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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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REGINALD WRIGHT
KAUFFMAN

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
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FIFTH EPISODE

Grinding Life Down

By WALLACE IRWIN
Author of "Hashimura Togo" and
"Teddies"

SYNOPSIS.

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney, attacks the liquor and vice trusts. He is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. His son, Bruce Larnigan, is elected district attorney and takes up the fight. Bruce is in love with Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust. Bruce Larnigan is deceived to an evil resort in an effort to frame him up. He has the police commissioner present. A fire starts in a tenement. Larnigan saves the children of Dow, one of the conspirators. This man agrees to expose the trust. He is murdered by the gang. Stanford Stone, head of the graft syndicate, insists Larnigan must be killed. Gunmen are posted in the park to kill Larnigan in his automobile. Dorothy Maxwell, over the telephone, hears the plot. Two more conspirators are killed, and Larnigan again escapes. Bruce Larnigan goes to Chicago to fight the grain trust. He is followed by a desperado, is assaulted and thrown overboard. He is rescued by his long lost brother Tom, who returns to New York and takes up the fight. Dodson, the head of the grain trust, fearing exposure, kills himself.

BRUCE LARNIGAN, lying helpless on his cot in a Chicago hospital as the result of the attack that had so nearly cost him his life, was still full, despite his pain, of his desire to crush the graft syndicate and avenge his father's fate as well as his own injuries. Unable to move himself, he accepted with delight the offer of his brother Tom to enlist in his place until he recovered.

"Our next blow should be at the textile trust, Tom," he said. "Ayers—C. Wood Ayers, its head—is as mean a scoundrel as any I have fought yet. He crushes out the lives of his workers and grafts by getting congress to add to the tariff on his products on the plea that he has to pay higher wages than European mills and so should have protection."

"He does, doesn't he?" asked Tom. "No; he pays the lowest possible wages to a lot of poor foreign laborers he is exploiting. Even now they are on the verge of striking, and I happen to know that he is planning to teach them a terrible lesson if they do. Go there, Tom, and see if you can save those poor people."

Tom, to avert suspicion, went to Lyndham, Mass., the site of the great Ayers mills, and obtained work as a laborer. Outwardly he was just like all the other workers; actually, he was able to learn many things.

Meanwhile Dorothy Maxwell, hearing of Bruce's almost fatal injuries, had been deeply shocked. She felt, though she knew that she could not prove this, that Stanford Stone was in some way responsible for what had happened to Bruce, and, in spite of

As yet he had not dared to tell Bruce of her treachery, fearing the effect the news would have upon his brother in his weakened condition.

In Lyndham the threatened strike had been called. I. W. W. organizers, preaching the industrial revolution and the right of workers who were underpaid to make actual war, by destroying the property of their employers, were stirring up all sorts of trouble. Tom, while holding the deepest sympathy for the workers, advised them against the destruction of property.

But the I. W. W. men had more influence with the ignorant workers than Tom. Moreover, Ayers, with a refinement of meanness, was doing his utmost to provoke an outbreak. At his instance strangers appeared in town—thugs from Boston—who mingled with the workers and pretended to be among them. Acting under his orders, these men set fire to one or two buildings, and the strikers, of course, were



Tom Then Read a List of Grievances of the Textile Workers.

blamed. As a result state troops were sent.

"Be careful," Tom pleaded. "They've got the soldiers now. What they want is a good excuse to fire into a crowd of strikers. They think that will create a reign of terror and that the strikers will all go back to work—with public sympathy on the other side."

Gradually Tom's counsel bore fruit. He was able to make the soberer spirits among the strikers listen to him and so prevent the I. W. W. men, whom he suspected of being secretly in the pay of Ayers, from inciting them to acts of violence.

Tom decided, too, to adopt an old trick of Bruce's. Trusting to his being unknown to Ayers, he slipped a note into his pocket one day.

"Bruce Larnigan is out of the way for the time, but his brother is not," ran the note. "I know your scheme here, and I shall block your plans. Be careful or you will be the first to suffer for the crimes of you and your associates. Tom Larnigan."

He was not, however, as unknown as he fondly imagined himself to be. The spies of Stone and Ayers were all around, and some hint of Tom's activities had already come to the graft syndicate. Even before he slipped the warning note into Ayers' pocket there had been discussions among the chief grafters as to the best means of securing his elimination from the fight.

Tom felt that he was terribly helpless. Above all he needed money, and he was almost penniless. And then one day chance brought help to his very door. An automobile had broken down outside of his cottage, and he went out to offer aid. To his amazement, he discovered that its only occupant was Ben Travers, with whom he had unsuccessfully prospected for gold in the west.

"Tom," cried Ben, "I've looked everywhere for you! I struck it rich last year. Tom, I'm a millionaire! Honest I am! What are you doing here?"

"It's a long story, Ben," said Tom. "Come in, and I'll tell you."

Ben accepted the invitation and listened, wide eyed with wonder, to Tom's tale. Tom then read a list of grievances of the textile workers.

"I want to buy a stack of chips and sit in that game!" Ben announced when Tom had finished. "By gorry, that's the sort of action I'm looking for! I guess my money will help, too—ah? You come to New York with me and I'll back your game to the last cent!"

So Tom was able, sure of all the financial backing he needed, to go to New York. And, arriving, Ben found an invitation to a reception in the home of Ayers himself.

"I'll take you with me—introduce you as my old partner," said Ben. "My partner you are, too, Tom—that goes!"

Ayers, at a meeting of the graft syndicate, produced his note of warning from Tom to the consternation of all and especially of Stone, who had believed Tom well out of the way.

"You're a joke, Stone!" said Ayers

sneeringly. "Leave this man to me. I'll get rid of him!"

There was no opposition. Every one was glad to have some one else undertake the task of removing one of the hated and feared names of Larnigan.

At the reception, which was held that night, Ben and Tom were late in arriving. But Tom, making good use of his eyes and his ears alike, managed to pick up some information that seemed likely to be of value later.

While he was so engaged Travers made a point of talking to Ayers and expressed great sympathy with the textile magnate in connection with the labor troubles at his mills.

"The better you treat 'em the more they want," said Ben in pursuance of his plan to catch Ayers off his guard. "I believe in sweating them! Working people are meant to work, not to strike for more money."

"You're a man after my own heart!" laughed Ayers, entirely without suspicion that Ben was only leading him on. "Why, they've even begun to threaten me personally. Look here! Here's a letter I got the other day."

From his pocket he pulled the note that Tom had sent him and smoothed it out for Ben to read.

"I'd like to meet the man who wrote that!" he snarled. "I'd show him whether or not it was safe to threaten me, the hound! But he'll keep out of my way, you'll see."

"Tom Larnigan!" said Ben, seeming to be vastly surprised. "Why, my old partner here is always talking about a man of that name. Maybe he can find him for you. Shall I ask him?"

Ayers nodded. And Tom, coming up, grinned slyly at the sight of the note.

"Know him? I should say so, the skunk!" he said. "Saw him tonight. But he's no friend of yours, eh?"

"Friend?" snapped Tom. "No, sir!" "If you'll excuse my friend I've got a proposition to make to him," said Ayers slyly. He led the way to his library. "Look here," he said. "If you'll bring that man Larnigan here to me I'll pay you \$1,000, cash down—tonight! That's all I want. You need not do anything more."

"Easy money!" said Tom, grinning. "I'll go out now and see if I can find him."

"Go, and good luck to you!" said Ayers, greatly excited.

Tom, as he reached the street, was amused.

"But I guess I'd do well to have some one with me if I go back," he reflected. "I mightn't get in otherwise, and I want to talk with Mr. C. Wood Ayers when he's alone."

He hung about for a time, wishing he knew some one who would be willing to impersonate him for a few moments. He dared not trust a stranger.

He was afraid that he might encounter some spy. And, while he waited, by the strangest of coincidences he saw an automobile pass, in the back seat of which sat Dorothy Maxwell. Had he only known the truth he would have stopped that car at the risk of his own life.

For in it Dorothy was going to save him, as she believed. Deeply suspicious of Stone, she had been watching him, and she had learned that Stone, afraid that Ayers would fail, had sent Dunn, the successor of the dead bully, Black, to attack Tom at Lyndham.

One of his women spies had spotted Tom, and had reported after Ayers had promised to take care of Tom. She was to go with two thugs and point Tom out to them.

Dorothy, determined to save Bruce's brother, disguised herself as this woman and succeeded in being taken along in the car in her place. It was as she set out upon this errand that Tom saw her, and sneered at the sight of her, since he had recognized her at once.

However, he dismissed Dorothy from his mind. And at last he decided to return alone to Ayers' house.

Until, as he neared it, he came upon a young man reeling, plainly helpless from drink.

"The very man!" thought Tom. "Here, bucko," he said, taking the young fellow's arm, "I'll look after you."

"Mush 'blished," said the young fellow. He went along as meekly as if Tom had been his oldest friend.

Tom's plan worked to perfection.

"Ah, you got him! Good!" cried Ayers. "Here, take him in and pitch him on to that sofa. I'll settle with you before I talk to you."

Tom obeyed. Then he followed Ayers into the library.

"Keep your money," he said. "I've tricked you, Mr. Ayres. It's I that am Tom Larnigan."

Ayers staggered to his feet.

"You?" he cried. "My God, who is the other man?"

He leaped for the door. And Tom, following, saw that the couch had mysteriously closed. Suddenly he understood. The sofa was a "murder couch," designed to close and kill its occupant! It was murder Ayers had planned—the murder of an innocent man that Tom had, unwittingly, helped him to do.

Ayers struggled desperately with the couch. At last he got it open. The young man was there—dead, and Ayers cried out in agony at the sight of his face.

"I've killed my son!" he groaned. "My only son!"

Slowly Tom passed out. He met a policeman.

"Here's my name and address, officer," he said. "You'd better go to the Ayers house. A case of something like murder."

And meanwhile Dorothy had aroused the suspicions of Stanford Stone's thugs. They had gagged and bound her and thrust her down in the car, while they went into a roadhouse to celebrate their success in advance.

[Episode No. 6 next week.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Second Quarter,
May 21, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xiv, 8-20.
Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Isa. xl, 28—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This chapter completes the story of Paul's first evangelistic missionary tour to Jews and gentiles, and is spoken of in verse 26 as "the work which they fulfilled." Being driven from Antioch, they came to Iconium; persecuted there they fled to Lystra; their persecutors followed them, and at Lystra Paul was stoned to death, but the Lord revived him, and then they went on to Derbe, everywhere preaching the gospel, telling the glad tidings and suffering for it, but winning souls and thus adding to the Lord the members of His body. From Derbe they returned through all the places where they had been, and from Attalia sailed to Antioch, in Syria, from whence they had set forth, and there rehearsed to the brethren all that God had done with them, opening the door of faith to the gentiles.

After preaching the gospel in every place, when they returned they confirmed the souls of the disciples, encouraging them to continue in the faith, ordaining elders, praying with them and commending them to the Lord on whom they believed. One thing they insisted on was that the believers must not count suffering a strange thing, for only by the way of tribulation can we enter the kingdom (verses 21-23). When we receive the Lord Jesus we become children of God and heirs of the kingdom, but then the conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil begins and will continue while we stay on earth. Even our Lord said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But He also said, "Let not your heart be troubled." "See that ye be not troubled" (John xvi, 33; xiv, 1, 27; Matt. xxiv, 6).

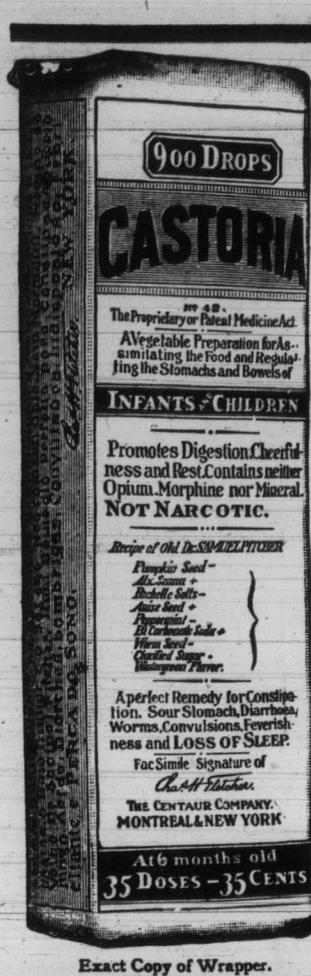
Our Lord told Ananias that He would show Saul how great things he must suffer for His name's sake (Acts ix, 16), and on this first tour Saul certainly had quite a taste of the sufferings he enumerates more fully in II Cor. xi, 23-28. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (II Tim. iii, 12), and if we were more godly in our daily life we would have more fellowship with our Lord in this matter, according to Phil. i, 29. At Iconium they spoke so boldly in the Lord, and the Lord was so manifestly with them, working signs and wonders by their hands, that a great multitude, both of Jews and Greeks, believed, and they abode long time there preaching the Lord Jesus (verses 1-6).

Persecution sent them on to Lystra, and there they preached the gospel. In Paul's estimation there was nothing else worth doing, for this he counted all else as dross and determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ crucified, risen, ascended and returning.

The healing of the lame man at Lystra, who had been born lame, reminds us of the healing through Peter in chapter iii of another man who had been born lame. We also think of the man in John ix, who was born blind, and remember the Savior's reason why. May we see in all difficulties an opportunity for God to work and be willing to be the material. When the people saw the miracle wrought through Paul and Barnabas they were ready to worship them and could scarcely be restrained, even after Paul assured them that they were only men of like passions with themselves and that the healing of this man was by the power of the living God, who was thus seeking to draw them to Himself and away from all the lying vanities of their idolatry. Note how the Phesalonians turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven (I Thess. i, 9, 10).

So feeble are people that those who were ready to worship these two men of God, being persuaded by the persecutors from Antioch and Iconium, are equally ready to kill them, and they actually stoned Paul and drew him out of the city, supposing him to be dead, but while the disciples stood round about him he rose up and came into the city and the next day was able to start for Derbe with Barnabas (verses 19, 20). It is possible that as Paul was being stoned he thought of the day when he stood by and saw Stephen stoned, but if we are right in the supposition that II Cor. xii, 14 describes his experience while he seemed to be dead, then he had further fellowship with Stephen and soon forgot the stones and the persecutors in the bliss of the paradise, the third heaven, to which he was taken and saw and heard things he could not describe in words.

It must be a fine thing to be killed or to be taken out of the body in any way when it transfers one to such blissful realities. Such, no doubt, is the experience of all who die in Christ, and precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. In II Cor. xii, 7-10, there is a suggestion that Paul's thorn in the flesh was a result of his being stoned at Lystra, but although he was not delivered from it he was able to rejoice in it and glorify God. May the grace of God enable us to finish the work to which He has called us, filling us with His Spirit, enabling us to speak boldly in the Lord and give testimony to the word of His grace and making it manifest that Christ is at home in us.



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The Shawl.
Shawl is from the Sanskrit, sala, which means floor, shawls having been first used as carpet tapestry.

He Went.
He—Be candid and tell me when you want me to go. She—it's a couple of hours too late for that.

Trying Yerba Mate.
Yerba mate, the famous plant from which a sort of tea immensely popular in Brazil, Paraguay, and other parts of South America is prepared, is to be tested by the French Government with a view to determining whether it is suited to French soldiers at the front. What about the "Labrador Tea" plant?

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