

THE BIG SKEG

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

He seemed to tremble at her words. He turned freely upon her. "To Scotland?" he shouted. "I am from this country. A man's thorns turn in his age to his humiliation. To Aberdeen?"

Molly was averted by the old man's fanciful enthusiasm. "Whop shall we go?" she asked. "This autumn, lass—before the snows fall. But," she stretched her by the arm—"will you naught about it?"

"But you must arrange with the company for a new factor, and the best trained—"

His clutch became convulsive. "Not a word," he cried fervently. "I have a need by the company? It won't be the sufferer. If they thought I was going away they'd not a word, lass! Promise me! Molly, lass, ye winna go back on me now?"

"No, I won't go back on ye now," she answered. "But she did not like the idea of seeing away, although the company would suffer little. And then there would be the forfeiture of his pension. But she dared not bring up that subject in view of his evident obsession."

After a while they began to make preparations. They spoke of the journey as being weeks, instead of months away. Then came a night when the factor tapped at Molly's door. She dressed quickly and went out of her room, to see the whole of the night. Clouds of smoke were whirling down on them. Suddenly a rig with two horses came dashing across the portage and drew up at the door of the house.

Molly recognized Lee Chambers and Hackett, and turned and faced them, though her heart was beating with fear. "We've come to see you, Miss McDonald," shouted Lee Chambers. "The fire's across the musk, and there isn't anything left of this save to twenty minutes. Come along!"

He shouted and gesticulated wildly, and seemed hardly master of himself. McDonald started and did not run through the smoke clouds. But as they approached the girl she drew herself away.

"It's not true," she cried. "The fire's on the other side. Why should you come for us?" "I tell you you'll be burned to a cinder inside of fifteen minutes," yelled Chambers. "We've got no time to waste. We're going to drive you out of danger. Come along!"

"I won't come!" cried Molly. "Don't go with them, father. He's not speaking the truth! Look at his face!" Hackett pushed Chambers in front of his way and stroked up to the door. "I guess that's true enough, what you said, Miss McDonald," he said. "The fire isn't this side—but the others is dying. They pulled him out of his shack. He's in a bad way. Mobie will just live till morning. He's calling for you."

"Will—Will burned?" gasped Molly, looking at him with eyes of horror. "It's a good thing," he said. "He can't rest till you go to him." "Then why did you tell us an untruth?" asked the girl, searching his face as if to read to the bottom of his soul.

"Because we wanted to break it gently," shouted Hackett. He seized her by the arm. "We've got no time to waste!" he shouted. "He may die any minute while we're talking here." "He didn't send you," cried Molly with sudden conviction. "Why did you have sent you? We won't go; we're leaving! Let me go!"

She pushed her father back into the store and tried to get the door to her faces, but they set their shoulders against it and broke through. Molly ran to her room, and when there almost as soon as she. She screamed. She heard McDonald's feeble shout out of as Chambers grasped him by the throat. Then she was struggling madly in Hackett's arms.

For a more desperate struggle later, if need be. Her dress was rent, her hair fell to her waist. Rain had begun to fall; the horses, huddled inossantly, were nearly blind in the darkness, and the rig swayed dangerously from side to side.

Molly's thoughts ran on as feverishly. They were taking her to Blywater, then? But Blywater was at Cold Junction, and surely he could not harm her there! And he was taking her father! She must remain at his side and protect him. She sat passively upon the floor, hearing the frenzied bubbling of the old man, who mingled with one hand stretched out upon his.

This was not the way to Cold Junction. This led toward Chain of Lakes, where several fishing clubs had purchased ground and water rights and set up camps. Her heart sank. She caught at Hackett's arm. "Where are you taking us to?" she pleaded. "Won't you let us go back? I'll say nothing if you let us go—I'll say nothing!"

Hackett turned at her and tried to put his arm about her. She struck out at him, and with an oath, he pushed her back violently into the bottom of the rig. She gathered all her courage to wait. And the waiting was not long. The rig started, and a light of buildings and the dark outlines of camp buildings upon it. A light showed in a window.

He leaped to the ground and, catching McDonald by the arm, pulled him roughly out of the vehicle. He hampered heavily upon the horses, which opened. Tom Boyer appeared on the threshold. The factor began to tremble. Boyer pulled him unceremoniously inside.

"Bring her in!" he yelled to Hackett. The outlay caught Molly by the wrist and swung her to the ground. She tried to break from him, but Boyer, having thrust McDonald inside, snatched her from Hackett's grasp and pushed her up the stairs, carried her into the lighted room.

Boyer deposited the girl on the divan, went out and pushed McDonald into the room. Molly heard a fierce altercation in progress—Boyer's threatening tones, Hackett's silent answers and Lee Chambers' querulous howling.

Presently the two men went out and Molly heard the horses being led away. She tried to adjust her hair, to fasten up her hair. Boyer came back. "Now will have a few words to gether," he said, leaning at Molly.

"CHAPTER XIII." Wilton carried the dead man into his room and laid the body on the bed. His face was set like flint. In this he traced the work of Boyer; but the girl, Lee Chambers, was the object of his immediate vengeance.

Before anything else he must discover the motive of the burglary. He opened the safe, which he had shut, and went through the papers very deliberately. He was astonished to find that everything appeared in order, as if he had left it. Wilton could not understand it. He tried to figure it out. He had already done so to the conclusion that he had been started with the purpose of drawing himself and those in the vicinity away from the office, while the burglary was being committed. But why had it failed? And what had Chambers been after?

He must have known that there was to be a robbery, for he had been kept up monthly by special messengers. He opened the safe, which he had shut, and went through the papers very deliberately. He was astonished to find that everything appeared in order, as if he had left it.

"Bring her in!" he yelled to Hackett. He was handed out the same evening. It would arrive on the Monday. Chambers could not have been after Molly. Wilton looked through her papers again. Everything seemed intact, and nothing had even been tampered with. It must have been that Chambers took fright after the murder.

Suddenly Anderson came running across the smoking shop, followed by some half-dozen of the engineers. The foreman came putting up to the door of the shack. "It's my job, Mr. Carruthers, and they're planning to attack the office," he gasped. "Somebody's been telling them the safe's full of money and they're going to be laid off because of the fire."

"They can't open the safe," said Wilton. "At least, there's only one man can, and he's been at it already. No, never mind. I don't want to see bloodshed. I'll open it and show it to the engineers." He turned to one of the engineers. "Take four men with you and carry this revolver and see that no harm comes to Miss McDonald and her father," he ordered. "And take this," he added, picking the revolver out of the drawer and handing it to him.

"You'd better come to Mr. Carruthers," the man suggested. "No, I'll stay here," said Wilton. "Hurry!" The engineer picked four men and they hurried down the road. Anderson and the others followed with Wilton. Hardly had the party left when the noise came streaming out of the bank-floors toward the office, shouting and yelling, and stood off, cursing them.

Seeing the four men standing in the doorway, however, they hesitated to rush them, probably in the belief that they were armed, and stood off, cursing them. "Speak up!" shouted Wilton. "What is it you men want?" The shouting died to a muttering. A spokesman stepped forward.

"We want the money in the safe, and we'll have it!" he shouted. "We all know you set the fire, because you know you got the safe open, and the check-full of money. You've worked us like dogs all summer, and now you're going to lay us off because the company's busted. You'd better hand it over!"

Evidently somebody had been telling the men that fact. "There's no money in the safe," he answered. "Send a deputation of three men and you can examine it." The Hunkies, who for the most part understood him very little, looked at one another mutely. They were as dumb as lambs without leadership. He had a hand to the door, the outlaw stepped forward out of the crowd.

"Come along, boys, he's feeding you," he yelled. "Smash his head for him!" six of them had come to the door. He shut the door and turned out into the street. He had calculated that an instant's hesitation would follow, seized it and sprang into the street, striking out right and left and felling a drunken laborer at every blow. As Tongway lumbered desperately with the weight of the revolver, he picked Wilton dead him a smashing blow that knocked him senseless. He stooped, took the revolver and turned out into the street.

"Now, men," he said excitedly. "I've told you that you shall examine the safe, and I'll keep my word. Three of you enter. The rest will wait outside." After a pause three of the workmen came forward uncertainly. Wilton took them into the shack, opened the safe door and took out the contents package by package. "Satisfied there's no money?" he asked.

"I guess that's so," admitted the leader of the men, reluctantly. "Then get out," said Wilton, driving the men out of the shack. "The three who remained their companions and, with sullen mutterings, the workmen lurched away aimlessly, and to the gate of the street, and a further plan for aggression now that their leader was gone. Anderson and one of the engineers picked up Tongway, who was lying before the door. The man was still unconscious. However, he showed signs of coming to shortly.

"Jules is dead," said Wilton quietly. Jules' deathly shout of "Anderson!" "Murdered. It was Lee Chambers. He must have been hanging round the camp. He got into the safe, too, but was shot away before he took anything. Come inside!"

At the sight of the dead man on the bed Anderson swore softly. "The only way there has been those two liquor peddlers," said Anderson. "I guess they set the fire, all right." "I guess they did," said Wilton. "And I want you to go on to the next camp and telephone in to Clayton and get the police up here right away." "I don't see Mr. Carruthers," said Anderson. "You see, sir, just as soon as the fire began I seen that gasoline on the engine sheds. And I'd heard the men talking, because I picked up a little of their language. I knew the man was trouble coming, and I phoned Mr. Quinn. He said he'd get an engine

and come right up with some of his men." "Well done," said Wilton. "We'll have this man for them, at any rate." Tongway stirred, muttered and so doily set up on the floor, looking at his captives in bewilderment. Wilton quietly took the revolver out of his pocket and walked toward him. "I'm going to ask you a few questions, Tongway," he remarked in a casual tone. "You'll find it to your advantage to answer them. Who set you here?"

"Tongway broke into a short laugh. "You think they tell that to me?" he sneered. "Jim Hackett don't tell no lies. He say you got the job—you do." "Who was Hackett? But what was the game?" They were told to slip round the camp and make the workmen drunk and disoriented. "What on your mind?" inquired a friend. "Hurry," replied Wilton. "I don't now whether to have my hat fetched or to have my hair cut"—Philadelphia News.

A Hair-Breadth Difference. D. W. Hafford, an engineer for the public service commission, was standing silently in a deep brown study. "What on your mind?" inquired a friend. "Hurry," replied Wilton. "I don't now whether to have my hat fetched or to have my hair cut"—Philadelphia News.

10 Cents PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish. Status. Barz—"Did you say he is a boson friend?" Carr—"More than that; he's a hip friend."—American Legion Weekly.

Freedom from LAXATIVES. Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them. Pills and salts give temporary relief from constipation only at the expense of permanent injury, says an eminent medical authority. Science has found a newer, better way—a means as simple as Nature itself.

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft and moving. But when constipation exists this natural lubricant is not sufficient. Medical authorities have found that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol is of the highest value. And like pure water it is harmless and pleasant.

Nujol is prescribed by physicians in leading hospitals. Get a bottle from your druggist today.—Advertisement.

COPPER ALWAYS IN DEMAND. Durability of the Metal Has Made It Almost Indispensable for Variety of Purposes. The many uses of copper may be imagined from the size of the output. It is said that if the United States were to cease producing, either all the trrolley cars or all the automobiles in the world would cease operating, for outside of Michigan and Montana there is not enough copper in existence to supply both.

In the building trade copper is in great demand on account of its durability. At first glance the amount of copper seems to be negligible in comparison with iron and steel. It is used for such things as roofing, flashings, cornices, gutters, drain pipes, leaders and ventilators. These are nearly all copper in the large office buildings. In the Woolworth building, in New York, which is today the world's tallest skyscraper, there is approximately a million pounds of copper used for roofing, elevators and interior decoration.

Big Growth in Standards. In 1940 there were less than ten automobile standards. In 1921 there were more than 200 in actual use by automobile manufacturers. Monopoly. "I take no stock in him." "You haven't try," answered his best girl. "I hold all the shares."

Has Never Felt Better in All Her Life

"Thousands of frail, nervous people and convalescents everywhere have testified to the remarkable power of Tanlac in bringing back their health, strength and working efficiency. It seems to quickly invigorate the constitution and is a powerful force of weakness. Mrs. Mary Chohlat, 1415 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif., says:

"Before I took Tanlac, I was so weak I had to be helped from room to room. My nerves were shattered and my digestion so poor I was almost afraid to eat anything but now I am in perfect health and all thanks be grateful to Tanlac."

There is not a single portion of the body that is not benefited by the helpful action of Tanlac. It enables the stomach to turn the food into healthy blood, bone and muscle, purifies the system and helps you back to normal weight. Get a bottle today at any good druggist.—Advertisement.

10 Cents PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish. A Matter of Location. All followers of Blackstone know that a divorce case requires two witnesses who are property owners. In the proceedings in a recent trial in Indianapolis, one such witness was called to the stand.

"You say you own real estate?" asked the attorney. "Yes, sir. I own a lot." "Where is this lot, in Indianapolis?" "No, sir; in Jamestown, Ind." "Where in Jamestown?" "In the town cemetery."

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

AND THEY GET AWAY WITH IT. Truly, the Female of the Species is More Fortunate Than the Inferior Male. Two cases in Judge Chesbro's court. First, the graceless male arrested for speeding after having inhibited two glasses of claret, \$250 or 180 days in jail.

Second the graceful maiden who drove her limousine into a man, failed to stop and render assistance, bungled into a cab and hit a flapper. And all without a drop of claret. Ten days in jail—suspended.

The graceful female did do a lot of damage. But, of course, she never meant to, and she couldn't help it. She was nervous, and there were tears in her eyes instead of claret on her breath, so there you are! Votes for women. The ladies, bless 'em!—Los Angeles Times.

Bright Idea. An Evansville young man, whenever out of the city, instead of writing to his best girl, sends her every few days a box of candy. She is delighted with his plan and hopes of it to her girl friends, who straightway clamor to their admirers to do the same.

One of the admirers went to the first named young man on his return from one of these trips and made complaint of this habit of his. "The other girls are expecting us fellows to do it," he said. "Why can't you see why you do it. It's expensive and—"

"Yes," admitted the candy sender. "It is expensive, but it's mighty safe. Candy seldom ever tells tales, a French-epigrammatic wit."—Indianapolis News.

Precedents save thinking. Operate as Ever. "Here's a late picture of my aunt—she's a former prima donna." "Well, aunt, she looks like she looks like a great one."

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT. For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine. It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

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MEN WITH TEARS OR AUTO WANTED

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FREEDOM FROM LAXATIVES

Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them.

COPPER ALWAYS IN DEMAND

Durability of the Metal Has Made It Almost Indispensable for Variety of Purposes.

AND THEY GET AWAY WITH IT

Truly, the Female of the Species is More Fortunate Than the Inferior Male.

WHERE FORMALITY IS WAIVED

Introductions Not Absolutely Demanded When Gentlemen Engage in Game of Craps.

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Pint or Quart?

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Try the Grocer's first!

SLEEPLESS nights and daytime irritation, when caused by coffee drinking, often require a call on the grocer to avoid a later call on the doctor.

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.



ALL CANINES NOT COLOR BLIND

Belief That Has Long Been Held Is Now Declared to Be Entirely Wrong Impression. An eminent authority once asserted that all dogs were color blind. He quoted in support of his statement, the case of two young dogs, who were unable to distinguish the difference in color of the plates from which they were fed.

The color sense may be entirely lacking in pug dogs, which are not renowned for their sagacity; but to assume that every other dog is color blind is a deduction far from the truth. Not only can dogs be trained to recognize color, but they possess the natural color sense of many mammals. They can differentiate between various subtle shades and tones, and their likes and dislikes are strongly developed.

A fox terrier has been known to follow at a distance a perfect stranger, solely because she was wearing a dress similar in color to that worn by his mistress. Only upon approaching the woman did he find his mistake.

After That He Evaded Trap. "Why has I not married?" the confounded bachelor repeated a leading question. "Well, once upon a time in a wood I fell on a lady's gown. She turned so demurely, so demurely, and I was so chummy brave! Then she smiled sweetly, and said: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were my husband.' No, it really don't matter in the least. And when I came to think it over I decided that I'd better let marriage alone."