

## SCORED A JUST REVENGE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

ONE WOLF, once an Indian chief, though he did not look it now in his rags and misery, but come of a proud race, sat sunning himself on the pavement. His squaw, a tiny papoose at her breast, occupied a near doorway. They were footsore, homeless, tired, hungry, too, and it was fully ten miles to the reservation where they had friends.

Suddenly the door behind the woman was pulled open inward. Some one had come down the stairs from the gambling room above the town tavern. He was a flashily dressed, not unhand-some fellow, but the scowl of a loser was on his face.

"Out of the way," he growled rudely, and gave the squaw a vicious push with his knee. She could not help but topple over. He heard her head strike the hard pavement unmoved. She uttered a concerned cry, striving to shield the helpless papoose, and failed to a stop, sustained by one hand, with eyes and thought only for the little one.

Then Mort Dwyer drew back and his hand whipped to his hip pocket like a streak of lightning. An inert mass, that squallid form on the pavement was suddenly infused with life. Straight as an arrow, a gleaming knife upraised, Lone Wolf made a wild spring for the miscreant who had imperiled wife and babe.

Speedy as was the gambler, he would have been at fault and disadvantage had the Indian perfected that maddened swoop. Lone Wolf's flight was checked by a low beseeching word from the squaw. Seemingly it told him that the papoose was unborn. Further it awoke the savage to the realization that an attack upon a white man in that section, no matter how provoked, would culminate at a rope's end. The woman was bruised about the face and bleeding, but what mattered that, when the child was safe!

So, with a muttered curse, Dwyer strode from the spot. Lone Wolf gathered up his traps. His squaw prepared to move on. The child waited at being disturbed by the rough shaking up. "Wagh! Lone Wolf will remember!" spoke the Indian with a last menacing glare after the gambler.

The latter forgot the incident with in the hour. He was of a profession and border experience where Remingtons and bowies played conspicuous parts. Free of the babbling business thoroughfare of the town he paused reflectively. A man of coarser mood than himself joined him.

"Down on your luck, it seems?" observed the latter, stealthily studying the face of the other.

"It seems right to you, then," growled Dwyer. "The cards have turned wrong and Monte Pete has got me for more than I am worth."

"Try the heiress, Miss Barclay," smiled Luke Worden, lawyer and blackleg—principally the latter.

"Hey?" ejaculated Dwyer with a start.

"Why not? With her fortune you can afford respectability."

"You say it easy. From all I gather she is as good as engaged to that young fellow Preston, the cashier at the bank."

"You get a start with the girl, and you'd ought to, for you've got the looks and ways with you to captivate women folks, and it's easy crossing out Marcy."

"I'll—I'll think of it," said Dwyer—and he did. He not only thought of it, but he met his friend and familiar that evening more glum and despondent than ever.

"Well?" interrogated the maker of plots and benefactor from the same, "What luck?"

"Miss Eva Barclay simply stared at me in wonder. Then she turned a ring on her finger around several times. Why, she has been engaged to Rolfe Preston for nearly a month."

"What would be your chances with that forward young champion of law and order out of the way?"

"Not the slightest in the world," declared Dwyer definitely. "The girl isn't of my class and never would be."

It was a pet scheme of Lawyer Worden rudely dashed to the ground. It was only recently that old John Barclay, father of Eva, had made over all his property to her preparatory to moving to a real city over the divide.

As the sole lawyer at Rocky Gap, Worden had made out the papers. That was only three days before. They ceded to Eva a ranch and a residence, the most pretensions in the district. That afternoon Worden learned that the first stage coach through for a week was to convey Eva to the county seat, on her way to the city, where she was to advance her musical education. Her father was to accompany her.

Dwyer owed Worden money. Besides that Dwyer was a schemer and fortune hunter and willing to pay a liberal commission for money benefits received. Worden addressed him now in a confidential tone, with stealthily, evilly gleaming eyes.

"What would you say," he insinuated, "if I can gain you the whole Barclay property without the girl?"

"I'm game!" replied the knave, promptly. "What's your scheme?"

It was told—and carried into effect. It was simple, for Worden knew his grounds well. He was aware that while a legal transfer of the Barclay

property had been made to Eva, the deed was not yet recorded.

Her father was to be lured into a specious gambling plan. He was to be swindled out of his ready money. Then Dwyer was to offer to stake him to a fair amount for a quit claim deed on what property he might own in Rock county. Barclay had several mining prospects in litigation. He was to be made to believe that it was these that Worden was after.

Now, in the meantime, by a strange coincidental circumstance Lone Wolf and his family became denizens of a little house at the rear of the Barclay place. Eva had seen them. The squaw was ill and she had offered them shelter, food and care.

Resentment at the wrong done him by Worden the Indian had nourished. He had waited, watched for revenge, and one afternoon, lurking near the office of the lawyer, he overheard their conversation.

Lone Wolf was intelligent enough to comprehend its purport. He was full of gratitude towards Eva. He knew of her lover, Preston, sought him out, and in broken dialect revealed his story. One hour later the faithful Indian, mounted on a superb steed, was on his way across a 40-mile prairie stretch, the precious deed in his hunting blouse.

At almost the same time, similarly mounted, Dwyer left the settlement by the same route. Lone Wolf knew that he had a ten-mile lead, but two leagues beyond that his horse broke down.

"It is well," he cried, as he settled the wind direction and the probable distance of his rival. He knelt and struck a match.

First a creeping, hissing snake of flame, then the mighty uprising of a pillar and then a wall of fire. It ran like lightning. It would not pause until it had swept Dwyer into retreat, as Lone Wolf had sworn.

And then, on foot, the dauntless savage started for his destination.

When Mort Dwyer, by a circuitous route reached the county seat the next afternoon, he knew that he had been outwitted.

When he returned to the settlement that night, hot with rage and seeking for Lone Wolf, it was to find that the Barclays had sent him to a point of safety.

Lone Wolf, the despised, had scored a just revenge!

### Lumley Castle Oldest Residence in England

It is claimed that Lumley castle, owned by the earl of Scarborough, is the oldest residence in England. Lumley was first historically mentioned in the record of the gifts given by Styr, son of Ulf, to the church of St. Cutbert during the reign of Ethelred (978-1015). The building continued in the state of a manor house till the time of Sir Ralph de Lumley, who fell at Cirencester, fighting against Henry IV. He had obtained licenses to embellish and enclose his mansion from both Richard II and Bishop Skirlaw. The bishop's license predated the king's by three years, being granted in 1389. The place has been inhabited by a Lumley ever since its original erection, so that even if it be not the oldest residence in the country, it will be difficult to find one to beat it. The pedigree of the Lumley family is a long one and brought forth the remark from James I to the bishop of Durham, who was explaining it to him, "Oh! mon, ga ha further, let me digest the knowledge I ha' gained, for by my soul I did not ken Adam's name was Lumley." Lulph, the Saxon, who was murdered by some Norman followers of Bishop Walcher, in 1080, was an ancestor of the Lumley family. This crime led to a rising of the Saxons in the bishopric, during which Bishop Walcher was slain at Gateshead in the same year as Lulph met his death.

### Trade Trick

The young man and the young woman were musing on the strangeness of life in general. A very favorite occupation nowadays when everybody is convinced that they have a special flair for soulfulness.

"Photography is a strange profession," said the young man, apropos absolutely of nothing at all.

"Because it develops negatives?" inquired his companion with a knowing look.

"No, not that exactly. The other day I had my photograph taken in my riding things—not on horseback, you know, just standing with my crop in my hand. Today the photographer sent me word that the portraits are ready, and, do you know, he says that they are all mounted."

### "Minority Presidents"

According to the usually received count, Hayes, in 1876, received about 200,000 popular votes less than Tilden; and Harrison in 1888 was elected over Cleveland, though he had 96,000 fewer votes. If we include votes given successful candidates against the total polled by all opponents, there are numerous minority Presidents: Benjamin Franklin in 1788; Taylor in 1848; Buchanan in 1856; Lincoln in 1860; Hayes in 1876; Garfield in 1880; Cleveland, 1884; Harrison, 1888, and Wilson, 1912.

### Just Publicity

Six-year-old Dorothy was used to hearing more or less shop talk at home, both her parents being at one time in the advertising business.

Last Sunday she brought home a text from Sunday school. Her mother, seeing something in her hand, asked what she had. Dorothy replied, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "Oh, only an ad-about heaven."

## Loud Colors Used in Evening Wraps

### Cape and Sleeve Effects Developed in Metallic Brocades, Velvets.

The new evening wraps differ in one essential detail from their dress prototypes—they make absolutely no pretensions toward simplicity, declares a fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune. Sumptuous fabrics, lavish embroideries and striking colors unite with cape types and new silhouettes to place the wrap du soir in a class apart.

Consider first the silhouette. Despite the general tendency toward the flare, the formal cloak is quite as smart when cut along the same straight lines as last season. The flare, of course, makes its appearance, but it is principally effective in cape variations, characteristic models of which generally maintain the straight line from shoulder to knee, at which point a decided flare becomes manifest.

Metallic brocades are the leading fabrics for the evening wrap, followed closely by velvet. Trimmings are many, and, besides nearly every species of fur, include marabou, ostrich and many involved, almost bizarre, embroideries.

Vivid color has always been a part of the evening mode, and inasmuch as the winter robes du soir show a decided predilection for light pastel shades the always attendant brilliance of formal evening functions is left to the wrap or cape. Red, gold, bright green, periwinkle blue, black, white and pink are modish colors this season, and a contrasting pair of these shades often unites in a single wrap. For example, a model of black velvet will have sleeves which are embroidered in



Cape of Shirred Black Velvet Lined With White, Makes Chic Costume.

standing characteristic of the sleeved model is the sleeve itself, which frequently offers a color contrast to the principal fabric. Sleeves are of many variations—they may be ample and baggy with wide cuffs, they may be huge from the shoulder and narrow suddenly at the wrist, they may be narrow with narrow cuffs or narrow with large cuffs. The cape is dependent upon luxurious fabrics and ingenious details for its chic.

In a word, the evening wrap may be cape or cloak, its silhouette may be straight or flared, its colors are usually brilliant and its fabrics are always sumptuous. And it should affect an Oriental atmosphere in necessary contrast to the comparative simplicity of the robe du soir.

### Lots of Flowers

Flowers are seen everywhere on frocks from the small embroidered nosegays on the lapels of the tailored costumes to the corsages of natural orchids. Camellias, roses, orchids and combinations of small flowers are popular.

### Woolen Stockings Half Size Larger Than Feet

Woolen stockings, agree style authorities and doctors, have come to stay—at least so long as we will wear low-cut shoes and short skirts through the cold of winter. And so, if you are a sensible woman, as well as a well-dressed one, says the Kansas City Star, you are sure to want some wool stockings to wear with your sports clothes and walking togs in the winter time.

In buying wool stockings, one of the most important things to remember is to get them large enough—a half size larger than the feet, at least. It is true that any stocking will wear better if it is slightly longer than the foot, but the fact is particularly true as regards wool stockings, because of their extraordinary shrinking proclivities. This difficulty may be overcome by care in laundering as well as by allowing for shrinkage when you buy. Never use anything but soft water in washing wool stockings, since soft water requires less soap to make a lather; and the less soap you use, the better, since soap is likely to cause felting—the direct cause of shrinking in woolsens. It will pay you to buy the wooden forms on which to dry your wool stockings, too, if you wear them a great deal. On these, the stocking feet will stretch back to the proper size.

Now, many women object to wool stockings on the grounds that they are "scratchy." If you have discovered this fault with them you will probably find a solution in the silk and wool stockings, which are not only more attractive, having less tendency to "thicken" the ankles; but which are

## Broadtail Coat, Collar, Cuffs, Trim of Blue Fox



This very attractive warm and cozy coat is cocoa American broadtail, with collar, cuffs and trim of blue fox.

softer and less harsh against the skin. Silk and wool stockings are easier to launder, too, than are all-wool stockings. They should, however, be washed only in lukewarm water and pure soap, and should be carefully pulled and patted into shape as they dry.

### Fur Collars Are Ribbon Tied

The little dress was in satin, quite straight, with long tight sleeves, and, for all trimming, a narrow band in front set with buttons, with a jabot of the same material on each side. The three-quarter length coat was in silk broche with a shaped founce at the bottom bordered with a narrow band of fur. A small fur collar separate from the dress, tied with ribbons in front, was a pretty detail. Similar collars in fur were frequently seen on other models.

### New Jewelry Conceit

Three strands of pearls are being worn by women who keep up to the minute in jewelry fashions. The pearls are large, almost of the "choker" sort, and usually black or gray.

### Tiny Pockets Worn

A tiny pocket in the skirt just below the waistline is a feature of the new tailored dresses. Into this pocket a brilliant little chiffon handkerchief is supposed to be slipped.

## HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN  
Editor of "HEALTH"  
(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)  
DANGER FROM AUTOMOBILE EXHAUST

IN a recent copy of The Journal of the American Medical Association, a doctor tells what happened one morning in his own garage.

He was about to start out on his morning calls and had gone into the garage and started his engine. Seeing his next door neighbor in his back yard, he went out to speak to him. Coming back in a few minutes, he was surprised to find his young daughter lying on the floor of the garage, unconscious. Thinking that she had fallen and struck her head, he started to carry her into the house.

Then he saw two other children, his own son and his neighbor's, lying under the car. Realizing that they had been overcome by gas from the car, he stopped the engine and carried the three children out into the fresh air. With prompt treatment by artificial respiration they all recovered consciousness in a short time. Had the doctor's chat with his neighbor been much longer, he would probably have found all three children dead.

Cases of death from carbon monoxide poisoning are so common that the United States public health service has recently issued a bulletin of warning on the subject. Numerous newsmen tell of men found dead on the floor of their garages, with the doors closed and the engine running. With the coming on of winter, such reports will probably be more frequent.

Automobile owners and chauffeurs should understand the danger of running a gasoline engine in a small, closed place of any kind for any length of time. Gasoline fed into the cylinder burns, but it is not entirely consumed. It gives off a gas through the exhaust which is carbon monoxide, a deadly poison. Careful tests show that even a small 23-horsepower automobile engine will give off one and one-half cubic feet of carbon monoxide gas every minute, enough to be dangerous in about three minutes.

Carbon monoxide is a colorless and almost odorless gas. Even in a closed garage, its presence is not noticeable enough to be a warning of danger. The victim gradually loses consciousness and, even if aware of his danger, is often unable to escape on account of paralysis of his muscles. Before help can come, his lungs are so saturated with the gas that death quickly ensues.

See that the doors and windows of your garage are open before starting your car. Don't start your engine or keep it running in a small closed space. If you have any signs of faintness, get into the open air at once. Your life depends upon your promptness.

## BOTULISM POISONING IN OREGON

THE United States public health service reports another outbreak of botulism, this time in Oregon. As frequently happens, the cause in this case was string beans, home canned by the cold pack method.

On February 2, 1924, 12 members of three families ate their noon meal together. There were six adults and six children, the ages running from eighteen months to sixty years. The meal consisted of cooked fresh meat, boiled potatoes, a salad of home-canned string beans, bread, butter and coffee. The beans were home-grown as well as home-canned and had been put up several years previous, in an ordinary screw-topped can. They were apparently safe, as far as could be told by odor, taste and appearance.

All present ate some of the beans, the two eighteen-month-old children being given a few teaspoonfuls of the liquid. The earliest illness occurred in two children, aged six and nine, in 16 hours. The longest interval was in a child of three, who did not show any symptoms until after 40 hours. All of the 12 persons became ill, with vomiting, rapid pulse, subnormal temperature, difficulty of respiration and swallowing, unconsciousness and death.

The time of death after eating the poisoned food varied from 27 hours to eight days. Every one of the 12 persons died.

The germ which is responsible for this disease, the bacillus botulinus, is very commonly found in ordinary garden dirt. When vegetables are put up by the cold pack method, the amount of heat used is not enough to kill these germs. They grow in the cans and develop the poison, which is almost always fatal if taken in any quantity.

Thorough cooking kills the germs and destroys the poison. Any canned food which shows any signs of spoiling in odor, color, taste or appearance should be thrown away. Any canned foods, especially those put up by the cold pack method, should be thoroughly cooked before serving.

Don't take any chances. Any disease which kills 100 per cent of those who get it is not to be trifled with.

## Correct Anyhow

"Hullo, Brown! That your dog? Jolly little chap. Is he clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. If I say to him, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he 'comes—or he doesn't.'—London Tit-Bits.

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