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mains a large unexplained balance. This must be credited to the lavish expenditure which has now grown to be a national trait.
 "Waste, idleness and rising wages, all interrelated to one another, now as cause; now as effect, are, next to an overissue of irredeemable paper, the three most powerful forces in the world to raise prices."
 "Perhaps the greatest factor of all in the price problem is the wage rate. Everybody knows that labor cost is the principal item in all forms of industry. The wage rate has been rising steadily in this country. Powerful forces are back of this movement. It has public sympathy. To resist it is difficult and may be dangerous. As cost of production is chiefly labor cost, the price of the finished article must go up if the price of labor is raised."
 "Mr. Hill's utterances have come to demand attention because he seems to follow the practice of speaking publicly only when he has something to say. He was advocating a "back to the farm" movement before the general public realized the danger that the demand for produce of the farm was threatening to outgrow the supply. It is easy to give Mr. Hill credit for great far-sightedness even if one does not agree with all of the conclusions he reaches."

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.
 Another step forward in the aggressive campaign for a greater Ottumwa was made when the leading men in Ottumwa's business and industrial life gave their unanimous approval to the plan for organizing a \$100,000 corporation, whose purpose will be to bring industries to Ottumwa and to assist industries already located in the city. The matter has been put before the board of directors of the Commercial association and the corporation will be organized along the lines suggested at last night's meeting.
 It is the plan to organize what is to be known as the Ottumwa Industrial company, the stock of which is to be divided into 1,000 shares of \$100 each. The object of the corporation is set forth in a resolution adopted by the industrial fund committee as being "to encourage the establishing of factories and industries already established in Ottumwa, either with loans for which securities shall be given, to be approved by the board of directors, or by buying stocks and bonds in companies located in Ottumwa." It is provided that not more than 10 per cent of the total authorized stock will be used in aiding any one company, unless a larger amount should be recommended by the entire board of directors.
 This plan has been tried in other progressive cities with great success as a factor in the upbuilding of these cities. It has been found, too, that in addition to materially aiding the cities by giving financial aid to their manufacturing and bringing in new industries that employ labor, the investment has paid a reasonable profit to the stockholders.
 The fact that Ottumwa has decided to launch such a movement is additional proof that this city is foremost in the march of progress and is taking advantage of every opportunity to upbuild the city.

It is understood the city council will provide some means for disposing of the garbage this year under city supervision. This is right. There was great confusion last summer when the city withdrew its garbage collectors and the result was that but little garbage was removed. The citizens when left to look out for this matter for themselves found that they could not find parties who were prepared to take care of their garbage. The majority of the citizens, no doubt, would have been perfectly willing to pay for having the garbage removed if approached by private contractors who were prepared to take care of it for them, but the private contractors did not put in an appearance. This is something that can only be done under city supervision. No matter what the regulations are as to the disposal to be made of garbage, they cannot be enforced unless the city takes supervision in this matter and provides a way for living up to the regulations.
 The house of representatives celebrated St. Patrick's day in spectacular style. They seem to be carrying over the celebration, too, to the next day.

A glance at the Chicago papers today would give the impression that the editorial writers on these papers have not properly interpreted the sentiment of their community in some of their recent statements regarding the distrust felt as to Taft. The president was given as hearty a reception as was ever accorded a visitor in Chicago, if reliance can be placed upon the news columns of the Chicago papers today.
 The official reporters in their notes of yesterday's proceedings in the national house took down 146,000 words. It is not recorded, however, that this bunch of words accomplished any deeds.
 Speaking to a sporting writer on St. Patrick's day, President Taft referred to Hans Wagner as a great ball player. A St. Louis paper wonders why under the circumstances the president couldn't have thought of the Donlins, the O'Connors or the Bresnahan's.
 A few more experiences like that just undergone by the former Anna Gould will make titled marriages exceedingly unpopular. Not only was Anna compelled to spend a fortune keeping Count Boni before she forsok him for the Prince de Sagan, but now a French count has ruled the matter keep Boni's parents during their lifetime.
 The question used to be: "What is a Democrat?" Now it seems to be: "What is a Republican?"
 A Chicago hog buyer says there is no money in the \$10 hog, because if the animal dies while being shipped to Chicago the loss is so great that it knocks out the profit made on a big

consignment. The remedy, then, is to build up the independent Iowa packing houses. The loss in transit will be avoided if the hogs are carried in by wagon to the home packer.
 The most successful revenge any husband has ever been able to work on the man who was trying to steal his wife was to let him have her, according to the view of the Denver Republican.
 The shortcake season will soon be with us and then life will be altogether satisfying.

PEOPLE'S PULPIT
 The Courier Will Publish Signed or Unsigned Expressions From Its Readers Upon Receipt; Name of Writer Must Be Known to the Publisher, However.
"THE CELLULAR COSMOGONY."
 Editor Courier:
 Another knight has entered the lists, issued his deft, and sallied forth with the avowed intention of hounding my palfrey as an incidental diversion. Upon perusing the article in the "People's Pulpit" under date of March 14, I saw at a glance that it was true, because I had read most of it long ago in "The Cellular Cosmogony," by Koresch, "The Second Elijah," and Prof. Morrow.
 Though recognizing it as true, for the reason just mentioned, careful reading suggested certain difficulties to my mind and being ever desirous of adding to my meagre stock of knowledge, noting that my preceptor appears to be thoroughly conversant with these subjects and being more or less afflicted with carotid scribbled, I determined to confess my inability to solve them, and await enlightenment.
 It is evident to me that all my life I have been accepting as true certain false premises. For instance, I supposed that when the Bible (Rom. 5-12) said, "As by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death, and so death passed unto all men, in whom all have sinned," I supposed that "all" meant all, and that it affirmed the unity of the race, and pointed to a common origin of all men. I was confirmed in this view by the fact that before Peyrere, in 1655, advanced the theory of the existence of Pre-Adamites, the towering geniuses, the most penetrating intellects in Christendom, had uniformly held this view, and it is held today.
 If, after studying the lucid explanation my friend will undoubtedly give, I am unable to see otherwise, I shall attribute it to intellectual staphylococci. Why the modern theologian remains in the dark on these questions when he could pay 50 cents for the "The Cellular Cosmogony," and "come out of it," I am unable to say.
 I find myself unable to believe that "the scientists all know" that the experiment with Prof. Morrow's rectilinear demonstrator the Cellular Cosmogony, and yet hypocritically continue teaching the Copernican system.
 Suppose two observers stationed at different points on (or if you prefer, in) the earth. Let them focus their instruments on the same planet. With the angle recorded, knowing their distance apart, and comparing data, does the gentleman mean to say that they would be unable to determine whether the planet is "less than a thousand," or whether it is millions of miles away?
 "This earth—has existed from all eternity."
 Then I must be suffering from either mental strabismus or intellectual myopia. Please point out the fallacy in the following, and I will ask that groundless assumptions be eliminated from the exposition:
 "That which is eternal is infinite. It must be infinite, because, if eternal, it can have nothing to limit it. But that which is infinite must be infinite in every way. If limited in any way, it would not be infinite."
 "Now, matter is limited. It is composed of parts and composition is limitation. It is subject to change, and change involves limitation. Change supposes succession, and there can be no succession without a beginning, and, therefore, limitation. Matter is limited, and, therefore, finite; and if finite in anything, finite in everything, therefore finite in time, and, therefore, not eternal."
 "The idea of an eternal, self-existent being, is incompatible, in every point of view, with our idea of matter. The former is essentially simple, unchangeable, impassible, and one. The latter is composite, changeable, passible and multiple. To assert that matter is eternal, is to assert that all these antagonistic attributes are identical."
 I await with curious interest the flood of garish light which is to dispel the stygian gloom and illumine the darkened recesses of my troubled mind.
 "Senex."

No Increase for Threshing.
 Editor Courier:
 I see in your paper of March 10 that the threshers of the state in convention at Des Moines on March 8, 9 and 10, had raised the price of threshing 50 per cent. We as delegates of said convention wish you to rectify same as such is not the case and we as operators of threshers know that such statement will injure our business. There was no price set for threshing in said convention.
 Lee Jones and H. F. Wiand, Blakesburg, Ia.
Gas Co. Must Give Service.
 Boone, March 19.—The case of Phelon against the Boone Gas company was decided in the supreme court favorable to Phelon. The gas company refused to furnish him gas, he tapped mains himself, then the company refused to put in the meter and had Phelon arrested. The lower court held that the company had to furnish gas and the company appealed. The supreme court holds that the company must furnish the commodity upon the demand of any resident of the city.

CHAPTER VIII (continued.)
 He reached her in time, his strong arms grasping the frail, bent figure as it sank to the floor. As he lifted her bodily from her feet, intent upon carrying her to the open air, her bony fingers sank into his arm with the grip of death, and—could he believe his ears!—a low, mocking laugh came from her lips.
 Down where the pebbly house yard merged into the mossy banks Mr. Hobbs sat tight, still staring with gloomy eyes at the dark little hut up the glen. A quarter of an hour had passed since King disappeared through the doorway. Mr. Hobbs was getting nervous.
 The shiftless, lanky goose herd came forth in time and lazily drove his scattered flock off into the lower glen.
 Presently Hobbs caught sight of a thin stream of smoke, rather black than blue, arising from the little chimney at the rear of the cabin. His eyes flew very wide open; his heart experienced a sudden throbbing moment; his mind leaped backward to the unexplained smoke mystery of the day before. It was on the end of his tongue to cry out to his unseen patron, to urge him to leave the witch to her devilry and come along home, when the old woman herself appeared in the doorway—alone.
 She sat down upon the doorstep, puffing away at a long pipe, her hooded face almost invisible from the distance which he resolutely held. She was no more than a black, inanimate heap of rags piled against the door jamb.
 Hobbs let out a shout. The old woman arose and hobbled toward him, leaning upon a great cane.
 "Where's Mr. King?" called out Hobbs.
 Her arm was raised, a bony finger pointing to the treetsops above her hovel.
 "He's gone. Didn't you see him? He went off among the treetsops. You won't see him again." She waited a moment and then went on in most ingratiating tones: "Would you care to come into my house? I can show you the road he took. You—"
 But Mr. Hobbs, his hair on end, had dropped the reins of King's horse and was putting boot to his own beast, whirling frantically into the path that led away from the hated, damned spot. Down the road he crashed, pursued by witches whose persistence put to shame the efforts of those famed ladies of Tam o' Shanter in the long ago. If he had looked over his shoulder he might have discovered that he was followed by a riderless horse, nothing more.
 But a riderless horse is a grewsome thing sometimes.

CHAPTER IX.
STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES.
 B. Hobbs halted his mad flight. He decided to return to the hut. His friend might be in desperate need of aid.
 Then, with his heart in his mouth, he slowly began to retrace his steps, walking where he had galloped a moment before. A turn in the road caused him to draw rein sharply. A hundred yards ahead five or six men were struggling with a riderless bay horse.
 "By Jove!" ejaculated Hobbs. "It's his horse!"
 As he drew nearer it struck him forcibly that the men were not what he had thought them to be. They were an evil looking lot, more like the strikers he had seen in the town earlier in the day. Even as he was turning the new thought over in his mind one of them stepped out of the little knot and, without a word of warning, lifted his arm and fired point blank at the little Englishman. A pistol ball whizzed close by his head. His horse leaped to the side of the road in terror, almost upsetting him.
 But Hobbs had fighting blood in his veins. What is more to the point, he had a Mauser revolver in his pocket. He jerked it out and, despite a second shot from the picket, prepared to ride down upon the party. An instant later half a dozen revolvers were blazing away at him. Hobbs turned at once and rode in the opposite direction, whirling to fire twice at the unfriendly group. Soon he was out of range. The only thing left for him to do was to ride at once to the city and give the alarm.
 Suddenly his horse swerved and leaped furiously out of stride, stumbling, but recovering himself almost instantaneously. In the same second he heard the sharp crack of a firearm far down the unbroken ravine to his left. A second shot came, this time from the right and close at hand. His horse was staggering, swaying; then down he crashed, Hobbs swinging clear barely in time to escape being plucked to the ground. A stream of blood was pouring from the side of the poor beast. Aghast at this unheard of wantonness, the little interpreter knew not which way to turn, but stood there dazed until a third shot brought him to his senses. The bullet kicked up the dust near his feet. He scrambled for the heavy underbrush at the roadside and darted off into the roadside, his revolver in his hand, his heart palpitating like mad. Time and again as he fled through the dark thickets he heard the hoarse shouts of men in the distance.

TRUXTON KING

A Story of Graustark

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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At 10 o'clock the next morning Colonel Quinnox and a company of soldiers, riding up from the city gates toward the north in response to a call for help from honest headers who reported attacks and robberies of an alarming nature, came upon the stiff, footsore, thorn scratched Mr. Hobbs not far from the walls of the town. The colonel was not long in grasping the substance of Hobbs' revelations. He rode off at once for the witch's hovel, sending Hobbs with a small, instructed escort to the castle, where Baron Dangloss was in consultation with Mr. Tullis and certain ministers.
 The city was peaceful enough, much to the surprise of Hobbs. No disturbance had been reported, said the guardsmen who rode beside him. Up in the hills there had been some depredations, but that was all.
 "All?" groaned Mr. Hobbs. "All? Hang it all, man, wot do you call all? You haven't heard 'alf of it yet. I tell you, there's been the devil to pay. Wait till the colonel comes back from Ganlook gap. He'll have news for you; take it from me, he will. That poor chap 'as gone up in smoke as sure as my name 's Hobbs."
 They met Baron Dangloss near the barracks, across the park from the castle. He was in close, earnest conversation with John Tullis and Count Halfont, both of whom seemed laboring under intense excitement.
 The arrival of Hobbs, a pitiful but heroic object, at once arrested the attention of every one. His story was heard by a most distinguished audience.
 "There is nothing supernatural about King's disappearance," said Tullis sharply. "That's all nonsense. He had money about him, and it perhaps turns out that there really was a man at the crack in the door, a clever brigand who today has got the better of our valinglorious friend. The shooting in the hills is more disturbing than this, to my mind."
 "This mystery coming on top of the other is all the more difficult to understand—I mean the disappearance of the Countess Marlanx," said Baron Dangloss, pulling at his imperial in plain perplexity. "But we must not stop here talking. Will you come with me, Mr. Tullis, to the tower? I shall send out my best man to work on the case of the lady. It is a most amazing thing. I still have hope that she will appear in person to explain the affair."
 "I think not," said Tullis gloomily. "This looks like abduction—foul play, or whatever you choose to call it. She has never left her father's house in just this manner before. I believe, baron, that Marlanx has taken her away by force. She told me yesterday that she would never go back to him if she could help it. I have already given you my suspicions regarding his designs upon the—ahem!" Catching the eager gaze of the prince, he changed the word "throne" to "treasury."
 Loraine, her cheeks white with resolution, turned upon John Tullis. "You might leave the rescue of the countess to the proper authorities—the police," she said calmly. "I think it is your duty as an American to head the search for Mr. King. If Count Marlanx has spirited his wife away, pray who has a better right?"
 "But we are not sure that he—"
 "We are sure that Mr. King is either dead or in dire need of help," she interrupted hotly.
 "Colonel Quinnox is quite competent to conduct the search," he said shortly.
 "But Colonel Quinnox has gone forth on another mission. He may be unable to give any of his time to the search for Mr. King. It is outrageous, John Tullis, to refuse help!"
 "I don't refuse help!" he exclaimed. "But I'll tell you this—I consider it my duty as a man to devote what strength I have to the service of a woman in trouble. Come, baron; we will go to the tower."
 Count Halfont intervened, hastily proposing that a second party be sent out at once with instructions to raze the witch's hut if necessary.
 "I shall be happy to lead the expedition," said young Count Vos Engo, bowing deeply to the young lady herself.
 "You shall, Vos Engo," said Halfont. "Prepare at once. Take ten men."
 Tullis turned suddenly to the resentful girl. "Loraine," he said gently as the others drew away, "don't be hard with me. You don't understand."
 "Yes, I do," she said stubbornly. "You are in love with her."
 "Yes; that's quite true."
 "A married woman!"
 "I can't help it. I must do all I can for her."
 She looked into his honest eyes for a moment.

"Forgive me," she murmured, hanging her head.
 Then she smiled brightly up into his face. "Have your way, then. Remember that I am her friend too."
 The guard about the prince was doubled. Orders requiring the strictest care of his person were issued by Count Halfont. Baron Dangloss began to see things in a different light. Things that had puzzled him before now seemed clear.
 But late in the afternoon a telegram was brought to Tullis which upset all of their calculations and caused the minister of police to swear softly in pure disgust. It was from the Countess Marlanx herself, sent from Porvrak, a station far down the railway, in the direction of Vienna. It was self explanatory: "I am going to Schloss Marlanx, there to end my days. There is no hope for me. I go voluntarily. Will you not understand why I am leaving Edelweiss? You must know. It was signed 'Ingomede.'"
 Tullis was dumfounded. He caught the penetrating glance of Dangloss and flushed under the sudden knowledge that this shrewd old man also understood why she was leaving Edelweiss. Because of him! Because she loved him and would not be near him. His heart swelled exultantly in the next moment. A brave resolve was born within him.
 "We don't need a key to that, my boy," said the baron indulgently. "But I will say that she has blamed little consideration for you when she steals away in the dead of night without a word. Unfeeling, I'd say. Well, we can devote our attention to Mr. King, who is lost."
 "See here, baron," said Tullis after a moment; "I want you to give me a couple of good men for a few days. I'm going to Schloss Marlanx. I'll get her away from that place if I have to kill Marlanx and swing for it!"
 At 7 o'clock that night, accompanied by two clever secret service men, Tullis boarded the train for the west. A man who stood in the tobaccoist's shop on the station platform smiled quietly to himself as the train pulled out. Then he walked briskly away. It was Peter Brutus, the lawyer.
 A most alluring trap had been set for John Tullis!
 The party that had gone to Ganlook gap in charge of Count Vos Engo returned at nightfall no wiser than when it left the barracks at noon. Riding bravely, but somewhat dejectedly, beside the handsome young officer in command was a girl in gray. Now she was coming home with them, silent, subdued, dispirited—even more so than she allowed the count to see.
 Colonel Quinnox and his men had been scouring the hills for bandits. They arrived at the witch's cabin a few minutes after Vos Engo and his company. Disregarding the curses of the old woman, a thorough search of the place was made.
 The old woman's story, reflected by the grandson, was convincing so far as it went. She said that the young man remained behind in the kitchen to puzzle himself over the smoke mystery while she went out to her doorstep. The man with the horse became frightened when she went down to explain the situation to him. He fled. A few minutes later the gentleman emerged to find his horse gone, himself deserted. Cursing, he struck off down the glen in pursuit of his friend, and that was the last she saw of him.

CHAPTER X.
THE IRON COUST.
 W. HEN King, in the kindness of his heart, grasped the old woman to keep her from falling to the floor he played directly into the hands of very material agencies under her struck him in the face. Then with a fierce jerk this same object tightened about his neck.
 A noise had been dropped over his head. As he was pulled backward his startled, bulging eyes swept the ceiling. Above him a square opening had appeared in the ceiling. Two ugly, bearded faces were leaning over the edge, and strong hands were grasping a thick rope. He was strangling. Frantically he grasped the rope, lifting himself from the floor in the effort to loosen the noose with his free hand. A hoarse laugh broke upon his dining ears, the leering faces drew nearer, and then as everything went black a heavy yet merciful blow fell upon his head.
 Not many minutes passed before consciousness, which had been but partially lost, returned to him. It was pitch dark, and the air was hot and close. Not a sound came to his throbbing ears. With characteristic irresponsibility he began to swear softly, but articulately. A gruff voice, startlingly near at hand, interrupted him.
 "Spit it out, young fellow! Swear like a man, not like a blamed canary bird."
 The hidden speaker was unquestionably an American.
 "Where am I?" demanded the captive.
 "You're here, that's where you are," was the sarcastic answer.
 "Are you an American?"

"No; I am a Chinaman. I was born in Newport"—as an afterthought—"Kentucky."
 "This is the worst high handed outrage I've ever!"
 "Better save your breath, young fellow. You won't have it very long, so save what you can of it."
 "You mean I am to stop breathing altogether?" asked the prisoner.
 "Something like that."
 "Why?"
 "You'll find out when the boss gets good and ready. You wanted to get a poke at the old man's eye, did you? By thunder, that's like an American—never satisfied to let things alone. See what it got you into?"
 "The old man's eye? What old man?"
 "That's for you to find out, if you can. You've made a poor start at it."
 "How do you do, an American, happen to be mixed up in a deal like this?"
 "It's healthier work than making barrels at—I was going to say Sing Sing, but I hear they've changed the name. I prefer outdoor work."
 "You might call it that. I'm wanted in seven states. The demand for me is great."
 That he had fallen into the hands of a band of conspirators was quite clear to King. Whether they were brigands or more important operators against the crown he was of course in no position to decide. Time would tell.
 It was enough that they expected to kill him sooner or later. This in itself was sufficient to convince him that he was not to be held for ransom, but he was disposed of for reasons best known to his captors.
 Like a shot the warning of Count Platano flashed into his brain. His guard had mentioned "the old man." Good heavens! Could he mean Spantz? The cold perspiration was standing on King's brow. Spantz! He recalled the wickedness in the armorer's face. But why should Spantz wish him evil? The anarchists! The reds! Oiva was an avowed anarchist. "By god, they think I am a detective!" he exclaimed, light coming to him with a rush.
 "What's that?" snapped the other. Truxton could almost feel the other's body grow tense despite the space between them. "Are you a detective? Are you? If you are, I'll finish you up right here. You—"
 "No! They're on the wrong scent. By Jove, the laugh's on old man Spantz!"
 "Oh! So you do know what's up, then? Spantz, eh? Well, what you've guessed at or found out won't make much difference, my fine young fellow."
 The glimmer of a light came bobbing up from somewhere behind Truxton. He could see the flickering shadows on the wall. Two men crept into the room a moment later. One of them carried a lantern; the other turned King's body over with his foot. Truxton saw that the three ruffians were

"BETTER SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOUNG FELLOW. YOU WON'T HAVE IT LONG."
 great, brutal faced fellows, with barred arms that denoted toil as well as spoils. The third man grasped the prisoner by the feet, swearing in a language of his own. The Yankee desperado took his shoulders, and together, with earnest grunts, they followed the man with the lantern. He could see that they were crowding through a low, narrow passage, finally depositing him with scant courtesy upon the rocky floor of what proved to be a rather commodious cave.
 Daylight streamed into this convenient "hole in the wall," lying upon his side, Truxton faced the opening that looked out upon the world. Near the opening stood the tall, gaunt figure of a man, thin shouldered and stooped. His back was to the captive, but King observed that the three men, with two companions, who sat at the back of the cave, never removed their gaze from the striking figure outlined against the sky.
 The watcher turned slowly to take in the altered conditions behind him. King saw that he was old, gray haired and cadaverous. This, then, was the "old man," and he was not William Spantz.
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CHAPTER X.
THE IRON COUST.
 W. HEN King, in the kindness of his heart, grasped the old woman to keep her from falling to the floor he played directly into the hands of very material agencies under her struck him in the face. Then with a fierce jerk this same object tightened about his neck.
 A noise had been dropped over his head. As he was pulled backward his startled, bulging eyes swept the ceiling. Above him a square opening had appeared in the ceiling. Two ugly, bearded faces were leaning over the edge, and strong hands were grasping a thick rope. He was strangling. Frantically he grasped the rope, lifting himself from the floor in the effort to loosen the noose with his free hand. A hoarse laugh broke upon his dining ears, the leering faces drew nearer, and then as everything went black a heavy yet merciful blow fell upon his head.
 Not many minutes passed before consciousness, which had been but partially lost, returned to him. It was pitch dark, and the air was hot and close. Not a sound came to his throbbing ears. With characteristic irresponsibility he began to swear softly, but articulately. A gruff voice, startlingly near at hand, interrupted him.
 "Spit it out, young fellow! Swear like a man, not like a blamed canary bird."
 The hidden speaker was unquestionably an American.
 "Where am I?" demanded the captive.
 "You're here, that's where you are," was the sarcastic answer.
 "Are you an American?"



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 Daylight streamed into this convenient "hole in the wall," lying upon his side, Truxton faced the opening that looked out upon the world. Near the opening stood the tall, gaunt figure of a man, thin shouldered and stooped. His back was to the captive, but King observed that the three men, with two companions, who sat at the back of the cave, never removed their gaze from the striking figure outlined against the sky.
 The watcher turned slowly to take in the altered conditions behind him. King saw that he was old, gray haired and cadaverous. This, then, was the "old man," and he was not William Spantz.
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