By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Louie Vogel, a notorious criminal, is offered $5,000 by Lebrune to kidnap Judge Graham, terror of evil-doers. As Lebrune leaves "Silver Danny's" saloon, he is observed by Ralph Charlton of the Department of Justice who has dubbed him "The Gray Wolf." Vogel takes the $1,000 given him to bind the compact to Stella Lathrop, a country girl he had found starving in the city and befriended. Stella is now earning honest wages in a factory and refuses to marry Vogel unless he gives up his evil ways. She has, however, fallen a convert to Bolshevism. Vogel carries out his pact. Judge Graham lies bound in a shack some miles out of the city. "The Gray Wolf" demands that the Judge should let certain prisoners off with merely a fine. Threats of death for himself and torture for his son have no weight with the just Judge. Charlton becomes suspicious of "The Gray Wolf" and Vogel. Stella Lathrop joins the Inner Council. Charlton visited Stella to find out if she knew of Vogel's whereabouts, and when leaving the hotel saw Lebrune break into her room and Vogel rush to her rescue. Lebrune got the worst of the fight and pursued Vogel and Stella in a motor run to the hut where Judge Graham is imprisoned, but was frightened into returning to the city. Stella insisted upon taking the unconscious judge with them in their flight to safety. Charlton invaded the Inner Council under guise of a messenger from headquarters, and afterwards Lebrune revealed the secret of the Graham plot. At the shack Lebrune discovered Charlton's identity. Alfred Graham came to his assistance.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"I can stand anything except doing without my breakfast much longer. I wonder if this is as fast as this old tub can do," grumbled Graham. "I've got it wide open, and sixty miles is the best we've hit so far. Wish I had my old sky wagon here."

"You'll have it sending us both skyward pretty soon," protested the Government man. "Cut it down to forty, wan't you? I'll ride that fast, but my nerve won't stand much more. There, that's better. Now go on and tell me the rest of it."

"I guess there's a whole lot the matter with your nerve," grinned the aviator. "There isn't much more to tell. When you turned off the main road I figured that we were blowing hot, so I switched off my light, bumped along in the dark keeping your red tail lamp in sight, stopped when you did, slipped up close enough to trail you and Lebrune to the shack and then kept track of you by the light of the flashlamp. When you went in the cellar I pussyfooted into the house and was getting both an eye and an earful when the shindig started. The rest you know. And even if you didn't, you wouldn't hear it now for, before us, my dear sir, behold a restaurant with 'welcome' written in every one of its bright lights, and the Greek god presiding behind the counter fairly yearning to hand out the double order of ham and eggs and toast and coffee he is going to get from me."

They breakfasted almost in silence except for occasional banter between bite. Charlton was ravenously hungry, too. At last they leaned back in their chairs, fully sated, lit cigars and Graham called the waiter and settled their bill, politely waving away any objections.

"Where to now, Sir Knight?" he demanded.

"First, I am going to get the chief out of bed and invite him to see the sunrise for once in his life," said Charlton. "Then, if you don't mind, we'll drop around to my rooms and I'll wash and change clothes and get a soft cap that will feel easier on this head of mine."

"Righto," consented Graham. "Want to rouse a doctor and have him look it over?"

"No, it isn't serious. But, on second thought, we'll go to my rooms first, and call the chief from there. I'll be more private."

The head of the local branch of the Department of Justice's bureau of investigation met them at his office. He had declared he was ready to get out of bed when Charlton had phoned him, anyway.

Whereat Charlton had chuckled audibly. Chief Milton's fondness for his downy couch whenever he had a chance to occupy it, was well known. The chief glared in mock ferocity.

"All right, son, all right," he growled. "You youngsters won't let an old man pretend that he's still fond of getting up with the chickens. If you are done with exposing my weakness go ahead and tell me what has been going on. From the looks of that rag around your head your tale should be interesting."

While both his superior and young Graham listened in manifest astonishment and rapt attention, Charlton related the whole story from the time he had first suspected Lebrune until Graham had come to his rescue.

"Phew!" whistled the chief when he had concluded. "If I didn't know you, son, I'd be tempted to believe you had been reading dime novels. Now let's see what's to be done next." He leaned back in his chair, eyes upon the ceiling, while one hand tapped with a pencil upon his desk.

"No use to look for Lebrune around here again," he said finally. "He's hitting the high places. I'll send out wires to keep a net spread for him. You seem to have been pretty lucky so far and to have used the only good sense in the hunt for Judge Graham. You can have your choice of either keeping up the search or take the lead in thwarting the Bolshevist plans for raising Hades in the city."

"I pledged myself to Lieutenant Graham here to find his father," replied Charlton. "It was the least I could do in return for his saving my life."

"You are not bound by that pledge if you wish to accept the greater honor," said Graham quickly. "The search for my father will go on anyhow through the police and other agencies. This other is a matter which threatens our Government. I am sure my father would not wish his safety to be placed above that."

"I refuse to be released from my pledge if the chief can spare me," replied Charlton.

Chief Milton nodded. "Judge Graham is not only my personal friend but a devoted servant of the country," he said. "We can ill afford to lose him now. Men of his strength and calibre will be needed later when we have run down those treacherous dogs. Go ahead, then, boys; find him and bring him back safe and sound, for a crisis may arise where he will be invaluable. Lieutenant Graham, if you will do me the honor, I will be glad to swear you in as a member of my staff, so that whatever part you may play will have behind it the full sanction and authority of the Government."

Quickly the young aviator was upon his feet, his eyes shining.

"I should like nothing better," he replied quietly.

"Now," said Chief Milton when the oath had been administered and he had pinned upon the vest of Graham the shield and eagle emblematic of his authority, "what are your plans?"

For a moment he was not answered.

"Chief," said Charlton at last, "I may be all kinds of a fool but I played a hunch once and it served me well. I have another hunch. It is that Vogel and Stella Lathrop have fled from Lebrune's vengeance and have taken refuge in the mountains where she was born and raised. Laugh if you wish, but I am starting for The Cove where her people live, on the chance that I am right. Where else would they be likely to go? Vogel, so far as I am able to learn, has lived here all his life. He would not know where else to turn for a hiding place. Stella is a clever girl. In an emergency like this, her keen mind would be most likely to sway that of Vogel. Where else would she think of going except to the only place she knows beside this city? Why, the mountains where she is known, where Vogel would be accepted on her say-so, where a regiment of soldiers might pursue them and never lay eyes on them, no matter what they had done. Am I right?"

"I believe you are, son, I believe you are," agreed his chief, while Graham soundlessly applauded. "But, if they are thus protected, how are you going to penetrate into this mountain country and snatch Judge Graham from their hands?"

"I don't know, sir," admitted Charlton. "I don't even know that he is in their hands, but I think it is a chance. We have nothing else to go upon, anyhow. And, once upon the ground, I have no doubt that the plan of action will come to mind. May I have a time-table, please?"

"Wait!" it was Graham. "If you can requisition a fast airplane from one of the flying fields of the Army near here, chief, I think that I may be of assistance in landing us at The Cove in a fifth of the time it would take us to go by train. And it may prove of value later. Pardon me for seeming to toot my own horn but on the battle front in France I was reputed a good observer. Perhaps my training there may come in handy."

"It's a splendid idea, splendid," said Chief Milton. "I will have the plane ready for you by the time you want it. But how about you, Charlton? Think you want to try being a bird?"

"I never had ambitions along that line," confessed Charlton. "But in Lieutenant Graham's hands I shall feel safe. I am willing to trust to him the life he saved."

"I'll lend you the necessary clothes," said Graham. "Come on, we'll drive out to the house and get them. See you later, chief. We'll be ready for the old skyboat in just one hour."

CHAPTER XII.

The Judge Plays Apostle.

Judge Graham regained consciousness to find himself in a rude bed, ministered to by what he at first mistook for an angel with red hair. As his brain cleared, however, he realized that she was only a very pretty girl. He did not speak immediately but let his eyes rove about the room. He at once discovered that he was sheltered in a log cabin of some kind, that the air was clean and sweet and pure and that from the outside there drifted to him through the window the sound of the voices of women and children and now and then the gruff talk of a man. He heard, too, as from a distance, the lowing of cattle, the occasional nicker of a horse and, sweetest sounds of all, the singing of birds.

"Hello, there!" he finally exclaimed, and the girl, busy at some task in a corner of the room, quit it to come to his bedside.

"Good morning, Judge," she replied, respectfully. "I am glad to see you've come to at last."

"You know me then," he replied, not unkindly, for how could one be gruff with this radiant nurse.

"Yes, sir. You are Judge Graham."

"Where am I? How did I come here? I don't seem to remember very much since I was——" He paused uncertainly.

"You were in the cellar, you mean, sir? Louie and I brought you with us, and you were quite sick, sir, and I held you in my arms. You seemed out of your head and you d—d somebody. I couldn't quite make out who it was, but he seemed to be trying to make you do something and you were refusing."

"Yes, I remember that," and the old Judge's face assumed the sternness with which he was wont to face offenders. "But that doesn't answer the questions I asked you as to where I was, how I got here and what is being done to me."

"You are in the mountains, Judge," replied Stella Lathrop. "In my home, and pap says you are welcome to stay as long as you like to, or until you get able to travel. We don't aim to keep you here against your will, sir, but you have been sick and mam says it would be flying in the face of Providence for you to try an' move till you git well an' strong."

Her first momentary embarrassment over, the girl had dropped her prim, citified manner of speech and had spoken in the tongue of the mountains where she had been born and raised. Back amidst the surroundings which to her were home, she had in a moment been stripped of the things which she had learned in the underworld and again had become the child of Nature.

Gently urged by the old jurist, she told him how she and Louie had taken him from the cellar where he lay a captive and had brought him with them in an automobile to this place. She mentioned that they had been two days on the road, but she did not choose to tell him why they had sought the mountains, letting him believe that they had been on their way there anyhow. Judge Graham, wise in the knowledge of the workings of the human mind and skilful reader of faces, sensed that she had left out a part of the story and, respecting the fact that she seemed to wish that portion left untold, did not press her with questions. It was inconceivable that this girl had had any hand in his kidnapping, and the story she told, straightforward as it had been, left much to be desired if he were to have an accurate account of what had happened to him since he had rejected the overtures of the man who had sought to bribe or threaten him into clemency for the Bolshevists on trial in his court.

"And why did you do all this for me, an old man, a stranger, whom you had every reason to believe dying?" he asked when she had concluded. Her eyes sought his, held them for a moment, then dropped.

"You look like my pap, sir," she replied, simply.

"God bless your kind heart, my child," said the Judge. "I'll never forget that answer, or you. I suppose there are rewards offered for my return?"

"I don't know, sir. I didn't read the papers."

(To be continued.)

A Little Wisdom.

The sharpest reproof is silent contempt.

He lives longest who is awake most hours.

It is no joke to bear with a man who is all jokes.

It is no advantage to have had unused advantages.

He who does what he can has done what he ought.

To the one you tell your secret you resign your liberty.

Our sorrows are never so great that they hide our mercies.

The sum total of the knowledge of him who knows a little of everything is—nothing much.

Judge Lavallee of Quebec, was the author of the national hymn, "O Canada," of which many different versions have appeared.

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A Saturday Social.

Because Saturday's child must work for a living, the following invitations went out for a Saturday Social:

Saturday's child must work for a living,
And that's the sort of social we're giving—
Wear the garments of toil and labor,
And see if you can't look worse than your neighbor!

Naturally everybody made a joke of it, and came ready for fun. The girls and women had on such things as frivolous pink bungalow aprons, gingham dresses, hair tied up in bandannas or sweeping caps. The men's costumes ran to overalls, dish-washing aprons over everyday suits, and flannel shirts.

The first thing, everybody was ticketed as either a snickerdoodle or a hermit—two well-known kinds of cookies. Cookies, as anyone knows, are a product of Saturday morning's baking. Red ribbons were snickerdoodles; and blue ones, hermits. Snickerdoodles tried to beat hermits in several exciting contests.

First, the two sides stood in opposing rows, and the members passed a whole egg-shell from hand to hand down the line, each side vying with the other in speed. There was much squealing lest the frail eggshell drop on the floor in its hasty transit.

The next stunt was similar, only that this time it was a handful of beans. What a scramble there was when a bean dropped, for that delayed the progress mightily! If you have never tried it, pass a handful of beans quickly to another person and see how difficult it is to transfer them safely.

A third stunt was a spelling bee, using Saturday words—the words of baking day. People got surprisingly mixed on such simple ones as chocolate, saleratus, molasses, banana, cinnamon, and the like.

Presently it was suggested that snickerdoodles and hermits give a Saturday matinee of cake charades. Each side received the names of cakes as for instance: Angels' food, devil cake, White Mountain cake, lady fingers, and so on.

A game for everybody was called "Stir the Pudding." The players stood in a ring around a blindfolded leader, the "cook," holding a spoon, and they circled till the leader said, "Stop!" At the same time the leader pointed his spoon at someone in the circle, and asked a question—any sort that came into his head, the crazier the better. The one pointed at was supposed, by disguising her voice, to conceal her identity. If she failed to do so, she had to take her place in the centre and become the "cook." After three attempts on any one person, the spoon usually stirred the pudding again for a new victim.

Saturday's child was there—forlorn in long-sleeved gingham and pigtails. She had big pockets in her apron, full of fortunes about future jobs and destinies, and soon the dimes began to jingle together gayly in those pockets as the fortunes began to be demanded.

The refreshments were real Saturday night ones, and consisted of baked beans, steamed brown bread, and coffee. Everyone in paying a quarter for supper felt as if he or she paid cheaply, for all the fun was thrown in.

The social was combined with a Saturday sale. For instance, there was the Saturday morning baking booth, which held home-made cakes and pies; there was the Saturday afternoon matinee booth, full of frivolities, such as little bags, camisoles, beads, or the like. And there was the famous Saturday-night booth. Saturday night has long been "tub night," and the booth held wash cloths, embroidered or crochet-edge towels, oilcloth-lined bags, and traveling cases.

The sale part may be omitted.

Choosing Canning Equipment.

The woman who is just beginning to can and does not wish to put up a large amount may easily get along with utensils she has in the house for her first canning outfit. A wash boiler, a lard pail, or a large galvanized pail fitted with a tight cover will serve for a vat. For the false bottom, nail strips of lath to two crosspieces, and make a rack to fit the boiler or pail. Wire handles will help in placing the rack or removing it from the vat.

If a good deal of canning must be done, the housewife will do well to purchase a commercial canner. There are four types in general use at present, all of which economize on time and labor over the home-made outfit. Hot-water bath outfits, which operate on the same principle as the home-made canners, are the least expensive. While simple in construction, they are manufactured especially for canning and are adapted to hold cans economically. They are excellent for canning fruit for which a high temperature is not necessary and the processing is short.

Water-seal outfits, steam canners, and high-pressure aluminum cookers all sterilize at a higher temperature than the hot-water bath outfits. The water-seal canner is made with a double jacket with an air space between, and sterilizes by means of live steam generated in the bottom of the outfit.

The steam-pressure canner is useful if meats are to be canned. It is more rapid than either of the above types and, because of the high pressure, meats and vegetables may be sterilized in much less time than with a hot-water bath outfit. In canning fruits there is little to be gained by using a high-pressure outfit, since they require but little processing.

A type which is popular in high altitudes is the aluminum pressure cooker which admits of intense heat and high pressure. Since this canner is small, it is adapted especially to the household in which only a few cans are put up at a time. Of course it cans rapidly, so that a good many jars may be filled in a day.

Among the smaller items which help in canning are the hot-jar lifter or tongs and the hot-pan lifter. Peelers, apple corer, cherry stoner, and peach seeder are very useful, and indispensable if a large amount of any one product is canned. To aid in packing, it is necessary also to have a flexible paddle of bamboo, hickory, or some other pliable wood. A thermometer is a great aid in successful canning.

The Home-Turning.

Oh, the twilight sets me yearning
On warm summer nights;
For the woodell road's home-turning
And the gleaming lights;

All the long, deep valley sleeping,
Misty, cool and still,
And the moonlight glory creeping
Over flowering hill.

Sweet the honeysuckle clinging
To the locust tree;
Wide the little gate a-swinging,
Beckoning to me.

Wee the cottage, silvered, glistening
In the moon's white sway,
And a mother listening, listening
At the close of day.

Wisps of Wisdom.

You are the real author of your troubles.

The man who shows up best is the one who shows off least.

The fellow who gets too big for his shoes is apt to finish up barefooted.

It requires wisdom to speak, but to keep silence requires only self-control.

When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about, his work is half done.

A pessimist is a man who, when given his choice between two evils, takes both of them.

Marriage is not for those who cannot push a perambulator without feeling self-conscious.

The ladder of life is full of splinters, but they always prick the hardest when we're sliding down.

Sometimes we don't make the best of ourselves. If charity begins at home, be a bit decent to yourself.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

In New Brunswick, during 1920, there were 312 forest fires from all causes, burning over 94,787 acres, and representing a monetary loss of $690,306.

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Modern Manna.
Manna is found now in the regions of Upper Mesopotamia and Kurdistan and along the Persian frontier.
It falls in the form of dew during September, October, and November, and lodges upon the leaves of oak trees. It hardens immediately and assumes the form of a grain.
Early in the morning it is gathered by spreading sheets beneath the trees, which are shaken, and the manna is then collected and stored for winter, to be used as a food or shipped to Bagdad for sale in the bazaar.
The manna falls on other vegetation, including grass, but all of it is lost except that gathered from the oak leaves. It is sweet and is eaten by the natives as a substitute for sugar or honey.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

In Austria, the public executioner wears a pair of new white gloves every time he is called upon to carry out a capital sentence.

By the use of by-product ovens, the coking plants at Sydney, N.S., Hamilton and Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and at Anyox, B.C., in 1920, produced 14,026,172 gallons of tar and 10,142 tons of ammonium sulphate. In 1919 the production was 12,394,249 gallons of tar and 11,765 tons of ammonium sulphate.

The Soul of the Advertisement

Granted an arresting headline, the art of writing a retail advertisement is just the ability to say one's say intelligently, in logical order, and, above all, naturally.

No "literary gift"—no flowery language—is necessary. The best copy is the earnest, over-the-counter talk you would give to a customer.

In other words, put yourself—your soul—into your writing.

Grammar is useful, but not indispensable. It doesn't make or break the advertisement. It is your own earnestness and conviction that makes people believe and respond to what you say.

You will find, as you devote more attention to your advertising, that it will return you dividends of pleasure as well as of profit. As time passes, customers will notice an omission and speak to you about it. This experience is not imaginary. It is a fact—as many merchants and publishers will testify.

One of the most enjoyable things you can do is to spend an hour or so a few evenings a week thinking out a well balanced weekly newspaper advertising campaign for your store and your merchandise. And, having thought it out, carry it through regardless of other people's opinions or whims.

You have three of the best trading months ahead. Do, then, as we suggest, and watch results.

NOVA SCOTIA ENJOYS PROSPERITY

MAKING HEADWAY IN RECONSTRUCTION.

Evidence of Advancement in Many Industries and in Education and Public Health.

In the face of unfavorable commercial and industrial conditions which existed throughout the past year in common with the rest of the Dominion, Nova Scotia enjoyed a fair measure of prosperity, the total of the province's natural products amounting to $199,541,600, as against $192,197,300 in the previous year, a gratifying increase, when the many handicaps against which the province had to contend are taken into consideration. The peak of industrial depression is now undoubtedly been reached and passed, and the outlook is for a steady and prolonged improvement.

In the year 1920, Nova Scotia farmers had a gratifying increase in production over the previous year, though the limit of output was withheld from industrial and domestic consumption. The coal miners and collierier have been operating, and indications are for greater activity in the present year. The total value of provincial coal mined in 1920 was $34,080,060 as against [illegible] an increase of nearly [illegible]. There was a slight falling off in the value of the fish caught and its by-products, this being for $4,000,000 in the province as against $5,[illegible]. In all branches of agriculture there was evidence of advancement, continued development and growth, the most pronounced being the crop of apples, which was the largest in the history of the province. Field crops at the peak of production, the products of the farm being in value to $51,[illegible], a slight decline in the [illegible] amounting to $19,[illegible], which is explained in the fact that agricultural products generally were not in a full yield.

Fishing, Mining, etc.

The fishing industry, one of the most important resources of the province, [illegible] somewhat of a decline compared with the previous year, [illegible] excellent [illegible] normal [illegible] prevailed [illegible] the industry [illegible] Barriers [illegible] Offices [illegible] the Dominion [illegible] 1919 [illegible] $2,[illegible] of this, [illegible] an increase over the value of $535,000, and they produced just $88,000 in 1919 to $2,[illegible]. Owing to [illegible] this great trouble, [illegible] off in the value of [illegible] dings, the 1920 production was $15,520,000, as against [illegible] 1919.

The lumber trade continued to hold a leading place, largest income-producing industry in the province, and the [illegible] for the year [illegible] than of the previous year, [illegible] the value of $17,[illegible] $17,965,000 in the year [illegible] was a fairly satisfactory [illegible] the revenue derivable from [illegible] fees, these being [illegible] for $50,000 against [illegible] $675,000.

Progress of Education

The progress of education in the province is indicated in the number of schools in operation, larger enrolment of pupils, [illegible] attendance at schools, and [illegible] al increase in teachers' salaries. [illegible] technical schools continued during the year to train large numbers of returned disabled soldiers, [illegible] Vocational courses were [illegible] advantage of to a large extent [illegible] civilian population of the province.

In matters of health, [illegible] have been completed for [illegible] additional county clinics, [illegible] lic health have been in [illegible] health caravans have [illegible] a splendid work in the [illegible] of the province. A [illegible] gramme before the Parliament [illegible] vides additional expenditure [illegible] moting the health of the [illegible] from mental disorder or [illegible]

The situation in general in Nova Scotia at the present time [illegible] ing, with assurance of steady [illegible] and prosperity. The province [illegible] good headway against the [illegible] the economic upheaval [illegible] common with the remainder of the country, and having weathered the storm in good shape, has the courage and energy to make success [illegible] way in the calmer waters ahead.

For the first time in its history the great Krupp works at Essen, Germany, have worked a year without making a single implement of war.

Sound is said to move at the rate of thirteen miles a minute, and compared to light, it is slower than a snail. If we should hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash of lightning, we could conclude that the discharge of electricity was about six and a half miles away.

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