

The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAGG & KEITNER
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SYNOPSIS

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the ship *Typhoon*, which recently on Beaver Island, Alaska, was captured by a band of desperadoes, was taken to a secret hideout and imprisoned. He has been held for a long time, but during that time he has managed to escape, and has come back to the ship. He has been seen by the natives, and is now on his way to the mainland to demand settlement of the king. During the night he was followed by the natives, and he was killed. His body was found in the morning, and he was buried. The king's men, and through a window he saw the face of the ship. The king's men, and through a window he saw the face of the ship. The king's men, and through a window he saw the face of the ship.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

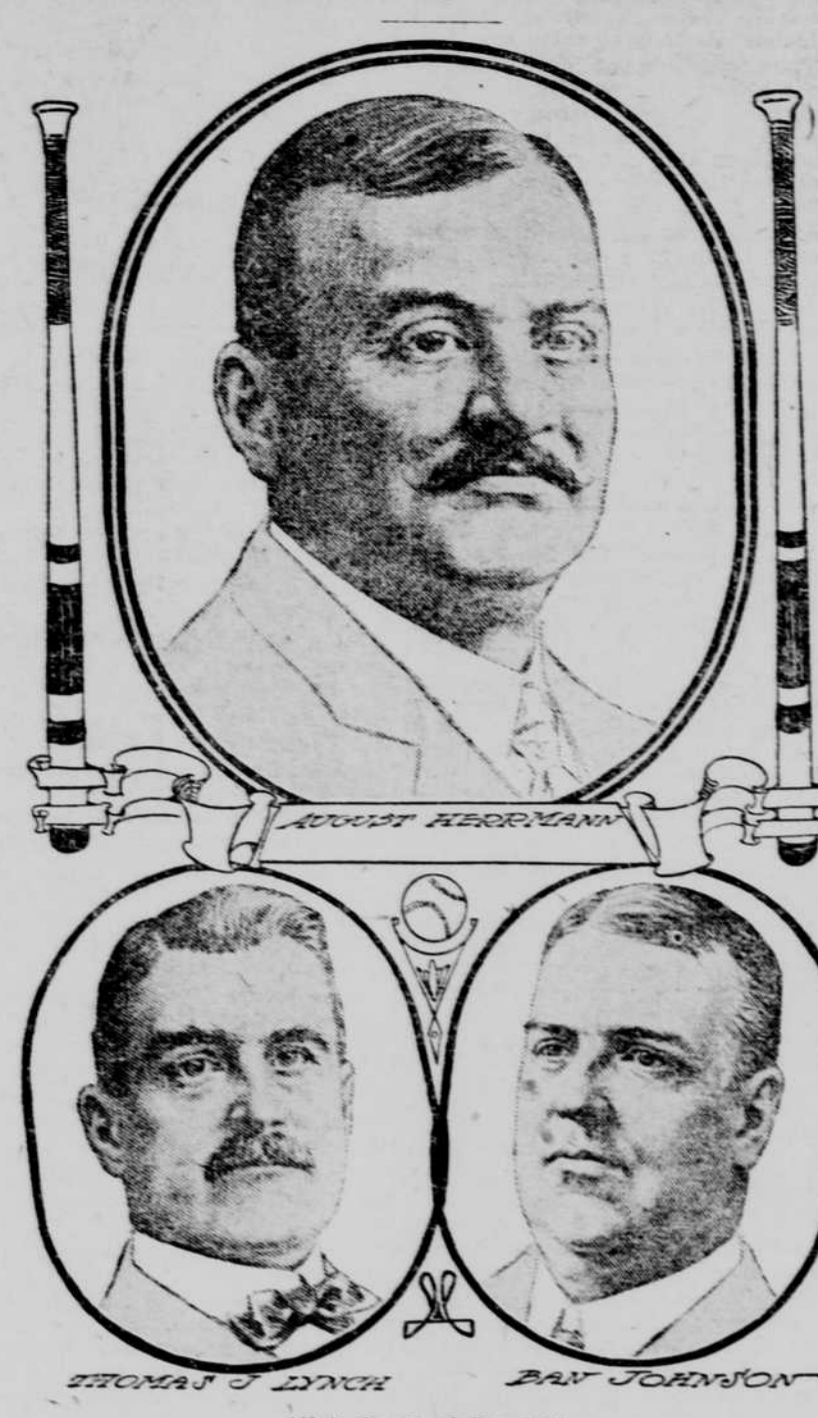
"He struck the words again and again, maddened beyond control, and the Mormon king, whose self-possession was more that of devil than man, still held the struggling girl in his arms as he turned his head toward the voice and saw Nathaniel's long arm and knotted fist thrashing him through the bars in the wall. Then the king's eyes in a piercing scream recoiled through the dungeon corridor and in response to it the man under Nathaniel straightened himself so quickly that his companion fell back to the door.



She is following your instructions!

In his excitement he betrayed himself. He had read the note. There came a sound up the corridor, the opening of a door, the echo of voices, and Jeekum leaped back. Nathaniel's foot held the cell door from closing. "Where is Marion?" he cried softly, his heart standing still with dread. "Great God—what about Marion?" For an instant the sheriff's ghastly face was pressed against the opening. "Marion has not been seen since morning. The king's officers are searching for her." The door slammed, the chains clanked loudly, and above the sound of Jeekum's departure Neil's voice rose in a muffled cry of joy. "They are gone! They are leaving the island!" Nathaniel stood like one turned into stone. His heart grew cold within him. When he spoke his words were passionless echoes of what had been. "You are sure that Marion would kill herself as soon as she became the wife of Strang?" he asked. "Yes—before his vile hands touched more than the dress she wore!" shouted Neil.

COMMISSION TO SQUELCH GAMBLING



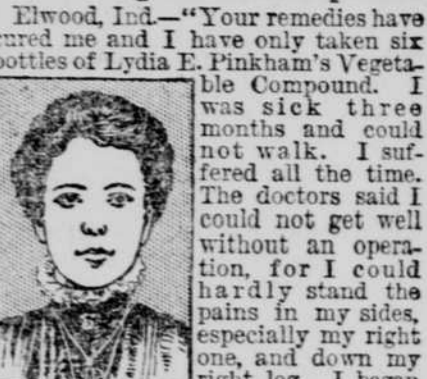
August Hermann, chairman of the national baseball commission, which has been organized to operate on the games of the National and American baseball leagues during the coming season said: "While it is news to me, yet there is no danger whatever that they can ruin the national game. While I do not care to divulge the course the commission will pursue in the matter, you can say positively that this syndicate will do no business whatever. We can and will stop it immediately." There is no question but what betting and gambling would ruin baseball. We cannot and will not stand for it. I believe that after 24 hours have elapsed you will hear very little more of any betting syndicate.

MAROON IN SHARP CRITICISM

Chicago University is Charged With Proselyting for Students With Records as Athletes. Severe criticism of the athletic department of the University of Chicago are made by the Daily Maroon, the undergraduate newspaper of the institution, in a recent issue. In addition to charging the university with proselyting for students with records in athletics, the Maroon attacks intercollegiate athletics in general. Some of the charges are: Candidates for the football team are kept at work so long that they cannot take even a pretense of studying. Students enter the university largely because of the opportunity of exercising their athletic prowess. That 99 per cent. of the students take no part in athletics except to shriek from the bleachers. That those 99 per cent. have an insane desire to win and do not honor any team which fails to come home with the spoils. That the remaining one per cent. which takes part in athletics is physically injured by the exercise involved.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SARIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind. Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Coughing, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine—See Signature. A. S. Wood

KERMIT ROOSEVELT A RUNNER

Son of Former President Competes in 1,000-Yard Run at Boston, Finishing Near End. Kermit Roosevelt, son of the ex-president, without running number, unannounced and not appearing in the program, competed in the 1,000-yard run at the annual winter carnival of



Harvard university the other night, but finished near the end of the field of 20. A new world's record for an indoor relay race of 1,360 yards, four men to a team, was made by the Boston Athletic association team in a race with the Harvard varsity quartet. The new mark is 3:08 1/5. "Kid" McCoy a Demonstrator. Philadelphia the other day as a demonstrator in a local department store. He is demonstrating an athletic "consumption cure," and stands in the auditorium of the store four hours every day endeavoring to persuade patrons that he is in the employ of the concern which has an absolute cure for tuberculosis.

SPORTING GOSSIP

The crop of ball players for the minors is getting so scarce each year that some new way has to be devised for getting recruits. Battling Nelson announces he will "fight again within sixty days." Why that is going to keep the fans waiting so long is a mystery. Digger Stanley is disappointed over his reception in America, he says. Considering his two fights it was rather chilly, to say the least. Joe Cantillon has offered a wager that he will tame Rube Waddell. He ought to get big odds, as Rube has worked under many magnates. American bred dogs won over the foreign rivals at the kennel exhibition in New York. This was a wonderful triumph that will be noticed—in New York. Hofman's holdout did not last as long as the ordinary player's. If he had started to hold out a little sooner he would have had a lot more advertising. Wouldn't it be in order to wait a bit before handing the new flag to the Athletics? There is a fresh season coming along and baseball dope often goes awry. Merchants of Jacksonville, Fla., say business there has been "utterly demoralized by the ravages of the turf who masquerade under the name of sport." Addie Joss is a Swiss, Bender an Indian, Walter Johnson a Swede, Walsh an Irishman, Reulbach a German, Mathewson a Scot and Coombs an American. Keep your old book of football rules and go on studying them until next fall. The code will be the same next season and a few months' study may give you an inkling of what the game is like. Al Kaufman knocked out Jim Flynn in nine rounds on August 25, 1908. Here is a chance for Carl Morris to shine as a brighter "hope" than the man who sold himself for three years for \$50,000. Mike Mitchell is working out in Jacksonville, Fla. Manager Griffith sent him a uniform. Mike is quite successful "bentling the races." However he thinks he can make more money playing ball this summer. Southpaw Karger and Irving Young were discarded by National League clubs and put in time in the minors before being given a chance to come back and show as members of the Red Sox and White Sox that they possessed big league stuff.



Charles F. Conklin, member of the I. A. C. in Chicago, winner of the world's 182 ballline championship for amateurs in the concluding match at the Liederkranz club the other night and national amateur champion in 1905; has returned to Chicago. He will engage in exhibition matches there. Not only did the Chicago stereotype capture the title in a decisive manner, defeating former National Champion Ferdinand Poggenburg, 400 to 294, but he achieved the best grand average mark of the tourney, 12.46-12, which is a distinction tournament winners always like to have. "Poggie" takes second prize and two minor awards for best individual average, a trifle over 16, and high run, 105 points.

"Cow-Bell Chorus" Barred.

New York boxing clubs have decided to suppress a recent innovation at bouts in this city—namely the "cow-bell chorus," by which the admirers of various local boxers have been accustomed to show their appreciation of the efforts of their favorites. Recently, club officials state, this organized "cheering" with horns, bells and other instruments of noise production has become so obstreperous as to constitute a nuisance. About 90 per cent. of those present, the club officials declare, do not appreciate the efforts of the noisemakers, and will be glad to see it done away with.

World's Skating Record Broken.

At the international skating races held at Christiania the other day, the Russian, Strannikow, won the 5,000 meter (about 2.1 miles) in 8:37-1/5. This is a new world's record for the distance, the previous record of 8:37-3/5 having been made by J. I. Eden at Hamar, Norway, in 1894.

Girls Play Hockey.

Girls play a strenuous game of hockey in Australia. In a recent game between the Waratah and Thistle clubs, the casualties were one finger broken and another severely crushed, an eye blackened and face irretrievably damaged, a knee bruised and shin cut so badly that the blood saturated a boot, several mouths cut and a number of shins sliced through shin pads.

Jockey Leaves \$375,000.

Racing men in New York learn that the will of the late Tom Loates, the famous English jockey, has just been proved, showing an estate valued at \$375,000 on the official lists. This is said to be the largest fortune ever left by a professional jockey.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"I've got word—but no note!" He whispered hoarsely. change has come into Neil's face during the hours he had slept. It looked to him thinner and whiter, his lines had deepened, and the young man's eyes were filled with gloomy dejection. "Why didn't you awaken me sooner?" he exclaimed. "I deserve a good drubbing for leaving you alone here!" He saw fresh food on the table. "It's late," he began. "That is our dinner and supper," interrupted Neil. He held his watch close to the candle. "Half past eight!" "And no word—from—" "No." The two men looked deeply into each other's eyes.

DUG UP HIDDEN TREASURE

California Community Greatly Excited Over Mysterious Actions of Stranger. The people of this community are wondering who was the mysterious stranger who visited the ancient adobe but a mile north of here a few evenings ago and dug up a box of gold that had been buried there fifty years or more, says an Oakland correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. It is supposed he carried away a large quantity of gold bullion that belonged to Glanville Swift, an early day miner who lived in this but while operating in the mines in the hills east of Chico, leaving in the early '60s with nearly \$750,000 in gold, which took six weeks to weigh and required a pack train and strong guard to transport out of the country. The stranger was seen loitering about the adobe but one evening, and a Mr. Fawcett, who lives near, tried to learn his mission, but failed. The next morning Fawcett found where a box or can had been dug up during the night. There were several stakes, showing that measurements had been made from a chart to locate the place to dig. Only one hole was made. When Glanville Swift weighed his gold he found two or more large port bottles of it missing. It is supposed they were stolen and buried and that this stranger learned of their whereabouts.

Those Transient Engagements.

The brother and sister were strangers in New York. The sister was very pretty. "I am going to bring a young man up to see you this evening," her brother said. "He is engaged to be married." "Then why bring him?" asked she. "I don't matter," her brother explained. "They tell me that here in New York engagements are more transient even than marriages."

Saves Breakfast Worry—

A package of Post Toasties on the pantry shelf. Served in a minute. With cream or stewed fruit. DELICIOUS! SATISFYING!

"The Memory Lingers"

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

Where Women Work

The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedle, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is two hundred and thirty-eight. They do not speak French, except the cure and the school master, but Celtic, and they are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. Fishing is the principal industry. The profits are divided up each year among the inhabitants. The men live on soup and fish, and smoke pipes with lobster claws for stems. The women do all the hard work—get in the harvest, look out for wreckage, and gather seaweed, from which they extract soda. The town has no streets. The houses are of mud. The islanders have a yearly feast in the early part of October. The island possesses a good water supply. The governing body is composed of the ten ancient

of the place, under the direction of the cure.

The Greatest.

"What makes you think the Jigsby is living high?"

"They are going to have turkey for dinner today."

Headed Wrong.

"His admiration of her is but a bald pretense."

"Yes, I think her chance of getting him hangs by a hair."