THE AVENGER

By CHARLES WESLEY SANDER.

PART II.

"I don't know any stories that would interest you," he said, and lifted his glass.

"Tell him about the filibuster—" Rollins began.

"I'll tell you a story about a filibustering experience," Murray said, gulping his whisky. "It's rather a curious story. Boat started for South America and never came back. Only two men ever reached shore."

He stopped abruptly. Carter made a noise in swalling and put down his glass suddenly. He did not look at Murray. Outside the March wind was at its worst and it shook the old hotel.

"When my own mother died, my father married a South American woman—native of one of those turbulent little countries, Carter," Murray went on. "They had one child—my half-brother, of course. I was four years older than him, but we came to be pals. When I was nineteen and he was fifteen we ran away to sea. Father had sailed all over in his time, and it was in the blood. My brother was a big, dark fellow, and he easily passed for my age. We knocked about for a year. One day in London he said, 'Let's sail for God's country.' 'Where's that?' said I. 'Why, where my mother was born,' he said.

"His mother was a well-educated woman, and she had told us stories about her country and its people—how they were always having exciting revolutions down there. So I fell in with my brother's scheme. We landed at one of the seaports within a month or so. As soon as we left the boat we stepped into trouble. It was just beginning—it hadn't come to a head yet—but street brawls between the factions were constant. One began under our noses. My brother thought he had to take sides. When he got out of the fight he had a knife gash clear across his chin. He always carried a scar after that."

Murray paused, his hard eyes on Carter's face. Carter made as if to lift his glass, but his hand trembled so that he put the glass back on the table.

"We were in the midst of the revolution as soon as it broke," Murray went on. "As soon as the revolutionists learned who my brother's mother had been he was accepted as a trusted leader. He was in the thick of the rebel councils, and he dragged me in with him.

"Of course, the first thing they needed was arms and ammunition. There was only one way to get those—to bring them from the States. They raised the money to purchase them and to charter a boat. Because of my brother's familiarity with this country he was chosen to head the expedition. He took a few men with him, and we worked our way back to the States. We found when we reached home that my brother's mother had died, and that the shock had aged my father before his time. We talked it over—my brother and I—and we decided that he should go on with the expedition and I should remain with my father.

"My brother had little difficulty in getting his arms and ammunition, as well as his boat. The government of his country had somehow got wind of what was going on. Spies were dogging my brother's footsteps all the time. It took a good deal of ingenuity on his part to dodge them. But he at length got his boat loaded and down the coast and ready to leave. I went to see him off. We had dinner together and I bade him good-bye. He thought it best that I shouldn't come to the wharf where the boat was moored, because he had to get there by a roundabout way.

"Well, the boat put out with no lights showing. But she never saw her port. Days afterwards they found her at the bottom, five miles out. My brother and the crew were drowned—except two men—two men, Carter."

He paused again and filled his glass from the bottle at his side.

"Have some more rum," he told his chief listener.

The bottle clinked against the side of the glass when Carter poured his drink.

"It was not till next morning that word reached me," Murray resumed. "Then a man named Dixon—the second of the survivors—sent for me. From him I learned the story. The boat had gone but a short distance when she began to settle. Water rushed in fore and aft in such volume that it seemed a hopeless task to attempt to save her. But there was more than the mere loss of a ship at stake and my brother and the crew set to work. My brother presently came running on deck.

" 'Why, she's been bored full of holes,' he screamed. 'Somebody's betrayed us.'

"She settled rapidly. My brother and the crew were tearing around like wild men.

" 'Where's that carpenter?' my brother screamed again in that awful voice.

"Just then the carpenter appeared from below. He had on a life preserver and he started to go over the rail.

" 'Stop him,' my brother ordered.

"The carpenter turned. He had a revolver in each hand.

" 'I'll shoot any man that moves,' he said.

"My brother laughed a wicked laugh, Carter—and sprang at the carpenter. The latter shot him through the heart. Then menacing the rest of the crew with his revolvers, he went over the side. Dixon felt the boat going down beneath him. When he got out of the roar of water there was nothing in sight. Boat and crew were gone. A cask floated near Dixon and he threw his arm over it. They picked him up on the beach the next morning. He had been hurt about the head and internally, and he died soon after he had told me his story.

"So only one man really survived. And that was the ship's carpenter. He had sold out to the government and had sent the ship to the bottom with all her crew."

"Didn't they never get him?" Rollins asked.

"Not yet."

Rollins cursed him violently.

"I'd bat him over the head myself if I got a chance," he said. "I'm going to bed."

He rose and lurched across the room to the stairway.

Murray waited till he was gone from earshot. Then he hissed one word:

"Scared!"

Carter tried not to look at the strained white face which was bending toward him—tried not to look at the hot blue eyes. But he failed. They drew him to them. He lifted his own face, now grown gray. He shuddered as he met the other man's eyes.

"Ah!" said Murray, drawing a deep breath.

Carter's glance wavered and fell.

"I'm going to bed," he whispered.

He rose weakly and got to the stairway. There he turned and looked back. The menacing eyes were still fixed on him. Slowly he mounted the stairs.

Three times before midnight Carter went to the head of the stairs and peered down. His grip was packed. He was ready for flight. But Murray was still in the same postion at the table. The bottle was beside him, but at no time while Carter looked did Murray touch it. Ah, he was waiting.

The clock below stairs had just struck the midnight hour. Now, holding his breath and now taking in deep gasps, Carter was sitting in the darkness. He heard a hand on the knob. He looked at the window, but he knew that there was no fire-escape and that he was three storeys from the ground. There was a rap from hard knuckles. Cater rose and went to the door.

"I hear you," said Murray's voice. "Open the door."

Carter only leaned and listened.

"I'll break it in," Murray said. "I can do it."

Still Carter was motionless save for the convulsions of his chest. He heard Murray put his shoulder to the door. The lock held for a moment and then it gave way ,the screws being pushed from the rotten wood. Murray slipped into the room and closed the door. Carter backed against the wall, feeling for a match.

"Don't strike a light," he said. "I want to tell you something and then I'll leave."

"Are you going to kill me?" Carter demanded, his voice tremulous.

"Why, certainly," Murray said. "What did you think?"

Carter collapsed into a chair.

"But I don't know that I shall do it to-night," Murray said. His tone grew judicial. "I've found you. There's no hurry. I'll kill you—of course, I'll kill you sometime—before long. But maybe not to-night. Got anything to say?"

"About what?"

"Oh, about anything. I don't care. Choose your own topic."

There was silence in the little bedroom. Then Carter had to take his breath to keep from smothering.

"Well, I sunk the ship," he confessed.

"And killed my brother and the rest of the crew."

"Ah—they went down with the boat."

"You killed them?" The voice was relentless.

"Ah—yes, I killed them. Oh, the government promised to pay me, but they never did. I been broke ever since. I been afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

Carter's teeth clicked.

"Afraid of this—afraid somebody would come after me."

Silence fell again. Carter could feel rather than see Murray sitting against the opposite wall, regarding him with those threatening eyes. Carter wanted to scream. His nerves were near the breaking point. At last he asked:

"Well, what're you going to do?"

Murray rose, his chair scraping on the floor. "I'm going to let you off to-night," he said. "I know you'll try to run away. But since I've found you I won't lose sight of you again. You'll run and you'll keep on running. The fear you've had won't be a circumstance to what you'll go through till I decide to land you once for all. I'll be near you when you think you've given me the slip. Just when you're beginning to hope you're safe I'll be at your elbow. I don't know when I'll strike, but when I do it'll be for keeps."

Carter heard him rise and cross the room.

"Keep away," he pleaded.

He could see Murray set himself now, every muscle in the lithe body drawn taut. Then Murray's bony fist crashed into his face. He went down in a heap. Murray laughed, recrossed the room and went out through the sagging door.

An hour afterward Carter gathered himself together and rose. Slipping to the head of the stairs, he saw that the barroom was empty. The night bartender was drowsing over the bar. Carter caught up his bag and stumbled down the stairs. He got by the bartender without rousing him. In the street he fairly ran toward the station.

"Ticket for Chicago," he told the agent. "When do I get a train?"

He was lucky. There was a train in thirty minutes. He slunk into the shadows and waited. The train whistled into the station. He ran across the platform. As he went up the steps of the train he looked back. Murray was standing on the platform, watching him with that awful expression in his hard eyes.

"He's after me," Carter breathed, as he sank into a seat in the smoker.

The train pulled out. Just before the station was lost to view Carter looked back. Murray was not in sight. Carter glanced behind him, but the coach door was closed.

"I wonder where he is?" Carter said to himself.

"Your friend has gone," Murray told Kid Rollins the next morning as he bought the Kid an "eye-opener."

"Where did he go?" Rollins asked. Murray did not answer.

Rollins gulped his whiskey. He felt better. He raised his head and looked at Murray.

"Say," he said, "you've got something on that guy, haven't you? Are you after him? What're you going to do to him?"

"Keep him wandering," Murray said harshly. "Keep him wandering till he thinks he has no place to lay his head. He knows I'm after him."

"Well, I guess you'll get him," said the Kid, soberly.

"I've got him now," Murray said. He picked up his bag. "Well, good-bye, son. I'm off. See you again some time—maybe."

"Good-bye," said the Kid and he watched the tall form vanish through the door.

Murray walked up to the ticket agent in the station a few minutes later and tossed a $20 bill through the window.

"New York," he said pleasantly. "New York—one way!"

(The nd.)

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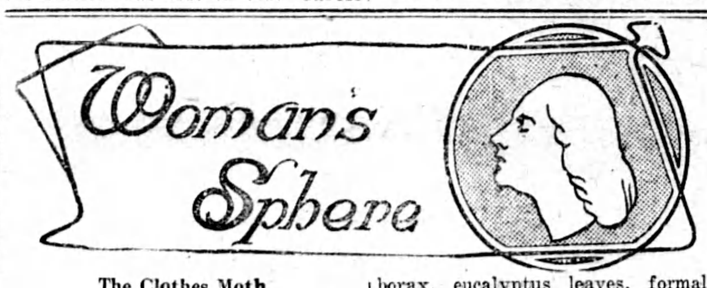

The Clothes Moth.

There are more than one species of clothes moth that riddle our Sunday-best and make it unfit for wear, but the one doing the most damage is known as the case-making clothes moth. The destructive work of the larvae of the clothes moths is only too well known when, during the summer months, they show their fondness for furr, woolens, carpets and clothes. The little yellowish or buff-colored moths may be seen at times flitting about the room, attracted to lights at night, or perhaps disturbed in their usual haunts in the folds of garments or curtains. They themselves are quite harmless and eat no food, as they possess only rudimentary mouths. The destruction caused by these pests is then limited to the feeding at larval stage.

The case-making clothes moth makes a tiny transportable case for its protection and when it feeds, carries this around with it. The larva is one-brooded, that is, there is only one generation a year. The time of year that the larvae are present, to create havoc in garments, furs, feathers and carpets, is from June to August. At other times, it is said, no fear need be had. The moth is about half an inch long between the tips of the wings and dies right after the egg-laying is completed. The minute, almost invisible eggs are laid on material that will serve as food for the newly-hatched larvae. Sometimes they are laid in cracks in trunks so that the young larvae can enter and enjoy a nice quiet existence among the materials within.

Many experiments with various substances have been tried against both the adult moths and the larvae, as well as the eggs. Some of the results are mentioned below.

Naphthalene—This substance is a coal-tar product and very easy to obtain. It has been found to be uniformly effective in protecting woolen garments from being eaten by these pests and also in killing both the larvae and adults. The fumes from this product seems to be the agent that makes these pests succumb. It was found also that the insect eggs treated with this material did not hatch.

Camphor—Gum camphor used at the rate of five ounces to five cubic feet of space was effective in varying degrees. It is not as efficient as is the naphthalene and costs quite a lot more.

Red-cedar Chest—During an experiment to determine the killing properties of a red-cedar chest, seventy adult moths were liberated within it and at the end of sixty days not one of them was alive. The same experiment was tried again two years later using the same chest, and the same results were obtained. Red-cedar chips and shavings, while not altogether efficient in killing the moths and keeping them from laying their eggs, will probably act as a deterrent to keep moths away from garments treated this way.

Pyrethrum—Pyrethrum was very effective, killing one hundred per cent. of the moths, when used at the rate of four parts of the pyrethrum to ninety-six parts of flour. It is also very effective against the larvae. Clothing can be protected if thoroughly dusted with pyrethrum powder.

Nicotine and Powdered Tobacco—Neither of these materials were found to be very destructive to the larvae when used at ordinary strengths and if used strong enough to kill them the price would be almost prohibitive.

Cloves and oil of lavender were effective in protecting flannel from the egg-laying moth, while some materials that helped to control the larvae were ninety-five per cent. ethyl alcohol as a spray, cloves used as a dust, and sodium fluorid as a dust. Materials that were ineffective against the larvae were allspice, angelica root, borax, eucalyptus leaves, formaldehyde, white hellebore, lavender flowers, lead carbonate, lead oxide, lime, sodium bicarbonate. Sulphur fumigation has proven to be a very good way of killing the adults and larvae on a large scale. Formaldehyde is useless.

A general suggestion on control measures would be to carefully examine and brush every garment before it is put away for the summer and then either apply naphthalene or pyrethrum. Clothing that is frequently brushed is not very apt to become infested.

The Cooking Lesson.

There's some that say I'm hard to
please. (There, beat the batter
light!)
Well, nothing spells eternal peace so
much as starting right.
Some say a man must do his work, no
matter what or when;
I'm thinking all the doing doesn't fall
upon the men.

(Child! Mercy me! Your griddle's hot.
This spoon will hold enough.
It used to thrill me like a song to see
the edges fluff.)
Oh, yes, they shake their heads and
say it's hard to get a start;
Well, half the battle's over if a woman
knows her part.

But, child, don't think the cook-
books hold the whole you have
to know.
The magic secret doesn't lie all in the
biscuit dough.
You've got to sing about your work,
and when the hour is late,
Just set your supper ready and go
down beside the gate;

The early stars, the whitest plum, the
pinkest apple trees!
(My first was such another batch, as
crispy brown as these.)
When he comes whistling through the
woods, along the dusking pike—
Land, pancakes mixed with sentiment!
Whoever heard the like?

What a Mother Should Know.

A few simple rules for feeding children are as follows:

If children are allowed to eat when overtired, indigestion results. Thirstiness is often mistaken for hunger. Four meals a day are needed until the child is five years old. But see also that he drinks plenty of water.

If the children refuse plain bread and milk between meals give them nothing. They are evidently not hungry.

There is often too great variety of food in the child's diet. He is happier with less choice.

It is a serious offence to offer a child for whom you are not responsible food of any description. You may seriously upset him.

Allow plenty of time for the child to eat. If he is not hungry do not try to tempt his appetite by offering sweets when simple food is refused.

Teach him to chew his food thoroughly.

Keep the child happy at meals. Laugh and grow fat applies to children as well as adults.

Do not give children highly seasoned food. This is avoided by taking out the child's portion before seasoning the dish for the family.

It is far better to give the child his meal apart from the family when you may take time to train him in good eating habits.

The value of milk cannot be overestimated; use of oatmeal, hominy and cornmeal as the chief source of energy is always wise; little or no meat is necessary until a child is six years old; little or no sugar is needed if the child has the proper fruits.

Correct Way to Sew on a Button.

With double thread sew through cloth and button with knot between button and cloth. Now place a pin between the thread and button, drawing the thread tightly over it. Sew over the pin until the button is as firmly attached as you wish. Then bring the needle up between the cloth and wind several wrappings of thread about that which holds the button, sew back through the cloth, fasten the thread, and remove the pin. Buttons sewed on in this way are always loose enough to be easily buttoned.

Spiders' Webs as Fishing-Nets.

Spiders' webs are used as fishing nets by the natives of a little village called Waley, in New Guinea.

The spider is about the size of a small hazel-nut, but its dark and hairy brown legs spread to about two inches. The web it spins is about six feet in diameter, and its mesh is very strong.

The natives set up long bamboos bent over into a loop at the end, and in a very short time the spider weaves a web on these frames so kindly left for him, and the Papuan has his net made "while he waits."

The mesh at the outside of the web is about one inch square, and gets smaller and smaller until near the centre it is only, perhaps, one-eighth of an inch.

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The League of Nations costs $200,000 a month.

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A Prayer in Spring.

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-
day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us
here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard
white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts
by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
That swarm dilating round the perfect
trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle
bill,
And off a blossom in mid-air stands
still.

For this is love, and nothing else is
love,
The which it is reserved for God
above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we ful-
fill.

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