

Triumph of John Kars

By RIDGEMAN CULLEN.

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

SYNOPSIS.
 Allan Mowbray, head of the Yukon region, surrounded by hostile Bell River Indians, gets a letter to Alaska, his wife, Mrs. Mowbray, and his daughter, Alice, sets out with a rescue expedition. Alice's daughter, Alice and Jesse, his son and daughter, are killed by the Indians. Jesse is killed by the rescue party, and Alice is taken to the Bell River section, where she finds the remains of a massacre. Jesse's father, Jesse, tells her of the rescue party and the fate of the Mowbrays. Jesse's father, Jesse, tells her of the rescue party and the fate of the Mowbrays. Jesse's father, Jesse, tells her of the rescue party and the fate of the Mowbrays.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)
 In a moment a cry came up from beneath in a woman's voice. Another second and a chorus of men's angry voices almost drowned the music. "He's boosted into some one," said Bill.

A babel of voices came up from below. They were deep with fierce protest. The trouble was gaining in seriousness. Kars leaned out of the box. He could see nothing of what was going on. He abruptly drew back and turned to his companion.

But his words remained unheeded. He was interrupted by a violent shout from below. "You son-of-a-bitch!" Bill's hand clutched at Kars' muscular arm. "That's the kid! Quick! Come on!"

They started for the door of the box. But even as they moved, the door turned the handle, the sequel to such an epithet in a place, like Leaping Horse came. Two shots rang out. Then two more followed on the instant, in a moment every light in the place was put out and pandemonium never had the dance hall at the Maysium Fields so quickly cleared of its revellers.

John Kars and Bill Brudenell fumbled their way to the floor below. As they reached it they heard the sharp tones of Pap's voice shouting through the dimmed hall. "Get on every door," he cried. "Don't let any of those guys get back in. Guess the place'll be along right away. Turn up the lights!"

The promptness with which his orders were obeyed suggested that the whole thing had been prepared for. As the full light blazed out again it revealed the "batters" still behind the bar. It showed two men at each of the main doors and another at each of the other entrances. Pap's shout was hurrying across the hall. His mask-like face displayed no sign of emotion. Not even concern. He was approaching two huddled figures lying amidst a lurid splash of their own blood.

It was the sight of John Kars and Dr. Bill that brought the first sign of emotion to Pap's face. "Say, this is hell!" he cried. "Then, as the doctor knelt in the body of Alec Mowbray, the back of whose head, with its tangled mass of blood-soaked hair, was a great gaping cavity, "He's out. That poor darn kid's out—sure. Say, I wouldn't have had it happen for \$10,000."

Two guns were lying on the floor beside the bodies. Pap moved as though to pick one up. Kars' hand fell on his outstretched arm. "Don't touch those," he said. "Guess they're for the police."

Pap straightened up on the instant. Bill looked up from the second body. "Out right out. Both of them. Guess we best wait for the police. Can't they be removed?" Pap's eyes were on the doctor.

Kars took it upon himself to reply. "Not till the police get around." But Pap would not accept the dictation.

"That so, Doc?" he inquired, ignoring Kars.

"That's so," said Bill, with an almost stern brevity.

"The darn suckers!" Pap cried. "If I'd been wise to that bum being sprung, he'd have gone out, if he knew his own neck."

"I'm not dead sure he was sprung," said Kars.

The cold tone of his voice brought Pap's eyes to his face. "What'd you guess?" he demanded roughly.

"He wasn't a miner, and he wasn't sprung. I guess he was a gunman."

"What? You mean?"

"What I said. I'd been watching him awhile from the box above us. I've seen enough to figure this thing's for the police. He's going to get this thing through for what it's worth, and my bank roll's going to talk plenty."

Bill had risen from his knees. He was standing between the two bodies. His shrewd eyes were steadily regarding Pap, who, in turn, was gazing intently into the cold eyes of John Kars. Just for a moment it flared as though he were about to fling back hot words at the unquestioned challenge in them. But the light suddenly died out of his eyes. His thin lips compressed, and he shrugged his shoulders. "Guess that's up to you," he said, and moved away towards the bar.

Then the northwestern mounted police came and took charge.

CHAPTER V.
 Dr. Bill Investigates.
 It was two days before the investigation released Dr. Bill. Being on the spot, and being one of the most skillful medical men in Leaping Horse, he was usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

with which the passionate outburst had come. "I'd had you all you can ever ask in life. We'd quit this God-forgotten land, and set up a home where the sun's most always shining, and our money counts for all that we guess is life. We can quit this land with a fortune that would equal the biggest in the world. I know. I hold the door to it. Your mother and I just love you with a strength you'll never understand. Say, child—"

The girl broke in on him with a shake of the head. It was deliberate and final. "Don't—just don't say another word," she cried. "I don't love you. I never could love you, Murray." (To Be Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Man Shot as Thief "Shakes" With Cop

Suffering and loss of nearly a month's employment failed to dim the optimism and good nature of W. G. Briggs, 32, salesman, who went to central police station yesterday to shake hands with Heinie Bosen, police chauffeur, who shot him while he was returning home from a New Year's celebration.

Because of the stiffness of his right arm it was necessary for Briggs to use his left arm in shaking hands with Bosen. In exchanging greetings each congratulated the other on his speed in running. Briggs was shot after he had been chased four blocks, the officers mistaking him for a burglar. Briggs has just left Lord Lister hospital, where he was attended by his wife, a nurse.

Scottish Rite Women's Club Meeting Postponed

Owing to the death of Harry Burgdorf, father of Mrs. Levy, president of the Scottish Rite Woman's club, the social meeting of the club scheduled for Friday, January 26, has been postponed. The funeral of Mr. Burgdorf will be held Friday afternoon, 2 o'clock, at the Scottish Rite cathedral.

NO SWAP—NO PAY! Get what you want for what you have through a three-line SWAP ad in The Omaha Bee.

Giver of Diamonds Languishes in Jail

Charged With Disturbing Peace, Restaurant Porter Placed Under Bond.

Daniel Joseph, Midland hotel, may languish in jail until doomsday unless Judge Campbell of municipal court either acquits him or finds him guilty of disturbing the peace.

Joseph was placed under \$500 bond to keep the peace when tried yesterday by Judge Campbell, John Holden, court sergeant, informed the judge that municipal court is no criminal court, therefore a peace bond cannot be given.

Elsa Richards, 28, cashier at Welch's restaurant No. 1, 1517 Farman street, was the complaining witness. Her story is that Joseph gave her two small diamonds he had found. She later refused to make an appointment with him, which angered him, according to Miss Richards.

Joseph, a porter at Welch's, asked for the return of the diamonds, but was refused on the ground that they were presented as gifts, she said. He then threatened to "cut her heart out." Miss Richards declared, and left the restaurant shaking his fists at her. Joseph was discharged from the employ of the eating house.

The case may be continued day by day until the succeeding judge dies.

Confessed Slayers Held to Court Without Bond

Sol Wesley and LeRoy Mauldron, confessed slayers of W. M. Deerson, Lodgepole, Neb., at a grocery they attempted to hold up Saturday, pleaded not guilty, then guilty, when arraigned in municipal court yesterday.

Upon their plea of not guilty Judge Robert W. Patrick asked them if they had confessed robbing the W. E. Grogan grocery, 2824 Seward street, and shooting Deerson. They said they had confessed.

Wesley and Mauldron then changed their plea to guilty. They were bound over to the district court without bond.

Chamber Gathering Facts for Carbon Factory Here

J. M. Gillan of the Chamber of Commerce has written the St. Paul (Minn.) Chamber of Commerce regarding a carbon factory which is reported to have been started there. If, as he has been informed, the factory uses straw in the manufacture of carbon, Mr. Gillan believes a similar factory might be started in Nebraska to utilize the millions of tons of straw which go to waste here each year.

See Want Ads bring results.



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