



54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER COPYRIGHT 1929 BY BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

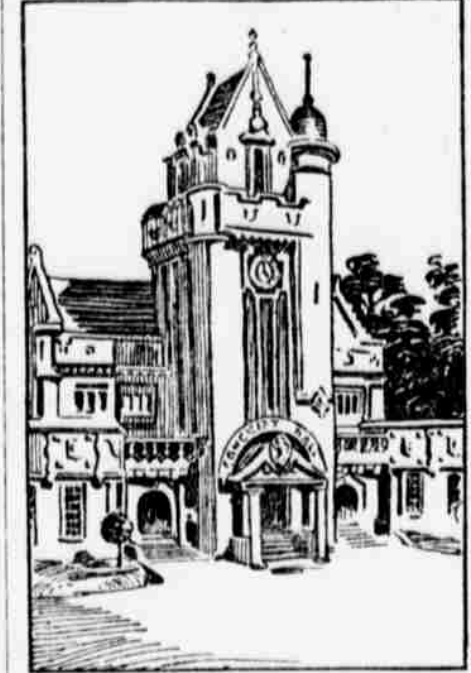


SCOTCH HISTORY EXHIBITION

Big Buildings Going Up in Glasgow for Fair to Be Held There.

Glasgow, Scotland.—The exhibition which, opened by the duke of Connaught, uncle of King George V., promises to be one of much interest both to British and American visitors. It was at first designed on a modest scale and the surplus, which it was hoped might be something like \$50,000, was destined to found a chair of Scottish history in the University of Glasgow. But the project has grown and the attractive buildings now occupy the greater part of Kelvingrove park in the west end of the city, where exhibitions were held in 1888 and 1901.

The most imposing building is the industrial hall. The concert hall entrance, with its lofty tower, in the Scottish baronial style of architecture,



Concert Hall Building, Glasgow.

is also a prominent object in the group. A feature is to be made of the music provided for the visitors and many of the best bands in and out of the country have been engaged. There will be an important fine art section in which Scottish art for the last 100 years, from Raeburn to the present time, will be well represented. In the historical section proper many exhibits of interest illustrative of the growth of the country in every department of life for many hundreds of years will be shown. In the industrial hall an outstanding display will be made of models of Clyde built ships from the earliest period. In the grounds there will be an amphitheater capable of accommodating 10,000 persons. There is to be a "street of nations" and during the progress of the exhibition historical tableaux and pageants will be organized. Conferences on various subjects, historical and social, are also projected.

GHOULS DESECRATE A TOMB

Magnificent Scott Mausoleum at Erie, Pa., Which Was Recently Mysteriously Broken Into.

Erie, Pa.—Considerable of a sensation was recently created by the report that the magnificent mausoleum erected by the late Congressman William L. Scott was broken into and the body of one of its occupants—that of Mrs. Anna M. McCollom of Philadelphia—was stolen. Later it developed that while four of the crypts in the



The Scott Mausoleum.

mausoleum had been broken into none of the bodies was molested. The intruders had apparently committed their ghoulish crime in search of jewelry.

William L. Scott, who built the mausoleum over 20 years ago, was a close personal friend of former President Cleveland and was one of the leaders of the Democracy in the house of representatives when Cleveland was serving his first term as president. Grover Cleveland was one of the pallbearers at his funeral. Mr. Scott's body was the first interred in the vault. He was a prominent railroad man. The family mausoleum which he built was one of the finest in Pennsylvania and had few superiors anywhere.

Twins With Different Birthdays.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Although they are twins, two girl babies recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Walls of Arlington, this state, will have different birth anniversaries. One was born a few minutes before midnight, while the other came into the world shortly after the beginning of the following day.

RHEUMATISM



Manyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves pain in the legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints. Contains no morphine, cocaine or drugs to deaden the pain. It neutralizes the acid and drives out all rheumatic poisons from the system. Write Prof. Manyon, 601 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. for medical advice, absolutely free.

FOR ALL EYE DISEASES **Paul's Eye Salve**

REMEMBER **PISO'S** for COUGHS & COLDS

Each penny saved means one less pang of foreboding.

All druggists sell the famous Herb remedy, Garfield Tea. It corrects constipation.

Every man is a comer until he reaches a certain age—then he's a goer.

Garfield Tea corrects constipation, cleanses the system and purifies the blood. Good health is maintained by its use.

How a married man doesn't enjoy listening to one side of a spoony telephone conversation.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

His Place.

"The trouble about my son is that he never knows where he is at."
"Then why not get him a job with the weaker bureau?"

Severe Critics.

Allice—I like Tom immensely, and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself!
Grace—Yes, dear, your knight hath a thousand 'a's—Puck.

Plenty of Time to Fatten Up.

Cheerful Old Idiot—I say, you'll excuse me, but d'you know that you are the thinnest policeman I've ever seen?
Robert—Yes, I'm a new hand, and haven't got to know the cooks yet—London Opinion.

No Apparent Reason.

Reporter—Colonel, you and I know there was money used in electing Littlebrayne. How much did it cost him? You may as well tell me, for I'm going to find out.

Politician—What makes you think there was—er—bribery?

Reporter—Why, blame it, man, he was elected!

Seven Pensioners in One Family.

Seven brothers and seven sisters living in Foulsham, England, and the adjacent parishes are receiving old age pensions. The oldest of the seven is eighty and the youngest seventy-one. Their united ages total 530 years. Their father was Philip Lambert, a carrier between Foulsham and Norwich, who had a family of 16, all born in Foulsham and of whom 11 are now alive.

EDITOR BROWNE

Of The Rockford Morning Star.

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Drink and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me.

"Wishing you a continued success, I am
Yours very truly,
J. Stanley Browne,
Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease generally supervenes. So when man or woman finds that coffee is a smooth but deadly enemy and health is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee be the cause of the troubles, for if left off 10 days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It must be boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, when the crisp flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfill its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centers broken down by coffee.

"There's a Reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

SYNOPSIS.

Senator John Calhoun is invited to become secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines that if he accepts Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to ask the Baroness von Ritz, spy of the British ambassador, Pakenham, to call at his apartments. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, and she asks Nicholas to assist in evading pursuers. Nicholas notes that the baroness has lost a slipper. She gives him the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun what he wants to know regarding England's intentions toward Mexico. As security Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Tyler tells Pakenham that joint occupation of Oregon with England must cease, that the west has raised the cry of "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight." Calhoun becomes secretary of state. He orders Nicholas to Montreal on state business, and the latter plans to be married that night. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken congressman, whom Nicholas asks to assist in the wedding arrangements, sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth, by mistake, and the wedding is delayed off. Nicholas tells the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded, where he failed, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him that the slipper he had in his possession contained a note from the baroness of Texas to the British ambassador, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas meets a naturalist, Von Ritzhafen, who gives him information about Oregon. The baroness and a British warship disappear from Montreal simultaneously. Calhoun orders Von Ritzhafen to make maps of the western country. Calhoun orders Nicholas to lead a party of settlers toward Oregon. Nicholas has an unsatisfactory interview with Elizabeth, Calhoun's ex-wife, the jealousy of Señora Yturrio and thereby secures the signature of the Texas attaché to a treaty of annexation. Nicholas starts for Oregon. He wins the race over the British party. A British warship arrives with the baroness as a passenger.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Yet she was the same. She seemed slightly thinner now, yet not less beautiful. Her eyes were dark and brilliant as ever. The clear features of her face were framed in the roll of her heavy locks, as I had seen them last. Her garb, as usual, betokened luxury. She was robed as though for some fête, all in white satin, and pale blue tues of stones shone faintly at throat and wrist. Contrast enough she made to me, clad in the smoke-brown tunic of buck, with the leggings and moccasins of a savage, my belt lacking but prepared for weapons.

"I see, madam," said I, smiling, "that still I am only asleep and dreaming. But how exquisite a dream, here in this wild country! How unfit here am I, a savage, who introduce the one discordant note into so sweet a dream!"

I gestured to my costume, gestured about me as I took in the details of the long room in which we stood. I swear it was the same as that in which I had seen her at a similar hour in Montreal! It was the same I had first seen in Washington!

Impossible! I am doubted? Ah, but do I not know? Did I not see? Here were the pictures on the walls, the carved Cupids, the candelabra with their prisms, the chairs, the couches! Beyond yonder satin curtains rose the high canopy of the embroidered-covered couch, its fringed drapery reaching almost to the deep pile of the carpets.

Yet not quite the same, it seemed to me. There were some little things missing, just as there were some little things missing from her appearance. For instance, these draperies at the right, which formerly had cut off the Napoleon bed at its end of the room, now were of blankets and not of silk. The bed itself was not piled deep in down, but contained, as I fancied from my hurried glance, a thin mattress, stuffed perhaps with straw. A roll of blankets lay across its foot. As I gazed to the farther extremity of this side of the long suite, I saw other evidences of change. It was indeed as though Helena von Ritz, creature of luxury, exotic of monarchical surroundings, had begun insensibly to slip into the ways of the rude democracy of the far frontiers.

I saw all this; but ere I had finished my first hurried glance I had accepted her, as always one must, just as she was.

"Yes," said she at length, slowly, "yes, I now believe it to be fate."

She had not yet smiled. I took her hand and held it long. I felt glad to see her, and to take her hand; it seemed pledge of friendship; and as things now were shaping I surely needed a friend.

At last, her face flushing slightly, she disengaged her hand and motioned me to a seat. But still we stood silent for a few moments. "Have you no curiosity?" said she at length.

"I am too happy to have curiosity, my dear madam."

"You will not even ask me why I am here?" she insisted.

"I know. I have known all along. You are in the pay of England. When I missed you at Montreal, I knew you had sailed on the Modeste for Oregon. We knew all this, and planned for it. I have come across by land to meet you. I have waited. I greet you now!"



Her Garb, as Usual, Betokened Luxury.

you travel on England's warship," I smiled, "you travel as the guest of England herself. If, then, you are not for England, in God's name, whose friend are you?"

"Whose friend am I?" she answered slowly. "I say to you that I do not know. Nor do I know who is my friend. A friend—what is that? I never knew one!"

"Then be mine. Let me be your friend. You know my history. You know about me and my work. I throw my secret into your hands. You will not betray me? You warned me once, at Montreal. Will you not shield me once again. Come, can you betray a people of whom you can say so much?"

"Ah, now you would try to tempt me from a trust which has been reposed in me!"

"Not in the least. I would not have you break your word with Mr. Pakenham; but I know you are here on the same errand as myself. You are to learn facts and report them to Mr. Pakenham—as I am to Mr. Calhoun. Meantime, you have not reported?"

"No, I am not yet ready."

"Certainly not. You are not yet possessed of your facts. You have not yet seen this country. You do not yet know these men—the same savages who once accounted for another Pakenham at New Orleans—hardy as buffaloes, fierce as wolves. Wait and see them come pouring across the mountains into Oregon. Then make your report to this Pakenham. Ask him if England wishes to fight our backwoodsmen once more!"

"You credit me with very much ability!" she smiled.

She dropped into a chair near by a little table, where the light of the tall candles, guttering in their enameled sconces, fell full upon her face. She looked at me fixedly, her eyes dark and mournful in spite of their eagerness.

"Ah, it is easy for you to speak, easy for you who have so rich and full a life—who have all! But I—my hands are empty!" She spread out her curved fingers, looking at them, dropping her hands, pathetically drooping her shoulders.

"All, madam? What do you mean? You see me almost in rags. Beyond the rifle at my cabin, the pistol at my tent, I have scarce more in wealth than what I wear, while you have what you like!"

"All but everything!" she murmured, "all but home!"

"Nor have I a home."

"All, except that my couch is empty save for myself and my memories!"

"Not more than mine, nor with sadder memories, madam."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked me suddenly. "What do you mean?" She repeated it again, as though half in horror.

"Only that we are equal and alike. That we are here on the same errand. That our view of life should be the same."

"What do you mean about home? But tell me, were you not then married?"

"No, I am alone, madam. I never shall be married."

There may have been some slight

motion of a hand which beckoned me to a seat at the opposite side of the table. As I sat, I saw her search my face carefully, slowly, with eyes I could not read. At last she spoke, after her frequent fashion, half to herself.

"It succeeded, then!" said she. "Yet I am not happy! Yet I have failed!"

"I pause, madam," said I, smiling. "I await your pleasure."

"Ah, God! Ah, God!" she sighed.

"What have I done?" She staggered to her feet and stood beating her hands together, as was her way when perturbed. "What have I done!"

"Threlka!" I heard her call, half chokingly. The old servant came hurriedly.

"Wine, tea, anything, Threlka!" She dropped down again opposite me, panting, and looking at me with wide eyes.

"Tell me, do you know what you have said?" she began.

"No, madam. I grieve if I have caused you any pain."

"Well, then you are noble; when look, what pain I have caused you! Yet not more than myself. No, not so much. I hope not so much!"

Truly there is thought which passes from mind to mind. Suddenly the thing in her mind sped across to mine. I looked at her suddenly, in my eyes also, perhaps, the horror which I felt.

"It was you!" I exclaimed. "It was you! Ah, now I begin to understand! How could you? You parted us! You parted me from Elizabeth!"

"Yes," she said regretfully. "I did it. It was my fault."

I rose and drew apart from her, unable to speak. She went on.

"But I was not then as I am now. See, I was embittered, reckless, desperate. I was only beginning to think—I only wanted time. I did not really mean to do all this. I only thought—Why, I had not yet known you a day nor her an hour. 'Twas all no more than half a jest."

"How could you do it?" I demanded. "Yet that is no more strange. How did you do it?"

"At the door, that first night. I was mad then over the wrong done to what little womanhood I could claim for my own. I hated Yturrio. I hated Pakenham. They had both insulted me. I hated every man. I had seen nothing but the bitter and desperate side of life—I was eager to take revenge even upon the innocent ones of this world, seeing that I had suffered so much. I had an old grudge against women, against women, I say—against women!"

She buried her face in her hands. I saw her eyes no more till Threlka came and lifted her head, offering her a cup of drink, and so standing patiently until again she had dismissed.

"But still it is all a puzzle to me, madam," I began. "I do not understand."

"Well, when you stood at the door, my little shoe in your pocket, when you kissed my hand that first night, when you told me what you would do did you love a woman—when I saw something new in life I had not seen—why, then, in the devil's resolution

that no woman in the world should be happy if I could help, I slipped in the body of the slipper a little line or so that I had written when you did not see, when I was in the other room. 'Twas that took the place of Van Zandt's message, after all, Monsieur. It was fate. Van Zandt's letter, without plan, fell out on my table. Your note, sent by plan, remained in the shoe!"

"And what did it say? Tell me at once."

"Very little. Yet enough for a woman who loved and who expected. Only this: 'In spite of that other woman, come to me still. Who can teach you love of woman as I can? Helena.' I think it was some such words as those."

"I had not thought any one capable of that," said I.

"Ah, but I repented on the instant! I repented before night came. In the twilight I got upon my knees and prayed that all my plan might go wrong—if I could call it plan."

But again I could only turn away to ponder.

"See," she went on; "for myself, this is irremediable, but it is not so for you, nor for her. It is not too ill to be made right again. There in Montreal, I thought that I had failed in my plan, that you indeed were married. You held yourself well in hand; like a man, monsieur. But as to that, you were married, for your love for her remained; your pledge held. And did not I, repenting, marry you to her—did not I, on my knees, marry you to her that night? Oh, do not blame me too much!"

"She should not have doubted," said I. "I shall not go back and ask her again. The weakest of men are strong sometimes!"

"Ah, now you are but a man! Being such, you cannot understand how terribly much the faith of man means for a woman. It was her need for you that spoke, not her doubt of you. Forgive her. She was not to blame. Blame me! Do what you like to punish me! Now, I shall make amends. Tell me what I best may do. Shall I go to her, shall I tell her?"

"Not as my messenger. Not for me."

"No? Well, then, for myself? That is my right. I shall tell her how priestly faithful a man you were. Come," she said, "I will bargain with you, after all!"

"What bargain you like, madam." "And I will keep my bargain. You know that I will."

"Yes, I know that."

"Very well, then. I am going back to Washington."

"How do you mean?"

"By land, across the country; the way you came."

"You do not know what you say, madam. The journey you suggest is incredible, impossible."

"That matters nothing. I am going. And I am going alone—No, you cannot come with me. Do you think I would risk more than I have risked? I go alone. I am England's spy; yes, that is true. I am to report to England; yes, that is true. Therefore, the more I see, the more I shall have to report. Besides, I have something else to do."

"But would Mr. Pakenham listen to your report, after all?"

Now she hesitated for a moment. "I can induce him to listen," she said. "That is part of my errand. First, before I see Mr. Pakenham I am going to see Miss Elizabeth Churchill. I shall report also to her. Then I shall have done my duty. Is it not so?"

"You could do no more," said I. "But what bargain—"

"Listen. If she sees me ill and will not believe either you or me—then, being a woman, I shall hate her; and in that case I shall go to Sir Richard for my own revenge. I shall tell him to bring on this war. In that case, Oregon will be lost to you, or at least bought dear by blood and treasure."

"We will attend to that, madam," said I grimly, and I smiled at her, although a sudden fear caught at my heart. I knew what damage she was in position to accomplish if she liked. My heart stood still. I felt the faint sweat again on my forehead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drawing from the Senses.

Sense picturing is the latest development in the training of the young idea how to draw, and it is certainly a great aid to accurate visualization. Taste picturing is perhaps the most popular, because it involves sweetmeats or fruit. Smell picturing sometimes leads to curious results, as when a bunch of violets was held to the nose of a child and touched it. His sense of touch was stronger than his sense of smell, and he immediately drew a bird, taking the flowers for feathers. Sound picturing is also very deceptive, and it is astonishing how many people (it may be practised by grown-ups as well as youngsters) will mistake a plane for a saw. Touch picturing is especially difficult, and here the child who has had a little training in this kind of drawing will often beat the finished draftsman who is new to it.