

Triumph of John Kars

By RIDGEWELL CULLEN.

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

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"What's the total?" The demand was sharp and masterful.

"Just under 10,000 ounces since last reckoning. That's the last half of last summer's washup. There's nigh a thousand tons of dirt to clean still. It's the biggest wash we've had, an' it's growing. When we've cleaned out this gang we won't need to do a thing but shout. There ain't no limit to the old gorge," he added gleefully.

"The man at the stove emptied and replenished his glass. But there was a frowning discontent in his eyes. "We need to pass those bones along quick," he demurred. "We haven't done it yet."

"The half-breed at the counter searched the discontented face with speculative eyes. "You guessin' we can't?"

"I don't guess a thing. We've just got to 'em why not?" The half-breed's eyes were widely questioning. "I don't worry me a thing. We fixed Mowbray all right. He'll hammer 'em good and proper. An' if that don't fix 'em, why, I guess there's always the starvation racket. That don't never fail when it's backed by winter. Them cuss'll get bones all—"

But the man at the stove was no longer paying attention. He had turned in his chair, and his eyes were fixed on the act of raising it to his lips. It remained untouched. "I thought—" Nor did he complete that which he had been about to say.

The door was thrust wide with a bolt. There was the swift flash of a knife ripping the cotton window blind from the door. His glass was poised in the act of raising it to his lips. It remained untouched. "I thought—" Nor did he complete that which he had been about to say.

The movement of those moments were somewhat electrical. Every thing seemed to happen at once. A shot sung in through the uncovered window which carried back no "spat" to the man who fired it. But the eyes which had guided it beheld the half-breed at the counter sprawl across the account book which had yielded him so much satisfaction. Almost at the instant of his fall a lean, agile, dusky figure leaped into the room through the aperture which his knife had freed of its covering.

Kars in the doorway had been no less swift. His automatic spoke, but it spoke no quicker than a similar weapon in the hands of Murray McTavish. The bulky body of the trader of Fort Mowbray had moved with the quickness, the agility of lightning. His glass had dropped with a crash, and its place in his hand had been taken by a pistol in the twinkling of an eye. He snatched his feet and hurled his bullet at the figure in the doorway in the space of time elapsing between John Kars's startled exclamation and the discharge of his weapon, which had been almost on the instant. He had fired for the pit of the stomach with the instinct of the gunman. Perhaps it was the haste, perhaps it was the whiskey had left its effect upon him. His shot tore its way through Kars's peajacked, grazing the soft flesh of his side below his ribs. His second and third shots, as the automatic did its work, were even less successful. There was no fourth shot, for the weapon dropped from Murray's nerveless hand as Kars's single shot tore through his adversary's extended arm and shattered the bones. The injured man promptly sought to recover his weapon with the other hand. But a dusky figure leaped upon his back from behind, and the dull beam of a long knife flourished in the lamplight. Then came Kars's fierce tones: "Push your hands up, blast you!"

Peisan Charley's arm was crooked about the trader's neck. There was no mercy in his purpose. Murray understood. One hand went up. The other made an effort, but remained helpless at his side. Instantly Kars fixed the ruthless hand of the savage. "Quit it, Charley!" he cried. "Loose your hold and see to the other."

The half-breed was badly wounded. The Indian searched him and relieved him of a pair loaded revolvers.

Murray was suffering intensely; but he gave no sign. He was carefully searched. Then Kars turned to the Indian as a thin haze of smoke crept in through the jamb of a door which communicated with some other portion of the building. "Get him outside," he said. "Pass that rope along."

The Indian uncoiled the rawhide rope from about his chest and brought it across. Kars pointed at the fat figure of Murray. "Get it about his feet so he can walk—that's all."

The Indian erred generously on the side of security. When he had finished Murray could hobble. There was no chance of his escape.

The mist of smoke was deepening. The smell of burning was in the air. The prisoner suddenly displayed alarm. "For God's sake get out of here," he cried in a sudden access of panic. "The place is afire. The cellars under are full of explosives."

"That's how I figured," Kars's rejoinder was calmly spoken. He pointed at the half-breed.

"See to him, Charley," he said. And he waited till the Indian had roughly dragged the wounded man into the open. Then he turned to the panic stricken trader. "Now you," he commanded and pointed at the doorway.

The night sky was lit with a dull red glow. A fierce fire was raging on the rising ground beyond the Indian village. A great concourse of dusky figures, men and women and papooses, were gathered at a safe distance watching with awe the riot of that terror which haunted their lives. The whole village was awake, and had turned out to witness the calamity which had befallen. But none dared approach the fire. None thought to extend help to its possible victims. Fire was a demon they feared.

There were others watching, too. But they were still farther off. They were standing on high ground in the shelter of a bluff of trees. That which awaited came when the fire was at its height. It came with a roar, tossing the licking flames into a wild chaos of protest. They were swept apart, and a great detonation boomed across to expectant ears. A pillar of smoke and flame shot up to the heavens. Then a deluge of smoke partially obscured all vision.

CHAPTER IX. The Terror's End.

Kars stood on the embankment watching the receding form of the aged chief. Thunder-Cloud, taking his departure with his escort. The old man had talked. He had babbed on through his interpreter at great length. His talk had been a rambling declaration of friendship for the white man. He had assured Kars that he, Kars, was held in great personal esteem by the Indians. The last thing in any Indian mind was a desire to shed his blood, or the blood of any of his "braves," who fought so magnificently. He assured him that he had fired for the pit of the stomach, even those who had been so very fierce, and were now so no longer, would gladly smoke the pipe of peace with their white brothers, and bury the hatchet now and forever.

Nor did he inform his audience of

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the events which had led up to this desire, and of which he believed they must be ignorant. He failed to mention that their own white leaders had vanished, literally in smoke, that all supplies necessary to carry on the war had been completely cut off by the destruction by fire of the magazine in which these things were stored. On these matters he was distinctly reticent, and Kars was satisfied that it should be so. On his part he had no desire to enlighten him to the fact that, at that moment, Murray McTavish was lying in the exterminator's hospital in the camp with a shattered arm, and that the half-breed, Louise Creal, was slowly dying with a bullet through his lungs, under the same primitive shelter.

But the talk did not come to a close until Kars had elicited from the old rascal a complete story of the murder of Allan Mowbray. It was a long enough story, which became a record of perfidy and crime laid entirely at the doors of Murray McTavish and Louise Creal. The Indians had known Allan Mowbray for many years. They were good friends. Allan Mowbray clothed and fed them in return for furs. Then came a time when the white man found yellow dust on the river bank. He liked it. He told the Indians so, and showed them how to find it, and promised them, if they would collect all they could, and trade it with him, they would never want for anything. He sent the half-breed, Louise Creal, to see they did the work right, and fitted him out a store. Louise Creal was a servant of Allan Mowbray. He was not a partner. A great prosperity set in for the Indians, and they were very pleased and very contented. Then came a time when the other white man appeared, Murray McTavish. He made great changes. The Indians had to work harder, but they got more trade. They got whiskey. They grew more and more prosperous. The new white man was always smiling and pleasant, and the young men liked him very much, because he made the squaws and old men do most of the work, while they were given rifles and allowed to practice the arts of

war which had died out in their tribe for so long.

The new white man then told them that they must not let any other Indians come near Bell River. These traveling Indians were a great danger. Finding the Bell River folk prosperous and happy, they would become envious. They would come in the night and burn and massacre. The young men realized the danger, and they belonged to the war-path. All who came near were killed. Then the young men scoured the country around, and burned the homes of all Indians they found, and killed their fighting men. The new white man was very pleased. After a very long time Murray McTavish and Louise Creal held a big council with the young men. The white man told them they were in very great danger. He said that Allan Mowbray was no longer to be trusted. He was a traitor. He assured them that Allan Mowbray was going through the country telling the Indians and white folk of the yellow dust on the river. This was betraying the Indians. For now all people would come along in such numbers they would sweep the Bell River Indians away, they would kill them all, and burn their homes, and they would kill the white men, too, so that they could get all the dust that belonged to the people of Bell River. The only way to save themselves was by killing Allan Mowbray. The young men were very angry, and very fierce. And the white man offered them council and advice. He showed them how they could trap Allan Mowbray and kill him. And Louise Creal would help them. This the young men did on the banks of the river, led by Louise Creal.

As the old chief vanished in the region of the Indian workings, Kars turned back to his camp. For some moments he surveyed the scene with serious eyes. It was all over. It had been a desperate time while it had lasted. A desperation quite unrealized until it was over, and complete victory had been achieved. The capture of the prisoners, the burning of Louise Creal's store, had been carried out without the Indians obtaining an inkling of that which

was going forward. And unquestionably it was due largely to this absolute secrecy in the operation that the present peace offer had been so promptly forthcoming.

Kars left the embankment and passed back to the shanty where the council of peace had been held. Bill was within. He was seated on his bunk contemplating the automatic pistol which Kars had taken from Murray McTavish. It was lying across his knee, and one hand was gripping its butt. "There'll need to be a hanging—sure," he said.

(Continued in The Morning Rec.)

Uncle Sam Says

Ornamental Breeds of Poultry.

The ornamental breeds and varieties of poultry often have an unusual appeal, and a breeder who may be first attracted to such fowls by their unusual plumage or form, may later develop a flock which has decided utility value. Thus the keeping of ornamental breeds and varieties of chickens contributes to pleasure and the possibility of ample reward as well.

This booklet is issued by the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, discusses the qualities of these interesting fowls so that the inexperienced person may make a wise selection by reason of familiarity with the merits of the different breeds.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 1231."

Parents' Problems

Can anything be done to make a delicate—not ill, merely frail—child stronger?

Everything can be done, such a child can be made perfectly strong and hearty. Wholesome food, at reg-

Engineer's Sewer Program Would Cost \$1,176,000

Herman Beal, city engineer, submitted to the city council yesterday the program of his department for the coming year in connection with the construction and extension of sewers. The program contemplates the expenditure of \$725,000.

Mr. Beal also outlined the needs of the city in sewers which ought to receive attention if funds can be obtained. This supplementary program would bring the proposed expenditures up to \$1,176,000.

Proprietor and Inmates Fined on Gambling Charges

Dave Cooper, proprietor of a tailor shop at 506 North Sixteenth street, was fined \$25 in police court yesterday on a charge of operating a gambling house, and nine inmates who were in the ballroom when Sergeant Frank Williams raided the place Monday night were fined \$10, and costs.

Williams testified he found the group playing poker at a table on which there was \$52.25 and a couple of decks of cards.

Counterfeit \$10 Reserve Notes in Circulation Here

Counterfeit \$10 federal reserve notes have appeared in this part of the country, Dave Dickinson, secret service agent here announced yesterday. They are made with zinc etched plates and numbered B1065623B with face plate 633.

Father and Son Fined.

Bert Patterson was fined \$200 and his son, Herbert, \$100 by Federal Judge Woodrough on a charge of possession and sale of liquor. They were arrested at Peru, Neb.

On Bargain Rack

Dresses for Street, Afternoon and Office

\$17.50 Values to \$45.00 \$22.50

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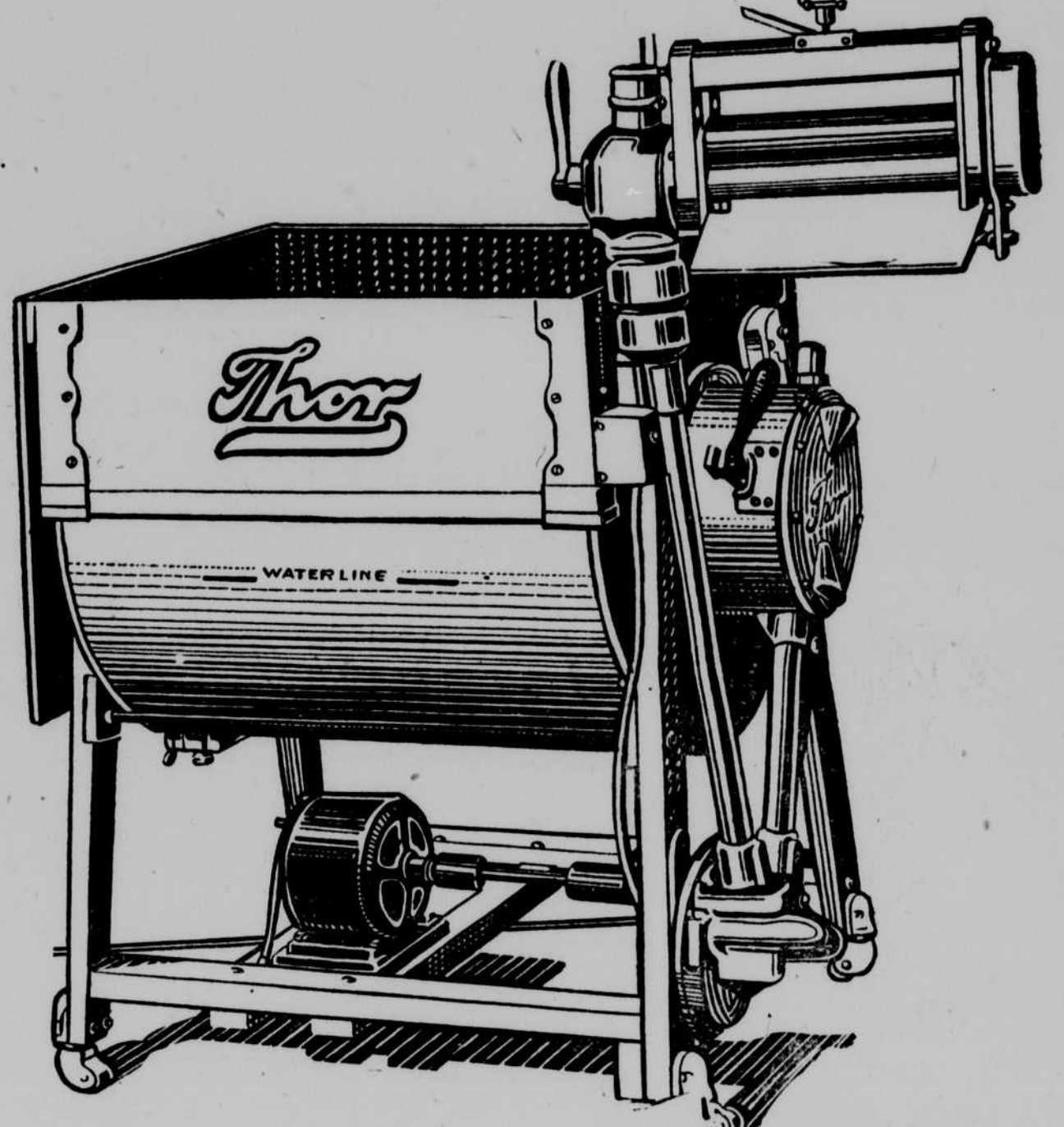
You know how ageing improves fine wines—



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Thor saves all the costly wear and tear of rubbing on the washboard. Your linens, cottons, flannels—expensive items these days—last many times longer when washed by Thor—washed without rubbing.

And your clothes will be washed spotlessly clean. Children's rompers, soiled work clothes, wrist bands, neck bands—Thor washes them absolutely clean, and under your own sanitary home conditions. Thor takes all the hard labor out of washing. Thor will do a big family washing in two hours' time at a cost of slightly over 2 cents for electricity. Where else can you get so much value and service for so little?

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750,000 housewives use and depend on Thor every washday. They know that the name Thor stands for far more than a machine. It represents washday service that will last a lifetime—a service as dependable as your electric lighting.

See Thor at our Electric Shop. Learn how easily you can own a Thor—through actual savings in the cost of your laundry work.

Every Thor has the revolving, reversing cylinder, the quickest, gentlest and most thorough method of washing ever devised.

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