

BETTER... COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

In a few words he reviewed the events of the preceding evening and of that morning...

"Your sister—is a Mormon," ventured Nathaniel, remembering what the prophet had said...

"No, he can't do that!" exclaimed Neil, the hatred bursting out anew in his face...

"I never thought of that," he added, after a moment. "By heaven, it will be easy..."

"I believe that our place has been watched for some time," he explained. "I am sure that it is especially guarded at night..."

"I will shoot him through the abdomen so that he will live to tell his wives who did the deed..."

"You have guessed nothing—no cause for the prophet's power over your sister?" asked Nathaniel. "Absolutely. And yet that influence is such that at times the thought of it freezes the blood in my veins..."

"I believe that he does!" replied Neil, pacing back and forth in his agitation. "Captain Plum, if there is a man on this island who loves Marion with all of a father's devotion..."

"I love her more than anything else on earth, we have been inseparable since the day she was able to toddle alone..."

Neil sprang to his side with a fervor that knocked the pipe out of his hand. "I swear that! And if Marion doesn't..."



Neil Forced the Dugout Through the Water.

A brief hush. Then again, as they stared questioningly into each other's eyes, it rolled faintly into the swamp—the deep, far baying of a hound.

"The bloodhounds!" Horror, not fear, sent an involuntary shiver through Nathaniel. "They can't reach us!" assured Neil.

"Don't like the sound, eh?" he said. "We've got used to it on Beaver Island. They're just about at the place where they tore little Jim Schredder to pieces..."

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"Some day she will be as beautiful!" "She is beautiful now." "But she is a mere child. Why, it seems only a year ago that I was toting her about on my shoulders!"

"There!" he whispered. "You have only to cross this point to reach your boat." He stretched out his long arm and in the silence the two shook hands.

"The sudden grip of his companion's fingers made him flinch. "We must!" said Nathaniel. He climbed ashore and watched Neil till he had disappeared in the wild rice."

"I wish we might!" he said quietly. "We can!" exclaimed Nathaniel. "My ship!" "It is impossible. I am speaking of Winsome. Arbor Croche's house is in the heart of the town and guarded by dogs."

"No, he can't do that!" exclaimed Neil, the hatred bursting out anew in his face. "He can't force her into marrying him, and yet—" He flung his arms above his head in sudden passionate despair.

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Obadiah had reached from the sands. He read it over and over again as he sat for a few moments in the cool of the forest and there was no trouble in his face now.

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What a Summer Cold May Do. A summer cold if neglected is just as apt to develop into bronchitis or pneumonia as at any other season.

The Hat and Royalty. The hat plays a considerable part in civilization as a sign and a symbol, quite apart from its purpose as a shelter against the weather.

For Perfect Health. In order to support life and growth and to maintain the strength and efficiency of the human body, some things are absolutely necessary.

The Celestial Empire. Celestial empire is derived from Tien Chou, that is the heavenly dynasty, meaning the kingdom which the dynasty appointed by heaven rules over.

His Idea of the Matter. "The dear old songs they used to sing," began the sentimental. "Yes," replied Mr. Lowbrow, "I've heard about them. My private opinion is that we appreciate them because people don't insist on singing them any more."

True Idea of Education. Education is not intended to make clergymen, schoolmasters, or lawyers, but men and women.

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