# The LASH of CIRCUMSTANCE

by HARRY IRVING GREENE

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SYNOPSIS.

Abner Halliday, a miserly millionaire, is found gagged, bound and invisible in his room, his safe rifled and $40,000 missing. The thread of the story is taken up by his nephew Tom. Living in the same house are other relatives: reckless Bruce Halliday and pretty Clare Winston. Bruce, who is a bond broker, has been trying to raise $10,000 to put through a deal and save himself from financial ruin. He has applied to his miserly uncle and to others for the loan but has been refused. Tom sends for William LeDuc, an old-time friend connected with a detective agency. In relating the story Tom reverts to his acquaintance with a Mrs. Dace, a wealthy widow, whose business agent is Richard Mackay, a boodler and political boss. Tom is jealous of Mackay and is deeply in love with Mrs. Dace. Bruce Halliday warns him to shun her as an adventuress. Tom sees Mrs. Dace and Mackay together. He afterwards meets the woman at a horse race, and, happening to mention that Bruce had a tip on the winner, she gives him $50 to place on the race. The tip goes wrong and she loses her money. Later Tom invests in stocks. He makes some money, and returns the lost $50 to Mrs. Dace. It is at this juncture that the theft of the $40,000 from old Abner Halliday occurs. LeDuc meets Clare and Bruce. He learns that the key which Clare had to the house is missing. Mackay's dealings with Mrs. Dace make Tom more jealous. The detective intimates a suspicion against Bruce Halliday as the thief. This Clare Winston indignantly repudiates.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"And the door at the head of the stairs which leads from here into the kitchen, was that disturbed?" I asked her as my first sensations faded. She was panting from excitement and the haste of her movements.

"No, the door was locked and just as I left it last night with the key still on the inside. He could not have gone up higher than the head of the basement stair. I just happened to remember that I had left a broom down here yesterday, and when I came down after it I noticed this door right away. Who on earth do you suppose could have done it?" She was wringing her hands weakly, the perspiration of nervousness popping from her forehead.

Being in total darkness myself, I made no attempt to enlighten her as I carefully examined the place. Outside of the scanty supply of coal that remained from last winter's supply

...taken an active interest in the case and I had heard his low whistle at the mention of Mackay's name, curiosity had filled my mind as to what his researches would be in that direction. I had gone to Mrs. Dace's with the mention of LeDuc's name that she might understand why I had repeated to him conversations which had occurred between herself and myself, that she might not feel that I had tattle-taled our private talks without explaining the reason to her. But though I had paved the way by which he might have had a confidential business chat with her, if he had availed himself of the opportunity it had not come to my knowledge. That LeDuc might now have full information of what I had done and feel at liberty to interview her should he desire, I now told him of my talk upon the subject with her; telling him that she had denied absolutely having repeated my half confidences to any one, and had seemed to be amused at the idea that Janet was anything more or less than an automaton. This information he received without comment beyond the paradoxial remark that he could not remember that he had forgotten anything. "What else have you got to tell me?" I urged in finishing. He closed his lips so tightly around his cigar that it resembled a nail driven into a crack and appeared to be filling himself to his toes with smoke as he reflected. Presently he expelled the smoke from his mouth after the manner of a nursery dragon.

"I don't know whether I am acting wisely or not, but under your promise to divulge nothing you may learn from me without my consent I am going to risk it. I know that you believe in your cousin Bruce's honesty."

"Implicitly."

"But do you happen to know that he has somehow or other managed to come into active control of enough money to resume his operations on 'change on a rather liberal scale?" he queried with a thin smile. I was astonished and told him so.

...period, and it was seldom indeed that his last quotation was not higher than the one of say half an hour before. It went darting skyward in the eccentric zigzags with which a kite mounts in a gale, and within a fortnight I found myself richer by thousands added to thousands. The glittering heights of fortune seemingly hung close over me; the end of the rainbow with its great bag of gold was within mathematical striking distance; and taking greater chances than ever for the sake of greater gains, I plunged wildly as I restaked my winnings on every throw. And day by day the Midas touch was mine and I won, won, won. Then grown money reckless by my constant success, I permitted myself another piece of extravagance for the allurement of the woman I loved and the greater opportunities it would give me to be with her. I bought a handsome motor car upon which I had had my eyes for some time, housing it in a public garage and telling nobody but her that I had purchased it.

I took Mrs. Dace out on the first evening after I had mastered my new acquirement for a long ride countryward. The weather was ideal, the roads in splendid condition and we sped along to the low whir of the machine with the soft night air fanning our faces. It had long been understood between us that she was to carefully guard all my confidences, and I kept few things from her. Exultantly I spoke of my increasing wealth and magnificent prospects. Her arm slipped under mine.

"Good, good," she cried with a schoolgirl's enthusiasm. "I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. It makes me happy to know about it. I told you that I should exercise my sorcery to command your success. When you win I feel that I have won also."

Her tacit confession that she considered herself as a close partner of mine, and that she was backing me to the winning of a prize which we should share together in the long time to come, combined with the delicious sense of comradeship awakened by her arm pressure, became as an intoxicant. In that moment I would have pawned my soul to have possessed her. I threw my arms about her and held her to my breast almost fiercely. "My God, how I love you, Mattie. Tell me that you will marry me—you must," I cried, as I found her lips and drained them as a drunkard drains his cup. Her arm hung upon my shoulder; her upturned lips seemed to be clinging to mine; I could...

"And of Course the Car Is Yours," I Went on With the Recklessness of a Croesus.

"Furthermore, He Is Carrying on His Operations Under Some Name Which Does Not Sound at All Like His Own."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIII.

# COST OF GRAIN-GROWING IN CENTRAL CANADA

A careful canvass made of a number of men farming in a large way indicates that even with the extreme expense of harvesting the crop, which has been caused by the bad weather and difficulty in threshing, wheat has been produced and put on the market for less than 55 cents a bushel. The average freight rate is not over 13 cents per bushel. This would make the cost of production and freight 68 cents and would leave the farmer an actual margin on his low-grade wheat of 17½ cents and for his high-grade wheat of 19½ cents; and though this is not as large a profit as the farmer has every right to expect, it is a profit not to be despised, and which should leave a very fair amount of money to his credit when all the expenses of the year have been paid, unless the value of low-grade wheat sinks very much below its present level. A matter of importance to the prospective settler is that of the cost of production. The following table has been prepared after careful investigation:

| | |
|---|---|
| Interest on 320 acres, value $30 per acre, 3 years at 6 per cent interest | $1,720.00 |
| Interest on horses, machinery, wagons, ploughs, harrows, etc., to operate 320 acres—say $2,500 for 3 years | 450.00 |
| Getting 320 acres ready for crop first year, doing one's own work, with hired help, about $3.50 per acre | 1,120.00 |
| Getting 320 acres ready for crop, second and third year, about $1.25 per acre per year, or $2.50 per acre 2 years one's own work and hired help | 800.00 |
| Seed per year, wheat, per acre $1.25, 3 years | 1,200.00 |
| Seeding, 320 acres, 25 cents per acre, 3 years | 240.00 |
| Twine, 320 acres, 20 cents per acre, 3 years | 238.00 |
| Harvesting, 320 acres, 30 cents per acre, 3 years | 288.00 |
| Marketing, 320 acres, estimate 20 bushels per acre per year for 3 years, 3 cents per bushel, or 9 cents per bushel for 3 years | 576.00 |
| Threshing 320 acres, estimate 20 bushels per acre per year for 3 years, 6 cents per bushel per year or 18 cents for 3 years | 1,152.00 |
| Total | $7,834.00 |
| Cr. | |
| By wheat crop farm 320 acres for 3 years, average 20 bushels per acre per year for 3 years, or a total of 60 bushels, = 19,200 bushels at 80 cents per bushel | $15,360.00 |
| Balance to credit of farm after 3 years operation, $2,562.00 per year | 7,526.00 |

"To operate 480 acres would cost less in proportion, as the plant required for 320 acres would do for the larger farm, and the interest on plant for the extra 160 acres would be saved."

The figures given may be open to criticism, but they will be found to be reasonably accurate, with a fairness given to the expense columns. There are those who profess to do the work at a much less cost than those given.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

Chair warmers never hear any good ...

Relieves Backache Instantly

Sloan's Liniment is a great remedy for backache.

Here's Proof.

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TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S for COUGHS & COLDS

## JEANNE OF NOAH

## Sheep Saved Battalion.

The Shutter Is No More.

An Eskimo's Dwelling.

The Difficulty.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHURCH

THE first president of the United States was a church-goer in the true sense of the word. There have been public men in the history of the nation who went to church far more regularly after they were elected to high official positions—or at least after they were nominated for such places of distinction—than they ever did before. However, it would seem that no such fluctuation in church devotion can be charged against George Washington. He was naturally and instinctively a religious man and he made every effort to attend divine worship every Sunday, no matter where he might happen to be. This was the case even in the trying days of the War for Independence.

However, Washington was enabled to be most regular in attendance at church when in his home state of Virginia. And yet, even in the Old Dominion, church-going required much more of an effort on his part than is exacted of the average public man today. Washington made his home, as is well known, on the vast estate known as Mount Vernon, and there was no church on the estate or in the immediate vicinity. Attendance at divine worship involved, therefore, a journey of greater or less length by coach, and this was not always pleasant, as any person may readily surmise who has had experience with the "red mud" of old Virginia in the winter or following heavy rains. That he was as persistent as he was in church-going under such circumstances casts an interesting sidelight upon the character of Washington.

George Washington attended, from time to time, various churches located within driving distance of his home at Mount Vernon, but the place of worship to which he most frequently repaired was and is located in the town of Alexandria—for, be it explained, the historic edifice ...

HISTORIC CHRIST CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD SURROUNDING GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHURCH

AN UNFAMILIAR BUT AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT of GEORGE WASHINGTON

Bible having been printed in Edinburgh in the year 1767. Of the latter ...

## The Girl in Modern Athletics

Tennis the Only Outdoor Sport in Which She Can Compete With the Men.

Lobster Instead.

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Only Six Qualify as Being Successful Leaders.

So Much Depends on Financial End of Baseball Venture That Any Chieftain Keeping Team in Lead Is Valuable Asset.

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Connie Has the Right Idea.

## HE WAS SOMEWHAT PEEVED

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Great Northern Ry Makes Low Fares West

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BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL

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IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE—TO GIVE IT A TRIAL