

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER



SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, Mormon councillor, confronts him, while he is expected to lead him for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to President Grant, and then leaves. Nat sees the frightened face of a young woman who, according to the discoverer, has an odor of blood. It develops that Nat's duty to the island is to demand settlement of the debt, for the loan which the sloop by Mormon Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through which he sees the lady of the black, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Nat's duty is to demand settlement of the debt, for the loan which the sloop by Mormon Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through which he sees the lady of the black, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Nat's duty is to demand settlement of the debt, for the loan which the sloop by Mormon Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through which he sees the lady of the black, who Price says is the king's seventh wife.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

He felt the dash of the water in his face and it put new life into him. Somebody had raised him to a sitting posture and was supporting him there while a second person bound a cloth about his head. He opened his eyes and the light of day shot into them like a stinging, burning charge of needles, and he closed them again with a sharp cry of pain. That second's glance had shown him that it was a woman who was binding his head. He had not seen her face. Beyond her he had caught a half-formed vision of many people and the glinting edge of the sea, and as he lay with closed eyes the murmur of voices came to him. The support at his back was taken away, slowly, as if the person who held him feared that he would fall. Nathaniel stiffened himself to show his returning strength and opened his eyes again. This time the pain was not so great. A few yards away he saw a group of people and among them were women; still farther away, so far that his brain grew dizzy as he looked, there was a black moving crowd. He was among the wounded. The Mormon women were here. Down there along the shore—among the dead—had assembled the population of St. James.

A strange sickness overpowered him and he sank back against his supporter. A cool hand passed over his face. It was a soothing, gentle touch—the hand of the woman. He felt the sweep of soft hair against his cheek—a breath whispering in his ear. "You will be better soon." His heart stood still. "You will be better." Against his rough cheek there fell the soft pressure of a woman's lips. Nathaniel pulled himself erect, every drop of blood in him striving for the mastery of his body, his vision, his strength. He tried to turn, but strong arms seized him from behind. A man's voice spoke to him, a man's strength held him. In an agony of appeal Marion's name burst from his lips.

"Sh-h!" warned the voice behind him. "Are you crazy?" The arms relaxed their hold and Nathaniel dragged himself to his knees. The woman was gone. As far as he could see there were people—scores of them, hundreds of them—multitudes into thousands and millions as he looked, until there was only a black cloud about him. He staggered to his feet and a strong hand kept him from falling while his brain slowly cleared. The millions and thousands and hundreds of people dissolved themselves into the day until only a handful was left where he had seen multitudes. He turned his face weakly to the man beside him.

"Where did she go?" he asked. "It was a boyish face into which his pleading eyes gazed, a face white with the strain of battle, reddened a little as one cheek with a smear of blood, and there was a startled, frightened look in it that did not come of the strife that had passed. "What? What are you talking about?" "The woman," whispered Nathaniel. "The woman—Marion—who kissed me—"

The young fellow's hand gripped his arm in a sudden fierce clutch. "You've been dreaming!" he exclaimed in a threatening voice. "Shut up!" He spoke the words loudly. Then quickly dropping his voice to a whisper he added: "For God's sake don't betray her! They saw her with us—everybody knows that it was the king's wife with you!"

The king's wife! Nathaniel was too weak to analyze the words beyond the fact that they carried the dread truth of his fears deep into his soul. Who would have come to him but Marion? Who else would have kissed him? It was her voice that had whispered in his ear—the thrill of her hand that had passed over his face. And this man had said that she was the wife of the king? He heard the voices of other men near him but did not understand what they were saying. He knew that after a moment there was a man on each side of him holding him by the arms, and mechanically he moved his legs, knowing that they wanted him to walk. He did not guess how weak he was—how he struggled to keep from becoming too great a weight on their hands. Once or twice they stopped in their agonizing climb up the hill. On its top the cool sea air swept into Nathaniel's face and it was like water to a parched throat.

After a time—it seemed a day of terrible work and pain to him—they came to the streets of the town, and in a half-conscious sort of way he cursed at the rabble trailing after him. They passed close to the temple, dirt and blood and a burning torment shutting the vision of it from his eyes, and beyond this there was another crowd. An aisle opened for them, as it had opened for others ahead of them. In front of the jail they stopped. Nathaniel's head hung heavily upon his breast and he made no effort to raise it. All ambition and desire had left him, all desire but one, and that was to drop upon the ground and lie there for endless, restful years. What consciousness was left in him was ebbing swiftly; he saw black, fathomless night about him and the earth seemed slipping from under his feet.

A voice dragged him back into life—a voice that boomed in his ears like rolling thunder and set every fiber in him quivering with emotion. He drew himself erect with the involuntary strength of one mastering the last spasm of death and as they dragged him through the door he saw there within an arm's reach of him the great, living face of Strang, gloating at him as if from out of a mist—red eyes, white fangs, filled with the vengefulness of a beast. The great voice rumbled in his ears again. "Take that man to the dungeon!"

CHAPTER X.

Winnsome's Verdict of Death. The voice—the condemning words—followed Nathaniel as he staggered on between his two guards; it haunted



Strang Was Alive.

him still as the cold chill of the rotting dungeon walls struck in his face; it remained with him as he stood swaying in the thick gloom—the voice rumbling in his ears, the words beating against his brain until the shock of them stung him, until he stretched out his arms and there fell from him such a cry as had never tortured his lips before.

Strang was alive! He had left the spark of life in him, and the woman who loved him had fanned it back into full flame.

Strang was alive! And Marion—Marion was his wife!

The voice of the king taunted him from the black chaos that hid the dungeon walls. The words struck at him, filling his head with shooting pain, and he tottered back and sank to the ground to get away from them. They followed, and that vengeful leer of the king was behind them, urging them on, until they beat his face into the sticky earth, and smothered him into what he thought was death.

There came rest after that, a long, silent rest. When Nathaniel slowly climbed up out of the ebon shadows again the first consciousness that came to him was that the word-demons had stopped their beating against his brain and that he no longer heard the voice of the king. His relief was so great that he breathed a restful sigh. Something touched him then. Great God! were they coming back? Were they still there—waiting—waiting—

It was a wonderfully familiar voice that spoke to him. "Hello there, Nat! Want a drink?" He gulped eagerly at the cool liquid that touched his lips.

"Well," he whispered. "It's me, Nat. They chucked me in with you. Hell's hole, isn't it?" Nathaniel sat up. Nell's strong arm at his back. There was a light in the room now—and he could see his companion's face, smiling at him encouragingly. The sight of it was like an elixir to him. He drank again and new life coursed through him.

"Yes—hell of a hole!" he repeated drowsily. "Sorry for you—Nell!" and he seemed to sleep again. Nell laughed as he wiped his companion's face with a wet cloth.

"I'm used to it, Nat. Been here before," he said. "Can you get up? There's a bench over here—not long enough to stretch you out on, or I would have made you a bed of it, but it's better than this mud to sit on." He put his arms about Nathaniel and helped him to his feet. For a few moments the wounded man stood without moving.

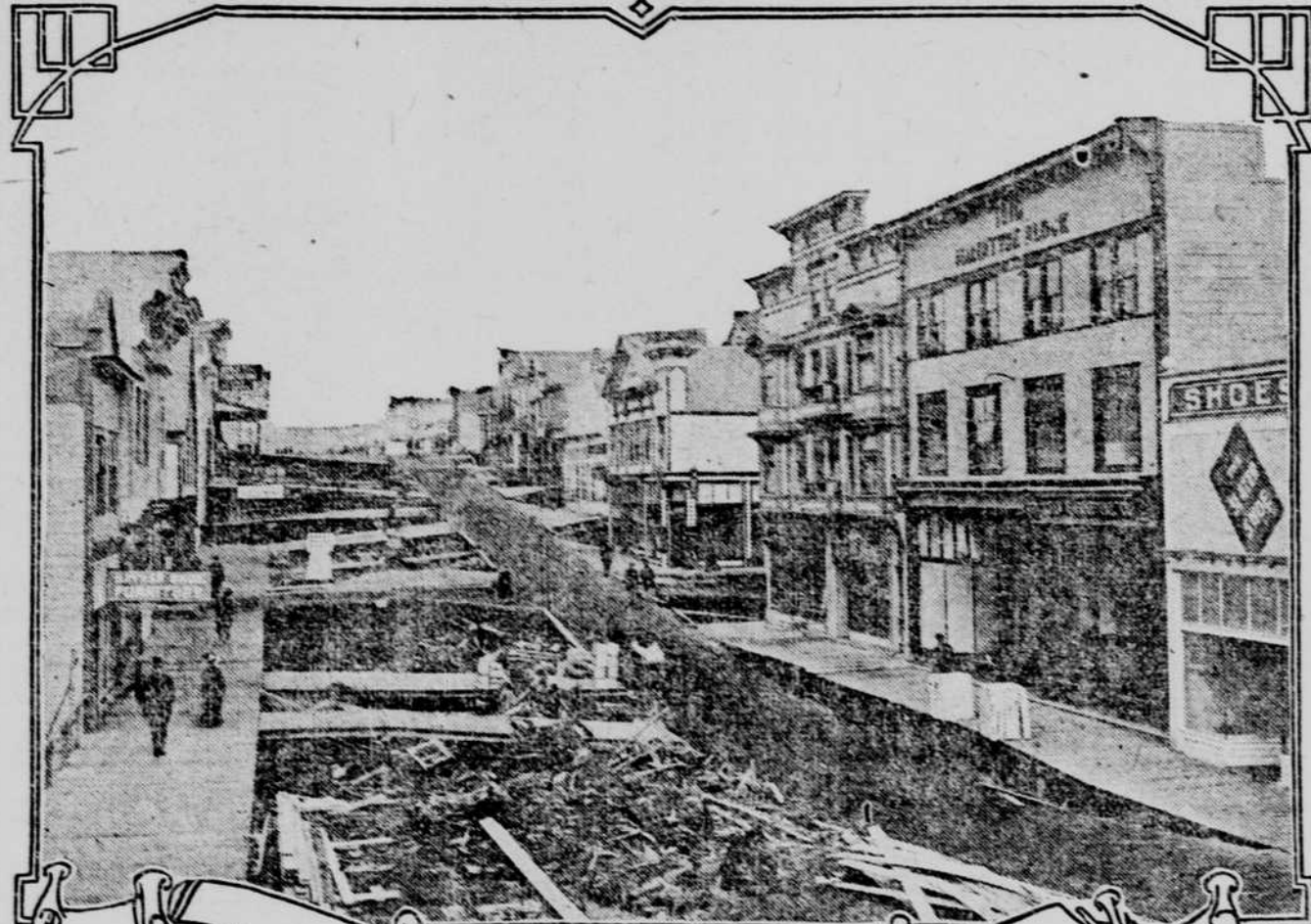
"I'm not very bad, I guess," he said, taking a slow step. "Where is the seat, Nell? I'm going to walk to it. What sort of a bump have I got on the head?"

"Nothing much," assured Nell. "Suspicious, though," he grinned cheerfully. "Looks as though you were running and somebody came up, and tapped you from behind!" Nathaniel's strength returned to him quickly. The pain had gone from his head and his eyes no longer hurt him. In the dim candle-light he could distinguish the four walls of the dungeon, glistening with the water and mold that reeked from between their rotting logs. The floor was of wet, sticky earth which clung to his boots, and the air that he breathed filled his nostrils and throat with the uncomfortable thickness of a night fog at sea. Through it the candle burned in a misty halo. Near the candle, which stood on a shelf-like table against one of the walls, was a big dish which caught Nathaniel's eyes.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing toward it.

"Grub," replied Nell. "Hungry?" He went to the table and got the plate of food. There were chunks of boiled meat, unuttered bread and cold potatoes. For several minutes they ate in silence. Now that Nathaniel was himself again Nell could no longer keep up his forced spirits. Both realized that they had played their game and that it had ended in defeat. And each believed that it was his individual power to alleviate to some extent the other's misery. To Nell what was ahead of them held no mystery. A few hours more and then—death. It was only the form in which it would come that troubled him, that made him think. Usually the victims of this dungeon cell were shot. Sometimes they were hanged. But why tell Nathaniel? So he ate

WONDER CITY OF THE FAR WEST



PRINCE RUPERT, the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, is a remarkable example of the rapidity with which a new city can be established and can grow to imposing size. Prince Rupert was completely laid out, with lighting, parks, boulevards, paving, water systems, etc., all provided for, before a single lot was put on sale. In the three weeks subsequent to its opening the sales amounted to \$10,000,000.

GOATS MAKE MONEY

How to Select Right Kind of Breed of Animals.

Angoras Not Good as Milk Producers and Animals From Pyrenees Are Considered Best—Milanaise Is Leader.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. M. Z. Watrous writes as follows concerning the goat industry:

The following facts relative to the keeping of goats for profit were obtained directly from owners; persons not merely supporting pets, but gaining either an abundance of rich milk and cream for their own use or else an entire living from the sale of these greatly desired commodities.

Of course, there are different kinds of goats, at various prices, and the first thing a beginner should determine is exactly or approximately how much he is willing to pay for an animal and how much he expects to make on his investment.

In this country milk is the foremost—in most cases the exclusive—consideration in the keeping of goats, and this will be the only profit estimated in this article. Therefore, the intending purchaser who wants to make money should not waste it on a large number of inferior animals, each of which gives only two or three quarts of milk a day, yet consumes, as a herd, more than one-third or one-fourth what the same number of first-class milchers would. Buy, if possible, from some one who imports goats. There are three such persons in California; one in Pasadena, another in Santa Monica, and a third in San Jose. Remember one thing; no matter what may be said in praise of Angoras, they are not the goats for milk. As importation is a tedious process—because the goats are held in quarantine for six months at New York—those who furnish the money for that purpose order only the best breeds, and they are the persons whose advice should be heeded. It will be economical to pay for instruction by letter from such an interview be out of the question, as there is nothing like starting right in a business.

The Milanaise from the Pyrenees are the best goats of all. They can be bought in Switzerland for five to ten dollars apiece, but by the time New York is done with them we have to pay \$145 for each one; but none furnish less than a gallon of milk a day, while some give six quarts or even two gallons. Then, too, this beauty presents its owner with four kids at a time instead of only one or two, as an ordinary goat does. Another thing, the common variety, and even most of the Angoras, have an unpleasant odor; the very milk of the Mexican animal smells rather strong; but the high-breds of foreign extraction are never offensive. They are cleanly in every respect.

Prices run down from the high mark mentioned to as low as \$10 or less per goat; but a new-born kid of the high class kind will bring \$10; \$40 for the quartet of one birth, as against one or two dollars apiece for the

RARE OLD PAPERS EXHIBITED

Ayer Collection of Books and Maps Worth \$400,000 Are Presented to Newberry Library.

Chicago.—The romance of mediaeval times and the "dim beginnings" of North American history have been transplanted to the west wing of 5,000 Newberry Library, where over 5,000 maps and manuscripts made by the first explorers of the new world were placed on exhibition. They are all from the Ayer collection, which was given to the library by Edward E. Ayer. Many of the parchments are over 400 years old.

Mr. Ayer spent nearly thirty years in getting the collection together. A conservative estimate places the value at over \$400,000. One of the most interesting divisions of the exhibit is the Claudius Ptolemy collection, which Mr. Ayer purchased from Henry Stevens of London. This contains sixty-one volumes, which are said to be among the first books ever printed in the

twins of Angora babies. The Togganburg is a good goat, too; it supplies from six to eight quarts of milk a day. So is the Schwartzal a desirable breed, but still the Milanaise is considered the leader.

One man who keeps 20 Swiss, 75 of the better Mexican and a few (five or ten) of the ordinary goats, averages 60 gallons of milk daily, which he readily sells for medicinal purposes at one dollar a gallon to an unfailing market.

The idea that these beasts eat any trash they may happen to find is not only false, but foolish. It is hardly likely that the rich fluid so prized as a life-sustainer is, after all, but a roundabout product from tin cans or a new production from old papers or even a refinement of briars and thistles. As with chickens, so with goats. If we expect them to feed us wholesomely we must first feed them decently. Their proper food is, of course, nature's fresh grasses, but as these are not always available, other things must be substituted.

FARM PAYS IN PHILIPPINES

American Who Started on Small Scale in Islands Is Rapidly Growing Wealthy.

Manila.—Three years ago an American landed in Manila with a capital of \$75 and a theory. The American was J. H. Christen, the capital was cash and the theory was that any able-bodied man with the right stuff in him could make more than a bare living out of God's green earth, coupled with steady, hard work, irrespective of country, people or climate. There were plenty of people here to tell him, both in an official and unofficial capacity, that farming on a small scale and without capital was impossible for a foreigner in the Philippine Islands, but Christen stuck to his theory, and as a result has a property valued at more than \$5,000, which is now beginning to yield "velvet," as the saying is. The story of Mr. Christen's success is interesting in that it shows some of the difficulties that the American pioneer in the agricultural field over here has to contend with.

Mr. Christen first took up a homestead of forty acres, the limit allowed by law, on the Polillo river, in Rizal Province. He built a house with his own hands and planted out crops of garden truck. The crops were coming along nicely when a flood of October 25, 1907, devastated the surrounding country and ruined every plant on his place. Instead of giving up, then and there, as many others would have done, Mr. Christen made an application to the bureau of lands to have his homestead rights transferred to another tract of land, and the application being granted, he moved to a tract on Tain Island, in Rizal Province, situated in Cuso Canyon. He chose this locality because the hills surrounding it seemed to offer good protection from the elements.

During the first year he worked on an average sixteen hours each day and lived on the products of his land only. When he began his enterprise he weighed 219 pounds. At the end of a year he weighed only 160. But

he had at least something to show for his labors. His rooster and hen had increased to a flock of more than a hundred chickens, and he had several acres under cultivation which promised to yield good results. The second year's work was not so hard, and the yield of his first crops was put right back into the farm, in the shape of additional live stock, imported seeds and plants and general improvements.

Now, at the end of three years, Mr. Christen has 700 chickens, a number of ducks, guinea fowls, turkeys, hogs, rabbits and goats, and more than 5,000 producing plants. Among these plants are 1,500 clusters of banana trees, yielding some choice market varieties, 50 orange and lemon trees, 1,500 kapok trees, 1,000 Hawaiian papaya trees and 75 para rubber trees, besides beds of almost every variety of garden truck.

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SAYING "S" VERY STRAINING

New York Women Would Make It "Z" Because Sibilant Sound Makes Throats and Necks Ugly.

New York.—The Women's Professional league, a New York society of business women, has decided that if all the "s's" in the English language were "z's" then every woman's throat would be a perfectly smooth, round, and slender column. It is the member of the alphabet which causes a hissing sound that works havoc with fair throats. This is their statement of the situation: "Every time one pronounces the letter 's' the muscles of the neck are drawn up and wrinkles come. More necks are spoiled by this single crooked, hissing letter than by any amount of dissipation and neglect. Women should avoid it all they can by using 'z,' thus making the hollows in the neck fill out, wrinkles disappear and the throat round out and become smooth and beautiful. "Buzz 'z' whenever you are alone. If you cannot say the exercise out loud, think 'z's' and the effect will be almost the same."

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THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a volume containing the printed copy of a letter written by Columbus describing his discovery of America. The volume was printed in Rome by Stephan Planck in 1493, just after Columbus returned to Spain.

Heats Square Mile Orchard. Kansas City, Mo.—To heat a square mile of orchard with oil stoves sounds improbable, but that is what W. H. Underwood of Hutchinson, Kan., will do this spring. Mr. Underwood, who is a fruit grower, is in Kansas City directing the manufacture of 15,500 stoves. These stoves, each of which has a reservoir which holds ten gallons of oil, will be placed in his apple orchard near Hutchinson to prevent damage to the trees by frost.

Sure! Esmeralda—How can you tell whether it's English or Italian opera? Gwendolen—Look at the libretto stupid!

Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

A FASHION PUZZLE.



This is merely two fashions of fashion endeavoring to identify each other.

HEAD SOLID MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura Remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass; a running sore. It was awful, the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910. Send to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for free Cuticura Book on the treatment of skin and scalp troubles.

Work and Marriage.

In the New York courts recently a girl, aged 17, on being told by her mother that she was old enough to go to work, replied: "Work, I will not; I prefer to marry." Whereupon she was married before night to a young man earning \$8 per week. That is of a piece with the reasoning of another girl who, being interrogated by a friend, "Where are you working now, Mamie?" answered promptly, "I ain't working; I'm married."—Boston Herald.

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S FIRST DISCOVERY

Their wedding tour had ended, and they entered their new home to settle down to what they hoped to be one long uninterrupted blissful honeymoon.

But, alas! the young bride's troubles soon began, when she tried to reduce the cost of living with cheap big cake baking powders. She soon discovered that all she got was a lot for her money, and it was not all baking powder, for the bulk of it was cheap materials which had no leavening power. Such powders will not make light, wholesome food. And because of the absence of leavening gas, it requires from two or three times as much to raise cakes or biscuits as it does of Calumet Baking Powder.

Thus, eventually, the actual cost to you, of cheap baking powders, is more than Calumet would be. Cheap baking powders often leave the bread bleached and acid, sometimes yellow and alkaline, and often unpalatable. They are not always of uniform strength and quality. Now the bride buys Calumet—the perfectly wholesome baking powder, moderate in price, and always uniform and reliable. Calumet keeps indefinitely, makes cooking easy, and is certainly the most economical after all.

Take This to Heart. Some men work harder trying to get out of doing a thing than it would take them to do it.—Exchange.



"THE STOMACH IS THE MEASURE OF YOUR HEALTH." HOSTETTER.

If there is any weakness try the Bitters at once. Its results are certain.

PISO'S THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS