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THE AVENGER

By CHARLES WESLEY SANDER.

PART I.

The man at work on the ship's side looked down; the man who had just come around the corner of the building looked up. The meeting had taken place.

The man on the dock was aware of this the moment he looked into the other's eyes; the man at work on the boat had no more fear of this stranger than he had of any other stranger who came upon him suddenly. Therefore he went back to his work with no more trepidation than he had displayed a hundred times at similar meetings.

Murray, the man on the dock, could have laughed. It was too absurd, the way things happened. Here he had traveled far and near, seeking his man, and he had failed. Now he had come upon him in this obscure lake port, tinkering at the side of a battered old freighter.

He was sure he was not mistaken. This man tallied exactly with the description Dixon had given the day after the sinking of the Fairhaven—the day after the night the Fairhaven had stood out to sea with no lights showing and had not come back. This man had the same stoop to his shoulders, the same long arms, the same rat-colored hair, the same dry moustache, the same furtive blue eyes. The furtiveness was marked, as Dixon had said it was marked. The man had flashed a look at Murray just now, and then had gone on with his work as if he had not glanced.

This man was a ship's carpenter, as the other had been, and he was not an especially clever ship's carpenter. He was putting a short timber forward in the old boat. He had driven the long, black spikes through the front end, but now when he came to drive them into the other end that end would not fit. He was fussily and slowly chipping away the hard wood. Presently he forced the timber into its place and drove the spikes home. Then he glanced over his shoulder at a man who was cooking hash in the lee of a ship supply company's building.

"That hash ready?" he called.

"All ready," the man with the spider in his hand replied.

The carpenter clambered up to the dock. Murray followed him over to the cook. An appetizing odor rose from the mess in the spider. The cook, a lean young fellow of twenty, with clear, happy blue eyes, regarded the stranger with an invitation in those eyes.

"Hungry?" he asked.

Murray had just dined plentifully, but he simulated hunger.

"Dip in," said the cook, and handed him a spoon and a tin dish.

Murray helped himself without a word from the third man.

"Mighty good," he said, when he had finished a second helping.

The carpenter, still not having spoken, went back to his work. The young man rolled a cigarette and handed his tobacco to Murray.

"Workin'?" Murray asked.

"No; not yet. I'll be sailin' as soon as this doggoned ice gets out of the lake."

He cast his pleasant glance out beyong the breakwater where the ice still showed in white masses. Though it was late in March little of the ice had gone out. The river, however, was free of it. The fish tugs were being overhauled and one towing tug was helping another downstream to their respective docks.

"It'll not be long," the young man added. "She's breaking up. You a sailor?"

For a moment Murray did not answer. He was watching the carpenter. The young man studied the profile which he presented. It was a good profile, with a thin, long nose, tightly closed lips, and an eye that looked down from a mesh of wrinkles.

"I haven't sailed for several years," Murray said. "I used to sail on salt water. I never been on the lakes and I thought I'd take a look around. Who's your sulky friend out there?"

The young man regarded the carpenter with a smile.

"He's a queer louse," he said. "Got a perpetual grouch about something. Always thinks he's getting the worst of it. I don't know him. Just been cooking his hash for him last few days."

"You're up against it?"

"Oh, I'll get along as soon as navigation opens up."

"Bunking with the carpenter?"

"Yeh."

"Come up to the hotel and I'll buy a drink," Murray said, rising from the timber on which he had been sitting.

The young man sprang up.

"Hey, Carter," he called to the carpenter, "we're going to the hotel to licker up! Sorry for you!"

Murray saw the man's hands twitch and his mouth work.

"There's the boy that fights the booze," the young man said as they climbed the hill. "Hot rum! He loves it! 'Most had the D. T.'s one night."

Murray wanted no further testimony. Dixon, dying that day three years ago, had called his man a "rum-guzzling coward." Because he was dying, Dixon's language had been mild.

"If he's drinking rum and looks as if he was afraid of his shadow, that'll be him," Dixon had said.

On the first floor of the sailors' hotel there was a dining room and in front of that a barroom, and adjoining the barroom a lounging room. In the latter there was one long table and two dozen dilapidated chairs. Kid Rollins, the young man of the cheery blue eye, sat in one of the chairs with his head on the table, fast asleep. Murray's liberality had known no limit, and the Kid had practiced self-denial for many a day.

Murray came out of the barroom perfectly sober, and going up to the Kid shook him by the shoulder. The Kid woke up as easily and slowly as a baby.

"I fell asleep," he said. "He come in yet?"

"He's in the barroom now, taking his first drink of rum," Murray answered.

The Kid got to his feet with a hand on the table.

"I got kind of drunk kind of quick," he said, with his cheerful smile.

They went into the barroom and the Kid hailed Carter. Carter nodded, his eyes still furtive. The Kid introduced Murray as a "friend o' mine." Murray bought three drinks, Carter taking hot rum each time.

"That's an odd habit you have," Murray said. "Where'd you get it?"

Carter started, as if the apparently innocent question had something back of it.

"Oh, I don't know," he mumbled.

"West Indies, maybe?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Or maybe you always sailed the lakes," Murray went on, keeping his voice casual.

But Kid Rollins was too drunk to let that go unchallenged, no matter what Carter might do.

"Him?" he asked. "Why, he's been every place you can find in a geography. He's had 'speriences, that old boy."

"Let's eat," Carter said, looking toward the dining room.

"You've sailed salt water?" Murray asked, when they had sat down.

"Some," Carter answered.

"Him?" the irrepressible Kid repeated. "I tell you he's been all over. You tell him some of your 'speriences, Cap, after supper. Tell him about that filibusterin' 'spedition. Some story that, believe me. Tell him about the time you was shanghaied out of Frisco when they wanted a cook 'stead of a carpenter. Tell him—"

"Let's eat," Carter said, and he dropped his eyes to his plate and did not raise them during the meal.

Murray left the table ahead of them and went into the barroom.

"Don't crab the game, Carter," Rollins implored. "Just think of the thirst I've had for so long. Give me a chance."

Carter shoved back his chair. He had a feeling that he ought to keep away from Murray. Murray asked too many questions. But a ship's carpenter who is addicted to the drinking of hot rum has not much spare cash. To be the guest of a man of money was an event not to be decided about lightly.

The result was that Carter spent the evening in Murray's company. Rollins went early to bed, leaving the two men alone. By 11 o'clock Carter found that he was having all he could do to keep from telling Murray things which were none of Murray's business. This was difficult, for Murray had an amazing way of drawing a man out. He seemed to have been in every land beneath the sun, and he awoke memories in Carter which Carter had hoped were dead. It was difficult to keep these from blazing up and illuminating things best left in the friendly dark.

Within three days Carter was fast in Murray's grip, and what was more, he knew it. He had gone to work as usual that second day and had got drunk on rum the second night. The third day, a day of March wind and rain, he did not go to work. He was saturated with the rum by now, and ship's carpentering held no interest for him. Murray's stock of money still held, and Carter could sit with a glass of rum at his elbow hour after hour, listening to what Murray had to say.

Murray had talked unceasingly, telling vivid, flamboyant stories of many men and many lands. Carter had essayed to match him once or twice. Murray listened to the first two or three sentences and then he broke in with a narrative of his own. It was exasperating to the furtive man because he knew he had knocked about as much as Murray had; and he had had experiences which would pale most of Murray's. But he had to hold his tongue, lest he go too far.

Kid Rollins, however, was a prodding voice in the silence that Carter was trying to keep.

"Why don't you tell him some of your 'speriences?" Rollins insisted. "Gawd, you've had 'em."

Carter would have a moment of hesitation, and then the voice of Murray would go smoothly on. Carter would fidget in his chair, but he would listen as he had been listening hour by hour.

The drinks which Murray took seemed only to loosen his tongue. He showed no other signs that the alcohol was in his brain. It was amazing, even to a seasoned drinker like Carter, what he could get away with. Once or twice, going to meals, Carter had been unsteady, while Rollins weaved back and forth waiting for some one else to lead the way to the dining room; but Murray sailed directly for the door, possibly rising a little on the swell, but no more.

On the third night they had been to supper and had come back to the barroom to resume their drinking. The continued excesses were particularly noticeable on Carter and Rollins now. Rollins was sleepily drunk. The prognosis in his case was easy. But Carter was exhilarated beyond the safety point. His eyes had lost some of their furtiveness. He was even able to look Murray in the eye with a kind of defiance.

Murray lit his pipe, gave a cigar to Carter, and began to talk. Rollins failed in his attempt to roll a cigarette and slumped down into his chair.

"Say," he said, as Murray presently paused to refill his pipe, "why don't you tell us a story, Carter? You was tellin' them to me when I was your buddy. Ain't I your buddy no more?"

He half rose and attempted to put his arm across Carter's shoulder. Carter shook him away, and he sank into his seat again.

"Why don't you tell us a story?" Murray asked, and Carter heard something in his voice which had not been there before, something pregnant with menace.

He looked at the changed man and saw a sneer on the thin lips. Hot rum had weakened Carter's judgment, and the words of a story that would make Murray sit up rushed to his lips. But he choked them back and swallowed them. It was all right to tell Rollins fragments of the story of the filibustering expedition, but he mustn't get started on it when he was in a temper, else he might tell the truth.

(To be continued.)

TENTS

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When Paw Was Sick.

Doc Folinsbee thumped on his chest
and head,
Made Paw stick out his tongue and
said
He didn't need nuthin' he had in
stock—
"Just rest and peace and quiet,"
says Doc,
"Is all he needs," and Maw tuk the
twins,
An' Lizzy and Sue,
An' Lemuel too,
An' packed them down to Aunt Hester
McGlynn's.

Paw took to bed, for "I reckon," says
he,
"The crops ain't half so important
as me,
I 'low they ain't spilin' for peace and
for rest
Like me, and I reckon ol' Pillbox
knows best."
But—it wa'n't more'n an hour when
he ast for the twins,
An' Lissy and Sue,
An' Lemuel too,
An' Maw whispered to him, 'They're
down to McGlynn's."

Ye betcha he got what he's lookin'
for—rest!
I swanny, the house was so quiet
that jest
The tick of the clock fairly riz him
from bed,
The roosters' acrowin' would have
startled the dead,
An' Paw gittin' worse and missing the
twins,
An' nagging at Maw,
'Twell he finally says, "Pshaw,
Now what be they doin' down there
to McGlynn's?"

So May brung 'em home and law, how
they romped
By side of Paw's bed and hauled
him and romped
On the counterpane too, till Maw she
perfessed
They made more noise than a regiment, she guessed,
An' Paw gittin' pearter, an' sayin' he'd
found
"That children," says he,
Is the tonic for me,"
An' at five the nextm ornin' he's up
an' around.

—J. D. Wells.

A Perfect Day.

When you've started the day with a
bunch of pep
And a zest for the old ham and—;
When you've swung to work with a
springing step
As the tasks of the day you planned;
When you've pitched right in and
raised merry hob
With the work that you found to do,
With a brain so clear that the meanest
job
Was easy as pie for you—
Then the feeling you have as you hit
the hay
Is a feeling of great content,
And that is the end of a perfect day,
Of a day that has been well spent.

An Iceland postman carries his letters in boxes slung across the backs of ponies, and announces his arrival by blowing a horn.

It is estimated that Canada's tourist traffic is worth $30,000,000 a year, and it is rapidly growing.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Sleep.

Nothing is more important to the health of man than sleep. Scientific experiment has proved that it is more essential to life than food. With proper precautions a starving animal will recover complete health, but the same animal if deprived of sleep will die—and in much less time than it would take to starve him. The Chinese long ago knew that truth; one of their favorite forms of torture was to keep a man forcibly awake until he either went mad or died.

Many people are mistaken in thinking that they suffer from complete insomnia; for "complete insomnia," extending over any long period, can be maintained only by alert and active watchers. Nevertheless, many people do suffer from gravely insufficient sleep. On the other hand, many people sleep too much, either because they think they need a great deal of sleep or because they have inactive brains or undeveloped consciousness. Young and healthy children, savages and all adults of low intelligence are likely to fall asleep the minute they become quiescent. So, too, persons who have anaemia or any other disorder that checks the flow of blood to the brain sleep too much and too easily.

Should we keep the brain quiet as the normal hour of sleep approaches? That which healthy children do automatically adults should do as the result of observation and reason. Persons who doubt their power to sleep through the night should scrupulously refrain from heated arguments, prolonged talk of any kind, exciting plays, indigestible suppers and tea and coffee, especially coffee. Many people who are susceptible to the stimulus of coffee learn that, if they would fall asleep, they must forego it for many hours before they go to bed.

Ready to Can Spring Greens.

For the successful performance of no piece of work is it more necessary to be prepared ahead of time than for canning. When asparagus and spinach are in the garden, all ready to can, is a poor time to hunt up cans and covers that fit, to look for rubbers and discover that there are no good ones on hand, to decide what canning method to employ. Plan for canning ahead of time and be ready.

What kind of jar is best? Of the many kinds of glass jars on the market few, if any, can be said to be not good, though one may be more desirable than another. Any jar which seals perfectly may be successfully used.

The type of jar that has a glass cover and an adjustable wire spring or clamp to hold it in place, is easily sealed and can be easily and thoroughly cleansed and sterilized because there is no hidden place for bacteria or mold to lodge. Glass covers can be used with perfect safety year after year in canning even meats and vegetables, both of which require most careful handling.

Some people prefer the screw-top type of jar. It may have a cover consisting of one piece or two pieces, top and rim. The one-piece cover usually consists of metal outside with a closely-fitted glass disk inside at the top. This cover when new and a perfect fit is good. After having once been used it is not wise to use it again with either vegetables or meats because something which might cause spoilage in the food may be concealed under or around the glass top within the metal cover. Therefore, buy new covers of this type for meats and vegetables.

There are two-piece covers that have a glass top with metal rim. They require a special rubber ring which fits between the top of the jar and the cover. These covers are often very difficult to remove.

With the vacuum-seal type of jar, no rubber ring is required, there being a rubber-like substance on the inner edge of the metal cover which, when subjected to heat, softens, and when cooled, hardens, resulting in a perfect seal provided the rubbery substance is of good quality. There is a clamp to hold the cover in place while the jar and content is cooling. This clamp should be removed when jar is cold and the seal tested by lifting the jar, holding on to the cover only. If the seal is imperfect the cover comes off in the hand. These covers are removed by puncturing the top with some sharp utensil. As soon as the air can enter, the seal is broken and the cover taken off. New covers are required each time the jar is used.

The two-piece type of cover should be tested for seal in the same manner.

Screw-top jars with one-piece covers are tested for perfect seal by turning the jar upside down; if it leaks, the rubber cover on jar top is imperfect and must be retested. Leakage means spoiled food.

The homemade water-bath canner may be constructed by any woman or girl of utensils found in most kitchens, such as wash boiler, milk cans, lard cans or pails. The utensils selected should have a close fitting cover and be of a size to hold the number of jars to be filled. A false bottom or lifting tray must be made of wood or metal which is raised at least one and one-half inches from the bottom of the canning vat to prevent the jars or containers coming in direct contact with the heat and to permit a free circulation of water under them. A lard can, or something of that shape, is better than a boiler because it is easier to place and remove containers without their tipping and because of being able to sterilize a larger number of jars over one burner of a flame stove, thereby saving fuel and heat.

Poor rubbers are at the root of much of the sorrow and failure in home canning. Never use poor rubbers and never, no never, use old rubbers no matter how good they look or how poor you feel, when canning vegetables and meats of any kind.

What is meant by good rubbers? Good rubber rings are not necessarily white, red or black. One way of testing a rubber is to stretch the ring all round the edge and then lay it on a fresh unstretched ring. The stretched ring should have sprung back so as to be of exactly the size of the unstretched one. Another test is to fold the ring and press between thumb and finger at the fold. If the rubber cracks or if the crease remains, the rubber should be discarded if it is to be used in canning meats or vegetables. It is economy to throw away a dozen or more rubber rings, as compared with throwing away canned foods. Canned foods represent not only money but time, fuel and precious human energy as well. When the housewife loses canned goods, she often loses courage as well and will not try again. But if boys and girls, in their clubs, can learn how to can perfectly, any woman surely can.

What Time the Boughs Are Greening.

In old Ontario woods to-day
The maple-boughs are greening,
And all the birds that on them sway,
Their feathered raiment preening,
Will swell their little throats to sing
And through our lovely province ring
Sweet welcome to the May.

In old Ontario towns to-day
The fruit-tree boughs are greening,
Beneath them happy children play
Where soon from sunshine screening,
The fragrant blossoms will lightly
shed
Soft shadows o'er each childish head
And welcome in the May.

In old Ontario cities gay
The shade-tree boughs are greening,
And those who found the Winter grey
Some golden hours are gleaming,
Throughout the province each small
lad
And lass and flower and bird is glad,
To welcome in the May.

Marie Casilda.

Criminals Who Died for Britain.

Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police of London, has just issued a roll of honor of criminals who died for England in the World War.

The list includes not only London men, but men who were convicted in all parts of England and whose records were filed at Scotland Yard. There are 283 names on the roll, and among them one man gained the Victoria Cross, two the Distinguished Conduct medal and one the Russian Order of St. George, Fourth Class.

The Roll of Honor, a copy of which has been sent to every police station in London, is prefaced by the following quotation from Pericles's oration to the Athenians at the memorial service to those who fell in the Peloponnesian War:

"Even those ho come short in other ways may redeem themselves by fighting bravely for their country; they may blot out the evil with the good and benefit the state more by their public services than ever they injured her by their private actions."

Sarcasm.

Salesman—"Don't talk to me that way. I take orders from no man."

Sales Manager—"I noticed that on the report of your last trip."

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Novel Gasoline Alarm.

One of the most uncomfortable things in the world is suddenly to discover, when one is motoring far from a supply station, that the gasoline tank is empty or nearly so. Every automobile driver meets with an adventure of this sort at one time or another.

There ought surely to be some contrivance that would give timely advance warning to the motorist of such a happening.

A device newly patented by William Grah, of Waterville, Ohio, performs this useful duty admirably. It is very simple, consisting of a float that hangs on the end of a vertical rod which passes upward through the cap of the gasoline tank and with its upper end holds suspended a ball of metal.

As the surface level of the fluid in the tank is lowered the float, of course descends correspondingly. The rod attached to the float descends with the latter (through a tube) until the metal ball dangling from the upper end of the rod is low enough to hang within a cup formed by an inverted bell which surmounts the tank cap.

The upper end of the rod is bent in a curve, so that the metal ball attached to its extremity by a short chain may dangle directly above the middle of the cup-shaped bell.

The movement of the automobile keeps the metal ball constantly swinging to and fro. But it cannot strike the sides of the bell until the lowering of the float in the tank has caused it to descend to a certain point, which may be determined beforehand by adjustment of the ooat.

Therefore, when the driver hears the bell ringing it warns him that he has got only just so much gasoline left. And the bell, having started, keeps on ringing and demanding attention to the emergency.

Catching Fish With Poison.

A weird form of fishing is practised by certain tribes of headhunters in Central Borneo.

A poison which stupefies and even kills the fish, without making it unfit for food, is made from the root of a species of vine. Only the bark is used, and this is beaten to shreds with sticks before finally it is thrown into the river.

This has the effect of stupefying the fish, which are caught in rudely constructed traps built across the river. In a few hours as many as a thousand fish will be caught by this means, the larger ones, on which the poison presumably does not have much effect, being speared as they rise to the surface.

Before each fishing expedition an augury is taken. In the presence of the whole tribe, a chief makes fire by pulling a piece of rattan (palm) around a bamboo stick held to the ground. Should the rattan break before smoke ensues, the undertaking is postponed for an hour or two. If the rattan breaks into two parts of equal length fish will not be caught. But if the right-hand piece is longer than the left, all is well.

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