

ST. JOSEPH RIVER, MICHIGAN.



—Photo by Eugene J. Hall, Chicago.

WHY IT DIDN'T SUIT HIM.

Too Much Water Did Not Appeal to the Man From Maryland.

They were seated at a round table in the biggest room in the Maryland club, the glasses in front of them newly primed, the smoke from their cigars curling upward, while they listened to the yarns of the man from Arizona. He had told them stories of hunting, of mining, of train robberies and the like, and now he was holding forth on the wonders of irrigation.

"No one," said he, "can properly appreciate the wonders it has worked in the central part of our state, where the desert has been literally made to blossom as the rose." More than 125,000 acres in the Salt river valley alone now bloom with palms, alfalfa, trees, orange groves and other foliage, while grass and growing crops of grain, vegetables and the like cover the fields where a few years ago not a vestige of green was to be seen on the burning sand of the great desert.

"Three large cities, one the capital of the state, have sprung up; two railroads have been built into the district to carry away the surplus product, and \$30,000,000 has been added to the wealth of this great country of ours. All this has been accomplished by irrigation, by bringing water in ditches and distributing it where it will do the most good.

"To accomplish this we have expended \$3,000,000 and dug hundreds of miles of ditches. There is much yet to be done, however, in our neighborhood, it being estimated that no less than 400,000 acres await reclamation in that immediate vicinity.

"The venture has proved immensely profitable, too, and our farmers are perhaps the most prosperous in the world. I know of no better place in this country for capital seeking investment." And he paused to note the effect of his suggestion.

"That's sholy interestin'—mighty interestin'," mused the Eastern Shore man, as he tossed off the contents of his glass, "but I can't say that I'd

cyah to live in a country, sub, whar watah is regarded as the mainstay of existence."—New York Tribune.

Result of Expansion.

It is not to be denied that this expansion of our knowledge of the world is a sequence of our victories in the Spanish war. Whether trade follows the flag, certainly knowledge does. What the geography is doing for the schoolboy, the newspapers and magazines are doing for the adult. "Nature will be reported," says Emerson, and certainly never was this so true as to-day. A hundred agencies—mainly commerce, invention, travel, benevolence and disaster—are conspiring to bring in touch all the nations of the world and to demand the fullest knowledge of all by each. There are those who think that this absorbing interest in the actualities of material events is being cultivated at the expense of great creative art. But an epoch of large wealth has been usually the precursor of a period of great art. When this period comes, perhaps the result will be all the more significant and valuable that the peoples of the earth will have reached a sympathetic understanding through the widest knowledge.—Century Magazine.

Morgue Keeper a Humorist.

One of the queerest of French authors, Clovis Pierre, died this week. He was a poet whose talent would have received recognition doubtless even if the contrast between his vocation and his avocation had not tickled the fancy of the Parisians. He lived and wrote his poetry at the morgue, of which he was registrar. He was a merry soul who found most of his inspiration in the corpses in his care and who used to describe himself as the manager of a big hotel well known to Paris, which was a quiet place of rest for travelers from all countries. He dwelt at the morgue for thirty-two years before he retired on a pension.

Poetry may bring returns—if a stamp is inclosed with it.

THEY WOULD NOT RETREAT.

Horse Battery Kept on Firing Although Constructively Dead.

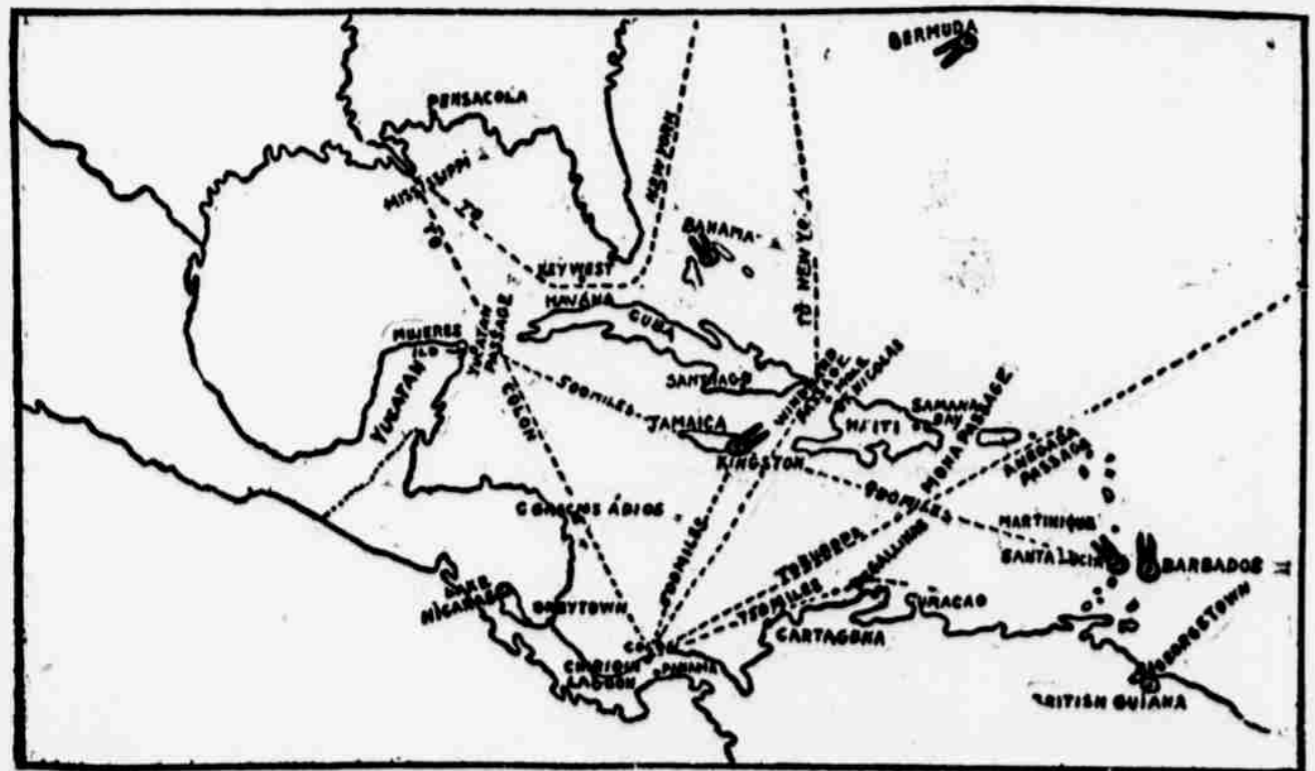
Among the amusing features of the recent mimic war one incident is recounted by Adj. Gen. Thomas Barry, chief of staff, as one of the most unusual conflicts in the history of war. Among the points defended by the army was a signal station on Montauk Point. Here was stationed a horse battery, intended to cover the signal corps and also to be able to withdraw in case of serious attack. This latter duty was not fully comprehended by the gallant artillerymen. Accordingly, when the Kearsarge, the Alabama, the Brooklyn, the Olympia and all the other big ships of the fleet sailed up and opened their batteries on the signal station, bringing into play every gun, from the 13-inch to the rapid-fire ones, the defenders of the shore displayed no intention of retreat.

Wheeling their two small cannon into point blank range, they returned the fire of the combined fleet. Faster and faster came the shots of the horse artillery. Theoretically they were annihilated; practically, they were only spurred to still greater activity. Not until the umpires signalled them to stop firing, and later informed them that they were all dead, did the brave gunners pause. Not since the day of the Matanzas mule has so unequal a fight been waged so successfully.

A Growsome Coincidence.

Few in the musical world forget the shock caused a few years back by the tragic death of the famous contralto, Mme. Patey. The vocalist had created an immense success at a concert in the provinces, and in response to a vociferous encore returned to the platform and sang the pathetic Scottish ballad of "The Banks of Allan Water." Mme. Patey gave the last line—"There a corse lay she"—with thrilling expression, walked from the platform, and straightway fell dead! The growsome coincidence was much commented on at the time.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FORTS IN WESTERN WATERS.



Great Britain's latest augmentation of her already strong West Indian fortifications indicates her purpose to retain the full strategic advantage which their situation gives to her possessions in the Caribbean sea or bordering upon it. Her present effort in carrying out this policy is the creation of two entirely new batteries defending the approach to Port Royal, the naval station on the Island of Jamaica.

In Kingston harbor Jamaica possesses one of the best harbors in the West Indies. It is practically landlocked and capable of sheltering as large a fleet as Great Britain will ever be able to spare for service in that part of the world. The harbor is long and narrow, the southern shore being formed by a narrow sand spit, which approaches the western shore to within a distance about equal to the Narrows.

On the harbor side of the point of the sand spit and opposite the city of Kingston, the naval station is located. There are already four forts commanding the entrance. One is situated on the point close by the naval station, the zone of its fire covering the channel which must be used by all vessels approaching the harbor from the eastward.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Attendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Information about what?"
"Bout the youth as has slipped an eccentric and started to take in d' hills last winter."
In a moment Ethel was on her feet, her pretty face all glowing with interest and cried:
"Do you mean Paul—Paul Miller?"
"That's the chap whose name I was flirtn' with."
"What of him—what of him?" asked Clarence, eagerly.
"Well, we don't know; old Glum thought as how may be you better come down and interview them mummies an' see what ye can git out o' 'em."
"You say they are at Ralston's shanty?"
"Yes."
"Why didn't they come here?"
"Well, ye see, they're a little off their feet. Their peddles are bent an' their feet don't track—all from goin' over d' rocks and snow until d' skin's worn off."
Ethel seized her own and her husband's cap, saying:
"Let us hasten to Glum's shanty."
"As you say, my dear. Come, we will go at once and learn all we can."
They closed up their house, and, accompanied by Dick and Glad, hastened away toward the shanty of old Glum Ralston.

They reached the lower part of the camp, which had grown to quite a village of shanties. Great fires were blazing in pits. These were fires built to thaw the ground so the miners could dig it up and wash it.

A small knot of people were gathered in front of Glum Ralston's shanty, talking in strange whispers, nodding and gesticulating in a manner which indicated that some matter of great moment was under discussion.

Clarence and Ethel passed through the throng and entered the shanty. Here a sight met their gaze calculated to awaken their profoundest sympathy. Four dark-skinned young men whose once robust frames had been worn away to skeletons were reclining on piles of skins, filling their empty stomachs with food placed before them.

"Where are you from?" Clarence asked.
"From the Island of Metlakahlia," one answered.

"Have you come direct from there?"
"No."
"Where have you been?"

"We were lost in the woods for a long time and almost perished from cold and hunger. We wanted to wait until spring, but he did not. He had been detained for so many months that he would wait no longer. He said months and years were rolling over his head since he had seen her or written to her."
"Of whom are you speaking?"
"He called himself Crack-lash."
"Paul—Paul! It is Paul!" cried Ethel, clapping her hands in delight.

"Hush, dear; let us be sure," whispered Clarence, then turned to further interrogate the stranger.

"What kind of a young man was this Crack-lash?"
"Like you, only darker; that's all."
"Well, how did he reach your island?"

"Come on an ice boat?"
"Ice boat?"
"Yes—great mountain of ice. He was on ice."
"He surely means an iceberg," said Clarence, fixing his eyes on Glum Ralston. The old man nodded his head and said:

"There ain't no doubt of it. He means an iceberg."
"If he does, then this man he calls Crack-lash is none other than Crack-lash Paul."
"You're correct, mate," Glum Ralston answered, with a nod of his head.

The Indian then took another sip or two of the soup and told how on the way they had captured one of the men who had robbed him. They had crossed a mountain range and were making their way toward the Yukon, when they were all four drawn off on a moose trail.

On their return they were unable to find neither the prisoner Crack-lash nor the mysterious captain, who had years before been on their island, but had been abducted by two of his own sailors, one of whom they had captured, and Crack-lash recognized him as one of the robbers. It was a long story, and took a long time to tell. Paul's fate was unknown, but the chances were he was a prisoner or dead in the forest.

"Do you believe this story, Glum?" Clarence asked.
"Every word o' it is the gospel truth," he answered.

"What are you going to do?"
"I am going to look for him. I'll bury him dead or alive. If dead, I'll bury him; if alive, I'll bring him home."
Clarence arose, and, taking the hand of the blunt old miner, said:
"Glum, I'll go with you."
"And her," cried Glum, nodding toward his wife.

"Oh, never mind me; never mind me," the wife kindly answered. "I can get along very well alone. I want him to go and try to find poor Paul, if such a thing is possible."
"I'll go; I'll do it," he declared.

Clarence Berry then proceeded to interrogate the Metlakahlians, and drew from them the story in detail. Next day, in company with Ralston, he set out to find the men lost in the forest.

It had been nearly three years since Theodore Lackland had seen Paul Miller, and no wonder he failed to recognize him. Such a change had suffering and hardship marked on him that he more nearly resembled some ferocious animal than a human being. When he uttered a cry and pronounced Lackland's name that individual asked:

"Who are you?"
But he had heard that voice and knew the man. It was Paul Miller transformed into a wild man. Paul glared ferociously at the men whom he had first welcomed as friends.

"Don't come—don't approach me!" he hissed, his eyes flashing with fire. "I understand your devilish, malicious designs upon me, and I will shoot you dead if you come too close."
"I have come to find you, my dear friend. The dog courier bore the message to us that you were perishing in the woods, and we set out to find you."

Paul grew weak and dizzy, and, sitting down on the snow, gasped:
"I didn't know it would fall into your hands, or I would have perished in the woods before I sent it."
Lackland gave Cummins a wink and continued to hold the attention of Paul, while his hireling slipped behind him to attack him from the rear.

"You misapprehend us, Paul," continued Lackland. "We don't intend any harm to you. You are sick; you are almost perishing, but we want to save you."
"I don't want to be saved by such as you. Go on, I say, and I will make my way to Dawson City alone."

Cummins at this moment seized him from behind. Paul made a desperate struggle to free himself, but famine, suffering and toll had overcome him completely, and he soon lay breathless on the snow.

"I am sent by Miss Laura Keane, who is in Juneau, waiting for you, to conduct you to her."
"It's a lie! Oh, my heavens, I know it is a lie, and I am unable to resist."
The name of the woman he loved pronounced by the lips he hated most seemed to have filled him with rage, and he struggled like a madman to break away from his captors. Two more came to the assistance of Cummins, and they threw him upon the snow with such force that when they lifted his body his head fell back. Paul was insensible. The blood was trickling from a wound in his forehead, and dyeing the virgin snow.

"Thunder, I'm afraid he is dead!" Lackland declared.
They carried him down the mountain side for a mile, where there was a grove of pines, and, calling a halt, built a fire. He then sent for a sled to take the wounded man back to camp.

"Cummins," said Lackland, "now comes the finest scheming we have ever done."
"What is it?"
"We must keep them separate."
"Who?"

"The wounded man and the girl. I also want to separate the old woman from the young woman, and I think I have hit upon a scheme that will be sure to win. This fellow will need a nurse, and I will coax the old woman to stay with him."
The sled was brought and Paul, who had recovered, but was delirious, was placed on it. He had every symptom of brain fever. Lackland began to speculate on the chances of his recovery, and decided they were slim.

They conducted him to a place on the lake two miles above the present camp and set his men to work building a hut for the wounded man.

After seeing the sufferer comfortable in the rude shanty constructed for him, and setting some Indians to cutting wood to supply him, Lackland went to the camp where Laura had been left.

With a face deeply furrowed with anxiety he waited on Miss Kate Willis and said:
"My good woman, I came to ask a favor of you."
Kate gave him a doubting glance, and said in a snappish manner:
"What is it?"

"I almost hesitate, for the request is a serious one. We found a poor, wandering Klondyker on the mountainside, bereft of his reason and nearly dying. He needs the tender care of some kind-hearted woman to nurse him back to life."
"Where is he?" she asked, her manner at once changing.

"He is at the grove a mile or two back on this trail."
"Why didn't ye bring him here?"
"Because he is too weak to bring so far. Besides, we have built a shanty and made him as comfortable as possible."
So skillfully did he manage it that Laura was detained in the camp and Kate Willis sent flying back in her dog sled. As evening came Laura declared her intention to go to her female companion, but the rascally Esquimau, who had been posted what to do, could not catch the dogs to harness them to the sled.

She found herself alone in the camp with those strange men, and her soul was filled with dread.

But morning brought Kate back. Her heart was filled with sympathy for the unfortunate young man.

"I will go with Kate," declared Laura.

"No, no, child, the shanty ain't big enough; besides, I don't want ye to be worryin' yourself. Stay here. He'll be better soon, for I see a sign in his favor. The turnin' point is 'bout reached."

She was easily persuaded to wait another day before she called on the sick man. Laura little dreamed that the unconscious stranger whom her companion was nursing was the one her fond, loving heart longed for. Thus, in blissful ignorance of the peril of her Paul, she waited for the train to move on. She had not long to wait. Next morning, long before it was light, she was awakened by the noise of Esquimau tom-toms and yelping dogs and cracking whips.

She hurriedly dressed and gazed out into the starless night. She saw angry clouds gather about the mountain peaks, and the air was full of flakes. "Sled ready," the Esquimau chattered.

She made haste to get ready to take her place on it. All was bustle and confusion. Laura looked in vain for the face of some one she knew. For the first time in her life the face of Lackland would have been welcome.

"Where is he? Where is Lackland?" she asked.
"Um, boss gone," the Esquimau answered.

"Where is she? Where is Kate? I do not want to go without her; I will not go alone," cried Laura, beginning to fear treachery.

"Holt!" shouted the Esquimau, and crack went his whip, and the dogs bounded forward like the wind.

"Stop! Hold!" she shrieked, but her voice was lost on the raging wind, and she went soaring away into the night and beating snow.

Meanwhile Paul lay on his hard pallet of skins asleep, with his faithful nurse at his side, her eyes on the face of the sufferer. He was sleeping peacefully. The fever had almost abated, and his brow was less flushed.

The woman held the lamp closer to his face and muttered:
"He is getting better."

CHAPTER XIV.

Kate for Harmony.

Morning dawned amid a raging snowstorm, but thanks to the logs and frozen mud with which the little cabin had been daubed, the patient was comfortable.

Kate brought some warm broth and gave him a few spoonfuls, and he whispered:
"Where am I?"

"I don't know. Somewhere in that everlasting cold, snowin' country called Alaska; but I couldn't give ye the metes and bounds if I was to try."

"Who are you?" he whispered.
"I'm Kate Willis, the woman that washes for a living at Seattle. I'm on my way to Klondyke to start a laundry."

"Who are you with?"
"Well, there's a hull passel in our crowd, but I don't know many o' 'em. Ye'd better be quiet, an' when yer better ye kin git acquainted with 'em."

Paul acquiesced in her plan by simply nodding his head and closing his eyes, and she resumed her work. When he awoke there was a marked change in his manner, and he was regaining his strength. She brought him, some more broth, and, after he had taken a few spoonfuls, he said:
"Did you say you came from Seattle?"

"Yes."
"Who brought me here?"
"It was the boss of the train that's goin' to the Klondyke. I reckon he'll be here after awhile an' then ye can see him yourself. I don't think ye ought to talk too much."

"Yes—I ought not. They struck me on the head."
He shut his eyes and tried to sleep and she went to the door of the little cabin. All was clear. She saw one of the Indians loitering near and called to him and ordered him to go to the next camp and ascertain what had detained the dog sled.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH "WITCH DOCTOR."

Strange Story of Superstition That is Vouched For.

At Ballymore police court, County Galway, Ireland, a few days ago, a "witch doctor" was charged with having obtained money by false pretenses. The accused was a small farmer in the district and the prosecutor another farmer named Moore, who had been ill. The accused met Moore and told him if he carried out his instructions he would be as sound as a rock. As a first installment he demanded about 12 shillings from Moore to get through the preliminaries and when he came to the real "cure" he said it would be necessary to have gold, silver and copper coins. The sick man provided a sovereign, a 2-shilling piece and a penny. The witch doctor then stripped him, wound him up in a sheet and placed him sitting in a chair in which were two red-hot bricks. The patient underwent terrible agony, but he bore it patiently, while the witch doctor went on his knees and uttered some unintelligible prayers. After the burning the "doctor" put the coins separately into the sick man's mouth, refusing to allow him to touch them with his hand. Then he buried the coins and told Moore he was cured, but warned him against looking for the coins, saying that if any one dug the place up they would very likely instead find a couple of "dhardkiles"—insects credited by the ignorant and superstitious with the powers of evil. The police subsequently dug up the ground where the coins were supposed to have been buried but none was found there. The prisoner was held for trial.

Discomforts of Submarines.

Men going down in the new submarines for the first two or three times become almost stupefied by the strong fumes of the gasoline used in propelling the vessels.