

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 54

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In Cherokee county, S. C. Mrs. Chas. Ligon, had a fire in the yard under a wash pot. The clothing of her 6-year old daughter caught from the flames, and in trying to save the child both the mother and child were fatally burned, dying in a short time.

Like Davy Crockett's con, the turkey is coming down. Chicago's crooks have "cleaned up" \$2,000,000 this year. The beef barons did little better.



## The Yukon Trail

A TALE OF THE NORTH  
WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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### CHAPTER I

#### Going "In."

The midnight sun had set, but in a crotch between two snow peaks it had kindled a vast cauldron from which rose a mist of jewels, garnet and turquoise, topaz and amethyst and opal, all swimming in a sea of molten gold. The glow of it still clung to the face of the broad Yukon, as a flush does to the soft, wrinkled cheek of a girl just roused from deep sleep.

Except for a faint murkiness in the air it was still day. There was light enough for the four men playing pinochle on the upper deck, though the women of their party, gossiping in chairs grouped near at hand, had at last put aside their embroidery. The girl who sat by herself at a little distance held a magazine still open in her lap.

Gordon Elliot had taken the boat at Pierre's Portage, fifty miles farther down the river. He had come direct from the creeks, and his impressions of the motley pioneer life at the gold diggings were so vivid that he had found an isolated corner of the deck where he could scribble them in a notebook while still fresh.

But he had not been too busy to see that the girl in the wicker chair was as much of an outsider as he was. Plainly this was her first trip in. Gordon was stammering in the Yukon country, one not likely to be overcountry when it became known what his mission was.

From where he was leaning against the deckhouse Elliot could see only a fine, chiseled profile shading into a mass of crisp, black hair, but some quality in the detachment of her personality stimulated gently his imagination. He wondered who she could be.

A short, thickset man who had ridden down on the stage with Elliot to Pierre's Portage drifted along the deck toward him. "He wore the careless garb of a mining man in a country which looks first to be a gold mine," "Bound for Kuslak?" he asked, by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," answered Gordon. "The miner nodded toward the group under the awning. "That bunch lives in Kuslak. They've got on at different places the last two or three days, except Selfridge and his wife, they've been out. Guess you can tell that from hearing her talk—the little woman in red with the snappy black eyes. She's spillin' over with talk about the styles in New York and the cabarets and the show shows. That pol-belled little fellow in the blue coat is Selfridge. He is Colby Macdonald's man Friday."



Like a Bullock Which Had Been Poked, the Man Went to the Floor.

"He greeted him eagerly, a little effusively, as if they were anxious to prove themselves on good terms with him."

"What was the matter?" asked Selfridge. "How did the trouble start?" The big man shrugged his shoulders. "It didn't start. Some of the outfit thought they were looking for a row, but they talked on the job when Tre-lawney got his."

Gordon, as he watched from a little distance, corrected earlier impressions. This man had passed the thirties, he had the thick neck and solid trunk of middle life, but he carried himself so superbly that his whole bearing denied that years could touch his splendid physique.

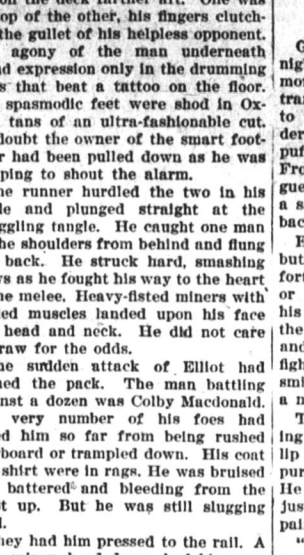
Strong had stepped to the wharf to get with an acquaintance, but when he bowed toward a warning signal he made a hurried goody and came on board. He rejoined Elliot. "Well, what'd you think of him? Was I right?"

"The young man had already guessed who this imperious stranger was. "I never saw anybody get away with a hard job as easily as he did that one. You could see with half an eye that those fellows meant fight. They were all primed for it—and he bluffed them out."

"Bluffed them—hub! I was where I could see just what he was doing. Colby Macdonald wasn't even looking at Tre-lawney, but you bet he saw him start. That suitcase traveled like a streak of light. You'd 'a' thought it weighed about two pounds. That ain't all, either. Mac used his brains. Guess what was in that grip."

"The whistle of the Hannah blew for the Tathai Cache landing while Strong and Elliot were talking. The gangplank was thrown out. A man came to the end of the wharf carrying a suitcase. He was well-set. Quick in the chest and broad-shouldered. Looking down from above, Gordon Elliot guessed him to be in the early thirties."

Mrs. Mallory was the first to recognize him, which she did with a drawing little shout of welcome. "Oh, you, Mr. Man. I knew you first. I speak for you, my dear."



The Rail Gave Way.

Two men, separated from the crowd, lay on the deck farther aft. One was on top of the other, his fingers clutching the rail of his helpless opponent. The agony of the man underneath found expression in the drumming heels that beat a tattoo on the floor. The spasmodic feet were shod in Oxford tans of an ultra-fashionable cut. No doubt the owner of the smart footwear had been pulled down as he was escaping to about the alarm.

The runner hurled the two in his stride and plunged straight at the struggling tangle. He caught one man by the shoulders from behind and flung him back. He struck hard, smashing blows as he fought his way to the heart of the melee. Heavy-fisted miners with corded muscles landed upon his face and head and neck. He did not care a straw for the odds.

The sudden attack of Elliot had opened the pack. The man battling against a dozen was Colby Macdonald. The very number of his foes had saved him so far from being rushed overboard or trampled down. His coat and shirt were in rags. He was bruised and battered and bleeding from the chest up. But he was still slugging hard.

They had him pressed to the rail. A huge miner, head down, had his arms around the waist of the Scotsman and was trying to throw him overboard. Macdonald lashed out and landed flush upon the cheek of a man attempting to brain him with a billet of wood. He hummed, but the short-arm jolt against the ear of the giant who was giving him the bear grip.

The big miner grunted, but hung on like a football tackle. With a jerk he raised Macdonald from the floor just as three or four others rushed him down. The rail gave way, splintered like kindling wood. The Scotsman and the man at grips with him went over the side together.

Clear and loud rang the voice of Elliot. "Map overboard!" The wheelman signaled to the engine room to reverse and blew whist, sharp shrieks of warning.

"Men overboard—two of 'em!" explained Elliot in a shout from the boat which he was trying to lower. The first mate and another man ran to help him. The three of them lowered and manned the boat. Gordon sat in the bow and gave directions while the other two put their backs into the stroke.

Across the water came a call for help. "I'm sinking—hurry!" The other man in the river was a dozen yards from the one in distress. With strong, swift, overland strokes he sped through the water.

### CHAPTER II

#### The Girl From Drogheda.

Gordon Elliot was too much of a night owl to be an early riser, but next morning he was awakened by the tramp of hurried feet along the deck to the accompaniment of brusque orders, together with frequent angry puffing and snorting of the boat.

From the quiver of the walls he guessed that the Hannah was stuck on a sandbar. The mate's language gave backing to his surmise.

Elliot tried to settle back to sleep, but after two or three ineffectual efforts gave it up. He rose and did one or two setting-up exercises to limber his joints. The first of these flashed the signal to his brain that he was stiff and sore. This brought to mind the fight on the hurricane deck, and he smiled. It hurt every time he twined a muscle.

Some party while it lasted. I never saw more willing minkers. Everybody seemed anxious to sit in except Mr. Wally Selfridge," he explained to his reflection. "But Macdonald is in the class. He's there with both right and left. That uppercut of his is vicious. Don't ever get in the way of it, Gordon Elliot."

He bathed, dressed and went on deck. Early though he was, one passenger at least was up before him. The young woman he had noticed last evening with the magazine was doing a constitutional.

Irish he guessed her when the deep-blue eyes rested on his for an instant as she passed, and fortified his conjecture by the coloring of the clear-skinned face and the marks of the Celtic race delicately stamped upon it.

The purser came out of his room and joined Elliot. He smiled at sight of the young man's face. "Your map's a little out of plumb this morning, sir," he ventured.

"But you ought to see the other fellow," came back Gordon boisterously. "I've seen him—several of him. I've got to give it to you and Mr. Macdonald. You know how to hit."

Gordon Elliot meant what he said. He was himself an athlete, had played for three years left tackle on his college eleven. More than one critic had picked him for the All-American team. But after all he was a product of training and of the gymnasiums. Macdonald was that nature and a long line of fighting Highland ancestors had made him.

The purser chuckled. "He's a good un, Mac. They say he liked to have drowned Northrup after he had saved him."

way up and she has mothered them ever since."

"The eyes of Elliot rested on Miss O'Neill. "She loves children."

"That was all he said, but Gordon felt the blood creep into his face. This annoyed him, as he added brusquely: "And not likely to be."

When the call for breakfast came Miss O'Neill took her retinue of youngsters with her to the dining room. Looking across from his seat at an adjoining table, Elliot could see her waiting upon them with a fine absorption in their needs.

Before they had been long in the dining room Macdonald came in carrying a sheaf of business papers. He glanced around, recognized Elliot, and made instantly for the seat across the table from him. On his face and head were many marks of the recent battle.

"Trade you a cauliflower ear for a pair of black eyes, Mr. Elliot?" he laughed as he shook hands with the man whose name he had just learned from the purser.

The grip of his brown, muscular hand was strong. It was in character with the steady, cool eyes set deep beneath the jutting forehead, with the confident carriage of the deep, broad shoulders.

"You might throw in several other little souvenirs to boot and not miss them," suggested Elliot with a smile. Macdonald nodded indifferently. "I gave and I took, which was as it should be. But it's different with you, Mr. Elliot. This was your row."

"I hadn't been in a good mix-up since I left college. It did me a lot of good." "Much obliged, anyhow." He turned his attention to a lady entering the dining room. "Mornin', Mrs. Selfridge. How's Wally?"

She threw up her hands in despair. "That's on his second bottle of liniment already. I expect those ruffians have ruined his singing voice. When I think of how close you both came to death last night—"

"I don't know about Wally, but I had no notion of dying, Mrs. Selfridge. They mused us up a bit. That was all."

### GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

- Graham Baptist Church—Rev. L. U. Wilson, Pastor. Preaching every first and third Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. A. P. Williams, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.
- Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. F. C. Lester. Preaching services every Sunday and fourth Sundays at 11:00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—W. R. Harden, Superintendent.
- New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. F. C. Lester, Pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8:00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.
- Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7:45 o'clock.
- Friends—North of Graham Public School, Rev. John M. Permas, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—Jelle Zaczary, Superintendent.
- Methodist Episcopal, south—Cor. Main and 5th Streets, Rev. D. E. Ernhart, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.
- M. F. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. R. S. Trozier, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.
- Presbyterian—West Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.
- Presbyterian (Travosa Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

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