The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

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SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver island, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, Mormon councilor, confronts him, tells him he is expected, and bargains for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. Near Price's cabin Nat sees the frightened face of a young woman who disappears in the darkness, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Nat's visit to the island is to demand settlement of the king, Strang, for the looting of his sloop by Mormons. Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through a window he sees the lady of the lilacs, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Calling at the king's office Nat is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang professes indignation when he hears Nat's grievance and promises to punish the guilty. Nat rescues Neil, who is being publicly whipped, and the king orders the sheriff, Arbor Croche, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Neil's sister. The two men plan to escape on Nat's sloop and take Marion and Wenasome, daughter of Arbor Croche, and sweetheart of Neil. Nat discovers that the sloop is gone. Marion tells him that his ship has been seized by the Mormons. She begs him to leave the island, telling him that nothing can save her from Strang, whom she is doomed to marry. Plum finds Price raving mad. Recovering, he tells Nat that Strang is doomed, that armed men are descending on the island. Nat learns that Marion has been summoned to the castle by Strang.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I love Marion," she breathed softly. "I would help you—I would help her—if I could." For a moment her pale beautiful face was filled with a light that might have shone from the face of an angel. "Don't you understand?" she continued, scarcely above a whisper. "I have been Strang's one great love—his life—until Marion came into his heart. I have lost—you have lost—but mine is the more bitter because Marion loves you, and Strang—"

With a cry Nathaniel sprang to her side. The candle fell from his hand, sputtered on the floor, and left them in darkness.

"Marion loves me! You say that Marion loves me?"

The woman's voice came to him in a whisper filled with the sweetness of sympathy.

"She said so tonight—in this room. She told me that she loved you as she never thought that she could love a man in this world. O, my God, is that not a balm for your heart, if it is broken? And Strang—my Strang—has forgotten his love for me!"

Nathaniel reached out his arms. They found the woman and for a time he held her hands in his, while a great silence fell upon them. He could hear the sobbing of her breath and as her fingers tightened about his own his heart seemed bursting with its hatred of this man who called himself a prophet of God; a hatred that burned furiously even as his being throbbed with the wild joys of the words he had just heard.

"Where is Marion?" he pleaded.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "They took her away alone. The others have gone to the temple."

"Do you think she is at the temple?" he inquired insistently.

"No. One of the others came back a little while ago. She said that Marion was not there."

"Where is Strang?"

This time he felt the woman tremble.

"Strang—"

She drew her hands away from him. There was a strange quiver in her voice.

"Yes—where is Strang?"

There came no reply.

"Tell me—where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Is he at the temple?"

"I don't know."

He could hear her stifled breath; he could almost feel her trembling. an arm's reach out there in the darkness. What a woman was this whose heart the Mormon king had broken for a new love!

"Listen," he said gently. "I am going to find Marion. I am going to take her away. Tomorrow you shall have Strang again—if he is alive!"

There was no answer and he moved slowly back to the door. He closed it after him as he entered the hall. Once in the big room he paused for a moment under the hanging lamp to examine his pistol and then went outside. The grove in which the castle stood was absolutely deserted. So far as he could see not even a guard watched over the property of the king. Nathaniel had become too accustomed to the surprises of Beaver island to wonder at this. He could see by the lights flaring along the harbor that the castle was in an isolated position and easy of attack. From what Strang's wife had told him and the evidences of panic in the chambers of the harem he believed that the Mormon king had abandoned the castle to its fate and that the approaching conflict would center about the temple.

Was Marion at the temple? If so he realized that she was beyond his reach. But the woman had said that she was not there. Where could she have gone? Why had not Strang taken her with his wives? In a flash Nathaniel thought of Arbor Croche and Obadiah—the two men who always knew what the king was doing. If he could find the sheriff alone—if he could only nurse Obadiah back into sane life again! He thrust his pistol into its holster. There was but one thing for him to do and that was to return to the old councilor. It would be madness for him to go down to St. James. He had lost—Strang had won. But his love for Marion was undying. If he found her Strang's wife it would make no difference to him. It would all be evened up when he killed the king. For Marion loved him—loved him—

He turned his face toward Obadiah's, his heart singing the glad words which the woman had spoken to him back there in the sixth chamber.

And as he was about to take the first step in that long race back to the mad councilor's he heard behind him the approach of quick feet. He crouched behind a clump of bushes and waited. A shadowy form was hurrying through the grove. It passed close to him, mounted the castle steps and in the doorway turned and looked back for an instant in the direction of St. James.

Nathaniel's lips quivered; the pounding of his heart half choked him; a shriek of mad, terrible joy was ready to leap from his lips.

There in the dim glow of the great lamp stood Strang, the Mormon king.

CHAPTER IX.

The Hand of Fate.

Like a panther Nathaniel crouched and watched the man on the steps. His muscles jerked, his hands were clenched; each instant he seemed about to spring. But he held himself back until Strang had passed through the door. Then he slipped along the log wall of the castle, hugging the shadows, fearing that the king might reappear and see him in time to close the door. What an opportunity fate had made for him! His fingers itched to get at Strang's thick bull-like throat. He felt no fear, no hesitation about the outcome of the struggle with this giant prophet of God. He did not plan to shoot, for a shot would destroy the secret of Marion's fate. He would choke the truth from Strang; rob him of life slowly, gasp by gasp, until in the horror of death the king would reveal her hiding place—would tell what he had done with her.

His Fingers Twined About the Purplish Throat.

Then he would kill him!

There was the strength of tempered steel in his arms; his body, slender as an athlete's, quivered to hurl itself into action. Up the steps he crept so cautiously that he made no sound. In the intensity of his purpose Nathaniel looked only ahead of him—to the door. He did not see that another figure was stealing through the gloom behind him as cautiously, as quietly as himself. He passed through the door and stood erect. Strang had not seen him. He had not heard him. He was standing with his huge back toward him, facing the hall that led to the sixth chamber—and the woman. Nathaniel drew his pistol. He would not shoot, but Strang might be made to tell the truth with death leveling itself at his heart. He groped behind him, found the door, and slammed it shut. There would be no retreat for the king!

And the man who turned toward him at the slamming of that door, turned slowly, coolly, and gazed into the black muzzle of his pistol looked, indeed, every inch of him a king. The muscles of his face betrayed no surprise, no fear. His splendid nerve was unshaken, his eyes unfaltering as they rose above the pistol to the face behind it. For fifteen seconds there was a strange terrible silence as the eyes of the two men met. In that quarter of a minute Nathaniel knew that he had not guessed rightly. Strang was not afraid. He would not tell him where Marion was. The insuperable courage of this man maddened Captain Plum and unconsciously his finger fell upon the trigger of his pistol. He almost shrieked the words that he meant to speak calmly:

"Where is Marion?"

"She is safe, Captain Plum. She is where the friends who are invading us from the mainland will have no chance of finding her."

Strang spoke as quietly as though in his own office beside the temple. Suddenly he raised his voice.

"She is safe, Captain Plum—safe!"

His eyes wavered, and traveled beyond. As accurately as a striking serpent Nathaniel measured that glance. It had gone to the door. He heard a movement, felt a draft of air, and in an instant he whirled about with his pistol pointed to the door. In another instant he had fired and the huge form of Arbor Croche toppled headlong into the room. A roar like that of a beast came from behind him and before he could turn again Strang was upon him. In that moment he felt that all was lost. Under the weight of the Mormon king he was crushed to the floor; his pistol slipped from his grasp; two great hands choked a despairing cry from his throat. He saw the prophet's face over him, distorted with passion, his huge neck bulging, his eyes flaming like angry garnets. He struggled to free his pinoned arms, to wrench off the death grip at his throat, but his efforts were like those of a child against a giant. In a last terrible attempt he drew up his knees inch by inch under the weight of his enemy; it was his only chance—his only hope. Even as he felt the fingers about his throat sinking like hot iron into his flesh and the breath slipping from his body he remembered this murderous knee-punch of the rough fighters of the inland seas and with all the life that remained in him he sent it crushing into the abdomen of the Mormon king. It was a moment before he knew that it had been successful, before the film cleared from his eyes and he saw Strang groveling at his feet; another moment and he hurled himself on the prophet. His fist shot out like a hammer against Strang's jaw. Again and again he struck until the great shaggy head fell back limp. Then his fingers twined themselves like the links of a chain about the purplish throat and he choked until Strang's eyes opened wide and lifeless and his convulsions ceased. He would have held on until there was no doubt of the end, had not the king's wife—the woman whose misery he had shared that night—suddenly flung herself with a piercing cry, between him and the blackened face, clutching at his hands with all her fragile strength.

"My God, you are killing him—killing him!" she moaned.

Her eyes blazed as she tore at his fingers.

"You are killing him—killing him!" she shrieked. "He has not destroyed Marion! You said you would take her and leave him—for me—" She struck her head against his breast, tearing the flesh of his wrists with her nails.

Nathaniel loosened his grip and staggered to his feet.

"For you!" he panted. "If you had only come—a little sooner—" He stumbled to his pistol and picked it up. "I am afraid he is—dead!"

He did not look back.

Arbor Croche barred the door. He had not moved since he had fallen. His head was twisted so that his face was turned to the glow of the lamp and Nathaniel shuddered as he saw where his shot had struck. He had apparently died with that last cry on his lips.

There was no longer a fear of the Mormons in Nathaniel. He believed the king and Arbor Croche dead, and that in the gloom and excitement of the night he could go among the people of St. James undiscovered. A great load was lifted from his soul, for if he had not been in time to save Marion he had at least delivered her after a short bondage. He had now only to save Marion and she would go with him, for she loved him—and Strang was no more.

He hurried through the grove toward the temple. Even before he had come near to it he could see that a great crowd had congregated there. The street which he passed was deserted. No lights shone in the houses. Even the dogs were gone. For the first time he understood what it meant. The whole town had fled to that huge log stronghold for protection. Buildings and trees shut out his view seaward but he could see the flare of great fires mounting into the sky and he knew that those who were not at the temple were guarding the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preparation for Immortality.

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life, and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can.—Van Dyke.

Locusts a Delicacy.

In some parts of the world locusts are considered a delicacy. The Arabs in the kingdom of Morocco boil them.

For Velveteen

THE first design sketched is a simple coat and skirt in nut-brown velveteen, very useful and very smart; the skirt is quite plain and a good walking length; the coat has a deep collar cut off square in front; the fastening is formed by tabs in which buttonholes are worked, and bone buttons. Velveteen toque trimmed with two ostrich tips. Materials required: 12 yards 24 inches wide, 5 yards silk for lining coat, 4 yards sateen for skirt.

In the second picture we show a plain long coat in black. Our model is lined throughout with pale blue cashmere satin. This style is also suitable to be copied in seal plush, which is now so much used for long coats. Materials required: 8½ yards velveteen 72 inches wide, 5 yards lining 44 inches wide.

The third costume shown is in laurel leaf green. The skirt has a panel front and back, and at sides is trimmed with a band of burnished gold and green trimming. The coat has a vest of the same trimming; a band of it is taken from each side the front and raised high in the centre back. Hat of folded satin trimmed with long grey wings. Materials required. 12½ yards 24 inches wide, 4 yards trimming, 5½ yards satin for lining coat, 4 yards sateen for skirt lining, 4 buttons.

WHEN MAKING A VALANCE

Difficulties Not at All Insurmountable if They Are Properly Approached.

The main difficulty in making a valance is to keep it in place without putting tacks into the furniture or having it on narrow strips that pull out from under the mattress. One woman has hit upon a plan of having heavy unbleached sheeting cut just the size of the bed, or a little within the line of the sides. The sheeting is shrunk before being used. The valance is sewed to it on each side and across the end.

The cover is then spread over the springs and under the mattress, which holds it firmly in place. If the valance is of thin material, that needs frequent washing, it is a good idea to put it into a narrow band, provided with buttonholes at intervals close enough to prevent sagging. Buttons are sewed to the sheeting in places to correspond.

ADORNMENT FOR HAIR.

Fillet for the hair made of gold cloth sewn with turquoise. The aigrette is white.

To Clean Felt Hats.

First, all the trimming is removed and the felt given a thorough brushing. From a hardware dealer purchase, for a few cents, a sheet of the finest sandpaper made. Cut into piece around a convenient-sized block of wood, begin sandpapering the hat, being careful always to rub in the direction of the nap. Continue this process, using a new piece of sandpaper when necessary, until the felt begins to take on a new and clean appearance. When the felt becomes clean the nap is slightly dampened and the felt pressed with a moderately hot iron.

Frills of the Day.

Rich little black dresses are very often relieved by gay Bulgarian or oriental embroidery. A collar or little guimpe of lace and again handsome silk braid is the trimming and little gold buttons relieve the black.

The all-black frock for ball and dinner wear is very much in evidence, but it is usually brightened with jet or rich embroideries in colors.

Quaint little silk hoods to cover the hair and keep the dust out are both novel and becoming.

Italian silk blankets to add to the covers in the train stateroom come in many pretty colors and fold up very small.

Gardens for Table Decorations.

Miniature gardens are among the novelties in table decorations. Tiny flower beds are filled with geraniums, hyacinths, heather, roses, carnations, ferns and other dainties of the horticulturists' are. Dwarf trees from Japan fill in the gaps. Often poinsettia is used for the centerpiece. Fruits, especially golden tangerines and richly-tinted apricots.

DESIGNED FOR THE NURSERY

Pretty Things That Will Properly Set Forth the Apartments of the Little Folks.

So many charming things are made for the nursery nowadays that it is a delight for young mothers to set out to furnish the apartment devoted to the little folks.

Sets of basin and pitcher in neat enameled stands are decorated with Kate Greenaway figures.

Bassinets like large market baskets having stout handles and lined with silk and lace, are very convenient when moving the wee baby from room to room.

A stand of enameled wicker has four trays for holding baby's clothes. It is very compact when shut, but when required these may all be opened at the same time by pushing out different ways.

Small clothes-trees of white painted wood are copies in miniature of what the grown-ups use.

A basket, with compartments to hold six small bowls, is handy when dressing the infant. The porcelain bowls are marked safety pins, sponge, soap, nipples, etc.

Some Uses for Matting.

Straw matting may be put to many uses besides the conventional one of covering floors.

Table covers may be made of the fine, closely woven Japanese matting, hemmed at each end.

As a finish to the lower part of a wall matting which is not too heavy serves quite as well as burlap and is a change from the more usual covering.

Settee cushions may be made, or at least covered, with fine, pliable kind of matting, to match the strip on the porch floor.

Window shades and awning to keep the sun off, which are tied back or rolled up when not in use, are also practical made of matting.

They are hemmed top and bottom and hung upon rings at the top, which in turn are hung on little brass hooks screwed into the window frame or porch beam.

The Newest Tea Cosies.

Quite the newest tea cosies are fascinating creations heavily embroidered in an open pattern to show off a silk lining of a gay color. That the cosey may fit over any sized teapot, even the most capacious, it has end pieces let in, and these are of plain linen, unadorned like the rest, so that here the colored lining does not show through. The seams of the cosey are covered by a handsome white cord, artistically knotted here and there to give a pretty effect.

Study Figure in Mirror.

Every woman who wishes to be really well dressed should study her silhouette before a full length mirror before going out.

Many so-called well-dressed women content themselves with the views they get of their frocks in a glass which shows only half of their figure, or in the plate glass windows of stores as they promenade.

With this scant impression and the knowledge that their gowns are firmly made and fastened in the back, they believe themselves perfectly gowned. The truth is they don't know whether they are or not, not having seen their pictures in the entirety.

Empire Waist Line.

The straight, narrow lines not overaccentuated and the shortened waist line are very pretty in the one-piece trotting frocks of linen, silk, etc., which are being made for southern wear, though the empire waist line must always be handled very carefully in connection with a street frock if it is not to give the frock an air suitable to the boudoir rather than the street.

THIS BIRD ALMOST EXTINCT

The Hula Is One of the Rarest Species That Exist Anywhere in the World.

Aukland, N. Z.—Here is a picture of a male and female hula—one of the rarest species of birds that exist anywhere in the world. The hula are also the most domestic.

As you see in the picture, the male hula is pecking off the bark so that his wife may find her food. The male has a strong, sharp beak; the female a slender, long, incurved beak. So the male takes upon himself the burden of the heavy work in finding food

The Hulas.

After he has opened the way to a storehouse, his wife secures the food and then shows her affection for her mate by feeding him first. According to the Maoris, when one of these birds die, the companion soon yields to starvation, for he is inconsolable and will not eat.

There are very few hulas in the world today. What few that are left are in captivity. Only scattering numbers may be found in New Zealand, their habitat. The bird is a member of the starling family and is confined to the forests of certain mountain ranges. In size it is about as large as an American thrush. Both sexes are glossy green-black, excepting a white terminal band upon the tail and large rounded wattles at the gape, which are orange red. The birds nest in hollow trees.

MACHINE TESTS HEART BEATS

New Device Takes Photograph of Heart's Action and Aids in Diagnosis of Disease.

Baltimore, Md.—An apparatus is now in use in the medical world for measuring disturbances in the activity of the heart. It consists of a magnet to which is attached a thin wire through which an electric current is set in motion. The wire in turn is attached to a mirror which reflects an oscillating beam of light by the aid of a bow lamp on to sensitized photographic paper. A line is thus traced on the paper in the same measure as the current went out from the heart, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

It is known that an imaginary line through the body has on one side all the currents generated by one side of the heart, and on the other side the currents generated by the opposite side, so that by connecting an electrode to each side of the body, obliterating all other currents of the body by placing them as nearly as possible at rest, the physician has the current of the heart where he can measure and examine it.

The patient is put at rest, one electrode is fastened to his arm, and one

Chart Showing Heart-Beats.

to the opposite leg and the current generated by the movement of the heart of the patient is conducted to a quartz wire suspended in a magnetic field, which is deflected according to the amount of current flowing through it.

An arc light is thrown through a condensing microscope upon the moving wire, the shadow from which is thrown through another microscope, which magnifies it 600 times and throws the shadow through a slit at right angles to the position of the wire upon a screen. Back of the screen is a camera with a rotating film, which takes a record picture of the movement on the point made by the intersection of the slit with the shadow of the wire.

This picture is compared with pictures of perfectly normal heart currents, and by this method the physicians are often able to determine the nature of the patient's affliction.

Size of the Oceans.

New York.—An officer of a liner once remarked that most men seemed to be as ignorant about the size of the sea as they are of the distance between the heavenly planets. Here are a few facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles; the Atlantic 30,000,000, and the Indian ocean, Arctic and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

Doctors Said Health Gone

Suffered with Throat Trouble

Mr. B. W. D. Barnes.

Mr. B. W. D. Barnes, ex-Sheriff of Warren County, Tennessee, in a letter from McMinnville, Tennessee, writes:

"I had throat trouble and had three doctors treating me. All failed to do me any good, and pronounced my health gone. I concluded to try Peruna, and after using four bottles can say I was entirely cured."

Unable to Work.

Mr. Gustav Himmelreich, Hochheim, Texas, writes:

"For a number of years I suffered whenever I took cold, with severe attacks of asthma, which usually yielded to the common home remedies.

"Last year, however, I suffered for eight months without interruption so that I could not do any work at all. The various medicines that were prescribed brought me no relief.

"After taking six bottles of Peruna, two of Lacupia and two of Manalin, I am free of my trouble so that I can do all my farm work again. I can heartily recommend this medicine to any one who suffers with this annoying complaint and believe that they will obtain good results."

Love does not depend for its strength on concentration.

Take Garfield Tea to arouse a sluggish liver—all druggists sell it.

Some women worry about the worries they have missed.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

Willie Knew the Quadrupeds.

Teacher—Willie, are there any feathered quadrupeds?

Willie—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Name one.

Willie—A feather bed.

Simple Rather.

He—You are the only woman I ever loved.

She—Do you expect me to believe that?

He—I do. I swear it is true.

She—Then I believe you. Any man who would expect a woman to believe that cannot have been much in the company of women.

Real Courage.

He was the small son of a minister and his mother was teaching him the meaning of courage.

"Supposing," she said, "there were 12 boys in one bedroom, and 11 got into bed at once, while the other knelt down to say his prayers, that boy would show true courage."

"Oh," said the young hopeful, "I know something that would be more courageous than that. Supposing there were 12 ministers in one bedroom, and one got into bed without saying his prayers!"

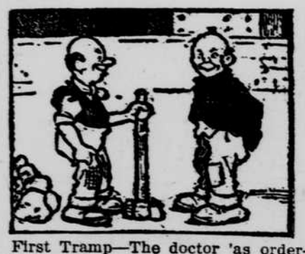
Education vs. Instinct.

Jacob Wendell, Jr., who plays the part of the dog in Maeterlinck's drama, was dining in a restaurant recently when a man, recognizing him as the actor, approached and said:

"Pardon me, but you take the part of the dog in 'The Blue Bird,' do you not?' Of course, you don't know it, but I can really bark lots more like a dog than you."

"Well, you see," answered Wendell, "I had to learn."—Success Magazine.

ALL GAY



First Tramp—The doctor 'as ordered me a bath.

Second Tramp—You do look pleased about it.

First Tramp—'E's ordered me a mud bath.

Women Appreciate

Step-savers and Time-savers.

Post Toasties

FOOD

is fully cooked, ready to serve direct from the package with cream or milk, and is a deliciously good part of any meal.

A trial package usually establishes it as a favorite breakfast cereal.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.