By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"If ye be revenooers, they ain't a still for forty miles around in these mountings," confided the worthy constable now in a whisper.

"No, we aren't looking for moonshiners," laughed Charlton, who had been an interested listener, but so far had taken no part in the conversation. "We are looking for a city man who is believed to be in these parts. Haven't seen any strangers lately, have you?"

"Nope, they ain't no strangers been in town for a week," said the constable. "Only a drummer er two who comes up here regular twicet a month. Ye might ask the night operator to the deepo. They's a freight comes in along about 2 o'clock and yer man might have dropped off. Hey, Wilkins, come here."

Wilkins, proud but embarrassed at being singled out of the crowd, strode over to them with the rest of the village inhabitants, now convinced that the airplane was harmless, at his heels. They gaped at the strangely attired fliers and their machine and waited, open-mouthed, to learn what business had brought them.

"Wilkins, these here men air lookin' for a stranger."

"I ain't seen him," replied the disappointed Wilkins, then, with a desire to remain in the limelight as long as possible, he added eagerly: "The agent might have notified him. He's down to the deepo now. I'll show you the way."

Charlton nodded and, after seeing that the constable's selected men mounted guard over the airplane with instructions to let no one approach or touch it, they followed Wilkins to the station. Half of the spectators followed. The others elected to get their fill of seeing the airplane.

With great ceremony Wilkins ushered them into the railroad office where his busy superior was working a telegraph wire.

"Wilkins, sit in and send that telegram," ordered the agent. "Bill Lathrop's kid brought it down from the Cove and said the man who wrote it wanted it sent right away."

Promptly Graham asked him the questions about the stranger, which had proved fruitless in the case of the constable and the night operator. Charlton was edging toward the table where Wilkins was picking out the message. Over his shoulder the Government man managed to read the pencil-written words and he was scarcely able to repress a start as their import told him that they had found the right Cove.

For the telegram was addressed to Judge Graham's wife and it told her he had been ill, but was better, that he would be home in a few days and that she should not worry. And the telegram was signed "Alonzo."

"Alfred, a word with you in private," said Charlton sharply and young Graham turned in surprise. It was the first time that the Government agent ever had addressed him by his first name and he knew that Charlton had some reason for it.

"Your father is at the Cove, old man," said Charlton when they had drawn out of earshot.

"Thank God for that," said the young flier fervently.

"It will be a ticklish job to get entree there," continued Charlton rapidly.

"I know mountain folk. They do not like strangers. Unless this community is radically different from other mountain villages the minute we announce that we want to visit the Cove or ask questions about it, these people will close up like clams. Your father is safe and apparently he is not a prisoner, for he has sent your mother a message that he has been ill, but is recovering and will be home within a few days. But his presence here is proof that Vogel and Stella Lathrop brought him. It is imperative that the Government gain the aid of this girl in bringing to book as despicable a gang of traitors as ever sought to betray their country. You know the story. Stella Lathrop has admission to the Inner Council. I believe that she will be a willing aid in circumventing its plans for creating a reign of terror. I must see that girl and talk to her, old man."

Graham pursed his lips. His mind relieved of anxiety over his father, he could concentrate it upon this new problem.

"I have it," he exclaimed, then, lowering his voice, "the plane. We can get a sandbag, attach a message to it, and I believe I grew expert enough at bomb dropping 'over there' to drop this sandbag into one of those clearings we flew over this afternoon, if that is the Cove. We'll address it to father and ask the finder to deliver it to him. If he is up there, as his message would indicate, every one in the Cove knows it and I have no doubt the message will reach him."

"That's a bully idea. I never would have thought of it," heartily replied Charlton. "Let's borrow some paper from the agent and write it at once."

Graham laughed.

"Not so fast, not so fast," he said. "It will be dark soon and I have no desire to try any flying over those trees and mountains and then try to make a landing out in that field. It's bad enough in daylight, as you remarked when we came down. Let's hunt up a hotel. I suppose they have what passes for one here, or at least a place where visitors get meals and a bed."

Piloted by the constable, who agreed to see that the airplane was not disturbed during the night, they did find a place such as Graham had predicted.

Morning found them up early and while Graham tuned up the motor of the plane, Charlton wrote a note addressed to Judge Graham. It informed him that his son and a Department of Justice agent were at Jasper, that they knew of his message to his wife and would await his readiness to return home there. But it was desirable, if Stella Lathrop was at her home, that he come at once to Jasper where she would be made acquainted with a matter of great importance.

The Judge was asked to put the proposition to her. If her answer were favorable she was to place two sheets or other large pieces of white cloth upon the ground in front of her home promptly at noon. At that hour the airplane would again pass overhead and the signal would be understood. If the message were received and the Judge had been unable to get her consent he was asked to lay out one sheet and the aviators would await his coming to Jasper in such patience as they could muster.

Graham made a splendid drop of the message laden sandbag. The flight over the Cove had, of course, brought its inhabitants running out of their homes to watch it, and the sandbag, dropped when Graham was barely skimming over the tree tops, landed squarely in a clearing.

Sharply at noon the airplane again ascended from Jasper, this time with only Graham as a passenger. Charlton had thought it best to wire a message in code to Chief Milton, apprising him of the end of the quest. Duty had called strongly to induce him to resist the desire to accompany Graham, and it was in a fever of impatience that at last he saw the big flying machine swooping down out of the clouds and jolt to a stop in the field where he was waiting.

"How many? How many?" he called as he ran to its side.

"Two!" cried Graham, and Charlton did a wild dance on the turf, to the great edification of the urchins to whom he and Graham were beings to be worshipped.

It was not until dusk, however, that Stella appeared in the town, and then, to the delight of Alfred Graham, his father, astride a rawboned horse, accompanied her. In their rear Bill Lathrop trudged along afoot.

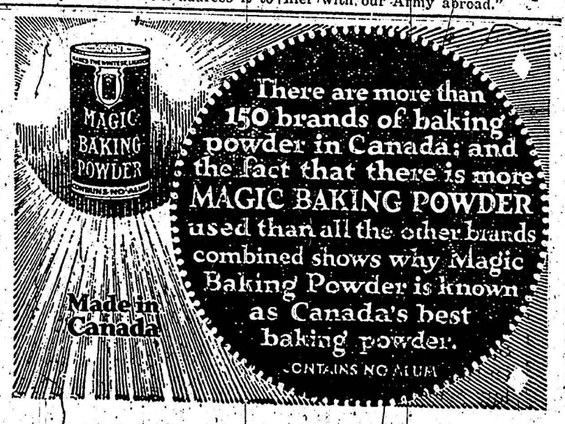
While father and son embraced each other and Bill Lathrop held the horses, Charlton drew Stella aside.

"Miss Lathrop," he said earnestly, "your country needs you now as she may never need you again. Are you willing to risk a great deal to serve her?"

"Willing and ready," was the instantaneous reply. "I think I know just what you mean, and to-day, after Judge Graham received your note, I told him and my father everything; about the Inner Council, I mean. I am ready to start for the city to-night. There is a train in two hours."

Impulsively Charlton reached out and took her hands in his.

"Miss Lathrop, this is only the second time in my life that I have seen you and the more I see of you the better I like you," he said. "My name is Charlton, I am a Government agent and I want to assure you that the part you are asked to play is not one whit smaller than that of our boys who went to France and so gallantly risked their lives. There is a new and even more deadly enemy to be beaten at home now. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you have consented to do. Now, let me introduce you to Alfred Graham. He is a splendid fellow, and while I have known him but a few days, he is my friend and I have an idea that he will soon duplicate in this country the excellent record which he made as a flier with our Army abroad."



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Judge Graham sprang a surprise on them by insisting that he intended to go home in the airplane with his son.

"Sorry to deprive you of your seat, Mr. Charlton," he said, "but I want to get home as soon as I can and as I've flown once or twice before I should like to try it with my boy as the pilot. Then those darned reporters will be buzzing around the railroad stations like bees once they learn from Mrs. Graham that I have been found, and I think it would be a great joke on the gentlemen of the press to fool them."

And Charlton laughed aloud. For he had learned at the station that a sadly harrassed agent was becoming more and more mystified by an increasing pile of telegrams asking that some one be prevailed upon to rush to the city newspapers a full and complete story of the finding of Judge Graham.

"I'll meet you at the train; I guess I'm going with you?" asked Stella, turning to the Government agent. "In the meanwhile I've got a little matter to attend to."

She climbed into the saddle of the horse she had ridden down the mountain and was off at a gallop. In a secluded clump of trees away from the road leading to Jasper, she dismounted and tied the horse. Then, finding her way like a cat in the dark, she began to look for something. She knew just where she expected to find it, but, in spite of the darkness, she had no difficulty in making certain that it was not there.

The automobile in which she and Vogel and Judge Graham had come to the Cove was gone!

CHAPTER XV.

The Bolshevists Strike.

Judge Graham's return to his home and his duties on the bench were duly chronicled in the city press, although persistent reporters and doubting editors scarcely believed themselves the stories which they published, stories that told nothing of where the jurist had been for several days or what he had been doing. The public was led to believe that a message which would explain a sudden call from the city never had been delivered to Mrs. Graham, and that the connection over the Judge's mysterious absence had been uncalled for.

But bigger things served to keep the public keyed up to a high pitch. All of the street car and other transportation lines of the city were tied up in a strike for shorter hours and higher pay which the companies characterized as an attempt at robbery which they were unable to compromise. Union labor in some of the trades vital to life appeared about to be involved in sympathetic walkouts for which there seemed to be no reasonable excuse. Many of the smaller fry among the labor officials admitted that they were as much puzzled as anyone, but orders for the calling of sympathetic strikes had been handed down to them from their superiors, and they had no choice but to be ready to issue them when told.

Already the city was beginning to suffer. Workers, unable to reach their places of employment except by walking, were idle by the thousands. Their wages automatically cut off as a result, business was being hurt and the smaller stores were threatened with bankruptcy. Hunger stalked at the very gates of the city because the poor had no money with which to buy food. Starving men and women and children were storming groceries and meat markets and wildly clamoring for food. Police worked night and day quelling incipient riots and preventing crowds of puzzled and angry citizens from street corner gatherings into mobs.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Don't "Take a Chance" in Canning.

Cold-pack canning is the simplest and surest method we have for canning vegetables. The flavor, color, and texture of the product are conserved, and time and labor are saved. But canning by this method is easy, and simple, and sure only when we follow directions.

I always helped prepare the fruits and vegetables for Mother's canning, and so had plenty of chance to study her methods. She was quick, and didn't seem to get tired; but, secretly, I used to think she paid too much attention to the clock and her directions.

Mother always was a great believer in experience, so one day I got my chance. My packs looked wonderful. I had my jars, covers, and rubbers clean and sterilized, but it did seem so poky to test every seal, so I left it to luck. The time of processing wasn't always according to the clock, either.

Luckily things began to happen very soon in spite of our cool and well-constructed storage closet. Of course, some things did keep, but I believe I had practically every misfortune a canner could have, and in almost every case I could trace this misfortune directly to my neglect of some, seemingly, small detail.

The right equipment for the canning season is simple and inexpensive, and having it makes such a difference. My small, stiff-bristled scrub brush, with an easy grip, is about as cheap as one with a sharp finger-cramping back. I use it to silk corn as well as for scrubbing vegetables. I also find several knives with edges that do not dull quickly and handles which fit into the palm comfortably save not only my hands but my temper as well. One of my recent additions to my preparation equipment is a large pair of sharp shears. They cut the time spent in getting greens ready amazingly. I've also found that a number of large basins for washing, rinsing, and draining make the work go faster. If you have running water, you can lessen the time spent in washing greens and other vegetables by attaching a short piece of hose to the cold-water tap. This stream of water washes off the stubborn particles of dirt very quickly.

Either tin or glass containers may be used, but I've found the glass most practical because they may be used over and over again. Since I inherited many of my jars, my collection isn't uniform, but each container has to pass a rigid test before I allow it to have its pack. I find it best to have the containers tested out and standing in cool water on the stove ready to heat before I take the vegetables from the garden.

The jars should be free from cracks and uneven edges. I am especially careful about the rim upon which the rubber fits, since a small projection may cut the rubber and cause an imperfect seal. The covers, whatever the type, must fit perfectly. A good rubber is an economy. I buy new rubbers every year. If a rubber seems as good as a good new one, if it returns to its original shape when stretched, if it will not crease when bent double and pinched, if it fits the neck of the jar snugly, it might be used the second time. However, I'd make it pass a very severe test, because it's better to discard a doubtful rubber than to lose a jar of canned goods. If the rubber does soften or bulge when the jar is processed, I replace it with another sterilized rubber, and put the jar back in the sterilizer for five minutes. To test the seal, put a little water in the jar, put the rubber in place, and screw or clamp the cover on tight; shake, then turn over on the table and watch for drops of water.

We farm women have the best chance in the world for canned vegetables of the highest grade, since we can just about follow the "from the garden to the can" slogan literally. It's amazing how important this precaution is. Canned beans, peas, asparagus, and corn sometimes have a queer, sour taste which is called "flat" sour. This condition develops in any of these vegetables when the time between gathering and processing is very long, especially on warm days. Then, too, all vegetables have a better flavor if canned fresh.

The Department of Agriculture issues a bulletin on "Preservation of Fruits and Vegetables for Home Use" Bul. 93, E. F., which may be obtained free from the Publications Branch at Ottawa. The directions and time tables have been very carefully tested out. In using the time table you may find that setting an alarm clock for the time the process should stop will help. Remember, though, to count time only when the water in the water bath is boiling.

The most important thing in canning, I think, is to use a reliable bulletin and to follow the directions exactly.

The Job's Vacation.

Sometimes we hear good women say, not without a touch of scorn, "I have no time for a vacation," meaning that personally they do not believe in vacations. The word vacate means, to leave empty, and hosts of conscientious women shudder at the thought of deserting anything that seems to be better for their attention. When, however, we study this subject of vacations from the right standpoint, we make some discoveries which ought to be made. One of these is that every job that is worth doing at all is worth doing excellently and in order that it may be done in this way, the job itself needs a vacation! That is to say, the human mind, on which all successful action depends, absolutely must have its periods of change and rest. It is "made that way." A bookkeeper who sticks at his books twelve months of the year, loses the ability to do sharp, clean-cut, accurate work at necessary speed. For the sake of the job itself, he must "get out," vacate, empty the job of his immediate presence, empty his brain of the steady grind in order that he may bring back to the job, for the job's sake, new ideas, sharpened powers, fresh strength and inspiration.

The dismal wail that "woman's work is never done" should be drowned by a better song. Woman has accomplished marvels but we all know that her marvels would have been more marvellous yet if she had given her work the benefit of deliberate vacations! It is almost the rule that the people who climb high in their particular callings, are the people who make a business of securing some definite time for play, vacation, change, and who play very thoroughly while they are at it. They must! They do it for the job's sake. If they did not, the job would go stale on their hands.

They tell us that when a woman will, "she will, you may depend on it" and that "when she won't, she won't" and there's an end on it. Thousands of glorious women have said "I won't" when it comes to considering such a "foolishness" as a vacation of any kind. Perhaps they would change their minds if they could clearly see that their "job," whether it be farming or mothering or cooking or sewing or mere housekeeping, absolutely needs that they get away from it in order that it may continue to be done in the best possible way. Business women, such as stenographers, clerks in shops and offices, dressmakers, teachers, editors, writers, artists, have all pretty well learned the value of the vacating process and go at it more or less systematically. The woman on the job at home has not yet learned it as thoroughly as she should. Summer days are good days for a first lesson in vacating! Let's all go!

Malnutrition.

Malnutrition, says an expert, is caused by physical defects, such as adenoids and bad tonsils; lack of home control, and faulty health habits. She described the malnourished child as having the fatigue posture, that is, drooping shoulders, with prominent shoulder blades, lines under the eyes, and badly warped nerves. The cure is five meals per day, with plenty of milk and cereals, an afternoon rest, and no extra work, such as music lessons or chores after school. In bad cases, school itself should be dropped until the child is built up physically. The child one year behind in weight, is also a year behind in its mental development.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Billy Youngdad's baby is beginning to talk now," said one of his bachelor friends to another.

"Why, has he been boring you with stories about it?"

"No, but I sat near him at lunch today, and I heard him say absent-mindedly to the waitress, 'Dimme dinky watty, pease.'"

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Knows every skunk an' rabbit hole,
And lets me sit up late.
Dad't got the movie nickels—
And when I licked Jim Brown
He said, "My son, just keep it up,
And we'll keep the bullies down."
And Dad, he never whips me;
Leaves that for Ma to do—
Says he hasn't quite forget
When he was little, too.
My mother's just the sweetest
A fellow ever had;
I love her most—but here's a tip
To MY OLD DAD!

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Shadows and Solids.

Few persons realize how much shadows help us to judge the form of solid objects and how much we depend upon them. In looking at photographs of the moon, for example, it is only the shadows that tell us whether what we see is a hill or a hole. If the shadow falls away from the light, the eye sees a hole; if it falls toward the light, a projection. But the eye is easily fooled. Showing a picture of the moon in which the light comes from the left immediately after showing a number of pictures in which it comes from the right will change a crater into a mountain peak even to the experienced eye; a new example, perhaps, of that famous woodchuck hole that stuck out eighteen inches when the frost went out of the ground.

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PRINCESSES WORK AS STENOGRAPHERS

RUSSIAN COUNTESSES FOUND IN OFFICES.

Refugees Throng the Baltic States Glad to Do Any Work to Earn Their Bread.

It is nothing unusual in [illegible] a Russian princess as [illegible] grapher. At least a bu[illegible] acquire the service of [illegible] that capacity. Almost [illegible] matic or consular mission [illegible] at least one princess or [illegible] ing as typist, says a de[illegible] Riga, Latvia.

If the supply of [illegible] countesses fail there [illegible] number of other well [illegible] of them unable [illegible] now anxious [illegible] save them from star[illegible] have been general[illegible] Russian factories [illegible] any kind of decent [illegible] to earn their living.

The condition of th[illegible] ses who have found [illegible] the Baltic states [illegible] has been the [illegible] of the Russian nobi[illegible] and other Balti[illegible] barons and counts and [illegible] accustomed for decade[illegible] lives of luxury, are [illegible] with existence. [illegible] which they once had [illegible] direction by the Bolshe[illegible] the shelves of second h[illegible] these cities. Dian[illegible] tapestries and the [illegible] nick-nacks of a [illegible] have been sold [illegible] to get bread.

Speak Several L[illegible]

The casual [illegible] or Royal [illegible] find Ger[illegible] and can [illegible] of Latvia [illegible] and Estonia [illegible] rolls of Ger[illegible] the Baltic [illegible] shelves of second h[illegible] these cities. Dian[illegible] tapestries and the [illegible] nick-nacks of a [illegible] have been sold [illegible] to get bread.

Fallacies About L[illegible]

It is an old saying [illegible] tories are only half-[illegible] wholly contrary to the [illegible] For instance, there [illegible] says the other [illegible] strikes twice in the [illegible] is absolutely untrue.

The Forestry Serv[illegible] lightning as a reque[illegible] fires, avers that Bal[illegible] of frequency when [illegible] strike whenever there [illegible] storm. It suggests [illegible] might be mapped with [illegible] precautions.

These zones have [illegible] graphy, especially [illegible] gions. A hill is much [illegible] be struck by lightning [illegible] of lowland because [illegible] clouds.

An isolated tree [illegible] lightning, as is [illegible] If it be very tall light[illegible] to strike at than to [illegible] neighborhood because [illegible] merely.

For a like reason the [illegible] Paris has often been [illegible] ning. The lofty shaft [illegible] or of Gen. Washington [illegible] States capitol is a favo[illegible] thunderbolts, and has [illegible] against them by an elabo[illegible] of lightning rods.

A high mountain [illegible] struck frequently by li[illegible] not go if its elevation [illegible] enough to uplift it by [illegible] ary level of thunder-[illegible] case it will have an [illegible] zone lower down, around [illegible]

Often a lightning bo[illegible] to quartz rock or [illegible] the silica after [illegible] forms a [illegible] pipe of glass, perhaps an [illegible] eter and some inches in [illegible] pipes, called "fulgurites," [illegible] times found in large numbers [illegible] tain-tops.

Not the Word.

Rich but unattractive [illegible] "And am I so very, very lovely, [illegible]?"

Needy but truthful suitor: "Lovely, my darling. Lovely does not express it, I assure you!"

The first trip on the new Paris to Warsaw air service took ten hours, as compared with six days for the journey by train.

The Ma[illegible]
STAN[illegible]

All Ad[illegible]
To[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]