

BALEFUL PLOTTING.

[By Genevieve Ulmar.]

"You shan't have her—if the cost is my fortune, my life, yours, I swear you shall never call Leonie Marsh your wife!"

Martin Rood faced his successful rival in love, a breathing volcano of rage and other emotions. His face was distorted, his eyes blazed with a lurking insanity, his fingers writhed as though they would clutch the throat of Vincent Barrows and choke the life out of him.

The latter placed a friendly, kindly hand upon the arm of the other. Rood shook it off wrathfully. The last glance he bestowed on Vincent as he turned away made him shudder.

"Too bad!" reflected Vincent. "I don't doubt that he loved Leonie, and I am sorry for him. It was a fair contest, though—more than fair. I went away to give him his chance. He never had any, it seems, for Leonie loved me all along. She would not marry him if he was the last man in the world. He knows that, yet—how the poor fellow hates me!"

So it seemed, and so it was. Both men were rich as wealth went in the cattle belt. Rood was the elder of the two, and was a widower. He was cynical and imperious, and set on an object, usually gained it. His lack of encouragement from Leonie had soured him. Then to disappointment succeeded the dark resolve that if the pretty belle of the town did not marry him, she should not wed his rival.

Vincent went home, thoughtful, disturbed and distressed as his former friend, Rood. The latter, he had noticed, had acted strangely of late. At times there was an expression in his eyes Vincent did not like. He often wondered if his mind was just right. In a bitter, open way, publicly, Rood had shown his enmity for the man who had once been his friendly companion.

"Hello!" ejaculated Vincent as he passed along the garden walk beside his home.

A window was open. It had not been when he had recently left the



"You Are Doomed!"

house. His housekeeper was absent for a week, and he had been keeping bachelor's hall. The disturbed vines beneath the window warned of an intruder. Vincent decided that there had been a burglarious visit during his absence.

He went around to the front door and noiselessly let himself into the house. On tiptoe he proceeded through the various rooms. The one where the window was open was his study. As he glanced in he observed that some money on his desk had not been disturbed. In the cabinet in the dining room the silverware was undisturbed. There was a rustling sound in the kitchen. He proceeded thither. His back to him, a man wearing the striped garb of a convict was putting on an old suit of clothes Vincent used when he worked around the garden. On the table was half a dry loaf of bread the intruder had been eating, as if very hungry.

"Well, my friend, what does this mean?"

The stranger turned in a flash, fully startled. Hope died out of his haggard face.

"You've got me, and I suppose it's the police," he said quietly, but dreadingly. "One thing, though, I haven't touched, and wouldn't touch any of your valuables. I have escaped from prison. I needed a disguise. I've served eight out of ten years. I heard my wife was sick. A chance came to escape," and he proceeded with a story that aroused interest and pity in his auditor.

The upshot of the matter was that generous-hearted Vincent Barrows assisted the man to get out of town and to his invalid wife. Then he forgot all about the circumstance, mitigating his friendly offices in behalf of a fugitive from justice, in the belief that he had suffered sufficiently for his crimes and was in earnest in his declaration of repentance and reform.

It was a week later when Vincent was surprised to receive a note from Rood requesting him to call at his home. When he complied, Leonie's favored lover was fully astonished at being pleasantly received. His host,

however, acted indignantly and unnatural. To Vincent he conveyed the impression of a man whose intellect was fast weakening.

"I'm getting scared," observed Rood in a hollow tone. "You know I always have a good deal in the way of money or valuables in the house. I believe burglars have tried twice to break in."

Vincent attempted to reassure Rood. He believed this idea was a baseless notion, grounded on nervous fear. He advised Rood to hire a watchman or to keep a weapon handy.

Rood listlessly objected to having anybody around. As to a weapon, he had only an old triggerless rifle.

"I'll loan you a revolver, accommodatingly proffered Vincent, and brought it the next day. He made several other calls. He felt it a duty to attempt to befriend and solace a man who seemed to be fast losing his reason.

One evening he was called over the telephone by Rood. He found the latter in a strange mood. The doleful tragedy he was playing out was reaching a dreadful climax. He raved incoherently. Finally he sprang up, the revolver Vincent had loaned him in his grasp. His eyes were blood shot with a dreadful resolve.

"You are doomed!" he hissed to his visitor, throwing over a chair with a crash. Then aloud, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Ah, Barrows! you threaten me, eh? Hands off, you scoundrel—would you murder me!"

Bang! Appalled, Vincent Barrows thrilled as Rood placed the weapon to his temple, pulled the trigger, and fell to the floor—dead.

An old woman servant rushed into the room, out of it again, with the frenzied cry:

"Barrows has shot my master!"

Within an hour Vincent Barrows was the inmate of a prison cell. In vain his statement that his half-crazed rival had plotted with devilish ingenuity to bring him to his present straits—his revolver, the testimony of the housekeeper doomed him.

Vincent Barrows upon his trial was found guilty of the murder of Martin Rood, and was sentenced by the jury to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

It was the day before the execution that the sheriff unlocked his cell door and led him into his office. A visitor had called. At first glance Vincent did not recognize him. The stranger removed a false beard.

"Dan Darby, the escaped convict!" fairly shouted the Sheriff.

"It's me," acknowledged the forlorn wayfarer. Vincent had befriended. I owe the state two years. I'm ready to pay it for the sake of this gentleman, who treated me white when I was down and out."

"Why, what does this mean?" asked the mystified Vincent.

"I saw the whole business at Rood's house," replied the convict. "I had gone to your home to ask you to help me in getting myself and my wife out of the country. Your servant told me where you were. I went to Rood's place. I was at the window when he shot himself. I'm ready to give my testimony."

Thus was the pall over two clouded lives removed, and, as a reward for his self-sacrifice, through powerful influence the convict's unexpired sentence was remitted.

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ONCE FAMOUS RECIPES LOST

Secret of Various Alcoholic Brews Once Popular in Great Britain Vainly Sought For.

Stevenson has a ballad—and an admirable ballad it is—on "Heather-ale," which he describes as "a Galloway Legend." In a note he says: "Among the curiosities of human nature this legend claims a high place." He proceeds to point out that the Picts were never exterminated, and that to this day they form a considerable part of the population of certain parts of Scotland. "Is it possible," he asks, "the chronicler's error was merely nominal, that what he told, and what the people proved themselves so ready to receive, about the Picts was true or partly true of some anterior and perhaps Lappish savages, small of stature, black of hue, dwelling underground—possibly also the distillers of some foreign spirit?"

There are many other ales besides the Scots ale brewed from heather, whose recipes are secrets of the past. No one knows for instance how the nut-brown ale of the middles ages was brewed, or the famous "Dagger" ale, which was to be obtained at only one inn in London, the Dagger, in Holborn, an Elizabethan resort of lawyers and their clerks. Then there was the popular but mysterious "three threads," with which London citizens slaked their thirst centuries ago. All have long since vanished, but as a compensation there are still numerous favorite ales—not the largely advertised beverages which everyone knows, but the special tipples of various famous hostleries which are known only to certain explorers of London.—London Chronicle.

Preservative Fluids in Woods. Timber engineers who inject creosote and other substances into wood to retard decay long ago made lists of species that were hard to treat, and others which were easy.

The preservative fluids, we are told, penetrate certain woods to a considerable depth when moderate pressure is applied; while others are almost impervious, no matter how great the pressure. Those hardest to penetrate by preservative fluids are those best supplied with tyloses.

Greatest Musical Nation.

To say of any one nation that it has "given us the best and most charming music" would be a rather hazardous statement. Italy has given us much fine music, and so has France, and Austria, and England, and even the United States. Perhaps Germany has the best claim to be called the leading musical nation. Certainly no other nation can show greater music than that which was composed by Beethoven, Mozart and other artists from the Fatherland.

Young Cuckoos Are Jealous.

The English cuckoo, like the American cowbird, leaves its single egg in the nests of birds much smaller than itself, like the hedge sparrow, the pied wagtail and the weadow pipit. When the young cuckoo—a veritable giant in comparison with its nestmates—is a few days old, it pushes its companions out of the nest and thus becomes the sole object of the care of its tiny foster parents.

Remarkable Fireplace.

In one of the camps on the shore of Lake Sebago there is a fireplace containing 60 rocks, every one of which bears the likeness of the face of a man or animal. The rocks have been collected from many miles around, and the effect is heightened by glass eyes which have been added.

At Sunday School.

Jimmie returned from his first Sunday school breathless with excitement. "Why, Jimmie," asked his puzzled mother, "where did you get two pennies?" "Oh," replied Jimmie, proudly, "they passed around a whole basket of pennies, and I took one."

Should Have Recognized That.

A young couple were sitting in the concert cafe and listening attentively to the orchestra. "What's that they're playing?" he asked. "Aren't you ashamed," she answered, "not to recognize that! Why, that's Handel's Tango!"

Chemicals of Little Effect.

Experiments with various chemical extinguishers for fighting forest fires have not been very successful. The unlimited supply of oxygen in the open forest, officers say, tends to neutralize the effect of the chemicals.

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The Apricot.
The apricot did not originate in Mexico. It was introduced from Asia into Europe in the time of Alexander the Great and was taken from Greece to the other European countries, and after 1492 to the two Americas.

Did You Know That—
Frogs' legs are useful to men for eating purposes, but more useful to the frog for jumping purposes?

Medical.

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