



54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER COPYRIGHT 1909 BY BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY



SYNOPSIS.

Senator John Calhoun is invited to become secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines that if he accepts Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to ask the Baroness von Ritz, spy of the British ambassador, Pakenham, to call at his apartments. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, and she asks Nicholas to assist in evading pursuers. Nicholas notes that the baroness has lost her slipper. She gives him the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun what he wants to know regarding England's intentions toward Mexico. As security Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Tyler tells Pakenham that joint occupation of Oregon with England must cease, that the west has raised the cry of "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight." Calhoun, new secretary of state, orders Nicholas to Montreal on state business, and the latter plans to be married that night. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken congressman whom Nicholas asks to assist in the wedding arrangements, sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth, by mistake, and the wedding is declared off. Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded where he failed, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him that the slipper he had in his possession contained a note from the attaché of Texas to the British ambassador, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas meets a naturalist, Von Rittenhofen, who gives him information about Oregon. The baroness and a British warship disappear from Montreal simultaneously. Calhoun engages Von Rittenhofen to make maps of the western country. Calhoun orders Nicholas to head a party of settlers bound for Oregon. Nicholas has an unsatisfactory interview with Elizabeth. Calhoun settles the boundary of Sonora Yurtis and thereby secures the signature of the Texas, attaches to a treaty of annexation. Nicholas starts for Oregon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild! The man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled! —Campbell.

Our army of peaceful occupation scattered along the more fertile parts of the land, principally among the valleys. Of course, it should not be forgotten that what was then called Oregon meant all of what now is embraced in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, with part of Wyoming as well. It extended south to the Mexican possessions of California. How far north it was to run, it was my errand here to learn.

I settled near the mouth of the Willamette river, near Oregon City, and not far from where the city of Portland later was begun; and bulid for myself a little cabin of two rooms, with a connecting roof. This I furnished, as did my neighbors their similar abode, with a table made of hewed puncheons, chairs sawed from blocks, a bed framed from poles, on which lay a rude mattress of husks and straw.

From the eastern states I scarcely could now hear in less than a year, for another wagon train could not

the English navy—the same ship which more than a year before I had seen at anchor off Montreal!

News travels fast in wild countries, and it took us little time to learn the destination of the Modeste. She came to anchor above Oregon City, and well below Fort Vancouver. At once, of course, her officers made formal calls upon Dr. McLaughlin, the factor at Fort Vancouver, and accepted head of the British elements thereabouts. Two weeks passed in rumors and counter rumors, and a vastly dangerous tension existed in all the American settlements, because word was spread that England had sent a ship to oust us. Then came to myself and certain others at Oregon City messengers from peace-loving Dr. McLaughlin, asking us to join him in a little celebration in honor of the arrival of her majesty's vessel.

Here at last was news; but it was news not wholly to my liking which I soon unearthed. The Modeste was but one ship of 15! A fleet of 15 vessels, 400 guns, then lay in Puget sound. The watch-dogs of Great Britain were at our doors. This question of monarchy and the republic was not yet settled, after all!

I pass the story of the banquet at Fort Vancouver, because it is unpleasant to recite the difficulties of a kindly host who finds himself with

ing figure, which in some way seemed to be different from the blanket-covered squaws who stalked here and there about the post grounds. She passed steadily on toward a long and low log cabin, located a short distance beyond the quarters which had been assigned to me. I saw her step up to the door and heard her knock; then there came a flood of light—more light than was usual in the opening door of a frontier cabin. This displayed the figure of the night walker, showing her tall and gaunt and a little stooped; so that, after all, I took her to be only one of our American frontier women, being quite sure that she was not Indian or half-breed.

This emboldened me, on a mere chance—an act whose mental origin I could not have traced—to step up to the door after it had been closed, and myself to knock thereat.

I heard women's voices within, and as I knocked the door opened just a trifle on its chain. I saw appear at the crack the face of the woman whom I had followed.

She was, as I had believed, old and wrinkled, and her face now, seen close, was as mysterious, dark and inscrutable as that of any Indian squaw. Her hair fell heavy and gray across her forehead, and her eyes were small and dark as those of a native woman. Yet, as she stood there with the light streaming upon her, I saw something in her face which made me puzzle, ponder and start—and put my foot within the crack of the door.

"Threika," I said quietly, "tell madam the baroness it is I, Mons. Trist of Washington."

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the Cabin of Madam. Woman must not belong to herself; she is bound to alien destinies.—Friedrich von Schiller.

With an exclamation of surprise, the old woman departed from the door. I heard the rustle of a footfall. I could have told in advance what face would now appear outlined in the candle glow—with eyes wide and startled, with lips half parted in query. It was the face of Helena, Baroness von Ritz!

"Eh bien! madam, why do you bar me out?" I said, as though we had parted but yesterday.

In her sheer astonishment, I presume, she let down the fastening chain, and without her invitation I stepped within. I heard her startled "Mon Dieu!" then her more deliberate exclamation of emotion. "My God!" she said. She stood, with her hands caught at her throat, staring at me. I laughed and held out a hand.

"Madam baroness," I said, "how glad I am! Come, has not fate been kind to us again?"

I pushed shut the door behind me. Still without a word, she stepped deeper into the room and stood looking at me, her hands clasped now loosely and awkwardly, as though she were a country girl surprised, and not the Baroness Helena von Ritz, toast or talk of more than one capital of the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHERE MAN IS NOT MASTER

Unable to Discover Secret of Avoiding That Troublesome Cold in the Head.

Man, says Persius, is a very noble piece of work, and is indeed king of kings except at those times when he is troubled with a cold in his head. If it be not Persius, it was Horace or Juvenal.

It is a fact of great interest that they are so common. Other epidemic diseases—measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, may get hold on us once and there is an end; it is not usual to have any of them twice. We brew in our blood immunity. The poison of the disease enters in its proper antidote; our blood cells make a sort of natural antitoxin and keep it in stock, so that we are henceforth protected against the disease. A well-vaccinated nurse, for instance, works with safety in a smallpox hospital, where the very air is infective; but her blood was so changed by vaccination that the smallpox cannot affect her. By scarlet fever, again, we are, as it were, vaccinated against scarlet fever—the reaction of our blood against the disease immunizes us. No such result follows influenza or a common cold; we brew nothing that is permanent; we are just as susceptible to a later invasion as we were to the invasion that is just over.

The Mean Thingness of the Suffragette (smilingly)—Won't you do something to help our good cause along, Mr. Goodcraft? Mr. Goodcraft—I'd like very much to do one thing for you, but I fear it's impossible. The Suffragette—T—ut! tut! Nothing's impossible—what would you like to do for us? Mr. Goodcraft—Endow a few cells in your favorite prison!

CHAPTER XXV.

Oregon. The spell and the light of each path we pursue— If woman be there, there is happiness too. —Moore.

Twenty miles a day, week in and week out, we edged westward up the Platte, in heat and dust part of the time, often plagued at night by clouds of mosquitoes. Our men endured the penalties of the journey without comment. I do not recall that I ever heard even the weakest woman complain. Thus at last we reached the South pass of the Rockies, not yet half done our journey, and entered upon that portion of the trail west of the Rockies, which had still two mountain ranges to cross, and which was even more apt to be infested by the hostile Indians. Even when we reached the ragged trading post, Fort Hall, we had still more than 600 miles to go.

By this time our forces had wasted as though under assault of arms. Far back on the trail, many had been forced to leave prized belongings, relics, holbrooms, implements, machinery, all conveniences. The finest of mahogany blistered in the sun, abandoned and unheeded. Our trail might have been followed by discarded implements of agriculture, and by whitened bones as well. Our footsore teams, gaunt and weakened, began to faint and fall. Horses and oxen died in the harness or under the yoke, and were perforce abandoned where they fell. Each pound of superfluous weight was cast away, as our motive power thus lessened. Wagons were abandoned, goods were packed on horses, oxen and cows.

We put cows into the yoke now, and used women instead of men on the drivers' seats, and boys who started riding finished afoot.

Gaunt and brown and savage, hungry and grim, ragged, hatless, shoeless, our cavalcade closed up and came on, and so at last came through—Fire autumn had yellowed all the foliage back east in gentler climes, we crossed the shoulders of the Blue mountains and came into the valley of the Walla Walla; and so passed thence down the Columbia to the valley of the Willamette, 300 miles yet farther, where there were then some slight centers of our civilization which had gone forward the year before.

Here were some few Americans. At Champook, at the little American missions at Oregon City, and other scattered points, we met them, we hailed and were hailed by them.

Messengers spread abroad the news of the arrival of our wagon train. Messengers, too, came down from the Hudson bay posts to scan our equipment and estimate our numbers. There was no word obtainable from these of any Canadian column of occupation to the northward which had crossed at the head of the Peace river or the Saskatchewan, or which lay ready at the head waters of the Fraser or the Columbia to come down to the lower settlements for the purpose of bringing to an issue, or making more difficult, this question of the joint occupancy of Oregon. As a matter of fact, ultimately we were to find that continental race so decidedly that there never was admitted to have been a second.

So we took Oregon by the only law of right. Our broken and weakened cavalcade asked renewal from the soft itself. We ruffled no drum, fluttered no flag, to take possession of the land. But the canvas covers of our wagons gave way to permanent roofs. Where we had known a hundred camp-fires,



Our Men Endured the Penalties of the Journey Without Comment.

start west from the Missouri until the following spring. We could only guess how events were going forward in our diplomacy.

The mild winter wore away, and I learned little. Spring came, and still no word of any land expedition out of Canada. We and the Hudson bay folk still dwelt in peace. The flowers began to bloom in the wild meads, and the horses fattened on their native pastures.

Summer came on. The fields began to whiten with the ripening grain. I grew uneasy, feeling myself only an idler in a land so able to fend for itself. I now was much disposed to discuss means of getting back over the long trail to the eastward, to carry the news that Oregon was ours. It was at this time that there occurred a startling and decisive event.

I was on my way on a canoe voyage up the wide Columbia, not far above the point where it receives its greatest lower tributary, the Willamette, when all at once I heard the sound of a cannon shot. I turned to see the cloud of blue smoke still hanging over the surface of the water. Slowly there swung into view an ocean-going vessel under steam and auxiliary canvas. She blazed a gallant spectacle. But whose ship was she? I examined her colors anxiously enough. I caught the import of her ensign. She flew the British Union Jack!

England had won the race by sea! Something of the ship's outline seemed to me familiar. I knew the set of her short masts, the pitch of her smoke-stacks, the number of her guns. Yes, she was the Modeste of

jarring elements at his board. Precisely this was the situation of white-haired Dr. McLaughlin of Fort Vancouver. It was an incongruous assembly in the first place. The officers of the British navy attended in the splendor of their uniforms, glittering in braid and gold. Even Dr. McLaughlin made brave display, as was his wont. In his regalia of dark blue cloth and shining buttons—his noble features and long, snow-white hair making him the most lordly figure of them all. As for us Americans, lean and brown, with bands hardened by toil, our wardrobes scattered over a thousand miles of trail, buckskin tunics made our coats, and necessaries our boots. I have seen some noble gentlemen so clad in my day.

It was, as may be supposed, late in the night when our somewhat discordant banquetting party broke up. We were all housed, as was the hospitable fashion of the country, in the scattered log buildings which nearly always lodged in a western fur-trading post. The quarters assigned me lay across the open space, or what might be called the parade ground of Fort Vancouver, flanked by Dr. McLaughlin's four little cannons.

As I made my way home, stumbling among the stumps in the dark, I passed many staid-looking Indians and voyageurs, to whom special liberty had been accorded in view of the occasion, all of them now engaged in singing the praises of the "King George" men as against the "Bostons."

I was almost at my cabin door at the edge of the forest frontage at the rear of the old post, when I caught glimpse, in the dim light, of a hurrying

THE VEIL IS LIFTED SENDING OF TROOPS TO BORDER NO LONGER MYSTERY. INTENDED TO CRUSH UPRISING Country At Same Time Afforded a Splendid Example of Quick Mo- bilizing and Europe Given an Eye-Opener.

Washington.—That the administration has decided to dissemble no longer its reasons for the sudden and unprecedented movement of troops to the Mexican border is indicated by the following dispatch from the staff correspondent of the Associated Press, who is accompanying President Taft on his journey to Atlanta. The dispatch, dated Charlottesville, Va., through which place the president's train passed, is as follows:

"All doubt as to the purpose of the government in sending 20,000 troops to the Mexican border has at last been swept away. The United States has determined that the revolution in the republic to the south must end. The American troops have been sent to form a solid military wall along the Rio Grande to stop filibustering and to see that there is no further smuggling of arms and men across the international boundary.

"It is believed that with this source of contraband supplies cut off the insurrectionary movement which has disturbed conditions generally for almost a year, without accomplishing anything like the formation of a responsible independent government will speedily come to a close.

Tons of Powder Explode.

Pleasant Prairie, Wis.—Five powder magazines of the Du Pont-De Nemours Powder company, containing 150 tons of finished black powder and dynamite, exploded at the plant of the company, one mile northeast of here. One man is known to be dead, Miss Alice Finch of Elgin, Ill., dropped dead of heart disease, caused by fright, 250 people were injured, several hundred houses were blown down or were damaged as to be uninhabitable and buildings ten miles away were wrecked.

Robbed of Entire Fortune.

Paris.—Three men describing themselves as Italian noblemen were arrested, charged with having swindled Lieven Hart, a young American, out of \$52,000. According to the story told by Hart, he met the strangers at his hotel in the Place de L'etoile and was enticed by them to various gambling clubs. During the visits to these places he says that the men, by the use of marked cards and other devices, robbed him of his entire fortune.

Roosevelt Starts Out.

New York.—Col. Theo. Roosevelt has started on his six weeks' trip across the country to the Pacific coast and back again. It is the first tour the colonel has made since the recent political campaign. His first stop will be Atlanta, Ga.

Diaz Very Much Alive.

Laredo, Tex.—Mr. Miguel Diebold, Mexican consul in this city has received the following telegram from Mexico City, dated March 9: "President Diaz is enjoying the best of health."

Happy Though Not President.

Boston.—Declining that it was a greater pleasure than being president to sit back and see the reforms he had advocated for years being adopted by the west, more slowly greeted by the east and publicly supported and regulated by Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft, William Jennings Bryan addressed a thousand members of the Boston City club, including leading business and professional men of the city.

Intervention is Ridiculous.

Washington.—The Mexican embassy issued a statement branding as preposterous reports current that the Mexican government was looking to the United States for aid in regulating its internal affairs.

Elect a New Bishop.

Kansas City.—At a convention of Episcopal clergymen and laymen here Bishop Sydney C. Partridge of Japan was elected bishop of the diocese of Kansas City to succeed the late Bishop Edward R. Atwell.

Goold Meunks Under Hammer.

New York.—Twenty-two trunks and numerous traveling cases and hat boxes left by Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Goold at the Hotel St. Regis as security for an unpaid bond bill were included in a lot of unclaimed baggage that was put up for sale at auction.

Chicago.

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis has fined Frank Gotha, who had been charged with oleomargarine "moonshining," and was found guilty, \$5,000, and sentenced him to serve five years in Fort Leavenworth prison.

SUFFERED 23 YEARS

Constant Sufferer From Chronic Catarrh Relieved by Peruna.

Mrs. J. H. Bourland, San Saba, Texas, writes: "For twenty-three years I was a constant sufferer from chronic catarrh. I had a severe misery and burning in the top of my head. There was almost a continual dropping of mucus into my throat, which caused frequent expectoration. My entire system gradually became involved, and my condition grew worse. I had an incessant cough and frequent attacks of bilious colic, from which it seemed I could not recover. My bowels also became affected, causing alarming attacks of hemorrhages. I tried many remedies, which gave only temporary relief or no relief at all. I at last tried Peruna, and in three days I was relieved of the bowel derangement. After using five bottles I was entirely cured. I most cheerfully recommend the use of Peruna to any one similarly afflicted."



Mrs. J. H. Bourland.

Soundrel's Last Refuge. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—Johnson.

A cup of Garfield Tea before retiring will insure that all-important measure, the daily cleaning of the system.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated cast to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do no gripe.

I honor any man anywhere, who in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone.—Charles Sumner.

Sore Throat is no trifling ailment. It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food you eat. Hamlin's Wizard Oil cures Sore Throat.

Tasted Good. I saw John, the butler, smacking his lips just now as he went out. Had he been taking anything, Katie?" asked the mistress.

"What was he doin', ma'am?" asked the pretty waiting girl. "Smacking his lips."

His Aspiration. Richard, aged twelve, Warburton, aged fourteen, and Gordon, aged ten, were discussing what they would do with a million dollars.

Richard said: "I would buy a motor boat."

Warburton said: "I would spend my million for music and theater tickets."

Gordon, the ten-year-old, sniffed at them derisively. "Hump!" said he. "I'd buy an automobile, and spend the rest in fines!"—Harper's Bazar.

Consumption Spreads in Syria.

Consumptives in Syria are treated today much in the same way as the lepers have been for the last 2,000 years. Tuberculosis is a comparatively recent disease among the Arabs and Syrians, but so rapidly has it spread that the natives are in great fear of it. Consequently when a member of a family is known to have the disease, he is frequently cast out and compelled to die of exposure and want. A small hospital for consumptives has been opened at Beyrout under the direction of Dr. Mary P. Eddy.

The Taste Test— Post Toasties

Have a dainty, sweet flavour that pleases the palate and satisfies particular folks.

The Fact—

that each year increasing thousands use this delicious food is good evidence of its popularity.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the pkg. with cream or milk—a convenient, wholesome breakfast dish.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.