

THE COAST PATROL.

Draw closer your olekin jacket To baffle the swirling snow. For to-night's storm is the fiercest That ever the cape did know. The fiery eye of the lighthouse, That has flashed its warnings far Out where the pitiless breakers Are pounding the seething bar. Has been fast closed by the pelting Of snow and blinding sleet. What help is there now for the vessel A waft from the scattered fleet? Go down on the wreck-strawn beaches Where the sea gives up its dead; Perchance there will be one living When the hungry waves are fed. Go up on the reefing headlands, Where the sand and sleet fly fast, Propelled by a thousand furies, Pursued by the shrieking blast. And list for the boom of the cannon When the tempest has paused for breath; Where the mad waves are frightfully leaping There are men face to face with death. Then fight your way to the life crew, Those seamen true and brave, Who will battle the wildest billows. Fear not! there are lives to save. May the God who rules above us Save to-night from the storm's wild wrath. Both the sailor and lonely surferman Patrolling his wreck-strawn path. -George A. Cowen, in Boston Transcript.



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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

A few inquiries informed him where Bowers had deposited his source of supplies, and he watched until the miner went for a fresh portion one evening. Rider was helplessly intoxicated, and Bowers had been indulging freely himself. He placed a little pouch containing about \$300 in dust in his pocket, and reeled out in the darkness without the faintest thought of danger.

A heavy blow behind the ears suddenly sent him to his knees, and a pair of strong hands grasped his throat at the same moment, but the owner had no easy task to accomplish his object. The realization of his danger fully sobered Bowers, and with a stifled curse he tore the grip from his throat and gained his feet by main strength.

It was too dark to see his assailant, but Hank Bowers was no coward, and instead of attempting to flee or call for help, he grappled silently with the would-be robber.

It did not last long. Once his arms were about his enemy, Bowers was master of the situation. Inch by inch he bent the other back until human endurance could bear no more, and with a groan the man's muscles relaxed and he fell heavily with Bowers on top of him.

"Struck a snag that time, didn't yer?" he demanded, grimly, seating himself on the other's breast and holding his wrists so that he could not draw a weapon.

"Let me up, blast yer!" was the sullen reply as the man tried in vain to move.

"Want ter get up? All right, pard. Jest remember I've got a gun agin yer ribs, though, an' if yer don't go all quiet I'll let a hole through yer!"

As he spoke he arose and allowed the man to do likewise, keeping a stout grip on his collar. Then he said, sternly: "Go on where I push yer. I want ter see yer face."

A short walk brought them to the tent where Rider and Bowers slept, and into this the latter conducted his prisoner and a lit candle.

The light showed the face of a man about 30 years, with an expression of ferocity which was revolting, but Bowers surveyed it with satisfaction as he asked:

"Well, Mr. Man, what made yer tackle me? Hard up?"

"Yes."

The fellow gazed at him unflinchingly as he spoke.

"I s'pose yer know I could come pretty near hev'in' yer hung fer this job?"

"Do it, d—, yer, an' don't talk about it," was the prompt reply.

Bowers released his grip, produced a bottle of liquor from his pocket and held it toward his companion, saying:

"Take a drink. You're a man after my own heart, you be. You an' I kin do business, I guess. How would yer like ter lay yer paws on a couple o' hundred thou, all in dust an' nuggets?"

"What's that yer saying?" replied the man, wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve as he lowered the bottle. "Are yer makin' game of me or what the—?"

"Do I look like a chap that fooled?" snarled Bowers, angrily. "I ain't that kind. I know some chaps as has got a few hundred pounds o' the yaller stuff all dug, an' if I had two or three good men they'd whack up the swag with me."

"I'm yer man!" exclaimed the other, looking him full in the eye. "I ain't scared of a little blood. I'm desperate and I'll join yer!"

"Know another good man we could trust?" asked Bowers. "I've got a white-livered cuss with me as I'm goin' to cut loose from pretty quick. Three will be plenty ter do the job."

"Plenty ter divide with, too. Why can't we manage it between us?"

"Course we kin," said Bowers, "an' the fewer in it the better. Two good men is better'n twenty fer such a job. Will yer stick ter me, no matter what happens?"

"I never went back on a chum yet," was the prompt reply.

"All right. Now, what's yer name, pard?"

"My name's Turner."

"Wall, Turner, let's finish this lickin' the fust thing."

It did not take long to accomplish this, and then Bowers said:

"I'll furnish the outfit an' take yer where the game is ter be played. You git one-third of ther swag an' I git two-thirds. That's fair, ain't it?"

"I can't kick on that."

"All right. Now we'll git some sleep an' to-morrow we'll see if thar's any hosses ter be got. If I hadn't been a chump I'd held on ter what I brought in with me when I come."

On the following day, however, he took a different view of the matter. It would be impossible to start off on the trip without arousing the suspicions of Obed Rider, and Bowers decided that he must be of the party.

"He's just the chap ter split on us if we happened ter have a scrimmage an' thar was any fuss here over it. I dassent leave him behind. We'll take him an' then he'll hev ter keep his mouth shut when he's in the same boat with us."

But after two days' search he was unable to procure a single horse, so great was the demand. His gold was running low besides, and at last he dared not wait any longer. Each man took as much provisions as he could carry on his back, and, early one morning, they started over the trail, armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they had proceeded a few miles on their way, Bowers said:

"Now, pards, we're out fer big game an' we've got ter be mighty smart if we want ter come out all right. We're likely ter meet some o' the party we're after any time. They can't tote all their dust in on their backs an' then thar's that girl. They must hev 'bout enuff by this time an' they'll like enuff send one o' the men ter Dyea after hosses fer the gang. See?"

"That's hoss sense," replied Turner.

"Wall," continued Bowers, "we must keep our eyes peeled that we don't let ourselves be seen by any such man. It'll spile everything if we do."

It was well for his plans that he did keep a sharp lookout, for before night he saw a speck far ahead on the trail which he knew at once to be a man. He was standing on the edge of a piece of woods, and his companions were behind him at the time. Stepping in the shadow of the trees, he explained:

"Thar's a man comin', an' I'll bet it's one o' them we're after. He may hev seen me, an' it won't do fer us all ter hide. He won't know you, Turner. You keep on an' pass ther time o' day with him. Yer bound fer the fort, yer know. Keep right on, an' we'll hide till he's out o' sight, then we'll overtake yer."

Turner at once walked ahead, while his two companions secreted themselves in the underbrush. They saw Turner stop and converse with the stranger a few moments, when the latter drew near them, and Bowers whispered:

"It's the man they call Taylor! He's goin' after hosses sure!"

All unconscious of the proximity of the two men, Taylor tramped sturdily on, and was soon out of hearing in the woods. Then the two left their ambush and hurried after Turner, who awaited them far out on the plain.

"What did he say?" inquired Bowers, eagerly.

"Asked me where I was bound an' whether there was any hosses ter be got in Dyea," said Turner, who never seemed to waste a word.

"I knew it!" declared Bowers. "Now all we've got ter do is find a snug place this side whar the trail splits an' take it easy till the dust is under our eyes. He'll be back pretty quick if he gits any hosses an' then we won't hev much longer ter wait."

Several days later saw them securely hidden in a piece of dense woods, but each day was divided into watches, when they took turns standing on sentinel duty. From a knoll a short distance from the hut they had built the trail was visible for fully a mile, and from daylight to dark they watched it closely.

Their patience was rewarded when, late one afternoon, they saw Dick Taylor riding along to the north, leading a string of horses behind him.

"Our time is most up now," said Bowers, grimly. "He'll fetch the mine by to-morrow. Them two chaps with him I've seen round Dyea. They're rich chaps, I've heard. He's picked 'em up an' is goin' ter sell 'em."

"How many will there be of them?" asked Turner, "an' how's the trick ter be done when they git here? Dyer reckon a regular holdup, or what?"

"We might do it in that way," said Bowers, "an' stan' the risk o' gittin' wiped out, but it won't do ter risk it.

There'll be too many of 'em. I've got a scheme I'm goin' ter spring on 'em. Let's git back under cover an' I'll tell yer what it is."

When they reached their rude shelter and lighted their pipes he outlined his plan as follows:

Upon sighting the party Rider was to conceal himself in the woods near the hut. Bowers himself was to remain in the hut on the boughs which served him for a bed, while Turner's part was to meet the travelers and play the role of a decoy.

"They all know my phiz," said Bowers, "an' some o' them knows Rider. You are the only one they don't know. Of course, Taylor will remember meetin' yer the other day when he was goin' in, an' yer can tell him you've met a chap as is shot himself by mistake, an' is almost dead. Ask one o' 'em ter come an' see if there's any chance fer him, or sumthin' like that. One o' 'em is sure ter come, an' when he gits inside the shanty we kin hold him up darned quick."

"But what about the rest of them?" asked Rider.

"Why, yer chump, when this one don't come back it's ten ter one thet another feller'll come lookin' arter him, an' we'll fix him too. Then if the rest don't come we'll go out with our guns all of a sudden an' hold 'em up. We'll take all thar guns an' hosses an' light out lively fer Dawson City. They'll be sure we've gone ter Dyea an' we'll git off clean with the gold. It's nigher ter Dawson anyhow, then it is ter Dyea. We kin git down by water an' then take ther steamer fer Seattle, while they're lookin' fer us round Dyea or Skaguay. See?"

"Great head," said Turner, sententiously, while even Rider began to be impressed with the clever scheme. It was also a great relief to know that there was to be no bloodshed, for, bad as he was, he had not the heart for such deeds when he was sober.

After carefully discussing every phase of their villainous plot and arranging the details the trio stretched themselves on their rude beds and were soon sleeping as soundly as though no guilt rested on their minds.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROBBED.

All unconscious of the snare ahead of them, the successful gold hunters rode cheerfully along over the trail, their gold secured on their animals and their hearts filled with natural thanksgiving at their success. They were rich—rich beyond their wildest hopes, and it had all been done in a few short weeks.

They had registered their claims in Dyea, but there was considerable doubt



"Well, what made yer tackle me?"

whether they were located in American or British territory, as the boundary line was not exactly known. This, however, had been fairly explained to the purchasers, who declared their willingness to take the risk. This they could well afford to do, for they had bought the claims for about one-quarter their actual value, and were well aware of the fact. They had only to register them in Dawson also to make themselves safe.

Their progress was necessarily slow, for each horse carried not only a rider, but a large amount of gold as well. Where the trail was very rough the men were forced to dismount at times, so that it was nearly night on the second day when the party drew near the piece of woods where Hank Bowers and his rascally confederates were hidden.

Taylor was leading the way as they reached the first trees, where already the lengthening shadows were stretching across the trail. The others were straggling along behind him, while Tom and Clara Avery rode side by side in the rear.

In fact this had already become his usual place, and his devotion was so apparent that the others had come to regard it as a foregone conclusion that the young couple had met their fate in each other.

Taylor was some ten yards ahead of his party when suddenly a man hurried out of the woods at his left and came directly toward him, shouting:

"Stranger! Hold on!"

Checking in his horse, Taylor allowed the man to reach his horse's side and then exclaimed:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

By this time the rest of the party had reached the spot and halted.

"There's a man back in the woods a little way here that is hurt bad," re-

plied the newcomer. "Won't one o' yer come an' see if sumthin' can be did fer him? He's in a bad way."

Taylor looked hard at the stranger. He was apparently about 40 years old, rather tall, a scar across his thin nose, which made his eyes seem close together. It was not a face to inspire confidence, but Dick Taylor had not the slightest suspicion of danger as he asked:

"Who is the man and where did he come from? What's the matter with him?"

"He's a sailor sort of a chap an' his horse throwed him, he says. Then his pardner skipped off an' left him ter kick ther bucket alone."

As the man spoke Taylor suddenly remembered his face.

"Didn't I meet you not long ago on this trail?" he demanded.

With a well-assumed air of surprise the man drew nearer and stared at him a moment, then exclaimed:

"Right yer are, stranger! Yer was bound fer Dyea afoot an' I was comin' this way. Didn't know yer at first. Yes, I got 'long here an' found this feller most dead. I knocked up a sort of a shanty in the bush an' got him into it, but he's dyin' sure's yer born."

"What's his name?" asked Avery, "and who is he?"

"Says his name's Rider. Obed—"

"Obed Rider!" cried Tom and the second mate, simultaneously.

"That's it! Dyer know him?" asked the stranger, looking at them with well-feigned surprise.

"The scoundrel!" cried Tom, jumping from his horse. "Come, Green, let's go and see if it is really him!"

But Avery spoke up at this point and said:

"Hold on, boys! Don't go rushing off like that! I don't take much stock in this story. Suppose it is some sort of a trap? Remember what we are taking with us."

"It's all right, boss," urged the newcomer. "You needn't be scared o' one man. This Rider begged me ter stay with him an' I hadn't ther heart ter leave him. I wouldn't leave a dog ter die in the bush alone. If yer don't want ter come, all right, but I hoped yer was men enuff fer that. I'm goin' back ter him. He may be dead by this time."

"Where does your man say he's from?" demanded Tom, his anger melting away as he thought of his enemy dying miserably by himself in this wilderness.

"He says he's from Dyea. He had a pardner named Butters or some such name. He's out of his head sometimes an' goes on 'bout a lot o' gold an' how some one's goin' ter git held up an' sew nonsense. Then he's got some papers an' all he thinks about when he sees 'em is some gold mine an' a chap named Scott."

"That settles it!" cried Tom. "Come on, Green, we'll go."

Without waiting to hear another word the man turned on his heel and led the way among the stunted pines from whence he had emerged. Tom and Green followed him and the rest dismounted to await their return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN FEET MADE HISTORY

Bismarck's Anger at French Women Who Laughed at His Wife.

Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have existed. Women create history when they least suspect themselves of creation, and they alter a destiny when most unmindful of their deed. Bismarck was unfriendly to France, but Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuileries. That evening there was a grand reception and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm. Now, Princess Bismarck was tall and gaunt and ugly, and her feet were enormous. As she walked she showed a great deal of sole. While Bismarck stood talking with Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife. That settled the matter. The political history of France was altered from that moment. A year later when Paris was besieged Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts and those who were near him heard him shout: "Take that for the feet of Princess Bismarck!" The slight was avenged.—Philadelphia Press.

Ham And.

Biggs—I wonder why unsuccessful actors are called "hams."

Boggs—Probably because they are so often served with eggs.—San Francisco Examiner.

JOHN J. INGALLS DEAD

The Distinguished Kansan Passes Away at Las Vegas, N. M.

His Death Came Peacefully—He Was Anxious for the End to Come, as He Felt His Life Work and Career of Usefulness Was Over.

East Las Vegas, N. M., Aug. 17.—John James Ingalls, of Kansas, died yesterday morning at 2:30 at the Montezuma hotel at Las Vegas Hot Springs. About nine o'clock Wednesday night he grew suddenly worse and the doctor informed the attendants that he was not likely to live until morning. He talked with his wife and son, Sheffield, who had just arrived from Kansas, until about half an hour before he died, during which time, with Mrs. Ingalls, he repeated the Lord's prayer. The end came peacefully and quietly after about a half hour of unconsciousness, from which he did not rally.

Sheffield Ingalls said yesterday morning: "My father was taken suddenly worse a little after nine o'clock Wednesday evening and Dr. Perkins, medical director of the hotel, informed us that my father was not likely to live until morning. I left his side at midnight and retired to my room for a short rest. My mother, whom he desired not to leave him, came to my door about two o'clock yesterday morning and told me that the end was near. Soon after, he lost consciousness and passed peacefully away. He talked to us up to a half hour before he died and repeated the Lord's prayer with my mother some time before he lost consciousness. His conduct all through his illness has been one of great fortitude. He loved his family and was beloved by them, and it was really in his home life that his noble qualities in his heart and mind were shown. He was devoted, kind and indulgent. He was anxious for the end to come, as he had felt for the last six months that his life work and career of usefulness was over."

The direct cause of his death was bronchitis. He had been gradually growing weaker for some time from inability to assimilate his food. His heart was also affected. Up to last night Senator Ingalls' condition had not changed since Saturday. His weakness at times was alarming, but it was thought that he would be able to stand the journey to his home in Atchison, Kan., where he had expressed a desire to be when the end came.

In accordance with a special request of Senator Ingalls to his son, Ellsworth, every feature of the funeral will be simple and without demonstration.

A Brief Sketch of His Career.

John James Ingalls was born of sturdy New England stock and his natal day was December 29, 1833. His birthplace was Middleton, Mass. In the public schools of Haverhill he laid the foundation of the splendid education that made him pre-eminent, and in 1855 he was graduated from Williams college. Then he studied law and looked about him for a new country in which to try his fledgling wings. He selected Kansas and first put his foot on the soil of that state on the 4th day of October, 1858. Sumner, a boom town, near Atchison, was his first home place, and when it faded into a reminiscence he became a resident of Atchison. In 1859 Mr. Ingalls first actively engaged in politics. In that year he was elected a delegate to the constitutional convention which met at Wyandotte, and in the following year was secretary of the territorial council. In 1861 he served as secretary of the state senate, and in 1862 he served his district in the state senate as its representative. In 1862, as the republican candidate for the office of lieutenant governor, he met his first political defeat. For the three succeeding years he was editor of the Atchison Champion, and for a time judge advocate of the state militia, with the successive ranks of major and lieutenant colonel.

The downfall of the noted "Briek" Pomeroy marked the elevation of Ingalls as a national character. For nine years he had been pursuing the professions of law and journalism. At the same time he had been laying political wires where they would be the most effective, and when the time came for the legislature to elect a United States senator he announced his ambition. There were many candidates, among them Pomeroy, who wished to succeed himself; Sidney Clark, Thomas A. Osborne, Charles Robinson and D. M. Valentine. It was a battle royal, and the hopes of Ingalls were hanging in the balance until a boodle expose placed the mantle on his shoulders by an almost unanimous vote. State Senator Alexander M. York, of Montgomery, made the expose in a most dramatic manner. He waited until the excitement occasioned by the canvass was at its height, and then he advanced to the desk of the chief clerk and laid thereon \$7,000. That sum, he declared, had been paid him to vote for Pomeroy. He took his seat in March of the same year and at once became a power. He remained a senator for 18 successive years.

It was in the year 1862 that the motto of Kansas was selected and the state seal adopted. The motto was suggested in 1861 by Mr. Ingalls, who was at the time secretary of the state senate, at its first session. He suggested to the joint committee appointed to present a design for the great seal a single star rising from the clouds at the base of a field with a constellation above and the now famous motto. His idea was amplified, the committee incorporating a river view, buffalo chased by Indians on horseback, a mountain scene and a big cabin with a settler plowing in the foreground. The clouds at the base were intended to represent the troubles and perils of the territorial history of Kansas, the star the new state and the constellation the union.