Barrington Review

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The FLYING MERCURY

By

Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of

"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By

RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wants an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrange.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"Well?" Dick at last queried.

"Have Mr. Bailey do nothing at all," was the deliberate reply. "There is an etiquette of subordination, I believe—this is Mr. Ffrench's factory. I've done my part and we'll think no more of the matter. I may be wrong But I am more than grateful to Miss Ffrench."

"What's all you're going to do?"

"Yes. I wish you would not sit there."

"I'm tired; I won't fall in, and I want to think. We've been a lot together this spring, Lestrange; I don't like this business about the steering gear. Do you go down to the Beach tomorrow?"

"Tonight. Tomorrow I must put in practicing on the track. I would have been down today if there had not been so much to do here. Are you coming with me, or not until the evening of the start?"

Dick stirred uncomfortably.

"I don't want to come at all, thank you. I saw you race once."

"You had better get used to it," Lestrange quietly advised. "The day may come when there is no one to take your place. This factory will be yours and you will have to look after your own interests. I wish you would come down and represent the company at this race."

"I haven't the head for it."

"I do not agree with you."

Their eyes met in a long regard. Here, in the crowded room of workers, the ceaseless uproar shut in their conversation with a walled completeness of privacy.

"I'm not sure whether you know it, Lestrange, but you've got me all stirred up since I met you," the younger man confessed plaintively. "You're different from other fellows and you've made me different. I'd rather be around the factory than anywhere else I know, now. But honestly I like you too well to watch you race."

"I want you to come."

"I—"

One of the men with a vessel of white, heaving molten metal was trying to pass through the narrow aisle. Dick broke his sentence to rise in hasty avoidance, and his foot slipped in a puddle of oil on the floor.

It was so brief in happening that only the workman concerned saw the accident. As Dick fell backward, Lestrange sprang forward and caught him, fairly snatching him from the greedy teeth. There was the rending of fabric, a gasping sob from Dick, and reeling from the recoil Lestrange was sent staggering against a flying wheel next in line.

The workman set down his burden with a recklessness endangering further trouble, active too late.

"Mr. Lestrange!" he cried.

But Lestrange had already recovered himself, his right arm crossed with a scorched and bleeding bar where it had touched the glittering wheel, and the two young men were standing opposite each other in safety.

"You are not hurt?" was the first question.

"If I ought to be, but I'm not. Come to a surgeon, Lestrange— Oh, you told me not to sit there!"

Lestrange glanced down at the surface upon which Dick quickly back at the two pallid faces.

"Go on to your work, Peters," he directed. "I'm all right." And as the man slowly obeyed, "Now, will you take my advice and come to the race with Dick Ffrench?"

"Hang it! I'd race with that arm!"

"Yes, you'd finish the race with your teeth if anything happened to your other arm. Come, Dick, promise me you'll come down to the Beach tomorrow."

"I'll go home with you and think it over."

"Do! And, I'd be ground up there, if you hadn't caught me," he looked toward the jaws sullenly shredding and reshredding a strip of cloth from his sleeve. "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you?" Lestrange flashed quickly. He flung back his head with the resolute setting of expression the other knew so well, his eyes brilliant with a resolve that took no heed of physical discomfort. "Then give me your word that you'll stick to your work here. That is my fear; that the change in you is just a mood you'll tire of some day. I want you to stand up to your work and not drop out disqualified."

"I will," said Dick, subdued and earnest. "I couldn't help doing it—your arm—"

Lestrange impatiently dragged out his handkerchief and wound it around the cut.

"Go on."

"I can't help keeping on; I couldn't go back now. You've got me awake. No one else ever tried, and I was having a good time. It began with liking you and thinking of all you did, and feeling funny alongside of you." He paused, struggling with Anglo-Saxon shyness. "I'm awfully fond of you, old fellow."

The other's gray eyes warmed and cleared. Smiling, he held out his left hand.

"It's mutual," he assured. "It isn't playing the game to trap you while you are upset like this. But I don't believe you'll be sorry. Come find some one to tie this up for me; I can't have it stiff tomorrow."

But in spite of his professed haste, Lestrange stopped at the head of the stairs and went back to recover some small object lying on the floor beneath a pool of chilling metal. When he rejoined Dick, it was to linger yet a moment to look back across the teeming room.

"It's worth having, all this," he commented, with the first touch of sadness the other ever had seen in him. "Don't throw it away, Ffrench."

There is usually a surgeon within reach of a factory. When Mr. Ffrench passed out to the cart where Emily waited, he passed Dick and the village physician entering. The elder gentleman put on his glasses to survey his nephew's white face.

"An accident?" he inquired.

The casual curiosity was sufficiently exasperating, and Dick's nerves were badly gone.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he snapped. "Just that I nearly fell into the machinery and Lestrange has done up his arm pulling me out. That's all."

"That Isn't Tight Enough, Doc."

And he hurried the doctor on without further parley or excuse.

Lestrange was in the room behind the office, smoking one of Bailey's cigars and listening to that gentleman's vigorous remarks concerning managers who couldn't keep out of their own machinery, the patient not having considered it worth while to explain Dick's share in the mischance. An omission which Dick himself promptly remedied in his anxious contrition.

Later, when the arm was being swathed in white linen, its owner spoke to his companion of the morning:

"I hope you didn't annoy Miss Ffrench with this trifling matter, as you came in."

"I didn't speak to her at all, only to my uncle."

"Very good."

Something in the too-indolent tone roused Dick's usually dormant observation. Startled, he scrutinized Lestrange.

"Is that why you bothered yourself with me?" he stammered. "Is that why—"

"Shut up!" warned Lestrange forcibly and inelegantly. "That isn't tight enough, Doc. You know I'm experienced at this sort of thing, and I'm going to use this arm."

But Dick was not to be silenced in his new enlightenment. When the surgeon momentarily turned away, he leaned nearer, his plump face grim.

"If I brace up, it won't be for Emily, but for you, Darling Lestrange," he whispered viciously. "She don't want me and I don't want her, that way. I've got over that. And, and—oh, confound it, I'm sorry, old man!"

"Shut up!" said Lestrange again.

But though Dick's very sympathy unconsciously showed the hopeless chasm between the racing driver and Miss Ffrench, the hurt did not cloud the cordial smile Lestrange sent to mitigate his command.

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick came to her on the veranda and gave the account in first anxiety and admiration.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll spend practicing on the track, and tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And Lestrange starts crippled because I am a clumsy idiot. He laughs at me, but—he'd do that anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Emily. "He would do that anyhow." Her eyes were wide and terrified, the little hands she clasped in her lap were quite cold. "I wish, I wish he had never come to this place."

"Oh, you do?" Dick said oddly. "Maybe he will, too, before he gets through with us. We're a nasty lot, we Ffrenches; a lot of blue-blooded snobs without any red blood in us. Are you going to say good-by to me? I won't be home until it's over."

She looked at him, across the odorous dusk slowly silvering as the moon rose.

"You are going to be with him?"

Dick smoothed his leggings before standing up, surveying his strict motor costume with a gloomy pride not to be concealed.

"Yes; I'm representing our company. Lestrange might want some backing if any disputes turned up. Uncle Ethan nearly had a fit when Bailey told him what I was going to do; he called me Richard for the first time in my life. I guess I'll be some good yet, if every one except Lestrange did think I was a chump."

"I am very sure you will," she answered gently. "Good-by, Dick; you look very nice."

Then she raised the foot of the steps, her voice recalled him, as she stood leaning over the rail.

"Dick, you could not make him give it up, not race this time?"

He stared up at her white figure.

"No, I could not. Don't you suppose I tried?"

"I suppose you did," she admitted, and went back to her seat.

The June night was very quiet. Once a sleepy bird stirred in the honeysuckle vines and chirped through the dark. Far below the church of a motor passed down the road, dying away again to leave silence. Suddenly Emily Ffrench hid her face on the arm of her chair and the tears overflowed.

There was no consciousness of time while that inarticulate passion of dread spent itself. But it was nearly half an hour later when she started up at the echo of a light step on the gravel path, dashing her handkerchief across her eyes.

It was incredible, but it was true: Lestrange himself was standing before her at the foot of the low stairs, the moonlight glinting across his uncovered bronze head and bright, clear face.

"I beg pardon for trespass, Miss Ffrench," he said, "but your cousin tells me he has been saying a great deal of nonsense to you about this race, and that you were so very good as to feel some concern regarding it. Really, I had to run up and set that right; I couldn't leave you to be annoyed by Mr. Ffrench's nerves. Will you forgive me?"

Like sun through a mist his blithe voice cleaved through her distress. Before the tranquil sanity of his regard, her painted terrors suddenly showed as the artificial canvas scenes of a stage, unreal, untrue.

"It was like you to come," she answered, with a shaking sigh that was half sob. "I was frightened, yes."

"There is no cause. A dozen other men take the same chance as Rupert and I; the driver who alternates with me, for instance. This is our life."

"Your arm—"

"Is well enough." He laughed a little. "You will see many a bandaged arm before the twenty-four hours are up; few of us finish without a scratch or strain or blister. This is a man's game, but it's not half so destructive as foot-ball. You wished me good luck for the Georgia race; will you repeat the honor before I go back to Ffrench?"

"I wish you," she said unsteadily, "every kind of success, now and always. You saved Dick today—of all else you have done for him and for me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there, who caused it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some London Statistics.

In a volume of more than 600 pages the London County Council presents statistics of much interest. The metropolitan district, made up of the cities, towns and boroughs which comprise the real London, had a population of 7,252,962 in 1910, occupying an area of a little more than 692 square miles. Only 14.8 per cent. of the total number of inhabitants, or 670,110 persons, were entitled to vote in parliamentary elections, and of these 74.6 per cent. went to the polls in the election of December, 1910, a falling off from the 84.3 per cent. which voted in January of that year. In 1909 there were 129.3 births, a decline since 1881 from 34.2 to the thousand of population. The death rate fell from 19.8 in 1900 to 14.7 a thousand. Phthisis and pneumonia were responsible for more than 13,000 deaths.

More Curious Than Comfortable.

The Mashukulumbwe natives of northwestern Rhodesia have a most wonderful headdress, which is made up of cuttings of hair from other boys' heads mixed with sand and grease. Sometimes these toghnots are studded with all sorts of curiosities, such as beads, bits of broken crockery, brass plate-fastners (the latter certainly stolen by the native messengers from the native commissioner's office), buttons, and so forth. The result is one of the most curious and odd forms in the world.

Historic Blackguards

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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Richard "Lion Heart," a Ruffian Who Passed for a Hero

RICHARD I.

THIS is the story of an English king who could not speak English, a so-called hero who committed the most villainous atrocities; a blackguard who has been praised by poets and novelists for virtues he never dreamed of possessing. He was King Richard I. of England, nicknamed Coeur de Lion ("Lion Heart").

When Richard was only 15 (in 1173) he joined a rebellion against his own father, King Henry II. The rebellion was crushed and Henry freely forgave his unnatural son. But ten years later, Richard was once more up in arms against his father, joining Henry's bitter enemy, the king of France, and doing all in his power to injure not only Henry, but also the country he expected one day to rule.

Richard and the French king at last conquered Henry and forced him to sign a peace treaty. The shame of being humiliated by his son was too much for the old monarch. He died broken hearted two days after the treaty was signed. Richard was now king of England. He had spent most of his life in France. He had not taken the trouble to learn the English language. He had, apparently, no interest at all either in England nor in its people, save as he could wring from them huge sums of money with which to indulge his favorite pastime of warfare.

Yet, for the moment, he was remorseful over his treatment of his dead father, and he won much sympathy by weeping in maudlin fashion at the dead king's tomb. Then, less than two months after he was crowned, he left England and joined a crusade which was aimed to win back the Holy Land from the Saracens.

Richard wanted money for this venture. So he not only overtaxed his people, but sold back England's rulership of Scotland, which his father had won by hard fighting. Having done as much harm to his kingdom in two brief months as he comfortably could, Richard set out on the Crusade.

Of all the many crusader chiefs in all the various crusades, none, perhaps, has won as much fame as Richard—and on so little justification. Beyond the capture of one Saracen city—Acre's surrender were not fulfilled by his liking, he retaliated by massacreing 2,700 helpless Saracen prisoners whom he had captured.

While certain deeds of ferocious courage in Palestine won for him the title of "Lion Heart," yet he did far more harm than good to the cause of the Crusade. It was largely through him that the leaders quarreled among themselves and failed to conquer Jerusalem. There were two rival candidates for the title of "King of Jerusalem." (They conferred the title before taking the trouble to capture the Holy City.) These candidates were Conrad of Montferrat and Guy de Lusignan. Richard favored Guy's claims. But he was forced to consent to Conrad's election. Conrad was at once murdered, and Richard was charged—whether rightly or not—with the crime.

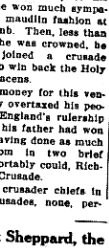
After twice advancing to within sight of Jerusalem, Richard gave up the Crusade in disgust and started home. He was shipwrecked on the way and was imprisoned by Archduke Leopold of Austria, whom he had once insulted and struck in Palestine. Leopold turned him over to the German emperor and Richard lay for months in prison. Finally, by taxing his people again and by swearing to hold the English throne as a mere servant of the emperor, he won his freedom.

He hurried back to England, where he found his younger brother John and the king of France had stirred up a rebellion against him. He put down the revolt, forgave John, and made war on France. Again he only stayed two months in England—just long enough to raise more money. He went to France, where, in 1199, after a five years' war, he was killed while attacking the castle of a nobleman who had found some buried treasure Richard was greedy to seize.

During his ten years' reign Richard had spent just four months in England. He had impoverished his country and had done nothing for it in return. So died Richard Lion Heart; bad son, bad husband, bad king, and worse man.

England has had three kings named "Richard." All three were more or less blackguards and all died violent deaths.

"Jack Sheppard, the "Dime Novel" Boy



JACK SHEPPARD

A coach was halted on Hounslow Heath, England, one moonlit night by a masked robber. As the highwayman rode up to the scared driver, with leveled pistol, a girl leaned out of the coach window and demanded to know what he wanted. With a sweeping bow the thief answered:

"Only the honor of dancing one measure with your fair self."

Helping her gracefully from the coach, he proceeded to go through a stately dance with her, then and there in the dust of the road. After which he handed her back into the coach, bowed low again, sprang to the saddle and galloped away, having stolen nothing except five minutes of a pretty girl's time.

The highwayman was Jack Sheppard. And the odd adventure set every one in England to talking about him. Which was just what his vanity-crazed brain wished. (Dick Turpin, Claude Duval and other scoundrels of the road are said to have done the same thing—from the same motive.)

Jack Sheppard's adventures have formed the plots of dozens of dime novels. He is also the hero of at least one famous book and play. Boys in olden times, reading a garbled tale of his exploits, were wild to become highwaymen. As a matter of fact, Jack Sheppard was merely a low-born, reckless pickpocket and hold-up man, with a twisted, depraved nature and a degenerate brain. The accompanying illustration (reproduced from a genuine portrait) shows he was not the handsome daredevil that the dime novels have made him. His homely face is not unlike that of a criminal idiot.

Sheppard was only twenty-two when he was hanged. He was born in London in 1702 and was brought up in a poorhouse. When he was old enough to work he was apprenticed to a carpenter. Then it was that he learned much about locks and bolts and the best way to cut through walls. That seems to have been all he mastered of the carpenter trade. But it was enough for his purpose.

He deserted his master and began to pick up a living by petty theft. Being mentally deficient, he found this an easier way to get on than by working. He was soon caught and brought before a magistrate, at a "runaway apprentice." He was released and at once entered on a career of wholesale robbery. He afterward confessed that he stole from every one he could.

This sort of thing brought him a certain notoriety, but not enough. He was a very ordinary cheap kind of burglar. So he took to eccentric feats to get himself talked about. The dance in the road was but one of several such antics. He used to dispose of his plunder through one Jonathan Wild, who was not only a receiver of stolen goods but a sort of thief-catcher as well. When Wild had gotten all the money possible out of a crook he would turn the fellow over to justice. Thus he made an excellent living in both ways.

Sheppard quarreled with Wild, who thereupon set the officers of the law upon him. Jack was arrested, brought to trial and condemned to be hanged. He was locked into one of the strongest cells in Newgate prison. For already he had a reputation as a clever jail-breaker. He was handcuffed and was chained to the cell floor. Yet he got away. Here is the story (probably exaggerated by the writers of that day) of his escape:

He freed himself of his chains, burrowed into the thick, ill-made wall with such instruments as he could find at hand, wriggled through the gap he made in the masonry and reached an inner yard. There he climbed a chimney and made his way into a corridor. He forced or picked the locks of six doors and came out at last upon the prison roof. Finding he could not get to the street from such a height, he went back to his cell, snatched up his blankets, tore and twisted them into a rope, returned to the roof and let himself down to safety.

Two weeks later, while he was drunk, he was recaptured. Twice he escaped, but was too vain and stupid to keep his freedom. Through drunkenness or vanity he always made some blunder that led to his recapture. He was hanged on Nov. 16, 1724. A mob of 200,000 people—from duchesses to ragpickers—turned out to see him die.

When one separates the truth from the masses of silly legends the wonderful Jack Sheppard appears to have been a dull, vicious semidiot, whose only cleverness was a real genius for jail-breaking. Even among the desperadoes of his time he cut a very poor figure.

Estate Long in Family.

By the death at the age of eighty-eight of Miss Eleanor Mary Gent of the Moyns House, Steeple Bumpstead, Essex, England, a continuous holding of over 900 years has been brought to a close. A document still in existence shows that the house and estate were in possession of Miss Gent's ancestors before the conquest, and a portion of the present building dates back to the time of Edward III.

Many a man looks like a statesman who is not guilty.

Gastoil Tea, a laxative of superior quality! For those suffering with constipation.

A Matter of Names.

"What is the difference between pomme de terre and potato?" "About two dollars."—Harvard Lampoon.

A splendid and highly recommended remedy for tired, weak, inflamed eyes, and granulated eyelids, is Paxtine Antiseptic, at druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Pleasant Feature of Winter.

There is this cheerful fact about winter: Nobody makes any money by starting a sport that the crops have been ruined.—St. Louis Times.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by Our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine" but used in successful Physicians' practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 50 and 60 a Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Man's Usefulness.

Mrs. Edward R. Hewitt, president of the Woman's Municipal league, was discussing in New York the movement for cleaner streets.

"Now, we women have gone in for cleaner streets," she said, "we'll probably get them. Don't mistrust woman's influence. It is everywhere at work."

Then, with a smile, Mrs. Hewitt uttered this epigram on her sex's behalf.

"Few are the men who would have reached the top of the ladder if their wives hadn't steadied it for them."

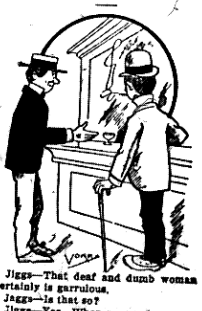
Wanted to Know the Culprit.

The following story was told recently by Austin Haines to a party of friends he entertained at luncheon:

"Down in a little Florida town two negro families live in shanties about a stone's throw apart. They obtain their drinking water from a shallow open well located midway between the two houses. A fence which separates the two yards is built up to the well on both sides. Every evening after her day's work is done, it is the custom of one of the negro mammies to pick up buckets and go to the well for water. One day the owner of the property moved the fence back about ten feet from where it originally stood. That evening when Eliza started out with her pail she fixed her eye on the fence and made straight for it. Walking hurriedly along the beaten path, she plunged into the shallow well with a splash. Her screams brought immediate assistance, and as she climbed out and spied the fence ten feet away she indignantly exclaimed:

"'Now, who done moved dat well?'"

THE WAY OF IT.



Jiggs—That deaf and dumb woman certainly is garrulous.

Jaggs—Is that so?

Jiggs—Yes. When no one is around for her to talk to she makes her right hand talk to her left.

DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Say.

A Mich. woman tried Postum because coffee disagreed with her and her husband. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my housework—both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us, and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it, and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was usually half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done, she said it was spoiled. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."