

The Vengeance Of Big George

By REX BEACH.

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It was a busy night at the Monte Carlo. Over the fur capped heads along the bar, above the whir and click of wheel and check, sounded the strains of an orchestra, sustaining with ragged syncopation a shrill female voice which sang, too distinctly despite the distance, of a Zulu maid and a coconut tree.

The dance hall sounds were frequently drowned in the merriment of the great saloon, only to recur, palpitating and insistent, a musical bedrock beneath the life and laughter.

The mirrors of Kid Riley's \$10,000 bar fixtures reflected a shifting throng of mackinawed miners, eager, hardy, good humored, and they reflected also the row of games opposite, each hidden by its cluster of devotees.

The buzz and rattle of the roulette claimed a nervous eric also, while a craning mob stretched over shoulder for a glance at the faro layout. This was the big game of the evening, the only silent spot in all the rush. Here was grim quiet. "Goldie" had opened a "flier" for the edification and retrogression of a Dawson gambler, and the stakes were appalling. Men stood on stools and hung over the sphinx in the lookout chair for a glimpse of the table and the two tense players.

A glittering, stirring sight it was, that set the blood a-gallop with the aggressive vigor of the frontier, and a welcome sight, thought Big George as he pushed in out of the sharp 30-below night.

For a long year he had seen none of it. Straight from the arctic he had come, his dogs still warm from the last sixty mile drive.

"I want Kid Riley," bellowed George to the busy waitresses; then, spying a waiter scudding past, he stretched out his arm and ended the meteoric flight amid much spilling of mixed drinks.

"He's up in one of the front boxes," said the waiter, regretfully eyeing his tray, and George plowed back toward the music, leaving an eddy in his wake.

He went up the stairs to the theater gallery and around behind curtained boxes, whence came much laughter.

"Hello, George," said Riley evenly as the big man drew into his presence, setting on and over the edges of a chair. "Where from?"

"Candle City," said the other. "I been lookin' for you, Kid."

"What'll you drink?"

"Nothin'. There ain't enough people on the streets to hold me if I get drunk. It's a small town you have here."

Riley is peevish only in the matter of speech, so George continued:

"You remember Peter McDonald? Well, he's struck it rich, and he's been took down with matter-mony-look bad. He didn't want to leave his ground, so he sent me down to get him a wife. He offered \$500 to anybody that'd produce the goods. I believe in givin' the public what it wants, so I got an Injun boy to break trail, cook dog feed and be a shabby-roan on the way back and come down after the exhibit."

"Are you a-going to follow your own aesthetic instincts, or did Pete give you some specifications and landmarks to go by?" inquired Riley.

"Sure he did." George's big brown face wrinkled with worry. "That's the trouble. I've lost 'em. Pete ain't the kind to nail his location notice on to the first vacant property he finds. He's got ideas. I've lost the bill of particulars, Kid, but I figured you'd know who the lady is."

"I guess it's the Gazelle," said Riley after consideration. "I never see him makin' up to anybody else round here. They had a regular hydrophobia last summer. That's her now." The proprietor indicated the stage where, ushered by a sobbing burst of minors, a Gargantuan blond appeared and sang achingly relative to a "fatal note that Jack had wrote."

Her voice was as full of knots as curly maple and of that piercing, planing mill quality that strokes the fur upward and bores into the ganglia.

"Say, there's a mistake here," said George. "This McDonald ain't lost his files. I'd rather freight a tubular boiler. What's that name 'Gazelle' mean—female for gazabo?"

Riley leaned out of the box and in the midst of the song cried:

"Come up here, now, when you get that out of your system. Want to see you."

The lady appeared soon, masculine and hard featured, and in response to the first question regarding McDonald displayed such unmistakable emotion that George sighed thankfully. Then, at the news of her fiancé's good fortune and resultant matrimonial yearnings, she fairly overwhelmed the messenger. With naive abandon she flung herself at him, a grease painted, rice powdered landlady, but George skillfully kicked a chair in her way and backed to a corner. Considering his year's absence, he displayed remarkable aptitude in the civilities of refined society.

"Say, we'd better start back before the clear spell breaks. It's liable to storm," said he. "When can you get ready?"

"Pretty quick. All I want is my trunk and a couple of valises and a telescope and—"

"What?" yelled George. Rising amid upsetting furniture, while Riley's dark face split into a libidinous grin, the sign of ungovernable mirth.

"Trunks and val— D'you reckon I'm runnin' a local freight? I've got six dogs and it's 300 miles through deep snow to Candle City. We've got to haul grub and a camp outfit and sleepin' bags and dog feed and lots of other things. Great Lord! Trunks! You'll take a change of footgear and maybe a toothbrush if you cut off the handle, but that's the limit. Weight counts in this deal."

Then the lady arose with eyes that sparkled like a battery, while the wait-

er cringed and pricked under her gaze. "Oh! Indeed! I won't, eh? Ain't you paid to take me to Candle creek? Didn't my lover give you \$500? Well, I'm going and I'm going right—see? I ain't leaving all my stuff here to be stole. Not much! It's going with me, every bit." She seemed about to impale George on a huge finger when Riley pulled her by the sleeve and said quietly:

"Have a little sense, Maggie. You can't take no trouso out on the trail. If you like that McDonald guy good



With Naive Abandon She Flung Herself at Him.

enough to hot foot it over there, all right. George'll haul your blankets and grub and help you through. If you don't, just stick to your twelve a week and percentage."

"Well, I'll go as light as I can," said the wrathful gazelle, "but I've got to have a few clothes if I'm going to be married." Then as Riley withdrew she cornered George.

"Say, this ain't no kid about Pete making a strike, is it? How much do you think he's got?"

"Old Mrs. Nature's a good bookkeeper, ain't she?" George observed to Riley a little later. "A feller never gets somethin' for nothin'. Now, there's Pete. He makes a strike, then draws this here 'gazelle' for an antidote."

"Reminds me of early days at Forty Mile," said the other. "durin' the female drought, before the stampeede. There wasn't a white woman in camp—never had been. One spring right after the cleanup all the boys was at the post waitin' for the first steamer, and eatin' cornmeal sacks, gum boots, socks and various similar nutriments, when a skiff drifts round the upper point—comin' like a mill race. By 'n by they see a man and two real women in it—palefaces. 'Whitewater' Kelly runs down and jumps into his canoe and paddles out yellin' fit to bust. When he gets in ballin' distance he shouts:

"Hello, out there! Is either one of them parties single?"

"The man yells back: 'Yes, one of 'em'."

"Well, bring her ashore," says he; 'I want to marry her.'"

"Seems to me McDonald is takin' longer chances than Whitewater did."

It is said in the north that to know a man you must eat a sack of flour with him. That is true. Having done so, a week on the winter trail will show black depths, raw, ugly cankers in his disposition that nothing else could, barring always the travail of the whip-saw. Trail life reveals men as they are—not a pleasant sight at best, these glimpses of naked souls. The hardened "musher," goaded by the annoyances of travel, must grip his temper with firm hands, for when fatigue clutches and the cold weighs like a crushing, hungry thing, when spent from snowshoes and irritated by the snapping team, wet with sweat that freezes in the night air and beset by cold and hunger it is then that crimes are born. The querulous word, the insult, the blind fury—then regrets and dissolutions of partnership.

Joe Silcock knew all this for he was an old timer and had built a road-house where travelers gladly yielded to extortion rather than face the rigors of a night camp. It was a good stand, sixty miles from town, in a windy canyon, one day's drive for stamperders, two for freighters.

As he chopped his night's wood he heard far up stream the sound of a voice, shrill and clear on the still, sharp air; also the shriek of steel runners on dry snow.

"I'll bet it's tough sleddin' today," he thought. "Must be like pullin' through loose sand. Hear 'em grit." As the cavalcade approached he whistled wonderingly.

"Sounds like a woman—and a plumb corner one, too, from the way she keeps jawin'."

"I won't do it. I won't walk a step. I'm tired, and I'll ride all I want to," came the voice, and rounding the point above Silcock described a bundled figure perched on a vastly overloaded sled, while a squatty looking man pushed behind, aiding a weary dog team. An Indian boy labored listlessly, urging the animals with native talk.

"Talk about patience—that man's got old Job looking like a teethin' baby! Lord! Idea of anybody ridin' in this cold weather—an empty sled would stick to the snow! Guess they must be man and wife. If I was him I'd make it man and corpse."

When they pulled up before the dug-out the woman fed inside, while the man moved wearily up to unlatch the dogs where they lay exhausted in their harness.

The Joe recognized his visitor.

"Hello, George! Been married?"

George snorted so fiercely as to rattle the icicles on his whiskered lip, and the other saw his hair and clothes were matted and frozen with the sweat of heavy labor. He returned a pair of amoldering, raging eyes upon the questioner and spoke, while his voice broke with the symptoms of lung disease.

"If you have leavin's towards peace get inside quick and make slyce. I'm liable to go bang in a minute and decorate the landscape with riots and slaughter."

"Who is she?" questioned Joe, safe in the knowledge of old friendship.

"She's a composite of all the daffy qualities of the daffy sex—by nam: Maggie Lananah, the Gazelle, occupation bride and supercargo."

"How'd you happen to get her—win a raffle or have her wished on to you?"

"I'm nothin' but a rural delivery. Look at that load!" George cried, his rage rising again. "Stage properties to stock a theater. I've reasoned and pleaded and swore, but no ballast will she bence. She just does a leap for life at the sled and sticks there all

to get even on Pete McDonald for that fake stampeede he sent me in '06. Oh, no! I'll take her through."

One week later a team dragged into the Goose creek roadhouse. The dogs were sore footed and whining, while some limped behind, nursing bloody pads torn from the flinty trail. An apathetic Indian and a silent, sweating, white man aided them, pulling a bulging sledge, whereon sat a swaddled, gurgulous woman of healthy dimensions reading the wintry silence with snatches of acrimony.

Knutte Sorenson, the proprietor, grinned upon recognizing the man and to George's early statement that ten days had been spent in the coming laughed largely. Most teams made the trip in half that time. George turned on him like a beast, his voice hoarse with the passion of an endless fortnight, and seizing the gangling Scandinavian, shook him until he howled in fright; then, hurling him into the soft snow, raged hungrily around him.

"Say somethin', ye long legged pup! Do somethin' quick so I can mangle ye and champ the pieces. Insult me—please do!"

The lady huddled upon the sled and wept miserably.

"Oh, you brute! You big savage! You ignorant beast! Why did I ever come with you? I'm frightened." And she hurried into the shack, pursued by the snow covered proprietor.

"Whew!" said George, breathing the raw air deeply. "Beats all how a little violence helps. 'Feel better already, and if I had a little action every day I'd make it through all right.'"

Then his frostbitten face cracked in an evil grin, and he seemed mentally to taste a cherished morsel.

"It's took me five long years to git somethin' good enough for Pete Mc-

Donald, and it's worth the trouble."

McDonald was up creek, they said as George's weary team pulled into Candle City, twenty days out of Nome. So the bride to be was hustled to shelter by the trader's wife, news spreading that the female population of the camp had doubled.

"What's her blemishes?" inquired Big Mit, the fat dealer.

(To Be Continued)

Lye as a Cleanser.

Pulverized lye can be bought in cans with perforated tops. It is so useful in the household that no housekeeper can afford to be without it. If put into the sink, it keeps the drain clean, the lye uniting with grease and making a soap. It is invaluable for removing grease and stains from pots, pans and kettles, and especially the garbage pail, which should by all means be kept clean. A long-handled dish mop should be kept on hand to be used when cleaning with lye, as it is exceedingly injurious to the hands.

There Might Have Been.

A Boston minister who always preaches to large congregations made sanctimonious, psalm singing, professed Christians who have no real religion in their make-up a target for his wit. A little boy who heard him remarked after he returned home from the morning service: "Mother, I shouldn't have thought Doctor Blank would have spoken that way about Christians this morning. There might have been some of them in church."

Exchange.

Accidentally I found the chemist's method of dealing with the rat. His shop was—one presumes—full enough of poison to send the whole street to the cemetery. But he pinned his faith to a small animal, which was taking a siesta on the best chair. A mongoose, he explained, as he carefully stroked its tail. Now how many mongooses (if that is the plural) are required to deal with how many rats? And where do you get a mongoose, and what do you feed him on—if he wants anything but rats?—London Chronicle.

China's Population.

About 65 per cent of the population of China is confined to one-third of the area of the country, with a density of 200 to the square mile. Five per cent of the population inhabits 65 per cent of the area, with a density of ten to the square mile. Lack of transportation facilities and inadequate means of protection account for the sparseness of settlement in the outlying dependencies.

Wisdom Cannot Always Save.

Superior wisdom doesn't save a man. A weather prophet catches cold as often as anybody else.

Here's Your Chance Learn Autos.

Four weeks spent here in class and laboratory work, getting expert, practical knowledge of auto motors and mechanism—free garage experience later—fits you for good job. Costless test month's wages after you are an expert. Book free. ALLEN AUTO SCHOOL, 206 Forest Ave., Des Moines.

RAND McNALLY & CO.

MAKERS OF MAPS FOR ALL THE WORLD CHICAGO NEW YORK

Trippitan Exports.

A fifth of the export trade of Tripoli is in sponges and a third in esparto grass, a wiry desert product which is sent in large quantities to England, where it is used in papermaking.

SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER

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Entertained En Masse

Dear Boss—

Met a dandy girl yesterday—discovered after I had called the whole family are very chummy and certain in Masse. I suggested to friend girl that she get for Daddy to take our pictures—here and mine—but her mother thought her daughter better snap it. I am enclosing the snap—don't just think her father—We went to a dance last night and Mother leaned on me for most of the program—don't get up at 4 A.M. tomorrow morning and meet some relatives of hers on the early boat—bring them up here in my car to save a livery bill—also am invited to fill out a hand of auction and take her mother fishing—hope you know I'm not a home wrecker—so am going to pull out before she learns to think too much of me—of course I know that I was born with a certain amount of magnetism and personal charm—but it works in most unexpected quarters—of that unquestionably—this is the life—yours Scoop

LET'S SIT THIS ONE OUT!

Classified Advertisements

One Cent Per word For Each Insertion—No Ad. Received For Less Than 15 Cents.

WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

WANTED—

[When an advertisement does not give the advertiser's name write a letter addressed as directed in the ad and leave it at the newspaper office, where the advertiser will get it. The advertiser cannot give the name of the advertiser without the advertiser's consent. All advertisements for this column must be in the office at 12 o'clock on date of publication to insure classification.]

WANTED—

Your old carpets to make over in handsome rugs. We also clean all kinds of rugs at a reasonable price. Phone 1652. Iowa Rug Works, 311 East Nevada street.

WANTED—

Cement work of all kinds, brick laying. Phone 1059 red; 410 Washington street.

WANTED—

Diamond stud or ring, not less than karat. Address Box 75, city.

WANTED—

Several extra good fresh cows. Charles Lox.

WANTED—

Fresh cow. N. G. Rinden, 507 North Center street. Phone 1578.

WANTED—

Old feather beds. Highest prices paid. Drop us a card. Will call. 205 North Fifth avenue. City.

WANTED—

To haul rubbish and garbage. Phone 801 green.

WANTED—

Housemoving. H. S. Miller, 303 Park street.

WANTED—

Every one to know that the services of the visiting nurse association, are so he had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Clara Britt, 11 South Fourth street, phone 885.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Wanted—Men to work on ice wagons. Best of wages. Marshall Ice Company.

Wanted—Twenty-five laborers. John Jacobson, contractor.

Wanted—Skilled and unskilled men to work in our munitions department; good machine men can earn 40 to 50 cents per hour. Report ready for work at office. Hart-Parr Company, Charles City, Iowa.

Wanted—Men and women; government jobs; vacancies constantly; \$75 month. Write for list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, department 106 R, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Wanted—Dishwasher. Pure Food Lunch, 107 East Main street.

Wanted—Carpenters and lathers. T. G. Sibley, Melbourne, Iowa.

Wanted—Girl to wash white dishes and do chambermaid work. \$22.50 per month board and room. Hotel Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Iowa.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Mrs. George Ebert, 511 East Linn street, phone 66.

Wanted—Experienced housekeeper. Phone 170.

Wanted—Ladies and girls to do work home evenings. Work to apply as payments on piano or player. Write the Mason-Wheeler Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Wanted—Competent middle aged lady for farm housework; must be neat and of good character. Steady work and good pay for right person. Address F-28, care Times-Republican.

SITUATION WANTED

Wanted—Position as housekeeper for widow lady with girl 8 years old. Phone 1428.

AGENTS WANTED

Wanted—Agents in every town, reliable men to distribute circulars, samples, papers, tack signs, etc.; good pay; no canvassing; inclose stamp. Charles L. Sims, Rosebank, N. Y.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

For Sale—Talking machine and Singer sewing machine. Inquire 10 South Third avenue.

For Sale—Billiard tables, new, corner and pocket, with complete outfit, \$125, second-hand tables at reduced prices; bowling alley supplies; easy payments. Cigar store, drug, delicatessen and soda fountain fixtures. The Brunswick-Balke Colden Company, 113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale—Twin cylinder Excelsior motorcycle; just overhauled. Call at 203 1/2 South First street after 5 p. m.

For Sale—Caloric double fireless cooker. Phone 186. Cheap if taken at once.

For Sale—Seventy-five bushels of corn. E. M. Dick, 1710 West Main. Phone red 895.

For Sale or Trade—One Missouri hay press, five horse engine, in running order. Address E. E. Stevenson, Albion, Iowa. Rural 13.

For Sale—One gas laundry stove, lawn mower, garden hose, rake, hoe, shovel, etc. Phone 1503, or call between 8-10 and 8 this evening, a Denneke boulevard.

For Sale—A new \$400 piano. Evans model, \$290. 203 1/2 West Main street, city.

For Sale—Emerson piano. Igerna M. Getz, 312 West Church street. Phone 821.

For Sale—Steel safe, 38x42x56 inches. Gregory Coal, Coke and Lime Company.

For Sale—Gaar-Scott thresher, 38-60, good as new. Avery engine, twenty horse power, tank and wagon, all in good shape. Call on O. L. Yelley, Green Mountain, Iowa.

For Sale—Household goods and Edison graphophone; 211 South First street, or phone 1855.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

As I am leaving the city I will sell all my household goods at auction on premises, 412 West Nevada street, Friday, Aug. 4, 1916, beginning at 2 o'clock sharp. As follows: Three large rugs, small rugs, carpets, new linoleum, dressers, commodes, sideboard, couch, rockers, sewing machine, beds, springs, mattresses child's bed stands cupboard, dining table and chairs, washer, wringer, clothes basket, fruit jars, bedding, pillows, quilts, comforters, blankets, sheets table linens, three-hole oil stove, heater, Buck range stove, kitchen table, curtains, portiers, dishes, cooking utensils, and many other articles. My house is for rent. S. A. Lindgren, owner; Col. Kendall, auctioneer, and George Pitcher, clerk.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY

For Sale—Dandy new up-to-date seven-room bungalow, \$3,000. Modern five-room on paved street. Good barn, large lot. O. K. for retired farmer. \$7,000. Why pay rent? Fred W. Carl.