

# THE SEVENTH PERSON

By BEN McCUTCHEON

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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Gerard Chambers, son of a wealthy importer and a student at an eastern college, was awarded a membership in the Club of the Gemini, a secret organization, founded by Rodney Graves. The society was exclusive, only seven being admitted. The members were known as Persons. A meeting was held and each member was awarded the "call of destiny," which amounted to an assignment to test his metal.

**CHAPTER II.**—Chambers read his destiny. He was told to pass a period as a sailor and not set foot in North America for a year. Then he was directed to go to Mexico for further instructions which were to assign him to another year's exile, during which time he must make his own living unassisted, and keep everything a secret.

**CHAPTER III.**—Jerry then told his father of his duty. He gained his father's consent. He also acquainted Marcella Bayless, his father's choice for his wife, with the fact that he would be away two years. She left him anxious.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Young Chambers had a fiery interview with his father, who sought again to prevent the boy's departure. He was told to go to Mexico on an ocean freighter. His father tried to obtain his promise that he would seek the hand of Miss Bayless.

**CHAPTER V.**—Jerry called the following morning on the sister Mary. After the ship left New York Capt. Bulger told him that the boat was bound for Urania, South America, loaded with guns for enemies of that government.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Sister Mary put in at Havana for final orders regarding the landing of guns. Jerry, given opportunity to desert, passed it up.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Jerry landed the guns as a Uranian. He was captured, but escaped. Chambers was captured and thrown into a dungeon.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Marina Boston, adopted daughter of Gen. Boston, Jerry's girl, was ministered to by her father. Each made a strong impression on the other. She was known as the "little saint of Urania" because of her nursing.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Jerry, tried by Gen. Boston, was sentenced to die at sunrise the following day. Upon promise of Marina's love, Capt. Bulger pledged himself to free Chambers. The trio dashed away on horseback late at night.

**CHAPTER X.**—Shelter was secured the following day. Marina and Filare decided to overthrow the government. They united with the rebels, Chambers being made a captive.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Capt. Filare died of fever. Marina accompanied his body to burial. Gen. Barado then lay in wait for Boston. In a fierce battle the former won. Jerry frustrated an attempt to assassinate Gen. Barado. Chambers was delegated to accept Boston's sword as a token of surrender.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Gen. Boston forgives his daughter, Marina. Her former party was attacked and captured. Pandaro, capital of Urania, captured and a confederacy established.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Jerry was given a big reception by the Uranian public and awarded the Cross of Honor. He then sailed for Havana in order to report to Mexico City for further instructions.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—Capt. Chambers was lionized aboard the steamer. He met Senor Lopez, a wealthy Uranian, and his daughter. The ship encountered a terrible storm while Jerry was being feted.

**CHAPTER XV.**—The steamer was drenched on the rocks, nearly all on board drowning. Jerry saved Marina, the Senorita Lopez, by clinging to a mast. The girl's strange actions caused him to express the belief that she was demented.

**CHAPTER XVI.**—After a long time on the rocks the party were rescued and conveyed to Havana. Jerry found him- self too late to catch a boat for Mexico. He recognized Marina Boston, a passenger of a yacht sailing immediately for Mexico. By a ruse he gained the deck.

**CHAPTER XVII.**—Chambers was granted the privilege of going to Vera Cruz. He discovered that Marina was being held a prisoner on board, the pretense being that she was demented.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**—Jerry successfully prepared a plan of a possible interest in Marina, which plotters suspected. He wrote her a note and confided the whole story to the American engineer, who promised to help.

**CHAPTER XIX.**—The plotters took Marina into Vera Cruz, secretly. Jerry followed by swimming, after he had knocked senseless the captain of the vessel. Suddenly remembering he must hurry to Mexico City within a few hours, he left the engineer to resume the chase.

**CHAPTER XX.**—Jerry reached Mexico City in time to receive letter of instructions. Mike successfully trailed Marina's abductors and learned their plans. He then wired Chambers.

**CHAPTER XXI.**—Young Chambers received the secret society's orders to proceed to Escalon, Mexico, for further instructions. He again left Mike O'Connor, the engineer, in charge of the shadowing of Marina and the plotters.

"Any particularly attractive spots down the river?"

"Some beauties, but I don't think I'd go down there. Fifty miles southwest is pretty tough. We know of several gangs that have headquarters down that way, but we've never been able to locate them."

"There's a good deal o' minin' around here, ain't there?"

"Yes; and northerners seem to be crazy about finding a mine that was lost in a landslide 100 years ago down that way. But it's time throwa away and money wasted for the end of the rainbow. The mine—the San Dimas—may be down there, and it may not. There's a story that it was the best producer in all Mexico 200 years ago, but what's left of it now is buried so deep that all the steamshovels in the universe could not get at it."

When Mike went to a cheap hotel that night he felt certain that the five had taken a boat for some point down the river, and, recalling that the captain of the yacht had mentioned a trip of about 24 hours, he calculated that their destination must be far down the stream. He also decided that he could accomplish but little alone, and that the first morning train should

have him as a passenger back to Escalon, where he would try to locate "Tommy Flannery" and apprise him of the developments.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

The Man with the White Whiskers. "Is there something here for Rodney Graves?" asked Jerry Chambers of an elderly man in the office of the Mining and Smelting Company at Escalon, three minutes before the expiration of the 40 hours. He had been in the Chihuahua town a few hours, but he had determined to wait until the last moment before calling for his instructions.

Robert Hallington of The College class of '68, and a wearer of the Pin of the Twins, cordially extended his hand and gave him the "grip."

"There is, just such an envelope as one I received many years ago," smiled Mr. Hallington, producing the instructions from his pocket.

"Haven't you received a telegram for me—Tom Flannery?" Jerry quickly asked, showing considerable concern.

"You—Flannery? Why, no. The envelope is all I have to give you."

"Strange," muttered Jerry, his brow knitting. "I was sure there would be a message here for me."

He soon was in the street, and his extreme disappointment in not receiving word from Mike O'Connor emboldened him to try to get a message from the engineer had forsaken him. In the shade of an awning he opened his envelope and read the following:

"Within 48 hours after ye have received these instructions ye shall start in search of the lost San Dimas gold mine, supposed to be in the Sierra Madre mountains about 50 miles southwest of Escalon, not far from the source of the river Florida. Your beloved brothers in The Gemini, Robert Hallington and Thomas Wentworth, will direct ye to the trail over which many have passed in fruitless quest of hidden treasure; also, they will instruct ye in the method of procedure and provide all supplies which they may deem necessary. The one companion whom ye may have with ye, if ye desire to be accompanied in your exploring, shall be paid in Mexican currency the equivalent of \$50 a month in the money of the United States of America, and he shall be subject to no orders other than your own.

"It is the will of all Gemini that ye shall appear at 11 o'clock (noon) on the nineteenth day of September, 1908, at Montezuma street, El Paso, Texas, for further instructions. In going to El Paso ye shall consume no more time than is necessary to make the trip in time to receive your further instructions. Proof that ye have labored honestly in your efforts to locate the lost San Dimas gold mine must be presented in exchange for the instructions which shall await ye in El Paso.

"May the spirit of Rodney Graves guide ye well and the love of all Gemini give ye new courage."

After re-reading the instructions Jerry went back to Mr. Hallington and asked about the trodden trail to the mountains. The old Gemini smiled knowingly and told him that within 24 hours he would be supplied with all possible information that he could provide.

"It will be an exceedingly interesting time for you," said Mr. Hallington. "Then you know all about it?"

"I know what has brought you to Escalon," returned Mr. Hallington. Jerry had almost two days in which to prepare for the search for the lost gold mine. The question uppermost in his mind was the matter of selecting a companion. After reading the instructions in the City of Mexico he decided that Mike O'Connor should go with him, but now that he had not heard from the engineer and had decided that his services could not be counted on any longer, he felt he

"But what are you doing here?"

"I was with 'em till I got to Jimenez, and I know just about where they're cooped up now. Oh," proudly patting his chest, "an Athlonie man knows how to do a thing or two."

"At Jimenez?"

"They got there last night and immediately shot off in a carriage to a small boat in the Florida river, on the edge of the town. They're in the mountains now, for sure, and they're right where things are as tough as whit-leather. I know the man that drove them from the station, and I know a copper who is familiar with that part of the country. He says it's infested with gangs o' criminals. I couldn't follow them, and I figured you'd have to be with me in keepin' up the chase."

"By George," exclaimed Jerry, "but luck is still with us! To-morrow, Mike, you and little Tommy duck to the mountains. I'll pay you a hundred and fifty a month, U. S., and you don't have to handle a pick unless you—"

"Handle a pick?" exploded Mike.

"You see—that is, I'm going to try my hand at mining a bit—when we're not on their heels, of course," fumbled Jerry. "I've arranged with a local mining concern to make a few investigations in the mountains near the source of the Florida, and the money will be easy for both of us. Don't you see?"

"Why, that's where the copper said a lost gold mine was—the San something or other. You're not after it, are you?"

"We can keep our eyes open for it," said Jerry. "But we are after them. Why, Mike, this whole thing is just like a novel, isn't it?"

"It is that," said O'Connor, "and there'll be some mighty excitin' readin' afore we reach the happy end, I can tell you."

Late that afternoon Jerry introduced Mike to Mr. Hallington and announced that he had selected him to accompany him on the trip of exploration. Towards dusk Jerry and Mike departed from Escalon for Jimenez on a freight train, the former being in possession of maps and orders on a merchant of Parral for provisions.

The first train out of Jimenez for Parral was not scheduled to leave until early the following morning, thus necessitating the remaining of the two in the town over night. That night Jerry and Mike hunted up the policeman whom the latter had met at the station and induced him to learn from the driver of the carriage, if possible, the ultimate destination of the kidnapers. The officer succeeded in locating the driver and learned that the five had taken a small boat and started in the direction of the village of Rio Florida, a mining camp about 45 miles up the river. This he communicated to Mike, who believed that they were at or near that village.

They had several hours to wait in Parral before they could take a train for the south. After they had obtained provisions for two weeks, a small tent, a few necessary cooking utensils and lanterns and picks they went to the station on the seat with the merchant's driver. Just before they reached the station Mike clutched Jerry's arm and brought his other hand to his mouth. His eyes were riveted to a man crossing the street a few yards away in front of the wagon, and he did not turn his head until the man, who wore white whiskers, went into a small store.

"It's old Riaz!" excitedly whispered Mike, when the two were at a window in the baggage room.

"Riaz—who is he?" questioned Jerry.

"The old codger I saw with Andre and Felipe in the Vera Cruz house, and who got into the carriage with the bunch at Jimenez. What do you suppose he is—?" The man came out of the store with a basket on his arm, and Mike did not finish the sentence. O'Connor, tanned almost to the complexion of a Mexican, went into the waiting room and stood near the ticket-seller's window when the white-whiskered old man entered. He moved up a few feet as the man stepped to the window and took out his purse. Although Riaz spoke in a low tone, Mike's ear was keen enough to catch the word—"Rosario."

Then he went back to the baggage room, his eyes blazing with excitement, and whispered to Jerry:

"He is going to Rosario!"

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

The Old Man of the Adobe.

It would be too difficult to express the surprise and consternation of Jerry Chambers and Mike O'Connor when the train of two old-fashioned, well-worn coaches, in which the total number of passengers was less than 15, stopped at the mountain village of Rosario and Riaz did not get off. They were simply dumbfounded. True, they did not ride in the same coach with him, desiring to be together and not wishing to be seen together by him, but they were on the sharp lookout at every stop.

"He must 'a' floated out o' the window," said the mystified O'Connor, as the two stood on the platform and watched the train move southward. "The old terrier's a wizard, and simply made himself invisible."

"I'd take an oath he was on the train after we pulled out of Paloma," said Jerry, "for I saw him dozing in his seat, the basket at his side."

"But the train didn't stop between Paloma and Rosario," said Mike, "and the clip was too fast for him to get off. That fellow's a divil in white whiskers, Tommy, and—"

Here he stopped and his hand came down hard on his knee. "I know it now!" he exclaimed. "He looks as old as Methusalem, and a man o' his age has had enough time gettin' off a train that's standin' still. Riaz ain't an old man at all! He's a young divil in disguise, and he slipped from the rear end while

the train was skimm'n' along."

At the end of a few hours they had bought a small skiff and had it laden with their boxes and packages, and it was not long thereafter that Jerry was leisurely pulling down the narrow stream. While he rowed Mike did most of the talking, the subject of greatest interest, of course, being the mysterious disappearance of Riaz.

"If you're sure you saw him at Paloma," said Mike, "he can't be a million miles from Rosario, and where he is they are. I'd like to run into the whole bunch, but I'd hate for only us two to meet 'em face to face."

The sun had just sunk behind a distant mountain when the intersection of the two branches of the river was reached. To the right of Mike great ragged cliffs rose thousands of feet, and to his left mountains, blackish-green in spots, rolled far to the north. The skiff was grounded on the bank a few hundred feet below the fork, at a spot which promised a suitable place for the camp. The small tent was put up about 40 feet from the bank, behind a clump of bushes, which screened the view from the other side of the stream, and the boat was carried into the brush.

Both men were thoroughly tired when they lay down and smoked their pipes.

"Mike, this is the most secluded place on earth," said Jerry, after a long silence.

"Darned if I can't hear myself think," said Mike. "Wouldn't it be fine to turn a few owls loose and let a lost dog howl 'round here in the dead o' night?"

After partaking of some coffee, bacon and bread they stretched themselves out and fell asleep. The earliest sign of day found them awake and much refreshed. The first thing Mike said was:

"I had a divil of a dream, Tommy. I dreamed I saw a man goin' down the other side o' the stream with a lantern in his hand, and he had a dog with him. The dog barked and the man—I think he was old, from the sound o' his voice—talked to him just like he was a man, too. Then the old codger turned into the bushes and disappeared. The dog kept barkin' and barkin' till it sounded like it was miles away. I think I woke up, but I'm not sure about it."

"What's the old saying about dreamin' the first night in a new bed?" laughed Jerry.

"It's a sign the dream comes true," answered Mike; "but I don't want this one to come true. That dog was a big divil, and the man looked all in a hump. I don't remember what kind of a face he had, but it must 'a' been a dandy to wake me up."

To be continued.

**Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.**

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss.

In the matter of the estate of August Naatz deceased.

The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said deceased and to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this court the final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereto entitled; Therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause if any you have, before this court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in the City of Austin in the County of Mower, State of Minnesota, on the 23rd day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 23rd day of October, 1908.

J. M. GREENMAN, Judge of Probate.

T. H. PRIDHAM, Attorney for Petitioner.

**CERTIFICATE RE-EXTENDING CHARTER.**

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Office of Comptroller of the Currency Washington, D. C., Oct. 27, 1908.

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTIN," located in the City of Austin, in the County of Mower, and State of Minnesota, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence and for other purposes, approved July 12th, 1882, as amended by the Act, approved April 12th, 1902;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Lawrence O. Murray, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Austin," located in the City of Austin, in the County of Mower, and State of Minnesota, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association; namely, until close of business on October 27th, 1928.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and Seal of office this Twenty-seventh day of October, 1908.

LAWRENCE O. MURRAY, Comptroller of the Currency, Treasury Department, Charter No. 1690.

Extension No. 968.

**Citation for Hearing on Petition to Sell Land**

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss.

In Probate Court:

In the matter of the estate of Harry, Nellie and Frank Kilgore, minors.

The State of Minnesota to Harry Kilgore, Nellie Kilgore, Frank Kilgore and to all persons interested in the sale of certain lands belonging to said minors: The petition of Ruth L. Kilgore as representative of the above named minors, being duly filed in this court, representing that it is necessary and for the best interests of said estate and of all interested therein that certain lands of said minors described therein be sold and praying that a license be granted to Ruth L. Kilgore to sell the same:

Therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court, at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House in the City of Austin, County of Mower, State of Minnesota on the 7th day of December, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 9th day of November, 1908.

(SEAL) JOHN M. GREENMAN, Judge of Probate.

T. H. PRIDHAM, Attorney for Petitioner. Nov. 11-18-08

**Citation for Hearing on Petition to Mortgage Land.**

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Mower—ss.

In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Philip L. Male, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to Lewis Larson, Bessie Larson, Matt Larson, Elmer Larson, and to all persons interested in the mortgaging of certain lands belonging to said decedent: The petition of Gertrude L. Male as representative of above named decedent, being duly filed in this court, representing that it is necessary and for the best interests of said estate and of all interested therein that certain lands of said decedent described therein be mortgaged and praying that a license be granted to her to mortgage the same:

Now therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court, at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House in the City of Austin, County of Mower, State of Minnesota, on the 3rd day of December, 1908, at 8 o'clock p. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 4th day of November, 1908.

(SEAL) HENRY WEBER JR., Probate Judge, Attorney for Petitioner. Nov. 11-18-08

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