The Ball of Fire

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chest

Illustrated by C. D. Rhodes

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CHAPTER XXV.

Gail Breaks a Promise.

The Whitecap would have been under way except for the delay of the gay little Mrs. Babbitt and her admiring husband, who sent word that they could not arrive until after dinner, so the yacht, long and low and slender and glistening white, lay in the middle of the Hudson river, while her guests, bundled warmly against the crisp breeze, gathered in the forward shelter deck and watched the beginnings of the early sunset.

"I like Doctor Boyd in his yachting cap," commented Lucile, as that young man joined them, with a happy mother on his arm.

"It takes away that deadly clerical effect," laughed Arly. "His long coat makes him look like the captain, and he's ever so much more handsome."

"I don't mind being the topic of discussion so long as I'm present," commented Rev. Smith Boyd, glancing around the group as if in search of someone.

"It rather restricts the conversation," Mrs. Helen Davies observed, at the same time watching, with a smile, the tableau of her sister Grace and Jim Sargent. Gail and herself had taken Grace out shopping, and had forced on her sedate taste a neat and "fetching" yachting costume, from flowing veiled cap to white shoes, which had dropped about twenty years from her usual appearance, and had brought a renewed enthusiasm to the eyes of her husband.

The cherub-cheeked Marion Kenneth glanced wistfully over at the rail where Dick Rodley, vying with the sunset in splendor, stood chatting with easy Ted Teasdale and the stiff Gerald Fosland.

"Where's Gail?" demanded the cherub-cheeked one.

"It's time that young lady was up on deck," decided Arly, and rose.

"She's probably taking advantage of the opportunity to dress for dinner," surmised Mrs. Davies. "In fact, I think it's a good idea for all of us," but the sunset was too potent to leave for a few moments, and she sat still.

Where indeed was Gail? In her beautiful little curly maple bed, and digging two small fists into the maple-brown coverlet. The pallor of the morning had not yet left her face, and there were circles around the brown eyes which gave them a wan pathos; there was a crease of pain and worry, too, in the white brow.

Gail had come to the greatest crisis in her life. So far she had told no one of what had occurred that morning. When she had rushed into the rector's study he had sprung up, and, seeing the fright in her face and that she was tottering and ready to fall, he had caught her in his strong arms, and she had clung trustfully to him, half faint, until wild sobs had come to her relief. Even in her incoherence, however, even in her wild disorder of emotion, she realized that there was danger, not only to her but to everyone she loved, in the man from whom she had run away; and she could not tell the young rector any more than that she had been frightened. It was strange how instinctively she had headed for Rev. Smith Boyd's study; strange then, but not now. In that moment of flying straight to the protection of his arms, she knew something about herself, and about Rev. Smith Boyd, too. She knew why she had refused those others who had wooed her: Willis Cunningham and Houston Van Pioon and Dick Rodley; poor Dick! and Allison and all the others. She frankly and complacently admitted to herself that she loved Rev. Smith Boyd, but she put that additional worry into the background. It could be fought out later. She would have been very happy about it if she had had time, although she could see no end to that situation but unhappiness.

Where could she turn for advice, or whom could she get to share in the burden which she felt must surely crush her. There was no one. It was a burden she must bear alone, unless she could devise some plan of effective action, and the sense of how far she had been responsible for this condition of affairs was one which oppressed her, and humbled her, and deepened the circles about her woe-smitten eyes.

Gail took her fists from their pressure into the brown coverlet, and held her temples between the finger tips of either hand; and the brown hair, springing into wayward ringlets from the salt breeze which blew in at the half-opened window, rippled down over her slender hands, as if to soothe and comfort them. She had been wasting her time in introspection and self-analysis when there was need for decisive action! Fortunately she had a respite until Monday morning. In the past few days of huge commercial movements which so vitally interested her, she had become acquainted with business methods, to a certain extent, and she knew that nothing could be done on Saturday afternoon or Sunday; therefore Uncle Jim was safe for two nights and a day. Then Allison would deny the connection of her Uncle Jim's road with the A.-P., and the beginning of the destruction of the Sargent family would be thoroughly accomplished! She had been given a thorough grasp of how easily that could be done. What could she do in two nights and a day? It was past her ingenuity to conceive. She must have help!

But from whom could she receive it? Ted Boyd? The same reason which made her think of him first made her swiftly place him last. Her Uncle Jim? Too hot-headed. Her Aunt Grace? Too inexperienced. Her Aunt Helen? Too conventional. Lucile, Ted, Dick? She laughed. Arly?

There was a knock at the door, and Arly herself appeared.

"Selfish," chided Arly. "We're all wanting you."

"That's comforting," smiled Gail. "I have just been being all alone in the world, on the most absolutely deserted island of which you can conceive. Arly, sit down. I want to tell you something."

The black hair and the brown hair cuddled close together, while Gail, her tongue once loosened, poured out in a torrent all the pent-up misery which had been accumulating within her for the past tempestuous weeks; and Arly, her eyes glistening with the excitement of it all, kept her exclamations of surprise and fright and indignation and horror, and everything else, strictly to such low monosyllables as would not impede the gasping narration.

"I'd like to kill him!" said Arly, in a low voice of startling intensity, and jumping to her feet she paced up and down the confines of the little stateroom. Among all the other surprises of recent events, there was none more striking than this vast change in the usually cool and sarcastic Arly, who had not, until her return from Gail's home, permitted herself an emotion in two years. She came back to the bed with a sudden swift knowledge that Gail had been dry-eyed all through this recital, though her lips were quivering. She should have cried. Instead she was sitting straight up, staring at Arly with patient inquiry. She had told all her dilemma, and all her grief, and all her fear; and now she was waiting.

"The only way in which that person can be prevented from attacking your Uncle Jim, which would be his first step, is to attack him before he can do anything," said Arly, pacing up and down, her fingers clasped behind her slender back, her black brows knotted, her graceful head bent toward the floor.

"He is too powerful," protested Gail.

"That makes him weak," returned Arly quickly. "In every great power there is one point of great weakness. Tell me again about this tremendously big world monopoly."

Patiently, and searching her memory for details, Gail recited over again all which Allison had told her about his wonderful plan of empire; and

He Crouched Slightly as a Wild Beast Might.

even now, angry and humiliated and terror-stricken as she was, Gail could not repress a feeling of admiration for the bigness of it. It was that which had impressed her in the beginning.

"It's wonderful," commented Arly, catching a trace of that spirit of the exultation which hangs upon the unfolding of fairyland; and she began to pace the floor again. "Why, Gail, it is the most colossal piece of thievery the world has ever known!" And she walked in silence for a time. "That is the thing upon which we can attack him. We are going to stop it."

Gail rose, too.

"How?" she asked. "Arly, we couldn't, just we two girls!"

"Why not?" demanded Arly, stopping in front of her. "Any plan like that must be so full of criminal crookedness that exposure alone is enough to put an end to it."

"Exposure," faltered Gail, and struggled automatically with a life-long principle. "It was told to me in confidence."

Arly looked at her in astonishment.

"I could shake you," she declared, and instead put her arm around Gail. "Did that person betray no confidence when he came to your uncle's house this morning? Moreover, he told you this merely to overawe you with the glitter of what he had done. He made that take the place of love! Confidence! I'll never do anything with so much pleasure in my life as to betray yours right now! If you don't expose that person, I will! If there's any way we can damage him, I intend to see that it is done; and if there's any way after that to damage him again and again, I want to do it!"

For the first time in that miserable day, Gail felt a thrill of hope, and Arly, at that moment, had, to her, the aspect of a colossal figure, an angel of brightness in the night of her despair! She felt that she could afford to sob now, and she did it.

"Do you suppose that would save Uncle Jim?" she asked, when they had both finished a highly comforting time together.

"It will save everybody," declared Arly.

"I hope so," pondered Gail. "But we can't do it ourselves, Arly. Whom shall we get to help us?"

The smile on Arly's face was a positive illumination for a moment, and then she laughed.

"Gerald," she replied. "You don't know what a dear he is!" and she rang for a cabin boy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gerald Fosland Makes a Speech.

Gerald Fosland, known to be so formal that he had once dressed to answer an emergency call from a friend at the hospital, because the message came in at six o'clock, surprised his guests by appearing before them, in the salon just before dinner, in his driving coat and with his motor cap in his hand.

"Sorry," he informed them, with a stiff bow, "but an errand of such importance that it cannot be delayed, causes Mrs. Fosland and myself to return to the city immediately for an hour or so. I am sincerely apologetic, and I trust that you will have a jolly dinner."

"Is Gail going with you?" inquired the alert Mrs. Helen Davies, observing Gail in the gangway adjusting her furs.

"She has to chaperon me, while Gerald is busy," Arly glibly explained. "You're it, Aunt Grace. You and Uncle Jim have to be hosts. Good-by!" and she sailed out to the deck, followed by the still troubled Gail, who managed to accomplish the laughing adieus for which Arly had set the precedent.

A swift ride in the launch, in the cool night air, to the landing; a brisk walk to the street; then Gerald, having seen the ladies safe under shelter, even if it were but the roof of a night-hawk taxi, stopped at the first saloon. There he phoned half a dozen messages. There were four eager young men waiting in the reception room of the Fosland house, when Gerald's party arrived, and three more followed them up the steps.

Gerald aided in divesting the ladies of their wraps, and slipped his own big top coat into the hands of William, and saw to his tie and the set of his waistcoat and the smoothness of his hair, before he stalked into the reception parlor and bowed stiffly.

"Gentlemen," he observed, giving his mustache one last smoothing, "first of all, have you brought with you the written guaranties which I required from your respective chiefs, that, in whatsoever comes from the information I am about to give you, the names of your informants shall, under no circumstances, appear in print?"

One luckless young man, a fat-cheeked one, with a pucker in the corner of his lips where his cigar should have been, was unable to produce the necessary document, and he was under a scrutiny too close to give him a chance to write it.

"Sorry," announced Gerald, with polite contrition. "As this is a very strict condition, I must ask you to leave the room while I address the remaining gentlemen."

The remaining gentlemen, of whom there were now eleven, grinned appreciatively. Hickey would have been the best newspaper man in New York if he were not such a careless slob. He was so good that he was the only man from the Planet. The others had sent two and three, for Gerald's message, while very simple, had been most effective. He had merely announced that he was prepared to provide them with an international sensation, involving some hundreds of billions of dollars—and he had given his right name!

"Hold the stuff till I telephone," begged Hickey. "Say, if I get that written guaranty up here in fifteen minutes, will it do?"

Gerald looked him speculatively in the eye.

"If you telephone, and can then assure me, on your word of honor, that the document I require shall be in the house before you leave, I shall permit you to remain," he decreed; and Hickey looked him quite soberly in the eye for half a minute.

"I'll have it here all right," he decided, and sprang for the telephone, and came back in three minutes with his word of honor. They could hear him, from the library, yelling, from the time he gave the number until he hung up the receiver, and if there was ever urgency in a man's voice, it was in the voice of Hickey.

Gerald Fosland took a commanding position in the corner of the room, where he could see the countenances of each of the eager young gentlemen present. He stood behind a chair, with his hands on the back of it, in his favorite position for responding to a toast.

"Gentlemen: Edward E. Allison is about to complete a transportation system encircling the globe. The acquisition of the foreign railroads will be made possible only by a war, which is already arranged. The war, which will be between Germany and France, will begin within a month. France, unable to raise a war fund otherwise, will sell her railroads. The Russian line is already being taken from its present managers, and will be turned over to Allison's world syndicate within a week. The important steamship lines will become involved in financial difficulties, which have already been set afoot in England. Following these events will come a successful rebellion in India, and the independence of all the British colonies.

(To be continued)

ANTI-PREPAREDNESS LEADER IN CONGRESS

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John R. Connelly.

Congressman John R. Connelly of Kansas, recognized as one of the ablest foes of preparedness in the lower house, is the author of a plan of strategy for use in invasion from either coast. The population of the Atlantic seaboard is to retire behind the Alleghanies; the population of the Pacific coast is to retire east of the Sierras, and thenceforth dwell in peace, prosperity, and security, unvexed by any foe.

SAYS ONE ENEMY SHIP COULD SINK U. S. PACIFIC FLEET

Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow.

Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow, commander of the U. S. Pacific fleet, told the house naval committee in the hearings on preparedness that one good warship could sink his entire fleet without being materially harmed. He said that even with all the reserves called out the fleet would be wholly inadequate to meet any probable enemy in the Pacific.

Royal commission appointed by British Board of Trade has prohibited importation of paper and paper-making material from March 1 by any one except licensed persons. Licenses may be granted to paper makers to amount to two-thirds of the weight of imported materials they consumed in 1914.

BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove it

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work.

People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system.

They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of nasty, sickening, griping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without griping, pain or disagreeable effects of any kind.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint with the attendant bad breath.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color.

Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.

Political Announcements.

February 3rd, 1916

FOR STREET SUPERVISOR

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Street Supervisor for the City of Bisbee, subject to the will of the people at the Democratic primaries to be held March 28, 1916.

A. E. SHEPPARD

FOR STREET SUPERVISOR

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Street Supervisor for the City of Bisbee, subject to the will of the people at the Democratic primaries to be held March 28, 1916. 396

C. A. BAILEY

FOR CITY MARSHAL

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to succeed myself as City Marshal of the City of Bisbee, subject to the will of the primary of the Democratic party, to be held March 28, 1916.

JAMES ALLISON

FOR STREET SUPERINTENDENT

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the Office of Street Superintendent for the City of Bisbee, subject to the will of the people at the Democratic Primaries to be held March 28th, 1916.

NELS P. OKERSTROM.

FOR CITY CLERK

I wish to announce myself as a candidate for City Clerk of the City of Bisbee subject to the will of the people at the Democratic primaries on March 28, 1916. 145

I. B. TOMLINSON.

FOR STREET SUPERVISOR

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Street Supervisor for the City of Bisbee, subject to the will of the people at the Republican primaries to be held March 28. 348

BARNES TUSTIN.

FOR STREET SUPERVISOR

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Street Supervisor for the City of Bisbee, subject to the will of the people at the Republican primaries to be held March 28.

E. W. RANES.

FOR CITY CLERK

I desire to announce myself as a candidate for renomination and re-election to the office of city clerk subject to the Republican primaries, March 28. 309

M. L. BUTLER.

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN; that in pursuance of an order of sale made and entered by the Superior Court of the State of Arizona, in and for Cochise county, on the 24th day of January, 1916, in the matter of the Estate of Georgia Brandon, an insane person, the undersigned guardian of her Estate, will sell at private sale, subject to the confirmation of said Court, the interest of said Georgia Brandon, in the following described real property, to-wit: An undivided one-half (½) interest in and to SW¼ NW¼, NW¼ SW¼, Section 5, SE¼ NE¼, NE¼ SE¼, Section 6, in T. 24 S., R. 24 E., G. & S. R. B. & Meridian, in Cochise County, Arizona.

Said sale will be made on or after the 25th day of March, 1916, and bids to purchase the above described real estate may be filed with said guardian, at the office of J. D. Taylor, Attorney-At-Law, in the Muheim building, on Brewery Avenue, City of Bisbee, Arizona; the said bids to be made in writing, sealed in an envelope, and may be filed up to the 25th day of March, 1916.

The terms of sale will be for cash to be put on confirmation of the sale by said Court.

Dated at Bisbee, Arizona, this 9th day of March, 1916.

RICHARD BRANDON
Guardian of the Estate of Georgia Brandon, an insane person.

First publication, March 10th, 1916.
Last publication, March 24th, 1916.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN THE COUNTY OF COCHISE, STATE OF ARIZONA
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of B. N. Hollis, alias Wm. Farrell, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of B. N. Hollis alias Wm. Farrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at office of Alexander Murry, Attorney at Law, Bisbee, Arizona, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said County of Cochise.

HATTIE HOLLIS,
Executrix of the Estate of B. N. Hollis, alias Wm. Farrell, deceased.

1916.
First publication February 26, 1916.
Dated Bisbee, this 25th day of Feb'y.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, March 6, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that Timothy J. Kelly, of Hereford, Arizona, who on Feby. 1, 1913, made homstead entry, No. 021069, for SW¼, Section 9, Township 23, S., Range 21, E., G&SR Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Jared D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 15th day to April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Norman L. White, Jr., Thomas I. Pointer, Milton Clark, William James, all of Hereford, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN,
Register.

First publication March 9, 1916.
Last publication April 15, 1916.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, March 6, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that William James, of Hereford, Arizona, who, on Oct. 24, 1912, made Orz. Hd. 019646; and on Dec. 30, 1914, Add'l. Hd., No. 026384, for NW¼, NE¼, SW¼; N½ SE¼; Sec. 22: NW¼ SW¼; Section 23, Township 23, S., Range 21, E., G&SR Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Jared D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 15th day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Norman L. White, Jr., Timothy J. Kelly, Thomas I. Pointer, Milton Clark, all of Hereford, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN,
Register.

First publication March 9, 1916.
Last publication April 15, 1916.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, March 6, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jonathan J. Young, of Hereford, Arizona, who, on August 29, 1912, made Orz. Hd. 018887; and on Feby. 19, 1915, Add'l. Hd., No. 028800, for Lots 3, 4, S½ NW¼, SW¼, Section 3, Township 23, S., Range 21, E. G&SR Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Jared D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 17th day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
George W. Allwood, Corace Palmer, Charter A. Nelson, (3) of Hereford; and Frank Blakeslee, of Buena, Arizona.

319.84 acres.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN,
Register.

First publication March 9, 1916.
Last publication April 17, 1916

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, March 6, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank Blakeslee, of Buena, Arizona, who, on Oct. 2, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 019398, for SW¼, Section 25, Township 22, S., Range 20, E., G&SR Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Jared D. Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on the 17th day of April, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
George W. Allwood, Corace Palmer, Jonathan J. Young, (3) of Hereford; and Harry B. Barnes, of Bisbee, Ariz.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN,
Register.

First publication March 9, 1916.
Last publication April 17, 1916

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REPORTERS FLOCK AROUND SENATOR STONE AND BEG LATEST NEWS CONCERNING SUBMARINE CONTROVERSY WITH GERMANY

Senator Stone (arrow) surrounded by reporters just after leaving White House.

This picture of Senator William J. Stone of Missouri was taken on the occasion of his last call at the White House to discuss with the president the differences with Germany concerning the arming of belligerent merchantmen. Senator Stone, because of his position of power in the senate, next to Mr. Wilson is probably the first man in the country's attention. He is shown here surrounded by newspaper men eager to learn the result of the conference.