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SYNOPSIS.

Senator John Calhoun is invited to become secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines that if he accepts Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to ask the Baroness von Ritz, spy of the British ambassador, Pakenham, to call at his apartments. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, and she asks Nicholas to assist in evading pursuers. Nicholas notes that the baroness has lost a slipper. She gives him the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun what he wants to know regarding England's intentions toward Mexico. As security Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Tyler tells Pakenham that joint occupation of Oregon with England must cease, that the west has raised the cry of "Fifty-Four, Forty, or Fight." Calhoun becomes secretary of state. He orders Nicholas to Montreal on state business and the latter plans to be married that night. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken congressman whom Nicholas asks to assist in the wedding arrangements, sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth, by mistake, and the wedding is declared off. Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, who having succeeded, where he failed, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him that the slipper he had in his possession contained a note from the article of Texas to the British ambassador, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas meets a naturalist, Von Rittenhofen, who gives him information about Oregon. The baroness and a British warship disappear from Montreal simultaneously. Calhoun engages Von Rittenhofen to make maps of the western country. Calhoun orders Nicholas to head a party of settlers bound for Oregon. Nicholas has an unsatisfactory interview with Elizabeth. Calhoun, excited by the jealousy of Senora Yturro and thereby securing the signature of the Texas treaty to a treaty of annexation, Nicholas starts for Oregon.

CHAPTER XXV.

Oregon.

The spell and the light of each path we pursue—
If woman be there, there is happiness too. — Moore.

Twenty miles a day, week in and week out, we edged westward up the Platte, in heat and dust part of the time, often plagued at night by clouds of mosquitoes. Our men endured the penalties of the journey without comment. I do not recall that I ever heard even the weakest woman complain. Thus at last we reached the South pass of the Rockies, not yet half done our journey, and entered upon that portion of the trail west of the Rockies, which had still two mountain ranges to cross, and which was even more apt to be infested by the hostile Indians. Even when we reached the ragged trading post, Fort Hall, we had still more than 600 miles to go.

By this time our forces had wasted as though under assault of arms. Far back on the trail, many had been forced to leave prized belongings, relics, heirlooms, implements, machinery, all conveniences. The finest of mahogany blistered in the sun, abandoned and unheeded. Our trail might have been followed by discarded implements of agriculture, and by whitened bones as well. Our footsore teams, gaunt and weakened, began to faint and fall. Horses and oxen died in the harness or under the yoke, and were perforce abandoned where they fell. Each pound of superfluous weight was cast away as our motive power thus lessened. Wagons were abandoned, goods were packed on horses, oxen and cows.

We put cows into the yoke now, and used women instead of men on the drivers' seats, and boys who started riding finished afoot.

Gaunt and brown and savage, hungry and grim, ragged, hatless, shoeless, our cavalcade closed up and came on, and so at last came through. Ere autumn had yellowed all the foliage back east in gentler climes, we crossed the shoulders of the Blue mountains and came into the valley of the Walla Walla; and so passed thence down the Columbia to the valley of the Willamette, 300 miles yet farther, where there were then some slight centers of our civilization which had gone forward the year before.

Here were some few Americans. At Champoug, at the little American missions, at Oregon City, and other scattered points, we met them, we hailed and were hailed by them.

Messengers spread abroad the news of the arrival of our wagon train. Messengers, too, came down from the Hudson bay posts to scan our equipment and estimate our numbers. There was no word obtainable from these of any Canadian column of occupation to the northward which had crossed at the head of the Peace river or the Saskatchewan, or which lay ready at the head waters of the Fraser or the Columbia to come down to the lower settlements for the purpose of bringing to an issue, or making more difficult, this question of the joint occupancy of Oregon. As a matter of fact, ultimately we won that transcontinental race so decidedly that there never was admitted to have been a second.

So we took Oregon by the only law of right. Our broken and weakened cavalcade asked renewal from the soil itself. We ruffled no drum, flattered no flag, to take possession of the land. But the canvas covers of our wagons gave way to permanent roofs. Where we had known a hundred camp-fires,

now we lighted the fires of many hundred homes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Debated Country.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild;
The man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled! —Campbell.

Our army of peaceful occupation scattered along the more fertile parts of the land, principally among the valleys. Of course, it should not be forgotten that what was then called Oregon meant all of what now is embraced in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, with part of Wyoming as well. It extended south to the Mexican possessions of California. How far north it was to run, it was my errand here to learn.

I settled near the mouth of the Willamette river, near Oregon City, and not far from where the city of Portland later was begun; and builded for myself a little cabin of two rooms, with a connecting roof. This I furnished, as did my neighbors their similar abode, with a table made of hewed puncheons, chairs sawed from blocks, a bed framed from poles, on which lay a rude mattress of husks and straw.

From the eastern states I scarcely could now hear in less than a year, for another wagon train could not

the English navy—the same ship which more than a year before I had seen at anchor off Montreal!

News travels fast in wild countries, and it took us little time to learn the destination of the Modeste. She came to anchor above Oregon City, and well below Fort Vancouver. At once, of course, her officers made formal calls upon Dr. McLaughlin, the factor at Fort Vancouver, and accepted head of the British elements thereabouts. Two weeks passed in rumors and counter rumors, and a vastly dangerous tension existed in all the American settlements, because word was spread that England had sent a ship to oust us. Then came to myself and certain others at Oregon City messengers from peace-loving Dr. McLaughlin, asking us to join him in a little celebration in honor of the arrival of her majesty's vessel.

Here at last was news; but it was news not wholly to my liking which I soon unearthed. The Modeste was but one ship of 15! A fleet of 15 vessels, 400 guns, then lay in Puget sound. The watch-dogs of Great Britain were at our doors. This question of monarchy and the republic was not yet settled, after all!

I pass the story of the banquet at Fort Vancouver, because it is unpleasant to recite the difficulties of a kindly host who finds himself with

ing figure, which in some way seemed to be different from the blanket-covered squaws who stalked here and there about the post grounds. She passed steadily on toward a long and low log cabin, located a short distance beyond the quarters which had been assigned to me. I saw her step up to the door and heard her knock; then there came a flood of light—more light than was usual in the opening door of a frontier cabin. This displayed the figure of the night walker, showing her tall and gaunt and a little stooped; so that, after all, I took her to be only one of our American frontier women, being quite sure that she was not Indian or half-breed.

This emboldened me, on a mere chance—an act whose mental origin I could not have traced—to step up to the door after it had been closed, and myself to knock thereat.

I heard women's voices within, and as I knocked the door opened just a trifle on its chain. I saw appear at the crack the face of the woman whom I had followed.

She was, as I had believed, old and wrinkled, and her face now, seen close, was as mysterious, dark and inscrutable as that of any Indian squaw. Her hair fell heavy and gray across her forehead, and her eyes were small and dark as those of a native woman. Yet, as she stood there with the light streaming upon her, I saw something in her face which made me puzzle, ponder and start—and put my foot within the crack of the door.

"Threlka," I said quietly, "tell madam the baroness. It is I, Mons. Trist of Washington."

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the Cabin of Madam.

Woman must not belong to herself: she is bound to attend destinies.—Friedrich von Schiller.

With an exclamation of surprise, the old woman departed from the door. I heard the rustle of a footfall. I could have told in advance what face would now appear outlined in the candle glow—with eyes wide and startled, with lips half parted in query. It was the face of Helena, Baroness von Ritz!

"Eh bien! madam, why do you bar me out?" I said, as though we had parted but yesterday.

In her sheer astonishment, I presume, she let down the fastening chain, and without her invitation I stepped within. I heard her startled "Mon Dieu!" then her more deliberate exclamation of emotion. "My God!" she said. She stood, with her hands caught at her throat, staring at me. I laughed and held out a hand.

"Madam baroness," I said, "how glad I am! Come, has not fate been kind to us again?"

I pushed shut the door behind me. Still without a word, she stepped deeper into the room and stood looking at me, her hands clasped now loosely and awkwardly, as though she were a country girl surprised, and not the Baroness Helena von Ritz, toast or talk of more than one capital of the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE MAN IS NOT MASTER

Unable to Discover Secret of Avoiding That Troublesome Cold in the Head.

Man, says Persius, is a very noble piece of work, and is indeed king of kings except at those times when he is troubled with a cold in his head. If it be not Persius, it was Horace or Juvenal.

It is a fact of great interest that they are so common. Other epidemic diseases—measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria—may get hold on us once and there is an end; it is not usual to have any of them twice. We brew in our blood immunity. The poison of the disease evokes in us its proper antidote; our blood cells make a sort of natural antitoxin and keep it in stock, so that we are henceforth protected against the disease. A well-vaccinated nurse, for instance, works with safety in a smallpox hospital, where the very air is infective; but her blood was so changed by vaccination that the smallpox cannot affect her. By scarlet fever, again, we are, as it were, vaccinated against scarlet fever—the reaction of our blood against the disease immunizes us. No such result follows influenza or a common cold; we brew nothing that is permanent; we are just as susceptible to a later invasion as we were to the invasion that is just over.

The Mean Thing.

The Suffragette (smilingly)—Won't you do something to help our good cause along, Mr. Goodcraft?
Mr. Goodcraft—'I'd like very much to do one thing for you, but I fear it's impossible.
The Suffragette—'T—ut! tut! Nothing's impossible—what would you like to do for us?
Mr. Goodcraft—'Endow a few cells in your favorite prison!

TIGERS IN AGREEMENT WITH POLICE.

Judge Wilkinson Asks Investigation of Sensational Report.

Natchez.—Judge Wilkinson opened the March term of the Adams County Circuit Court Wednesday.

In his charge to the grand jury, he referred to the recent arrest of 30 men for selling beer and said that he had been informed that there was an agreement in Natchez for the owners of soft drink establishments to be arrested every three months and to pay fines of \$50 on each arrest. He charged the grand jury to investigate this matter and to look into the matter of violations of the prohibition laws. The city authorities and Chief Ramsey have no knowledge of any agreement to make arrests of proprietors of soft drink establishments at stated periods and will welcome any investigation on the part of the inquisitors.

STATE'S COTTON ACREAGE

President Hightower Says It Will Be No Change.

Jackson.—According to President G. R. Hightower of the Mississippi division of the Farmers' Union, there will be little or no change in the cotton acreage in this state during the current crop year.

"Of course, in some counties and communities there will be considerable increase," says President Hightower, "but taken as a whole, the acreage will be practically the same as last year."

President Hightower explains the phenomenal increase in fertilizer sales, which are much in excess of expectations of manufacturers, on the ground that the fine open weather during the winter season permitted the farmers to do a great deal of hauling, and they did not decide on the quantity of fertilizers to be used until the near approach of the planting period.

OIL MILL MEN TO MEET.

Important Convention Will Be Held in New York, June 7, 8 and 9.

Jackson.—Several oil mill managers in the state, will attend the annual convention of the Interstate Cotton Seed Crushers' Association to be held in New York on June 7, 8 and 9.

The fact that the boll weevil has invaded this industry, which is one of the most important in Mississippi, will render the New York convention one of exceptional interest. The mills in this state are seriously considering the question of crushing peanuts, and that theme will also be brought up for discussion.

PAPER FROM SLABS.

If Experiments Are Successful, Paper Mill Will Be Built.

Pascagoula.—The English syndicate, with local capitalists, that has contemplated establishing a paper mill at this port, will make a test to determine whether paper can be successfully made from pine slabs cut by the sawmills.

A cargo of pine slabs will be shortly shipped to Norway and there manufactured in the paper mills. If the experiment is satisfactory, a large amount of capital will be immediately invested in a paper mill here and employment furnished to hundreds of laborers. Fifteen thousand dollars is estimated as being the cost of the test.

Lumbermen Will Picnic.

Hattiesburg.—At a meeting of the directors of the Mississippi Pine Association the regular meeting of the association was set to be held in Hattiesburg, Tuesday, April 11. As is their custom, the Order of Hoo-Hoos will meet in the evening and a class of kittens be admitted to the mysteries of the order. A banquet, followed by a ball, will be tendered at the Hotel Hattiesburg. A number of prominent members of the order from a distance will be present, among them J. H. Baird, of Nashville, Tenn., who holds the office of supreme scrivener.

May Reimburse Owners.

Natchez.—Either at the special session or at the regular session of congress in December, Congressman William A. Dickson of Centerville will introduce a bill to protect the Natchez front, provide other improvements and to reimburse the owners on the eastern bank of the Mississippi river between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge for the damage done their lands by the building of the Louisiana levee system.

Negro Lynched Near Rockport.

Rockport.—An unknown negro was lynched near here by a mob composed of about fifty men, after he had shot and killed Daniel Beasley, a white farmer, who lived near this place. The negro made his escape after the shooting, but was captured later by a posse and was being hurried to the town jail here, when his captors were overtaken by the mob, which forced them to give up the prisoner.

Merchant Murdered.

Ackerman.—Pleasant Bruce, a merchant of Ackerman, was shot from ambush and possibly fatally wounded Thursday. A negro, known as Parine, is charged with the shooting and is being searched for by several posses. If captured it is not improbable that he will be lynched.

Sell Big Plantation.

Indianola.—The Sledge Lakewood plantation, comprising 1,501 acres, near here, was sold to Illinois people for the neat sum of \$75,000. The woodland, which was half of the farm, brought \$25 per acre, while the cleared land brought \$75 per acre.

Baker Made Field Agent.

Natchez.—James W. Miller, president of the Mississippi Retail Merchants' Association, announces that he has appointed Col. E. B. Baker as field agent for the association.

\$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will glad to send it to you entirely free. We just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-211 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is, without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

PA'S ANSWER.



"What is an indeterminate sentence, pa?"
"Matrimony, my son."

SCALES ALL OVER HER BODY

"About three years ago I was affected by white scales on my knees and elbows. I consulted a doctor who treated me for ringworm. I saw no change and consulted a specialist and he claimed I had psoriasis. I continued treatments under him for about six months until I saw scales breaking out all over my body save my face. My scalp was affected, and my hair began to fall. I then changed doctors to no avail. I went to two hospitals and each wanted to make a study of the case and seemed unable to cure it or assure me of a cure. I tried several patent medicines and was finally advised by a friend who has used Cuticura on her children since their birth, to purchase the Cuticura Remedies. I purchased a cake of Soap, the Ointment and the Resolvent. After the first application the itching was allayed.

"I am still using the Soap and Ointment and now feel that none other is good enough for my skin. The psoriasis has disappeared and I everywhere feel better. My hands were so disfigured before using the Cuticura Remedies that I had to wear gloves all the time. Now my body and hands are looking fine." (Signed) Miss Sara Burnett, 2135 Fitzwater St., Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1910.

Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, for free book on affections of the skin and scalp.

Somewhat Satirical.

A whilst enthusiast wrote and published a book on the game and sent a copy to a famous player for his opinion of it. In about a week the book was returned to him, with the following letter:

"My Dear Sir.—Your favor of the 10th instant, accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist!"

Severe Critic.

Alice—I like Tom immensely and he's very much the gentleman; but he does like to talk about himself!
Grace—Yes, dear, your knight hath a thousand I's.—Puck.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM
Take the Old Standard GENUINE ANTI-MALARIAL CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all Dealers for 50 cents. Price 50 cents.

What is passing in the heart of another rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict anatomist of his own.—Shelley.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough and all throat and lung troubles. At drug stores, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

What we are doing speaks with greater force than what we are saying.—Royston.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, eradicates rheumatism, gout and other diseases. Go to sleep without supper, but rise without debt.—Talmud.