

Triumph of John Kars

By RIDGEWELL CULLEN.

A Thrilling Tale of Love, Adventure, Gold and Indians, With Its Stirring Episodes Set in Alaskan Wilderness.

CHAPTER I. Fort Mowbray.

Murray McTavish was seated at a small table, green-baized, littered with account-books and a profusion of papers. Clad in furs Jessie Mowbray stood before him.

"Father should have been back six weeks ago," she was saying. "You know that. He isn't back. Well?"

"Allan and I have run this old post ten years," Murray answered soberly. "In those ten years there's not been a single time that Allen's hit the northern trail on a trade when he's got back to time by many weeks—generally more than six."

"I've never felt this way before," she replied. "Where is he? Where did he go this time? He never tells you. You never tell us. We don't know. Can't help be sent? Can't I go with an outfit and search for him?"

She gazed upon his round profile, awaiting that final word which she felt must be given. Murray McTavish was part of the life she lived on the bitter heights of the Yukon territory. In her mind he was a fixture of the fort which years since had been given her father's name. He was a young man, a shade on the better side of thirty-five, but he possessed none of the features associated with the men of the trail. His roundness was remarkable, and emphasized by his limited stature. His figure was the figure of a middle-aged merchant who has spent his life in the arm-chair of a city office. But Jessie Mowbray was too accustomed to the man to dwell on these things to notice them. His easy, smiling, good-natured manner was the man known to the inhabitants of

white-haired white-browed man of many years. The Indian's forehead was bound with a blood-stained bandage of dirty cloth.

"What's amiss?" Ailsa Mowbray demanded. "Why is Keewin here? Why is he wounded?"

The padre replied. "Keewin's got through from Bell river. It's a letter to you from Allan."

Ailsa held out one hand. "Give it to me," she said authoritatively. Then, as the padre handed the letter, she said to her, she added: "But first tell me what's amiss with him."

The padre cleared his throat. "He's all right," he said firmly. "The Bell river neches have got him surrounded. Keewin got through with great difficulty, and has been wounded. You best read the letter, and—tell us."

Ailsa Mowbray tore off the fastening which secured the outer cover of the discolored buckskin. Inside was a small sheet of folded paper. She opened it, and glanced at the handwriting. Then, without a word, she turned back into the house. Jessie followed her mother.

Murray turned on the Indian. "Tell me," he commanded. "Tell me quickly, what the missis and the others are gone. They got his words. You tell me yours."

His words came sharply. Keewin was Allan Mowbray's most trusted scout. The man answered at once, in a rapid flow of broken English. "Him trade," he began. "Great loss. Him much trade. Big Plenty. So we come by Bell river. He counted off the weeks on his fingers. 'Bime-by Indian—him come plenty. No pow-wow. Him come by night. All around corral. Him make big play. Him shoot plenty. Dead—dead—dead. Much dead.' He pointed at the ground in many directions to indicate the fierceness of the attack. 'Boss Allan—him big chief. Plenty big. Him say us fight plenty—too. Him say, him show 'em dis Indian. So him fight big. Him kill heap plenty. The man come by week. More Indian come. Boss Allan then call Keewin. Us make big pow-wow. Him say ten Indian kill. Good Indian. Then suit fight. Not nuff. No good ten fight whole tribe. Him get help or all kill. So Keewin say him go fetch help. Keewin go, not all be kill. So Keewin go. Indian find Keewin. They shoot plenty much. Keewin no care that. He flicked his tawny fingers in the air. "Him no good shoot. Keewin laugh. So Keewin come fort."

Ailsa Mowbray reappeared in the doorway. Her gray eyes were steady. "The Bell river Indians have turned on Allan and he needs help," she said.

Murray McTavish promptly took command. "There's no time for talk," he said, in his decisive fashion. "It's up to us to get busy right away." He turned to the priest. "Father, I need two crews for the big canoe right off—now. You'll get 'em. Good crews for the paddle."

Then he turned on Alec. "See, boy," he said. "You'll stay right here. I'm aware you don't fancy the store. But for once you'll need to run it. But more than all you'll be responsible nothing goes amiss for the women-folk. Their care is up to you, in your father's absence."

Alec suddenly burst out in protest. "And do you suppose I'm going to sit around while father's being done to death by a lot of rotten Indians? Not on your life."

"You'll stop—right—here!" Murray had turned in a flash, and in his voice was a note none of those looking on had ever heard before. He looked across at Mrs. Mowbray and her prompt support was forthcoming.

"Yes," she said, and her eyes sought those of her spoiled son. "For my sake, Alec, for your father's, for your sister's."

It was characteristic of Murray McTavish that the loaded canoe cast off from the mission landing at the appointed time. Keewin commanded the leading vessel. Murray sat in the stern of the other. In each boat there were fourteen paddles, and a man for bow "lookout."

Jessie and her mother were sitting in the lamp-light.

"Why does daddy make Bell river, mother?" Jessie demanded. "It's a question I'm always asking myself. He told me it's not a place for man, devil, or trader. Yet he goes there. Say, he makes Bell river every year. Why? He doesn't get pelts there. He once said he'd hate to send his worst enemy up there. Yet he goes. Why? That how I'm always asking. Say, mother, you ran this trade with daddy before Murray came. You know why he goes there. You never say. Nor does daddy. Nor Murray. Is—it a secret?"

Ailsa replied without raising her eyes. "It's not for you to ask me," she said almost coldly.

But Jessie was in no mood to be

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easy put off. "Maybe not, mother," she replied readily. "But you know, I guess, I wonder. Well, I'm not going to ask for daddy's secrets. I just know there is a secret to Bell river. And that secret is between you and him, and Murray. That's why Alec had to stop right here at the fort. Maybe it's a dangerous secret, since you keep it so close. But it doesn't matter. All I know our daddy is risking his life every time he hits the Bell river trail, and secret, or not secret, I ask is it right? Is it worth while? If anything happens to our daddy you'll never forgive yourself letting him risk his life when he wouldn't send his work enemy."

The mother laid her work aside. "It's no use, child," she said decidedly. "Don't ask me a thing. If you guess there's a secret to Bell river—forget it. Anyway, it's not my secret. Say, you think I can influence our daddy. You think I can persuade him to quit getting around Bell river. She shook her head. "I can't. No, child, I can't, nor could you, or could anybody. The secrets of the trail are his. Nothing'll drag them out of him. Whatever I know, child, I've had to pay for the knowing. Bell river's been around me years and years. I've feared it as I've feared nothing else. And now—oh, it's dreadful. Say, child, for your father's sake, leave Bell river out of your thoughts, out of your talk. Never mention that you think of my secret. As I said, 'forget it.'"

Her mother's distress, and obvious dread, impressed the girl seriously. She nodded her head. "I'll never speak of it mother," she assured her. "I'll try to forget it."

Her mother abruptly held up a finger. "Hush! There's Father Jose."

There was the sharp rattle of a lifted latch, and the slam to the outer storm door. A moment later the inner door was pushed open. Father Jose greeted them out of the depths of his fur coat collar. "A bad night, ma'am. Not a word of the Indian come on the trail will feel it—'crud. 'The folks on the trail? Is there any news?' Ailsa Mowbray's tone generally regarded as of the least importance are in reality the cause of most serious illnesses and of the greatest proportion of deaths. They are constipation and common colds. Many doctors now believe that colds, tonsillitis, a touch of malaria will cause constipation, instead of constipation being their cause. The fact remains that you seldom have a cold without constipation, due to general congestion. The only way to avoid colds is to keep up your vitality. You usually catch cold in the winter if you are run down. Therefore in cold weather exercise more; eat more fatty foods; drink four to six glasses of water a day; keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. You are also less liable to colds if your system is free from the intestinal poisons of constipation, so empty the bowels regularly with a plain vegetable laxative like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Just a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin removes the congestion.

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Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I urge you to try Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an adequate trial. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois. Do it now!

At the first sign of a cold, at the first few warning sneezes, take a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin and the congestion will be gone in a few hours. Don't wait until the cold has a grip on you. Mr. Henry Dean, Jr., of Rochester, N. Y., cured a stubborn cold in just that way, and Mrs. Alice Corbrey of Haskell, Okla., uses it effectively for all the small ills of her family, such as constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizziness, and to break up fevers and colds.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a scientifically-balanced compound of Egyptian senna with pleasant-tasting aromatics. It is safe to give to infants, and all children like it. Before you again resort to cold remedies containing narcotics try a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist will supply you, and the cost is less than a cent a dose.

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
The family laxative

CHAPTER II. John Kars.

Seven months of dreadful winter had passed. Seven months since the

mutated body of Allan Mowbray had been packed home by dog train to his last resting place within the storm-swept fort he had labored so hard to serve. Father Jose and Ailsa Mowbray had been absent from the post for the last three months of the winter. Their return from Leap-Horse, the big town of the northern wild, had occurred at the moment when the ice-pack had vanished from the rivers. Allan Mowbray had left his affairs in Father Jose's hands. The will had contained no mention of his partner, Murray's name, except in the way of thanks. All his property, all his business interests were for his wife. When Murray learned the position of affairs he offered no comment. Without demur he concurred in every proposition set before him by Father Jose. He rendered the little man every assistance in his power. Father Jose found that Allan was rich beyond his most exaggerated dreams. He found that for years a stream of wealth had been pouring into the coffers at the post in an ever-growing tide. He found that seven-tenths of it was Allan's and that Murray McTavish considered himself an amply prosperous man on the remaining three-tenths.

Where did it all come from? How did it come about? He expressed no wonder to anybody. He gave no outward sign of his astonishment. There must be a secret. But the books yielded up no secret.

It was at about this time that Murray McTavish told Ailsa Mowbray that he loved Jessie and wanted to marry her, pointing out the material advantages which such a union would bring to all of them in view of Allan's death. All that Ailsa promised was that she would put no obstacles in his path.

(To Be Continued in the Morning Bee.)

Judge Clarkson Dies in Kenosha

Former Omahan, Twice Victim of Amnesia, Once Lecture for Scientists.

Judge Joseph Russell Clarkson, 67, who died Wednesday night at his home in Kenosha, Wis., formerly was a judge of the Douglas county district court at Omaha.

He had been a member of the board of lecturers of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at Boston, Mass., but left the church in 1895 because of a difference with church leaders. Since then he has given much of his time to religious writing and teaching.

In July, 1892, Judge Clarkson disappeared mysteriously from Omaha. Later, after moving to Kenosha, Wis., he disappeared under similar circumstances. When he disappeared from Omaha he was on a visit to relatives in Iowa.

A search for him revealed his clothing, watch and money on the banks of a lake near Honey Creek. Dragging of the lake failed to recover the body. He was given up as dead, but life insurance companies, in the face of memorial resolutions adopted by the Douglas County Bar association,

continued the search and he was found working as a laborer at Clinton, Ia., in November of the same year, under an assumed name.

He was brought to Omaha, but could remember nothing of what had happened to him. He was pronounced a victim of amnesia, or loss of memory, which disease then was little known.

His second disappearance was similar in circumstances, except that relatives did not grasp at the death theory so quickly.

Judge Clarkson is survived by his widow.

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The family laxative

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