

# ADVENTURE

By  
**JACK LONDON**

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## SYNOPSIS

Sheldon, owner of Beranda plantation, though desperately ill, overrules and controls 200 head hunting Solomon Islanders by force of will and weapons. Chief Nees calls with forty men.

He returns Arunga, a runaway laborer. Sheldon has Arunga and Billy whipped to quell a mutiny. His sickness increases. His partner, Hughie, and many laborers die.

Joan Lackland, a pretty girl, arrives with her crew of Tahitians. Sheldon becomes unconscious, and she takes charge of things.

She is a self-reliant American girl, a lover of adventure, a native of Hawaii and an orphan. Her ship has been wrecked. She proves to Sheldon that she can shoot.

She resents his friendly suggestions, and they quarrel. She makes it plain that she is not matrimonially inclined. She and Sheldon save two black women from death.

The savage laborers demand the women. Sheldon attempts to discipline them, and Joan shoots a native and saves his life. She scolds him for making her shoot.

Satan, a savage dog, arrives. Despite Sheldon's warnings Joan goes to explore an island she contemplates buying. Financial difficulties threaten Sheldon.

He falls in love with Joan. Left alone by Sheldon, Joan has trouble with Gogoomy and other natives. Armed savages arrive, and danger threatens Sheldon and Joan.

Joan routs them with a fake dynamite cartridge, and Satan drives them into trees. Their chief is punished. Morgan and Raft have Sheldon in their power.

Joan offers to become his partner. His mention of conventionalities angers her. She needs no chaperon, she says. Sheldon finally accepts her as his partner.

Tudor and Von Bliz, gold seekers, arrive on the Martha. Joan and Tudor seem to interest each other. Sheldon becomes jealous.

Joan starts for Australia with her crew to buy a schooner, but stops at Uvutu and buys the Martha, which has been wrecked, for a mere trifle.

Captain Auckland tells her she did it and applauds her cleverness. Captain Oleson tells her she took the Fibbert Gibbet away from him to save the Martha.

Joan returns with the Martha in good condition. Her white assistants describe her business shrewdness. Sheldon refuses to let her run the Martha.

"S'pose you no like 'm me take 'm one fella pound, then me send you fella along Tulagi catch 'm one strong fella government whipping. Plenty New Georgia boys, plenty Yasbel boys stop along jail along Tulagi. Them fella no like Maima boys little bit. My word, they give 'm you strong fella whipping. What you say?"

"You take 'm one fella pound along me," was the answer.

And Manonmie, patently relieved, stepped back, while Sheldon entered the fine in the plantation labor journal.

Boy after boy, he called the offenders out and gave them their choice, and boy by boy each one elected to pay the fine imposed.

Gogoomy and his five tribesmen were fined three pounds each, and at Gogoomy's guttural command they refused to pay.

"S'pose you go along Tulagi," Sheldon warned him; "you catch 'm strong fella whipping and you stop along jail three fella year. Savvee?"

Gogoomy wavered.

"You take 'm three fella pound along me," Gogoomy muttered, at the same time scowling his hatred at Sheldon and transferring half the scowl to Joan and Kwaque. "Me finish along you, you catch 'm big fella trouble, my word. Father belong me big fella chief along Fort Adams."

"That will do," Sheldon warned him. "You shut mouth belong you."

"Me no fright," the son of a chief retorted, by his insolence increasing his stature in the eyes of his fellows.

"Lock him up for tonight," Sheldon said to Kwaque. "Sun he come up put 'm that fella and five fella belong him along grass cutting. Savvee?"

"There will be trouble with Gogoomy yet," Sheldon said to Joan, as the boss boys marshalled their gangs and led them away to their work. "Keep an eye on him. Be careful when you are riding alone on the plantation. The loss of those Winchesters and all that ammunition has hit him harder than your cuffing did. He is dead ripe for mischief."

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"I wonder what has become of Tudor. It's two months since he disappeared into the bush, and not a word of him after he left Binu."

Joan Lackland was sitting astride her horse by the bank of the Balesuna, where the sweet corn had been planted, and Sheldon was leaning against her horse's shoulder.

"Yes, it is a long time for no news to have trickled down," he answered, watching her keenly from under his hat brim and wondering as to the measure of her anxiety for the adventurous gold bunter. "But Tudor will come out all right. He did a thing at the start that I wouldn't have given him or any other man credit for—persuaded Binu Charley to go along with him. I'll wager no other Binu nigger has ever gone so far into the bush unless to be kat kal'd."

"Look! Look!" Joan cried in a low voice, pointing across the narrow stream to a slack eddy, where a huge crocodile drifted like a log awash. "Ugh! The filthy beast! I hate them! I hate them!"

"And yet you go diving among sharks," Sheldon chided. "Just the same, I wish I could swim as well as you. Maybe it would beget confidence such as you have."

"Do you know I think it would be nice to be married to a man such as you seem to be becoming," she remarked, with one of her abrupt changes that always astounded him. "I should think you could be trained into a very good husband—you know, not one of the domineering kind, but one who considered his wife was just as much an individual as himself and just as much a free agent. Really, you know, I think you are improving."

She laughed and rode away, leaving him greatly cast down. If he had thought there had been one bit of coyness in her words, one feminine flutter, one womanly attempt at deliberate lure and encouragement he would have been elated. But he knew absolutely that it was the boy and not the woman who had so daringly spoken.

Joan rode through twenty acres of uncleared cane. The grass was waist high and higher, and as she rode along she remembered that Gogoomy was one of a gang of boys that had been detailed to the grass cutting. A little farther on she heard voices and reined in and listened. It was Gogoomy talking.

"Dog he stop 'm along house, night time he walk about," Gogoomy was saying. "You fella boy catch 'm one fella pig, put 'm kat-kal, belong him dog along one big fella fish hook. S'pose dog he walk about catch 'm kat-kal, you fella boy catch 'm dog allee same one shark. Dog he finish close up. Big fella marster sleep along big fella house. White Mary sleep along pickaninny house. One fella Adamu he stop along outside pickaninny house. You fella boy finish 'm dog, finish 'm Adamu, finish 'm big fella marster, finish 'm white Mary, finish 'm altogether. Plenty musket he stop, plenty powder, plenty tomahawk, plenty knife fee. Sun he come up we long way too much."

"Me catch 'm pig sun he go down," spoke up one whose thin falsetto voice Joan recognized as belonging to Cosse, one of Gogoomy's tribesmen.

"Me catch 'm dog," said another. "And me catch 'm white fella Mary." Gogoomy cried triumphantly. "Me catch 'm Kwaque he die along him quick."

This much Joan heard of the plan to murder, and then her rising wrath proved too much for her discretion. She spurred her horse into the grass, crying:

"What name you fella boy, eh? What name?"

They arose, scrambling and scattering, and to her surprise she saw there were a dozen of them. As she looked in their glowering faces and noted the heavy, two-foot hacking cane knives in their hands, she became suddenly aware of the rashness of her act. If only she had her revolver or a rifle, all would have been well. But she had carelessly ventured out unarmed.

"Too much talk along you fella boy," she said severely. "Too much talk, too little work. Savvee?"

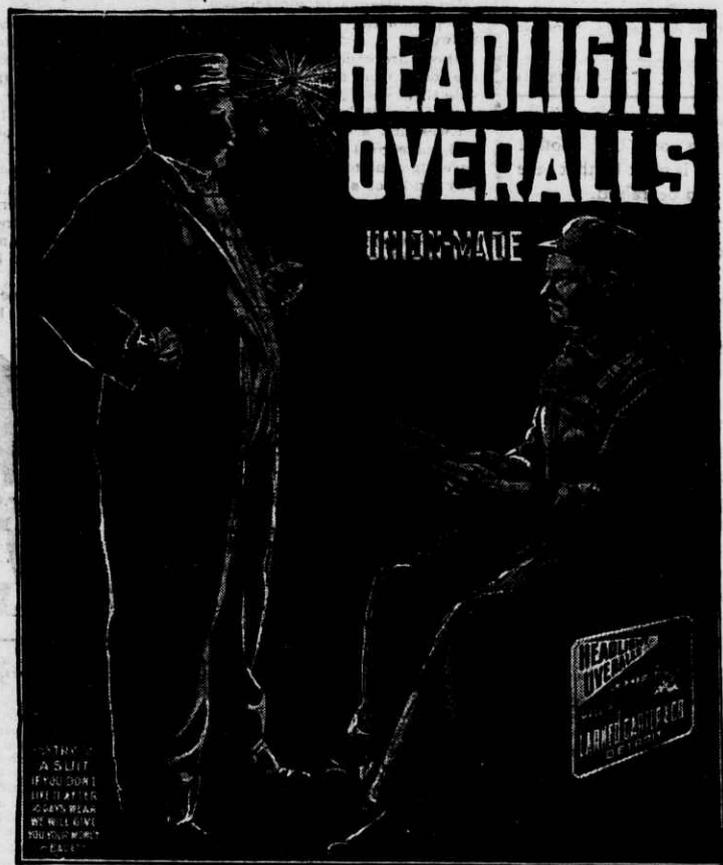
Gogoomy made no reply, but, apparently shifting weight, he slid one foot forward. The other boys, spread fanwise about her, were also sliding forward, the cruel cane knives in their hands advertising their intention.

"You cut 'm grass!" she commanded imperatively.

But Gogoomy slid his other foot forward. She measured the distance with her eye. It would be impossible to whirl her horse around and get away. She would be chopped down from behind.

She lifted her riding whip threateningly, and at the same moment drove in both spurs with her heels, rushing the startled horse straight at Gogoomy. He swerved aside to avoid the horse, at the same time swinging his cane knife in a slicing blow that would have cut her in twain. She leaned forward under the flying steel, which cut through her riding skirt, through the edge of the saddle, through the saddle cloth, and even slightly into the horse itself. Her right hand, still raised, came down, the thin whip whishing through the air. She saw the white, crooked mark of the weal clear across the sullen, handsome face, and still what was practically in the same instant she saw another member of the band, over ridden, go down before her, and she heard his snarling and grinning chatter—for all the world like an angry monkey. Then she was

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## D. J. ROWLANDS

Furniture and Undertaking. Kendrick, Idaho

The Rural carriers examination for Nezperce county will be held in Lewiston, Idaho, Saturday March 30th, this examination is expected to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of rural carrier at Gifford and Southwick, Idaho, and other vacancies as they may occur. The usual entrance salary for carriers is from \$600. to \$1000. per annum. The age limit is from 18 to 55 years.

The work on the Lewiston Cracker and Candy factory is progressing nicely, this will employ about one hundred people adding a neat sum to the pay roll of that city.