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CHAPTER XII.

"Hil' You! Mush on! Chook! Chook!"

SMOKE felt the sled heel up on one runner as it rounded an invisible curve, and from ahead came the snarl of beasts and the oaths of men. This was known afterward as the Barnes-Slocum jam. It was the teams of these two men which first collided, and into it at full career piled Smoke's seven big fighters. Scarcely more than semi-domesticated wolves, the excitement of that night on Mono creek had sent every dog fighting mad. From behind sled after sled hurried into the turmoil. Men who had their teams nearly exhausted were overwhelmed by fresh avalanches of dogs—each animal well fed, well rested and ripe for a battle.

What happened in the next half hour Smoke never distinctly remembered. At the end he emerged exhausted, sobbing for breath, his jaw sore from a fist blow, his shoulder aching from the bruise of a club, the blood running warmly down one leg from the rip of a dog's fangs, and both sleeves of his parka torn to shreds. As in a dream, while the battle still raged behind, he helped Shorty reharass the dogs. One, dying, they cut from the traces, and in the darkness they felt their way to the repair of the disrupted harnesses.

"Now you lie down an' get your wind back," Shorty commanded. And through the darkness the dogs sped with unabated strength down Mono creek, across the long outflow and to the Yukon. Here, at the junction with the main river trail, someone had lighted a fire, and here Shorty said good-by. By the light of the fire, as the sled leaped behind the flying dogs, Smoke caught another of the unforgettable pictures of the northland. It was of Shorty, swaying and sinking down limply in the snow, yelling his parting encouragement, one eye blackened and closed, knuckles bruised and broken, and one arm, ripped and fang torn, gushing forth a steady stream of blood.

"How many ahead?" Smoke asked as he dropped his tired Hudson legs and sprang on to the waiting sled at the first relay station. "I counted eleven," the man called after him, for he was already away behind the leaping dogs. Fifteen miles they were to carry him on the next stage, which would fetch him to the mouth of White river. There were nine of them, but they composed his weakest team. The twenty-five miles between White river and Sixty Mile he had broken into two stages because of ice jams, and here two of his heaviest, toughest teams were stationed.

He lay on the sled at full length, face down, holding on with both hands. Whenever the dogs snaked from top most speed he rose to his knees and, yelling and urging, clung precariously with one hand, threw his whip into them. Poor team that it was, he passed two sleds before White river was reached. Here at the freezeup a jam had piled a barrier, allowing the open water that formed for half a mile below to freeze smoothly. This smooth stretch enabled the racers to make flying exchanges of sleds, and down all the course they had placed their relays below the jams.

Over the jam and out on to the smooth Smoke tore along, calling loudly: "Billy! Billy!" Billy heard and answered, and by the light of the many fires on the ice Smoke saw a sled swing in from the side and come abreast. Its dogs were fresh and overhauled his. As the sleds swerved toward each other he leaped across, and Billy promptly rolled off. "Where's Big Olaf?" Smoke cried. "Leading?" Billy's voice answered, and Smoke was again flying through the wall of blackness.

In the jams of that relay, where the way led across a chaos of upended ice cakes and where Smoke slipped off the forward end of the sled and with a haul rope tumbled behind the wheel dog, he passed three sleds. Among the jams of the next short relay into Sixty Mile he passed two more teams. And that he might know adequately what had happened to them one of his own dogs wrenched a shoulder, was unable to keep up and was dragged in the harness. As he cut the injured animal out he heard the wailing cries of those behind him and the voice of a man that was familiar. It was Von Schroeder. Smoke called a warning to prevent a rear end collision, and the baron, having his animals and swinging on the gee pole, went by a dozen feet to the side. On the smooth stretch of ice beside the trading post at Sixty Mile Smoke overtook two more sleds. All had just changed teams, and for five minutes they ran abreast, each man on his knees and pouring whip and voice into the maddened dogs. But Smoke had studied out that portion of the trail, and now marked the tall pine on the

bank that showed faintly in the light of the many fires. Below that pine was not merely darkness, but an abrupt cessation of the smooth stretch. There the trail, he knew, narrowed to a single sled width. Leaning out ahead, he caught the haul rope and drew his leaping sled up to the wheel dog. He caught the animal by the hind legs and threw it. With a snarl of rage, it tried to slash him with its fangs, but was dashed on by the rest of the team. Its body proved an efficient brake, and the other teams, still abreast, dashed ahead into the darkness for the narrow way.

Smoke heard the crash and uproar of their collision, released his wheeler, sprang to the gee pole and urged his team to the right into the soft snow, where the straining animals wallowed to their necks. It was exhausting work, but he won by the tangled teams and gained the hard packed trail beyond. On the relay out of Sixty Mile Smoke had next to his poorest team, and though the going was good, he had set it a short fifteen miles. Two more teams would bring him into Dawson and to the gold recorder's office, and Smoke had selected his best animals for the last two stretches. Siska Charley himself waited with the eight Malamutes that would jerk Smoke along for twenty miles, and for the finish, with a fifteen mile run, was his own team.

The gray twilight of morning was breaking as he exchanged his weary dogs for the eight fresh Malamutes. Siska Charley called out the order of the teams ahead. Big Olaf led, Arizona Bill was second, and Von Schroeder third. These were the three best men in the country. In fact, ere Smoke had left Dawson, the popular betting had placed them in that order. As daylight strengthened Smoke caught sight of a sled ahead, and in half an hour his own lead dog was leaping at its tail. Not until the man turned his head to exchange greetings did Smoke recognize him as Arizona Bill. Von Schroeder had evidently passed him. The trail, hard packed, ran too narrowly through the soft snow, and for another half hour Smoke was forced to stay in the rear. Then they topped an ice jam and struck a smooth stretch below, where were a number of relay camps and where the snow was packed widely. On his knees, swinging his whip and yelling, Smoke drew abreast of Arizona Bill, then pulled ahead.

Bill dropped behind very slowly, though when the last relay station was in sight he was fully half a mile in the rear. Ahead, bunched together, Smoke could see Big Olaf and Von Schroeder. Again Smoke arose to his knees, and he lifted his fanged dogs into a burst of speed such as a man only can who has the proper instinct for dog driving. He drew up close to the tail of Von Schroeder's sled, and in this order the three sleds dashed out on the smooth going below a jam, where many men and many dogs waited. Dawson was fifteen miles away.

Von Schroeder, with his ten mile relays, had changed five miles back and would change five miles ahead. So he held on, keeping his dogs at full leap. Big Olaf and Smoke made flying changes, and their fresh teams immediately regained what had been lost to the baron. Big Olaf led past, and Smoke followed into the narrow trail beyond.

Of Von Schroeder, now behind, he had no fear, but ahead was the greatest dog driver in the country. To pass him seemed impossible. Again and again, many times, Smoke forced his leader to the other's sled tail, and each time Big Olaf let out another link and drew away. Smoke hung on grimly. The race was not lost until one or the other won, and in fifteen miles many things could happen. Three miles from Dawson something did happen. To Smoke's surprise Big Olaf rose up and with oaths and leather proceeded to fetch out the last ounce of effort in his animals. It was a spurt that should have been reserved for the last hundred yards instead of being begun three miles from the finish. Sheer dog killing that it was, Smoke followed.

They topped a small jam and struck the smooth going below. A sled shot out from the side and drew in toward him, and Smoke understood Big Olaf's terrific spurt. He had tried to gain a lead for the change. This fresh team that waited to jerk him down the home stretch had been a private surprise of his. Smoke strove desperately to pass during the exchange of sleds. With urging and pouring of leather he went to the side and on until his lead dog was jumping abreast of Big Olaf's wheeler. On the other side, abreast, was the relay sled. At the speed they were going Big Olaf did not dare try the flying leap. If he missed and fell off Smoke would be in the lead, and the race would be lost.

For half a mile the three sleds tore and bounced along side by side. The smooth stretch was nearing its end when Big Olaf took the change. As the flying sleds swerved toward each other he leaped, and the instant he struck he was on his knees, with whip and voice spurring the fresh team. The smooth stretch pinched out into the narrow trail, and he jumped his dogs ahead and into it with a lead of barely a yard.



Foot by Foot Big Olaf Drew Away Until He Led by a Score of Yards.

A man was not beaten until he was beaten, was Smoke's conclusion, and drive no matter how, Big Olaf failed to shake him off. No team Smoke had driven that night could have stood such a killing pace and kept up with fresh dogs—no team save this one. Nevertheless the pace was killing it, and as they began to round the bluff at Klondike City he could feel the pitch of strength going out of his animals. Almost imperceptibly they lagged, and foot by foot Big Olaf drew away until he led by a score of yards.

A great cheer went up from the population of Klondike City assembled on the ice. Here the Klondike entered the Yukon, and half a mile away, across the Klondike, on the north bank, stood Dawson. An outburst of madder cheering arose, and Smoke caught a glimpse of a sled shooting out to him. He recognized the splendid animals that drew it. They were Joy Gastell's, and Joy Gastell drove them. Mittens had been discarded, and with bare hands she clung to whip and sled. "Jump!" she cried as her leader snarled at Smoke's.

Smoke struck the sled behind her. It rocked violently from the impact of his body, but she was full up on her knees and swinging the whip. "Hil' You! Mush on! Chook! Chook!" she was crying, and the dogs whined and yelped in eagerness of desire and effort to overtake Big Olaf. And then as the lead dog caught the tail of Big Olaf's sled and yard by yard drew up abreast the great crowd on the Dawson bank went mad. "When you're in the lead I'm going to drop off!" Joy cried out over her shoulder. "And watch out for the dip curve halfway up the bank," she warned.

Dog by dog, separated by half a dozen feet, the two teams were running abreast. Big Olaf, with whip and voice, held his own for a minute. Then slowly, an inch at a time, Joy's leader began to force past. "Get ready!" she cried to Smoke. "I'm going to leave you in a minute. Get the whip."

And as she shifted his hand to clutch the whip she heard Big Olaf roar a warning, but too late. His lead dog, increased at being passed, swerved in to the attack. His fangs struck Joy's leader on the flank. The rival teams flew at one another's throats. The sleds overran the fighting brutes and capsized. Smoke struggled to his feet and tried to lift Joy up. But she thrust him from her, crying: "Go!"

On foot, already fifty feet in advance, was Big Olaf, still intent on finishing the race. Smoke obeyed, and when the two men reached the foot of the Dawson bank he was at the other's heels. But up the bank Big Olaf lifted his body hugely, regaining a dozen feet. Five blocks down the main street was the gold recorder's office. Not so easily this time did Smoke gain to his rival, and when he did he was unable to pass. Side by side they ran along the narrow aisle between the solid walls of cheering men. Now one, now the other, with great convulsive jerks, gained an inch or so, only to lose it immediately after. If the pace had been a killing one for their dogs, the one they now set themselves was no less so. But they were racing for \$1,000,000 and the greatest honor in the Yukon country.

Smoke felt himself involuntarily lag, and Big Olaf sprang a full stride in the lead. To Smoke it seemed that his heart would burst, while he knew they were flying under him, but he did not know how he continued to make them fly, nor how he put even greater pressure of will upon them and compelled them again to carry him to his giant competitor's side. The open door of the recorder's office appeared ahead of them. Both men made a final, futile spurt. Neither could draw away from the other, and

side by side they hit the doorway, collided violently, and fell headlong on the office floor.

They sat up, but were too exhausted to rise. Big Olaf, the sweat pouring from him, breathing with tremendous, painful gasps, panted the air and vainly tried to speak. Then he reached out his hand with unmistakable meaning: Smoke extended his, and they shook. "It's a dead heat," Smoke could hear the recorder saying, but it was as if in a dream. "And all I can say is that you both win. You'll have to divide the claim between you. You're partners."

Big Olaf nodded his head with great emphasis and spluttered. At last he got it out. "You d— a chekako," was what he said, but in the saying of it was admiration: "I don't know how you do it, but you did!"

Smoke and Big Olaf essayed to rise, and each helped the other to his feet. Smoke found his legs weak under him and staggered drunkenly. Big Olaf tottered toward him. "I'm sorry my dogs jumped yours." "It couldn't be helped," Smoke panted back. "I heard you yell." "Say," Big Olaf went on, with shining eyes, "that girl—o—d—d fine girl eh?" "One d—d fine girl!" Smoke agreed.

(To Be Continued.)

For Sale. White Wyandotte Cockerels, \$1.00 each. Julius Pitz, Plattsmouth, Neb. 2-8-3twkly

Hay for Sale. Good timothy hay for sale. E. R. Queen. 2-8-2twkly

PIANO AT A BARGAIN. Customer near Plattsmouth is unable to finish payments on piano contract. We will turn piano over to first satisfactory party who will pay balance, either cash or five dollars per month. Write Schmoller & Mueller, Piano Co., Omaha, Neb. 2-11-4twkly

Fred Guenther Very Low. From Wednesday's Daily. The friends throughout this section of the county of Mr. Fred Guenther, sr., will regret greatly to learn that this gentleman is quite ill at his home on West Locust street, and his advanced age of 84 years makes it very difficult for relief to be afforded him, and the members of the family have been called to his bedside to assist in looking after him, as well as in case he should be stricken with a relapse. Mr. Guenther is among the best-known residents of this part of the county, where he has made his home for a good many years.

What's the use of limping around with rheumatism or lumbago? There's an osteopath in town.

Remember the Big Mask Ball at the German Home on Saturday evening, February 13. Two cash prizes. Music by the Plattsmouth orchestra. Gents' tickets, 50c; ladies free. After you have gone the rounds of all the specialists in the country, and have paid all the way from \$500 to \$5,000 and found no relief from your ailment, you may be prevailed upon to visit an osteopath. Why not "do it now" and save all that suffering and expense? Subscribe for The Journal.

SOUTH BEND. Miss Tessie McDonald and Thiene Wannamaker were visiting in Lincoln Sunday evening, returning home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Murdock were here Sunday, spending the day with Charley Hill and family. Miss Thiene Wannamaker came down from Omaha last week to spend a few days with Mrs. Archie Towle. Albert Fidelity was a passenger on No. 29 for Ashland Tuesday.

John Kittrell and wife returned home Tuesday evening after spending several days in Louisville. Mrs. A. L. Conrad returned home Tuesday after visiting over Sunday at Nehawka, Neb., with her parents. Miss Vera Burdick of Nehawka came up Thursday to spend a few hours with her sister.

Mrs. A. L. Conrad and son went over to Greenwood on the afternoon train to see Miss Tessie McDonald for a couple of days. Mrs. Lucy Graham and son, Clarence, of Amelia, Neb., came last week to see Mrs. Graham's sister, who is very ill. Oscar Dill and his lady friends were visitors in Omaha last Monday. R. D. McDonald has sold out his restaurant and drug store to E. Sturzenegger and expects to make Missouri his future home.

Mrs. Charley Brown returned home Wednesday evening from Omaha, where she spent the last few days with her parents. Mrs. Elmer Green died at her home Saturday afternoon at 3:15, after several weeks' sickness. The funeral was held Monday at 2:30 p. m., and the body was laid to rest in the Ashland cemetery.

Roy Chapin and family moved into the John Kuhn property at the quarry last week. Jerry McHugh of Murdock was here Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Green.

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For Sale. One of the best improved small farms in Cass county, consisting of 20 acres, new up-to-date 6-room house, water system, bath room and furnace; 1 1/2 miles from town; place fenced hog tight; 8 1/2 acres timber pasture; 18 acres alfalfa; 2 wells on place; horse and cow barns and 50-ton hay shed; all kinds of fruit on place. Can give possession March 1st. Reason for selling, other business interests. Address owner, at Box 125, Plattsmouth. 2-6-3td

From one to three osteopathic treatments are usually enough to break up an ordinary attack of "the grip." Try it and see for yourself.

EAGLE. Beacon. T. J. Bahr of Monte Vista, Colorado arrived here Thursday morning for a few days' visit with relatives. Jasiel Forsythe and son, Ernest, left for Gothenburg, Neb., Thursday for a few weeks' visit with relatives. G. A. Drumm left Monday for Utah to look at some land with the view of purchasing the same. He will be gone about a week. We are glad to report that Mr. Gates is improving and trust that he may be able to be out and around again in a few days. William Sack, who underwent an operation last week at Dr. Shoemaker's hospital in Lincoln, is reported to be getting along nicely. Mr. and Mrs. Harley Smith's baby was reported to be seriously ill the latter part of last week, but we are glad to report at this writing that its condition is greatly improved. Fred Spahnle was so unfortunate as to slip on the ice in front of the hall late Thursday night, receiving a deep cut on the back of his head. He was picked up in a dazed condition and carried home, and at last reports is getting along nicely. LaVerne Francis, the 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ketelhut, died Friday, January 29, at 7 p. m., at the family home four miles southwest of Eagle. Funeral services were held Tuesday at Lincoln and interment was made in Calvary cemetery. Charley Schurl (known better as Snell) died at his home, five and a half miles southeast of Eagle, Wednesday morning, February 3, at about 10 o'clock from heart trouble. Funeral services will be held from the home this (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, and interment will be made in Rosewood cemetery near Plimyra. Roy Chapin and family moved into the John Kuhn property at the quarry last week. Jerry McHugh of Murdock was here Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Green.

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CHICHESTER'S PILLS. THE GREAT URINARY PILLS. For Sale. Having decided to remain in Plattsmouth as my home, I have placed my farm at Mynard on the market for sale, along with all my interests at that place. Address R. L. Propst, Plattsmouth, Neb.

SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD. George W. Clough, Prentiss, Miss., who had suffered greatly with kidney trouble, writes: "Foley Kidney Pills are the only remedy that ever did me any good at all. Just think of the relief and comfort that means to him. Foley Kidney Pills are recommended for sleep disturbing bladder troubles, pain in sides or back, rheumatism, and kidney and bladder ailments. For sale by all druggists."

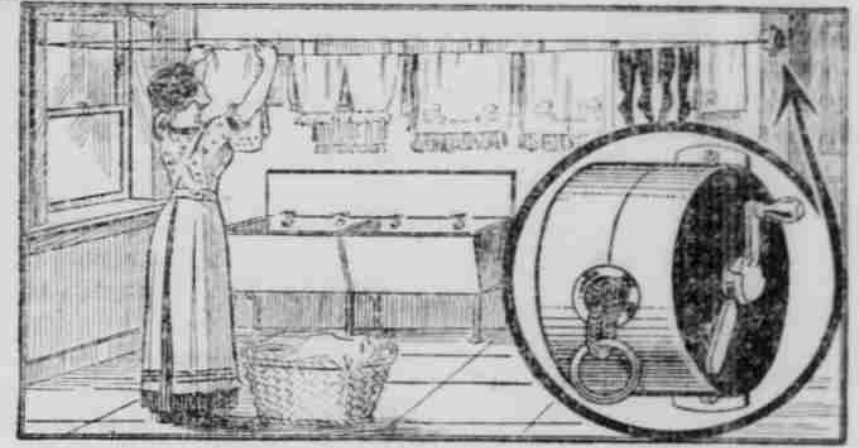
In the District Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska. LINCOLN DIVISION. In the Matter of Charles E. Huribut, Bankrupt. Case No. 279 in Bankruptcy. To creditors of the above bankrupt of Greenwood, in the County of Cass, the district aforesaid, a bankrupt: Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of February, A. D. 1915, the said bankrupt was duly adjudicated bankrupt and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held in my office in Lincoln, on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1915, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, examine the bankrupt, appoint a trustee, and transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting. Dated February 9th, 1915. DANIEL H. McCLENNAN, Referee in Bankruptcy. 2-11-twly

NOTICE. J. W. Hamilton will take notice that on the 11th day of January, 1915, M. Archer, a justice of the peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$95.75 in an action pending before him, wherein John Cory is plaintiff, and J. W. Hamilton is defendant, and that property of the defendant, consisting of money in the possession of the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to February 27th, 1915. JOHN CORY, Plaintiff.

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