A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

—11—

Lund sooner or later, meant to take her, willing or unwilling. He had said so, none too covertly, that very evening. And, if Rainey meant to stand between her and Lund as a protector, Lund would accept him in that character only as the girl's lover and his rival.

For the time being, the safety of the Karluk and the successful carrying out of the purpose of the trip took all of Lund's attention and energy. Twice he had been thwarted by the weather from gleaning his golden harvest, and it began to look as if the third attempt might be no more fortunate.

"The Karluk's stout," he said once, "but she ain't built for the Arctic. If we git nipped badly she'll go like an eggshell."

"And then what?" Rainey asked.

"Git the gold! That's what we come for. If we have to make sleds an' use the hunters for a dog team." He laughed indomitably. "We'll make a man of you yit, Rainey, afore we git back."

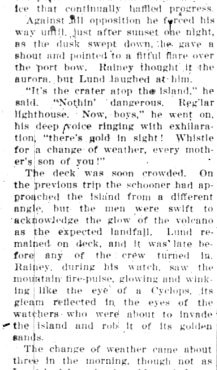
Lund was snatching sleep in scraps, seeking always to feel a way toward the position of the island through the ice that continually baffled progress.

Against all opposition he forced his way until, just after sunset one night, as the dusk swept down, he gave a shout and pointed to a fitful flare over the port bow. Rainey thought it the aurora, but Lund laughed at him.

"It's the crater atop the island," he said. "Nothin' dangerous. Reg'lar lighthouse. Now, boys," he went on, his deep voice ringing with exhilaration, "there's gold in sight! Whistle for a change of weather, every mother's son of you!"

The deck was soon crowded. On the previous trip the schooner had approached the island from a different angle, but the men were swift to acknowledge the glow of the volcano as the expected landfall. Lund remained on deck, and it was late before any of the crew turned in. Rainey, during his watch, saw the mountain fire-pulse, glowing and winking like the eye of a Cyclops, its gleam reflected in the eyes of the watchers who were about to invade the island and rob it of its golden sands.

The change of weather came about three in the morning, though not as Lund had hoped. A sudden wind materialized from the north, stiffening the canvas with its ice-laden breath, glazing the schooner wherever moisture dripped, bringing up an angry scud of clouds that fought with the moon. The sea appeared to have thickened. The Karluk went sluggishly, as if she was sailing in a sea of treacle.



"We'll Make a Man of You Yit, Rainey, Afore We Git Back."

CHAPTER XI.

Smoke.

When Rainey came on deck the next morning he found the schooner floating in a small lagoon that made the center of a floe. The water in it was slush, half solid. Main and fore were close furled, the headsails also, and the Karluk was losing against the far end, of the rapidly diminishing basin. The wind was still lively.

A deep hum of bursting surf undertoned all other noises and, prisoned as she was, the schooner and her floe were sweeping slowly toward the land in the grip of a current rather than before the gusty wind.

Lund came up within the hour and stood blinking at the brilliance.

He seemed well satisfied with the prospect. "Had breakfast?" he asked Rainey, and then: "All right. We'll git the men aft."

He bellowed an order, and soon every one came trooping, to gather in two groups either side of the cabin skylight. Their faces were eager with the proximity of the gold, yet half sullen as they waited to hear what Lund had to say. Since the attempt against him Lund had said nothing about their shares. They acknowledged him as master, but they still rebelled in spirit.

"There's the island," said Lund. "We'll make it afore sundown. The beach is there, waitin' for us to dig it up. It'll be some job. I don't reckon it's frozen hard, only crusted. If it is we'll bust the crust with dynamite. Leaf we got to hop to it. There'll be another cold spell after this one peters out an' the next is like to be permanent. I want the gold washed out afore then, an' us well down the strait. It's up to you to hump yore selves, yo' I'll help the humpin'.

"We'll cradle most of the stuff an', if they's time, we'll dump the silt tailings for the fine dust. Prob'bly we can git a third of water. There'll be plenty for all hands to do. An' the shares go as first fixed. I ain't expectin' you to do the diggin' an' not git a pluck or two of the dug."

The men's faces lighted, and they shuffled about, looking at one another with grins of relief.

"No cheers?" asked Lund ironically. "Well, I hardly expected easy. Hansen, you'll be one of the foremen wha pay accordin'. Deadin'."

"I can't dig," said the hunter truculently. "Neither can Beale, with his ribs."

"You've got a sweet nerve," said Lund. "I reckon you've won enough to be sure of yore shares. If the boys pay up. Enough for you to do somethin' in yore pockets for Beale. His ribs 'ud be whole if you hadn't started the bolshevik stunt. But I'll find something for both of you to do. Don't let that worry you none.

"We've got mercury aboard somewhere," Lund continued, to Rainey, when the men had dispersed, far more cheerful than they had gathered. "We'll use that for concentration in the film riffles." Hansen'll have rockers made that'll catch the big stuff. If the worst comes to the worst, we'll load up the old hooker with the pay dirt an' wash it out on the way home. I'll strip that beach down to bedrock if I have to work the toes an' fingers off 'em."

By noon the schooner was glazed in as firmly as a toy model that is mounted in a glass sea. The wind blew itself entirely out, but the current bore them steadily on to the clamorous shore, where the swells were creating promontories, bays, cliffs and caverns in the piled-up confusion of the floes pounding on the rocks, breaking up or sliding atop one another in noisy confusion.

The marble-whiteness of the ice masses was set off by the blues and soft violets of their shadows, and by pearly shoes wherever the planes caught the light at a proper slant for the play of prisms. Beautiful as it was, the sight was fearful to Rainey, in common with the crew. Only Lund surveyed it nonchalantly.

"It's bustin' up fast," he said. "All we need is a little luck. If we ain't got that there's no use of worryin'. We can't blast ourselves out o' this without riskin' the schooner. We ought to be thankful we froze in gentle. There ain't a plank started. The floe'll feed us off. There ain't enough big chunks enuy way near us aft. Luck—to make a decent landin'—is all we need, an' it's my hunch it's comin' our way."

His "hunch" was correct. Though they did not actually make the little bay on which the treacherous beach debouched, they fetched up near it against a broken hill of ice that had lodged on the sharp slopes of a little promontory, making the connection without further damage than a splitting of the forward end of their sawing floe, with hardly a jar to the Karluk.

Lund sent men ashore over the ice, climbing to the promontory crags with hawsers by which they tied up schooner, floe and all, to the land. If the broken hill suffered further catastrophe, which did not seem likely, its fragments would fall upon the floe. In case of emergency Lund ordered men told off day and night to stand by the hawsers, to cast loose or cut, as the extremity needed.

It was dark before they were snugged. The men volunteered, through Hansen, to commence digging that night by the light of big fires, so crazy were they at the nearness of the gold. But Lund forbade it.

"You'll work reg'lar shifts when you git started," he said. "An' you won't start till termorrer. We've got to stand by the ship tenight until we find out by mornin' how snug we're goin' to be berthed."

All night long they lay in a pandemonium of noise. After a while they would become used to it as do the workers in a stampmill, but that night it deafened them, kept them awake and alert, fearful, with the tremendous compounding. The bit of the frost made the timbers of the Karluk creak and its thrust continually worked among the stranded masses with grounding thunders and shrill grindings, while the surf ever boomed on the resistant sheets of ice.

Dawn came before they were aware of it, a sudden rush of light that dyed the ice in every hue of red and orange, that tipped the frozen coast with bursts of ruby flame that flared like beacons and gilded the crests of the long swells, singing all their world with a wild, unnatural glory.

Lund, striding the deck, his red beard iced with his breath, suddenly stopped and stared into the east. There, in the very eye of the dawn, was a trail of smoke, like a plume against the flaming, three-quarters circle of the rising sun!

Lund's face, on which the bruises were fast fading, changed purple-black with rage. He whirled upon Sandy, gaping near, and ordered him to fetch his binoculars. Through them he stared long at the smoke. Then he turned to the girl and Rainey.

"Come down inter the cabin," he said. "We'll need all our wits. That's a patrol boat Japanese, for a million! None other this far west. An' it's a—d funny it should cope up right at this minnit. We've made the trip on scheduie time, an' here they show. But we'll bet that slide. We've got to think fast. They'll board us. They'll overhaul us lookin' for seal pelts. At least I hope so.

"We've got pelts. Our hunters an' our rifles an', shotguns'll prove our claim to be pelagic sealers. We got to trust they believe us. If there is a bide aboard or a club, or a sign of a dead seal on the beaches, they'll nail us. They may emnyway, just on suspicion.

"It's lucky we didn't start mussin' up that beach. But they'll go over everything. I know 'em. They claim to own the seas hereabouts, an' they're cockier than ever, since the war. Haughty, you understand, to git boss aft. If yore father didn't keep it up, Miss Peggy, so much the better. If he has, you got to fake it someways, Rainey.

"I'm Simms, get me, until we'rebeat of 'em. An' you, Rainey, are Doc Carlsen. Nothin' must show in the log about enuy deaths."

"But why?" asked the girl. "Why do we have to masquerade if we haven't touched the seals?"

Lund barked at her:

"I gave you credit for sharper wits," he said. "We've got to have everything so reg'lar they can't find an excuse for haulin' us in an' settin' first to the pelicoser. They'd do it in a jiffy. We got to show 'em our clearance papers, an' we've got to tally up all down the line. Rainey ain't on the ship's books—Carlsen is. Lund ain't but Simms is. I'm Simms. An' you—he stopped to grin at her—"you're my daughter. I'll dandle the betrothal after a while, I'll promise your that. An' I'll drill the men. They know what's ahead of 'em if the Japs git suspicious.

"That ain't the worst of it! They may know what we're after. If they do, we're goners. Ever occur to you, Rainey, that Tamada, who is a deep one, may have tipped off the whole thing to his consul while the schooner was at San Francisco? He was along the last trip. He'd know the approximate position. Might have got the right figgers out o' the log, him havin' the run of the cabin. A cable would do the rest. He'll git his whack out of it, with the order of the Golden Chrysanthemum or some jiggerig to boot, an' git even with the way he feels toward our outfit for'ard, that ain't bin none too sweet to him."

The suggestion held a foundation of conviction for Rainey. He had thought of the cohsul. He had always sensed depths in Tamada's reserve. It looked plausible. Lund rose.

"I'll fix Tamada," he said. But the girl stopped him.

"You don't know that's true. Tamada has been wonderful—to me. What do you intend to do with him?"

"I'll make up my mind between here and the galley," said Lund grimly. "This is my third time of tackling this island, an' no Jap is goin' to stand between me an' the gold, this trip. Why, even if he ain't blown on us, he'll give the whole thing away. If he didn't want to they'd make him come through. If they laid their eyes on him. They've got more tricks than a Chinese mandarin to make a man talk. Stands to reason he'll tell 'em. If he can talk when they git here," he added ominously, standing half-way between the table and the door of the corridor his hand opening and closing suggestively. "The crew'll settle his hash if I didn't. They ain't fools. They know what's ahead of 'em in Japan. You, Rainey, git busy with that log. The gunboat'll have a boat alongside this floe inside of ninety minnits."

But Peggy Simms was between him and the door.

"You shan't do it," she said, her eyes hard as flints, if Lund's were like steel. "You don't know what he was to me when—when dad was buried. Call him in and let him talk for himself or—or I'll tell the Japanese myself what we have come for!"

Lund stood staring at her, his face hard, his beard thrust out like a bush with the jut of his jaw. Still she faced him, resolute, barely up to his shoulders, slim, defiant. Gradually his features crinkled into a grin.

"I believe you would," he said at last. "An' I'd hate to fix you the way I would Tamada. Hut, mind you, if I don't git a definite promise out of him that rings true, I'll have to stow him soniewheres, where they won't find him. An' that won't be on board ship."

The girl's face softened.

"You said you played fair," she said with a sigh of relief. She stepped to the door, opened it, and called for Tamada. The Japanese appeared almost instantly. Lund closed the door behind him and locked it.

"You know there's a patrol comin' up, Tamada?" he asked. "A Jap patrol?"

"Yes."

"What do you intend tellin' 'em if they come on board?"

"Nothing, if I can help it. I think I can. I am not friendly with Japanese government. It would be bad for me if they find me. One time I belong Progressive Party in Japan. I make much talk. Too much. The government say I am too progressive."

Rainey imagined he caught a glint of humor in Tamada's eyes as he made his clipped syllables.

"So, I leave my country. Suppose I go on steamer I think that government they stop me. I think even in California they make trouble, if they find me. So I go sampan. Sometimes Japanese cross to California in sampan."

"That's right," said Rainey. He had handled more than one story of Japanese crews landing on some desolate portion of the coast to avoid immigration laws and steamer fares. Generally they were rounded up after their perilous, daring crossing of the Pacific. Tamada's story held the elements of truth. Even Lund nodded in reserved affirmation.

"Also I ship on Karluk as cook because of perhaps trouble if some one know me in San Francisco. I think much better if they do not see me. I have a plan. Also I want my share of gold. Suppose that gunboat find me find out about gold, they will not give me reward. You do not know Japanese. They will put me in prison. It will be suggest to me, because I am of daimio blood"—Tamada drew himself up slightly as he claimed his nobility—"that I make harikari. That I do not wish. I am Progressive. I much rather cook on board Karluk and get my share of gold."

Lund surveyed him moodily, half convinced. The girl was all eager approval.

"What is your plan, Tamada?"

"We're losin' time on that log," cut in Lund. "Git busy, Rainey. Look among Carlsen's stuff. He may have kept one. Dope up one of 'em, an' burn the other. Now then, Tamada, dope out yore scheme; it's got to be a good one."

But Peggy Simms Was Between Him and the Door.

Both Lund and the girl were laughing when Rainey came out into the main cabin again with the records. Tamada had disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAND BIRDS FOLLOW STEAMER

Perch on Spars and Rigging of Vessels and Are Carried Far From the Land.

Land birds far from land form one of the sights to be witnessed by passengers on board the steamers crossing Lake Michigan. This is said to be especially the case on the steamers of a line plying between Muskegon and Chicago, a distance of 100 miles. The steamers sail after dark.

At sundown the spars and rigging of the vessels in the dock form good resting places for the land birds. When darkness comes and the boats begin to move it is too late for them to go ashore.

It is said to be no uncommon thing for the passengers to see a strange sight just between daybreak and sunrise. The birds are waking up and find themselves some thirty-odd miles from land. They circle about the boat until they are compelled to rest on the rigging, some of them seeming much perplexed, while others make the best of circumstances.

On one trip two yellow hammers or flickers were among the company, as well as a silent little sapsucker that pecked away at ropes and spars as if he were breakfasting heartily on grubs. There was a frightened brown thrush as well as a pair of tiny wrens and several grass sparrows.

The birds accompany the vessel until it reaches the other port and then fly ashore.

"Harum-Scarum."

Harum-scarum is a perfectly good word used in connection with a person who is exceedingly wild, reckless or thoughtless. The word probably originated from a combination of the two English verbs, "hare," to excite or worry, and "scare," to frighten. Locke, in his "Essay on Education," uses "hare" as a verb in this manner:

"To 'hare' and rate them is not to teach but to vex them."

In this country, it is generally supposed that "harum-scarum" is an Americanization, due probably to Washington Irving's use of it in his "Alhambra," where he wrote:

"From a walk, the horse soon passed to a trot, from a trot to a gallop and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper."

Maybe "Grace" Widow.

Divorced women, or those who are separated from their husbands, are called "grass widows." It is said that this originated from an English rural term, "grass mare," meaning a horse that has been turned out to pasture.

Some claim that it is derived from "grace widow," meaning that the woman is a widow by courtesy of law or agreement but not by the death of her husband.

The expression was first used in this country in 1849 when so many men went to California at the time of the gold strike and left their wives at home.

In England the word is one of ill repute, being applied to former mistresses or unmarried mothers.

Judge Speaking.

Wife—Where shall we hang the awful daub the Cheapleys gave us?

Hub—I don't think it deserves hanging exactly—we'll give it solitary confinement.—New York Globe.

Even Though Line's Not Busy.

Money talks but you can't pay bill over the telephone.

AN EXAMPLE OF GOODYEAR VALUE

The 30 x 3½ Goodyear Cross Rib Tire shown here alongside its companion, the 30 x 3½ Goodyear All-Weather Tread Clincher, is a conspicuous example of Goodyear value.

The Goodyear Cross Rib has in it the same high grade Egyptian cotton fabric that goes into the All-Weather Tread Goodyear.

It has a differently designed but long-wearing tread, and it sells for considerably less money.

In the past five years more than 5,000,000 of these Goodyear Cross Rib Tires have been sold.

They have everywhere given remarkable service.

Their fine performance and known value have convinced thousands of motorists of the folly of buying unknown and unguaranteed tires of lower price.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer to explain their advantages.

GOODYEAR

ART TREASURES NOT INSURED

For One Reason, No Amount of Money Could Replace Those in British Storehouses.

The great national storehouses of art treasures are not insured, writes a correspondent of the London Daily Mail. No compensation would be forthcoming in case of fire or theft. The reason is that the prendiums on the millions of pounds' worth of pictures in the National gallery, antiquities in the British museum, and exhibits in the Victoria and Albert museum, for instance, would amount to a very large sum.

"If art galleries and museums insured they would have to pay out far larger sums than they receive in admittance charges," said an official of the National Portrait gallery. "The latest apparatus for preventing and detecting fire is employed, and night watchmen are present."

An official of the British museum said: "We have very thorough systems of patrolling and special firemen of our town, who formerly served in the London fire brigade."

Made Records for Agents.

A prominent insurance executive decided not long ago that he would talk to about 200 agents who write policies for his concern. He could not get them all together, so he concluded to use the phonograph. He prepared an address of 400 words and then made a master record.

This record was duplicated 20 times and a catchy tune was put on the opposite side of the disk. Then these records were mailed to the agents from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the belief that those who did not have talking machines would take the records to a neighbor or to a music store to hear the message.

Cinderella.

"Let's go."

"But you don't know how this play is going to end."

"The dickens I don't! Didn't the heroine appear in the first act in a shabby gown and didn't a lot of disagreeable people impose on her and order her around in a way that almost made your blood boil?"

"Yes."

"She'll be a fine lady in the last act."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The amount of smiling we do when paying our taxes is an index to our patriotism.

UP AGAINST TOUGH PROBLEM

Small Jane's Scruples Prevented Her From Eating the Candy That Had Been "Lent."

Little Jane's mother brought home a box of candy given to her by an Episcopal friend shortly before Easter and passed around some of its contents to her children, explaining that Mrs. Cox's children had given up eating candy until after Easter, "so they cannot eat any now, as it is Lent."

Little Jane's brothers promptly ate their pieces, but she stood looking at the candy in her hand with a puzzled air.

"Why don't you eat it, Jane?" her mother asked.

"Because," she explained, "then how could I give it back if it's just lent?"

The Illusions.

For years we have been searching high and low for that hero of the movies who appears always at the right moment and hoists the villain, The other day we found him selling collars at a shirt place.

We have wanted to meet the villain face to face—that black scoundrel of the plains, sinful, profane, death-defying. We found him the other day, too, carrying out dead dishes in a restaurant.

And the lovely girl, the creature of emotions and eyelashes, the dream of our summers, who is always sitting easily in a magnificent couch chair taking tea from an obsequious butler. We found her, too. She was selling tickets through the window as we came out from the show.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

About Lies.

"I wonder where all the flies come from," grumbled Mrs. Jones as she swatted around the dining room.

"Well, mom," said the young joker of the family, "the cyclone makes the house fly, the blacksmith makes the fire fly, the jockey makes the horse fly, and I heard you tell pa at supper last night that us children make the butter fly."

We Shall Double Our Efforts.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that there's an opportunity to work in heaven. Now, that's something like a heaven.—Boston Transcript.

"I have done only one sensible thing in my life; to cultivate the ground."—Voltaire.

Help Wanted

WANTED: Male help over 18 for automobile machine shop and assembly work. Experience not necessary. Ideal living conditions in best resort town on Lake Michigan.

Apply or write Employment Department,

Continental Motors Corp.
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WANTED
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machine molders, shakeout men and men to unload core ovens. Previous experience not necessary.

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—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. Healthful climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephones, excellent markets and shipping facilities. The climate and soil offer inducements for almost every branch of agriculture. The advantages for,

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YPSILANTI ROOMING HOUSES for small payment down, balance like rent. Move to Ypsilanti, keep rooms, educate children free. Ehman & Greenstreet, Ypsilanti, Mich.

WANTED MEN AND WOMEN TO WORK whole or spare time. Earn from $20 to $50 weekly. W. J. McKEN, 2315 Harrison Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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Enclose 50c for full information. Money refunded if not satisfied.
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Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

AND THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!

No Need for Further Speculation as to Why Some Men Have Received Medals.

"Here is another list of medal recommendations, and I've worn out my blue pencil! What in the world shall I do?" he great official exclaimed in despair.

"I have sharpened another blue pencil for you, sir," the faithful secretary responded promptly.

"You are wonderful; you think of everything!" the great official declared, seizing the new pencil eagerly. "What would I do without you? But your services to your country shall not go unrewarded," he added, his face lighting up with a happy thought, and striking out the first name on the list before him, he wrote in its place that of the faithful clerk.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dilemma.

J. B. writes: "Often we amateurs see things coming up in our gardens that we didn't plant but we are afraid to pull them up or fear we did."—Boston Transcript.

Guilt fears its own shadow.

The Old Carriage Maker Had an Important Truth

"To make each part as strong as the rest," was his way of "building a wonderful, one-horse chaise that wouldn't wear out till judgment day."

This illustrates a fact that is keeping many doctors busy these days—human bodies, like chaises, break down because some part isn't as strong as the others.

Very often it's because of ill-balanced food, lacking in some important element of nutrition. This is especially true of ills developed in childhood, and carried on through life.

Grape-Nuts, that world-famous, ready-to-eat cereal, brings the plan of building each part as strong as the rest—to serve human need. Grape-Nuts contains all the nutriment of those best of the field grains, wheat and barley, including the vital mineral elements, and it is a wonderful food for building and sustaining health and strength.

The delicious flavor and crispness of Grape-Nuts make it a welcome dish whenever you're hungry.

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