

HEAT AFFECTS CROPS

IDEAL HARVEST WEATHER IN NORTH IOWA BUT TOO HOT FOR GROWING GRAIN.

LOCAL SHOWERS HELP TO RELIEVE SITUATION

Growth of Corn is Exceptionally Rapid But Stage is Reached Where Rain is Essential—Oats Crop is Lightened by Excessive Heat—Hay Crop Heaviest in Some Years.

Special to Times-Republican. Dubuque, July 31.—The Illinois Central's crop report for the week ending Friday evening, for the Minnesota division, which comprises all northern Iowa, says the weather was ideal for harvesting, but too dry for corn and other crops. The report is as follows:

"With 85 per cent sunshine and a daily average temperature of six degrees above normal, the past week has been ideal for harvesting of small grain. However, Saturday afternoon, July 22, the district lying north of Stacyville was visited by an exceptionally severe storm which did considerable damage to crops and buildings. There were local showers at various local points on the division.

"Although the corn has made an exceptionally rapid growth during the last few weeks, it has reached the stage of development where rain is essential. The corn continues to be healthy and the stand is good. In some localities where there has been little or no rain, leaves are beginning to roll.

Heat Lightens Oat Yield. "With a continuance of the dry weather for the next week the oat crop should all be in the shock. The consensus of opinion is that the hot weather has lightened the yield of this crop, but until threshing starts no definite comparison can be made with last year's crop. The same is true with wheat and barley and rye, all of which are now in shock and ready for threshing, which will begin during the coming week.

"Hay is practically all cut and stacked. Various estimates received as to the yield of this crop shows the country adjacent to the main line and Cedar Rapids division will produce a heavier crop than for some years, while on the Albert Lea district a lighter yield was secured. The average yield is about two tons per acre, as compared with an average of 1.4 tons for all Iowa during the past ten years.

"Reports of the onion and potato growers north of Charles City show these crops to be in excellent condition and have not suffered from unusual blights and damage from insects prevalent in other years."

NOT AFFECTED BY HEAT.

Insane Patients at Iowa Hospitals Standing Terrific Weather Well. Special to Times-Republican.

Des Moines, July 31.—Dr. J. H. McConlogue, member of the state board of control, who returned Saturday from an inspection of the hospitals at Cherokee, Independence and Okdale, said that the insane patients at Cherokee and Independence were standing the hot weather unusually well.

"Often we have trouble with the patients in hot weather," said Colonel McConlogue. "Hot weather seems to excite them or render them especially susceptible to excitement. But they have been standing the present hot weather without any unusual trouble. The attendants keep them out in the yards a good deal and the buildings are kept as cool as possible."

EPIDEMIC IS CONTROLLED.

Outbreak of Diphtheria at Okdale Sanatorium Not Serious. Special to Times-Republican.

Iowa City, July 31.—Diphtheria, invading the Iowa state tuberculosis sanatorium at Okdale, has been controlled. About a half dozen cases broke out here promptly after the usual summer season and are doing well. There is no likelihood of an epidemic, the officials of the institution state. No fatalities have occurred. The authorities were emphatic in their statement, owing to sensational rumors as to a great number of cases and several deaths.

DEMAND FOR DAIRYMEN.

All One-Year Men at Ames Secure Positions Before Finishing Work. Special to Times-Republican.

Ames, July 31.—So many calls came to Iowa State College this year for men who were taking the one-year course in dairying that every one of the twenty-two registered in the course had obtained positions and left before the end of the college year. The salaries obtained by these men ranged from \$60 to \$125 a month, with the average about \$82 a month. Most of the positions were in Iowa and were in dairy manufacturing work, managers of small creameries or ice cream makers. This course will be offered again next year and is open to any one who has completed the eighth grade of common school.

TREAT WITH ADRENALIN.

Used by Eastern Doctors in Cases of Infantile Paralysis. Special to Times-Republican.

Des Moines, July 31.—Physicians here are much interested in the experiences of eastern doctors in using adrenalin for the checking of infantile paralysis. Dr. Frank S. Ely telegraphed the Rockefeller Institute for definite directions as to the treatment of infantile paralysis victims. He received the following telegram:

"I advise to inject intraspinally two cubic centimeters about thirty minutes of adrenalin, every six hours, into the usual lumbar space as soon as it appears that the disease is infantile paralysis, and to continue the injections for several days after all paralysis disappears. Dr. S. J. Metzger, Rockefeller Institute.

adrenalin is to contract or reduce the caliber of the blood vessels and to check the flow of the paralysis virus along the paravertebral radicles. Adrenalin is commonly used by physicians to check the flow of blood in profuse nose bleed. By putting a little of it on cotton and inserting in the nostrils it will stop a bad case of nose bleed about the most effectively of any medicine known. It is secured from the adrenal glands found in mammary animals in the region of the kidneys.

LOSES BARN BY FIRE.

Blaze of Unknown Origin Destroys Buildings on Farm Near Greene. Special to Times-Republican.

Greene, July 31.—The barn on the Roy Stewart farm, three miles east of Greene, caught fire Friday night and burned to the ground. A large double corn crib also burned down. E. L. Brown is living on the place. The barn caught fire in the middle, and the fire was well under way before it was discovered. Help was at once summoned, but the fire had such a start that it could not be extinguished. The cause is unknown. There was no stock in the barn at the time, but there was some machinery destroyed.

GRAND LODGE MEETING.

Quarterly Session of Iowa C. S. P. S. at Cedar Rapids Sunday. Special to Times-Republican.

Iowa City, July 31.—The Iowa State Grand Lodge of the C. S. P. S., a Bohemian-American brotherhood, met in Cedar Rapids, Sunday, in quarterly session. J. M. Kadlec, deputy county recorder of Johnson county, is the grand trustee, and went from Iowa City to make his report. He showed progress and prosperity, as to finances, membership, and enthusiasm. M. B. Dvorsky, of Iowa City, president of the state organization, also attended.

LIFE SENTENCE CUT DOWN.

Prisoner at Anamosa For Killing Wife Des Moines, July 31.—Governor George W. Clarke granted commutation of the life sentence now being served by William O'Toole, of Sac City, for killing his wife, to a period of fifty years. He has served time in the Anamosa prison since Feb. 8, 1895, but if he serves his good time, the law permits him to leave after serving twenty-six years and three months. O'Toole killed his wife with an axe.

Montour Defeats Traer. Special to Times-Republican.

Special to Times-Republican. Montour, July 31.—Montour defeated Traer at Traer Friday by the score of 5 to 2. Traer had won five straight games, defeating, among others, the fast Reinbeck semi-professional team. The feature of the game was five fast double plays by Montour.

Cost of France's part in the great war is 30 cents a day for each inhabitant.

Southern Iowa Items

Albia. A sad accident occurred at Buxton near No. 18, on Tuesday, when Ed Goulmer was killed by a fall of slate. He had just gone there from Avery and his tools had not been taken into the room yet.

Manilla. The little 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Boynes, living five miles northeast of Manilla, was killed by a fall of slate next day. This is the third accidental death in this vicinity in a few days.

Keokuk. C. B. Wallace, one of the twenty-one local men against whom informations were filed on Monday for bootlegging, was bound over to await the action of the grand jury by Justice of the Peace Whetstone Thursday afternoon. His bond was fixed at \$300, which was given. Wallace's case was the first that came up for hearing.

Red Oak. The letting of the contract for the new high school building here was completed Thursday, the contract awarded to Wagenknecht & Walter of Waterloo, Kan., at \$75,800, and the contract for the plumbing, heating and vacuum cleaner system awarded to the Van Dyck Plumbing and Heating company of Des Moines at \$16,205.

Missouri Valley. Harry Longman, of near Logan, took his oil burner threshing engine to a farm about four miles south of Logan where he was to thresh Thursday. When he went to get the engine in readiness to begin work he found it had caught fire during the night and was damaged to the extent of between \$200 and \$300. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Des Moines. After hearing that members of the Third regiment are being required to push heavy wagons by hand, the officers of the Chamber of Commerce and the Greater Des Moines committee in joint session voted by a motor truck and send it to the border at once for the use of the guardsmen. The officers will take the responsibility for the payment of the truck themselves, and will ask aid from members of the two organizations.

Thurman. A few days ago Miss Gertrude Baldwin started to Cedar Falls to attend the summer school and after she got off of the street car in Omaha she missed her pocket book which contained \$60 and a diamond locket. She immediately made thorough search for the lost pocket book, but nothing could be learned about it and she was compelled to go on to Cedar Falls without it. It is evident her hand bag was rifled.

Charter Oak. The county road work is now being conducted on such a hurry plan that a midnight crew is working near Charter Oak. On a stretch of road through low and marshy ground west of Charter Oak the board has urged a rush of the work when the weather is dry, and to rush it a crew has been put on by the contractor to work nights. They use presto light or carbide lights along the work and the big steam shovel and the teams are keeping it up twenty-four hours a day to finish it. It is said to be the hardest road work ever done in the county and when finished will give Charter Oak a good, passable road the year round—a 365 day road that is worth the money.

Greenfield. J. F. Laude, secretary of the Farmers' Co-operative creamery at this place, has just completed his report for the state dairy commission and the following will be interesting to the 810 patrons as well as to the many stockholders. The general public sales of 1916 for year ending June 30, 1916, \$156,819.47; total pounds of cream received, 1,324,787; total pounds of butter

ELDORA MAN KILLED

GEORGE COLER FATALLY HURT WHEN CAUGHT IN GRAVEL SLIGHT.

LIVES BUT FEW HOURS AFTER RECEIVING INJURY

Cries of Injured Man Attract Woman Who Finds Him Pinned Between Wagon and Gravel Bank—Rescuers Dig With Bare Hands to Release Victim—Cause of Accident Unknown

Special to Times-Republican. Eldora, July 31.—George Coler, aged about 60 years, died here Saturday evening as the result of injuries sustained the same afternoon while engaged at his work. Mr. Coler had gone to what is known as the Berninghausen gravel pit, north of this city, for a load of gravel. He had finished loading the wagon and had taken up the lines preparatory for the start back to the city, when it is presumed, the bank of gravel at his back suddenly caved in upon him, pinning Mr. Coler between the wagon and the gravel. Mr. Coler was alone at the time and just how the accident occurred possibly never will be known. After being brought to the hospital in this city he lived but a few hours, the accident having occurred about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. John Walker and Mrs. Fred Berninghausen, who live near the gravel pit, were on their way to this city, and heard Mr. Coler cry for help and seeing his perilous condition, and having nothing but their bare hands to aid in releasing him, hurriedly set about digging the gravel from around the injured man, succeeding in getting the earth and gravel from about him in a short time and telephoned for medical assistance. Examination at the Eldora hospital revealed that a number of ribs were broken and he was suffering from internal injuries, death ensuing about 9 o'clock.

Mr. Coler is survived by a wife and daughter in this city and a brother, Edward Coler, living in Union. The funeral service is to be held at Steamboat Rock.

Drowns While Bathing. Davenport, July 31.—Edward Lagge, 15 years old, was drowned here Sunday.

day afternoon in the Mississippi river while. He was caught in an undertow and his body was swept down stream. It has not been recovered.

TAMA DEFEATS GARWIN.

Overcome Visitors' Early Lead and Gain Decisive 6 to 2.

Special to Times-Republican. Tama, July 31.—Garwin was deserted Sunday afternoon while the whole population came to Tama to root for their team in their encounter with the Tama team. Their rooting was good and lusty during the first two innings when Durkee scored and Mills made a home run, but later with a home run by "Mike" Hyland, for Tama, and a three-bagger by West and two base hits by Warner and McCarty, the muffer was called into play and when the game ended with the score 6 to 2 against him, they headed toward the north a

though the dazzling sunlight reflected from miles of stainless white was brighter than the eye could bear, yet the silent cold bit deep and the snows creaked and complained underfoot like the dry sand of the seashore.

Buckhurst and Thomas had marked the strange architecture as the work of some stranded white or roving trader who, wintering here in years past, had built a house of logs after the fashion of his forefathers, and they lashed their bleeding dogs up the steep bank, pausing before the door.

Howling curs swarmed from the roofs, while out from the low tunnels crawled tattered, fur clad Eskimo children and silent women. From the cab in a wrinkled old man stumbled, speaking guttural words of welcome to the newcomers.

In halting words the old chief explained that the men had gone hunting and would not return for many days.

Hampton News Briefs. Hampton, July 31.—Some improvements are contemplated for highways in the northeast corner of West Fork township, in the nature of widening and otherwise bringing them up to standard.

Mrs. Wilson, who was before her marriage a few years ago Miss Gertrude McKenney, a well known lady of this city, was widowed a few days ago when Dr. Wilson, in company with his cousin, Dr. Leavitt, at Los Angeles on a hunting expedition, was accidentally shot by the latter. Death was instantaneous.

Mrs. Harold Clark, nee Maynard, is here for a visit at the home of her parents while Mr. Clark is supervising an exhibit of tractors for the Hart-Parr people at Hutchinson, Kan.

The members of the Congregational church have vacated the building as far as the McKenney, a well known lady of this city, was widowed a few days ago when Dr. Wilson, in company with his cousin, Dr. Leavitt, at Los Angeles on a hunting expedition, was accidentally shot by the latter. Death was instantaneous.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Meyer have returned to Hampton to live, after having retired Denver, in Bremer county, and bought the place and their place as a home for their children.

P. C. Murphy, who recently purchased, with Leamon Rowson, the farm implement business of Roemer & Gibson, on Fourth street, has just leased the residence property belonging to William Barry, located on East Fourth street, and will occupy the same with his family about Sept. 1 when he gets possession of the business.

The Mystic Workers picnic Friday was a very pleasant affair and close to other amusements. Bathing and fishing were indulged in, followed by a bounteous picnic supper at 6 o'clock.

All the towns of this county are now supplied with electricity for light and power with the exception of Geneva and Faulkner, and the former will soon be supplied if an election carries there Tuesday. Service for the county is divided between the Cedar Valley Company, and the Iowa Falls Electric Company.

News of Toledo. Special to Times-Republican.

Mrs. Hosen McKinney and son George spent Friday at the A. F. Walker home in Gladbrook.

Jim Youngman went to Anamosa Wednesday and returned with a wife. His house has been remodeled and was ready for his bride.

The Central Iowa Chautauque will hold its fourth annual assembly Aug. 10 to 16. The Whitte Hussars, Senator Emory, Oxford Dramatic Company, Dr. Hulbert, Dr. Charles Medbury, Dr. Carolyn Giesel, Maud Ballington Booth, T. A. Daley and Colangelo's band and orchestra are among the attractions.

Mrs. Ed Hammond returned Saturday to her home in Geneva after a stay at her home with her sisters, Misses Mollie and Kate Faucett.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Whittier and son, of Kansas City, are spending the week with relatives and friends. Mr. Whittier is just convalescing from a six weeks' siege of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Frank Simpson and daughter Margaret, of Tipton, are spending the week at the J. H. Owen home. She will return Wednesday taking her son Paul, who has spent a number of weeks in the Owen home.

News of Alden. Special to Times-Republican.

Alden, July 31.—E. Benson east of Popejoy, had a large draft horse over-while by the heat Saturday afternoon while harvesting.

Burr Stewart, three miles northeast of Popejoy, lost about eight acres of shocked barley by Saturday.

The horse belonging to H. E. Christianson that dropped from the heat Friday, died at 11 o'clock Saturday in Alden. It was a valuable brood mare and is a severe loss to Mr. Christianson.

Little Ralph Johnson suffered a fractured forearm while playing in a swing. The management of the Cemetery Society has recently greatly improved the main driveways by the generous addition of crushed rock.

Goldfield News Notes. Special to Times-Republican. Goldfield, July 31.—P. C. Keith, who has spent the past eight years at Austin and Adams, Minn., in the newspaper business, has sold out there and is spending a few weeks with Goldfield relatives before re-locating.

Rev. W. G. Conner and family are spending a few weeks' vacation at Spirit Lake. They are attending the school of missions in session at Okoboji.

Will A. Ziegler is home from Boston for a summer vacation from his duties as instructor in St. Mark's school for boys.

Harry Moore is at Shakopee, Minn., taking treatment for rheumatism.

Mrs. M. F. Coons returned home this week from a visit with relatives at Quebec.

Constipation and Indigestion. "I have used Chamberlain's Tablets and must say they are the best I have ever used for constipation and indigestion. My wife also used them for indigestion and they did her good," writes Eugene S. Knight, Wilmington, N. C. Chamberlain's Tablets are mild and gentle in their action. Give them a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the effect. Obtainable everywhere.—Advertisement.

The Verdict of Faro Mountain

By REX BEACH.

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THIN blue streamers of smoke were rising in the still air over the snow covered igloos clustered around Chief Joe's low cabin, while on every roof curled shivering, "hussy" dogs seeking the faintest heat of the stoves. Although the dazzling sunlight reflected from miles of stainless white was brighter than the eye could bear, yet the silent cold bit deep and the snows creaked and complained underfoot like the dry sand of the seashore.

Buckhurst and Thomas had marked the strange architecture as the work of some stranded white or roving trader who, wintering here in years past, had built a house of logs after the fashion of his forefathers, and they lashed their bleeding dogs up the steep bank, pausing before the door.

Howling curs swarmed from the roofs, while out from the low tunnels crawled tattered, fur clad Eskimo children and silent women. From the cab in a wrinkled old man stumbled, speaking guttural words of welcome to the newcomers.

In halting words the old chief explained that the men had gone hunting and would not return for many days.

"I'll teach you to steal!" he snarled.

"He says the grub is gone and they're all starving," translated Buckhurst. "It seems there ain't any deer on the hills now, and the seals are gone too. Now they're killing dogs, but that can't last long."

"Serves 'em right!" grumbled the other as he strained at the heavy provision box. "They'd ought to work summers and lay up a grubstake. S'pose now they want to eat ours, that we've hauled 300 miles. Well, well! fool 'em, eh?"

As Buckhurst prepared the welcome meal within willing hands brought wooden bowls of water from the distant hole, while old women, weak with hunger, mutely laid before him offerings of dried chips, grass and driftwood for the fire.

Round the mossy walls crouched hollow eyed, patient squaws, sheltering wretched children, who gazed hungrily at the prodigal display before them, strange dishes of the white man.

Unmindful of the hungry sounds, Buckhurst busied himself at the stove while Thomas curiously examined the surroundings.

"Say, chief, how much you sell 'em?" said he, indicating a handsome white fox skin hanging on the low ridge pole. Instantly three of the listening women slipped out, returning at once with other skins, which they shyly handed to the white man.

"No sell 'em, money," answered the old man as spokesman. "Grub, 'at's all. Kow-kow peluk. You plenty grub. Squaws hungry. By and by babies die. No sell 'em, money. Grub, 'at's all."

"No. We ain't got any more grub than we want. I'll give you \$5 piece, though. See?" And, holding up five fingers, the white man made his meaning clear, meanwhile producing from his "poke" some bright new copper pennies.

After renewed entreaties for food rather than money, to which the other turned a deaf ear, the shining yellow coins were accepted.

"Ain't that easy?" Thomas croaked, with a wink to his partner. "That's not the first time I've worked off a new penny on an Eskimo for a five dollar gold piece."

As they voraciously fell to and cleaned up dish after dish a lonely little brown faced girl sidled cautiously forward and, standing unobserved behind them, eagerly watched the unfamiliar proceedings.

Buckhurst had placed a half eaten bread crust on the box edge, where it lay unheeded as he held a steaming plate of beans beneath his chin and dextrously shoveled them into his cavernous mouth.

A small dark hand stole out from the tucked parka and toward the crust, then slowly dropped. Hunger spoke again, and the slender fingers curled over the morsel.

Instantly Buckhurst flipped his knife end for end and, grasping the blade, brought the steel handle swiftly down upon the child's exposed knuckles with a crack that sent the little one scurrying to the shelter of her mother's arms.

"I'll teach you to steal!" he snarled.

Thomas, with food distended cheeks, exploded into wet and noisy laughter, sprinkling his traveling mate with masticated crumbs and a mist of coffee, while low murmurs circled the room.

His mirth was cut short by a gust of cold air as the tiny door swung back to admit a stooping figure which straightened up, showing the tall form and clean shaven features of a white man.

"How are you, gentlemen? Laughter sounds good after a month on the trail. I saw from the sled outside that there were strangers stopping here. All right, Matka," he called through the

door. "Unhook the dogs; we'll lie over till tomorrow."

"Where ye from?" questioned Buckhurst, as the newcomer stamped the snow from his beaded "mukluks" and wriggled out from his parka.

"That's where we're going," said Thomas, as he gathered up the dishes. "We're from St. Michaels."

As Captain thawed his stiffened fingers at the puny stove while they questioned him, he tried to recall an instance when a hearty invitation to eat had not followed the first rough greeting between white men on the trail. He had not tasted food for two days, and his greedy eyes sought the grub box with its wealth of food.

"There was a beef emptied pail of brown beans lazily steaming beside the stove, and in the frying pan were strips of crisp bacon sputter in hot grease. There was a long loaf of bread, real bread, too, made with yeast and free from dyspeptic baking powder. The ample coffeepot was nearly full, and there was a can of golden butter!"

The young man's stomach had rebelled at its greasy fare of seal oil and flour two days before, and now this lavish sight nearly dragged him from his stand beside the fire. But as if in mockery the dishes were rapidly disappearing into the box as Thomas pursued his work.

Captain heard the surly tones of Buckhurst. "This thieving bunch of savages think they're starving. I caught one brat stealing our grub just now. Guess she'll nurse them knuckles for a spell."

Captain followed his gesture to behold a sobbing bundle of furs caressing a tiny swollen fist.

"Yes, and I come up with 'em too!" chuckled Thomas. "See them fox skins? Only cost me four new pennies."

Matka entered at this moment from his care of the dogs and, with native words of greeting to his kindred, squatted on his haunches by the fire, then with furtive face stared curiously at the vanishing food.

Captain cleared his throat. He had never asked for favors, and he was loath to begin. Evidently these thoughtless men had overlooked the fact that he might be hungry.

"We had an accident down the coast," he began. "Matka upset my sled in an ice crevice and lost all the outfit. Fortunately we saved a little flour and some seal oil that I brought along for dog feed. We've traveled 300 miles on that diet. Ugh! Every tray seal oil flapjacks? The Indians can go it all right, but it's past me. I went the limit day before yesterday when I tried three times to keep it down. Then I had to quit—elevator service too prompt." He laughed pleasantly.

Thomas, as dishwasher, clattered noisily, and Buckhurst, propped up against the wall, puffed silently at his pipe.

"What did ye do to the savage?" the latter finally said.

"Humph, I know what I'd a done," sniffed his partner. "I'd a throwa his carcass in after the grub."

Captain paused for a moment.

"If it ain't asking too much," he said, "I'd like to buy enough grub to last me and my boy to Faro mountain. I'm simply famishing."

There was no laughter in his voice now.

Thomas went to the door and flung the dishwasher viciously over a shivering dog crouched in the entrance. The bubbling of nicotine in Buckhurst's pipe sounded plainly in the silent cabin.

Finally the former closed the door, coughed uneasily and glancing at his companion for support said, "We ain't got any more grub than we want."

"Yes!" echoed Buckhurst. "We've hauled this food clear from St. Michaels, and we need all of it ourselves. Seems to me if you made it this far you can last through to Faro."

A strangely gentle mood seemed to settle over the hungry newcomer. He smiled a frank, ingenuous smile, while his voice took on a tone as soft as that of the mother who still quitted at her weeping child in the corner behind him.

Matka rose from behind the stove and spoke to the natives in their own tongue.

"Listen! He makes talk like a woman! Soon you will see strange things."

"Gentlemen," said Captain, "you don't seem to realize what it is to hit the trail on an empty stomach. I haven't eaten for two days, and this cold bites hard. Name your price. You can get more grub at Faro, and—"

"No! I don't know what it is to go hungry, and I don't intend to learn," roughly interjected Buckhurst, emboldened by the stranger's apparent timidity.

Then he paused abruptly.

Captain had gently drawn a big six shooter from somewhere, and it lay carelessly in his hand with hammer curled like the head of a striking adder.

To the speaker's widening eyes the weapon was fore-shorted until it appeared as merely a horrid black hole full of leaden death. Pipe in hand, he rose stiffly, his back to the wall.

With a sharp gasp of incredulity Thomas shoved his hands roofward until his heels left the floor. In one fist glistened the wet frying pan, while from the other the dlishrag dripped greasy water down his neck.

"Fortunately I am not a quick tempered man," purred the stranger. "But don't try any quick movements. This gun has an easy trigger, and I was born with the gift of marksmanship. For instance, your pipe is going!" His last words were drowned in the roar of a discharge.

Buckhurst found his voice at last. "Ye ain't going to hold us up, are ye? Matka! This is plain robbery."

"If you'd said you were so all-fired hungry we'd 'a' let you have some grub," whimpered Thomas. "You wouldn't take half of all we've got. Just take what you need to get to Faro, and we won't say anything about price."

"Oh, I don't intend to take more than enough to last me through," said Captain, then at the double sigh of relief: "I'll give the rest to these friends of yours. Thanks for the suggestion about price. We'll say nothing about it. Matka, tell the squaws to hitch up those dogs. These men are going to leave in a few minutes."



"Hands up! Now, Matka, divide that grub. Half and half, you savvy?"

The guide, kneeling beside the box, rapidly divided the provisions. He took the beans he scooped into a wooden bowl; the bacon slab he bisected with one stroke of his knife; a ham fared likewise. With a can in hand, like a chemist with his beaker, he impartially poured out half the precious sugar, returning a few pinches to the traveler's cup to restore the balance. He weighed it like gold dust. When he had finished with each article he licked his fingers clean for the next.

"Now get into your clothes," commanded Captain, whose ill humor had largely vanished at the sight of Matka in the role of the blind Goddess of the Scales.

"You'd better leave those skins here too. If you think you're going to be short of grub," he added, "I'll give you some seal oil which I can recommend. Really I'd like to have you try."

"It's your turn now," growled Buckhurst, glaring vindictively at him, "but if I don't get ye someday I hope I rot."

The sled shot down the bank to the dim trail, which wound like a thread along the gleaming coast, and without a look behind at the row of curious faces the partners plunged into the silent cold.

"I say again we must maintain law and order during the early growth of our camp if we wish it to bud and burst into the full bloom of a city as its riches develop."

The governor paused and gazed absently at the bearded population of Faro Mountain, which in fur and mackinaw had assembled at the Northern saloon. He dearly loved to hear his own eloquence. He concluded that these strangers, whose statements you have heard, hinted at a laudable desire to share in the wealth which lurks in the hills about us, have been robbed of that which is more precious in this desolate country than gold—their food—robbed at our very doors, too, by a desperado who will