Reprieve

He Had No Right to Touch Her Hand—the Brand of Cain Was on His Brow

By E. ALMAZ STOUT

Tom Stephens sat in his dreary lodging room, his eyes deep sunk in their sockets, staring grimly into the empty grate.

He had just found out what he had been seeking since he came out of prison ten days ago—the address of his enemy, George Denver.

There had been a time when he had looked on that enemy as his friend, though even then he had disliked the ruthlessness and indifference of the big, redfaced man, and sometimes he had flown out at him for cruelty to a dog or horse. But George was well off and generous enough with his money, and Tom had no reason then to suspect the source of his wealth.

It was only later that knowledge came. One day, filled with drinks in George Denver's house—drinks that should have been comparatively harmless, but that, unknown to him, had been laced with strong spirit—Tom found himself committed to an action from which, when he was himself again, he shrank with loathing. But that one action had put him in Denver's power. Some time later, when Tom point-blank refused to do a piece of what he called Denver's "dirty work," the latter had threatened him with exposure.

Tom had, long before this, decided that Milly Wayne, a typist in his boss's office, was the one woman in the world for him. Already he had dreams of a home shared with her, dreams that Milly seemed to find very reasonable.

Tom was determined that Milly should never learn of that one slip, and at last agreed to do Denver's will again if he gave him his word of honour this was the last thing of the kind he would be called on to do. But he was caught, and sentenced to several months' imprisonment.

While he was in prison a letter from a mutual acquaintance told him that George Denver was more prosperous than ever and had recently became engaged to a girl in the office, Miss Milly Wayne.

The day Tom left his [illegible] he had all his previous misdemeanours forgiven on account of good behaviour.

When he left prison, [illegible] his old employer, [illegible] him a job in a branch office in a other part of London, where his past history would not be known. The kindly [illegible] had gotten him [illegible] that had grown up in Tom's soul. He [illegible] cautioned him against [illegible] information that Miss Wayne had left the office [illegible] married and had left no trace behind.

Tom took a room in [illegible] London [illegible] work, but [illegible] had only one idea in [illegible] from directly his thoughts [illegible] his daily [illegible] evening.

George Denver had ruined his life, had blasted his hopes of happiness, had gotten nothing in life he cared for. He, on his hope, his [illegible] all gone.

He had taken insane delight in [illegible] his enemy's [illegible] water [illegible] but he had [illegible] both [illegible] he firmly determined, should prevent him from taking [illegible] all vengeance for all his wrongs.

Denver had moved out to Watford, a district Tom knew well. He had taken a large house, and [illegible] had it [illegible] by [illegible] Stephens [illegible] ing in the place with only a man and [illegible] sleeping in.

It took Tom some time to collect his scattered [illegible] but now he decided that this would prove to be fairly easy. He got up, his face set and determined, and took out of a drawer a service revolver he had kept ever since the end of the War. Slowly and methodically, he filled every chamber and set the trigger-catch to safety. Then he sat down, at a frugal supper of bread and cheese, and went out into the murky evening.

It was dark and cloudy, and rain seemed threatening when Tom got out of the tube train and walked uphill to the quiet road in which Denver's new house was situated. The house stood alone and there was no one in sight, and Tom made his way round to the back, where a gleam of light was showing. He stopped short. One of the downstairs windows was wide open and unshuttered.

The night was now dark. Moving silently, Tom passed from the shelter of one bush to another till he found himself at last fairly close to the window and able to see into the room.

It was large and luxuriously furnished, with the remains of a late meal on the table.

This was where George proposed to bring Milly, was it? Well, he would see! This time there might be a slip 'twixt cup and lip!

The door opened and Tom held his breath. Yes, it was George himself. George, fatter and redder-faced than ever, in evening dress and with a flower in his buttonhole.

Hatred and wild fury filled Tom's heart as he thrust his hand into his macintosh pocket and seized the revolver. He remembered nothing but that his enemy stood before him, defenceless; and that he had the means within his grasp to wipe that self-satisfied smile from the red, cruel, evil face.

He lifted his hand. There came a sharp report and George Denver, who had been facing the window, lurched forward and crashed down on his face.

For a few seconds Tom stood still. He had seen men die on the battlefield. But suddenly this seemed awful. He had hated George Denver with all his soul. But he had struck at a defenceless man in the dark. He had given him no chance. There had been no clean fighting. George had been his evil genius in the past. But now he—he himself was a murderer.

With a low cry, he darted back, and the revolver fell from his nerveless fingers.

In a few seconds he was hurrying along the road. He tried to keep his wits, tried to think of what he ought to do—where he ought to go.

He had got out at Bushey Station. He would walk to Watford, and take the train back from there.

With sudden, terrified dismay he remembered the revolver. What a fool he had been! How could he have let it fall? And, having let it fall, how could he have omitted to pick it up?

He stopped short. He must go back for it. But as he turned he met two or three men going in the direction of Denver's house. If they were to see him going into the gate—. Besides, almost certainly someone would have heard that sharp report and would be already on the spot. There might even be a policeman. He turned and ran until he reached Watford Station.

The following morning, after a sleepless night, he was drinking his breakfast tea feverishly when his landlady announced:

"A lady to see you, Mr. Stephens."

He rose unsteadily to his feet, his face drained of colour.

"Milly!"

"Oh, Tom, I am so glad to see you—so thankful. Oh, my dear!"

She was paler, thinner, but infinitely more lovely than when he had last seen her.

"Don't come near me!" He put out his hands as though to ward her off. "I know about you and Denver."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are—were to be married."

"Don't be foolish, Tom. That was only a silly rumour. I went to see him more than once after your trial, for I felt he could have saved you if he had liked, and I wanted to get him to clear you. Some people were silly enough to talk, but I know the girl he is going to marry, and I thought you knew there was only one man in the world for me. I have just got your address from Mr. Paine, and I—"

But Tom was looking at her in horror.

"You never let Denver make love to you—there was nothing—"

"Didn't you know me well enough for that? The fact that you were in trouble only made me care twice as much. Don't look like that! Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad?" The word was a choking sob. "But I mustn't. I dare not. Go away, Milly; you don't understand—go away! Don't touch me!"

The light in her eager face faded suddenly.

"Of course, if you don't want me I wouldn't think of forcing myself on you. But if you change your mind—if you ever want to see me—that is where I am living in Golders Green."

She put an envelope on the table; and, with a bewildered look at his desolate face, she slowly left the room. As the door closed behind her, Tom sank down and hid his face in his hands.

What had he done? Milly had remained faithful to him—loved him still. And he was a murderer. He had killed a defenceless man without giving him a dog's chance. Even if his crime was not brought home to him he would always know he was a murderer and had no right to touch the hand of Milly Wayne.

A newspaper boy passing down the street called out:

"Paper! Shocking murder! Rich man murdered in his own home."

So it had come already! With a swift movement Tom flung up the window and held out a penny.

"Paper, please!"

He took the paper with shaking hand, and banged down the window again. Would there be any clue which would lead the police to himself? Already he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Shocking murder. Discovery of the dying murderer," were the lines that danced before his eyes.

But he was the murderer, and he was not discovered—yet. He turned to the paper again.

"A little before ten o'clock last night a shot was heard coming from the house of Mr. George Denver. In a few minutes, Mr. Graham and his son—neighbours—ran in and found Mr. Denver on his face on the floor, with a terible wound in his back."

Tom looked up, bewilderment on his face.

"But I shot him from the front!" he exclaimed.

"They made a search and found Mr. Denver's manservant in the hall outside, in a dying condition, with a pistol in his hand. He confessed before he died that he hated Mr. Denver, and took employment with him solely to get an opportunity of avenging an alleged wrong he said the dead man had done him. He said that he had intended exposure of some sort, not murder. But last evening Mr. Denver had roused his fury, and he had first shot him and then himself.

"The pistol in his hand showed that two bullets had recently been fired. An extraordinary fact is that, during their search, the police found a service revolver on the ground immediately outside the window of the room where Mr. Denver was found murdered.

"It was fully loaded, and the catch was at safety. If anyone can—"

The paper ropped from Tom's nerveless fingers. For a few seconds he reeled. He could not think or see. Then, as the mists cleared, he remembered.

He had been beside himself when he had raised his hand. It was true that he had not freed the trigger from the safety catch. In his excitement he had thought the report he heard had come from his own pistol—and that Denver had fallen a victim to his shot, but someone else had forestalled him by seconds!

Then he was not a murderer—the brand of Cain was not on his brow. He was free!

"Milly, Milly!" he cried aloud.

Snatching up the envelope which bore her address, he rushed off to find a bus to Golders Green.

Export of Liquor

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): The exporting of liquor to the United States is not illegal as far as Canada is concerned, and Mr. Euler contends that it makes no difference what the law is in the United States, and that shipping liquor is the same as shipping potatoes or anything else. A radically different view is taken by a great many people in this country. They think that when liquor cannot be imported legally into the United States, and when the United States explicitly asks the Canadian Government not to sanction such exports, clearances should not be granted. They feel strongly that Canada should not aid and facilitate the violation of the law of a neighbouring country.

Shipping Britain Overseas

The recent pulling down of Bradenstoke Tithe Barn, a relic of the fourteenth century, to be shipped to America and re-erected there, has caused considerable heartburnings in this country.

Americans were the first to discover the movable house, which could be shifted from site to site at will, but most people think that it is simply vandalism to treat ancient and historic buildings in this manner.

The story is now being told of one man who felt in this way and who was told by an American of various treasures he had seen, and which he planned to buy. Finally he asked if the American had never thought of buying Loch Lomond.

"But how would I get it across to the other side?" demanded the American.

"Well, you could lay a pipline from it and carry it under the Atlantic."

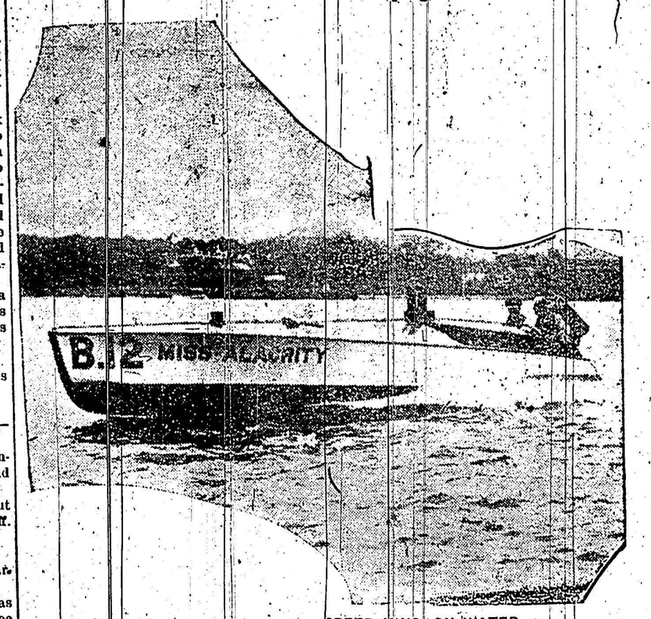
"Even then I don't see—"

"Well, you get the other end of the pipeline in your mouth and if you can suck as well as you can blow you'll have it over there in no time!"

She: Do you think kissing is proper?

He: Well, we can put our heads together and study the matter.

Still Keeping In Front



SPEED KING ON WATER

Major Segrave, auto-speed king, beating a German rival in Miss Alacrity, one of his famous speedboats.

Ice Creams, Ices Easy to Make

French Ice Cream

Scald one quart of milk in a double boiler. Beat six egg yolks slightly with one-quarter teaspoonful salt and add one cupful sugar. Pour the hot milk slowly over the egg mixture, stirring constantly, then return to the boiler and cook over hot water about eight minutes, or until the custard coats the spoon. Strain and cool. When cold add one pint cream, one tablespoonful vanilla or other flavoring and freeze with stirring. This makes about two quarts of cream.

For variation, the cream may be whipped and added last; or sour cream may be used to make a very rich dessert.

Philadelphia Ice Cream

Mix together well and pour into the freezer can: three pints thin cream, 1 and one-sixth cupfuls sugar, a pinch of salt and the flavoring desired. Freeze with stirring, using three parts ice to one part salt. A richer dessert may be made with the same ingredients by scalding the cream in the double-boiler, adding sugar, cooling and adding flavoring when the mixture is cold.

For an ice cream of velvety texture add to either of these recipes one tablespoonful gelatine soaked in a little of the milk and dissolved over steam.

Ice Cream Flavorings

A great variety of delicious desserts may be made from either of these recipes merely by varying the flavoring. A few suggestions for the proportions given are:

One and one-half teaspoonfuls of almond extract or one-quarter pound of commercial almond paste scalded with the milk.

Four to six large bananas, mashed and put through a sieve. Add 1½ tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and use one-third less sugar.

Two cupsful of canned apricots put through a sieve and added to the mixture when it is half frozen.

One and one-half to two cupsful of canned grated pineapple, drained; then 1½ teaspoonfuls of lemon juice added. Turn into the can when the cream is half frozen and finish freezing.

One tablespoonful of almond extract and green vegetable coloring to tint the mixture pale green. Add one-half of a cupful of ground pistachia nuts when the cream is half frozen. Finish freezing.

Water Ices

Boil together for ten minutes one quart of water and two cupfuls of sugar. Add three-quarters to one cupful of fruit juice or fruit pulp. Cool and strain through a sieve or cheesecloth before freezing with two parts ice to one part salt. Pack to ripen in four parts ice to one part salt, but do not leave to stand more than from one to two hours without repacking. This recipe makes about five cupfuls of water ice.

Some delicious flavorings are:

Three each of bananas, oranges and lemons.

Canned cherries mashed and a little red vegetable coloring to tint the mixture.

Three cupfuls of cranberries boiled with 1½ cupsful of water until soft, then one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice added. Use only 1½ cupfuls of sugar, however.

One cupful of currant juice. Add ½ of a cupful more sugar to the recipe.

Two cupfuls of grapejuice, one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice and two-third of a cupful of orange juice may be added, but use only two cupfuls of water.

Threefourth's of a cupful of lemon juice.

Milk Ices

Use same proportions and ingredients as in water ices, but substitute milk for the water, add one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and put together without heating. Milk ices should not stand long after making, nor should they be packed, because they harden with standing.

Sherbets

The original sherbets were water ices to which either egg whites or gelatine had been added. Use the water ice recipe and when it is half frozen, stir in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and finish freezing with two parts ice to one part salt.

Or, instead of the whites, use two tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in six tablespoonfuls of cold water for thirty minutes and dissolved in the hot sirup. Use flavorings as for water ices.

Parfaits

Parfaits are eggs cooked with syrup and whipped cream added. For white parfait, boil without stirring one cupful each of sugar and water until the syrup threads when a bit drops from the spoon. Pour slowly over the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs, stirring constantly and when the mixture thickens and cools add one pint of cream whipped and one tablespoonful of flavoring: vanilla, orange, almond or lemon. Freeze without stirring in equal amounts of ice and salt; about four hours being required.

For yellow parfait, substitute for the three egg whites the yolks of six eggs, well beaten and use only one-half of a cupful of water in the syrup.

Wheat and Mixed Farming

Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph (Ind.): If the western farmers choose to put all their eggs in one basket they do so at their own risk and must take the consequences. Wheat growing in the Prairie Provinces has been and still is the easiest and most profitable form of agriculture, because the prairie soil is the most fertile and one of the cheapest to be found anywhere in the world. But the fertility of even the richest soil is gradually impaired by exploitation—and in the case of Canada the rate is being materially accelerated by continuous wheat-growing without regard to rotation of crops—and as land within reasonable distance of the railway is becoming scarcer, values are increasing, so that the position of the wheat-grower is bound to become less and less profitable, even with the advantage of machinery as time goes on and as competition with Russia is re-established.

Canada for Canadians

London Free Press (Cons.): There is no reason why Canadian beef should not be as choice as British beef. We have the stock, we have the fodder and we have the men. All that seems necessary is to apply more care and thoroughness to the "finishing" of the cattle for the table. If we do not, it is hopeless to expect Britishers to buy Canadian beef in the quantities which our cattlemen would like to supply. For there is nothing that the Britisher insists upon more emphatically than a tasty Sunday "joint of beef."

Road Vandals In England, Too

Motorists Who Throw Papers and Waste on Property Along Roads are General Nuisance

Whitsuntide, on the Chiltern Hills—Most appreciative thanks are offered to the scores of motorists who visited some carefully tended Heaths and Gorse commons between Henley and Watlington, leaving for the first time the loveliness of the scenery unspoiled by papers, empty tins or other litter. Please come again!

The above notice was published by a London paper. From the grateful tone of this message it would seem that owners of estates along the English countryside have the same trouble with careless or vicious motorists as is experienced in Ontario rural ones. Throughout these areas there is constant warfare against the traveler who leaves behind the discarded remnants of a picnic to spoil the effect of the landscape.

Indignation Is Aroused

Now is the time when the autoist, who gives no thought to the rights of others, causes endless complications. Of course, this type of tourist is in the vast minority, but many innocent travelers suffer through the misdeeds.

Those who throw paper and other litter on the roadway and adjacent property commit an offense which arouses abiding indignation. In many communities stringent laws have been discussed to punish the offenders. Aside from penalties a number of fields and pleasant parking places have been closed to the just and unjust alike.

There is a variety of public recreation centres for the accommodation of tourists. They can park and play at will, thereby leaving private grounds untouched. In several of these motor camps there is every requirement for camping and their locations are particularly convenient for any and all who wish to make short or long trips.

Why, oh why, pull up by the roadside and litter our roads with unsightly rubbish. Let us unite to stop this abuse to our magnificent country.

Germany and Ireland

Toronto Telegram (Ind. Conv.): Industrial development in the Irish Free State has been accompanied by a Teutonic invasion of Southern Ireland. Another and more sinister aspect of the situation is that German workers are going on securely guarded behind barbed wire defences, mysterious German freighters arrive with unknown cargoes, a German population is taking root, and a Dublin prison has been handed over to the foreigners as a storehouse. Cottages are being built on remarkably substantial concrete foundations. The suggestion is made that Germany is using Ireland as a catspaw for future use against England. It is pointed out that immediate commercial advantages will be followed later by a strategic position, a few miles west of England, which Germany could never otherwise have hoped for in her wildest dreams. These fears may be the product of a lively imagination. But it is unfortunately remembered that as late as June, 1911, the German menace which preceded the Great War was pooh-poohed in some quarters as a bad dream.

When Money Stutters

St. Paul Pioneer Press: In Germany the popular American "easy payment" plan is called "stuttering." The exact German word for it is "stottern," which has risen to good usage and is now to be given recognition in the dictionary as meaning both "to stutter" and to buy on instalments. America prides itself upon facility for coining words and phrases. Is not slang a synonym of the apt and happy speech which rolls so easily off the American tongue? Well, it appears this nation has a rival. Here is Germany fashioning a peculiarly pert and spicy term. Money talks, Americans say. The Germans are still more expressive. They say it stutters when paid out on the instalment plan.

Oratory of Merit

Brockville Recorder and Times: The fact that orators are now few and far between in Canadian public life—in marked contrast with the number who flourished in the decades immediately succeeding Confederation—is quite often made the subject of comment. But it cannot be denied that the proceedings of the several Parliaments of the Dominion are now conducted in a much more business-like manner than was formerly the case and that in spite of the decline in oratory, the tone of debate is much happier and less vitriolic than was formerly the rule.

Writer asks, What steps should the pedestrian take to protect his rights? Fast ones, but careful ones, brother.

MUTT AND JEFF— —By Bud Fisher.

The Little Fellow Collects An Earful Of Sage Advice In Hoboken