

His Lonely Client.

(By Ethel Wagner Moulton.)

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)
At twenty-one Basil Worden half invented a new suction cleaner, talked too much about it, dallied in getting it protected and claimed that a big corporation stole the idea away from him. This embittered Worden. He grumbled that the world was all against him, and acted out the child of genius rudely crushed down by an adverse fate and the hard-hearted neglect of a cold cruel world.

He was in love at the time, or fancied he was, and truth is that had he acted a little more manly and sensible, Nella Brooks might have learned to esteem him. After a while, however, she began to tire of his cowardly complaints against destiny. She realized the flaws in his weak character and when he proposed to her gently but firmly declined the honor.

"I'll get even!" hissed Worden, showing his true malevolent spirit. "You'll rue the day you cast away an honest love."

This made Nella more skeptical of his manliness than ever. She shuddered at the evil glare in his eye, and when he had departed was glad that she was through with him.

"The world don't want useful inventions," snarled the misanthropic genius. "I'll give them a dose of something else."

And he did. Worden was gone from the village for a year when an article apprised his former friends that he was a fugitive from justice. It appeared that he had turned his inventive genius to very bad account. He had devised a clever apparatus for boring holes in safes. It seemed that this device was a gobletlike vessel composed of a metal refractory to heat. A hard wooden pincer was used



"I'll Get Even!"

to handle it. Placed upon the safe, a quantity of thermite, a substance igniting without explosion, produced a degree of heat capable of liquefying iron. This was placed in the goblet and ignited through a wire. One hole after another was thus easily and silently made in the safe, until the burglar could remove a piece large enough to admit his arm.

This device Worden had sold to a gang of burglars, who were captured, betrayed him and he became a hunted criminal.

With Nella time had gone on bringing her a due share of care and grief. Her father had died leaving her a small fortune, but also the charge of a nephew, a lad of seven years. The poor child was dumb, but this affliction tended to draw Nella the closer to him.

One day Bruce Thomas, a lawyer from the city, came down to Wadhams to close up some business of the estate. He was a manly, fine looking young fellow just starting out in his profession. When he called at the Brooks home he found it the scene of great commotion. The servant told him that Miss Brooks was in a state of great distress and could not see him. Bruce, however, dwelt upon the importance of his business mission.

"Please tell Miss Brooks that all there is to do is to acknowledge her signature," he exclaimed. A minute later the object of his call came into the room. Despite her tear-stained face, its deathly pallor and her manifest agitation, to Bruce Thomas she appeared as the fairest creature he had ever beheld.

In a sadly subdued way Nella went through the formalities of the business on hand. Young Thomas lingered. Something he could not resist in the forlorn appearance of his lonely client appealed irresistibly to his interest and sympathy.

"You will pardon me, Miss Brooks," he spoke, "but you seem in deep distress."

"I am, indeed," she answered brokenly. "Oh, sir! If I made a confidant of you, would you try and help me?"

The prompt responsive glow in the eyes of her visitor convinced Nella that she could indeed trust in this man. She told him of Basil Worden.

"About a month since," she went on, "to my amazement this man intruded upon me in the garden. I shuddered when I saw him. To think that we had once been friends! He was bold, defiant, vicious. He spoke of his

mid-time affection. He asked me to red him. When I coldly turned from him he threatened to be revenged. Five days ago my dear little cousin, Otho, disappeared mysteriously."
"He was kidnaped?" surmised Bruce.

"Yes, and by this man Worden. He wrote me a letter stating that Otho was safe and sound in his charge. He threatened if I made the facts public to instantly kill Otho. He said I should then I would become his wife. Otho should be spared"—and here the poor distressed girl ended her recital in a storm of sobs and tears.

There could be but one response on the part of the chivalrous Bruce to the appeal of the anxious Nella. Whatever was done must be accomplished secretly, cautiously, for he too believed that the desperate Worden would not hesitate to sacrifice little Otho if he found out that he was being hunted down. For the time being Bruce ceased to be a lawyer and became a detective.

"I will find the child if diligence and effort can bring it about," he pledged Nella, and the grateful look in her eyes was sufficient reward for his unselfish determination.

Nella had a photograph of Worden taken some years previous. Bruce was also given one of little Otho by Nella. The preliminary stages of his unusual quest gave him a rugged, baffling experience he had not apprehended. But there came a final reward for his diligence and courage.

"At last!" he breathed with intense satisfaction at the end of a gloomy rainy day, as he penetrated the bleak corridors of a still more gloomy tenement building.

Thither he had traced his man and a confederate. Through the transom of an unoccupied apartment adjoining Bruce viewed the pair in earnest conversation.

"Man, rich lets the dog run loose and all that?" Worden was asking.

"Yes," assented his companion.

"All right, then you take the boy past the place. Make a great outcry, grab the boy up in your arms and claim that the dog has bit him in a dozen places. Get the names of some of the crowd around. Then I'll fix the kid up so that when we bring a suit for damages the rich owner of the dog will settle for a small fortune. This does it, see?" and the speaker brandished a metal instrument in the air.

"What is it?" asked his confederate.

"I call it my cog bite machine," was the chuckling reply, "and it is a true curiosity. I give it a twist and it bites of a dog. Sort of tough on the kid, but we've got to make a living," gloated the diabolical wretch, "and the kid can't squeal."

Bruce hastened for the police and within an hour was at the den of the two conspirators. Within another hour Basil Worden knew that he was doomed to a long imprisonment for past and present deeds and Bruce was on his way to Nella with little Otho.

She shuddered with horror as Bruce detailed the cruel fate Otho had escaped. She drew closer to him as she realized all he had done for her. Reflected in her eyes was the tender love light that glowed within his own.

Reasoning Bird.
There is something very remarkable in the almost reasoning powers exhibited by birds in eluding pursuit or in turning attention from their nests and young, and the duck tribe is notable in this respect. Mr. King, an Arctic explorer, shot a duck; fired again and, as he thought, disabled his mate. Leaving the dead bird, he waded into the water after the drake, which, far from being fluttered or alarmed, remained motionless. Still, as he neared it, it glided easily away through innumerable little nooks and windings. Several times he reached out his hand, and having at last managed to coop it up in a corner, was bending down to take it when to his utter astonishment, it cried "quack," and then flew away so strongly that he was convinced he had never hit it at all. The bird's object clearly was to draw the gunner away from its companion.—Exchange.

Maps in Tapestry.
Two English-worked tapestry maps which belonged to Horace Walpole have just been put on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. They came from the Bodleian library, at Oxford, and are of immense size, though they only cover a few counties of England. One of them is fragmentary, but the other is a good example of English weaving. It was woven by Richard Hyckes, on William Sheldon's looms, after he had studied weaving in Holland. Every place marked is given a little vignette of towers and turrets, and quaint inscriptions abound. One of them runs: "This southly part which bear belowe to wards Gloucester fall—of corne or grasse greates plentie yelds, but fruit exceede the all."

The Glorious Apple.
Without the apple there would be no apple pie, and without its help mince pie would pass away. Without the apple there would be no cider, and how could corn-husking bees barn raisings and other rural reveries survive without the jug or jugs of cider? Once the apple was depended on for vinegar, but the world has grown independent of the apple in this respect, not because of any wrong or shortcoming on the apple's part, but because vinegar can be made, cheaper without calling in the apple. However, whenever the apple is called on to produce vinegar, that vinegar is honest.

JAGUAR OUT FOR REVENGE

Wounded Animal Turned on its Hunters and Made Things Exciting for a While.

There is a story of a fierce charge by an infuriated Mexican jaguar in an article that Mr. Harry H. Dunn writes in the *Outing* magazine. A wooded hill, surrounded on two sides by water, and on the other two by grass cropped short by the village goats, was set on fire to drive out the beast, which had taken refuge there. Animals began to come from the tangle. Parrots, disturbed from their midday rest, flew in green and red and yellow clouds. Monkeys fled through the tops of the trees. Rabbits, and rats, and mice, scurried underfoot, and we saw one ocelot, a little spotted jungle cat.

Then came the jaguar. Crossing the sloping side of the hill, the tiger appeared to Felipe; and the fellow, proud of the .73 repeater I had brought with me from Mexico City for him, fired as the spotted apparition crossed an open space in the tangle. Ordinarily, Felipe is a good shot; but the rifle was new to him, and he managed only to put the slug in the cat's forehead. The tiger screamed, and leaped straight up into the air. When he came down, all thought of flight had left him, and he headed for Felipe and myself. The Indian began to pump bullets at the tiger, and I remember noticing that the cat was not leaping or running, but trotting rapidly, as a house cat trots unrighteously about its own home.

We were confronting the most dangerous and most powerful animal in the new world, with the single exception of the Kodiak bear, and I doubt very much if any bear in the world could whip a maddened Mexican tiger. The jaguar's mouth was open, and his tail streamed straight out behind; he did not lash it from side to side, as I should have expected him to do. At ten yards, Felipe had emptied his magazine, dropped his rifle and whipped out his machete, when I found the tiger's forehead over the sights of the rifle. As the gun cracked, the jaguar halted, staggered forward a short step or two, sank to his fore shoulders, and turned over, dead.

KICKED STEEL JAIL OPEN
Palisades Park Prisoner Didn't Stay Asleep, Much to the Surprise of the Warders.

When the warders of the steel cages at Palisades Park, N. J., which are the lockups for wrongdoers in that section, went to open them the other morning the door of one was found to have been kicked open. The prisoner it had contained had disappeared. The missing man is John Rudolph, who is regarded as a desperate character. During the last two weeks several homes in the vicinity of Leonia have been entered by a man supposed to be Rudolph, who represented himself as an inspector for the public service corporation and called to look over the bills of gas and electric light. After being placed in the steel cage Rudolph was visited by County Detective Blauvelt of Hackensack, representing Sheriff Heath. When last seen Rudolph was asleep in his cage. Evidently he awakened.—New York World.

Hunter Rescues Deer.
G. H. Yeatter, railroad fireman of Lewiston, acted as a good samaritan in rescuing a deer from a pack of hounds, bathed its wounds and gave it drink.

Hunting in Granville Gap, Yeatter found a fine buck at bay against an embankment, fighting a bloody battle with a pack of hounds. After killing three and wounding a fourth, the balance took their heels, leaving their prey exhausted, blood streaming from wounds in its flanks.

Yeatter led and dragged the deer to the creek near by, washed its wounds and induced it to drink. The buck cast a look of gratitude upon its noble rescuer and trotted into the forest. Further on Yeatter found it grazing with a doe and two fawns, and it is believed the little family were attacked by dogs and the buck, as the natural protector, gave battle with near fatal results.—Philadelphia Record.

Australian Sugar Production.
Sugar is grown quite extensively in Australia, particularly in Queensland. Queensland statistics of the production of sugar cane are not available for dates prior to the season 1897-8. In that season the total for the commonwealth was 1,073,883 tons, against 2,000,758 tons for the record season 1910-11. The average yield per acre of productive cane is much higher in New South Wales than in Queensland, the average during the late decade being 22.83 tons for the former and 15.60 for the latter state. The sugar cane production of the commonwealth during the past five seasons has averaged about seven cwts. per head of population. In Queensland the production of cane per head has ranged between 1 1/4 tons in 1912 to three tons in 1910-11.

Novel Heating System.
A new and economical way of heating houses is being tried out in Sweden. From one to three hundred gallons of water in a tank in the top story is heated by electricity at night, when the cost of current is less than at other times. An automatic device switches off the heat in the morning and throws on a motor pump which forces the warm water through the system of radiators.

There are times in every life when the vital forces seem to ebb. Energy gives place to languor. Ambition dies. The current of the blood crawls sluggishly through the veins. It is a condition commonly described by saying, "I feel played out." For such a condition there is no medicine which will work so speedily as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It contains no alcohol. It is not a mere stimulating tonic. It contains no opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It does not drug the nerves into insensibility. What it does is to supply Nature with the materials out of which she builds nerve and muscle, bone and flesh. A gain in sound flesh is one of the first results of the use of "Discovery."

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Greek Painters.
There were several great painters in ancient Greece and it is rather difficult to say which was the "greatest." It is possible the honor might go to Apelles, 332 B. C.

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