He Took a Life to Avenge His Master's Death

By MILDRED GOODRIDGE

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A WOMAN shrieked and fainted, a gathering of street loiterers parted summarily, expressions of excitement, wonder and then horror beat out upon the ambient afternoon air at Purdy Corners.

Tragically and without warning there had sped around the corner of the public square a panting, bristling, wild-eyed collie dog.

"Old Judge Warren's dog!" shouted a dozen voices in unison.

"What's he up to—gone mad?"

"No, he's been hurt—look at the blood on him!"

The last speaker was the village smith. To him both dog and owner had been known for years. With him Don had been always friend and favorite. The animal swung its blood-shot gaze towards him. There was pathos and pleading in the glance, a low, whimpering howl; but Don kept straight on until he reached the stone steps leading into the little county courthouse.

For only a moment Don faltered at the steps. Then he sprang up them. The crowd followed. There was a sudden hush over all the scene.

And then an awesome thing happened. The dog proceeded straight to the courtroom. The court was not in session, but the presiding judge sat in his accustomed place listening to some informal discussion of half a dozen lawyers. At the edge of the dais Don paused. As if appealing to justice, the reeking animal lifted its head. It uttered one shrill, curdling, mournful howl. It was the cry for vengeance, for justice, blood for blood! The animal turned swiftly and gave a plaintive whine, as though beseeching them to follow.

The truth was known in an hour. Grim-faced and stern, the village smith came to the office of Walter Burdett.

"You were the attorney for Judge Warren," he said.

"Were?" repeated Walter, startled. "Then—"

"We found him murdered in cold blood, the safe in his library ransacked. The dog must have put up a terrible fight, for he lies at his dead master's feet, all but bleeding to death."

Instantly the young attorney set the wheels of justice in motion. For twenty-four hours the entire country was scoured. No clew to the murderer or the missing plunder was discovered.

Then came a reluctant mournful mission for Burdett. Judge Warren had but one living relative in the world—Eva, his adopted niece. She was at a boarding school two hundred miles away. Burdett departed on his sad errand.

After the funeral it was thought best that she should remain at school until the estate was settled up. As she placed her hand in that of the young lawyer to say good-by, she retained the clasp with the words:

"You have been a true friend through all my trouble. I ask only one thing more—not vengeance, but justice. The cruel murderer of this good old man must be found—and punished."

And, as if registering a solemn promise, Walter Burdett looked into her eyes, and she knew he would not falter in his chosen mission.

No efforts were spared to run down the assassin, but not the slightest clew as to his identity or whereabouts was discovered.

Very often Walter visited the now deserted home of the dead jurist. It became necessary. Don, recovering from his fearful wounds, refused to leave the grounds. He would linger all day and night near the closed doorway of the house, looking up and down the road constantly, as if expecting some one he was looking for to pass by.

There came a climax. One moonlight evening Walter had just attended to the wants of the poor, faithful animal when an automobile sped by. Don had made a sudden leap, with a sharp, wild cry. He tugged at his chain, he glared after the disappearing machine. Plainly in the clear moonlight Walter saw that it held but one person—a man, apparently a stranger in the district.

The impression led Walter to trace the machine. It had halted in a dense grove, one edge of which was bounded by a deep ravine. From the trunk of a hollow tree the stranger withdrew a package. Walter recognized it as the missing possession of his dead client.

"You are the man!" he shouted, springing upon the murderer.

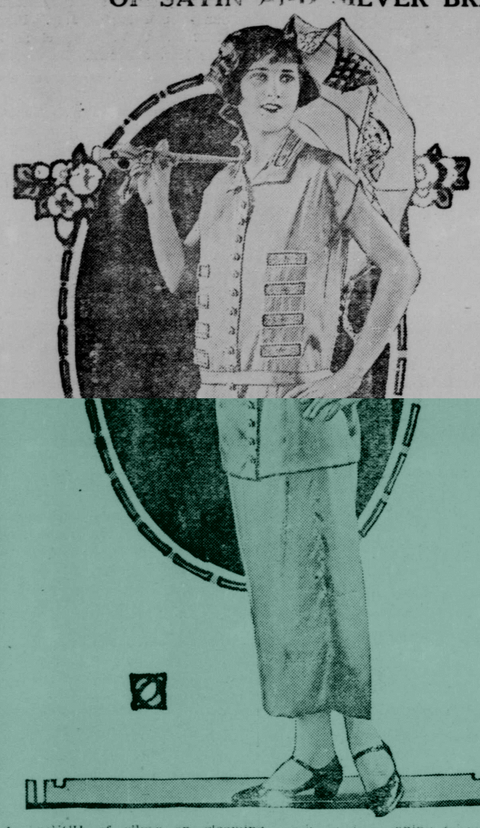
"And you know too much!" growled out the other. They clinched. Walter fell underneath. The man had drawn a knife. Kneeling upon the breast of his adversary, he raised it menacingly.

At that moment there was a metallic jangling, then a weird shrill scream. Don, broken free from his captivity, had sprang upon the shoulders of the man. Over and over they rolled. With a gasp Walter saw them disappear over the edge of the ravine.

There, the man dead, his victim's cruel fate avenged, Don stark and stiff, but his teeth sunk deep in the man's throat—both were found by neighbors summoned by Walter.

The shadow of the tragedy never entirely was dissipated in the life of Eva Warren, but in the sunshine of the love of Walter Burdett she forgot most of its bitterness.

STYLE DISTINCTION IN MODES OF SATIN AND SILVER BRAID



A TOUCH of silver on gleaming supple satin is a beauteous combination for an afternoon frock, especially if the satin be of glimmering almond green, with the silver-colored oriental braid traversing the blouse in panels suggesting a bit of the military in their arrangement. All these elements of charm are embodied in the handsome costume shown in the accompanying picture.

Not only is this two-piece costume more than satisfying from an esthetic viewpoint, but that all important term "style" may unqualifiedly be applied to it. It is the novel sacque-like cut of the blouse which entitles this model to its claim of unusual style distinction. These new, straight coat lines are the last word in fashion. The idea is also featured in very long tunic-smocks, in some of the newer modes. If contemplating the purchase of an afternoon frock, or if planning to make one's own gown at home, keep in mind that the straight sacque lines are an up-to-the-minute vogue.

There is considerable gold, silver and oriental braid employed in decorative border and bindings, not only on dresses of satin and cloth, but likewise on the stylish long straight-line coats. Especially are the soft fanciful collars and wide sleeve cuff-borders designed with a plentiful use of tiny gold or silver buttons also in fashion. The blouse shown in this picture is buttoned straight up the front with little silver balls.

In regard to satin as a costume medium, it is a great favorite this season. One of the outstanding effects is black satin embroidered in vivid large flower designs.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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MIDDY AND BLOOMER SUIT ADDS TO JOYS OF VACATION



THREE cheers for vacation time! Into schoolroom and office drift day-dreams of forthcoming fun, frolic and freedom. As a prologue to this prospective season of joy unalloyed, our present moments have resolved themselves into a strenuous program of "clothes" preparation and planning for the outing.

A costume for every occasion as fashion would have it is indeed no easy task to accomplish. To be sure, there must be party dresses, afternoon frocks and such, but when it comes to sensible dress of solid comfort for hours spent in the great outdoors where is there raiment comparable to a sturdy middy and bloomer suit?

Every hiker knows the satisfaction of being suitably outfitted in practical khaki togs which are proof against wind, rain, weather and bramble. However, just because a khaki suit is practical does not mean that style and attractive appearance must be sacrificed. No indeed! The picture herewith is a direct contradiction to any such inference. It is most carefully styled, with perfected detail achieved in the deep shapely yoke, the long well-fitting sleeves, the becoming sailor collar and the generously large silk middy tie.

Among the sports apparel, which is of paramount interest for approaching week-end and vacation holidays, are dresses for golf and tennis designed in striped madras with reversed strippings as the only trimming note. These flaunt bright colors against white.

Sleeveless modes make striking appeal, the smartest late idea being that of a jacket sans sleeves in bright plaid flannel, worn with a skirt of solid color which repeats the plaid in its hem border.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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The Lost Will Did Not Allot Them the Farm

By FRANK FILSON

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"MARY," said Tom Halloran, "Mr. Ames is going to foreclose the mortgage on that five-acre field."

Mary Halloran, comely in spite of her four and forty years, looked up from her darning. When three sturdy children are putting on weight and muscle every day of their lives, mother is apt to be fairly busy.

"It isn't that I care so much about the old field," said Tom. "We're doing well enough, and the fact is, that mortgage was a nuisance. Now without it we can have more money to put into the farm. But we must be exactly neighborly of Mr. Ames, seeing how long he's known you—"

The acquaintance dated back twenty-five years and more, to the time when Mary Newell was the adopted daughter of old Simon Newell, John Ames' half-brother, but nearly forty years his senior. Simon Newell was the squire of the town, and it was understood that all his possessions were to go to Mary. He wanted to see her married to John Ames.

John's wooing had been conducted with consummate skill. Mary was completely deceived by his protestations, so much so that when John asked her to marry him she thought herself the happiest girl alive. One month before the date set for the wedding the old squire had a stroke.

When the will was sought it could not be found. And so the property passed by inheritance into the hands of John Ames.

Ames was very considerate. He gave Mary the old-fashioned furniture, he let her take her time about moving after breaking off the engagement. For that was what he did, within a month after Newell's death.

Five years later Mary married Tom Halloran, a man a little below her station in life. They were very happy. After some years the first of their three children was born.

Ames and Mary never spoke, except when it was unavoidable. Conscious that he had acted wretchedly, Ames schemed to drive Halloran out of the village. Honest Tom Halloran knew that he and Mary had been engaged, but not the cold-blooded way in which Ames had jilted the woman who was now his wife.

Mary had sent back the furniture, all except the old cabinet which Mr. Newell had had made for her. "Take care of that, my dear," he had said. "It's made of tropical wood, and some day it will be worth its weight in gold to you."

When Tom had gone into the kitchen to smoke his pipe Mary sat darning busily, and her thoughts wandered back over all those years that had passed. How happy she and Tom had been!

Suddenly she perceived a tiny edge of white against the flat top of the cabinet. Inside lay a document—the last will of Simon Newell.

Mary Halloran stared at it in terror. This message from the dead—she did not want to read these letters that danced before her eyes. She was still standing with the will in her hand when Tom came in.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, seeing her distress.

Mary Halloran put the paper behind her.

"Tom," she said, "you know Mr. Newell meant to leave all his property to me, and how John Ames got it. The will was never found. But I have found it. It was in the secret drawer in that cabinet."

Tom stared at her, and slowly understanding came into his mind. "Then it's all ours!" he exclaimed. "The five acre field and—all of it!"

"No, Tom!" said Mary.

"Eh, my dear?" said Tom, slowly.

"I don't want to claim it. I don't want Mr. Ames to know. Tom, he paid a price for the property, the price of honor and self-respect. And I want him to keep it, Tom."

"You don't—want the property Mary?"

"No, Tom. That is why I am going to throw the will into the fire unread."

"But, Mary! It's yours—ours! Think of the boys. We must be just to them. The scoundrel has had it all these years. My dear, you must—"

"I won't, Tom, I won't," she cried. "You don't understand." She flung the paper into the open fire; it scorched against the coals and fluttered, unburned, beneath the grate. But Mary had run out of the room, her eyes blinded with tears of shame.

She was thinking that she had been more than recompensed in Tom. But for the will's loss she would never have known the treachery in John Ames' heart.

Tom Halloran stooped down and picked the will out of the grate and began to read. The verbiage was difficult, but there was one sentence that stood out unmistakably:

"To my half-brother, John Ames, all that I possess, both real and personal estate, in the conviction that he will make a good husband for my adopted daughter, Mary."

Slowly Tom watched the paper burn in the fire. And though the full meaning of Mary's wish had not come home to him, something told him that he must never let her know. Ames was still the rightful owner of the Newell estate.

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In spite of the unfamiliarity of the women with politics, their experience in the kitchen should enable them to avoid spilling the beans.

Any folks who are peeved because liquor costs so much, are reminded that water is still cheap and plentiful in Westminster.

It is hard to see how they can get a noiseless July Fourth without a boysless one.

Many people who can tell how all the local organizations should be run, will yet decline to serve if asked to take hold and do some of the running themselves.

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