

A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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LUND AND CARLSEN.

Synopsis.—Littering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sailing schooner Karluk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlisle. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlisle, who is a physician as well as first mate, drugs Rainey. Awakening from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlisle informs him he has been kidnapped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlisle, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlisle. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlisle shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." Sandy, the ship's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey, who thus wins Peggy's admiration. The captain gets worse. Sandy tells how Carlisle is stirring up trouble over the division of the gold. Carlisle draws a gun on Rainey, who overpowers him. Tamada, the mysterious Japanese cook, declares himself neutral.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"All right, sir," Rainey answered, getting a thrill at this first actual intimation of the meeting. Hansen, it seemed, was not to be one of the representatives of the seamen. And Carlisle had been smart enough to forestall Lund's demand for Rainey by taking some of the wind out of the giant's sails and doing the unexpected. Unless the hunters had suggested that Rainey be present. But that was hardly likely, considering that he was to be left out of the deal.

"In just what capacity are you calling this conference?" Lund asked, when Carlisle notified him in turn. "The skipper ain't dead, is he?"

"I represent the captain, Lund," replied the doctor. "He entirely approves of what I am about to suggest to you and the men. In fact I have his signature to a document that I hope you will sign also. It will be greatly to your interest to do so. I am in present charge of the Karluk."

"You ain't a regular member of this expedition," objected Lund stolidly. "Neither am I a member of the crew, just now. But the skipper's my partner in this deal, signed, sealed and recorded. Afore I go to enny meetin' I'd like to have a talk with him personally. That's fair enough, ain't it?"

Several of the hunters had gathered about, and Lund's question seemed a general appeal. Carlisle shrugged his shoulders.

"If you had your eyesight," he said almost brutally, "you could soon see that the skipper was in no condition to discuss matters, much less be present."

"Here's my eyesight," countered Lund. "Mr. Rainey here. Let him see the skipper and ask him a question or two?"

"What kind of a question? I'm asking as his doctor, Lund."

"For one thing if he's read the paper you say he signed. I want to be sure of that. An' I don't make it enny of yore business, Carlisle, what I want to say to my partner, by proxy or otherwise. Second thing, I'd like to be sure he's still alive. As for yore standin' as his doctor, all I've got to say is that yore a d-d pore doctor, so far as the skipper's concerned, ennyway."

The two men stood facing each other, Carlisle looking evilly at the giant, whose black glasses warded off his glance. It was wasting looks to glare at a blind man. Equally to sneer. But the boat between the two was timed now, and both were casting aside any veneer of diplomacy, their enmity manifesting itself in the raw. The issue was growing tense.

Rainey fancied that Carlisle was not entirely sure of his following, and relied upon Lund's indignant refusal of terms to back up his plans of getting rid of him decisively.

CHAPTER VII.

The Show-Down.

"Rainey can see the skipper," said Carlisle carelessly.

"All right," said Lund. "Will you do that, Rainey? Now?" And Rainey had a fleeting fancy that the giant winked one of his blind eyes at him, though the black lenses were deceiving.

He went below immediately and tapped on the door, a little surprised to see the girl appear in the opening. The drawn expression of her face, the strained faint smile with which she greeted him, the hopeless look in her eyes, startled him.

"I wanted to see your father," he said in a low voice.

She told him to enter. "He is in a stupor," she said. "He has been that way since last night, following a collapse. I can barely find his pulse, but his breath shows on this."

She produced a small mirror, little larger than a dollar, and held it before her father's lips. When she took it away Rainey saw a trace of moisture. "Carlisle cannot rouse him?" he asked.

"Cannot—or will not," she answered in a voice that held a hard quality for all its despondency.

"Lately the doctor has seemed uncertain. He talks of perverted nerve functions, and he has obtained a tremendous influence over father."

"You heard what he said when—the night he tried to shoot you? You see, I am trusting you in all this, Mr. Rainey. I must trust some one. If I don't I can't stand it. I think I shall go mad, sometimes. The doctor has changed. It is as if he was a dual personality—like Jekyll and Hyde—and now he is always Hyde. He said last night that he could save father—or—that he would let father die. I told him it was sheer murder! He laughed. He said he would save him—for a price."

She stopped, and Rainey supplied the gap, sure that he was right.

"If you would marry him?"

The girl nodded. "Father will do anything he tells him. I sometimes think he tortures father and only relieves him when father promises what he wants. Otherwise I could not understand. Last night father asked me to do this thing. He told me he looked upon the doctor as a son, that it would make him happy for me to marry him—now. That he would perform the ceremony. That he did not think he would live long and he wanted to see me with a protector."

"It was horrible. What shall I do?"

"Miss Simms," said Rainey, "your father is not in his right mind or he would see Carlisle as you do, as I do. Carlisle's brain is turned with the lure of the gold. If he marries you, I believe it is only for your share, for what you will get from your father. It cannot be right to do a wrong thing. No good could come from it. But—something may happen this morning—I cannot tell you what. I do not know, except that Lund is to face Carlisle. It may change matters."

"Lund," she said scornfully. "What can he do? And he accused my father of deserting him. I—"

A knock came at the door, and it started to open. Carlisle entered.

"Ah," he said. "I trust I have not disturbed you. I had no idea I should interrupt a tete-a-tete. Are you satisfied as to the captain's condition, Mr. Rainey?"

Rainey went on deck, raging but impotent. He told Lund briefly of the talk between him and Peggy Simms, and described the general symptoms of the skipper's strange malady. It was nine o'clock, an hour to the meeting. He went down to his own room and sat on the bunk, smoking, trying to piece up the puzzle. If Carlisle was a potential murderer, if he intended to let Simms die, why should he want to marry the girl? He thought he solved that issue.

As his wife Carlisle would retain her share. If he gave her up, it would go into the common purse. But, if he expected to trick the men out of it all, that would be unnecessary. Did he really love the girl? Or was his lust for gold mingled with a passion for possession of her? He might know that the girl would kill herself before she would submit to dishonor. Perhaps he knew she had the means!

One thing became paramount—to save Peggy Simms. Lund might fight for the gold; Rainey would battle for the girl's sanctity. And, armed with that resolve, Rainey went out into the main cabin.

Carlisle took the head of the table. Lund faced him at the other end. All six of the hunters, as privileged characters, were present, but only three of the seamen, awkward and diffident at being aft. The nine, with Rainey, ranged themselves on either side of the table, five and five, with Rainey on Lund's right. The girl was not present. Yet her share was an important factor.

Lund sat with folded arms, his great body relaxed. Now that the table was set, the cards all dealt, and the first play about to be made, the giant shed his tenseness. Even his grim face softened a trifle. He seemed to regard the affair with a certain amount of humor, coupled with the zest of a gambler who loves the game whether the stakes are for death or dollars.

Carlisle had a paper under his hand, but deferred its reading until he had addressed the meeting.

"A ship," he said, "is a little community, a world in itself. To its safety every member is a necessity, the lookout as much as the man at the wheel, the common seaman, the navigator. And, when a ship is engaged in a certain calling, those who are hired as experts in that line are equally essential with the rest. Each man's

responsibility being equal, his reward should be also equal.

"Payment for all services comes on this voyage from an uncertain amount of gold that Nature, mother of us all, and therefore intending that all her children shall share her heritage, has washed up on a bench from some deep-sea vein and thus deposited upon an uncharted, unclaimed island. It is discovered by an Indian, the discovery is handed on to another."

"Meanin' me," Lund seemed to be enjoying himself. Despite the fact that Carlisle was presiding and most evidently assumed the attributes of leader, despite the fact that ten of the twelve at the table were arrayed against him, with the rest of the seamen behind them, Lund was decidedly enjoying himself.

"Share and share alike," he said. "I've got yore drift, Carlisle. Let's get down to brass tacks. The idea is to divide the gold into equal parts, ain't it? How does she split? There's twenty-five souls aboard. Does that mean you split the heap into a hundred parts an' each one gets four?"

"No," it was Deming who answered. "It don't. The Jap don't come in, for one."

"A cook ain't a brother?"

"Not when he's got a yellow skin," answered Deming. "We'll take up a collection for Sandy. Rainey ain't in on the deal. We split it just twenty-two ways. What have you got to say about it?"

His tone was truculent, and Carlisle did not appear disposed to check him. He appeared not quite certain of the temper of the hunters.

"You figger we're all equal aboard," said Lund slowly, "leavin' out Mr. Rainey, Tamada an' Sandy. You an' me, an' Carlisle an' Harris, there"—he



"A Fine Lot of Skunks."

noddled toward one of the seamen delegates who listened with his slack mouth agape, scratching himself under the armpit—"are all equal?"

Deming cast a glance at Harris and, for a moment, hesitated.

Harris, squirming under the look of Deming, which was aped by the sudden scrutiny of all the hunters, found speech: "How in h—ll did you know I was here?" he demanded of Lund. "I ain't opened my mouth yit!"

"That ain't the truth, Harris," replied Lund composedly. "It's allus open. But if you want to know, I smelled ye."

There was a guffaw at the sally. Carlisle's voice stopped it.

"I'll answer the question, Lund. Yes, we're all equal. The world is not a democracy. Harris, so far, hasn't had a chance to get the equal share that belongs to him by rights. That's what I meant by saying that the Karluk was a little world of its own. We're all equal on board."

"Except Rainey, Tamada an' Sandy. Seems to me yore argumint's got holes in it, Carlisle."

"We are waiting to know whether you agree with us?" replied Carlisle. His voice had altered quality. It held the direct challenge. Lund accepted it.

"I don't," he answered dryly. "There ain't enny one of you my equal, an' you've showed it. You had to band together in a pack, like a flock of sheep, with Carlisle for shepherd. I'm talking," he went on in a tone that suddenly leaped to thunder. "None of you have got the brains of Carlisle, becuz he had to put this scheme inter yore noodles. Deming, you know d—n well you play better poker than the rest, an' you agreed to this becuz you figger you'll win most of the gold afore the y'rage is over. The rest of you suckers listened becuz some one tells you you are goin' to get more than what's rightly comin' to you."

"This gold is mine by right of discovery. I lose my ship through bad

luck, an' I make a deal whereby the skipper gets the same as I do, an' the ship, which is the same as his daughter, gets almost as much. You men were offered a share on top of yore wages if you wanted to take the chance—two shares to the hunters. It was d—d liberal, an' you grabbed at it. I got left on the ice, blind on a breakin' floe, an' you sailed off an' grabbed a handful or so of gold, enough to set you crazy."

"What in blazes would you know what to do with it, enny of you? Spill it all along the Barb'ry coast, or gamble it off to Deming. Is there one of you 'ud have got off ther floe an' blind as I was, turned up ag'in? Not one of ye. An' when I did show you got sore becuz you'd figgered there 'ud be more with me away."

"A fine lot of skunks. You can take yore d—d bit of paper an' light yore pipes with it, for all of me. To h—ll with it!"

"Shut up!" His voice topped the murmurs at the table. Carlisle sat quiet, sometimes licking his lips gently, listening to Lund as he might have listened to the rantings of a melodramatic actor. But Rainey sensed that he was making a mistake. He was letting Lund go too far. The men were listening to Lund, and he knew that the giant was talking for a specific purpose. Just to what end he could not guess. The big booming voice held them, while it lashed them.

"Equal to me? Bah! I'm a man. You're a lot of fools. Talk about me bein' blind. It was ice-blind got me. Then ophthalmology matterin' up my eyes. It's gold-blink's got you. You're cave-fish, a lot of blind suckers."

He leaned over the table pointing a massive square finger, thatched with red wool, direct at Carlisle, as if he had been leveling a weapon.

"Carlisle's a fake! He's got yore hipps. He thinks he's boss, becuz he's the only navigator of yore crowd. I ain't overlooked that card, Carlisle. That ain't the only string he's got on ye. Nor the three shares he expects to pull down. He made you pore suckers fire off all your shells; he found out you ain't got a gun left among you that's enny more use than a club. He's got a gun an' he showed you how he could use it. He's sittin' back larfin' at the bunch of you!"

The men stirred. Rainey saw Carlisle's grin disappear. He dropped the paper. His face paled, the veins showed suddenly like purple veins in dirty marble.

"I've got that gun yet, Lund," he snarled.

Lund laughed, the ring of it so confident that the men glanced from him to Carlisle nervously.

"You're a fake, Carlisle," he said. "And I've got yore number! To h—ll with you an' yore pop-gun. You ain't even a doctor. I saw real doctors ashore about my eyes, Niphaelepsia, they call snow-blindness. I'll bet you never heard of it. You're only a worn-an'-comin' dope-shooter! Else you'd have known that niphalepsia ain't permanent! I've bin gettin' my sight back ever since I left Seattle. An' now, d—n you for a moldy-headed, slimy-souled fakir, stand up an' say yore my equal!"

He stood up himself, towering above the rest as they rose from their chairs, tearing the black glasses from his eyes and flinging them at Carlisle, who was forced to throw up a hand to ward them off. Rainey got one glimpse of the giant's eyes. They were gray-blue, the color of agateware, hard as steel, implacable.

Carlisle swept aside the spectacles and they shattered on the floor as he leaped up and the automatic shone in his hand. Lund had folded his arms above his great chest. He laughed again, and his arms opened.

In an instant Rainey caught the object of Lund's speechmaking. He had done it to enrage Carlisle beyond endurance, to make him draw his gun. Giant as he was, he moved with the grace of a panther, with a swiftness too fast for the eye to register. Something flashed in his right hand, a gun, that he had drawn from a holster slung over his left breast.

The shots blended. Lund stood there erect, unharmed. A red blotch showed between Carlisle's eyes. He slumped down into his chair, his arms clubbing the table, his gun falling from his nerveless hand, his forehead striking the wood like the sound of an auctioneer's gavel. Lund had beaten him to the draw.

Lund, no longer a blind Samson, with contempt in his agate eyes, surveyed the scattering group of men who stared at the dead man dully, as if gripped by the exhibition of a miracle.

"You murderer!" she cried. "Lund grinned at her, but there was no laughter in his eyes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

And There's the Trouble.

The world needs both dreamers and workers. The trouble is the workers often go to sleep and the dreamer frequently have nightmares.—Monte Transcript.

MARKET REVIEW

Compiled by the Nebraska State Bureau.

GRAIN PRICES REMAIN STEADY

Potato Movement Lighter. Eggs and Butter Make Liberal Gains. Hogs Mostly 50@75c Higher. Lambs Advance 25@40c. Cattle about steady.

LIVESTOCK.

Cattle:—The run of cattle at Omaha consisted mostly of medium grade beef steers and cows, with the better kinds of well finished stuff relatively scarce. Cattle that met with shipping requirements sold to best advantage. Shippers wanted good beef steers and cows carrying weight. Top for the week, \$8.25. Bulk medium heaves, \$6@6.75; bulk cows, \$3.75@4.50. Veal calves 25c higher, up to \$9.25. Light stockers and handy-weight feeders around \$7. Good thin steers, \$6.50@3.75, nothing desirable under \$6.

Hogs:—Lighter receipts of hogs at seven principal markets the first of the week resulted in sharp advances at all markets and prices made net gains for the week. Medium and light butchers were 50c higher, bulk selling at \$8@8.30. Packing grades gained 75c@81.25, at \$6.75@7.50.

Sheep:—Fed lambs were in liberal supply and advanced 25@40c, the bulk selling at \$12@13. Top, yearlings, \$12; ewe top, \$7.75. Feeding lambs were in good demand at \$10.50@12.00.

GRAIN.

Wheat:—The market had a fair undertone during the week and price changes were fractional. The principal market factors were: drought and cold weather in the southwest, improved milling demand, report on farm reserve stocks and visible supply. The visible supply was 42,822,000 bushels, a decrease of 2,576,000 bushels for the week. Chicago May wheat, \$1.15; July, \$1@1.02. Cash, No. 2 red, \$1.23 to a fraction above; No. 2 hard, mostly \$1.12.

Corn:—Corn had a limited trade with prices holding at narrow range. Cash market was strong and higher. The visible supply was 26,117,000 bushels, an increase of 1,858,000 bushels for the week. Chicago May corn, 53½c; July, 55½c. Cash, No. 2 mixed or yellow, 40 3/8c.

POTATOES.

Markets were inactive, cold weather hindering haulings. Northern round whites were \$1.75@80 f. o. b. Wisconsin shipping points, and \$1.65@70, Minnesota points. Chicago carlot sales \$1.85@2.00 per 100 lbs. sacked. Western Nebraska Irrigated District: Carlots f. o. b. No. 1 sacked white, varieties, \$1.35.

Altho the total crop is lighter than last year, shipments have been heavier to date. The total shipments of the U. S. to January 23 inclusive were 158,532 cars, compared with 141,660 cars to the same date last year. Shipments of Western Nebraska were 3,237 cars and last year's shipments to January 23 inclusive were 2,007 cars.

POULTRY.

The supply of poultry recently has been above trade demand, especially at prevailing prices. Eastern markets were higher the first of the week, but eased off about 2c toward the close. Local prices: Springs, 18@21c; Hens (light) 17@18c, (heavy) 20@21c; stags, 14c; old roosters, 10@12c; Ducks, 18c; Geese, 18c; Turkeys, 25c.

Eggs advanced 5@10c on eastern markets. New York, fresh gathered firsts, 50@51c. Hennerly whites, firsts, offered at 62c, bid 56c. Local prices: Per case, 89@10.00; per dozen, 30c.

DAIRY.

The butter market was firm following the dullness of the previous week. The supply was barely equal to the demand and more interest was shown in undergrades. Butter scoring 92 advanced 2½c in Chicago. Local production continued heavy and prices remained practically unchanged. Best country, 20c. Station price for butter fat, 22c.

No Proof of Race of Giants.

Buffon and other naturalists of his time believed that human beings from 10 to 15 feet in height had once inhabited the earth, but this idea is now entirely discredited.

The Sure Sign.

A bride doesn't know much, but when she sees the bridegroom counting his money she knows they will soon be going back home.—Dallas News.

Discrimination.

A salesman recently told the Bow Street magistrate that no swearing is allowed nowadays in Covent Garden Market. This exclusion of all golfers, ratenayers and spring-cleaning victims is surely rather drastic.—Punch (London).

No Danger of Collision Yet.

The moon is getting nearer to the earth at a speed of about fourteen feet in 200 years. Astronomers up to the present have not been able to explain why this is so.

Success Means Work.

There are very many people who have great expectations, but the trouble with most of them is they won't exert the effort necessary to realize what they expect. Under present competitive conditions success comes only through hard work.

LAND GROWS RICH

Wonderful Development of Canada in Forty Years.

Four Decades Ago Little Considered, Today One of the Greatest Granaries and Dairying Centers.

The recent announcement that the sale of the first section of Canadian Pacific land was sold forty years ago, and when you read that the first carload of wheat was shipped from Winnipeg forty years ago, the changes that have taken place since then are matters of reminiscence, but yet of interest. What forty years ago was an unknown quantity, barren because but little production was attempted, is today one of the greatest granaries in the world. Then there was scarcely any farm live stock in the West. Dairying was not engaged in at all. Today there are 6,908,317 farm animals on the prairies, of which 881,899 are milch cows; and dairying is only second in importance to grain growing, in the West.

Forty years ago the shipment of one carload of grain was a notable exploit.

Today, Canada ranks as the second largest wheat-producing country in the world, with 329,185,300 bushels, 90 per cent of which was grown in the three prairie provinces, of which the province of Saskatchewan produced more than half. The Dominion is today the second largest producer of oats, with 530,710,000 bushels, of which 60 per cent was grown between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains; and the fifth largest producer of barley with 63,311,000 bushels, of which the prairies yielded 65 per cent.

Forty years ago scarcely any of the rich soil had been brought under cultivation. The farm machinery of the time was crude; there were no competent advisers; government experimental farms were a blessing that came years later.

Yet these hardy pioneers stuck it out, and in forty years numbers of them are enjoying their declining days in the communities they wrested from the wilderness, prosperous, contented, with their children's families gathered about them or seeking their own fortunes still further westward or northward. They have seen civilization step in to the West and the wilderness swept out. Today are thriving cities and towns where bleaching buffalo bones marked the ox trails of forty years ago. Today are mighty freight trains, each with its thousand-ton cargo of wheat or merchandise, roaring down the roads where the old carts creaked. Today are schools within walking distance of every farmhouse, churches within driving distance of every home. Today are telephones and every modern convenience linking communities over vast distances by the common bond of the spoken word.

Forty years ago the Rockies were practically an impenetrable barrier, the Pacific coast being reached from the east by ships sailing round Cape Horn. The province of Manitoba had a population of 62,260, compared with 613,008 in 1921. Winnipeg was then a frontier town with 7,897 people, and Brandon, which was regarded as a far-flung outpost of the West, boasted of a few hundred in population. In 1891 it only had 3,778. Such places as Calgary and Edmonton were mere trading posts in the Northwest territories. Buffalo roamed the prairie in their native state.

Today on these plains are to be seen herds of cattle, bands of horses and droves of sheep, from any of which can easily be selected stock that can carry off premiums, sweepstakes and championships in competition with the best in any other part of the world.—Advertisement.

Many of our troubles are like rain on a tin roof—not so serious when viewed from without.

There is even vanity in always telling the truth.

Help Your Kidneys

Is a cold or grip keeping you miserable? Are you tortured with dull, persistent backache and sharp, cutting pains? Likely your kidneys need help. Colds and grip fill the blood with poisons. Your overworked kidneys have become weak and filtering these poisons off. That's why you feel weak and depressed and suffer from headaches, dizzy spells and urinary disorders. Don't wait for serious kidney disease. Help your kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. John Sumner, Cor. 1st and Marquette Sts., Albia, Neb., says: "There was a lame-ness across the small of my back that kept getting worse until I was so miserable I had to give up. Sharp pains came through my back and hips and hurt me so badly I could hardly walk. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and was rid of the trouble."

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