

LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck, Author of the "The Stone-Cutter of Lisbon," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII. Continued. At midnight on the 11th of March Henry Elgin awoke from a painful dream, and lay thinking of his unfortunate child. To save her dear life his mind was slowly resolving to yield to the desires of Hammond. "But I am sure," thought Elgin, as he listened to the steady tramp of Daniel to and fro in the hall, "that my yielding will give my speedy death. If by dying I could give my child life and security from the villain, I would cheerfully die. But I fear that by following Luke Hammond's wishes, I shall hurry upon my daughter the dreadful fate of becoming the wife of his son. The son must be like the father—an unscrupulous villain. Oh, Eternal Father! have pity upon me, and direct me aright. James Greene, whom I wronged, is no more, if Luke Hammond did not lie; and his exulting eyes and cruel smile proved to me that he spoke truly. May Heaven deliver us."

Still no reply. "Hear me, whoever you are," continued Elgin, with his soul on his tongue, "and pity me! I am Henry Elgin, whom men suppose to have died more than a year ago, to have been buried and to lie in Greenwood. I am the prisoner of my brother-in-law, Luke Hammond. He also has imprisoned my only child, Catharine, to force her to marry his son. I am Henry Elgin, alive in the flesh; in Heaven's holiest name, who are you?" "Are you alone?" was the reply, in a deep whisper from the dark and narrow flue. "I am, thank Heaven," said Elgin, in a deep whisper. "A man Luke Hammond deems dead; a man he tried to kill. I am James Greene!" For a moment Elgin was speechless with joy and surprise, and while he utters his silent thanks to Heaven for its mercy, let us see how James Greene reached the spot where he was to be more surprised than Henry Elgin, and to be as fully rejoiced. We left him at midnight beginning his work against the walled-up fireplace in the old stone kitchen, far below the crimson chamber. He was not long in forcing an entrance into the old chimney, and was glad to find it so large and rugged that he could mount upward several feet. Then he found another impediment in thick bars of iron laid closely together, and sustaining several layers of brick. After great labor, he loosened the ends of four of the bars from the bricks, and getting full possession of one bar, used it as a "crow" to pry aside the others. He then dislodged the bricks, and forcing his body through the aperture so made, found that he had entered another chimney. "I must go on up," said he. "I must reach the roof, and then clamber along until I can drop from the eaves where they overhang the old and untenanted house adjacent to this. A leap of ten feet will take me to the roof of the chimney. Let me think. This chimney was built upon the base of an old stone chimney, which was part of a strong stone apartment of the old house I had torn down to erect this edifice. The foundations of the old house were so strong and durable that I left them standing, and made use of them. Some one is certainly pounding against the chimney, but it may be somebody in the room below me, since Hammond is in entire possession of the house. He may be preparing a new prison for me, or for my poor child. He may be preparing a tomb for her. I will dismiss this terrible idea from my mind, and try to sleep. In sleep I gain forgetfulness of my misery. God help me!" And uttering a fervent prayer, Henry Elgin closed his eyes. Still the jarring continued, and after half an hour's vain effort to sleep, he again applied his ear to the chimney. He now heard the sound of blows distinctly, and once a clang, as if iron had struck iron. "The pounding is slowly but certainly coming upward," thought Elgin. "What can it mean?" He waited half an hour, and heard a sound of thumping without placing his ear to the wall. "It comes nearer and nearer," thought he. "Great Heaven! some one is forcing a way upward through the chimney. In half an hour more, with this rate of progress, whoever it is will be at work immediately opposite to this fireplace. The chimney flue runs up behind this fire-escape, and grows very small about three feet above the throat of the flue of this chimney. A man might work his way from below until he reached where the flue of this chimney opens into the main chimney, but there he will find a strong iron-work and a very narrow channel. But who can it be? Can it be any one wishing to effect my escape? I am dead to the world—buried. If any of Hammond's villains have become remorseful, why not open that door and lead me out? Or why not lead the police hither? Let me at least hope that it may result in my deliverance, and that if Hammond knows nothing of it, neither he nor any of his villains may enter this room until I shall have learned this mystery." The noise continued, but so subdued that had not Elgin's head been against the chimney, he could hardly have heard it, and finally the noise ceased. All was silent for ten minutes, and then it began again, and continued until Elgin knew the cause of it must have passed the level of his bed, and gone two or three feet upward. "Ah!" thought Elgin. "He has met the iron work! He must stop there!" Another long pause, and then Elgin resolved to speak. He forced his face up the chimney as far as possible, and said: "In God's name, who and what are you?" There was no reply. "If you are a man," continued Elgin, in the fervent tone of prayer, "if God has given you a heart to pity a most unfortunate being, in the name of God, I pray you answer me."

"May we soon be able to grasp each other's hand face to face," said Greene, pressing Elgin's thin and skeleton hand. "God grant that we may, my son," said Elgin. "And now loose my hand, and I will give you food and drink." When his hand was free, Elgin took meat and bread from the small table near him, and passed it up the flue. "Water—I must have water," said Greene. There was a half emptied bottle upon the table. This Elgin filled with water from a pitcher, and passed up the flue. "Hunger and thirst till now I never knew," thought Greene, as he ate and drank. "Hasten, my son," said Elgin. "This room may be entered at any moment by our enemies." "Enough," said Greene, returning the bottle. "And now to work again. I shall escape by the roof. How far am I from it?" "You will have to pass through no less than thirty feet of flue," said Elgin. "I shall escape, never fear," said Greene, as he struck the iron frame-work. Then pausing, he said: "If any one is about to enter your prison, cry out boldly in the chimney." He had hardly uttered the words when Elgin shouted: "Silence." He had heard the lock of the hall door of the anti-chamber clash as some one turned the key. Greene suspended all work, and in a moment after Hammond threw open the door and entered the crimson chamber.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE IMPOSTER UNMASKED.

Hammond had just left his library, having resolved to inform Elgin first that he was not his brother-in-law, and secondly, that he intended to make Catharine Elgin his wife. He entered the crimson chamber, and was followed by Nancy Harker. Elgin saw at once that Hammond had something of unusual importance to say, and noticed that he was paler and sterner than usual. "He has come to tell me to prepare for death," thought Elgin, as Hammond drew a chair near the bed and seemed hesitating how to begin. After a pause of a long moment, Hammond turned to Nancy and said: "I might as well tell both at once; it will save time. Go and lead Catharine Elgin hither. But stay; where is Fan?" "She is in her room, I suppose," replied Nancy. "I have not seen her for several hours." "She cannot escape from the house," remarked Luke. "She knows the dogs hate her, and will tear her to pieces if they can get at her. Go and lead Catharine Elgin hither." Nancy left the room, and then Hammond's eye rested upon the empty plates and bottles on the table. "Ah!" said he, "I am glad to see your appetite has returned. Your daughter still refuses to eat, and will drink nothing but water. She is afraid of poison." "My poor, unfortunate child!" groaned Elgin. "For two days, then, you have starved her." "I? Oh, no!" laughed Luke. "She starves herself. But she will eat by and by. Hunger will conquer fear." Silence then ensued, until Nancy returned leading poor Kate. "Handcuffed!" exclaimed Elgin, half rising. "Oh, thou hellish villain!" "I do not care for it, dear father," said Kate. "I forget my own misfortunes in seeing yours, dear father." "All very fine," sneered Hammond. "Miss Elgin, sit there—not too near your father. So. Now, my friend, I have something very important to tell you. Mrs. Harker, oblige me by moving about the house, as we must guard against unpleasant interruption." Nancy left the room, lamp in hand, to pry about the house, while Hammond locked the door, placed the key in his pocket, and with his keen, steel-gray eyes flashing from father to daughter, began as follows: "My friends, I must first inform you that my son Charles has returned. I have seen him." "Then the completion of your villainous plot drawn near," said Elgin, while Kate started with alarm. "It does, Henry Elgin," said Luke. "But not in the way you suppose. My son will not marry Kate Elgin." "Thank God for so much," said Elgin, while poor Kate closed her eyes in terror, as she anticipated what Hammond was about to reveal. "I have not asked him to marry Miss Elgin," pursued Hammond, "because I have learned that he is already infatuated with another woman. But, as my son will not advance his suit for Catharine Elgin's hand, I am about to do so myself." "You! Her uncle! Her mother's brother! Inhuman, unnatural villain!" exclaimed Elgin. "You mistake. I am not her uncle. I am not her mother's brother," said Luke, with great coolness. "Then who are you? What new villainy is to be told?" To be continued.



GOOD ROADS. Wide Tires.

Why is it that Florida farmers will buy and use wagons with narrow tires? Almost nowhere in this country can there be found roads where wide tires are more necessary. The remedy is in their own hands. If they would refuse to buy a wagon with a narrow tire under any circumstances, dealers would be obliged to refuse to receive such wagons and manufacturers would make them with wide tires. The need and value of wide tires is much better understood in Europe than it is in this country. There they tax narrow tires and pay a premium on the use of very wide ones, beyond a certain width. A similar policy ought to be adopted in this country.—Florida Agriculturist.

Bettering Illinois Roads.

One of the contradictions of our industrial civilization will be found in the road problem of the State of Illinois. For, though our chief interests are commercial, the demand for improvement of the public highways, especially in the northern portions of the commonwealth, arises from considerations of amusement and pastime rather than from the agricultural interests which would be most greatly benefited. It is the bicycle, now unfortunately in a moment of disuse as a reaction against the craze of a few years ago, and it is the automobile, just entering upon a long career of usefulness and pleasure, that are stimulating the people of Chicago to an interest in country roads—and when Chicago becomes interested in affairs of this sort there is likely to be something done. Good roads, with automobiles ready to tear and smother down their long vistas on the slightest promise of good going, are a source of many kinds of wealth to the intelligent dwellers without the city. In some communities this has been developed into a source of public income for the relief of the local taxpayer by a system of speed ordinances, judiciously enforced by the levying of fines. But it is not necessarily limited to that. Wayside inns, where simple and wholesome food can be purchased at a fair price by the automobile tourist and his guests, would add greatly to the income of many farmers with the ability to serve savory dishes. Country mechanics with a handiness for the repairing of the most delicate machinery—for its size—that ever dragged an unwilling driver out upon the roadway, there to gaze upward into the vitals of his engine, can profit extra-ordinarily.

Drainage.

Many town boards and highway commissioners are making a mistake in purchasing stone crushers under the impression that crushed stone given by the residents along the road, if placed upon the crown of the road, will make a dry, hard roadway without any further work. Nothing could be more false, and in many parts of the State has thrown away the money in the purchase of a stone crusher and the material which it has thrown away the material which it has received from the residents in the hopes of getting a good road, and that this material once used, can never be obtained again, and similar material may have to be bought at great expense from outside of the town when the next stone road is wanted. The secret of road construction is drainage. In the State of New York on a three-road road there falls annually on a mile of highway fifty-three tons of water, and this is the greatest enemy that the highway commissioner has to contend with. Horses' hoofs, narrow tires or heavy loads do not break the stone, the impression upon a roadway that this immense volume of water does. The road surface is a properly crowned (not too high, or ruts will be created), say, on a sixteen-foot road, if the crown in the center is six inches higher than the sides, so that the water runs promptly to the ditches, the road will be good in all seasons. Crushed stone thrown upon the surface of a road, with no provision made for drainage and ditches, simply goes out of sight in the mud, and the mud comes to the surface, and in a few years you would never know that any work had been done on that road. The crushed stone is not worn out, but has sunk below the surface of the road. Many highway commissioners and taxpayers speak in wonder of a mud hole in front of their house into which year after year they have put stone, earth and rubbish to fill it up, and which have constantly gone out of sight. If this mud hole had had a ditch made from its bottom to the side of the road, so that the water could run into the main ditch, and then had been filled, it would stay filled and cause no further trouble.—New York Tribune.

Department stores in New York are now arranging to take care of all night orders received by telephone.

TRAINS MEN FOR PUBLIC LIFE.

Hov Mayor McClellan Profited by His Years of Work on Newspapers.

"My own experience in metropolitan journalism extended over several years, and I can say truthfully that every day's journalistic labor has been of subsequent value to me," says Mayor George B. McClellan, of New York, in the Sunday Magazine. "My work inside and outside the editorial rooms was of highly variegated character. "My efforts as a reporter were calculated to rub me hard against the masses of my fellow-men engaged in the struggle for existence, but this attrition broadened my view of mankind, quickened a perception of motives for the acts of other people, made me more tolerant, and withal proved the best part of my preliminary training for a lawyer, and subsequently a public servant. "I was in Wall street for one year, as an assistant under 'Tom' Hamilton. It was one of the most valuable bits of training I enjoyed. I did interviewing, prepared tables of quotations, and was a general utility man. In Mr. Hamilton's rare absence, responsibility for the financial integrity of a metropolitan journal had to be shouldered. I never felt more sincerely the necessity for a clean record. A Wall street reporter against whom is the slightest taint of suspicion is worthless to his employer. "One day in 1888 I was made political reporter. That campaign was an exceedingly active one. I was a Democrat, of course, but I wrote my political news with absolute regard for truth. Never, unless I was deceived or erred in judgment, did I color any information for one party or the other. "Of all the reporters 'doing' politics in that campaign Edward Riggs is the only one who did not take up a political career. Nine men who I can name, all worthy members of the metropolitan press, preceded or followed me into politics. They all have been successful, as have many other public men who began as newspaper men, and the list is so long that two professions alone, journalism and the law, seem to be the training schools from which the great mass of our public men of the future are to come."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero. No one is more injured by wrongdoing than the wrongdoer. As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment. There's a vast difference between a poor man and a poor sort of a man. Observance of the laws of nature is the first principle of human happiness. Death-bed repentance is poor atonement for a lifetime of self-indulgence. Don't think you are an old man at sixty; that's all fudge! Keep your grip. Human nature is weak; that's why it's so easily intoxicated by the possession of power. Lies will often stick of their own weight where bolts and rivets wouldn't hold the truth. In praising or loving a child we love and praise not that which is, but that which we hope for.—Goethe. The Wisdom of Sock Rates. "I have found a new way to a man's heart," said the girl who has had three proposals this early in the season. "It is through his socks. The stomach as a short cut to a man's affections is a regular continental railway route compared with the hosiery line of travel. "The modern young man is excessively proud of his socks. There may be things that he is valuer of, but I have not discovered them. He exercises his best taste in buying them, and he likes to have that taste appreciated. He gives you every chance in the world to show your appreciation. Invariably he manages to leave a hiatus between his shoe tops and his trousers, and then, if you have designs on that young man, all you have to do is to cast sidelong but admiring glances at the revealed expanse of embroidered hosiery and murmur, 'What a pretty pattern!' and the trick is accomplished. You don't need to go into particulars. He gets the impression upon the pride of his heart, and the minute that he finds you admire them, too, he is yours—for the summer season, at least. Beneficial "ifs." If love fills our hearts, our hands will do for ourselves. If we dwell in peace, contentment and joy is our portion. If we guard our tongues, our thoughts will be of good only. If we live in sunshine, our souls will be filled with the light of eternal things. If we live in harmony, discord, strife and discouragement will vanish. If we live in activity, success is a continuation. If we are truthful, we are of God. If we rest in the All Power, we are perfection. If we want to know the truth of our being—atonement with God—we must rise from our slumbers and accept the "ifs" of the new.—Washington News Letter. Birds as Ship Christeners. When a Japanese ship is about to be launched there is suspended from the bow a huge cage, into which are crowded a score or more of birds. Just as the prow cuts the water—the side of the cage is thrown open and the vessel enters her native element with her prow crowned by a living garland of birds, whose free flight through space is emblematic of the spirit of the ship.—Chicago Chronicle.

With the Funny Fellows.



The Antidote. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'" But one small phrase annuls the curse, And that is this: "It might have been worse."—New York Sun. Lacking in Experience. "Somebody who calls himself Professor Trent, claims that Daniel Defoe, who wrote 'Robinson Crusoe,' was the greatest liar that ever lived." "I guess the professor never met one of our expert campaign liars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. A Method of Selection. "Where is your family going to spend the summer?" "It isn't decided yet," answered Mr. Cumrox, wearily. "Mother and the girls are still writing letters to find out which hotel charges the most."—Washington Star. Mysterious. "So you have read your daughter's commencement essay?" "Yes," answered the matter-of-fact father. "I am dumfounded. I can't understand how anybody who can write so sensibly and profoundly would chew gum and wear high-heeled shoes."—Washington Star. Relentless. "What is the object in delaying the trial of that sensational case so long?" "I am trying to protect the public," answered the relentless prosecutor. "I want to give popular interest a chance to subside so that the prisoner will not be encouraged to go on the stage if acquitted."—Washington Star. Wanted Some. "What are you doing, my lad?" "Why, I read his land was worth \$900 a foot, and I need the money."—New York Evening Journal. Mamma's Mistake. Fond Mother—"Nellie, the next time young Huggins calls ask him to bring his airship around some afternoon and take us for a ride." Pretty Daughter—"Why, mamma, he hasn't any airship." Fond Mother—"Oh, yes, he has. Mrs. Tattles told me only this morning that he was quite a high flyer."—Chicago News. Collywob. "Yes, the party was a big success; plenty of eating and all that." "I suppose the 'table groaned with all the delicacies of the season.'" "Yes, but that wasn't a circumstance to the way some of the delicacies made the guests groan—cucumbers and ice cream, for instance."—Philadelphia Press. Taking No Chances. Grayce—"George says that I satisfy his soul hunger so thoroughly that we need have no formal engagement. He says that in spirit we are already one. What do you think of that?" Gladys—"All very pretty. But just the same I wouldn't let him talk me out of the engagement ring."—Chicago Journal. Suburban Attractiveness. Scout (from the city)—"Where is that beautiful view you advertise?" Farmer Takeminn—"Why, ye jest walk over ter Pokeville an' take th' stage to Hen Lake an' th' steamer ter Moose Landing, an' then climb up Skeeter Mountain ter what they call 'Lover's Leap,' and thar ye git th' view, an' it's a dandy."—Puck. On the Boston Subway. Superintendent (to conductor)—"This gentleman complains that you ordered him to step lively. What have you to say?" Conductor—"Well, sir, you see we were behind and—" Superintendent—"That makes no difference at all, sir. You should have said, 'Pedestrianate precipitately.'"—Puck. Severe on the Post. "Are you wearing your hair long because you fancy you are poetical?" "Suppose I am?" "Yes. And suppose I offered you this twenty-five-cent piece to go to a barber's and be shorn?" "I wouldn't go." "Then take this dollar and go to a dentist's." "What for?" "To have your nerve treated."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A giant leatherback turtle weighing 716 pounds was sent to the American Museum of Natural History, New York, the other day. It was caught off Block Island, and is said to have been the first taken along the Atlantic Coast in fifteen years.

After laborious examination of the sarcophagi of the fifth and sixth dynasties—dating back to 3500 B. C.—M. Berthelot has concluded that the oil of the embalmers was simply castor oil, as is still used in Egypt. The oil has undergone some oxidation, but has retained its preservative qualities.

The sewage disposal plant of Barrhead, England, consists of two grit chambers, four septic tanks and eight filters, with a total filtration area of 2540 square yards. It was designed to take the sewage of 10,000 people, with some room drainage, and the first cost was \$32,800, the running expenses including an attendant—being under \$400 a year.

The new incandescent lamp with a filament of tantalum has been under experiment for two years and is claimed to rival the carbon lamp, and useful life as the carbon lamp, with a consumption of half as much electricity. The filament is necessarily very long—about twenty-six inches—and is mounted on a special support enclosed in the specially shaped bulb.

The economy of nature is to be seen well illustrated at the present time at Church, Lancashire. On the sewage beds adjoining that town are to be seen myriads of small flies, whose presence attracts multitudes of spiders, which spin their webs over the flies, thus imprisoning them and devouring them at their leisure. But the spiders do not have it all their own way, for recently flocks of small birds have discovered their whereabouts, and daily take large toll of their numbers.

With reference to the suggestion advanced by the Hon. C. A. Farrow at the recent British Association meeting, that deep borings should be made into the earth's crust for the purpose of investigation of the earth's interior, and that a shaft such as this might be sunk to a depth of twelve miles, another scientist has pointed out that the pressure of the rock at such a depth represents some forty tons per square inch and would render the task impossible, owing to the inward viscous flow of the rock material.

ARTIFICIAL COTTON.

Process of Its Manufacture From Wood Fibre.

Some recent experiments have been made in Bavaria in regard to preparing artificial cotton from pine wood, and it is said that the new process allows it to be made cheaply enough so that the artificial cotton may compete with the natural product. In the method which has proved the most successful the wood, which has the bark removed, is cut into thin sticks or fibers one-sixteenth of an inch or less in thickness. These are placed in a large horizontal copper cylinder lined with lead, into which steam is passed. When the separating action of the steam on the wood fiber has been prolonged sufficiently, an acid solution of sodium sulphite is added, and the cylinder is heated under a pressure of three atmospheres during thirty-six hours. The wood, which has become completely white, is washed and then passed through a crusher. After washing again, the fibers are further whitened by a chloride of lime treatment. The matter which is thus obtained is dried and constitutes a pure cellulose which is then heated under pressure with a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids and chloride of zinc. The pasty mass thus formed is mixed with a little gelatine and castor oil, which give a certain resistance to the fiber. The cellulose is then formed into fine threads by a spinning machine, and these are washed and dried. These threads are said to form a very good fabric when woven, and can easily be dyed. Although the experiments have as yet been carried on only in the laboratory, there is no doubt that the process may be applied on a large scale, thus coming into the European market as a competitor for the imported cotton—Scientific American.

Speeds Even His Soda.

Two women sat at the soda water counter in an Eighth avenue drug store lazily disposing of an ice cream soda. In rushed a nervous little man, who ordered pineapple straight from the fruit. He got it, swallowed it in two gulps, and dashed out again as hurriedly as he had come in. "Gracious!" exclaimed one of the women. "Has that man gone already?" "He's a wonder, he is," replied the soda dispenser. "That was a slow trip for him. He is a chauffeur in an automobile place across the street. He comes in here three or four times a day on the run, pours down a glass of soda water without taking a breath and hustles out again as though the devil was after him. I've often wondered how much time he takes to eat."—New York Press.

Free Tooth Brushes.

Japanese inns furnish free tooth-brushes every morning free to every guest. The brush is of wood, shaped like a pencil, and frayed to a tuft brush of fiber at the large end.