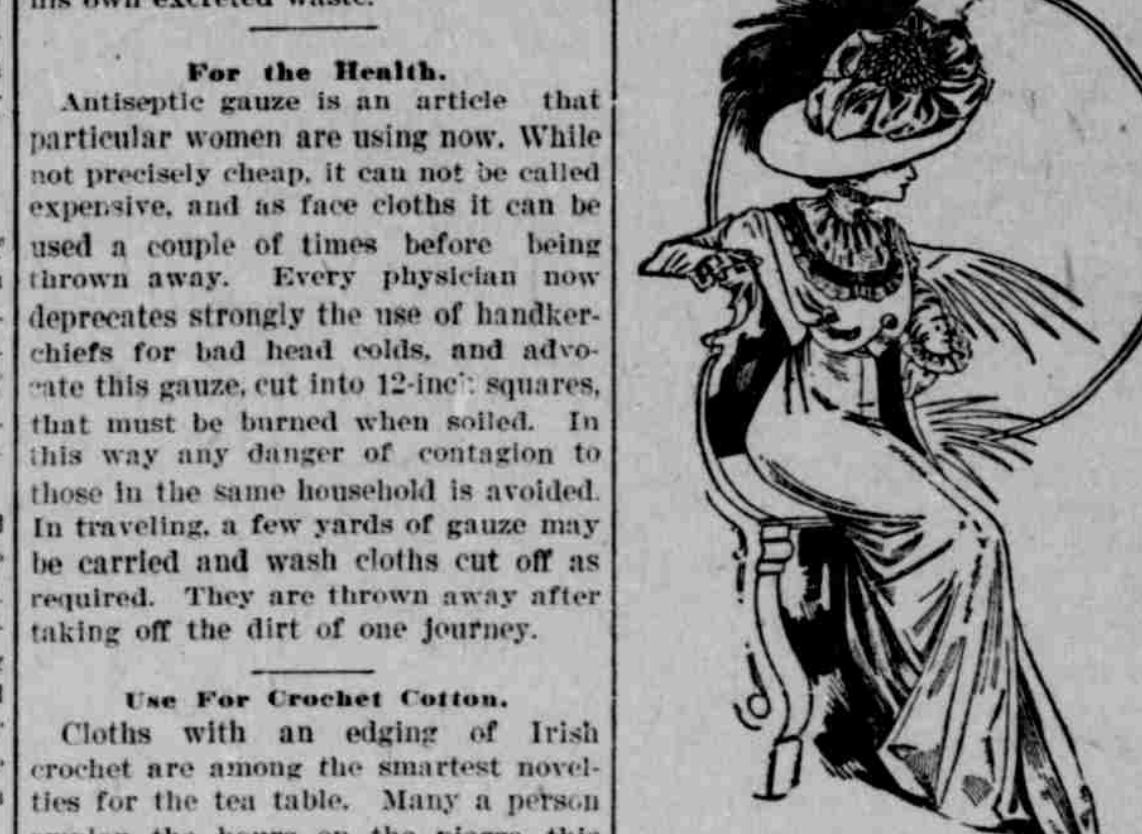
Mrs. Samuel Hite, aged 40, was found by her son lying at her home in Warsaw, with a deep gash in the back of her head. She had been dead probably two hours. The cause of her sudden demise is unknown.

Many farmers in the vicinity of Newcastles will have to buy meat and lard. Entire droves of hogs have been swept away by the cholera in a common east of the city, embracing a territory of a mile square, farmers have lost over 300 marketable hogs. Similar conditions prevail in other parts of the county.



Ornate Fitted Sleeves. Evening Gown Sleeve. Armlets. Bolero Effect.

It is through this surface that the oxygen is drawn into the body and the poisonous carbon dioxide thrown off. Smoke in reality is nothing more or less than a cloud of fine carbon dust—soot. And when this dust comes into contact with the surface of the lungs it forms a thin coating which obstructs the entrance of oxygen-laden air, as well as the exit of the poisonous outbreaths. The smoker or he who inhales smoke, either directly or by sitting in a smoke-laden atmosphere, is both starved and poisoned; starved for oxygen, the most important of all foods, and poisoned by his own excreted waste.



Afternoon Reception Gown.

Antiseptic gauze is an article that particular women are using now. While not precisely cheap, it can not be called expensive, and as face cloths it can be used a couple of times before being thrown away. Every physician now deprecates strongly the use of handkerchiefs for bad head colds, and advocates this gauze, cut into 12-inch squares, with the surface of the face covered with it. The gauze is made and sold in this way and under no other name. In traveling, a few yards of gauze may be carried and wash cloths cut off as required. They are thrown away after taking off the dirt of one journey.

Use For Crochet Cotton.

Cloths with an edging of Irish crochet are among the smartest novelties for the tea table. Many a person employ the hours on the piazza this summer crocheting edgings for just such purposes. The crochet cotton which comes on spools is by far the best material to use. Speaking of this cotton, some needlewomen do not know that this is better for feather stitching lingerie, of whatever dainty or sheer material it may be made. After one or two launderings the soft twisted cotton falls to give an idea of the work expended by the embroiderer.

Homemade Jardiniere.

Any old-fashioned stone jar or crock may be made to resemble a most expensive Oriental jardiniere. Cover the outside of the jar with quite a thick layer of putty, then have a bit of colored broken china pounded into small pieces, and stick these pieces close together over the whole jar. The effect is altogether Oriental and beautiful. Another idea for a pedestal to put the jardiniere in is to buy one length of sewer pipe about six inches in diameter, enamel it white and paste on the side butterflies, birds or any picture you may desire.

Short Bones in Corsets.

It is interesting to know that while corsets are longer, the bones in them are shorter. They go over a part of the hip, but do not run down to the end of the corset. These long bones were found disastrous, as they were constantly breaking or bending and pushing the corset into a curve below the waist. Now the bones stop short enough to prevent breakage, and the corset is strapped and stitched and fitted to the figure for the rest of the length.

Polishing Furniture.

A mixture of equal parts of boiled linseed oil and turpentine will renew varnished woodwork, floors and furniture, but very little of it should be used, and what there is should be rubbed in until absolutely no oil is left on the surface. Otherwise the oil will catch the dust, and a dull film will soon form over the varnish. The best

A Woman's Chance of Marrying.

Woman's age.	Chances in 100
18 to 25.	25
25 to 30.	30
30 to 35.	35
35 to 40.	40
40 to 45.	45
45 to 50.	50
50 to 55.	55
55 to 60.	60
60 to 65.	65
65 to 70.	70
70 to 75.	75
75 to 80.	80
80 to 85.	85
85 to 90.	90
90 to 95.	95
95 to 100.	100

—New York Evening Sun.

To Have a Clear Skin.

A clear skin is one of the essentials of good health and beauty, and nothing conduces more to this end than frequent baths and brisk rubbings. They will do much to keep the skin soft and the whole body vigorous.

Eat Moderately.

In order to be in perfect health one must be temperate in eating. The meals also should be regular. Regularity is one of the golden rules of a well-ordered life.

Don't Neglect Sleep.

You can sleep yourself into good looks. A warm bath and a long nap will make any woman more attractive and lift years from her shoulders.

Tired Feet.

After bathing tired feet in hot water it is very soothing to rub them with olive oil.

When Baby Cries.

Do not slap baby on the back when he cries, but raise the left hand above the head, which will give relief.