A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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"HE IS DEAD!"

Synopsis.-Loitering on the Sa Francisco water front, John Ra ney, newspaper reporter, is accost-ed by a giant blind man, who asks ney, newspaper reporter. Is accossed by a giant bilind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sealing schooner Kariuk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Kariuk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Pegg, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician as well as first mate, drugs Rainey. Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea, Carlsen informs him he has been kidnaped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." Sandy, the ship's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey, who thus wins 'eggy's admiration. The captain gets worse. Sandy tells how Carisen is stirring up trouble over the division of the gold. Carisen draws a gun on Rainey, who overpowers him. Tamada, the mysterious Japanese, cook, declares himself neutral. Lund, his sight restored, kills Carlsen.

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

"It's all right, Miss Simms," he said. "Jest killed a skunk. Rainey, git that gun an' attend to the young lady, will

The girl stood in the doorway of her father's cabin, her face frozen to horror, her eyes fixed on Lund with repulsion. As Rainey got the automatic, slipped it into his pocket, and went toward her, she shrank from But her voice was for Lund. "You murderer!" she cried.

Lund grinned at her, but there was no laughter in his eyes.

"We'll thrash that out later, miss, he said. "Now, you men, jump for'ard, all of you. Deming, unlock that door. Jump! Equals, are you? I'll show you who's master on this ship. Wait!" His voice snapped like the crack of a whip and they all halted, save Deming, who sullenly fitted the key to the lock of the corridor entrance,

"Take this with you," said Lund, pointing to Carlsen's sagging body. "When you git tired of his company, throw him overboard. Jump to it!"

The nearest men took up the body of the doctor and they all filed for-

who ordered them. The girl shuddered. Rainey saw that Lund was exhibitated by his vic-tory, that the primitive fighting brute

was prominent. Carlsen had tried to he wanted to try it out. I'd accommo shoot first, goaded to it; his death date him. He didn't take it up, an' was deserved; but it seemed to Rainey they'll kid him about it. He'll pack a that Lund's exhibition of savagery was unnecessary. But he also saw that Lund would not heed any protest that he might make, he was still "This might be a good chance for me that he might make, he was still "This might be a good chance for me skunk." yet complete.
"Fil borrow Carlsen's sextant," said

Lund. "Nigh noon, an' erbout time I his eyes hard. got our reckonin'." He went into the "Not yet, n etor's cabin and came out with the instrument, tucking it under his arm

The girl wheeled into her father's room and shut the door. Rainey heard the click of the bolt on the other side. He listened for a mome The swift rush of events was still a jumble. Slowly he went up the mpanionway to the deck.

Honest Simms.

Lund greeted Rainey with a current od. Hansen was, still at the helm. The crew on duty were standing about alert, their eyes on Lund. They had found a new master, and they were cowed, eager to do their best. "Pil show this crew they've got a skipper aboard," said Luud. "How's

the cap'en?"

Rainey told him. "We'll see what we can do for him," said Lund. "He's better off without that fakir, that's a cinch. Called me a murderer," he went on with a good-"Got spunk, she has, And she's a trim bit. A silp of a gal, but she's game. An' good-lookin', eh,

He smiled as if the prospect suited him. A suspicion leaped into Rainey's brain, Lund had said he would not see a decent girl harmed. But the man was changed. He had fought and won, and victory shone in his eyes with a giltter that was immune from sym-

He had said that a man under his skin was just an animal. His appraisal of the girl struck Rainey with appre-hension. "To the victor belongs the Somehow the quotation per-What if Lund regarded the girl as legitimate loot? He might have

alked differently beforehand, to as-ure himself of Rainey's support.

And Rainey suddenly felt as if his in this I have. support had been uncalled upon, a frail reed at best. Lund had not need-

more like a pirate than ever, with his cold eyes sweeping the horizon, his hair was disheveled and her eyes bulk casting Rainey's into a dwarf's stared at them without seeming recogby comparison, attempted to harm nition. But she spoke, in a flat, tone-Peggy Simms, Rainey resolved to play less voice. the part of champion.

He could not shoot like Lund, bu:

he was armed. He felt the mastery of she sank toward the floor. Rainey the man. And he felt incompetent he- darted forward, but Lund was quicker side him. Lund held the power of life and death, not by brute force alone. He was the only navigator aboard, with the skipper seriously Ili. As such alone he held them in his hand, once to her brows. they were out of sight of land.

"Hansen," said Lund, "Mr. Rainey'll relieve you after we've eaten. Come on, Rainey. You ain't lost yore appetite, I hope. Watch me discard that spoon for a knife an' fork. I don't have to play blind man enny longer."

Food did not appeal to Rainey. It was Lund's demeanor that gripped him. The giant dismissed Carlsen as unceremoniously as he might have flipped the ash from a cigar, or tossed the stub overside.

"I've got to tackle those hunters, Lund said. "I expect trouble there sooner or later. But I'm goin' to lay down the law to 'em. If they come clean, well an' good, they git their original two shares. If not, they don't get a plugged nickel. An' Deming's the one who'll stir up the trouble, take hinder him. She was at the end of her it from me. I'd jest as soon it was own strength from weariness and worwar. I don't see as we can help the skipper much 'less we try reverse treatment of what Carlsen did—lf we knew what that was. If he gits worse she'll let us know, I reckon. See you

Rainey took the dismissal and went up to the relief of Hansen. He did not mention what had happened until the Scandinavian referred to it indi-

"They put the doc overboard, sir, oon's Mr. Lund an' you bane go be-

It seemed a summary dismissal of the dead, without ceremony. Yet, for of them to doubt Tamada's word. There the rite to be authentic, Lund must have presided, and the sea-burial service would have been a mockery under the circumstances. It was the best thing to have done, Rainey felt, but he Carlsen's room." could not avoid a mental shiver at the thought of the man, so lately vital, his brain alive with energy, sliding through the cold water to the ooze to lie there, sodden, swinging with the sub-sea currents until the ocean scavengers claimed him.

"All right, Hansen," he said in answer, and the man hurried off after his extra detail.

Rainey told him of the fate of Carl- strange rash. sen's body.

"I figgered they'd do about that." commented Lund. "They savvied he'd aimed to make suckers out of 'em, an' they dumped him. But they ain't on our side, by a long sight. That Deming is a better man than I thought. He's ward, silently obedient to the man the main grouch among 'em. Said if i hadn't had a gun he'd have tackled me in the cabin. Meant it, too, though I'd have smashed him. He's sore becoz i said he warn't my equal. I told him if

casually.

"Not yet, matey," he sald. "Not that I don't trust you, but for me to be the only one, jest now, is a sort



"They Put the Doc Overboard, Sir Soon's Mr. Lund an' You Bane Go

They might figger, if you was able to navigate, that they c'ud put the screws on you to carry 'em through, with me out of the way. I don't say they could, but they might make it hard for you, an' you ain't got quite the same stake

Here was cold logic, but Rainey saw the force of it. Hansen came up early to split the watch and put their sched- have come back. I had words about ule right again, and Lund went below

to protect the girl. If Lund, seeming | per's door opened and the girl ap

"My father is dead! I-" she faltered, swayed and seemed to swoon as and swooped her up in his arms as if she had been a feather, took her to the table, set her in a chair, dabbled a napkin in some water and applied it

"Chafe her wrists," he ordered Rainey. "Undo that top button of her blouse. That's enough; she ain't got on corsets. She'll come through. Plumb worn out. That's all."

He handled her, deftly as a nurse would a child. Rainey chafed the slender wrists and beat her palms, and soon she opened her eyes and sighed, Then she pulled away from Lund, bending over her, and got to her feet. "I must go to my father," she said. "He is dead."

They followed her into the cabin and

Lund bent over the bunk.
"Looks like it," he whispered to Rainey. Then he tore open the skipper's vest and shirt and laid his head on his chest. The girl made a faint motion as if to stop him, but did not ry. Lund suddenly raised his head.

"There's a flutter," he announced. "He ain't gone yit. Get Tamada an' ome brandy."

With the dose there came signs of evival, a low moan from the skipper. The girl flew to his side. Tamada. standing by with the bottle, stepped forward, handed the brandy to Rainey, and rolled up the lid of an eye, looking closely at the pupil.

study medicine at Tokyo," he said.

"Why didn't ye say so before?" denanded Lund. It did not occur to any was an air of professional assurance and an efficiency about him that carried weight. "What can you do for him? There's a medicine chest in

"I was hired to cook," said Tamada quietly. "I should not have been permit to interfere. It is not my busine if a white man makes a fool of himself. Now we want morphine and hy-

podermic syringe." Tamada rolled up the captain's sleeve. The flesh, shrunken, pallid was closely spotted with dot-like scars that showed livid, as if the cap-Lund came up after a while, and tain had been suffering from some

> Lund whistled softly. Rainey, too, knew what it meant. The skipper had been a veritable slave to the drug. Carlsen had administered it, prescribed it, used it as a means to bring imms under his subjection.

> "How much d'ye suppose he took at once?" Lund asked the Japanese in a "Fiffeen grains, I think. Maybe

more. Too much! Always too much drug in his veins. Much worse than opium for man." "Carlsen's work," growled Lund.

"Increased the stuff on him till he

the medicine chest and, finding only Lund shook his head, smiling, but five tablets marked Morphine 1 gr, in bottle, sought eisewhere in vain, And he could find no needle. But he rar across some automatic cartridges and put them in his pockets before he hurried back. "This is not enough," said Tamada.

"And we should have needle. But I dissolve these in galley." And he hurried out. The girl had slipped down on her knees beside the bed, holding her father's hand against her lips, her eyes closed. She seemed to be praying.

Tamada administered the morphine

The beneficial results were apparent. The dry, frightfully sallow skin had changed and Simms was breathing freely, while Tamada, feeling his nodded affirmatively to the girl's questioning glance.

"We'll have to put in to Unalaska," "There are doctors Rainey said. "There are doctors there." The girl turned toward Lund. He smiled at the intensity of her gaze "I play fair, Miss Peggy," he said.

"Rainey, change the course."

The Karluk came about as Rainey reached the deck and gave his orders. Then he returned to the cabin. The

captain had opened his eyes.
"Peggy!" he murmured. "Carlsen,
where is he? Lund! Good God. Lund, you can see?" "Keep quiet as you can," said Ta-

Something in his voice mad the skipper shift his look to the Jap-"Where's Carlsen?" he asked again. "He can't come now," said Tamada. Under the urge of the drug the skip-

per's brain seemed abnormally clear. his intuition heightened. "Carlsen's dead?" he asked. Then, shifting to Lund: "You killed him,

Lund nodded. "How much morphine did you give

"Five grains." "It's not enough. It won't last. There isn't any more?" he flashed out, with sudden energy, trying to raise Got to talk while this lasts. Jim -about leavin' you that time. I could it-with Hansen. He knows. But the gale was bad, an' the ice. It wasn't the gold, Jim. I swear it. I had the ship an' crew to look out for. An' Peggy, at he

I might have gone back sooner. The wisest habit to acquire in 18 own up to that. But it wasn't habit of care in forming habits.

hear what you shouted, Jim. The storm came up. We were frozen by

the time we found the ship. Numb. "Jim, this trouble hit me the day after we left the floe. Not sciatica, at first, but in the head. I couldn't think right. I was just numb in the brain. An' when it cleared off, it was too late. The ice had closed. We couldn't go back. I read up in my medical book, Jim, later, when the sciatica

"Had to take to my bunk. Couldn't tand. 4 had morphine, an' it relieved Took too much after a while. Had to have it. Got better in San Francisco for a bit, Then Carlsen prescribed it. Morphine was my boss, an' then Carlsen, he was boss of the morphine. Seemed like-seemed

His voice was weaker when he spoke again. They came closer to

catch his whispers. "Carlsen-mind wasn't my own. Peggy-I wasn't in my right mind, Not when-Carlsen-he was angel when he gave me what I want-ed-devil-when he wouldn't. Made me-do things. But he's dead, And I'm going. Never reach Unalaska.



The Girl Had Slipped Down on Her Knees Beside the Bed.

Peggy-forgive. Meant for best-but -not in right mind. Jim-it wasn't gold. Not Peggy's fault-anyway.

"She'll get hers, Simms," said Lund.

'Yours too."

The skipper's eyes closed and his frame settled under the clothes. The girl flung herself on the bed in uncontrollable weeping, Lund raised eyebrows at Tanada, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Better get out o' here," whispered Lund. He and Rainey went out together. In a few minutes Tamada joined them, his face sphinxlike as

"He is dead," he said.

Rainey and Lund went on deck. The schooner thrashed toward the volcano, the bearing-mark for Unalaska, hidden behind it. They paced up anddown in silence.

"But the girl, too, had a eapon. He hugged that

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLANTS' POWER OF MOTION

Enthusiasts Who Have Studied Subject Say That Many Undoubtedly Possess It.

One of the chief popular distinctions between vegetable and animal life is that animals have power of choice and of voluntary motion, while vegetables and plants grow only mechanically. But the microscope seems to show that many vegetable forms can move as easily as can animals.

There is a plant called volvox globator, so minute that millions of it could be put in a drinking glass, which is seen to whiri like a top across the field of the microscope. Some plants fornd in ponds, which are still more minute, move habitually, as with an

apparent purpose. Naturalists who have given closer study than others to climbing plants state that these seem to exercise the liberty of choice. Their tendrils, in climbing over pieces of wood with holes, will try one hole after another until they find one that pleases them One investigator saw a tendril withdraw itself after having pushed itself in a hole for 36 hours,

Hebe was the goddess of youth, who poured out the nectar with which the gods pledged each other. One day, upon a solemn occasion, she tripped and fell, and was forced to resign her office. Her father, Jupiter, secured as her successor the beautiful youth Ganymede. Hebe retained the power of restoring the bloom of youth and beauty to the aged and, according to some accounts, it was only after she pecame the wife of Hercules that she gave up her office of cupbearer. She even succeeded in reconciling her nother, Juno, to Hercules, who suffered all his life from the hatred of the queen of the gods.

Hercules was delified as a reward fo

his achievements.

The odors of tropical vegetation growing on islands in the West Indies can at times be detected on board ves sels 25 or 30 miles from shore.

comes so brittle that it is shattered like china if struck a light blow.

The wisest habit to acquire is

Our Highest Tribunal as Now Constitute



This is the first photograph to be made of the Supreme court of the United States since the appointment of William Roward Taft as chief justice. Left to right, seated, Justice William R. Day, Justice Joseph McKenna, Chief Justice Taft, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and Justice Willis Van Devanter. Left to right, standing Justice Louis Dembltz Brandels, Justice Mahlon Pitney, Justice James Clark McReynolds and Justice John Hessin Clarke.

Secretary Fall Is "Surprised"

Interior Department Stages a the national parks in their untouched Party Not on Official Schedule.

CHIEF IS SIXTY YEARS OLD of appreciation and of loyal co-opera-

Personified National Parks Offer Congratulations in Verse-Affair Has Deep Significance for Army of Nature Lovers.

Washington.-Albert B. Fall secre tary of the interior, figured as guest of honor the other day in a social affair that was not on the official schedule and caught him entirely unaware. It was an unusual sort of affair in that it has a deep significance for the army of national park en-thusiasts all over the country. It came about this way:

Secretary Fall is a "regular feller, the rank and file of the Interior department have decided. The national park service is especially emphatic on this point for the reason that the secretary has just finished an inspection of five of the big national parks and the field force of the service had a chance to try him out and size him up.

To camp out with a man is to know -that's one of the eternal verities that all outdoor men accept without question. If he's got too much ego in his cosmos or a mean or a lazy or a yellow streak in him, it will stick out like a sore thumb. Travel-

ing with a man on foot and horseback,

sleeping with him under canvas or

the campfire and filling up on trout,

bacon, flapjacks and coffee with him-

that's when you get acquainted with

park service was foolish enough to

think for a minute that the secretary

was a tenderfoot. They all knew too

much about him for that. They all

knew that although he was a practic-

ing lawyer he was also a veteran of the Spanish-American war and a

rancher, stockman and miner. Just

the same, every last one of his travel-

ing companions-officials, park super-

intendents and park rangers-wanted

to see if he was as good as the New

Secretary Makes Good.

Well, they found out. Though the

secretary was hitting a trail before

some of his party were born and the

inspection trip took them into places

too strenuous for the tourist, he went

everywhere that anyone else went, saw

everything, slept anywhere, never missed a meal and toted his end all

What's more, they found out

their delight—and maybe relief—that

the secretary, who by virtue of his

tional park service but also one of the three members of the water pow-

er commission, is a dyed-in-the-wool

nature lover and a national park en-

thusiast. He believes in the develop-

Mexicans said he was.

the time.

him for keeps.

tary's office. They did, however, invite Mrs. Fall. So the secretary wide marginary, assembled in honor of the sixtleth anniversary of his birth. In the party were First Assistant Secretary party were First Assistant Secretary Director Mather of the name and heads of the secretary beautiful and the secretary for 1 am Rocky Mountain Park. It's hard at times to tell my friends from those who seek some selfish engage almost leave me in the dark. himself surrounded by a sort of family wide margin. Here's her contribu-

wildness are a priceless heritage of

commercial exploitation and passed

Hence the surprise party, as a token

The Interior department people in-

sisted upon making their affair quite

exclusive and staged it in the secre-

on unharmed to future generations.

tary: Miss Isabelle Story, in green, Yosemite: Miss Beatrice Ward, in blue, Crater Lake; Miss Leila Price, in lavender, Mount Rainier; Miss May Schnurr, in yellow, Yellowstone; Miss Bertha Miltenberg, in red, Rocky Mountain. Among them they carried five dozen chrysanthemums, one for each of the years which the secretary carries as lightly as did the girls the blossoms.

Yosemite.

Miss Yosemite, taking on airs because the secretary visited her first on his trip, presented her blossoms and said this nice little bit of verse: We bring thee greeting on thy natal day

West, Our Nation's Parks, where you, most welcome guest, Have watched the people of a Nation

Have seen the joy which each succeeding Has brought to visitors who, seeking Have found as well that God is mani-

fest re nature undefiled still holds her

The mighty rock that stands as sentinel, O'er-shadowing the trees beneath wall. . The rushing roar of waters as they fall

With rainbow tinted spray, all, all impel The thoughts of man to turn to Deity. This is the message from Yosemite. Miss Crater Lake, fittingly in blue, had this to say in rhyme: In far-off Oregon there lies
A lake of wondrous hue.
Not even cloudless summer skies
Are such cerulean blue.

In vividly contrasting shades, under the stars, getting wet and cold and hungry with him, sitting around A gorgeous ring of palisades Buttressed and bold and sheer.

This stirring trip to take,
I'm sure you found it worth your while
To visit Crater Lake, Of course nobody in the national

Mount Rainier. Miss Mount Rainier was also strong on description and verse. Here's her

Among the mountains of the West Those mighty granite masses, Rainier's the one I love the best.

A spectral crown when seen at night, While all the world lies dreaming. and through the snow, in contrast rar

And every spot affords a view
That satisfies the hunger.
I'm sure if you come back, that you
Will feel a whole lot younger.

Yellowstone. Miss Yellowstone had so much to say about the oldest and biggest of

the national parks that she wisely rejected poetry for prose:

From all the mountains and the valleys of Yellowstone. I bring you greeting.
From the mighty river and the lake whose beauty is as yet untouched by the vandal hand of commercialism, I bring

er commission, is a dyed-in-the-wool nature lover and a national park enthusiast. He believes in the development of the Scenic West by private enterprise. But he also believes that

and the Grissics and even the Mountain Sheep and the Antelope, ever grateful for a safe haven from the hand of the hunt-er, from all of them, I bring you greet-ings.

a safe haven friend. I bring you greetings.

And not to be outdone, all the trees, big
and little, and all the rest of the growing
and little, and all the rest of the growing
things in fallowators join in the wish
that your three took of years may be
lengthened far beyond the allotted span.

Rocky Mountain,
Miss Rocky Mountain, with the pertness of youth, seized the opportunity the American people, to be used and not abused, to be conserved from been stirring up opposition to local been stirring up opposition to local national park service policy. Her a troubles, however, are practically over, inasmuch as both the Estes Park Chamber of Commerce and the Den-ver Civic and Commercial association have indorsed the policy in question. Miss Rocky Mountain was modest as well as pert, for in spite of her youth "silly strife" she leads all the national parks in attendance by a

This official family was headed by five young women of the national park service who personified five of the national parks inspected by the secretary: Miss Isabelle Story, in green, Hope of the Future.

And then Miss Yosemite wound up the literary feast with this effusion: And now, Mr. Secretary, we had hoped by this time to welcome a big hoped by this time to welcome a big grown-up sister to our midst, in the shape of Roosevelt National Park.

Perhaps by the time another year rolls around, you can make her acquaintance—and who knows—perhaps by that time, a new little sister will have arrived from somewhere in New Jexico to join us in our birthday greet ats.

At any rate, ma the year and all the years to come brux only peace, happiness and a continue opportunity to serve the nation and its people.

The Roosevelt National park she speaks of is Sequola, enlarged and with the change of name; legislation

with the change of name; legislation is pending in congress to that end. In "new little sister from New Mexico" she refers to the movement to establish a national park in the Bandelier National monument region, which is rich in relics of a prehistoric race.

One thing is certain: a secretary of the interior in sympathy with the national park movement has an "opportunity to serve the nation and its

GIFT TO THE LEGION





SELL PAPERS OF FORT SUTTER fairs

Famous Documents of 1846-7 Were Subject of Search for Many

New York .- The long-lost Fort Sutter papers, 1846-7—the greatest historical discovery, it is asserted, that has been made for more than a generation-is in a collection of rare books on the west, its history and romance,

These papers were the subject of search for more than half a century. George Bancroft, whose extensive inrestigations yielded many other priceless historical treasures of similar character, finally abandoned hope of the discovery of the Fort Sutter papers and said in his vork that a veil of mystery shrouded the events of 1846 and 1847 in the Sacramento valley and that very little was known of af-