RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF



CHAPTER XVIII. -14-

The Arrow to the Mark.

Smith, concentrating abstractedly, as his habit was, upon the work in hand, when the office door was opened and a small shocked voice said: "Oh, wooh! how you startled me! I saw the light, and I supposed, of course, it was colonel-daddy. Where is he?"

Smith pushed the papers aside and looked up scowling.

"He was here a minute ago, with Stillings. Said he'd be back. You've come to take him home?" She nodded and came to sit in a

chair at the desk-end, saying: "Don't let me interrupt you, please.

I'll be quiet." "I don't mean to let anything interrupt me until I have finished what I

have undertaken to do; I'm past all that, now." "I have heard about what you did

last night."

"About the newspaper fracas? You don't approve of anything like that, of course. Neither did I, once. But there is no middle way. You know what the animal tamers tell us about the beasts. I've had my taste of blood. There are a good many men in this world who need killing. Crawford Stanton is one of them, and I'm not sure that Mr. David Kinzle isn't another."

"I can't hear what you say when you talk like that," she objected, looking past him with the gray eyes veiled.

"Do you want me to lie down and let them put the steam roller over me?" he demanded irritably. "Is that your ideal of the perfect man?"

"What I said, and what I meant, had nothing at all to do with Timanyoni High Line and its fight for life," she said calmly, recalling the wander- aflame. ing gaze and letting him see her eyes. "I was thinking altogether of one men's attitude toward his world."

"That was some time ago," he put in soberly. "I've gone a long way since then, Corona."

"I know you have. Why doesn't daddy come back?"

I-I had to beat him over the head to send the car rocketing westward. make him keep quiet; I thought for the moment that I had killed him, and I knew, then, just how far I had gone on the road I've been traveling ever since a certain night in the middle of last May. The proof was in the way I felt; I wasn't either sorry or horrorstricken; I was merely relieved to think that he wouldn't trouble me, or clutter up the world with his worth-

less presence any longer." "But that wasn't your real self!" she expostulated.

"What was it, then?"

"I don't know-I only know that it wasn't you. But tell me: did he die?" "No."

"What have you done with him?" "Do you know the old abandoned Wire-Silver mine at Little Butte?" "I knew it before it was abandoned,

yes. "I was out there one Sunday after-

noon with Starbuck. The mine is bulkheaded and locked, but one of the keys on my ring fitted the lock, and Star- pancy save Jibbey's sultcase lying buck and I went in and stumbled was still deep in the voucher-auditing around for a while in the dark tun- of the assisted disappearance.

nels. I took Jibbey there and locked him up. He's there now." "Alone in that horrible place-and

without food?"

"Alone, yes; but I went out yesterday and put a basket of food where he could get it."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I am going to leave him there until after I have put Stanton and Kinzie and the other buccaneers safely out of business. When that is done, he can go; and I'll go, too."

She had risen, and at the summingup she turned from him and went aside to the one window to stand for a long minute gazing down into the electriclighted street. When she came back her lips were pressed together and she

was very pale. "When I was in school, our old psychology professor used to try to tell us about the underman; the brute that lles dormant inside of us and is kept down only by reason and the superman. I never believed it was anything more than a fine-spun theory-until now. But now I know it is true."

He spread his hands. "I can't help it, can I?"

"The man that you are now can't help it; no. But the man that you could be-if he would only come back-" she stopped with a little un-

controllable shudder and sat down again, covering her face with her hands.

"I'm going to turn Jibbey looseafter I'm through," he vouchsafed. She took her hands away and blazed up at him suddenly, with her face

"Yes! after you are safe : after there

is no longer any risk in it for you! That is worse than if you had killed him-worse for you, I mean. Oh, can't you see? It's the very depth of cowardly infamy !"

He smiled sourly. "You think I'm his teeth. "He'll come soon enough. You're a coward? They've been calling me

CHAPTER XIX.

A Little Leaven.

The summer-night stars served only to make the darkness visible along the road down the Timanyoni river and the open air the freed captive tramped across to the mining camp of Red Butte. Smith twisted the gray roadster sharply to the left out of the road. and four miles from the turn, shut off the power and got down to continue were tunnel-driven in the mountainside, and a crooked ore track led out to them. Smith followed the ore track until he came to the entrance, and to the lock of a small door framed in

the bulkheading he applied a key. It was pitch dark beyond the door. and the silence was like that of the grave. Smith had brought a candle on

his food-carrying visit of the day before, and, groping in its hiding place just outside of the door, he found and

lighted it. There was no sign of occuwhere it had been flung on the night

> Smith stumbled forward into the black depths and the chill of the place laid hold upon him and shook him like the premonitory shiver of an approaching ague. Insensibly he quickened his pace until he was hastening blindly through a maze of tunnels and cross driftings, deeper and still deeper into the bowels of the mountain. Coming suddenly at the last into the chamber of the dripping water, he found what he was searching for, and again the ague chill shook him. There were no apparent signs of life in the sodden, muck-begrimed figure lying in a crumpled heap among the water pools.

"Jibbey !" he called : and then again, ignoring the unnerving, awe-inspiring echoes rustling like flying bats in the cavernous overspaces: "Jibbey !"

The sodden heap bestirred itself slowly and became a man sitting up to blink helplessly at the light and supporting himself on one hand.

"Is that you, Monty?" said a voice tremulous and broken; and then: "1 can see. The light blinds me. Have you come to fl-finish the job?" "I have come to take you out of

this; to take you back with me to Brewster. Get up and come on."

The victim of Smith's ruthlessness struggled stiffly to his feet. Never much more than a physical weakling, and with his natural strength wasted by a life of dissipation, the blow on the head with the pistol butt and the

forty-eight hours of sharp hardship and privation had cut deeply into his scanty reserves. "Did-did Verda send you to do it?"

he queried.

"No; she doesn't know where you are. She thinks you stopped over somewhere on your way west. Come along. if you want to go back with me." Jibbey stumbled away a step or two and flattened himself against the cav-

ern wall. His eyes were still staring more of the resuscitative directions and his lips were drawn back to show

"Hold on a minute," he jerked out.

"MURDER ROOM" NOW and there was a struggle in the auto. The gray roadster and sprang in to Smith! You can't knock me on the head and lock me up as if I were a yellow dog. I'll fix you !"

Smith made no reply. Linking his free arm in Jibbey's, he led the way through the mazes, stopping at the tunnel mouth to blow out the candle

and to pick up Jibbey's suitcase. In in sober silence at Smith's heels until they reached the automobile. At the crossing of the railroad main track and the turn into the highway, the river, bassooning deep-toned among its his journey afoot. The mine workings bowlders, was near at hand, and Jibbey spoke for the first time since they left the mine mouth.

"I'm horribly thirsty, Monty. That water in the mine had copper or something in it, and I couldn't drink it. You didn't know that, did you-when you put me in there, I mean? Won't you stop the car and let me go and stick my face in that river?"

The car was brought to a stand and Jibbey got out to scramble down the river bank in the starlight. Obeying some inner prompting which he did

"If You Think That Squares the Deal."

the foot of the slope lowering himself

face downward on his propped arms to

reach the water. Then, in that instant,

Jibbey, careless in his thirst, lost his

balance and went headlong into the

A battling eon had passed before

Smith, battered, beaten and half-

limp arms while he strove to recall

given in the Lawrenceville Athletic

In good time, after an interval so

spairing first-aider, the breath came

back into the reluctant lungs. Jibbey

torrent.

You're not-not going to wipe it all long that it seemed endless to the de-

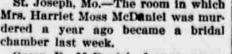
Man Acquitted of Killing Wife Re-

St. Joseph, Mo .- The room in which Mrs. Harriet Moss McDaniel was murdered a year ago became a bridal

Oscar D. McDaniel, former prosecuting attorney of Buchanan county, who was arrested and later acquitted of the charge of murdering his wife, returned this week from a honeymoon trip through the East with his new bride and occupied the house in which Mrs. McDaniel was murdered.

The marriage of McDaniel and Miss

turns With New Bride and Occupies House.



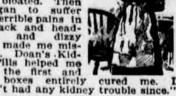
Zora Cook, twenty-one, one of the leading society girls of the city, last week, furnished another link in one



Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and achy and your kidneys irregular; if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out women.

A Nebraska Case

A Nebraska Cas Mrs. Earl Curtis, "Bern Riter 505 K St., N. Auburn, Neb., says: "The first sign of kidney trouble I had was puffness under my eyes. I didn't pay much attention to that but before long my whole body be-came bloated. Then I began to suffer with terrible pains in my back and head-aches and dizzy spells made me mis-erable. Doan's Kid-ney Pills helped mo from the first and three boxes entirely cured haven't had any kidney trouble "Every Picture Tells a Stor





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SHARKS TO SERVE MANKIND

eteran Fisherman Believes That, Properly Handled, the Meat of the Fish Is Edible.

Russell J. Coles of Danville, Va., vho taught Colonel Roosevelt how to harpoon devilfish, announced that he has discovered a method of preventing world-wide starvation by tests he has carried out with regard to certain species of the dark shark and ray family. Mr. Coles has just come back from Morehead City, N. C., where he caught a number of fish, and despite the popular belief that the eating of them would bring death in a terrible form. he decided to take the risk and he sampled several of them. He has sent a complete record of his findings to Herbert Hoover in the hope that the food administrator will incline an ear and start the fashion of shark eating. Mr. Coles believes that the sides of

the larger fish may be tanned and converted into marketable leather. After trying several methods the

Danville man gives the following recipe for cooking shark steak: Salt heavily for 30 minutes, soak out in three waters, parboil a few minutes. change water, parboll again, cook heavily seasoned and serve hot. The amount of seasoning must be used according to the odor of the meat.

not stop to analyze, Smith left his seat behind the wheel and walked over to the edge of the embankment where Jibbey had descended. With the glare of the roadster's acetylenes turned the other way, Smith could see Jibbey at

Ago.

in the history of the country.

Beginning with the murder of Mrs. McDaniel a year ago, continuing with the trial and acquittal of her husband, then adding more tragedy when John E. Krucker shot and killed his wife and committed suicide, the case now takes a new turn with the marriage

Mrs. Krucker had been called "the

Daniel, Following the trial rumors that the pair were to be married were persistently denied by both. Miss Cook is a graduate of St. Joseph Central High School and is noted for her beauty and musical accomplishments. Directly across a narrow hall-from McDaniel's office is the office of Bart M. Lockwood-the man who as special prosecutor caused McDaniel's arrest on the murder charge.

of the principal figure.

woman in the case." Miss Cook is the daughter of C. A. Cook, manager of the Bell Telephone company here. He was one of the two men arriving first at the McDaniel home after the murder.

Miss Cook gave testimony for Mc-

Mrs. McDaniel Was Murdered a Year

of the most mysterious murder cases

strangled, succeeded in landing the unconscious thirst-quencher on a shelving bank three hundred yards below the stopped automobile. After that there was another eon in which he completely forgot his own bruisings while he worked desperately over the drowned man, raising and lowering the

not afraid to be here alone with me, are you?"

"No; but anybody might be afraid of the man you are going to be." His laugh was as mirthless as the

creaking of a rusty hinge. "You needn't put it in the future tense. I have already broken with

whatever traditions there were left to break with. Last night I threatened to kill Allen, and, perhaps, I should have done it if he hadn't begged like a dog and dragged his wife and children into it."

"I know," she acquiesced, and again she was looking past him.

"And that isn't all. Yesterday Kinzle set a trap for me and bated it with one of his clerks. For a little while it seemed as if the only way to spring the trap was for me to go after the clerk and put a bullet through him. It wasn't necessary, as it turned out, but if it had been-"

"Oh, you couldn't!" she broke in quickly. "I can't believe that of you!"

"You think I couldn't? Let me tell you of a thing that I have done. Night before last Verda Richlander had a wire from a young fellow who wants to marry her. He had found out that she was here in Brewster, and the wire was to tell her that he was coming in that night on the delayed 'Flyer.' She asked me to meet him and tell him she had gone to bed. He is a miserable little wretch; a sort of sham reprobate; and she has never cared for him, except to keep him dangling around with a lot of others. I told her I wouldn't meet him, and she knew very well that I couldn't meet him-and stay out of jail. Are you listening?"

"I'm trying to."

"It was the pinch, and I wasn't big enough-in your sense of the word-to meet it. I saw what would happen. If Tucker Jibbey came here, Stanton would pounce upon him at once; and Jibbey, with a drink or two under his belt, would tell all he knew. I fought it all out while I was waiting for the train. It was Jibbey's effacement, or the end of the world for me, and for Timanyoni High Line."

Dexter Baldwin's daughter was not of those who shrick and faint at the apparition of horror. But the gray eyes were dilating and her breath was

as a friend, and then-"

verything else but that in the past few days." out as easy as that. You've taken

afraid he will do!"

down at her.

"You are a coward!" she flashed my gun away from me, but I've got back. "You have proved it. You my two hands yet. Stick that candle daren't go out to Little Butte tonight in a hole in the wall and look out for and get that man and bring him to yourself. I'm telling you, right now, Brewster while there is yet time for that one or the other of us is going

him to do whatever it is that you are to stay here-and stay dead !" "Don't be a fool!" Smith broke in.

Was it the quintessence of feminine "I didn't come here to scrap with you." "You'd better-and you'd better subtlety, or only honest rage and inmake a job of it while you're about dignation, that told her how to aim it!" shrieked the castaway, lost now the armor-piercing arrow? God, who alone knows the secret workings of to everything save the biting sense of his wrongs. "You've put it all over the woman heart and brain, can tell. But the arrow sped true and found its me-knocked my chances with Verda mark. Smith got up stiffly out of the Richlander and shut me up here in this hell-hole to go mad-dog crazy! If you big swing chair and stood glooming let me get out of here allve I'll pay

"You think I did it for myself?you bock, if it's the last thing I ever do! You'll go back to Lawrenceville with the bracelets on! You'll-" red rage could go no farther in mere

words and he flung himself in feeble fierceness upon Smith, clutching and struggling and waking the grewsome echoes again with frantic, meaningless

maledictions.

Smith did not strike back; wrapping the madman in a pinioning grip, he held him helpless. When it was over, and Jibbey had been released, gasping and sobbing, to stagger back against the tunnel wall, Smith groped for the candle and found and relighted it.

"Tucker," he said gently, "you are more of a man than I took you to bea good bit more. Now that you're giving me a chance to say it, I can tell you that Verda Richlander doesn't figure in this at all. I'm not going to marry her, and she didn't come out here in the expectation of finding me." "Then what does figure in it?" was the dry-lipped query.

"It was merely a matter of self-preservation. There are men in Brewster who would pay high for the information you might give them about me." "You might have given me a hint

and a chance, Monty. I'm not all dog." "That's at past and gone. I didn't give you your chance, but I'm going to give it to you now. Let's go-if you're fit to try it."

"Wait a minute. If you think, be cause you didn't pull your gun now and drop me and leave me to rot in things on before you go." this hole, if you think that squares the deal-'

"I'm not making any conditions," Smith interposed. "There are a number of telegraph offices in Brewster, and for at least two days longer I shall always be within easy reach."

Jibbey's anger flared up once more. "You think I won't do it? You I'd drink it if you said so," chattered think I'll be so glad to get to some

coughed, choked, gasped and sat up. His teeth were chattering, and he was chilled to the bone by the sudden plunge into the cold snow-water, but

club's first-aid drills.

he was unraistakably alive. "What-what happened to me, Monty?" he shuddered. "Did I tumble in?" "You did, for a fact."

"And you went in after me?" "Of course."

"No, by gad! It wasn't 'of course'not by a long shot! All you had to do was to let me go, and the scoreyour score-would have been wiped out for good and all. Why didn't you do it?

"Because I promised somebody that I would bring you back to Brewster tonight, alive and well, and able to send a telegram."

Jibbey tried to get upon his feet, couldn't quite compass it, and sat down again.

> "I don't believe a word of it," he mumbled, loose-lipped. "You did it because you're not so danged tough and hard-hearted as you thought you were." And then: "Give me a lift, Monty, and get me into the auto. I guess-I'm about-all in."

Smith half led, half carried his charge up to the road. A final heave lifted him into his place, and it is safe to say that Colonel Dexter Baldwin's roadster never made better time than it did on the race which finally brought the glow of the Brewster town lights reddening against the eastern sky. At the hotel Smith helped his dripping passenger out of the car, made a quick rush with him to an elevator, and so up to his own rooms on the fourth floor.

"Strip !" he commanded ; "get out of those wet rags and tumble into the bath. Make it as hot as you can stand it. I'll go down and register you and have your trunk sent up from the station. You have a trunk, haven't you?" Jibbey fished a soaked card baggage check out of his pocket and passed it over.

"You're as bad off as I am, Monty," he protested. "Walt and get some dry

"I'll be up again before you're out of the tub. I suppose you'd like to put yourself outside of a big drink of whisky, just about now, but that's one thing I won't buy for you. How would a pot of hot coffee from the cafe strike you?"

"You could make it baby food and the drowned one from the inside of the wat undershirt he was trying to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARRESTS SELF WITH **HIS OWN HANDCUFFS**

Indianapolis, Ind.-Abe Brown is a most accommodating man; he handcuffed himself and made his arrest a simple matter. Brown had visited the home of James Fleming frequently. Several articles were missed and suspicion pointed to him. He gathered with the family one evening for a friendly chat and proudly exhibited a pair of handcuffs he had purchased. "Show us how they work,"

said Mrs. Fleming. "Simple, just like this," said

Brown, and he accidentally locked them.

"We'll call the police to unlock them for you," said Mrs. Fleming. thanks,"

"Fine, Brown, jovially. And when the police came, Mrs. Fleming told the police not

a charge of larceny against Brown.

SHOT SELF WHILE ASLEEP

Girl Believed to Have Been Dreaming When She Placed Revolver Against Head and Fired.

Pittsburgh, Pa .- Miss May Wilson twenty-five years old, is believed to have been asleep when she placed a revolver against her head and fired a fatal shot. She had often told how she was moved by dreams, and her friends declare she must have been having a nightmare when she fired the

Miss Wilson lived with her father, James R. Wilson, and always kept a revolver under her pillow. She was found on her bed with the revolver laying beside her. Only one shot had been fired and no one heard it.

The girl was of a sunny disposition, had perfect health and no trouble. The stress of a dream is the only possible explanation of the tragedy.

Seized Her Opportunity.

For nine long years he had been wooing the fair daughter of the farm. "Jennie," he mused, as they sat on the old fence, "I read the other day that in a thousand years the Lakes of Killarney will dry up."

Jennie clutched his arm excitedly. "Oh, Tom !" she exclaimed. "What's the matter, lass?"

"Why, as you promised to take me there on our honeymoon, don't you think we'd better be a little careful that they don't dry up before we get there?"

N. B.-The next month the wedding bells rang in the village.

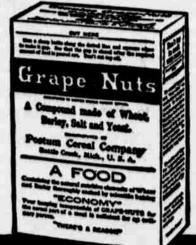
Change the Name.

"John," she said sternly, "the coal bin is empty."

"Yes," was the disconsolate reply. "It's that way the most of the time. It's never of use in an emergency. I'm going to change its name, and call It a coal has-bin !"

In after years a man begins to appreciate the woman who handed him the ley mitt.

St. Louis claims 905,650 pepulation; directory estimate.



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"You Are a Coward," She Flashed Back.

I'll show you; show you all the things that you say are now impossible. Did you bring the gray roadster?" She nodded briefly.

"Your father is coming back; I hear the elevator bell. I am going to take the car, and I don't want to meet him.

Will you say what is needful?" She nodded again, and he went out quickly. It was only a few steps down the corridor to the elevator landing, coming in little gasps when she said: and the stair circled the caged elevator "I can't believe it! You are not go- shaft to the ground floor. Smith halting to tell me that you met this man ed in the darkened corner of the stair-

way long enough to make sure that "No; it didn't quite come to a mur- the colonel, with Stillings and a womder in cold blood, though I thought it an in an automobile coat and veil-a might. I had Maxwell's runabout, and woman who figured for him in the I got Jibbey into it. He thought I was passing glance as Corona's mother- place where they sell willsky that I'll going to drive him to the hotel. After got off at the office ficor. Then he forget all about it and let you off? pull off over his head. we got out of town he grew suspicious, ran down to the street level, cranked | Don't you make any mistake, Monty