

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, an eccentric old man and counselor of the Mormons, who has been spying on him, suddenly confronts him and tells him he is expected. Plum ignores his protestations and bargains for the ammunition on board the sloop. He leads Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. He agrees to show Plum the Mormon town, St. James. Plum sees the frightened face of a young woman in the darkness near Price's cabin. She disappears, leaving an odor of lilac.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

For several minutes Captain Plum stood as if the sudden apparition had petrified him. He listened long after the sound of retreating footsteps had died away. There remained behind a faint sweet odor of lilac which stirred his soul and set his blood fighting. It was a beautiful face that he had seen. He was sure of that and yet he could have given no good verbal proof of it. Only the eyes and the odor of lilac remained with him and after a little the lilac drifted away. Then he went back to the log and sat down. He smiled as he thought of the joke that he had unwittingly played on Obadiah. From his knowledge of the Beaver Island Mormons he was satisfied that the old man who displayed gold in such reckless profusion was anything but a bachelor. In all probability this was one of his wives and the cabin behind him, he concluded, was for some reason isolated from the harem. Evidently that little saintess is not a flirt," he concluded, "or she would have given me time to speak to her."

The continued absence of Obadiah Price began to fill Captain Plum with impatience. After an hour's wait he reentered the cabin and made his way to the little room, where the candle was still burning dimly. To his astonishment he beheld the old man sitting beside the table.

"I've been waiting for you, Nat," he cried, straightening himself with springlike quickness. "Waiting for you a long time, Nat!" He rubbed his hands and chuckled at his own familiarity. "I saw you out there enjoying yourself. What did you think of her, Nat?" He winked with such audacious glee that, despite his own astonishment, Captain Plum burst into a laugh. Obadiah Price held up a warning hand. "Tut, tut, not so loud!" he admonished. His face was a map of wrinkles. His little black eyes shone with silent laughter. There was no doubt but that he was immensely pleased over something. "Tell me, Nat—why did you come to St. James?"

He leaned forward over the table, his old white head almost resting on it, and twiddled his thumbs with wonderful rapidity. "Eh, Nat?" he urged. "Why did you come?"

"Because it was too hot and uninteresting lying out there in a calm, dad," replied the master of the Typhoon. "We've been roasting for 24 hours without a breath to fill our sails. I came over to see what you people are like. Any harm done?"

"Not a bit, not a bit—yet," chuckled the old man. "And what's your business, Nat?"

"Sailing—mostly."

"Ho, ho, ho! of course, I might have known it! Sailing—mostly. Why, certainly you sail! And why do you carry a pistol on one side of you and a knife on the other, Nat?"

"Troublesome times, Dad. Some of the fisherfolk along the Northern End aren't very scrupulous. They took a cargo of canned stuffs from me a year back."

"And what use do you make of the four-pounder that's wrapped up in tarpaulin under your deck, Nat? And what in the world are you going to do with five barrels of gunpowder?"

"How in blazes—" began Captain Plum.

"O, to be sure, to be sure—they're for the fisherfolk," interrupted Obadiah Price. "They're 'em up, eh, Nat? And you seem to be a young man of education, Nat. How did you happen to make a mistake in your count? Haven't you 12 men aboard your sloop instead of eight, Nat? Aren't there 12 instead of eight? Eh, Nat?"

"The devil take you!" cried Captain Plum, leaping suddenly to his feet, his face flaming red. "Yes, I have got 12 men and I've got a gun in tarpaulin and I've got five barrels of gunpowder! But how in the name of kingdom-come did you find it out?"

Obadiah Price came around the end of the table and stood so close to Captain Plum that a person ten feet away could not have heard him when he spoke.

"I know more than that, Nat," he whispered. "Listen! A little while ago—say two weeks back—you were located off the head of Beaver Island, and one dark night you were boarded by two boat-loads of men who robbed you and your crew prisoners, made you of everything you had—and the next day you went back to Chicago, eh?"

Nathaniel stood speechless.

"And you made up your mind the pirates were Mormons, enlisted some of your friends, armed your ship—and you're back here to make us settle. Isn't it so, Nat?"

The little old man was rubbing his hands eagerly, excitedly.

"You tried to get the revenue cutter Michigan to come down on you, but they wouldn't—ho, ho, they wouldn't! One of our friends in Chicago sent quick word ahead of you to tell me all about it, and—Strang, the king, doesn't know!"

He spoke the last words in intense earnestness.

Then, suddenly, he held out his hand.

"Young man, will you shake hands with me? Will you shake hands—and then we will go to St. James!"

Captain Plum thrust out a hand and the old man gripped it. The thin fingers tightened like cold clamps of steel.



"I Know More Than That, Nat."

Outside the counselor hesitated for a moment, as if debating which route to take, and then with a prodigious wink at Captain Plum and a throatful of his inimitable chuckles, chose the path down which his startled visitor of a short time before had fled. For 15 minutes this path led between thick black walls of forest verdure. Obadiah Price kept always a few paces ahead of his companion and spoke not a word. At the end of perhaps half a mile the path entered into a large clearing on the farther side of which Nathaniel caught the glimmer of a light. They passed close to this light, which came from the window of a large square house built of logs, and Captain Plum became suddenly conscious that the air was filled with the redolent perfume of lilac. With half a dozen quick strides he overtook the counselor and caught him by the arm.

"I smell lilac!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly, so do I," replied Obadiah Price. "We have very fine lilacs on the island."

"And I smelled lilac back there," continued Nathaniel, still holding to the old man's arm, and pointing a thumb over his shoulder. "I smelled 'em back there, when—"

"Ho, ho, ho!" chuckled the counselor softly. "I don't doubt it, Nat. I don't doubt it. She is very fond of lilacs. She wears the flowers very often."

He pulled himself away and Captain Plum could hear his queer chuckling for some time after. Soon they entered the gloom of the woods again and a little later came out into another clearing and Nathaniel knew that it was St. James that lay at his feet. The lights of a few fishing boats.

"Ah, it is not time," whispered Obadiah. "It is still too early." He drew his companion out of the path which they had followed and sat himself down on a hummock a dozen yards away from it, inviting Nathaniel by a pull of the sleeve to do the same. There were three of these hummocks, side by side, and Captain Plum chose the one nearest the old man and waited for him to speak. But the counselor did not open his

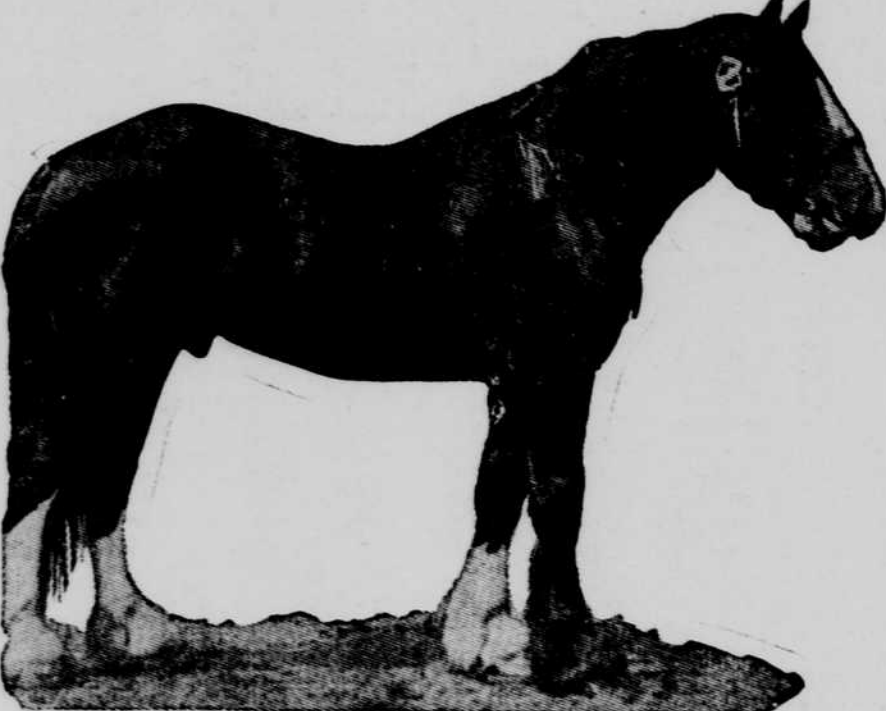
BREEDING PEDIGREE STOCK IS HIGHLY PROFITABLE

Man Must be Lover of Animals and Possess More Than Ordinary Amount of Patience if He Is to Become a Prosperous Breeder.

Perhaps of all branches of farming breeding pedigree livestock is the most interesting, and, in addition, it has the further recommendation that when properly conducted it is profitable. I know that many persons have dropped money, and some large amounts, over pedigree stock; but I could name several tenant farmers who have weathered bad times and are today in a prosperous condition, thanks mainly to this industry. A man must be a lover of animals and possess a more than ordinary amount of patience if he is to become a prominent breeder, says a writer in Country Life. Furthermore, unless he is able to place a large amount of capital in the business he must be prepared to lose his money up for some years. Those who can afford to buy the best-bred and most typical animals of any breed as foundation stock, and who are content to pay good salaries and wages to competent men to take charge of them, ought soon to get a

neighborhood where it is not the fashion. It is true that some breeds seem to flourish almost anywhere, notably shorthorn cattle and Shire horses; but an owner of Shires who brings them up on light, thin-skinned land is severely handicapped when his horses come into the showing. He finds that his rivals who occupy stiff and richer soil can produce animals with more bone and hair than he can. Large, well-shaped feet, plenty of bone and good joints are absolutely necessary nowadays on a first-class animal of this breed.

Shire horses are especially adapted for town work and for hauling heavy loads, and one can judge from the photograph of this strong, heavy and yet compact mare how suitable this breed is for that purpose. The Clydesdales are not such massive horses as the Shires, neither are they so large in the bone, but the strength and slope of their pasterns and the activity of this breed are proverbial. A su-



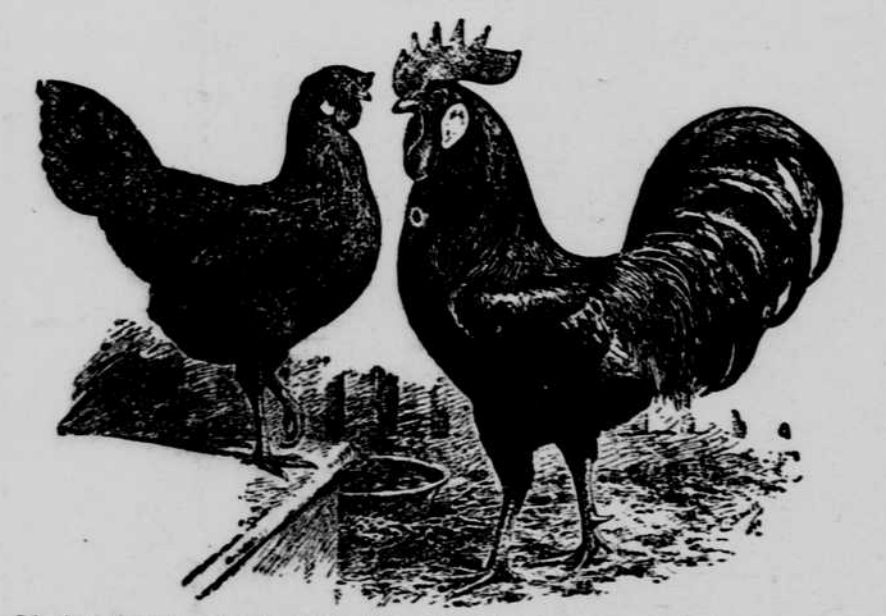
Champion Clydesdale.

good return for their investment. Persons with limited means must be satisfied to start with a few animals less perfect in type and conformation or with aged individuals which can be picked up for comparatively little money, and then gradually breed up a stud herd or flock. The latter plan, unless one is a good judge of stock and a practical farmer, is the one I should advise. Clever and experienced breeders are apt to make mistakes in buying, mating and rearing their stock and a novice is sure to purchase his experience very dearly if he starts breeding on too large a scale.

The situation and soil of one's farm should govern, to a great extent, the variety of stock which it is decided to keep.

Not only does it take some time for a breed new to the district to become acclimated, but it is always difficult to dispose of one's surplus stock in a perambulation of hair on a Clydesdale's legs is not considered necessary, as it is in those of the Shire; this can be seen by glancing at the illustration of Royal Guest, the champion Clydesdale stallion at this year's Royal. The Suffolk horse is preferred when quite clean-legged, i. e., with no hair on his legs. It is a very active, quick animal, with any amount of pluck and endurance, and no breed is better suited for farmwork. Suffolks, like Clydesdales, are also suitable for working in towns, where strong, quick-moving horses are needed.

SEVERAL KINDS OF LEGHORN



Of the several breeds of Leghorn, the white is the most popular and the brown next, says the Farm Poultry. The Buff Leghorns of the best strains have about all the good qualities of the white variety and are fast gaining popularity, the color being more attractive to some tastes. The Black and Dominique Leghorns also have their advocates. Each of the Leghorns, although naturally having single combs, are bred also with rose combs. The rose comb is obtained by introduction of Hamburg blood, and the result is in general a tendency to smaller bodies and smaller eggs in the rose comb varieties. The single combs vary greatly in size and weight, according to strain. Some of the larger strains are almost equal in size to the average of some of the medium weight breeds, and it is claimed that the size is not obtained at the expense of laying powers. The Leghorns, like most of the breeds, need to be bred with care to prevent the tendency to smaller sizes. Small bodies, pinched or cramped in shape, are considered undesirable, as tending to small eggs and lack of constitution.

Eight or ten years ago Leghorn cockerels were in considerable demand for crossing. The Leghorn and Brahma cross, Leghorn and Wyandotte, or Leghorn and Plymouth Rock were preferred by many poultrymen to breed crossed chickens for broilers and roasters, and of late years the tendency of the poultry plants seems to be toward the use of one or another of the pure breeds. Cross breeding is more trouble and results less uniform than from the pure breeds.

Poultry Business in Mexico.

Consul Alexander V. Dye, of Nogales, says that conditions in the Mexican State of Sonora favor the building up of a poultry and egg business. During the past year \$19,088 of eggs were imported into that consular district from the United States and sold at an almost uniform price of 50 cents per dozen in Nogales, with higher prices at the mines in the interior, where many of them were consumed. Chickens sell for 62½ cents apiece, weighing 3 to 4 pounds each. Owing to the difficulty in securing fresh eggs, nearly all the mining companies raise their own chickens, some of them devoting considerable attention to it and having large poultry yards. In fact, it is sometimes said jestingly that such and such a mine has quit the mining business and gone into the poultry business.

Rape.

We are aware that chickens are very fond of young cabbage plants. They devour as readily dwarf rape. Rape undoubtedly is an economical

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

American Gibraltar in Manila Bay



WASHINGTON.—About two years hence if passengers on steamers entering Manila harbor and passing between the several small islands that guard the principal port of the Philippines should inquire with indifferent interest as to the name and use of a small dun-colored rock, hardly discernible any distance away and looking much like an irregular shaped houseboat floating on the ocean, they will be told that they are looking at El Fraile, or the Monk, as it is called. Perhaps, also, they will be told that the little island, scarce two hundred feet square, is the most diabolically effective fortification of its size in the world.

For eighteen months army engineers have been directing the work of fortifying what is intended as the backbone or keystone of the strong defenses in Manila harbor. They have resorted to a plan suggested by a young engineer officer after their superiors had thrown up their hands in despair at the prospects of attempting to fortify the rock which showed its head above the water for so small an area. It involves the leveling of the island almost to the surface of the sea and erecting a structure in the form of a battleship deck stripped of action. The artificial fortifying will be of steel and cement.

The defenses of Manila bay entrance

present the most picturesque as well as the most complete set of fortifications Uncle Sam possesses. Stretching across the mouth of the harbor are a series of islands. The largest of these islands and the one which will be used as a base of supplies for the others is Corregidor, from which the first hostile gun was directed against Admiral Dewey's fleet in 1898. On Corregidor the army is installing a 24 company post. Warehouses of a capacity to contain supplies for a whole year for 20,000 men have been built. This island is considered impregnable from the sea side.

But the most interesting of all the islands is the El Fraile, at present a tiny rock rising in a pinnacle 180 feet above the bay. The shape of the island will, as stated, be changed by means of steel and concrete walls which will extend below the water line, to resemble the hull of a battleship. No section of the island ground will be exposed to fire. It will be surrounded and covered over by steel and concrete walls, about fifty feet thick on the sides and almost solid steel on the top. On the surface of this "deck" two turrets will be placed, each turret containing two 14-inch guns. Besides the four large guns, four six-inch rapid-fire rifles will be placed in embrasures at the seaward end, and like batteries of small guns will be placed at other points of advantage. Quarters will be provided for only a sufficient number of men to work the guns and machinery. The cost of this powerful little fortress, the most dangerous sort of its size on earth, will be \$3,000,000, guns, walls, turrets and all.

Treasury Building Is Overcrowded



WHEN the small army of architects and artisans has finished the work now in progress on the United States treasury building, the beautiful old structure will show the first material change since 1869. Architecturally it still will represent a pagan temple, indicating, many folk say, the American people's worship of money. But visitors to the nation's capital who have not seen the treasury in 40 years will find some changes for efficiency and economy.

The nucleus of the present building, located where President Jackson, irritated by the procrastination of congress in choosing a site, put his hickory stick down with a thump and exclaimed, "Put 'er there, on that spot," will remain unchanged, but the double-stone staircase leading up to the colonnade on the Fifteenth street side has been torn away. Architects said it spoiled the beauty of that side of the

building, plans for which were drawn by William T. Elliott, a surveyor, who came to Washington in 1813.

The 20 granite monoliths, each of which cost \$5,500 and weighs 30 tons, now stand in an unbroken row. They are said to be the finest example of their kind of the stonemason's art. It required ten men, working 60 days, to produce each of them, and a solid train of 20 flat cars brought them to Washington from the quarries in Massachusetts.

To make more space inside the building all the files of letters and documents will be stored in the old coal vaults under the lawn on the Pennsylvania avenue side, and new coal vaults are being built on the side opposite the White House.

The completed building, as it stands, represents three stages of construction. The nucleus, located by Jackson, was finished in 1842. The south wing was finished in 1864. The north wing, finished in 1869, is on the side of the old state department building.

The long colonnade of brown stone, erected in 1864, deteriorated in the southern climate and was replaced by the present granite monoliths a little more than a year ago.

Big Job to Fill the Supreme Bench



THE seven justices of the Supreme court of the United States, led by the venerable Justice Harlan, called on President Taft the other day to pay their respects. This annual call of courtesy reminded the president of a duty which is uppermost in his mind and occupying it almost to the exclusion of any other consideration, for the president is called upon to remodel the highest tribunal in the land.

The president has appointed two justices already—Hughes in place of Brewer, who died, and Lurton in place of Peckham of New York, also dead. These deaths removed a Republican and a Democrat, and their successors were of the same political faith. Since then Chief Justice Fuller, a Democrat, appointed from Illinois, has died, and Justice Moody, a Republican of Massachusetts, has resigned because of ill-health, and President Taft will have to fill these two vacancies.

In addition to judicial fitness, political and geographical qualifications must be considered. Moreover, the president is brought face to face with a task which will be of tremendous importance to the United States for the next generation. With political beliefs changing over night and greater zeal in governmental supervision being urged by the dominant party, the court which President Taft must reconstruct will pass on all the changes in the organic laws of the United States which may be made by congress.

The problem will not be solved for the public until after congress meets, as it has been definitely announced at the White House that no judicial appointments would be sent to the senate until the Monday following the reconvening of congress.

The president is also head over heels in the consideration of the appointment of five additional judges of the circuit court, which will constitute the new court of commerce. In addition to these judicial vacancies there are several district judges to be appointed. It is no stretch of the imagination to believe that the president will almost reorganize the federal judiciary before he leaves the president's office.

Society Soldier Out at Fort Myer



ALBERT J. MYER, the American Army's gentleman soldier, is no longer wearing the uniform of an enlisted man. He has left Fort Myer, the army reservation named for his illustrious grandfather, and has gone back to Boston.

Not only was the passing of the Jandy soldier sudden and unexpected, but the manner of his going sensational. Mr. Myer, who was a corporal in the signal corps, has been in the guardhouse since August. A recent verdict of a court-martial which tried him sentenced Corporal Myer to be reduced to the ranks, to be confined at hard labor for three months and to forfeit \$50 of his pay.

The court-martial was a little slow and Myer escaped its imprisonment penalty, having been discharged in the meantime. He was given an honorable discharge and the army knows him no more.

Fort Myer the dude soldier was the envy of his comrades and a particular bore to his officers. After a hard day's drill, or the attendance on some other military duty, Corporal Myer would go to his bachelor apartments, have his valet rub him down and then don the habiliments of a society man. That night, perhaps, his commanding officers would find him in the same ballroom with themselves. He had the entrée into the most exclusive clubs, and it was a source of much regret to Colonel Haversack and Major Canten that Private Myer took precedence over them when it came to getting the attention of the waiters.

The youngster rode and walked with the fairest of Washington's belles, and had money to burn. He never did anything to excite the anger of his superiors except to play the dual role of a soldier and a dandy, too.

Where They Balk.

The average man is truthful," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but not one man in fifty will tell you the real reason he wears a silk hat."

Evidently a Mistake.

"They say his wife has Indian blood in her veins." "That must be a mistake. Indians are supposed to be stoical and silent."