



The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
STRAVINSKY & MANN & KETNER

SYNOPSIS.

Thank you, Captain Plum!" He spoke the companion's name with the assurance of one who had known it for a long time. "If they lose the dogs there will be no time for the ship," he added, with a suggestive hitch of his naked shoulders. "Follow me!"

CHAPTER V

The Mystery.

He had Nathaniel fought his through the thin crowd of spectators about the whipping were the enormity of his offense. Strapping the king's justice upon him. He was not sorry had responded to the mute of the girl who had entered so into his life. He rejoiced at that had moved him to an at had freed his blood and put north of a giant in his arms, nerves tingled with an un- joy that he had leaped all which in cooler moments saw restrained him, and which he exulted with only the of the beautiful face that had his own in those crystal mo- of his suffering. The girl had no him and to him alone among men. He had heard her he had felt the soft sweep of "as he severed the prisoner's he had caught the flash of her of the movement of her lips as ed himself into the crowd. And aged swiftly as the slope he ed himself rapidly toward the ed down. His blood was stirred the fire of sharp words; he ed in a tension of spitting ex- Yet no sooner had he fought clear of the mob than his bot- ment leaped into the second of danger had been lurking for he was doubly threatening it he was suddenly possessed spirit of self preservation to the speed with which he was to leave pursuit behind. A glance over his shoulder as- that the man whom he had rem the prophet's wrath was his heels. "His first impulse direct his flight toward Obadiah; his second to follow the ed to his ship. At this hour of his men would surely be him in a small boat and once the Typhoon he could continue pain against the Norman king after chances of success than his fugitive on the island. Be- he knew what Casey would do down.

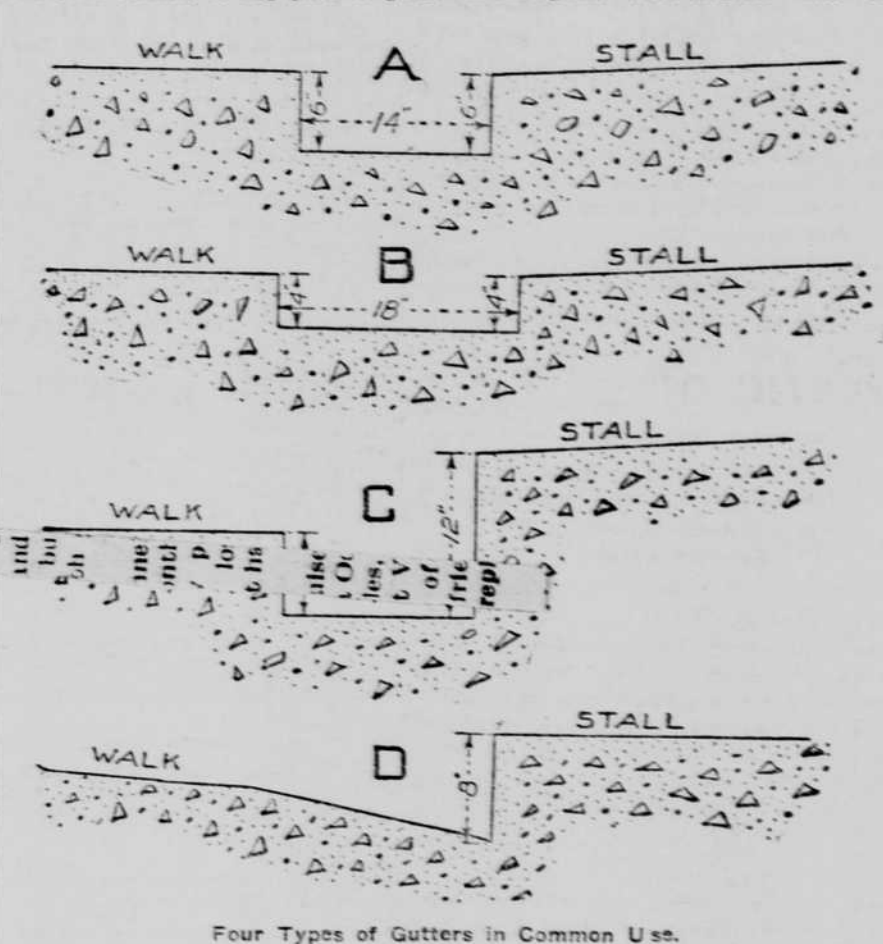
nor smiling lips revealed, a reckless, blazing fury hidden deep in them—so deep that Nathaniel started to assure himself what it was. The other saw the doubt in his face. "Tomorrow I shall kill Strang," he repeated. "I shall kill him with this gun from under the window of his house through which you saw Mar- ion." "Marion!" exclaimed Nathaniel. "Marion—?" He leaned forward eagerly, questioning. "Tell me—" "My sister, Captain Plum!" It seemed to Nathaniel that every fiber in his body was stretched to the breaking point. He reached out, dazed by what he had heard and with both hands seized Neil's arm. "Your sister—who came to you at the whipping post?" "That was Marion." "And—Strang's wife?" "No!" cried Neil. "No—not his wife!" He drew back from Nathaniel's touch as if the question had stabbed him to the heart. The passion that had slumbered in his eyes burst into savage flame and his face became suddenly terrible to look upon. There was hatred there such as Nathaniel had never seen; a ferocious, pitiless hatred that sent a shuddering thrill through him as he stood before it. After a moment the clenched fist that had risen above Neil's head dropped to his side. Half apologetically he held out his hand to his companion. "Captain Plum, we've got a lot to thank you for, Marion and I," he said, a tremble of the passing emotion in his voice. "Obadiah told Marion that help might come to us through you and Marion brought the word to me at the jail last night—after she had seen you at the window. The old counselor kept his word! You have saved her!" "Saved her!" gasped Nathaniel. "From what? How?" A hundred questions seemed leaping from his heart to his lips. "From Strang. Good God, don't you understand? I tell you that I am going to kill Strang!" "You are going to kill Strang, I tell you," he cried again, the fire burning deeper through the sweat of his cheeks. Nathaniel's bewilderment still shone in his face. "She is not Strang's wife," he spoke softly, as if to himself. "And she is not—" His face flushed as he nearly spoke the words. "Obadiah lied!" He looked squarely into Neil's eyes. "No, I don't understand you. The counselor said that she—that Marion was Strang's wife. He told me nothing more than that, nothing of her trouble, nothing about you. Until this moment I have been completely mystified. Only her eyes led me to go—what I did at the jail." Neil gazed at him in astonishment. "Obadiah told you—nothing?" he asked incredulously. "Not a word about you or Marion except that Marion was the king's seventh wife. But he hinted at many things and kept me on the trail, all ways expecting, always watching, and yet every hour was one of mystery. I am in the darkest of it at this instant. What does it all mean? Why are you going to kill Strang? Why—" Neil interrupted him with a cry so poignant in its wretchedness that the last question died upon his lips. "I thought that the counselor had told you all," he said. "I thought you knew." The disappointment in his voice was almost despair. "Then—it was only accidentally—you helped us?" "Only accidentally that I helped you—yes! But Marion—" Nathaniel crushed Neil's hand in both his own and his eyes betrayed more than he would have said. "I've got an armed ship and a dozen men out there and if I can help Marion by blowing up St. James—I'll do it!" For a time only the tense breathing of the two broke the silence of their faces. They looked into each other's face, Nathaniel with all the eagerness of the passion with which Marion had stirred his soul, Neil half doubting, as if he were trying to find in this man's eyes the friendship which he had not questioned a few minutes before. "Obadiah told you nothing?" he asked again, as if still unbelieving. "Nothing." "And you have not seen Marion—to talk with her?" "No." Nathaniel had dropped his companion's hand, and now Neil walked to the log and sat down with his face turned in the direction from which their pursuers must come if they entered the swamp. Suddenly the memory of Obadiah's note shot into Nathaniel's head, the counselor's admonition, his allusion to a visitor. With this memory there returned to him Obadiah's words at the temple, "If you had remained at the cabin, Nat, you would have known that I was your friend. She would have come to you, but now—it is impossible." For the first time the truth began to dawn upon him. He went and sat down beside Neil. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONCRETE FLOORS MOST DURABLE AND SANITARY

Material Is Also Recognized as Economical for Dairy Stable Floors and Every Effort Should Be Made to Install Them.

(By C. A. O'COCK.) The average dairyman of 20 years ago gave the sanitary floor or stall little consideration in the construction of his cow stables, and used any method of building which best suited his individual ideas. He cared little about the condition of the cow at milking time so long as she gave the milk. The most of the old dairy barns are so arranged that it is impossible to keep cows clean in them.

Brick or concrete are the only floors one can safely say are sanitary. Brick should be laid upon a good sub-base and if this is not a good firm foundation it should be well tamped before laying the brick. The brick floor having been completed, the cracks should be filled with a mixture of cement and sand. The proportion which will best fill the requirements is 1 part cement to 1 1/2 part of good

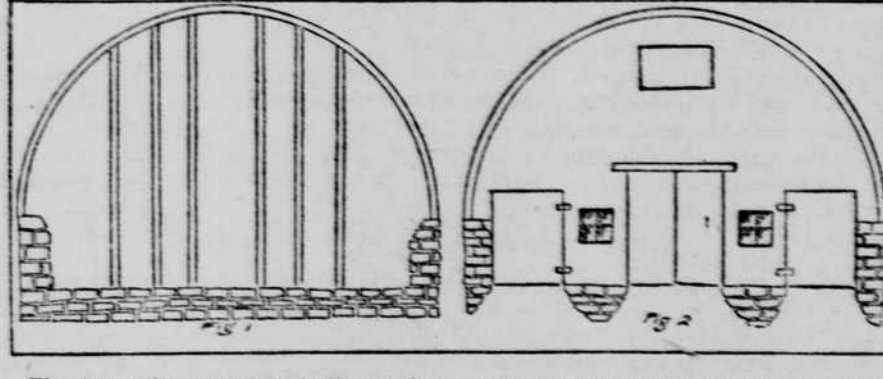


Four Types of Gutters in Common Use.

The form most generally used is shown at A which is similar to B, except that the latter is shallower and used because of the greater depth of the D which may be difficult to

clean sand. This should be mixed thin enough to spread easily and then swept into the cracks with a heavy barn broom or steel brush. Such a floor will be found very sanitary and not so slippery as concrete. For driveways where loads are to be drawn or where horses are to stand, a better grade of brick will be required. Concrete is the best and most sanitary floor that can be used in a dairy barn and effort should be made to have such floors installed whenever a barn is being constructed. They should be laid upon good foundations and finished with grooves to prevent the animal slipping upon them. The stalls should be provided with mats of lumber so placed that they may be frequently removed for cleansing. All parts of the stalls which are made of

BUILD BARN WITH ROUND ROOF



The barn illustrated is built on the plan of a prairie schooner, as it is mostly roof and has no beam or masonry in its make-up, and ordinary farm help can do all the work, says a correspondent of Rural New Yorker. The barn is 40 feet long and 60 feet wide; the arches, which represent the bows of a prairie schooner or mover's wagon, are made of 1-inch boards 6 inches wide and 6 boards deep. The boards can be of any length or various lengths. Each board is bent to shape as it is nailed to the others, using plenty of nails and giving a good lap over each joint. The half-circle arches are made in a form constructed of posts set a few feet apart in the ground and to the outside of a half circle line drawn with the proper radius. The posts should be set perpendicular and ex-

MAKE MONEY WITH CAPONS

With Little Practice Bright Boy Will Operate on 50 to 75 Birds in One Day—Value Is Doubled.

(By O. J. TILLOTSON.) Instead of allowing the cockerels on the place to grow into old roosters before being sold they should be caponized and their value fairly doubled by this method. It is very little trouble to caponize a bird and with a little practice a bright boy will operate upon 50 to 75 birds in a single day. If capons are sold when weighing from five to six pounds they will bring in any good market from 20 to 22 cents per pound. Indeed it is a poor capon that will not bring a round dollar to the producer while a rooster weighing seven or eight pounds will bring no more. The best prices that old roosters

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Bad Taste

in your mouth removed while you wait—that's true. A Cas-carel taken when the tongue is thick-coated with the nasty squeamish feeling in stomach, brings relief. It's easy, natural way to help nature help you. 393

Life's Varied Interests.

"The weather's rather bad, isn't it?" said the young woman. "Yes," replied the nonchalant youth. "Lucky thing it is. Helps conversation. It would be a deadly bore to go on for ever saying 'it's a pleasant day.'"

The Cache. Knicker—We are told to do our shopping early. Bocker—I know it; my wife has already concealed a forty-nine-cent tie in the top bureau drawer.

Some people would drown with a life preserver at hand. They are the kind that suffer from Rheumatism and Neuralgia when they can get Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the best of all pain remedies.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.—Sir James Mackintosh.

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