

# The COURAGE of CAPTAIN PLUM

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD  
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## SYNOPSIS

Captain Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, an eccentric old man and counsellor of the Mormons, who has been spying on him, suddenly confronts him and tells him he is a spy. Plum ignores his protestations and bargains for the ammunition on board the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. He agrees to show Plum the Mormon town, St. James. Plum sees the frightened face of a young woman in the darkness near Price's cabin. She disappears, leaving an odor of lilacs.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

For several minutes Captain Plum stood as if the sudden apparition had petrified him. He listened long after the sound of retreating footsteps had fled away. There remained behind a faint sweet odor of lilac which stirred his soul and set his blood lighting. It was a beautiful face that had been seen. He was sure of that and yet he could have given no good verbal proof of it. Only the eyes and the odor of lilac remained with him and after a little the lilac drifted away. Then he went back to the log and sat down. He smiled as he thought of the joke that he had unwittingly played on Obadiah. From his knowledge of the Beaver Island Mormons he was satisfied that the old man who displayed gold in such reckless profusion was anything but a bachelor. In all probability this was one of his wives and the cabin behind him, he concluded, was for some reason isolated from the harem. "Evidently that little saintess is not a flirt," he concluded, "or she would have given me time to speak to her."

The continued absence of Obadiah Price began to fill Captain Plum with impatience. After an hour's wait he reentered the cabin and made his way to the little room, where the candle was still burning dimly. To his astonishment he beheld the old man sitting beside the table.

"I've been waiting for you, Nat," he cried, straightening himself with spring-like quickness. "Waiting for you a long time, Nat!" He rubbed his hands and chuckled at his own familiarity. "I saw you out there enjoying yourself. What did you think of her, Nat?"

"Because it was too hot and uninteresting lying out there in a calm, dad," replied the master of the Typhoon. "We've been roasting for 36 hours without a breath to fill our sails. I came over to see what you people are like. Any harm done?"

"Not a bit, not a bit—yet," chuckled the old man. "And what's your business, Nat?"

"Sailing—mostly."

"Ho, ho, ho! of course, I might have known it! Sailing—mostly. Why, certainly you sail! And why do you carry a pistol on one side of you and a knife on the other, Nat?"

steel. For a moment the face of Obadiah Price underwent a strange change. The hardness and glitter went out of his eyes and in place thereof a questioning, almost appealing, look. His tense mouth relaxed. It was as if he was on the point of surrendering to some emotion which he was struggling to stifle.

He attempted to withdraw his hand but Captain Plum held to it.

"Not yet!" he exclaimed. "There are two or three things which your friend didn't tell you, Obadiah Price!" Nathaniel's eyes glittered dangerously.

"When I left ship this morning I gave explicit orders to Casey, my mate."

He gazed steadily into the old man's unflinching eyes.

"I said something like this: 'Casey, I'm going to see Strang before I come back. If he's willing to settle for five thousand, we'll call it off. And if he isn't—why, we'll stand out there a mile and blow St. James into hell! And if I don't come back at to-morrow at sundown, Casey, you take command and blow it to hell without me!' So, Obadiah Price, if there's treachery—"

The old man clutched at his hands with insane fierceness.

"There will be no treachery, Nat, I swear to God there will be no treachery! Come, we will go—"

Still Captain Plum hesitated.

lips. Doubled over until his chin rested almost upon the sharp points of his knees, he gazed steadily at the beacon, and as he looked it shuddered and grew dark, like a firefly that suddenly closes its wings. With a quick spring the counsellor straightened himself and turned to the master of the Typhoon.

"You have a good nose, Nat," he said, "but your ears are not so good. Sh-h-h-h!" He lifted a hand warningly and nodded sideward toward the path. Captain Plum listened. He heard low voices and then footsteps—voices that were approaching rapidly, and were those of women, and footsteps that were almost running. The old man caught him by the arm and as the sounds came nearer his grip tightened.

"Don't frighten them, Nat. Get down!"

He crouched until he was only a part of the shadows of the ground and following his example Nathaniel slipped between two of the knolls. A few yards away the sound of the voices ceased and there was a hesitating in the soft tread of the approaching steps. Slowly, and now in awesome silence, two figures came down the path and when they reached a point opposite the hummocks Nathaniel could see that they turned their faces toward them and that for a brief space there was something of terror in the gleam he caught of their eyes. In a moment they had passed. Then he heard them running.

"They saw not!" Captain Plum exclaimed.

Obadiah hopped to his feet and rubbed his hands with great glee. "What a temptation, Nat!" he whispered. "What a temptation to frighten them out of their wits! No, they didn't see us, Nat—they didn't see us. The girls are always frightened when they pass these graves. Some day—"

"Graves!" almost shouted the master of the Typhoon. "Graves—and we sitting on 'em!"

"That's all right, Nat—that's all right. They're my graves, so we're welcome to sit on them. I often come here and sit for hours at a time. They like to have me, especially little Jean—the middle one. Perhaps I'll tell you about Jean before you go away."

If Captain Plum had been watching him he would have seen that soft mysterious light again shining in the old counsellor's eyes. But now Nathaniel stood erect, his nostrils sniffing the air, catching once more the sweet scent of lilac. He hurried out into the opening, with the old man close behind him, and peered down into the starlit gloom into which the two girls had disappeared. The lovely face that had appeared to him for an instant at Obadiah's cabin began to haunt him. He was sure now that his sudden appearance had not been the only cause of its terror, and he felt that he should have called out to her or followed until he had overtaken her. He could easily have excused his boldness, even if the counsellor had been watching him from the cabin door. He was certain that she had passed very near to him again and that the fright which Obadiah had attempted to explain was not because of the graves. He swung about upon his companion, determined to ask for an explanation. The latter seemed to divine his thought.

"Don't let a little scent of lilac disturb you so, young man," he said with singular coldness. "It may cause you great unpleasantness." He went ahead and Nathaniel followed him assured that the old man's words and the way in which he had spoken them no longer left a doubt as to the identity of his night visitor. She was one of the counsellor's wives, so he thought, and his own interest in her was beginning to have an irritating effect. In other words Obadiah was becoming jealous.

For some time there was silence between the two. Obadiah Price now walked with extreme slowness and along paths which seemed to bring him no nearer to the town below. Nathaniel could see that he was absorbed in thoughts of his own, and held his peace. Was it possible that he had spoiled his chances with the counsellor because of a pretty face and a bunch of lilacs? The thought tickled Captain Plum despite the delicacy of his situation and he broke into an involuntary laugh. The laugh brought Obadiah to a halt as suddenly as though some one had thrust a bayonet against his breast.

## TO IRRIGATE BEETS

Proper Application and Amount of Water Great Factor.

Determines Amount of Sugar Produced Per Acre and Size of Crop—Flooding is Most Popular but Requires Most Water.

In regions with insufficient rainfall the proper application and amount of water is the one factor that determines the size of the crop and the amount of sugar produced per acre. Different sections have worked out the problem for their own particular requirements. In general three methods are in vogue. Flooding in some one of the different ways is the most popular. Furrowing by means of small trenches between the beets, is also a favorite method for summer irrigation. But this way is usually confined to regions which have such hot weather in the summer that it would raise the temperature of large bodies of water to a point dangerously close to scalding. Ditching, the third method, is a departure from the furrowing, writes R. S. Adams, in Orange Juice Farmer. It consists in putting in ditches eight to twelve inches deep and from fifteen to forty feet apart.

In deciding on the method to use, a grower is confronted with several problems. First of all, is the amount of water he has at his disposal. Flooding requires the most, while ditching and furrowing require about the same. Flooding requires the most water and a good head. The head must be fairly level and with no abrupt changes of level. On the other hand, the land can be prepared the quickest and cheapest, and once prepared will last for several years. The method requires less labor in handling the water and more territory can be covered in 24 hours. One, or at most, two summer applications will suffice.

Ditching is more of a special method. Its disadvantages are the waste of land where the beets are removed for the ditches, the labor in preparing them and the need of frequent applications, as the recurrence of irrigation is similar on sandy soils or light loams, or on land having a subsoil into which water penetrates slowly. It is more of a special method, but where it can be used a comparatively large head of water can be handled, as well as a small one, much land can be gone over in a day, and but little, if any, more help is required than in flooding.

For more work in sections where hand labor is high, and where the weather conditions are not excessive, flooding will prove the best method to employ, utilizing the latest scheme of sloping or blanket checks. This form of flooding is gaining in popularity. The checks are run with the gentle slope of the land. The levees are placed 50 feet apart sideways, and from 150 to 400 feet long. Two or three checks are contiguous and to the end. The water is let into the top check, and when this is full the levee at the lower end is cut and the succeeding check filled, and so on until the next ditch is reached. The checks require only small levees, few ditches and one man can irrigate a comparatively large amount of land a day, depending, of course, on the head of water.

The secret of irrigation in sugar beets is to give water enough so that they will have plenty of moisture during the growing period, gradually decreasing the amount as the time of maturity approaches.

The character of the soil to a large extent determines the amount of water needed and the time of application. Heavy adobes will often carry a crop through with a single winter irrigation, because of the relative slow evaporation. Heavy clay loams will often carry the crop through with the winter irrigation. As to the time of application, the limits are much more closely defined for sandy soils, and usually a summer, and sometimes two applications will be needed to carry the crop to fullest maturity. In all cases the character of the subsoil is an important factor. Open subsoils require that the land be irrigated often and with more water; impervious subsoils necessitate care in applying water to avoid logging the land, thus driving out the air with a consequent loss of beets.

**Labor in Caring for Sheep.**  
The labor of looking after the sheep during the summer and keeping the weeds down along the fence rows with the scythe is less than keeping the weeds down where there are no sheep kept, and the labor of taking care of them in the winter is less than would be the case with any other kind of stock.

**Dip the Sheep.**  
Don't let the sheep go into winter quarters covered with ticks and lice. It costs too much to feed such parasites. Dip the flock now while the weather is yet warm. The cost is slight and the job quickly done. It will pay well to attend to such work promptly.

**Best Dairy Cow Ration.**  
Many ask what is the best ration to feed a dairy cow in order to get the most economical results. It may be said that there is no "best ration." The farmer must largely be guided in his feeding operations by what he raises on the farm.

## VERY SERIOUS SOIL TROUBLE

Black Alkali More or Less Prevalent in Arid Regions—Vegetation Will Not Grow.

Bulletins 155 and 160 by Dr. W. P. Headen, of the Colorado Experiment station, deal with a very serious soil trouble, that is more or less prevalent in arid regions. Very many farmers living in these regions know of bare spots in their fields or the fields of their neighbors upon which little or no vegetation of any kind will grow. It has been common to consider these areas as places where the alkali comes to the surface and kills the plants or places where for some reason the ground has seeped more than in other parts of the field. Careful examinations, however, do not show these conditions to be prevalent. Doctor Headen has discovered that the real trouble is due to the excessive accumulation of nitrates in the form of saltpeter in the soil. The trouble seems to be increasing rapidly in some cultivated sections so that some farms have been very largely ruined.

The bulletins also call attention to the fact that the common white alkali is seldom, if ever, abundant enough in the soil to do serious injury to plants, its presence on the surface simply indicating an excessive quantity of water in the soil beneath, which should be removed by drainage.

Those interested in these bulletins may obtain them while the supply lasts by addressing the Experiment Station, Fort Collins, Colorado.

**Fighting Witch Grass With Corn.**  
The corn crop is a good help in fighting witch grass, according to B. Walter McKeen, the well-known Maine agriculturist. He raises the corn without the use of the hand hoe and cleans out the witch grass at the same time. In raising sweet corn for the canner or heavier growing varieties for grain he plants in check rows, being able to cultivate in both directions, which does the greater part of the work of killing the grass.

The land is worked over and over again and in all directions and the grass is turned and twisted in a manner from which it can hardly recover. The first cultivation is done with a fine-tooth cultivator and later a wide-tooth riding cultivator is used the rest of the season. He finds that with such an implement one man can easily take care of ten acres. There is no hand hoeing, the weeds and grass are killed and the ground is prepared in the best manner for the succeeding crop. Best of all, the corn crop itself pays well.

**Lack of Figures.**  
Many farmers engaged in the production of milk or butter, especially those who have herds of thoroughbreds, may be perfectly satisfied that their cattle yield them a profit, but in most instances they are quite unable to give any figures proving this. Yet if breeders could know exactly what their herds, collectively and individually, were doing, it would be of the greatest value to them in the work of eliminating unprofitable cows, and finding ready sale for the surplus animals of a paying herd.

**The Hill System.**  
The hill system of strawberry culture is becoming more popular every year, says a writer in an exchange. Some growers prefer considerable space between rows and then intercrop the first year or two. Today I saw a very nice patch with the rows about thirty inches apart and a row of onions between them. They make a very good combination.

**Apple Growing Essentials.**  
The essentials of successful apple-growing are—1. A good locality, with good soil and good climate. Vermont in general, and especially the Champlain valley, supplies the best of all of these. 2. Good trees of good varieties. These can be had at very low cost. 3. Cultivation and fertilization of the soil. 4. Proper and intelligent care of the trees, which includes pruning, spraying and picking; and lastly, a good market, which we have right at our doors without any exertion on our part.

**Roumanian Melons.**  
Individual watermelons about the size of a cantaloupe, of delicious flavor, yellow and red in color, have been introduced into this country by Horace Knowles, former minister to Roumania, who discovered them in the foothills of the mountains of that country.

## THE LEMUR A CHARMING PET

Eha in His "Naturalist on the Prowl" Describes Little Animal—Servants Afraid of Him.

Pets are of all sorts. One of the most amusing and attractive is described by Eha in his "Naturalist on the Prowl." This little animal was a lemur, and besides many gentle and caressing ways, it seemed as if it possessed a certain sense of humor. Says Eha:

"I used to take its soft hand and examine its pretty nails. Each hand had one long, sharp claw. Such a curious arrangement puzzled me, until one day a flea showed me the use of that claw. It bit the lemur under the ribs. I expect the little beast had reason to be thankful that nature had spared one toe when it promoted it to the order of four-handed animals.

There never was a more charming pet. He took life so gayly, and the antics were so original. When my man let him out of his cage in the morning, he would scamper straight to my bedroom, look round with large eyes brimming over with mild curiosity, and, lightly as a rubber ball, spring to my dressing table, where he would examine everything. Then he would bound across the bed and land on my shoulders, handle my ears gently, wondering what was in the hole, and thrusting in his long tongue to find out.

That was beyond human endurance, and I would roll the little fellow into a ball, wind his long, fully taut about him, and fling him into the bed. He would be unwound in a moment, and would skip away to explore some more.

His hind legs being longer than his fore, he walked slowly, with his head down; but when in a hurry he would stand up and bound along like a kangaroo, tall in the air, arms extended, fingers spread, looking like nothing one ever saw.

The servants regarded him as uncanny, and fled at his approach. He would give chase, and there would be finer sport than to see the fat butler in full flight up the long stairway, with the gleeful little demon after him, three steps at a bound.—Youth's Companion.

**SICK, SOUR, UPSET STOMACH**  
Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn or Dyspepsia Relieved Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

Here is a harmless preparation which surely will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach within five minutes. If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion. Get from your pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there. Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town. These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disorder.

**FINE IVORY NOW THE VOGUE**  
Toilet Table Accessories at the Present Moment Are Costly but Decidedly Smart.

## SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation for four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."—Mrs. AUGUSTE VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wisconsin.

**Another Operation Avoided.**  
New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYRON, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. A great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN ET CETERA  
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**PATENTS**  
The name to remember for COUGHS and COLDS

**An Awful Moment.**  
The company always included many delightful women, and I remember the consternation caused among them one day by Burnham, the scout. He explained that he attributed his success as a scout to the acuteness of his sense of smell; it was like a bloodhound's.

**STOPPED SHORT**  
Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food.



"I know more than that, Nat."

Outside the counsellor hesitated for a moment, as if debating which route to take, and then with a prodigious wink at Captain Plum and a throatful of his inimitable chuckles, chose the path down which his startled visitor of a short time before had fled. For 15 minutes this path led between thick black walls of forest verdure. Obadiah Price kept always a few paces ahead of his companion and spoke not a word. At the end of perhaps half a mile the path entered into a large clearing on the farther side of which Nathaniel caught the glimmer of a light. They passed close to this light, which came from the window of a large square house built of logs, and Captain Plum became suddenly conscious that the air was filled with the redolent perfume of lilac. With half a dozen quick strides he overtook the counsellor and caught him by the arm.

"I smell lilac!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly, so do I," replied Obadiah Price. "We have very fine lilacs on the island."

"And I smelled lilac back there," continued Nathaniel, still holding to the old man's arm, and pointing a thumb over his shoulder. "I smelled 'em back there, when—"

"Ho, ho, ho!" chuckled the counsellor softly. "I don't doubt it, Nat, I don't doubt it. She is very fond of lilacs. She wears the flowers very often."

He pulled himself away and Captain Plum could hear his queer chuckling for some time after. Soon they entered the gloom of the woods again and a little later came out into another clearing and Nathaniel knew that it was St. James that lay at his feet. The lights of a few fishing boats.

"Ah, it is not time," whispered Obadiah. "It is still too early." He drew his companion out of the path which they had followed and sat himself down on a hummock a dozen yards away from it, inviting Nathaniel by a pull of the sleeve to do the same. There were three of these hummocks, side by side, and Captain Plum chose the one nearest the old man and waited for him to speak. But the counsellor did not open his

lips. Doubled over until his chin rested almost upon the sharp points of his knees, he gazed steadily at the beacon, and as he looked it shuddered and grew dark, like a firefly that suddenly closes its wings. With a quick spring the counsellor straightened himself and turned to the master of the Typhoon.

"You have a good nose, Nat," he said, "but your ears are not so good. Sh-h-h-h!" He lifted a hand warningly and nodded sideward toward the path. Captain Plum listened. He heard low voices and then footsteps—voices that were approaching rapidly, and were those of women, and footsteps that were almost running. The old man caught him by the arm and as the sounds came nearer his grip tightened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)