



"Winsome Croche Demands the Death of Her Father's Murderer."

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

A JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER

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locked, we can make a run for it! I'd rather die fighting—than here!"

He slipped out again, pressing Nathaniel back.

"Wa, for me!"

Nathaniel heard him stealing slowly through the blackness. A minute later he returned.

"Locked!" he exclaimed.

In the opposite direction a ray of light caught Nathaniel's eye.

"Where does that light come from?" he asked.

"Through a hole about as big as your two hands. It was made for a stove pipe. If we were up there we could see into the jury room."

They moved quietly down the corridor until they stood under the aperture, which was four or five feet above their heads. Through it they could hear the sounds of voices but could not distinguish the words that were being spoken.

"The jury," explained Neil. "They're in a devil of a hurry! I wonder why?"

Nathaniel could feel his companion shrug himself in the darkness.

"Lord—for my revolver!" he whispered excitedly. "One shot through that hole would be worth a thousand notes to the girls!" He caught Marion's brother by the arm as a voice louder than the others came to them.

"Strang!"

"Yes—the king!" affirmed Neil laying an expostulating hand on him.

"Hush!"

"I would like to see—"

Even in these last hours of failure and defeat the fire of adventure flamed up in Nathaniel's blood. He felt his nerves leaping again to action, his arms grew tense with new ambition—almost he forgot that death had him cornered and was already preparing to strike him down. Another thought replaced all fear of this. A few feet beyond that log wall were gathered the men whose bloodthirsty deeds had written for them one of the reddest pages in history—men who had burned their souls out in the destruction of human lives, whose passions and loves and hatreds carried with them life and death; men who had bathed themselves in blood and lived in blood until the people of the mainland called them "the leeches."

"The Mormon jury!" Nathaniel spoke the words scarcely above his breath.

"I'd like to take a look through that hole, Neil," he added.

"Easy enough—if you keep quiet. Here!" He doubled himself against the wall. "Climb up on my shoulders."

No sooner had Nathaniel's face come to a level with the hole than a soft cry of astonishment escaped him. Neil whispered hoarsely but he did not reply. He was looking into a room twice as large as the dungeon cell and lighted by narrow windows whose lower panes were on a level with the ground outside. At the farther end of the room, in full view, was a platform raised several feet from the main floor. On this platform were seated ten men, immovable as statues, every face gazing straight ahead. Directly in front of them, on the lower floor, stood the Mormon king, and his side, partly held in the embrace of one of his arms was Winsome!

Strang's voice came to him in a low, solemn monotone, its rumbling depth drowning the words he was speaking, and as Nathaniel saw him lift his arm from about the girl's shoulders and place his great hand upon her head he dug his own fingers fiercely into the rotting logs and an imprecation burned in his breath. He did not need to hear what the king was saying. It was a pantomime in which every gesture was understandable. But even Neil, huddled against the wall, heard the last words of the prophet as they thundered forth in sudden passion.

"Winsome Croche demands the death of her father's murderer!"

Nathaniel felt his companion's shoulders sinking under his weight and he leaped quickly to the floor.

"Winsome is there!" he panted desperately. "Do you want to see her?"

Neil hesitated.

"No. Your boots gouge my shoulder. Take them off."

The scene had changed when Nathaniel took his position again. The jury had left its platform and was filing through a small door. Winsome and the king were alone.

The girl had turned from him. She was deadly pale and yet she was wondrously beautiful, so beautiful that Nathaniel's breath came in quick dread as the king approached her. He could see the triumph in his eyes, a terrible eagerness in his face. He seized Winsome's hand and spoke to her in a soft, low voice, so low that it came to Nathaniel only in a murmur. Then, in a moment, he began stroking the shimmering glory of her hair, caressing the silken curls between his fingers until the blood seemed as if it must burst like hot sweat from Nathaniel's face. Suddenly Winsome drew back from him, his pallor gone from her face, her eyes blazing like angry stars. She had retreated but a step when the prophet sprang to her and caught her in his arms, straining her to him until the scream on her lips was choked to a gasping cry. In answer to that cry a yell of rage hurled itself from Nathaniel's throat.

"Stop, you hell-bound!" he cried threateningly. "Stop!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

Cyclone Johnny Thompson beat Billy Papke, the thunderbolt.

Walter Johnson says he will pitch only 29 games in 1911.

Jake Stahl refuses to budge from his soft-seat as a full fledged banker.

Al Kaufman has sold all rights in himself for two years for \$50,000, it is said.

"Kid" McCoy retains his judgment of distance and his eye," says Jack O'Brien.

Will the Chicago White Sox draw a booby or a Texas burro for a prize on October 8?

Walter J. Travis is copping medals as an amateur in sundry and divers tournaments.

The game of billiards was introduced into England at the close of the sixteenth century.

Gotch and "Hack," they say, may not meet this season, but may come together in the fall.

Chinese athletes train on duck brains, which they consider the most strengthening food.

Good old Tom Lynch gets a substantial increase in salary from the National league magnates.

Kid McCoy wants to come back and meet some "white hopes." He might stow away a lot of 'em at that.

Arthur Irwin, scout of the Yankees, has an idea that his team will finish on top of the American league heap.

Frank Chance expects to train off 20 pounds on his spring jump to be in fighting trim for the finish bout.

Jack Knight, Yankee shortstop, added to the joy of the New York fans by affixing his signature to a three-year contract.

For the sake of safety, a baseball player's shoe has been patented in which the deadly spikes are replaced by pieces of chain.

Garry Herrman, chairman of the National commission and owner of the Cincinnati Reds, has won a new nickname. They call him the "Official Banquet" now.

Patrick Donohue, who is a catcher as well as being the brother of "Jiggs," the old White Sox first baseman, has been turned back to the minors. Memphis is his destination.

Claude Ritchey, at one time with the Pittsburgh Pirates and later with the Boston Doves, has agreed to the terms of the Louisville Colonels and will be classed as a Night'der this season.

TOMMY RYAN TO COME BACK

Retired Middleweight Says He Will Take to Ring Again—Talks of Old Blows.

Another retired champion will endeavor to come back. Reading in the newspapers that Kid McCoy, his old-time rival, is hurling challenges at Heavyweight Jack Johnson, Tommy Ryan, the retired middleweight champion, immediately came out with the announcement that he will return to the ring and meet some of the old-time middleweights or light heavyweights, and there is just a chance



Tommy Ryan.

for a Syracuse club will make McCoy an offer to meet him.

Tommy isn't going after the title. "I've got a young fellow to nail that title," said Ryan, referring to Howard Morrow, the youth he recently brought here from Benton Harbor, Mich.

"I just want to show some knockers that I can still box a bit," said Ryan, and then went on to argue that Morrow is so good that the middleweight title will come to his camp anyway.

Ryan says that he will put Morrow against any middleweight in the world, bar none. Morrow weighs about 154 pounds when in condition, is twenty-three years old, and carries a hard punch in either hand.

Ryan plans an invasion of England in April and will take Con O'Kelly, his heavyweight candidate; Howard Morrow and Bobby Pittsley, lightweight, who is the only boy having credit for a knockout over Young Ahearn, whom New York critics dope out as the coming lightweight champion. Pittsley weighs but 126 pounds, but has an awful punch.

SHOOTING DATES SET.

Dates for trap shooting classics were set the other night at a meeting of the executive committee of the Chicago Gun Club. The interstate contest will be held on May 7.

The event is open to any five-man team of any organized gun club, and will be held at Kensington. The teams will shoot at 100 targets for a championship trophy. The Chicago Grand American will take place June 17, with preliminary events on two days previous.

NATIONAL RULES FOR TRACK SPORTS



Coach A. A. Stagg of Chicago.

National rules in track sports as well as in football are now available for the colleges and universities of the country. A movement to unify the government of American intercollegiate track and field meets was announced by Coach A. A. Stagg of the University of Chicago, who is one of the authors of a new code of laws sanctioned by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the United States.

Stagg made public the complete text of the rules drafted by himself, Prof. W. A. Lambert of the University of Virginia and F. W. Marvel of Brown university, acting for the National association. The rules are embodied in the report of the professors have been accepted by the association and are now subject to the inspection of the American colleges.

The code, which is the first of a national character, is intended as a first step toward national uniformity and in no way compulsory. The officials, however, hope that it will be adopted by the various sectional bodies or incorporated into their own rules.

"Ultimate uniformity" is the wish of the committee, according to Stagg.

The rules do not differ radically from any of those in existence except in the case of the high jump and pole vault.

Instead of allowing the customary three trials at each height, the committee provides that two trials only may be had.

New Nebraska Football Coach.

At a recent meeting of the University athletic board, E. O. Stehm, University of Wisconsin, was elected faculty football coach and athletic director for Nebraska.

Commerce as a Builder

The Rage of Nature or of Men Powerless to Destroy the Great Centers of Trade.

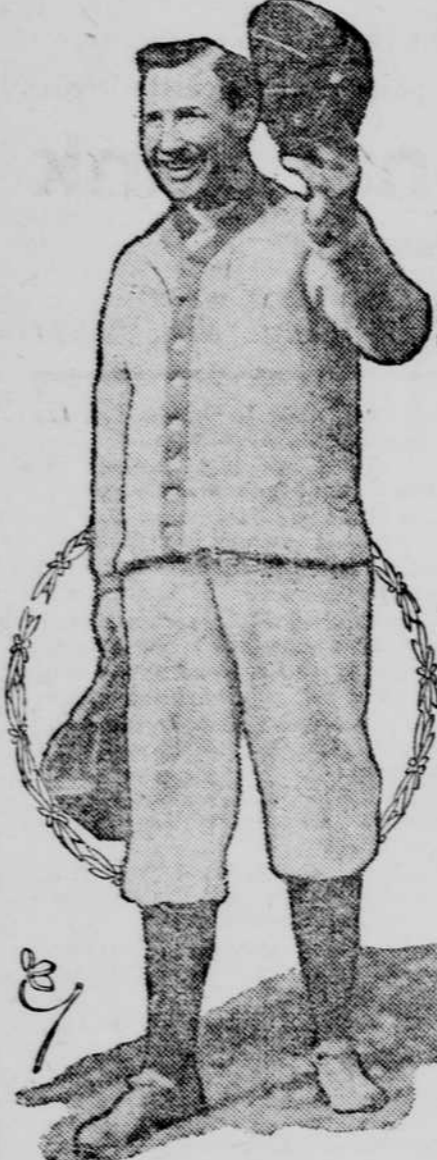
The resurrection of Messina will be only another illustration of how difficult it is to destroy a city which sits on a trade route or which becomes a center or school of industry. Commercial cities rise or decline with trade routes. Venice began to lose its primacy with the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope route to India. Nevertheless it was not ruined, and though its population is only three-fourths of that it had when it "held Cities and the gorgeous east in fee," its inhabitants today number 150,000. The mad men of the French revolution decreed that Lyons should be no more. They leveled the city which had resisted them to the ground, they wiped out its

AGREES WITH CONNIE MACK

Hugh Jennings Respects Cleveland and Chicago Teams, But He Has No Fear of St. Louis Browns.

Hugh Jennings, leader of the Detroit Tigers, in speaking of the merits of the various teams in the American league the other day, said, as he passed through Denver on the wind-up of his honeymoon: "The next baseball season will be the most prosperous in history, and it is likely to develop into one of the closest races in the history of the American league."

"There will be two strong factors in the American league race next year which did not appear in the past season. They are Cleveland and Chi-



Hugh Jennings.

ago. Comiskey has been strengthening his aggregation slowly but effectively. I would not be surprised to see the Sox finish one, two, three. The Naps must be figured, too. They have pulled up wonderfully, and my plans will include serious consideration of their ability.

"Then, too, the Senators must not be overlooked. The Washington leader may have something up his sleeve. St. Louis is about the only aggregation that does not need to be watched closely."

PLAYING BALL IN HONDURAS

American National Game Fast Acquiring Strong Hold on People of Little Republic.

The national game of America is fast acquiring a strong hold on the people of Honduras. At the first match game ever played in that Republic, which was held at Tegucigalpa on June 24, 1910, nearly all the prominent people, including many government officials, were present. The national band was also in attendance and helped to make the occasion a great success. The umpire, who is known as juez del campo, or field judge, had to give many difficult decisions, as the game was very well played and extremely close and exciting. The game was introduced by the school authorities, who wished to give the youth of the town some sort of healthful outdoor sport, and the result has far surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Indeed, so popular has the game become that at any time of the day or even of the night boys can be seen in all the principal streets and in the outskirts throwing and hitting balls to the danger of the passerby.

The boys take to the game naturally and play it with the same amazing skill as do their brothers in Cuba, where baseball is a popular pastime. Doubtless in a short time a league will be formed, and the national game of America will be the national game of Honduras also. Baseball is a wonderful game, combining as it does the best qualities of the mind with those of the body, and its adoption by the people of Honduras can only result in their benefit.

Michigan Awarded Trophy.

The cup presented by the Western Intercollegiate Magazine, emblematic of the 1910 western gridiron championship, has reached its final resting place in the trophy-room of Waterman gymnasium at Ann Arbor. The cup is a splendid trophy, and having been awarded Michigan by a jury of competent football coaches and officials is accepted as conclusive proof of Wolverine gridiron supremacy.

Eight Stakes at Latonia.

Eight stakes, with a total value of \$20,000, will be offered by the Latonia Racing association during the meeting of 31 days, which is unofficially scheduled to begin on June 12 and terminate July 15. The entries to the stakes close on Wednesday, March 1. It is proposed to give handicaps and feature races daily in addition to the stakes, which will have from \$600 to \$1,000 added.



YOURS

Yours for uniformity.

Yours for greatest leavening power.

Yours for never failing results.

Yours for purity.

Yours for economy.

Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever-dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

A woman's club sometimes reminds a man of a hammer.

In the Spring cleanse the system and purify the blood by the use of Garfield Tea.

The Practical Agriculturist.

Adam sniffed at the book farmer. "I don't believe in spraying apple trees," he snorted.

Domestic Amenities.

Father—I think the baby looks like you.

Mother—Yes, it shuts its eyes to an awful lot.

His Place.

"The trouble about my son is that he never knows where he is at."

"Then why not get him a job with the weaker bureau?"

A Matter of Size.

Wife—I want a cap, please, for my husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wife—Well, I really forget. His collar are size sixteen, though I expect he'd want about size eighteen or twenty for a cap, wouldn't he?

Brought the Tears.

An unusual incident marked a recent fire in New York. The fire started in the cellar of a five-story tenement and before it was extinguished the 18 families in the building and all the firemen were weeping copiously from inflamed eyes. In the cellar many bags of onions had been stored. The chief fireman allowed the tenants to remain in the building, assuring them that the fire was confined to the cellar. They did not stay, however, when the onions had got well fire.

EDITOR BROWNE

Of The Rockford Morning Star.

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Drink and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me.

"Wishing you a continued success, I am Yours very truly,

J. Stanley Browne,

Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease generally supervenes. So when a man or woman finds that coffee is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee is the cause of the troubles, for if left off 10 days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It should be boiled full 15 minutes after rolling begins, when the crisp flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfill its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centers broken down by coffee.

"There's a Reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.