

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS & KETNER

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Nathaniel Plum of the sloop *Typhoon*, lands secretly on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, an eccentric old man and member of the Mormons, who has been spying on him, suddenly confronts him and tells him he is expected. Plum insists he has got the wrong man.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"He stated, Captain Plum; right over there—opposite me. No?"

He continued for a moment to smooth out the creases in the letter and then proceeded to read it with as much assurance as though its owner were a thousand miles away instead of within arm's reach of him. Captain Plum was dumfounded. He felt the hot blood rushing to his face and his first impulse was to recover the crumpled paper and demand something more than an explanation. In the next instant it occurred to him that this action would probably spoil whatever possibilities his night's adventure might have for him. So he held his peace. The old man was so intent in his perusal of the letter that the end of his hooked nose almost scraped the table. He went over the dim, partly obliterated words line by line, chuckling now and then, and apparently utterly oblivious of the other's presence. When he had come to the end he looked up, his eyes glittering with unbounded satisfaction, carefully folded the letter, and handed it to Captain Plum.

"That's the best introduction in the world, Captain Plum—the very best! Ho, ho!—it couldn't be better. I'm glad I found it." He chuckled gleefully, and rested his greasy head in the palms of his skeleton-like hands, his elbows on the table. "So you're going back home—soon?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet, dad," responded Captain Plum, pulling out his pipe and tobacco. "You've read the letter pretty carefully, I guess. What would you do?"

"Vermost?" questioned the old man shortly.

"That's it."

"Well, I'd go, and very soon, Captain Plum, very soon, indeed. Yes, I'd hurry!" The old man jumped up with the quickness of a cat. So sudden was his movement that it startled Captain Plum, and he dropped his tobacco pouch. By the time he had recovered from this article his strange companion was back in his seat again holding a leather bag in his hand. Quickly he untied the knot at its top and poured a torrent of glittering gold pieces out upon the table.

"Business—business and gold," he gurgled happily, rubbing his thin hands and twisting his fingers until they cracked. "A pretty sight, eh, Captain Plum? Now, to our account! A hundred carbines, eh? And a thousand of powder and a ton of balls. Or is it in lead? It doesn't make any difference—not a bit. It's three thousand, that's the account, eh?" He fell to counting rapidly.

For a full minute Captain Plum remained in stupefied bewilderment, silenced by the sudden and unexpected turn his adventure had taken. Fascinated, he watched the skeleton fingers as they clinked the gold pieces. What was the mysterious plot into which he had allowed himself to be drawn? Why were a hundred guns and a ton and a half of powder and balls wanted by the Mormons of Beaver Island? Instinctively he reached out and closed his hand over the counting fingers of the old man. Their eyes met. And there was a shrewd, half-understanding gleam in the black orbs that fixed Captain Plum in an unflinching challenge. For a little space there was silence. It was Captain Plum who broke it.

"Dad, I'm going to tell you for the third and last time that you've made a mistake. I've got eight of the best rifles in America aboard my sloop out there. But there's a man for every gun. And I've got something hidden away underdeck that would blow up St. James in half an hour. And there is powder and ball for the whole outfit. But that's all. I'll sell you what I've got—for a good price. Beyond that you've got the wrong man!"

He settled back and blew a volume of smoke from his pipe. For another half minute the old man continued to look at him, his eyes twinkling, and then he fell to counting again.

Captain Plum was not given over to the habit of cursing. But now he jumped to his feet with an oath that jarred the table. The old man chuckled. The gold pieces clinked between his fingers. Coolly he shoved two glittering piles alongside the candle stick, tumbled the rest back into the leather bag, deliberately tied the end, and smiled up into the face of the exasperated captain.

"To be sure you're not the man," he said, nodding his head until his eyelids danced around his face. "Of course you're not the man. I know it!—he, ho! you can wager that I know it! A little rascal of mine, Captain Plum. Pardonable—excusable, eh? I wanted to know if you were a liar. I wanted to see if you were honest."

With a gasp of astonishment Captain Plum sank back into his chair. His jaw dropped and his pipe was held fireless in his hand.

"The devil you say?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly. If you wish it," chuckled the little man, in high humor. "I would have visited your sloop today, Captain Plum, if you hadn't come ashore so opportunely this morning. Ho, ho, ho! a good joke, eh? A mighty good joke!"

Captain Plum remained his composure by relighting his pipe. He heard the click of gold pieces and when he looked again the two piles of money were close to the edge of his side of the table.

"That's for you, Captain Plum. There's a just \$1,500 in those two piles." There was tense earnestness

now in the old man's face and voice. "I've imposed on you," he continued, speaking as one who had suddenly thrown off a disguise. "If it had been any other man it would have been the same. I want help. I want an honest man. I want a man whom I can trust. I will give you a thousand dollars if you will take a package back to your vessel with you and will promise to deliver it as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it!" cried Captain Plum. He jumped to his feet and held out his hand. But the old man slipped from his chair and darted swiftly into the blackness of the adjoining room. As he came back Captain Plum could hear his insane chuckling.

"Business—business—business—" he gurgled. "Eh, Captain Plum? Did you ever take an oath?" He tossed a book on the table. It was the Bible. Captain Plum understood. He reached for the book and held it under his left hand. His right he lifted above his head, while a smile played about his lips.

"I suppose you want to place me under oath to deliver that package," he said.

The old man nodded. His eyes gleamed with a feverish glare. A sudden hectic flush had gathered in his death-like cheeks. He trembled. His voice rose barely above a whisper.

"Repeat," he commanded. "I, Captain Nathaniel Plum, do solemnly swear before God—"

A thrilling inspiration shot into Captain Plum's brain.

"Hold!" he cried. He lowered his hand. With something that was almost a snarl the old man sprang back, his hands clenched. "I will take this oath upon one other consideration," continued Captain Plum. "I came to Beaver Island to see something of the



"That's for You, Captain Plum."

life and something of the people of St. James. If you, in turn, will swear to show me as much as you can to-night I will take the oath."

The old man was beside the table again in an instant.

"I will show it to you—all—all—" he exclaimed excitedly. "I will show it to you—yes, and swear to it upon the body of Christ!"

Captain Plum lifted his hand again and word by word repeated the oath. When it was done the other took his place.

"Your name?" asked Captain Plum. A change scarcely perceptible swept over the old man's face.

"Obadiah Price."

"But you are a Mormon. You have the Bible there?"

Again the old man disappeared into the adjoining room. When he returned he placed two books side by side and stood them on edge so that he might clasp both between his bony fingers. One was the Bible, the other the Book of the Mormons. In a cracked, excited voice he repeated the strenuous oath improvised by Captain Plum.

"Now," said Captain Plum, distributing the gold pieces among his pockets. "I'll take that package."

This time the old man was gone for several minutes. When he returned he placed a small package tightly bound and sealed into his companion's hand.

"More precious than your life, more precious than gold," he whispered tensely, "yet worthless to all but the one to whom it is to be delivered."

"There were no marks on the package."

"And who is that?" asked Captain Plum.

The old man came so close that his breath fell hot upon the young man's cheek. He lifted a hand as though to ward sound from the very walls that closed them in.

"Franklin Pierce, president of the United States of America!"

CHAPTER II.

The Seven Wives. Hardly had the words fallen from the lips of Obadiah Price than the old

man straightened himself and stood as rigid as a gargoyle, his gaze penetrating into the darkness of the room beyond Captain Plum, his head inclined slightly, every nerve in him strained to a tension of expectancy. His companion involuntarily gripped the butt of his pistol and faced the narrow entrance through which they had come. In the moment of absolute silence that followed there came to him, faintly, a sound, unintelligible at first, but growing in volume until he knew that it was the last echo of a tolling bell. There was no movement, no sound of breath or whisper from the old man at his back. But when it came again, floating to him as if from a vast distance, he turned quickly to find Obadiah Price with his face lifted, his thin arms flung wide above his head and his lips moving as if in prayer. His eyes burned with a dull glow as though he had been suddenly thrown into a trance. He seemed not to breathe, no vibration of life stirred him except in the movement of his lips. With the third toll of the distant bell he spoke, and to Captain Plum it was as if the passion and fire in his voice came from another being.

"Our Christ, Master of hosts, we call upon thy chosen people the three blessings of the universe—peace, prosperity and plenty, and upon Strang, priest, king and prophet, the bounty of thy power!"

Three times more the distant bell tolled forth its mysterious message and when the last echoes had died away the old man's arms dropped beside him and he turned again to Captain Plum.

"Franklin Pierce, president of the United States of America," he repeated, as though there had been no interruption since his companion's question. "The package is to be delivered to him. Now you must excuse me. An important matter calls me out for a short time. But I will be back soon—oh, yes, very soon. And you will wait for me. You will wait for me here, and then I will take you to St. James."

He was gone in a quick hopping way, like a cricket, and the last that Captain Plum saw of him was his ghostly face turned back for an instant in the darkness of the next room, and after that the soft patter of his feet and the strange chuckle in his throat traveled to the outer door



HANDSOME long coat of plush or fur, finished with shawl collar and deep cuffs of fur, leaves nothing to be desired from the point of style or comfort. It is surmounted by a round turban of satin with a velvet coronet, on which a Persian band, embroidered with gold cord and studded with mock jewels, is mounted about the crown and across the brim. When the latter shows an indentation over the left eye a stiff aigrette is placed. These turbans set down over the head and are worn at a dashing and sometimes a little rakish angle, by the more youthful devotees of fashion. Equally full of style, more adaptable to individual wearers and the perfection of comfort and convenience, is to be found in the soft velvet hats

and turbans (which might as properly be called hoods) and can only be accurately named as turban-hoods. They are not made over a frame but are supported by an interlining of some sort, warm and soft. They are lined with silk and worn far down on the head. A little fringe of curls about the forehead and neck is about all the hair that is visible with them. A soft hat and muff of beaver cloth in mustard color, trimmed with dark brown fox fur, is shown in the second figure. The fur is bordered with old gold lace and the turban finished with two standing plumes in brown and green. This set is from the atelier of the renowned Carlier of Paris. By such clever effects the French rightly earn and keep their prestige.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SMALL WAIST NOT NEEDED

Women Gladly Follow New Law of Paris, but Their Hips Must Be Reduced.

Most certainly very small waists are not today a necessity in beauty culture; indeed, some classic statues dressed in Parisian modes might pass muster now; twenty-six inches is none too big, even twenty-eight inches.

Paris made the law, and every one followed it joyously; even the stays, pull as you may, will not give you a small waist. It is even rumored that Frenchwomen pad the front of the figure, to cause it to appear straight. It is not the waist we have to reduce, but the hips; the one desideratum is to keep them to the straight line.

Catherine de Medici, when she introduced the bone corset, made thirteen inches the right size for the waist, and many a woman at court sacrificed her life to attain it. There is no necessity to have long bones to keep in the hips; corset or brocade may be cut so as to confine the dimensions. Digestive organs are now left full and easy play; but we do not want to get too tubelike, which seems the special danger of the moment.

Diet and Beauty.

Diet has much to do with the condition of the pores of the face.

If food is not suited to the individual and is too rich, the system may try to throw it off by an exudation of oil through the pores. It is this which causes oily complexion, and the first step, of course, is to change the diet.

Such foods should be adopted as are nutritious, easily digested, and lacking in grease.

The list includes milk, eggs, fish, rare meats, rich spinach, beans and the like.

Thick soups, pastries and elaborate desserts should be banished, and plenty of fruit eaten.

Fresh air and careful washing of the face are, of course, necessary accompaniments of the treatment.

BLUE AND BROWN ARE SMART

These Are the Year's Popular Colors, the Latter Especially in Its Darker Shades.

Certain colors never go out of fashion and others are doomed to a short life by the very quality that makes them popular. Navy blue is one of the colors whose popularity never seems to fluctuate from season to season, probably because it is so universally becoming. The browns are more variable, but this year they are considered extremely smart, especially in their darker shades—Kaffir, nutmeg, seal and walnut.

In fact, all the new colors are perceptibly darker. Black is the smartest color of the season, but its effect is far from being sober or somber, because it is always relieved by white or by some vivid color. It has had its effect on other colors; the smart blues are almost black, the new greens are the deep shades of teal and wintergreen, and prune is the most popular shade of purple. Black used to be apt almost entirely for older women,

FANCY BLOUSE.



Worn with a serge or cloth skirt of the same color this blouse would look very well. It has a yoke of silk and lace ornamented with fancy buttons and loops of cord; the velvet is arranged in flat pleats that are carried from yoke to waist; the sleeve to elbow is of velvet with cuff of silk, the under-sleeves of lace to match the yoke.

Materials required: 2½ yards velvet 24 inches wide, ¾ yard silk, ¾ yard lace.

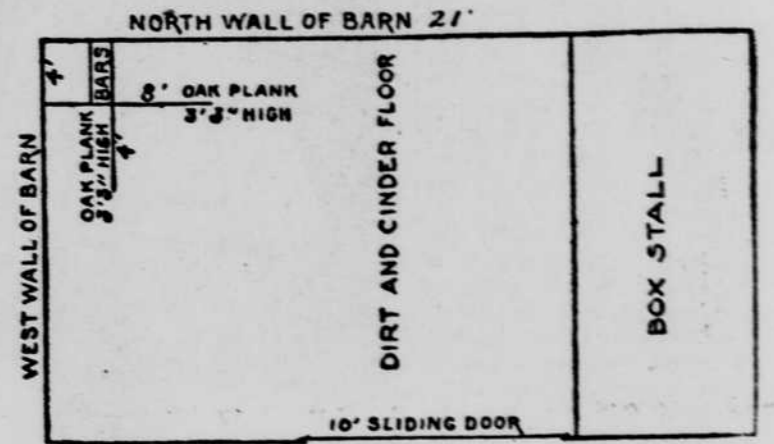
Carry Few Toilet Articles.

Women frequently carry many more toilet accessories than are needed. It is perfectly fair to assume that the hostess will have a dressing table equipped, or that she will possess enough pieces for the wants of her guests. Every woman wishes to carry her own brush and comb, but a hand mirror is heavy, and it is expected that one will be provided.

Jaunty silk ties, both in black and colors, will be worn with cloth suits.

MINNESOTA STALLION BARN FOR BREEDING PURPOSES

Safe Harbor of Refuge Is Provided for Boys and Timid People With Mares—Also Aids in Securing Patronage.



A Minnesota Stallion Barn.

The following description of a Minnesota stallion barn is given by M. T. Grattan in Breeder's Gazette:

The stallion barn fronts to the south and after passing office and carriage space comes the stallion boxes with stout plank doors opening in and double doors opening out. The stallions stand with their heads out at liberty, and as they never bite mares, trying is done by leading the mare to the stallion's door. If found in season she is led to the northwest corner of the barn, off from the plank, onto a space 21x16 feet with cinder and earth floor and 14 feet to ceiling. A solid slide door 10x14 feet shuts this space off from the rest of the barn except a big box stall in which mares can be tied. For the breeding pen or chute proper the north wall of barn provides one side and the west wall of barn the end toward which the mare is led. Sink a couple of solid posts so as to have a pen 8 feet long from west wall and 4 feet wide inside. Lay sound 2 inch plank from the ground to a height of 3 feet 3 inches. Have the two posts outside of plank sawed to their height and edges smoothly rounded, as well as edges of planks at ends and on top. Sink another post from middle of pen south 4 feet. Just in front of this wing make a couple of holes to run a pair of 5 feet 6 inch gas pipe bars through and make a couple of holes in north side of wall to receive them. The wing affords a safe place for party with mare. The bars make a pen for foal so the mare may keep her head to it. The bars also keep the mare from being shoved ahead and cramped. The top one will be at her breast and the bottom one at her knees. These bars should be strong, say 2 inches, and work easy. Mares are bred in this pen or stall, those for the trotter always being hopped, but rarely for the draft horse.

The dimensions given may be varied and the part of stall back of wing hinged if desired. However, the hinges are not much of an advantage; the stall is wide enough so a mare's heels, by a sharp turn of her head, may be turned into the wall.

Often boys, or timid people, bring mares and the safe harbor of refuge behind the wing is much appreciated. It will help a stallion's patronage where competition is sharp.

The floor of the entire space should be covered with short stuff and chaff and kept scrupulously clean, wet straw and droppings being wheeled out after each visit. This arrangement is admirable also for handling a bull with safety. Up to this date this year—

August 22—74 mares have been bred to the brother, 98 to the draft horse and 62 cows to a Red Poll bull without injury to man or beast.

Horns Not Wanted.

Buyers of fat cattle discriminate sharply against steers with horns. On a recent market where all other cattle found buyers readily two lots of steers with big horns did not receive a decent bid. Horned cattle have to sell below their real value as killers, and on a dull market it is hard to sell them at all.

Feeders should either buy dehorned cattle or dehorn them before they put them into the feed lot. Buyers do not like to run the risk of having bruised carcasses from shipments of horned cattle, and they take more than enough from the price on foot to pay for any such loss in the cooler.

Comfort for Pigs.

Every fall sees some very cold rains that last often two or three days. At such times fall pigs may be seen on many farms bumped up, taking the rain and picking corn off the ear in the mud. The next they have to go to is very little more comfortable than outside—a mud hole under a leaky roof very probably. For any farmer to think that he could raise pigs profitably under such conditions seems absurd. But many do think so—at least they practise it. Pigs must have clean, comfortable quarters, they must have a clean feeding floor and troughs and they must have clean water and feed for largest profits.

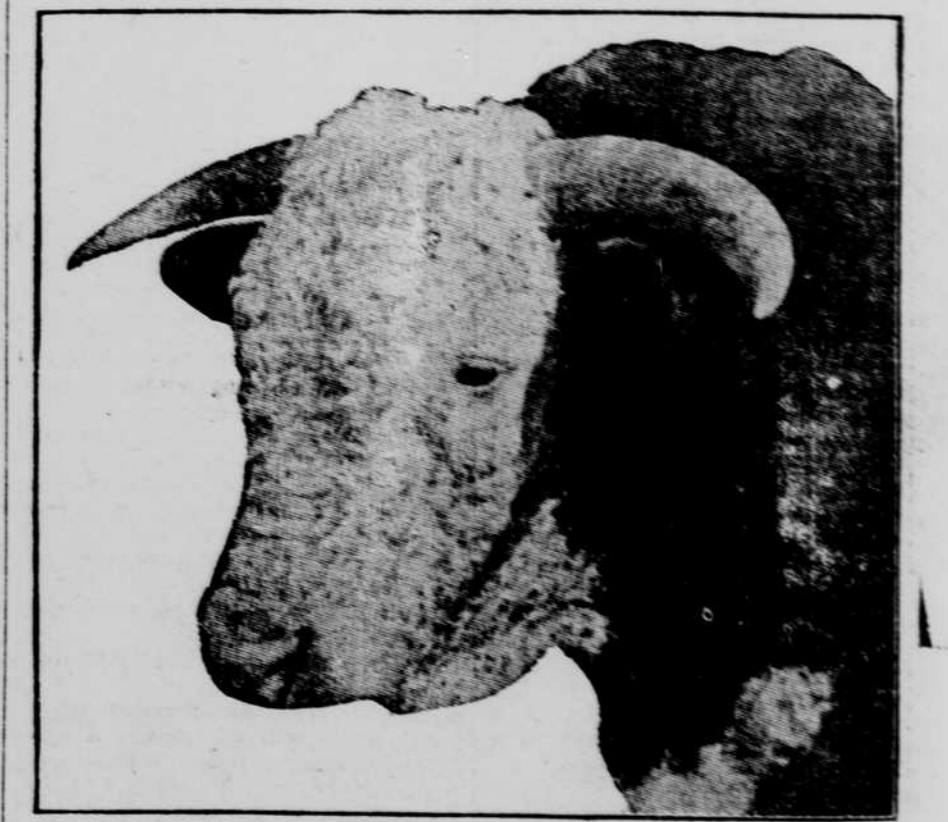
Feeding the Calf.

The calves should be fed well, but a lot of calves are fed to death. Four quarts of skim milk a day is enough for a four-weeks-old calf. As soon as any signs of bowel trouble shows in the droppings reduce the quantity of milk. Give the calf all the hay and bran it will eat, and let it run on grass, but do not overfeed on skim-milk. The calf that is reared naturally gets only a small quantity of milk at a time, and the wild cow does not give much at any time.

Feeding Cows.

It is easier to keep the cows from getting out by fixing the fences beforehand, than it is to break them of the fence habit after they once get it. If you have not already set apart some space for field pumpkins or mangel wurzels, you have made a serious mistake. It isn't too late now.

HEREFORD OF APPROVED TYPE



The Hereford shown in the illustration has the true beef form, straight back, good under line, well filled quarters and compact barrel. Cattle of this build are money-makers for their owners.

ORCHARD TREE PEST KILLED

San Jose Scale Controlled by Natural Enemy in Form of Disease of Fungus Growth—Checks Its Spread.

By C. E. SANBORN, Entomologist, Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station.

During the last two or three years this department has been experimenting with a natural enemy of the San Jose Scale. This enemy is a disease in the nature of a fungus growth. In southern latitudes it has been used even to a commercial extent for controlling the scale, but on account of the weather conditions of this state it has been supposed that such a disease would either fail to propagate itself during the summer or be entirely too delicate to withstand the low winter temperature. Careful experimentation, however, has proved the disease is

very hardy and capable of propagator to a very beneficial extent in our infested orchards.

Oftentimes diseases of a serious nature are introduced and scattered by insects and other agencies in general. This disease, however, is not nearly as conspicuous as the latter. To an ordinary observer it appears to be no more than the mold which is commonly present on damp bread a few days' old.

Our experiments have been so conclusive in regard to the practicability of checking the San Jose Scale with this disease that we are now propagating it to an extent sufficient to enable us to supply gratis all interested citizens of this state who may request it.