

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS & KETNER



SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, Mormon councillor, confronts him, tells him he is expected, and begs him to deliver a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Strang, president of the United States. Nat's wife, Mrs. Plum, leaves an odor of lilacs. It develops that Nat's visit to the island is to demand settlement of the king's ransom for the lodging of his sloop by Mormons. Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through a window he sees the lady of the lilacs, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Calling at the king's office Nat is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang professes indignation when he hears Nat's grievance and promises to punish the guilty. Nat rescues Nell, who is being publicly whipped, and the king orders the sheriff, Arthur Croche, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Nell's sister. The two men plan to escape on Nat's sloop and take Marion and her mother, doctor Arthur Croche, and sweetheart of Nell. Nat discovers that the sloop is gone. Marion tells him she has been seized by the Mormons, and begs him to leave the island, telling him that nothing can save her from Strang, whom she is doomed to marry. Plum finds Strang's sloop, recovering to tell Nat that the sloop is the one that armed men are depending on the island. Nat learns that Marion has been summoned to the castle by Strang. Nat kills Arthur Croche, and after a desperate fight with the king, leaves him for dead. The sloop is lost, and the two men depend on St. James. Nat and Nell take a part in the battle and the latter is wounded. Strang, whom Nat thought he had killed, orders him thrown into a dungeon. He finds Nell a fellow prisoner. They overhear the Mormon jury deciding their fate. A hot-headed jailer brings the prisoners word of Winnome and Marion. Bound and gagged the two men are taken out to sea in a boat. They manage to suffer the "straight death" on a wild section of the coast. Just as they had given up hope, the sloop is sighted by Marion and Winnome. Nat faints, and when he recovers Marion is gone. He returns to Beaver Island to find Marion.

(CHAPTER XII—Continued.)

"I have come back for you!" he breathed.

She shuddered against his breast, and he raised her face between his two hands and kissed her until she drew away from him, crying softly.

"You must wait—you must wait!" He saw now in her face an agony that appalled him. He would have gone to her again, but there came loud voices from the forest, and recovering his pistol he sprang to the door. Half a hundred paces away were Obadiah and the king's sheriffs. They had stopped and the councillor was expostulating excitedly with the men, evidently trying to keep them from the cabin. Suddenly one of the three broke past him and ran swiftly toward the open door, and with a shriek of warning to Nathaniel the old councillor drew a pistol and fired point blank in the sheriff's back. In another instant the two men behind had fired and Obadiah fell forward upon his face.

With a yell of rage Nathaniel leaped from the door. He heard Marion cry out his name, but his fighting blood was stirred and he did not stop. Obadiah had given up his life for him, for Marion, and he was mad with a desire to wreak vengeance upon the murderers. The first man lay where he had fallen, with Obadiah's bullet through his back. The other two fired again as Nathaniel rushed down upon them. He heard the zip of one of the bullets, which came so close that it stung his cheek.

"Take that!" he cried.

He fired, still running—once, twice three times and one of the two men crumpled down as though a powerful blow had broken his legs under him.

The other two turned into the path and ran. Nathaniel caught a glimpse of a frightened, boyish face, and something of mercy prompted him to hold the shot he was about to send through his lungs.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop!"

He aimed at the fugitive's legs and fired.

"Stop!"

The boyish sheriff was lengthening the distance between them and Nathaniel halted to make sure of his last ball. He was about to shoot when there came a sharp command from down the path and a file of men burst into view, running at double-quick. He saw the flash of a saber, the gleam of brass buttons, the blue glare of the setting sun on leveled carbines, and he stopped, shoulder to shoulder with the man he had been pursuing. For a moment he stared at the man with the naked saber approached. Then he sprang toward him with a joyful cry of recognition.

"Sheriff—Lieutenant Sherry—don't you know me?"

The lieutenant had dropped the point of his saber. He advanced a step, his face filled with astonishment.

"Plum!" he cried incredulously. "Is it you?"

For the moment Nathaniel could only wring the other's hand. He tried to speak but his breath choked him.

"I told you in Chicago that I was going to blow up this damned island—if you wouldn't do it for me—I was gaped at last. 'I've had a hell of a time—'

"You look it!" laughed the lieutenant. "We got our orders the second day after you left to arrest Strang and break up the Mormon kingdom. We've got Strang aboard the Michigan. But he's dead."

"Dead?"

"He was shot in the back by one of his own men as we were bringing him up the gang-way. The fellow who killed him has given himself up, and says that he did it because Strang had him publicly whipped day before yesterday. I'm up here hunting for a man named Obadiah Price. Do you know—"

"Back there—dead or very badly wounded? We've just had a fight with the king's men—"

The lieutenant broke in with a sharp command to his men.

"Quick, lead us to him, Captain Plum! If he's not dead—"

He started off at a half run beside Nathaniel.

"Lord, it's a pretty mess if he is!"

he added breathlessly. Without pausing he called back over his shoulder: "Regan, fall out and return to the ship. Tell the captain that Obadiah Price is badly wounded and that we want the surgeon on the run."

A turn in the path brought them to the opening where the fight had occurred. Marion was on her knees beside the old councillor.

Nathaniel hurried ahead of the lieutenant and his men. The girl glanced up at him and his heart filled with dread at the terror in her eyes.

"Is he dead?"

"No—but—" Her voice trembled with tears.

Nathaniel did not let her finish. Gently he raised her to her feet as the lieutenant came up.

"You must go to the cabin, sweetheart," he whispered.

Even in this moment of excitement and death his great love drove all else from his eyes, and the blood surged into Marion's pale cheeks as she tremblingly gave her hand. He led her to the door and held her for a moment in his arms.

"Strang is dead," he said softly. In a few words he told her what had happened and turned back to the door, leaving her speechless.

"If he is dying—you will tell me—"

"Yes, yes, I will tell you."

He ran back into the opening.

The lieutenant had doubled his coat under Obadiah's head and his face was pale as he looked up at Nathaniel. The latter saw in his eyes what his lips kept silent. The officer held something in his hand. It was the mysterious package which Captain Plum had taken his oath to deliver to the president of the United States.



"I don't dare move until the surgeon comes," said the lieutenant. "He wants to speak to you. I believe, if he has anything to say you had better hear it now."

Obadiah's eyes opened as Nathaniel knelt beside him and from between his thin lips there came faintly the old, gurgling chuckle.

"Nat!" he breathed. His thin hand sought his companion's and clung to it tightly. "We have won. The vengeance of God—has come!"

In these last moments all madness had left the eyes of Obadiah Price.

"I want to tell you—" he whispered, and Nathaniel bent low. "I have given him the package. It is evidence I have gathered—all these years—to destroy the Mormon kingdom."

For a few moments he seemed struggling to command all his strength.

"A good many years ago," he said, as if speaking to himself, "I loved a girl—like Marion, and she loved me—as Marion loves you. Her people were Mormons, and they went to Kiriland—and I followed them. We planned to escape and go east, for my Jean was good and beautiful, and hated the Mormons as I hated them. But they caught us and—thought—they—killed—"

The old man's lips twitched and a convulsive shudder shook his body.

"When everything came back to me I was older—much older," he went on. "My hair was white. I was like an old man. My people had found me and they told me that I had been mad for three years. Nat—mad—mad—mad! and that a great surgeon had operated on my head, where they struck me—and brought me back to reason. Nat—Nat—He strained to raise himself, gasping excitedly: "God, I was like you then, Nat! I went back to fight for my Jean. She was good. Nobody knew me, for I was an old man. I hunted from settlement to settlement. In my madness I became a Mormon, for vengeance—in hope of finding her. I was rich, and I became powerful. I was made an elder because of my gold. Then I found—"

A moan trembled on the old man's lips.

"—they had forced her to marry—the son of a Mormon—"

He stopped, and for a moment his eyes seemed filling with the glazed shadows of death. He roused himself almost fiercely.

"But he loved my Jean, Nat—he loved her as I loved her—and he was a good man!" he whispered shrilly. "Quick—quick—I must tell you—they had tried to escape from Missouri and the Danites killed him—and Joseph Smith wanted Jean and at the last moment she killed herself to save her honor—as Marion was going—to do, and she left two children—"

He coughed and blood flecked his lips.

"She left—Marion and Nell!"

He sank back, ashen white and still, and with a cry Nathaniel turned to the lieutenant. The officer ran forward with a flask in his hand.

"Give him this!"

The touch of liquor to Obadiah's lips revived him. He whispered weakly:

"The children, Nat—I tried to find them—and years after—I did—in Nauvoo. The man and woman who had killed the father in their own house had taken them and were raising them as their own. I went mad! Vengeance—vengeance—I lived for it, year after year. I wanted the children—but if I took them all would be lost. I followed them, watched them, loved them—and they loved me. I would wait—wait—until my vengeance would fall like the hand of God, and then I would free them, and tell them how beautiful their mother was. When Joseph Smith was killed and the spit came the old folks followed Strang—and I—I, too—"

He rested a moment, breathing heavily.

"I brought my Jean with me and buried her up there on the hill—the middle grave, Nat, the middle grave—Marion's mother."

Nathaniel pressed the liquor to the old man's lips again.

"My vengeance was at hand—I was almost ready—when Strang learned a part of the secret," he continued with an effort. "He found the old people were murderers. When Marion would not become his wife he told her what they had done. He showed her the evidence! He threatened them with death unless Marion became his wife. His sheriffs watched them night and day. He named the hour of their doom—unless Marion yielded to him. And to save them, her supposed par-

ents—to keep the terrible knowledge of their crime from Nell—Marion—was going—to—sacrifice—herself—when—"

Again he stopped. His breath was coming more faintly.

"I understand," whispered Nathaniel. "I understand—"

Obadiah's dimming eyes gazed at him steadily.

"I thought my vengeance would come—in time—to save her, Nat. But it failed. I knew of one other way and when all seemed lost—I took it. I killed the old people—the murderers of her father—of my Jean! I knew that would destroy Strang's power—"

In a sudden spasm of strength he lifted his head. His voice came in a hoarse, excited whisper.

"You won't tell Marion—you won't tell Marion that I killed them—"

"No—never—"

Obadiah fell back with a relieved sigh. After a moment he added:

"In a chest in the cabin there is a letter for Marion. It tells her about her mother—and the gold there—is for her—and Nell—"

His eyes closed. A shudder passed through his form.

"Marion—" he breathed. "Marion!"

Nathaniel rose to his feet and ran to the cabin door.

"Marion!" he called.

Blinding tears shot out the vision of the girl from his eyes. He pointed, looking from her, and she, knowing what he meant, sped past him to the old councillor.

In the great low room in which Obadiah Price had spent so many years planning his vengeance Captain Plum waited.

After a time, the girl came back. There was great pain in her voice as she stretched out her arms to him blindly, sobbing his name.

"Gone—gone—they're all gone now—but Nell!"

Nathaniel held out his arms.

"Only Nell," he cried, "only Nell—Marion—"

"And you—you—you—"

Her arms were around his neck, he held her throbbing against his breast.

"And you—"

She raised her face, glorious in its love.

"If you want me—still."

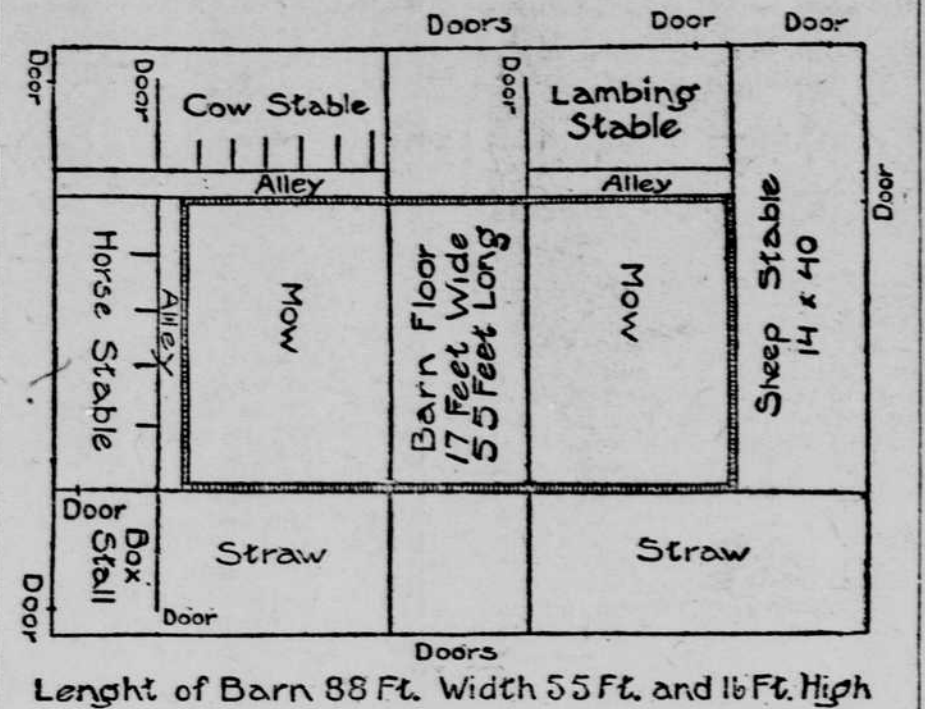
And he whispered:

"For ever and for ever!"

THE END.

REARRANGED BARN MADE HANDY AND COMFORTABLE

Additions Made From Time to Time to Old Structure Finally Gives Farmer Convenient Stable at Very Little Expense.



Length of Barn 88 Ft. Width 55 Ft. and 16 Ft. High A Built-Over Barn.

My barn is not one of the modern kind, but one that has been built over or added on to, as shown by the illustration, writes John Jackson of Ottawa county, Mich., in the Michigan Farmer. The dotted lines show the main building, on which additions have been built on all four sides. These additions were built on at different times, and by taking off the boards from the sides and ends of the main barn for the additions it was not necessary to purchase much new lumber. As I did all the carpenter work myself the expense of these additions was comparatively small, and I now have a barn that is very convenient, and one large enough to hold about all the hay, grain, corn fodder and straw that I can raise. As the barn is painted red, it compares favorably in appearance with most barns around the country. A portion of the barn was painted where the lumber was not planed.

By putting on two good coats there is but little difference in the looks of this or the part where the lumber was planed. There are many old barns around the country, that could be enlarged by similar additions and painted without planing the lumber, which could be thus improved at small expense. Such a barn can be nearly as conveniently arranged and by painting be made to look nearly as well as a modern structure, which would cost more than many farmers could afford.

In my barn the lofts above the horse and sheep stable are used for hay, which is carried to these lofts by a carrier running the whole length of the barn. The lofts above the cow and lambing stable are used for storing corn fodder in winter. The horse stable, exclusive of the box stall, will accommodate five horses. In the cow stable there is room for seven cows, and a few calves on one end. Each cow has a separate stall, and instead of being tied around the neck a small chain which is snapped into a staple at the rear of the stall keeps each cow in place and gives her perfect freedom to lie down or lick herself, and my cows are always clean. These stalls are so arranged that the cow cannot turn around and the milker has plenty of room without being crowded. As my lambs are dropped in February and March it is necessary

to have a separate stable for this purpose. In this stable are several small pens in which the ewes are confined until the lambs get strong. Most of my barn floor is covered with plank, which are getting out of shape. Early in spring I intend to tear out these plank, level off the ground and put in a solid cement floor. I have the gravel already dug for this purpose.

Heat in the Brooder.

The warmest part of the brooder should be in the center rather than at the side or corner. If the heat comes from above and a considerable portion of the brooder be heated to the same temperature no crowding will take place.

The temperature given for running brooders varies with the machine and the position of the thermometer. The one reliable guide for temperature is the action of the chicks.

If they are cold they will crowd toward the source of heat; if too warm they will wander uneasily about; but if the temperature is right each chick will sleep stretched out on the floor.

The cold chicken does not sleep at all, but puts in its time fighting its way toward the source of heat.

Pullet Eggs.

It is often stated that pullet eggs are less unsuitable for hatching than those from old hens, but Professor Atwood has not found this to be the case, especially after the pullets have begun to lay freely. Usually the first few and the last few eggs of a clutch are less fertile than the intervening ones.

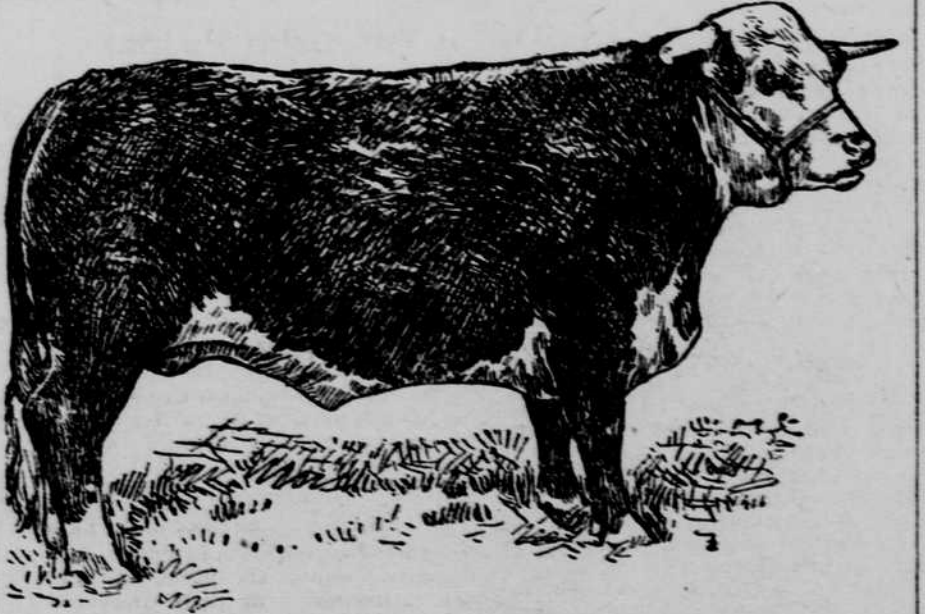
Damage by Rabbits.

Damage to trees by rabbits gnawing the bark can be stopped in the following way: Make a thick whitewash, slacking the lime over night improves it. To each pailful of the whitewash add three tablespoonfuls of paris green and paint the trees with it. Stir frequently when applying it.

Killing Canadian Thistles.

To kill Canada thistles in a field put the field in some cultivated crop and keep the weeds down.

HEREFORD BREED OF CATTLE



The Hereford breed of cattle is among the chief breeds in this country. They are believed to have been first imported into the United States by Henry Clay in 1817. Their mature age early as the Shorthorns and are nearly as large. The quality of their meat is good and they possess excellent breeding qualities.

The ground color of the Hereford is a rich red, with white face, legs,

underpart of the body and tip of the tail. They have thicker skin, more spreading horns and more curly coats than the Shorthorns. The illustration shows a prize winning Hereford steer at the recent Missouri fair.

Malt Sprouts.

The feed called malt sprouts is simply barley grain sprouted in the processes of making alcoholic beverages.

WHY FARMING NEEDS SYSTEM

Vast Amount of Capital Now Invested Must Be Accounted for and Dividends Earned—Conditions Changed.

The Bookkeeper estimates that the capital now invested in the United States amounts to fifty billions of dollars, or fifty times the amount invested in the steel industry, which is the next largest, and says:

Calculating on the basis of the original value of his land, the farmer is making money. Calculated on the current market price at which he could withdraw his investment and put it in interest-bearing industrial securities, he is losing money every time the seasons revolve. In many sections of the country farm values have doubled, even tripled, in the last generation. Land that has been worked on the basis of calculation of from \$5 to \$20 an acre, must in the future respond to acreage values of

from \$75 to \$200. The old generation with its obsolete methods, which has persisted solely on the excuse of cheap land—or gift land—must give way before the new generation. The newcomer, the man who would establish himself as a farmer today, has to meet the changed conditions, and it is to these conditions that the business of farming must respond. The question of fixed capital has come to stay. We are not yet out of our first generations as farmers on a grand scale. This first generation is taking its hand from the plow, and those who follow the pioneers, either thereafter deed of sale or probate, must hereafter reckon interest on investment as an actual item of cost. Farming as an industry is in its transitional stage, and it is to meet the new conditions in a businesslike way that experts have been giving their attention to the question of devising a system of cost accounting for the farmer.

To Bend Wood.

There is no way to bend wood better or cheaper than by steaming.

IN OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS

French Boy Caused Merriment by Taking the Order of the Court Too Literally.

A droll incident is reported as having taken place in one of the provincial appeal courts in France. A boy, about fourteen, was summoned to give evidence, and his appearance was such as to move the whole court to laughter. He wore a long redingote, peculiar to the Basque country, and immense boots. His trousers, collar and hat were unquestionably those of a man. The court was convulsed, and the president asked the boy how he dared to treat the court in such a manner. The boy seemed surprised as the president, and taking out the citation from his pocket, read the formula inviting him, "Comparaitre dans les affaires de son pere." (To appear in his father's suit.)

THE DEALER WAS WISE.



Purchaser—When you sold me this horse you said he was without faults. Now I find he's lame.

Horse Dealer—Well, lameness ain't a fault—it's an affliction.

THE ALARMING PREVALENCE OF ECZEMA

Findings Among Every Race, Age and Condition.

Of all the diseases of the skin and scalp which torture and disfigure mankind, three-fourths are eczematous. Millions are born with eczema, and it is the only thing other millions have left when they die. Neglect in infancy and childhood, irritating conditions affecting the skin, ignorance of its real nature, improper remedies and many other causes that might be mentioned have created an eczema which, with varying severity, has afflicted countless numbers during their entire lives. Eczema is a skin disease. It is not regarded as hereditary, nor contagious, and is impartially distributed among the rich and poor, the high and low. The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, causing loss of sleep, is usually the most distressing symptom and is caused by the bursting of little vesicles filled with an acrid fluid, which burns as with fire the denuded skin. New vesicles form, fill and burst, scales form upon scales, and crusts upon crusts until disfigurement is added to torture.

One of the most successful treatments for eczema, whether applied to the youngest infant or the oldest person, is hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura ointment. For more than a generation, these pure, sweet and gentle emollients have proved the most efficient agents in the speedy and permanent relief of all forms of eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations of the skin and scalp. Although Cuticura soap and ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, in order that those who have suffered long and hopelessly and who have lost faith in everything may make trial of them without charge, a liberal sample of each will be mailed free to any address, together with a 32-page pamphlet, giving a description and treatment of the various forms of eczema, as well as other affections of the skin, scalp, hair and hands—send to "Cuticura," Dept. W, Boston.

Cure for His Dyspepsia.

Hogan—Phwat makes ye swell all your dinner in two minutes, Grogan?

Are ye ain't on a bet?

Grogan—It's for the good aw me dyspepsia, Moike. Sure the doctor told me to rist an hour after eatin', and how else am Oi goin' to rit the hour of rist in onless Oi ate loike the devil?

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and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these districts and bank a profit of \$10.00 or \$2.00 an acre every year.

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