



CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"He's some fox," said Lund. "Miss Peggy, you better superintend the theatricals. It's got to be done right. Rainey, not to interrupt you, what do you know about enteric fever?"

"Nothing."

"Well, it's the same as typhoid. There'll be a surgeon aboard that gunboat. You got to bluff him. Say little an' look wise as an' owl. Don't let him mix in with yore patient."

"My patient?"

"Tamada! He's got enteric fever. If there's time he'll give you all the dope."

"But I don't see how that—"

"You will see when you see Tamada," Lund grinned. "How about them logs? Can you fix 'em?"

"I think so."

"Then hop to it. I'm goin' to wise up the men and arrange a reception committee. Don't forget yore name's Carlsen, an' mine's Simms."

Rainey wrote rapidly in his log, erasing, eliminating pages without trace, imitating the skipper's phrasing. Fortunately Simms had made scant entries at first and, later on, as the drug held him, none at all. Carlsen had kept no record that he could find. The girl had gone forward to aid with Tamada's plan which Lund had evidently accepted.

Before he had quite finished he heard the tramp of men on deck and the blast of a steam whistle. He ended his task and went up to see the gunboat, gray and menacing, its brasses glistening, men on her decks at their tasks, oblivious of the schooner, and officers on her bridge watching the progress of a launch toward the floe.

It made landing smartly, and a lieutenant, diminutive but highly effective in appearance, led six men toward the Karluk. He wore a sword and revolver; the men carried carbines. Their disciplined rank and smartness, the waiting launch, the gunboat in the offing, were ominous with the suggestion of power, the will to administer it. The officer in command carried his chin at an arrogant tilt. Lund had edged a gangway and stood at the head of it, saluting the lieutenant as the latter snappily answered the greeting.

Rainey found the girl and put a hurried question.

"What about Tamada? Where is he? What's the plan?"

She turned to him with eyes that danced with excitement.

"He's in the galley, Doctor Carlsen. But he isn't Tamada any more. He's Jim Cuffee, nigger cook, sick with enteric fever, not to be disturbed."

Rainey stared. It was a clever device, if Tamada could carry it out, and he bear his own part in the masquerade. The willingness of Tamada to risk the disguise was assurance of his fidelity.

"Lund should have told me," he said. "I've got to change his name on the papers. It won't take a minute though; he doesn't appear in the log."

The Japanese officer wasted no time on deck. For precaution, Rainey made his alteration in the skipper's cabin, leaving the log there on the built-in desk.

"This is Lieutenant Ito, Doctor Carlsen," said Lund. "You want to see our papers, Lieutenant?"

"My orders are to examine the schooner," said Ito, in English even more perfect than Tamada's. His face was officially severe, though his slant eyes shifted constantly toward the girl. Evidently she was an unexpected feature of the visit.

"I'll get the papers first," said Lund. "Doctor, you an' Peggy entertain the lieutenant." Rainey set out some whisky, which the Japanese refused, some cigars that he passed over with a motion of his hand. He sat down stiffly and ran through the papers.

"We're pelagic, you know," said Lund. "We ain't trespassin' on purpose. Didn't even know you owned the island."

"It is on our charts," said Ito crisply, as if that settled the right of dominion. "How did you come here at all?"

"We was brought," said Lund. "Got froze in north o' Wrangell. Gale set us west as we come out o' the strait. We're bound for Corwin. Nuthin' Forceful Evidence.

A lawyer was once, at short notice, called upon to defend a horse thief. He did not know that the thief had pleaded guilty and made an impassioned speech in the man's defense. He believed he had made an impression and the man would be acquitted. But the judge's summing up disillusioned him. "Gentlemen," said the judge, "you have heard his counsel. Only, remember this—the prisoner was there when the horse was stolen and the learned counsel was not."

contraband. All regular. Six hunters, two damaged in the gale, though the doc's fixed 'em up. Twelve seamen, one boy, an' a nigger cook who's poisoned himself with his own cookin'. Doc's bringin' him round, too, though he don't deserve it. Want to make yore inspection? We're in no hurry to git away until the ice melts. Take yore time."

The little, dapper officer with his keen, high-cheeked face, and his shoebrush hair, got up and bowed, with a side glance at Peggy Simms.

"It is not usual for young ladies to be so far north." His endeavor at gallantry was obvious.

"I am with my father," said the girl, looking at Rainey, enjoying the situation.

"Where I go she goes," said Lund. And looked in turn at her with relish in his double suggestion. He, too, was playing the game, gambling, believing in his luck, reckless, now he had set the board.

They passed through the corridor. Lund opened up the strong room, and then the galley. It was orderly, and there was a moaning figure in Tamada's bunk, a tossing figure with a head bound in a red bandanna above the black face and neck that showed above the blankets. The eyes were closed. The black hands, showing lighter palms, plucked at the coverings.

"Delirious," said Lund. "Serves him right. He's a rotten cook."

"Have you all the medicines you need?" asked Ito. "I can send our surgeon."

"I can manage," returned Rainey, alias Carlsen. "It's enteric. I've reduced the fever."

They passed on through the hunters' quarters. The girl fell behind with Rainey.

"A good makeup and a good actor," she whispered. "I helped him to be sure he covered everything that would show. It was my idea about the bandanna. Just what a sick negro might wear, and it hid his straight hair."

The lieutenant appeared fairly satisfied, but requested that Lund go on board his ship. He stayed there until sundown, returning in hilarious mood.

"We've slipped it over on 'em this time," he said. "I left 'em aswim with sake, an' bubblin' over with polite regrets. But they'll be back in three weeks, they said, if the ice is open. An' if the luck holds, we'll be out of it. I don't want them searchin' the ship ag'in." He slapped Tamada on the back as he came to serve supper after Sandy had laid the table.

"A regular vodeville skit," he exclaimed. "You're some actor, Tamada! But why didn't you say the island was down on their charts? They've even got a name for it, Hiyama."

"It means hot mountain," said Tamada. "The government names many islands."

"You can bet yore life they do," said Lund. "They're smart, but they overlooked that beach an' they've given us three weeks to cash in."

Lund himself had imbibed enough of the sake to make him loose of tongue, added to his elation at the success he had achieved. The gunboat was gone on its patrol, and he had a free hand. He half filled a glass with whisky. "Here's to luck," he cried. And spilled a part of the liquor on the floor before he set the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, Doc," he added. "An' to Peggy!" He rolled eyes that were a trifle bloodshot at the girl.

"Our relations have gone back as usual, Mr. Lund," she said quietly. Lund glared at her half truculently.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "As a daughter, I disown you from now on, Miss Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the same!"

CHAPTER XII.

My Mate.

From the day following the arrival and departure of the Japanese gunboat, they attacked the little U-shaped beach that lay between two buttresses of the volcano and sloped sharply down to the sea. Twenty-one men, a lad and a woman, they went at the despoiling of it with a sort of obsession, led, rather than driven, by Lund, who worked among the rest of them like a Hercules.

WAS HANDICAPPED FOR LIFE

Circumstances Over Which He Had No Control Certainly Had Made Life Hard for Boy.

The youngster was sitting on a pile of bricks at the edge of a vacant lot. At the other end of the lot was a group of boys playing as only a lot of healthy boys can.

"What's the matter, sonny?" a passerby asked the lad who was sitting

alone. "Why don't you play with the rest of the boys?"

"They don't want me to play with 'em," he replied bitterly.

"Are you sure of that?" he was asked. He nodded his head despairingly.

"What's the trouble that the other boys don't want to play with you?" the stranger persisted.

"They found out sumptin' about me," the lad answered, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Was it something bad?"

"They think so. But—but I can't help it!" the boy defended himself.

"Come on, tell me all about it," he was urged. "Maybe I can help you."

"Naw, you can't help me none."

"Well, tell me about it, anyway."

The boy hesitated for a moment, but decided to confide.

"Well, mister, these fellows say I'm a sissy 'cause I'm," and he gulped hard, "I'm twins with a girl!"

Lund was centered on one achievement, the gold harvest. He ordered the girl with the rest; there were even times when he reprimanded her, while Rainey burned with the resentment she apparently did not share.

A little before dawn on the eighteenth day of the work up the beach, Lund was out upon the floe examining the condition of the ice. He had declared that two days more of hard endeavor would complete their labors. What dirt remained at the end of that time they would transship, Rainey had joined the girl and Tamada at the cook fires.

The sky was bright with the aurora borealis that would pale before the sun. The men were not yet out of their bunks. They were bone and muscle tired, and Rainey doubted whether Lund, gaunt and lean himself, could get two days of top work out of them. Near the fires for the cooking, the melting of water and the forge, that were kept glowing all night, the tools were stacked to help preserve their temper.

The aurora quivered in varying incandescence as Rainey watched Lund prodding at the floe ice with a steel bar. The girl was busy with the coffee, and Tamada was compounding two pots of stew and bubbling peas pudding for the breakfast, food for heat and muscle making.

Sandy appeared on deck and came swiftly over the side of the vessel and up the worn trail to the fires. He showed excitement, Rainey fancied, sure of it as the lad got within speaking distance.

"Where is Mr. Lund?" he panted.

Rainey pointed to Lund, now examining a crack that had opened up in the floe, a possible line of exit for the Karluk, later on. The men were beginning to show on the schooner. They, too, he noted somewhat idly, acted differently this morning. Usually they were sluggish until they had eaten, sleepy and indifferent until the coffee stimulated them, and Lund took up this stimulus and fanned it to a flame of work. This morning they walked differently, abnormally active.

"They're drunk, an' they're goin' on strike," said Sandy. "You know the big dem John in the lazaretto?"

Rainey nodded. It was a two-handed affair holding five gallons, a reserve supply of strong rum from which Lund dispensed the grog allowances and stimulations for extra work toward the end of the shift, the night-caps and occasional rewards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That's Human Nature.

Jud Tunkins says nobody does anything so well that somebody doesn't think he could do it better if he was to take the trouble to try.

Nothing Unusual About This.

"I make up my mind about the matter first, but I always ask my husband's advice on it," said a woman at Marylebone County court.—London Daily Mail.

Fillmore's Widow.

Western Paper—"She was the widow of Fillmore who was struck by a car a year ago and died eighteen months afterward."—Boston Transcript.

Avoid Him.

Our idea of a cynic is a man with a grouch who loves to make others feel as mean as he does.—Boston Transcript.

Personality.

It is personality that makes for our success or our failure among men, and this personality does not come by chance. Tastes and dispositions may be inherited, and natural talents may have been given us, but out of these we are to shape that strange and wonderfully effective tool—personality.

A Case in Point.

From a literary article—"Nothing is so suggestive of a faulty education than lack of grammar."—Boston Transcript.

English Titles of Nobility.

The rank of earl was introduced into England at the time of the Conquest and succeeded the Saxon earldom. It continued the highest rank in England until Edward III created dukes in 1337 and Richard II created marquesses in 1385, both being superior to earls.

The men worked in a muck with their rubber sea-boots worn out by constant chafing, sweaters torn, the blades of their shovels reduced by the work demanded of them, the drills, shortened by steady sharpening, gone like the spare flesh of the laborers, who, at last, began to show signs of quicker and quicker exhaustion with occasional mutterings of discontent, while Lund, intent upon cleaning off the rock as a dentist cleans a crumbling tooth, coaxed and cursed, blamed and praised and bullied, and did the actual work of three of them.

Dead with fatigue, filled with food, drowsy from the liberal grog allowance at the end of the day, the men slept in a torpor every night and showed less inclination to respond, though the end of their labors was almost in sight.

"What's the use, we got enough," was the comment beginning to be heard more and more frequently.

"Lund, he's got more'n he can spend in a lifetime!"

Rainey could not trace these mutterings to Deming's instigation, but he suspected the hunter. There was no poker; all hands were too tired for play.

As for Peggy Simms, she did not lose the polish of her culture, she was always feminine, even dainty at times, despite her work, that could not help but be coarse to a certain extent. She was full of vigor, she showed unexpected strength, she was a source of encouragement to the men as she waited on them. And also a source of undisguised admiration, all of which she shed as a duck sheds water.

Rainey gained an increasing respect in her prowess, and a swift conversion to the equality of the sexes. There were times when he doubted his own equality. Had she met him on his own ground, in his own realm of what he considered vaguely as culture, he would have known a mastery that he now lacked. As it was, she averaged higher, and she had an attraction of sex that was compelling.

Here was a girl who would demand certain standards in the man with whom she would mate, not merely a company through life. There were times when Rainey felt irresistibly the charm of her as a woman, longed for her in the powerful sex reactions that inevitably follow hard labor. There were times when he felt that she did not consider that he measured up to her gauges, and he would strive to change the atmosphere, to dominate the situation in which Lund was the greater figure of the two men.

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MARKET REVIEW

Compiled by the Nebraska State Bureau.

GRAIN REACHES HIGH POINT

Lambs Decline 75c to \$1. Hogs Advance 75c; Beef Steers Gain 25¢@40¢; Cows and Heifers, 40¢@50¢; Veals, 75¢@\$1.

LIVESTOCK.

Cattle:—Receipts of cattle at Omaha last week were included several loads of well-finished heaves but the bulk of the supply consisted of steers in varying degrees of finish. Prices advanced the first of the week, but part of the gains were lost later. For the week, beef steers gained 25¢@40¢; cows and heifers, 50¢; veals, 75¢ to \$1, and stockers and feeders, 25¢@50¢. On Tuesday, beef steers reached \$8.50, top for the week and for the year to date. On Thursday, heaves carrying weight sold up to \$8.45 and a few choice yearlings reached \$9, the bulk of the beef steer supply moving; at \$7@8. Beef cows reached \$6.50, the bulk selling at \$5@6. Light stockers and good steers on the near-beef order were in demand up to \$7.50@8.50. Stocker cows, \$4.25@4.75 and good calves, \$6@7.50.

Hogs:—Receipts of hogs at seven market were lighter than the previous week or the corresponding week a year ago. At Omaha the supply was liberal and trading active at advancing prices. For the week, gains of approximately 75¢ were made on all classes. Light weights sold Thursday up to \$10.00 and medium weight butchers at \$10.75@10.85. Heavier weights moved at \$10.00@10.75. The bulk of good hogs ranged from 10.00@10.80.

Sheep:—The trend of sheep was lower and trade showed unevenness. For the week, lambs were 75¢ to \$1 lower. Ewes and feeding lambs were down 25¢. The bulk of fed lambs sold Thursday at \$14.50@14.75. Ewe top, \$8.80.

GRAIN.

The visible supply was 41,278,000 bushels, a decrease of 814,000 bushels for the week. The market was firm with wheat selling at new high points. Reports of heavy snow storm benefiting crops in Kansas and Oklahoma was a factor in a slight weakness on March 1st. For the week, Chicago May wheat advanced 2¢; Kansas City, 3¢.

Corn:—The visible supply of corn was 40,897,000 bushels, an increase of 3,973,000 bushels for the week. Cash market was strong and prices advanced. For the week, Chicago May corn was up 2 1/4¢. Farmers in Central Iowa were receiving 48 1/2¢@49¢.

POTATOES.

Carl movement was lighter. Prices in consuming centers advanced slightly the middle of the week. In some producing sections they were up 5 to 10¢. Minnesota Round Whites, \$1.00@1.70, f. o. b. Shipping points Western Nebraska, Irrigated District: Market weak. Carlots f. o. b. sacked No. 1 White varieties, \$1.10@1.15.

POULTRY.

Receipts of eggs were heavy and prices declined 2¢ to 3¢ on eastern markets. California white extra firsts were offered in N. Y. City at 41¢. Local prices to farmers, 20¢ a dozen.

Poultry movement continued heavy for the season and markets remained firm. Local prices to farmers, Springs, 20¢; Hens, (light) 18¢, (heavy) 20¢; Stags, 17¢; Old roosters, 12¢.

DAIRY.

Eastern butter markets were firm with prices showing advances averaging about 2¢ over a week ago. The demand the latter part of the week was active. Butter scoring 92 sold in Chicago Thursday at 37 1/2¢. Local prices for country butter, 26¢.

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WORKS FOR CHILD MUST KEEP WELL

Mothers in a Like Situation Should Read This Letter from Mrs. Enrico

Chicago, Illinois.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a serious trouble. I had tried doctors and all said the same—no operation. At first I only felt the pain on my left side, but later I seemed to feel it on both sides. I am a power sewing-machine operator and have a little girl to support. I work in a tailor shop and that line of work has been very slack this year and I am home part of the time. I do not like to take any chances, so I consulted my friends, and one lady said, 'Take Lydia Pinkham's medicine,' so I did. I have felt better right along and am in good enough health to go to work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash to all."—Mrs. MARY ENRICO, 469 N. Carpenter St., Chicago, Illinois.

Often the mother is obliged to support her children and good health is necessary. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is just the medicine you can depend upon. It is a medicine for women's ailments and the relief it brought Mrs. Enrico it may bring to you. Keep well by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Chronic Constipation
Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe.

When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant. Try it today.

Nujol
For Constipation

WATCH THE BIG 4
Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver

Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

What is Needed.

When Farmer Bussett decided to send his son to college, and selected one exploiting the advantages of its physical training system, he had a plain talk with the president:

"John don't need no setting-up exercises. He sets up too late already, so I'd rather you'd cut them out. But say, if you've got any good getting up exercises that are a sure thing, go to it with John!"—Wayside Tales.

Many a married couple could save money out of what a bachelor spends.

for that **COUGH!**

KEMP'S BALSAM

Plsasant to take Children like it

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY

Mothers who value the health of their children, should never be without **MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN**, for use when needed. They tend to Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Worms, Constipation, Headache, Teething disorders and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers Substituted for over thirty years. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask today. Trial package FREE. Address: **MOTHER GRAY CO., LE ROY, N. Y.**

Cuticura Soap
Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.