

By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)
Vogel had come back to the city, lured by home-sickness for the only place he could call home. He had not been killed in the Cove when old Bill Lathrop had taken a bead on him and fired as the gunman was making his way through one of the passes that led from the Cove to the outside world. For once in his life the mountaineer had not brought down the thing at which he had aimed. A wind stronger than he had calculated, a mistaken judgment as to the distance separating him from his victim, weakened eyesight as a result of age—any or all of these may have made him miss.

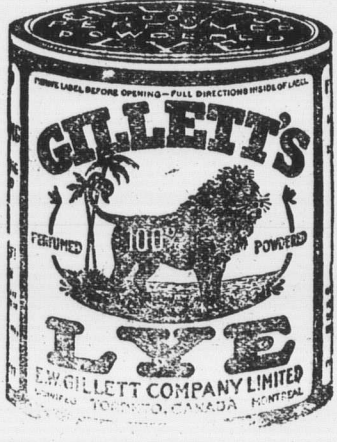
"Big Louie" had heard the whistle of the bullet past his head a second before he heard the crack of the rifle. He knew how the men of the mountains could shoot and he realized that only an accident had prevented the bullet from killing him. Quick as a flash he had dropped to the ground and whipped out his own big revolver. With the weapon cocked and his finger on the trigger he lay there, simulating death. He felt satisfied that the person who had fired upon him would believe him killed and would not examine the body. Then Vogel planned to shoot, and shoot to kill. But the long afternoon wore slowly away and no one came. Vogel did not move even though he was compelled to bite his lips to keep from doing so when his leg muscles cramped and tortured him. He knew that his would-be slayer might suspect he was playing possum and be lying in wait up there on the mountain side for a movement which would betray that Vogel lived. That was just what Vogel would have done had conditions been reversed.

At last the agony of lying still in one position became unbearable. Vogel carefully shifted one leg, an inch at a time, until the pain was relieved. The bullet that he expected to feel did not come. He moved the other leg and waited. Then he raised his head and looked all around. Convinced at last that he was unobserved, the thug rose, picked up the suitcase and resumed his interrupted journey. Had he not known it, he might have safely done so ten minutes after Bill Lathrop shot at him. The old mountaineer was not in the habit of missing and he firmly believed that his bullet had caught Vogel where it was intended to catch him—in the head. So after watching Vogel's stiff form from his ambush, he had departed again for his cabin.

Once back in town the gunman had learned that he was not being sought by the police. No inquiries had been made for him in any of his customary haunts, and he felt safe in returning to his old life. Still there was one thing that he could not get out of his mind. "The Gray Wolf" was to be reckoned with. And the very day that Vogel got back in the city he had seen Lebrune. The Bolshevik's disguise had not fooled "Big Louie" for a moment. Lebrune had a peculiar walk and Vogel had marked it as his outstanding characteristic. It was a habit of the gunman to note such things and through them, to penetrate the camouflage of detectives who sought to fool him.

It was after dusk when Vogel spotted Lebrune shambling along in his hobo rig and he had followed him. A dark spot, a snapshot and then a hurried getaway would remove this man he feared. But before he had trailed his victim to a desirable place, Lebrune had seen Stella and was hidden in the doorway. Vogel had seen her, also, so he took up his position in another doorway near Lebrune and bided his time. He now had two strings to his bow. After he had removed Lebrune he proposed to revenge himself upon Stella for his fancied wrongs at her hands, for he had no thought but that she had instigated the attempt to kill him.

Now we come to Charlton, fourth in this procession headed for the park. The Government man well knew the risk the girl was running in turning informer and he appointed himself her bodyguard. Of course she did not know that he was shadowing her to protect her. So he was only a few steps behind her when she entered the bookstore. At the same moment he saw Lebrune choose his hiding place and he noted Vogel seek cover in the other doorway. So with a grim smile the Federal agent waited until they started the double game of follow the leader before he, too, joined in. Charlton did not recognize Lebrune in his new makeup and he had never seen Vogel. But, with Stella's warning that the gunman might have returned to the city fresh in his mind, he had no trouble in guessing the



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NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three-year Course of Training to young women, having the required education and possessing a desire to become nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

were in danger. It was my duty to the Government to protect an important witness. But there was another reason. This may not be either the time nor the place to name that reason, but to me it is fully as great a reason as the other. Miss Lathrop—Stella—I love you! I have loved you since the first time I saw you and you resented my question as to whether your room was also—his. Your indignation at that time convinced me that you were the pure, square girl you claimed to be. I loved you then, but I did not know it until later. I realized it fully last night when I had an occasion to study you on the train which we took to Jasper. When you told Chief Milton to-day that you never had really loved Vogel, that your feeling for him was only gratitude, you looked at me as you said it and in your eyes I thought I read that now you know real love. Was I right?

"You were right and I do love you," she cried and he swept her into his arms.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Scales of Justice Balance.
The next day at the very hour when a coroner's jury was sitting at the inquest over the bodies of Vogel and Lebrune, a solemn scene was being enacted in the court-room of Federal Judge Graham. Lined up before him the twelve men convicted of having taken a part in activities against the United States Government had appeared for sentence. The courtroom was packed to the doors. Fearful of an eleventh hour attempt at rescue the prisoners or to harm the judge, Government men, policemen in uniform and detectives were sprinkled through the crowd and on the alert to prevent a demonstration of any kind.

The old judge emerged from his chambers and made his way slowly to the bench amid a silence that was profound. He did not take his seat, but he motioned the others to be seated and for the preliminaries to begin. "Prisoners at the bar," he said when they had answered that they knew of no reason why sentence should not be pronounced against them, "the crime of which you have been convicted is, in my mind, the most serious of which a man can be accused. You have conspired to commit acts against the Government, you have fouled your tongues with slanderous lies against the country which has sheltered you and protected you; you have slyly sought to set at naught her laws and to trample underfoot the banner for which men laid down their lives. You have sought to tear down the United States and put up in its place a government conceived by your puny minds out of the lust for blood, and loot and pillage. The court decrees that you, each and every one, shall be imprisoned for twenty-five years at hard labor in the Leavenworth Federal penitentiary. Take them away." (To be continued.)

A Brigand of the Air.

He lives in India, and is called a kite-hawk. He is one of the most brazen thieves going, and for audacity beats Raffles into a cocked hat. Here is an instance of his method of working.

A little girl set off for school carrying her lunch in her hand. There came a whirring of wings as a huge brown bird dropped out of the sky. The little girl proceeded on her way crying, while the kite-hawk overhead enjoyed the feed his talons had snatched from her hand.

Notwithstanding their thieving propensities, these birds must not be killed, as they are the natural scavengers of India. However, British troops stationed in the country have a method of their own of dealing with the kite-hawks. A blanket spread on the ground, with a piece of meat thrown on to it, forms a trap.

A marauding bird sees the meat, makes a swoop for it, and tries to make off. But his sharp talons have entered the blanket, which lifts as he rises, and the soldiers who have been waiting seize the blanket and pull down and capture the bird.

A long strip of paper, dipped in paraffin, is then tied to his tail, ignited, and the bird released. Away he goes up into the sky with a flaming tail behind him. Beyond a slight engine, no injury accrues to the bird. This idea is sometimes used at a football match, where birds are released with a burning strip attached to them to record each goal.

An old sycamore, subject to fits, was once sent to a barrack stables with a saddle, and on the way was seized with a fit. A native friend of the old man, happening to pass along, and thinking to do him a kindness, took the saddle and delivered it to the barracks. On coming round, the old sycamore, finding the saddle gone, walked on to the barracks. An officer, knowing the saddle was safe, but pretending to be angry, asked the native where it was.

"Kite-hawk took him, sahib," was the amusing answer.

Fighting Version.

"Suppose, Bobbie, that another boy should strike your right cheek," asked the teacher, "what would you do?"

"Give him the other cheek to strike," said Bobbie.

"That's right," said the teacher.

"Yesum," said Bobbie, "and if he struck that I'd paralyze him."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

About the HOUSE

The Practical Nurse.

There are women who are past youth and have entered middle age who are competent to handle certain cases of illness quite as well as the nurse who has had hospital training; and, as a rule, these practical nurses expect fewer privileges and adapt themselves more readily to homes where luxuries are not common, than do the professional nurses.

A practical nurse should never be engaged to take charge of surgical cases, serious injuries, or illnesses requiring expert care. Such cases require the best skill and the most up-to-date methods of treatment. But in caring for persons debilitated by old age, simple accident cases, and cases requiring only faithfulness and general care, the practical nurse can render service which will be as satisfactory as that given by the professional nurse, while the compensation will average from one-third to one-half the amount received by the professional.

Unfortunately, families sometimes make the mistake of treating a practical nurse as if she were housemaid and nurse combined. A faithful nurse will stay by a case until the patient is well, even though she has housework put upon her, but she will never be eager to return to a household where the nurse's rights are ignored. It shows great lack of consideration to demand both day and night duty with the addition, perhaps, of chores having no connection with the nursing. People who are unaccustomed to the care of the sick do not realize how much is demanded of the nurse during the night (when patients are usually at their worst) and how necessary it is for the nurse to have a few hours of duty during the day.

For sensible, cheerful, tactful women of twenty-five years and over, possessing health and some little experience in taking care of the sick, a field is opening just now that promises much. It is for women who can obey the doctor's orders, who have tact with sick children or elderly people, who can protect themselves from imposition and not break down in health, who can pick and choose their places. Such women enjoy the work and receive good wages for almost fifty-two weeks in the year. The woman who contemplates such a career should be neat in dress, cheerful in disposition, not given to gossip, and should be sure that she will be equal to the tasks which a nurse is called upon to perform.

There are difficult cases and easy cases, homes where good food is served and homes in which the food is poor. There are families who realize that a nurse is a human being, and families who look upon a nurse as a machine, and invalids who are exacting as well as those who are brave and patient. In fact, every profession has its own problems; and while those of the nursing profession may seem somewhat more difficult to solve, the woman who takes up nursing has few expenses and the demands upon her salary are very small.

The family needing the services of a practical nurse should endeavor to find the very best woman available for this service, and should pay her promptly and without haggling. They should also see to it that the nurse has her regular hours of absence from the sick-room, provide her with good nourishing food, a good bed and the healthiest co-operation possible to give. Anything that helps conserve the health and strength of the nurse helps the patient and that is the important consideration after all.

Nor should the family fail to provide proper equipment for the sick-room. A practical woman will make no unreasonable demands; but no one can keep a patient comfortable with but a limited supply of bed linen, towels, old muslin and flannel, and every patient should have a bathrobe, bedroom slippers and a goodly supply of nightdresses or nightshirts.

Addition by Subtraction.

"We must build on to the house this spring, John," said Mrs. Ashby last year.

"There can't be any addition to this house until the cost of building goes

down," Mr. Ashby replied. "I know we are crowded, but if you'd get rid of the things we don't need we'd have room enough."

Mrs. Ashby, of course, didn't believe him, then. But one day she returned from a call on a neighbor and tried to see her own house with her husband's eyes. The neighbor's furnishings were not elaborate—a few well-chosen pictures, substantial furniture of good lines, a vase with a scarlet tulip glowing against a gray background; but the effect was one of luxurious restfulness. The living room was not filled with a clutter of things; there was a feeling of spaciousness.

Mrs. Ashby's pictures were not, as her friends were, keyed to the same note. She had too many chairs and cushions, too many jardinières; her desk was littered with magazines six months old. She could see that her crowded rooms would gain space and restfulness if she could bring herself to take out every article that the family did not use. Not only her living rooms, but her bedroom, the closets, the bureau drawers, and above all the attic, were crowded with a clutter of things that were "too good to throw away," and that "might come in handy." To the inherited instinct to hold on to what she had, Mrs. Ashby firmly said: "I must have the restfulness that comes from an uncluttered room. I am not giving these things away, though the Salvation Army will think it is getting them as a gift. No, I am swapping them for room."

The next day the Salvation Army man came with his truck, cleared out the non-essentials and left the welcome space.

Did it hurt? It did, but the attic became a fine big room at the top of the house, which the children love. The other rooms have taken on a new charm. The Ashbys have not built, but they have the addition that came from subtraction.

Rhubarb Jam.

Eight cups of rhubarb, cut up, five cups of sugar, one cup of raisins, and the pulp of one orange. Put sugar over rhubarb and let it stand several hours, then add raisins and oranges and boil slowly for several hours. Can be cooked in the oven when it will not take so much watching. Or set it on an asbestos mat.

Avoiding Accidents.

Take precautions against accidents to the children. Never put a pail of hot water on the floor or on table or bench where it can be reached by these rollicking, careless folk. Also be sure the spout of the teakettle is turned away from the outside edges of your gas range. The steam will not come out of it then on your child's face or arms as he rushes past, but will escape toward the back of the stove. Take the same precaution with the handles of all kettles. Turn them away from the front of the stove so that they will not be pulled down by inquisitive fingers.

Rest Your Brains.

Those who work their brains strenuously during the greater part of the day should take certain precautions. It is a good plan, after sitting a long while over your work, to walk round the room on one's toes.

A quiet short walk out of doors will clear and freshen the head before going to bed. If, however, this is not possible, open the window, and breathe in the cool night air for a few minutes.

A cup of warm milk taken the last thing is both soothing and sleep-provoking.

Then, if possible, the last half hour before retiring should be spent in some entirely different occupation from that which has been carried on during the day. A student should indulge in music; a business man read light literature; a woman who has been running about at household jobs at day should sit down with an interesting book. In this way both mind and body will receive a kind of preparation for the repose of the night.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Cooking With Sunshine Direct

Dr. C. G. Abbot, director of the Smithsonian Institution's astro-physical observatory, has during the last year perfected a very curious and interesting machine for utilizing the sun's rays.

He calls it a "solar cooker," and says that it will do anything in the cooking line except fry.

A half-cylinder of aluminum, with polished mirror-like inner surface of 100 square feet, focuses the sun's rays upon a blackened tube—the latter running lengthwise of the cylinder and occupying the position of its axis.

Above is a metal tank in which are two ovens, one above the other. In these the cooking is done.

Three above-mentioned tubes is filled with oil, and from the upper end of the half-cylinder (which slants toward the sun) it extends upward into the tank, through the latter, and down and

out again, continuing downward to the lower end of the half-cylinder, where it turns upward again to form the blackened "axis" pipe. It is, in a word, an endless tube, running through the half-cylinder, up into the tank, out again, and around from below.

The tube contains oil, which, expanded in the blackened part of it by the sun's heat, ascends into the tank to heat the ovens. As it cools it descends, to be continually replaced by fresh heated oil. The operation is absolutely automatic, all the work being done by the sun, and the ovens are kept hot as long as the sun shines.

Excellent bread, meat dishes, vegetables and canned fruits were cooked last summer in this machine by Mrs. Abbot, who was much envied by the ladies of the neighborhood for her cool outdoor kitchen and for the ingenious apparatus which furnished heat without fuel.

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A Forest of Gems.

Among the many wonders of the south-western States, the Petrified Forest of Arizona must take high rank. On the maps it is called Chalcedony Park; but the people of Arizona always speak of it as the Petrified Forest. Neither name is very descriptive. It is not a forest and it is not a peak; nor are the trees petrified, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, for instead of having been changed into stone, the wood has been agatized.

It is probable that the forest once covered hundreds of square miles, for agatized trunks, logs, and bits of wood are found throughout a great radius of country. It occupies now about a thousand acres. None of the trees are standing.

The strangest thing about them is that every one is composed of semi-precious stones. There are millions and millions of amethysts; and there is chalcedony of every hue, Jasper, topaz, carnelian, onyx, and every imaginable variety of agate.

The greatest wonder of the Petrified Forest is the celebrated Agate Bridge. This is a huge tree trunk, a hundred feet in length, spanning a sixty-foot canyon. The entire tree is made up of agates, jaspers, chalcedony, and other highly-colored and handsome stones. In the canyon, directly below the Agate Bridge, is a pool of water, and around it grow the only trees in the whole country.

There are no true precious stones to be found in Chalcedony Park—no diamonds, rubies, or sapphires; but the chips and bits of wood covering the ground are as brilliant as if they were precious gems, and the specimen hunter is bewildered by the rich display and finds himself at a loss as to what to take and what to leave.

For hundreds of years the Indians resorted to this strange forest for the material with which they made their arrow-heads, and many samples of these arrow-heads, as perfect as any in existence, have been gathered into various collections.

Keeping Pace With Time.

The division of the day into a certain number of hours, minutes, and seconds is a purely arbitrary measure intended to simplify the process of keeping account of time and scheduling various events which must occur at the same time each day.

Since the dawn of history the revolutions of the heavenly bodies have formed the basis for the measurement of time. These revolutions are three in number—the revolution of the earth upon its axis, which forms the foundation for our twenty-four-hour day; the changes in the appearance of the moon, which consume approximately twenty-nine and a half days and form the basis for the month; and the yearly motion of the earth around the sun.

The sub-division of the time the earth takes to revolve upon its axis into the twenty-four spaces we know as hours is comparatively recent. In the time of Homer only four such divisions were recognized—morning, day, evening, and night.

Early Jewish historians record the fact that the night and the day were each divided into eight parts or "watches," a custom followed also by the Romans, who referred to the first, second, third, and fourth vigils of the day—vesper, evening, midnight, and cockcrow. Each of these spaces was three hours in length, the first vigil starting at what we call six o'clock in the morning. But as the Romans started their daily time-keeping at sunrise it followed that their summer vigils were longer than their winter ones—a condition which led to the adoption of the modern division of time into hours, each of a certain exact length.

Sterling.

In this country the word sterling, when stamped on silver, means simply that the manufacturer declares the article to be made of silver eleven twelfths fine; but the British marks, arranged in a column, give a sort of history of the article. Usually the first mark is the maker's sign; next comes a mark that shows where the article was made—for London, a leopard's head; for Birmingham, an anchor; and for Sheffield, famous for its silver, a crown. Dublin has the Irish harp, and Chester uses the city arms. The third mark, a lion, indicates the standard of fineness. The date mark, a letter usually comes last. Since each city uses a different system for indicating the year when the article was made, it is necessary to know the "plate" of the town in order to find the date of a particular piece.

North America has a white population of 100,000,000.

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