

SYNOPSIS.

Semiter John Calbein is levited to become secretary of state in Tyler's calinet. He declares that if he accepts Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He sends the aberelary, Nicholas Trist, to ask the Baroness von Bitz, app of the British amparetador, Pakenham, to call at his apartments. While marching for the baroness' beame, a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, and she asks Nicholas to assist in evading pursoers. Nicholas notes that the baroness has lest a slipper. She gives him the remaining simper as a pledge that she will tell Calbona what he wants to know regarding England's intentions toward Mexico. As security Nicholas gives her a trisket he intended for ms sweethaart. Elizabeth Churchill. Calbona becomes accretary of state. He orders Nicholas to Mentreal on state business, and the latter plans to be married that hight. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drucken congressman whom Nicholas sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth, by mistake, and the wedding arrangements sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth, by mistake, and the wedding is declared off. Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded, where he falled, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him that the slipper he had in his possession contained a note from the attache of Texas to the British ambassador, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 25 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas meets a naturalist, Von Rittenhofen, who gives him information about the gon. The baroness and a British warship disappear from Montreal simultaneously. Calbona orders Nicholas to bead a party of settless bound for Oregon, Calbona excites beam for Oregon, Calbona excites beam for Oregon. He wins the race over the British party. A British warship arrives with the baroness as a passenger. She tells Nicholas that she placed a note to return to Washington to repair the damage she has done.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continu

CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

"If I do not find her worthy of on Helena von Ritz.

"But, madam, you forget one thing. She is worthy of me, or of any other man!

"I shall be judge of that. If she is what you think, you shall have herand Oregon!"

"But as to myself, madam? The bargain?

"I arrive, monsieur! If she fails you, then I ask only time."

"I begin to see, madam," said I, "how large these stakes may run." "In case I lose, be sure at least I shall pay. I shall make my atone-

ment," she said.

your heart and mind and soul.

"And body!" she whispered. The old borror came again upon her face. She shuddered, I did not know why. She stood now as one in devotions for a time, and I would no more have spoken than had she been at her prayers, as, indeed, I think she was. At last she made some faint movement of her hands. I do not know whether it was the sign of the cross.

She rose now, tall, white-clad, shimmering, a vision of beauty such as that part of the world certainly could not then offer. Her bair was loosened now in its masses and drooped more widely over her temples, above her brow. Her eyes were very large and dark, coming again beneath them. Her hands were clasped, her chin raised not guess of these things, being but a wardly enough. But once more our tains off toward the east man, and, I fear, clumsy alike of body and wit.

"What are my stakes? How may I pay?

There is one thing, madam, which we have omitted," said I at last. She swayed a little on her feet, as though she were weak. "I want," said she, "I wish-I wish-"

The old childlike look of pathos came again. I have never seen so sad a face. She was a lady, white and delicately clad; I, a rude frontiersman in camp-grimed leather. But I stepped to her now and took her in my arms, and held her close, and pushed back the damp waves of her hair. And because a man's tears were in my eyes, I have no doubt of absolution when I say I had been a cad and a coward had I not kissed her own tears away. I no longer made prefense of ignorance, but sh! how I wished that I were ignorant of what it

was not my right to know. I led her to the edge of the little bed of husks and found her kerchief. Ah, she was of breeding and courage! Presently, her voice rose steady and clear as ever. "Threlka!" she called

"Please!" When Threlka came, she looked closely at her lady's face, and what she read seemed, after all, to content

"Threika," said my tady in French, "I want the little one."

I turned to her with query in my

"Tiens!" she said. "Wait. I have a little surprise.

"You have nothing at any time save surprises, madam."

"we things I have," said she, sighing: "a little dog from China, Chow by name. He sleeps now, and I must not disturb him, else I would show you how lovely a dog is Chow. Also here I have found a little Indian child running about the post. Dr. McLaughlin was rejoiced when I adopted her." "Well, then, madam, what next?"

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would care for that little child. I now. Come Natoka!"

The old servant paused at the door. There slid across the floor with the allent feet of the savage the tiny figure of a little child, perhaps four years of age, with coal-black hair and beady eyes, clad in all the bequilled finery that a trading post could furnish-a little orphan child, as I learned later, whose parents had both been lost in a canoe accident at the Dalles. She was an infant, wild, untrained, unloved, unable to speak a word of the language that she heard. She stood now hesitating, but that was only by reason of her sight of me.

steps to my satin-clad lady on her couch of husks. She took up the child tended to meet them both again at no life. He goes to save yours." in her arms. be some speech between woman and child. I do not know, except that the Baroness von Ritz spoke and that the child put out a hand to her cheek. Then, as I stood awkward as a clown to that of the child while she clasped

As I stepped aside, the little one

walked steadily but with quickening

it tight "See, then," she said; "here is my

companion across the mountains." Again I began to expostulate, but now she tapped her foot impatiently in her old way. "You have heard me say it. Very well. Follow if you like. Listen also if you like. In a day or so Dr. McLaughlin plans a party for us you, then she cannot have you," went all far up the Columbia to the missions at Wailatpu. That is in the valley of the Walla Walla, they tell mountains, where the wagon trains come down into this part of Oregon."

"They may not see the wagon trains so soon," I ventured. "They would scarcely arrive before October, and

now it is but summer." "At least these British officers would see a part of this country, do you not comprehend? We start within three days at least. I wish only to say that

perhaps-'Ah, I will be there surely, madam!" "If you come independently. I have "I doubt not that, madam, with all heard, however, that one of the miswomen wishes to go back to the states. I have thought that perhaps it might be better did we go to-

gether. Also Natoka. Also Chow." "Does Dr. McLaughlin know of

your plans?" "I am not under his orders, monsieur. I only thought that, since you were used to this western travel, you could, perhaps, be of aid in getting folk who made their headquarters me proper guides and vehicles. I should rely upon your judgment very much, monsieur.'

"You are asking me to aid you in your own folly," said I discontentedly. you can not prevent me from following-if you persist in this absolute days; but one evening I met her on and I saw the faint blue shadows folly. A woman-to cross the Rock-

I rose now, and she was gracious just a trifle, and her gaze was rapt enough to follow me part way toward prospect of the wide flats, the fringe as that of some longing soul. I could the door. We hesitated there, awk- of willow trees, the loom of the moun-

"Yes, with the promise to him that hands met in some sort of fellowship. "Forget!" I heard her whisper, And want something for my own. See I could think of no reply better than persuade you to abandon this foolish that same word.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When a Woman Would. The two pleasantest days of a woman are her marriage day and the day of her

uneral,-Hipponax. My garden at the Willamette might languish if it like, and my little cabin might stand in uncut wheat. For me, there were other matters of more importance now. I took leave of hospitable Dr. McLaughlin at Fort Vancouver with proper expressions of the tle I could in securing you a party.

obligation due for his hospitality; but . Now, there must distant date. None the less, 1 prepared to set out at once up the Co-

lumbia river trail.

From Fort Vancouver to the missions at Wailatpu was a distance by trail of more than 200 miles. This I myself and not knowing what to do, I covered horseback, rapidly, and arsaw tears rain again from the eyes of rived two or three days in advance of Helena von Ritz, so that I turned the English. Nothing disturbed the away, even as I saw her cheek laid quiet until, before noon of one day, we heard the gun fire and the shoutings which in that country customarily made announcement of the arrival of a party of travelers. Being on the lookout for these, I soon discovered them to be my late friends of the Hudson bay post.

One old brown woman, unhappily astride a native pony, I took to be Threlka, my lady's servant, but she rode with her class, at the rear. I looked again, until I found the baroness, clad in buckskins and blue me, just at this edge of the Blue cloth, brave as any in finery of the frontier. Dr. McLaughlin saw fit to present us formally, or rather carelessly, it not seeming to him that two so different would meet often in the future; and of course there being no dream even in his shrewd mind that we had ever met in the past. This supposition fitted our plans, even though it kept us apart. I was but a common emigrant farmer, camping like my kind. She, being of distinction, dwelt with the Hudson bay party in the mission buildings.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In Exchange.

Great women belong to history and self-sacrifice -Leigh Hunt.

For sufficient reasons of my own, which have been explained, I did not care to mingle more than was necessary with the party of the Hudson bay with the missionary families. I kept close to my own camp when not busy with my inquiries in the neighborhood, where I now began to see what could be done in the preparation of a but I will be there; and be sure also proper outfit for the baroness. Herself I did not see for the next two the narrow log gallery of one of the mission houses. Without much speech we sat and looked over the pleasant



"What Are My Stakes? How May I Pay?"



"Continually you surprise me, madam," I began at last. "Can we not plan of your going east?"

"I can see no reason for abandoning it," said she. "There are some thousands of your people, men, women and children, who have crossed that

trail. Why should not 1?" But they come in large parties; they come well prepared. Each helps

his neighbor.' "The distance is the same, and the nethod is the same.

I ceased to argue, seeing that she would not be persuaded. "At least, madam," said I, "I have done what lit-You are to have eight mules, two said nothing to him, of course, of carts, six horses, and two men, besides having met the mysterious baroness, old Joe Meek, the best guide now in nor did I mention definitely that I in Oregon. He would not go to save his

"You are good special pleader." said she: "but you do not shake me in my purpose, and I hold to my terms. It does not rest with you and me, but with another. As I told you-as we have both agreed-'

"Then let us not speak her name," said I

Again her eyes looked into mine, straight, large and dark. Again the spell of her beauty rose all around me, envoloped me as I had felt it do before. "You cannot have Oregon, except through me," she said at last. "You cannot have - her - except through me!"

"It is the truth," I answered. "In God's name, then, play the game fair."

CHAPTER XXX.

Counter Currents.

Woman is like the reed that bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.-Bishop Richard Whately.

The Oregon immigration for 1845 numbered, according to some accounts, not less than 3,000 souls. Our people still rolled westward in a mighty wave. The history of that great west-bound movement is well known. The story of a yet more decisive journey of that same year never has been written-that of Helena von Ritz, from Oregon to the east. The price of that journey was an empire; its cost-ah, let me not yet speak of

Although Meek and I agreed that he should push east at the best possible speed, it was well enough understood that I should give him no more than a day or so start. I did not purpose to allow so risky a journey as this to be undertaken by any woman in so small a party, and made no doubt that I would overtake them at least at Fort Hall, perhaps 500 miles east of the missions, or at farthest at Fort Bridger, some 700 miles from the starting point in Oregon.

The young wife of one of the missionaries was glad enough to take passage thus for the east; and there was the silent Threlka. Those two could offer company, even did not the little Indian maid, adopted by the baroness, serve to interest her. Their equipment and supplies were as good as any purchasable. What could be done, we now had done

Yet, after all, Helena von Ritz had her own way. I did not see her again after we parted that evening at the mission. I was absent for a couple of days with a hunting party, and on my return discovered that she was gone, with no more than brief farewell to those left behind! Meek was anxious as herself to be off; but he left word for me to follow on at once.

It may be supposed that I myself now hurried in my plans. I was able to make up a small party of four men, about half the number Meek took with him; and I threw together such equipment as I could find remaining. not wholly to my liking, but good enough, I fancied, to overtake a party headed by a woman. But one thing after another cost us time, and we did not average 20 miles a day. I felt half desperate, as I reflected on what that might mean. As early fall was approaching, I could expect, in view of my own lost time, to encounter the annual wagon train 200 or 300 miles farther westward than the object of my pursuit naturally would have done. As a matter of fact, my party met the wagons at a point well to the west of Fort Hall.

It was early in the morning we met them coming west-that long, weary, dust-covered, creeping caravan, a mile long, slow serpent, crawling westward across the desert. In time I came up to the head of the tremendous wagon train of 1845, and its leader and myself thew up our hands in the salutation of the wilderness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Adherent.

By mistake a farmer had got aboard a car reserved for a party of college graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car, and the farmer was allowed to join the others Finally some one asked him: "Are you an alumnus?" "No," said the farmer earnestly; "but I believe ir it."-Lippincott's.

GRAND VOYAGE TO THE POLE.



EYES WOULD BURN AND STING

"It is just a year ago that my sister came over here to us. She had been here only a few weeks when her eyes began to be red, and to burn and sting as if she had sand in them. Then we used all of the home remedies. She washed her eyes with salt water, used hot tea to bathe them with, and bandaged them over night with tea leaves, but all to no purpose. She went to the drug store and got some salve, but she grew constantly worse. She was scarcely able to look in the light. At last she decided to go to a doctor, because she could hardly work any more. The doctor said it was a very severe disease, and if she did not follow his orders closely she might lose her eyesight. He made her eyes burn and applied electricity to them, and gave her various ointments. In the two and a half or three months that she went to the doctor, we could see very little improvement.

"Then we had read so much how people had been helped by Cuticura that we thought we would try it, and we cannot be thankful enough that we used it. My sister used the Cuticura Pills for purifying the blood, bathed only with Cuticura Soap, and at night after washing, she anointed her eyes very gently on the outside with the Cuticura Ointment. In one week, the swelling was entirely gone from the eyes, and after a month there was no longer any mucus or watering of the eyes. She could already see better, and in six weeks she was cured." (Signed) Mrs. Julia Csepicska, 2005 Utah St., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25, 1910.

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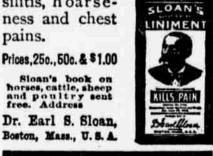
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