## NORTH PLATTE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE



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CHAPTER XII-Continued. -19-

steady as a rock.

"Right. Throw your gun on the floor." Drummond picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket; then be rang the bell. "I had hoped." he murmured, "for a larger gathering, but one cannot have everything."

Save to Peterson, who understood, if only dimly, what had happened, the thing had come as such a complete surprise that even the sudden entrance of twenty masked men, who ranged themselves in single rank behind their chairs, failed to stir the meeting. It merely seemed in keeping with what had gone before.

"I shall not detain you long, gentlemen," began Hugh, suavely, "Your general appearance and the warmth of the weather have combined to produce in me a desire for sleep. But before I hand you over to the care of the sportsmen who stand so patiently behind you, there are one or two remarks slowly. I wish to make. Let me say at once that on the subject of Capital and Labor I am supremely ignorant. You will therefore be spared any dissertation on the subject. But from an exhaustive study of the ledger which now lies upon the table, and a fairly intimate knowledge of its author's movements, I and my friends have been put to the inconvenience of treading on

"There are many things, we know, which are wrong in this jolly old country of ours; but given time and the right methods I am sufficiently optimistic to believe that they could be put right. That, however, would not suit your book. You dislike the right method, because it leaves all of you much where you were before. Every single one of you-with the sole possible exception of you, Mr. Terrance, and you're mad-is playing with revolution for his own ends: to make money out of it-to gain power. . . .

"Let us start with Peterson-your leader. How much did you say he demanded, Mr. Potts, as the price of revolution?

With a strangled cry Peterson sprang up as the American millionaire, removing his mask, stepped forward. "Two hundred and fifty thousand

pounds, you swine, was what you asked me." The millionaire stood confronting his tormentor, who dropped back 15 his chair with a groan. "And when ? refused, you tortured me. Look at my thumb."

"I congratulate you, Captain Drummond," he remarked suavely. "I confess I have no idea how you managed position I left you in last night, or how you have managed to install your

own men in this house. But I have even less idea how you discovered about Hocking and the other two." Hugh laughed shortly. "Another time, when you disguise voorself as the Comte de Guy, remem-

ber one thing, Carl. For effective concealment it is necessary to change other things besides your face and supreme indifference. figure. You must change your mannerisins and unconscious little tricks. No-1 won't tell you what it is that gave you away. You can ponder over it in prison."

"So you mean to hand me over to the police, do you?" said Peterson

"I see no other course open to me," replied Drummond.

The sudden opening of the door made both men look round. Then Drummond bowed, to conceal a smile,

"Just in time, Miss Irma." The girl swept past him and confronted Peterson.

"What has happened?" she panted. "The garden is full of people whom I've never seen. And there were two



with which he lit his cigar was as [ fully, "it should be an interesting trial. I shall have such a lot to tell them about the little entertainments bere, and all your endearing ways," With the blg ledger under his arm to escape from the somewhat cramped he crossed the room and called to some men who were standing outside in the ball; and as the detectives, thoughtfully supplied by Mr. Green, entered the central room, he glanced for the last time at Carl Peterson and his daughter. Never had the cigar glowed more evenly between the master-criminal's llps; never had the girl Irma selected a cigarette from her gold and tortolse-shell case with more

> "Good-by, my ugly one !" she cried, with a charming smile, as two of the men stepped up to her.

> "Good-by." Hugh bowed, and a tinge of regret showed for a moment in his eyes

> "Not good-by, Irma." Carl Peterson removed his cigar, and stared at Drummond stendily. "Only au revoir, my friend; only au revolr."

#### EPILOGUE.

"I simply can't believe it, Hugh." In the lengthening shadows Phyllis moved a little nearer to her husband, who, quite regardless of the publicity of their position, slipped an arm around her waist. "Can't believe what, darling?" he

demanded lazily. "Why, that all that awful night-

nare is over. Lakington dead, and the other two in prison, and us married."

thing," said Hugh, "And somehow " he broke off and stared thoughtfully at a man sauntering past them. To all appearances he was a casual visitor taking his-evening walk along the front of the well-known seaside resort so largely addicted to honeymoon couples. And yet . . WAS he? Hugh laughed softly; he'd got suspicion on the brain. "Don't you think they'll be sent to

prison?" cried the girl. "They may be sent right enough.

form.'



MAJOR SAM McCULLOUGH'S LEAP FOR LIFE

Fort Henry was a little stockade built for the protection of the settlers of West Virginia against the British and Indians during the War of the Revolution. It stood on the Ohio river near the present site of Wheeling. In the summer of 1777 when it was besleged by a strong force of savages, Maj. Sam McCullough, a noted border leader, left Fort Pitt at the head of 40 men to raise the siege.

Coming in sight of the fort, McCullough's men made a dash for the gates and passed through them in safety, although the Indians made a desperate effort to cut them off. Major McCullough held back to cover the retreat of his men until they were safely within its walls and delayed so long that the redskins succeeded in getting between him and the fort.

Setting spurs to his horse, the ranger leader dashed for a hill back of the fort. At its top he met another band of Indians and at the same time a third group approached him from another direction. The Indians were now on three sides of him. On the other was a high precipice projecting over Wheeling creek, 300 feet below. The ranger was cornered.

The Indians raised a yell of triumph as they closed in on him. But when they saw McCullough turn his horse toward the cliff, they stopped in amazement.

Urging his horse to a dead run, the scout dashed toward the precipice. At the brink of the chasm he drove home the spurs and as his mount flew into the air braced himself in the saddle. The first leap was a clear drop of 50 feet, but both horse and rider were uninjured as they landed on the steep bank. Then slipping and sliding for 250 feet more, they came to the creek bottom.

As the Indians rushed to the edge of the precipice expecting to see the crushed forms of horse and man far below, they were astonished at the sight of the major, still upright in the saddle, plunging into the creek anu riding up the other side to safety. Within a few hours he was back at Fort Pitt, organizing a larger expedition to march to Fort Henry.

Five years later as Major McCullough and his brother were riding along a road near Van Metre's fort, unsuspecting danger, they rode direct-ly into an Indian ambush. This time 'ullough's horsemanship could do



som, carried into a sandalwood forest in the mountainous region of one of the Fill islands and rescued by a posse headed by her husband was the thrilling experience related by Mrs. Jules Whatley of Chicago on her arrival on the steamer Tahiti.

"One beautiful evening I was walking in the garden of our hotel at Suva when eight natives accosted me," Mrs. Whatley said.

"One placed a handkerchief in my mouth while the others tied by hands



## Carried Her Into the Back Country. and feet. They then carried me out

into the back country. "Several attendants of the hotel saw the abduction and notified my husband. Mr. Whatley immediately organized a posse and gave chase. For over six hours they followed the trail of my captors until they came upon a hut where I was being held hostage. "The bandits planned to hold me prisoner until my husband paid a ransom. I overheard them discuss their designs. I was threatened with death should I make an outcry and a guard was placed over me until dawn, while the others slept.

"They seemed to be particularly fascinated with my hair, and the way



A hennery owner in a New Hampshire town, a short while ago, on his way to the railroad station with the day's consignment of eggs to several commission merchants of Boston, was halled by a genial neighbor:

"Who ye sendin' them algs to, Carl?" the neighbor wanted to know.

"Oh, various and sundry," the egg raiser replied.

"Got a new customer, hey? Pleased ter hear it."

### In Line for a Fee.

The Motorist-Say, friend, my engine's stalled. Think you can help me find out what's the matter with it? Constable Talltimber-I can, but I won't just now. I can't pinch you for speedin', but in ten minutes I'll fix up your engine and then pinch you for parkin' here too long.





BETWEEN THEMSELVES

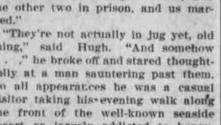
Mrs. B .- Men are such brutes! Mrs. C .- Aren't they? What was It your husband refused to buy for you today?

Didn't Start It. His wife reproved him sharply When he his razor cursed. "Why don't you scold the blade?" he said, "It lost its temper first."

#### Genius in the Films.

"I know you for a writer of genius. We must have more such in the movies."

"I thank you." "Now I have 90 feet of a fireman's



but whether they arrive or not is a different matter. I don't somehow see Carl picking oakum, It's not his

For a while they were silent, occupled with matters quite foreign to such triffes as Peterson and his daugh-

With a cry of horror the others sitting at the table looked at the mangled fiesh, and then at the man who had dons in. This, even to their mind, was guing too far.

"Then there was the same sum," continued Drummond, "to come from Hocking, the American cotton manhalf German by birth; Steinemann, the German coal man; Von Gratz, the German steel man. Is that not so, Peterson?" It was an arrow at a venture, but it hit the mark, and Peterson nodded.

"So one million pounds was the state this benefactor of hummanity was playing for," sneered Drummond. "One million pounds, as the mere price of a nation's life-blood. .

But at any rate he had the merit of pluying big, whereas the rest of you scum, and the other beauties so ably entalogued in that book, messed about at his beck and call for packets of mill's eyes. Perhaps you labored under the delusion that you were fooling him, but the whole lot of you are so d-d crooked that you probably thought of nothing but your own filthy avins.

"Listen to me." Hugh Drummond's voice took on a deep, commanding ring, and against their will the four men looked at the broad, powerful notdier, whose sincerity shone clear in his face. "Not by revolutions and direct action will you make this island of ours right-though I am fully aware that that is the last thing you would wish to see happen. But with your brains, and for your own unscrupulous ends, you gull the workingman into belleving it. And he, because you can talk with your tongues In your cheeks, is led away. He believes you will give him Utopia; whereas, in reality, you are leading hin; to h-l. And you know it. Evolution is our only chance-not revolution; but you, and others like you, stand to gain more by the latter.

His hand dropped to his side, and he grinned.

"Quite a break for me," he remarked, "I'm getting hoarse. I'm now going to hand you four over to the boys. There's an admirable, but I'm sure you'd like to look for newts, If any of you want to summon me for assault and battery, my name is Drummond-Captain Drummond of Half Moon street. But I warn you that that book will be handed into Scelland Yard tonight. Out with 'em, boys, and give 'em h-1.

"And now, Carl Peterson," he remarked, as the door closed behind the | broke his neck." last of the struggling prophets of a new world, "It is time that you and I settled our little account, isn't it?"

facing him. Apparently he had compictely recovered himself : the hand | "Yes," remarked Drummend thought-



"But Where Is He?" Said the Girl, Through Dry Lips.

men running down the drive covered with weeds and dripping with water."

Peterson smiled grimly.

"A slight setback has occurred, my dear. I have made a big mistake-a mistake which has proved fatal. I have underestimated the ability of Captain Drummond; and as long as I live I shall always regret that I did things. Idly Hugh watched the saunnot kill him the night he went exploring in this house."

Fearfully the girl faced Drummond; then she turned again to Peterson

"Where's Henry?" she demanded. "That again is a point on which I am profoundly ignorant," answered Peterson. "Perhaps Captain Drummond can enlighten us on that also?" "Yes," remarked Drummond, "I can:

Henry has had an accident. After I drove him back from the duchess' last night"-the girl gave a cry, and Peterson stendied her with his arm-"we had words-dreadful words. And him. for a long time, Carl, I thought it would be better if you and I had similar words. In fact, I'm not sure even now that it wouldn't be safer in the long run.

"But where is he?" said the girl, through dry lips.

"Where you ought to be, Carl," answered Hugh grimly. "Where, sooner or later, you will be."

He pressed the studs in the niche of the wall, and the door of the big safe swung open slowly. With a

scream of terror the girl sank halffainting on the floor, and even Peterson's cigar dropped on the floor from his nervous lips. For, hung from the ceiling by two ropes attached to his arms, was the dead body of Henry Lakington. And even as they watched somewhat muddy pond outside, and it, it sagged lower, and one of the feet hit sullenly against a beautiful

> old gold vase. "My God !" muttered Peterson. "Did you murder him?"

"Oh, no!" answered Drummond. "He inadvertently fell in the bath he got ready for me, and then when he ran up the stairs in considerable pain.

"Shut the door," screamed the girl;

"I can't stand it." She covered her face with her

The master-criminal rose and stood hands, shuddering, while the door slowly swung to again.

"Are you glad I answered your advertisement?" inquired Phyllis at length.

"The question is too frivolous to deserve an answer," remarked her husband severely. "But you aren't sorry it's over?"

she demanded.

"It isn't over, kid; it's just begun." He smiled at her tenderly. "Your life and mine . . . isn't it just wonderful?"

And once again the man sauntered past them. But this time he dropped a piece of paper on the path, just at Hugh's feet, and the soldier, with a quick movement which he hardly stopped to analyze, covered it with his shoe. The girl hadn't seen the action ; but then, as girls will do'after such remarks, she was thinking of other terer disappear in the more crowded part of the esplanade, and for a moment there came onto his face a look which, happily for his wife's peace of mind, she failed to notice.

"Let's go and eat, and after dinner I'll run you up to the top of the headinnd.

Together they strolled back to their hotel. In his pocket was the piece of paper; and who could be sending himmessages in such a manner save one man-a man now awaiting his trial? In the hall he stayed behind to inquire for letters, and a man nodded to

"Heard the news?" he inquired. "No," said Hugh. "What's happened ?"

"That man Peterson and the girl have got away. No trace of 'em.' Then he looked at Drummond curlous-"By the way, you had something ly. to do with that show, didn't you?" "A little," smilled Hugh. "Just a lit-

tle. "Police bound to catch 'em again." continued the other. "Can't hide your

self these days." And once again Hugh smiled, as he drew from his pocket the piece of pa-

per "Only au revolr, my friend; only au

revolr." He glanced at the words written in

Peterson's neat writing, and the smile broadened. Assuredly life was still good ; assuredly.

And into an ash tray nearby he dropped a piece of paper torn into a hundred tiny fragments.

"Was that a love-letter?" she demanded with assumed fealousy. "Not exactly, sweetheart,"

laughed back, "Not exactly." And that interesting mechanical device over the glasses their eyes met, "Here's to hoping, kid; here's to hoping."

[THE END.]

Falsehood, like the dry rot, flour-

him no good. A dozen Indian rifle shots rang out and Sam McCullough fell dead.

CAPTAIN SAM BRADY AND HIS FAMOUS LEAP

Capt. Sam Brady was a member of a fighting family which made history on the Pennsylvania border during the Indian wars after the Revolution. Captain Brady's greatest exploit took place in Ohio. He had been captured by the Indians and carried to the Sandusky Towns, headquarters for all the Ohio tribes, where the savages prepared to burn him at the stake.

He was stripped, bound to a post and slow fires kindled around him, for the Indians hated him so much that they wished to torture him as long as possible. Brady was a powerful man and he strained at his fetters until they were loosened slightly. Then with a final effort he snapped the last bond, leaped across the barrier of flame and, seizing a squaw, pitched her into the fire.

Before the Indians could recover from their surprise, the scout escaped from the village and plunged into the woods, hotly pursued by hundreds of savages. Finally he came to the Cuyahoga river, near the present site of Kent in Portage county.

At this place the river flowed between steep, rocky banks, 22 feet across from side to side. The scout was trapped. There was no other place for miles up and down the river where he could ford it. The Indians were closing in on him and his only chance of escape was to try to leap across the chasm.

Brady could hear the savages yelling in the woods only a short distance away as he ran back toward them to get a good start. Then turning, he sped for the brink and putting all his failing strength into a final spurt, he sprang for the opposite cliff. His jump was a little short and he struck the bank a few feet below the edge. The Indians stopped in amazement, then as the scout scrambled up over the edge, they opened fire.

They wounded him in the leg, delaying his flight, and in a short time were on his heels again. He came to a lake and plunged in. Stooping beneath the broad pads of a water lily, he breathed through a hollow reed while the sayages hunted in vain on the shores of the lake. They found his bloody trail to the water's edge and, believing that he had drowned rather than be captured again, gave up the chase.

Soon afterward Brady reached Fort Pitt in safety. He had many more thrilling adventures before his death on Christmas day, 1795, but his 22-foot leap across the Cuyahoga was the greatest feat of all.

they acted it was apparent that blondes were infrequent visitors to the island.

"Fortunately my husband foiled the plans. With his posse he broke in the doors and after a small skirmish rescued me."

# MOONSHINE AIDED HER SONS

Mother Sold Liquor to Keep Boys in School, She Tells Oregon Judge.

Portland, Ore .- Mrs. Lena Mayson wanted her two children to go through school, so she had to find a way to make enough money, she testified in court.

Making moonshine whisky proved the most profitable undertaking she could engage in-but the police discovered her still and shot holes in the profits.

"I couldn't make enough money with my rooming house, judge," she said, "and I simply had to get my children through school. I've been buying them clothes and everything."

Judge Deich, however, had information to contradict the woman's plea and denounced her for saying she was providing for the children when she was only buying them extras.

The judge sentenced Mrs. Mayson to five days in jail and to pay \$200 fine on the eve of the graduation from grammar school of the two youngsters.

Girl, Stood on Head by Pastor, Sues. Washington .- Pretty Mrs. Anna M. Lowndes, seventeen years old, is suing Rev. B. Duckett for standing her on her head. She seeks \$10,000 damages. She said that the minister held her prisoner for 30 minutes, during which time he stood her on her head, "causing her great pain and mental anguish."

## \* Black Bear Interrupts **Ball Player's Angling**

Freeland, Pa .- John Novak, a professional baseball player and former football star, while trout fishing in Hays creek heard a rustling in the bushes on the opposite bank and saw a full-sized black bear as it jumped into the water and swam toward him, The bear, after emerging from the water, too's a drink from the stream and then proceeded quietly on its way into the woods. Novak gave a terrific yell, causing the bear to strike a faster galt until it was out of sight.

parade, 150 feet of bathing girls at Long Beach and 300 feet of the Late Yardvard game. Kin you watte me a story of genius around them?"-Film Fun.

### Bluebeard Explains.

The Interviewer-Why did you assassinate all your wives as soon as the honeymoon was over? Bluebeard-You see, I'd promised to love each one as long as she lived, and no matter what other sins I've committed, I never disappointed a

### Something Wrong.

lady.

Husband-Mabel, I know where I can buy a pound of sugar for five cents.

Mabel-What's the matter with it?

#### Natural Then.

"Some early influence has made him erratic, I'm sure." "He was born under a crazy quilt,

I've been told."-Judge.



OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE PLUNGED

Wifey: At least you were sensible on your wedding day. Hubby: On the contrary I was Insensible.

Why It Fell. The tower of Babel insecure Was from the start unlawful. Materials were very poor And the building graft was awful.

Safety First.

Wigg-"Girls don't burst into tears as easily as they used to." Wagg-"No; they've learned that crying ruins the modern complexion." -London Answers.

#### Between Girls.

"Where is Cholly?" "On a business trip to California, I hope he won't make love to any of those western girls."

"Why so? Any practice he gets will be helpful when he returns."

### And Wants It.

Wyse-A burned child dreads the fire.

Guyse-In spite of which the moth still continues to buzz round th flame .--- London Answers.

ishes the more in proportion as air and light are excluded,-Whateby,