GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1912.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT.

EYOND the door Howland heard Jean pause. There followed a few moments' silence, as though the other were listening for sound within. Then there came a fumbling at the bar and the

door swung inward.

"Bon jour. m'seur!" called Jean's cheerful voice as he stepped inside.

"Is it possible you are not up, with all this dog barking and".—

His eyes had gone to the empty bunk. Despite his cheerful greeting Howland saw that the Frenchman's face was haggard and pale as he turned quickly toward him. He observed no

ed quickly toward him. He observed no further than that, but flung his whole weight on the unprepared Croisset, and together they crashed to the floor. There was scarce a struggle and Jean lay still. He was flat on his back, his ar. s pinioned to his sides, and bring-ing himself astride the Frenchman's body so that each knee imprisoned an arm Howland coolly began looping the babeesh thongs that he had snatched from the table as he sprang to the Behind Howland's back Jean's legs shot suddenly upward. In a quick choking clutch of steel-like muscle they gripped about his neck like powerful arms, and in another instant he was posite wall. He staggered to his feet dazed for a moment, and Jean Croisset stood in the middle of the floor, his caribou skin coat thrown off, his hands clinched, his eyes darkening with a dangerous fire. As quickly as it had come the tire died away, and as he ad-ay vanced slowly his shoulders hunched over, his white teeth gleaming in a smile. Howland smiled back and advanced to meet him. There was no humor, no friendliness, in the smiles. Both had seen that flash of teeth and deadly scintillation of eyes at other

deadly scintillation of eyes at other times, and both knew what it meant.

"I believe that I will kill you, m'seur," said Jean softly. There was no excitement, no tremble of passion, in his voice. "I have been thinking that I ought to kill you. I had almost made up my mind to kill you when I came back to this Maison de Mort Range." ouge. It is the justice of God that I

The two men circled like beasts in a pit. Howland in the attitude of a box-er. Jean with his shoulders bent, his arms slightly curved at his side, the toes of his moccasined feet bearing his weight. Suddenly he launched himself at the other's throat.

In a flash Howland stepped a little to one side and shot out a crushing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat on his back. Half stunned. Croisset came to his feet. It was the first time that he had ever come into contact with science. He was puzzled. His bend rang, and for a few moments he was dizzy. He darted in again in his old. quick, catlike way and received a blow that dazed him. This time be

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid, His fin gers did not go near the weap his belt, and slowly the smile faded from Howland's lips as Jean circled on the appalling confidence that was in his antagonist's eyes. From those eyes rather than from the man he found himself slowly retreating. They followed him, never taking themselves from his face. In them the fire returned and grew deeper. The dul cheeks, and he laughed softly when he suddenly leaped in so that Howland struck at him—and missed. He knew what to expect now. And Howland knew what to expect.

It was the science of one world pit ted against that of another—the science of civilization, against that of the wilderness. Howland was trained in his art. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx. His was the quick-ness of sight. of instinct—the quick-ness of the great north loon that had often played this same game with his rife fire, of the sledge dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow. A third and a fourth time he came within

distance, and Howland struck and missed. "I am going to kill you," he said

To this point Howland had remained cool. Self possession in his science be knew to be half the battle. But he felt in him now a slow, swelling anger. The smiling flash in Jean's eyes began

fejt in him now a slow, swelling anger. The smiling flash in Jean's eyes began to irritate bim; the fearless, taunting gleam of his teeth, his audacious confidence put him on edge. Twice again he struck out swiftly, but Jean had come and gone like a dart. His lithe body, fifty pounds lighter than Howland's, seemed to be that of a boy dodging him in some tantalizing sport. The Frenchman made no effort at attack. His were the tactics of the wolf at the heels of the bull moose, of the lynx before the prongs of a cornered buck-dring, worrying, ceaseless.

Howland's striking muscles began to ache, and his breath was growing shorter with the exertions which seemed to have no effect on Croisset. For a few moments he took the aggressive, rushing Jean to the stove, behind the table, twice around the room, striving vainly to drive him into a corner, to reach him with one of the sweeping blows which Croisset evaded with the lightning quickness of a heil diver. When he stopped his breath came in wind broken gasps. Jean drew nearer, smilling, ferociously cool.

"I am going to kill you, m'seur." he repeated again.

Howland dropped his arms, his fingers relaxed, and he forced his breath between his lips as if he were on the point of exhaustion. There were still a few tricks in his science, and these



He backed into a corner, and Jean followed, his eyes flashing a steely

"I am going to break your neck."

Howland backed against the wall, partly turned as if fearing the other's attack and yet without strength to repel it. There was a contemptuo smile on Croisset's lips as he pois himself for an instant. Then he lear ed in, and as his fingers gripped at the other's throat Howland's right arm shot upward in a deadly short

arm punch that caught his antagoni



under the jaw. Without a sound Jean staggered back, tottered for a moment on his feet and fell to the floor. Fifty seconds later he opened his eyes to find his hands bound behind his back

and Howland standing at his feet.

"Mon Dieu, but that was a good I should have killed you long ago.
one!" he gasped after he had taken a tell you again that if you go into long breath or two. "Will you teach it to me. m'seur?"

"Get up!" commanded Howland. "I have no time to waste, Croisset." He caught the Frenchman by the shoulders and belped him to a chair near the table. Then he took posse of the other's weapons, including the revolver which Jean had taken from him, and began to dress. He spoke no word until he was done. "Do you understand what is going to

happen, Croisset?" he cried then, his eyes blazing hotly. "Do you under-stand that what you have done will put you behind prison bars for ten years or more? Does it dawn on you that I'm going to take you back to the authori-ties and that as soon as we reach the Wekusko I'll have twenty men back on the trail of these friends of yours?"

"The great God, m'seur, you cannot

do that!"
"Cannot!" Howland's fingers into the edge of the table. "By this great God of yours, Croisset, but I will! And why not? Is it because Meleese is And why not? Is it because Meleese is among this gang of cutthroats and murderers? Pish, my dear Jean, you must be a fool. They tried to kill me on the trail, tried it again in the coyote, and you came back here determined to the first. Now it's mine. I swear that if I take you back to the Wekusko we'll get you all."

"And that "If "- Jean was straining against the table.
"It rests with you, Croisset. I will bargain with you. Either I shall take you back to the Wekusko, hand you over to the authorities and send a force after the others or you shall take me to

"And if I take you to Meleese,

m'seur?" Howland straightened, his voice trem-

you or your friends."
"And Meleese" - Jean's eyes darkened again "You will not harm her,

"Harm her!" There was a languing tremor in Howland's roice. "Good Howland's teeth gleamed back coldly food man, are you so blind that you in reply. A mutual understanding can't see that I am doing this because of her? I tell you that I love her and that I am willing to die in tighting for her. Until now I haven't had the chance. You and your friends have that has believed them, but not a distance played a cowardly underhand game, and the space of a hreath. He had made up

against you. But now you have left mis the but one choice. I will take you to Meleese, and that means"—

"Good," cried Howland.

"La, ia, in seur, not so good as you think. It means that as surely as the dogs carry us there you will never come back. Mon Dieu, your death is certain."

Howland turned briskly to the stove.

"Hungry, Jean?" he asked more commended by the companies of the commendation of the



grim humor.
"And then, after I had fed you, you were going to kill me, my dear Jean," laughed Howland, flopping a huge cart-bou steak on the naked top of the sheet

"You ought to be killed, m'seur." se I'm going to know the reason "Or what, m'seur?"

"Kill you, Jean. I've just about made up my mind that you ought to be killed. If any one dies up where we're go-ing, Croisset, it will be you first of all." Jean remained silent. A few minutes later Howland brought the caribou steak, a dish of flour cakes and a big pot of coffee to the table. went behind Jean and untied his hands. the table he cocked his revolver and placed it beside his tin plate. Jean

grimaced and shrugged his shoulders deserve it I shall shoot you in your tracks, Croisset, so don't arouse

Jean sarcastically.
"And I will take yours to an extent," replied Howland, pouring the coffee. Buddenly he picked up the revolver. "You never saw me shoot, did you? See that cup over there?" He pointed to a small fin pack cup hanging to a nail on the wall a dozen paces from them. Three times without missing be hall on the wall a dozen paces from them. Three times without missing he drove bullets through it and smiled across at Croisset. "I am going to give you the use of your arms and legs except at night,"

"Mon Dieu, it is safe!" grunted Jean.

"I give you my word that I will be good, m'seur."

The sun was up when Croisset led the way outside. His dogs and sledge were a hundred yards from the build-ing, and Howland's first move was to take possession of the Frenchman's ri-fle and eject the cartridges while Jean tossed chunks of caribou flesh to the huskies. When they were ready to start Jean turned slowly and half reached out a mittened hand to the en-

tell you again that if you go into the north there is only one chance in a hundred that you will come back alive Great God, m'seur, up where you wist



and the carrion ravens pick out eyes! And that chance—that chance in a hundred, m'seur"— "I will take," interrupted Howland

decisively. "I was going to say, m'seur," finished Jean quietly, "that unless accident has befallen those who left Wekusko yesbetainen those who left weekings yes-terday that one chance is gone. If you go south you are safe. If you go into the north you are no better than a dead man."
"There will at least be a little fun at the finish," laughed the young en-gineer. "Come, Jean, hit up the dogs!"

"Mon Dieu. I say you are a fool—and a brave man," said Croisset, and his whip twisted sinuously in midair and cracked in sharp command over the yellow backs of the huskies

Howland stranguerous.

Bling a little with excitement.

"If you take me to Meleese and swear to do as I say I shall bring no harm to BEHIND the sledge ran Howledge to do as I say I shall bring no harm to land; to the right of the team ran Jean. Once or twice when Croisset glanced back "Harm her." There was a languing cracked his whip and smiled, and remor in Howland's voice. "Good Howland's teeth gleamed back coldly

that I am wining to haven't had the chance. You and your friends have played a cowardly underhand game, Croisset. You have taken me from behind at every move, and now it's up to you to square yourself a little. Understand? You take me to Meleese or there'il be a cleanup that will put you and the whole bunch out of business. Harm her!" Again Howiand laughed, leaning his white face toward Jean. "Come, which shall it be, Croisset?"

"You are mistaken in some things," "Mon Dieu, but you are a strange man!" exclaimed the Frenchman when

your jacket, mau? Up there where we're going is the sweetest little girl in the whole world. I love her. She loves me. Why shouldn't I be happy now that I know I'm going to see her again very soon—and take her buck into the south with me?"

"The devil:" grunted Jean.
"Perhaps you're jealous, Croisset," suggested Howland. "Great Scott! I hadn't thought of that!"

"I've got one of my own to love,

hadn't thought of that!"

"I've got one of my own to love,
m'seur, and I wouldn't trade her for
all else in the world."

"I can't understand you," cried the
engineer. "You appear to be half human; you say you're in love, and yet
you'd rather risk your life than help
out Meleese and me. What the deuce
does it mean?"

"That's what I'm doing, m'seurhelping Meleese. I would have done

helping Meleese. I would have done her a greater service if I had killed you back there on the trail and strip-ped your body for those things that would be foul enough to eat it. I have told you a dozen times that it is God's justice that you die, and you are going to die very soon, m'seur."
"No, I'm not going to die, Jean. I'm going to see Meleese, and she's going back into the south with me, and if

you're real good you may have the pleasure of driving us back to the Wekusko, Croisset, and you can be my best man at the wedding. What do you say to that?"
"That you are mad or a fool," retorted

Jean, cracking his whip viciously.

The dogs swung sharply from the trail, heading from their southerly course into the northwest.

course into the northwest.

"We will save a day by doing this."
explained Croisset at the other's
sharp word of inquiry. "We will hit
the other trail twenty miles west of
here, while by following back to
where they turned we would travel
sixty miles to reach the same point. where they turned we would traves sixty miles to reach the same point. That one chance in a hundred which you have depends on this, m'seur. If the other sledge has passed"—

He shrugged his shoulders and start-

He shrugged his shouled the dogs into a trot. "Look here!" cried Howland, run ning beside him. "Who is with this other sledge?"

other sledge?"
"Those who tried to kill you on the
trail and at the coyote, m'seur," he answered quickly.

Howland fell half a dozen paces be-

hind. His heart leaped with joyous hope, and he leaned forward on the sledge to examine Croisset's empty gun. It was an automatic, and Croi set, glancing back over the loping backs of the huskies, caught him smil-ing. He ran more frequently now, and longer distances, and with the passing of each mile his determination to strike a decisive blow incres If they reached the trail of Me se and Jackpine before the cross ing of the second sledge he would lie in wait for his old enemies. If they had preceded them he would pursue and surprise them in camp. In either ing advantage.

to detail that he would have shown in the arrangement of plans for the build-ing of a tunnel or a bridge, he drew a mental map of his scheme and its possibilities. There would be at least two men with the sledge and possi-bly three. If they surrendered at the point of his rifle without a fight he would compel Jean to tie them up with dog traces while he held them under cover. If they made a move to offer to detail that he would have shown in cover. If they made a move to offer resistance he would shoot. With the automatic he could kill or wound the three before they could reach their rifles, which would undoubtedly be on the sledge. The situation had now reached a point where he no longer took into consideration what these men might be to Meleese.

As they continued into the northwest Howland noted that the thicke areas of small banskian pine and unather rock ridges and dense swamps which had impeded their progress were becoming less numerous. An hour before noon, after a tedious climb to the top of a frozen ridge, Croisset pointed down into a vast level plain lying between them and other great ridges far

"That is a bit of the barren lands that creeps down between those moun tains off there, m'seur." he said. "Do you see that black forest that looks like a charred log in the snow to the south and west of the mountains That is the break that leads into the en this point and that we wil strike the trail. Mon Dieu, I had half

expected to see them out there on the plain."

"Who? Meieese and Jackpine, or"—
"No: the others, m'seur. Shall we have dinner here?"

"Not until we hit the trail." replied Howland. "I'm anxious to know about that one chance in a hundred you're given me hope of, Croisset. If they have passed"—

"If they are shead of us you might just as well stand out there and let me put a bullet through you, m'seur."

He went to the head of the dogs, guiding them down the feugh side of the ridge, while Howland steadied the toboggan from behind. In a small open space free of bush Croisset's voice rose sharply and the team

stopped.

"What do you think of it, m'seur?"
he cried, pointing to the snow. "What
do you think of that?"
Barely cutting into the edge of the

Barely cutting into the edge of the open was the broken crust of two sledge trails. Croisset had fallen on his knees in the trail.

"The crust is freshly broken," he said after a moment. "They have been gone not less than two or three hours, perhaps since morning. See this white glistening surface over the first trail, m'seur, like a billion needle points growing out of it? That is the work of three or four days' cold. The first sledge passed that long ago."

Howland turned and picked up Crosset's rifle. The Frenchman watched him as he slipped a clip full of cartridges into the breech.

"If there's a snack of cold stuff in the pack dig it out," he commanded. "We'll eat on the wan if von've cot anything to eat. If you haven't we'll go hungry. We're going to overtake that sledge some time this afternoon or tonight—or bust?"

"The saints be blessed, then we are most certain to bust, m'seur!" gasped Jasop. "And if we don't the done will."

Howland interrupted him with as

npatient gesture.
"And I say that if there is anything about it, Croisset. We're going to over take those precious friends of yours take those precious friends of yours, and I warn you that if you make any attempt to lose time something un pleasant is going to happen. Under

Jean had bent to unstrap one end of the sledge pack and an angry flash leaped into his eyes at the threatening tone of the engineer's voice. For a moment he seemed on the point of speech, but caught himself and in sience divided the small chunk of mean which he drew from the pack, giving the larger share to Howland as he went to the head of the dogs. Only once or twice during the next hour did he look back, and after each of these glances he redoubled his efforts as urging on the huskies. Before they had come to the edge of the black banskian forest which Jean had point ed out from the farther side of th plain Howland saw that the pace was telling on the team. The leader was trailing lame, and now and then the whole pack would settle back in their traces, to be urged on again by the flerce cracking of Croisset's long whip. To add to his own discomfiture Howland found that he could no long keep up with Jean and the dogs, an



H HEYER

"I'M GOING TO KILL Thus they came into the deep, low forest, and Jean, apparently oblivious of the exhaustion of both man and logs, walked now in advance of th team, his eyes constantly on the thin trail ahead. At last the engineer jump-ed-from the sledge and overtook his

"Hold on, Jean!" he cried. "I've got enough. You're right, and I want to apologize. We're busted—that is, the dogs and I are busted—and we the cogs and I are build we've had a feed. What do you say?"
"I say that you have stopped just is time. m'seur." replied Croisset with purring softness. "Another half how and we would have been through the forest, and just beyond that—in the edge of the plain—are those whom you seek, Meleese and her people. That is what I started to tell you back there when you shut me up. Mon Dieu, if it were not for Meleese I would let you go on. And then—what would happen then, m'seur, if you made your visit to them in broad day? Listen!" Jean lifted a warning hand. Faintly

there came to them through the forest the distant baying of a hound.

"That is one of our dogs from the Mackensle country," he went on softly, an insinuating triumph in his low with those who are going to kill you or will you wait a few hours? Eh which shall it be?"

tionless, stunned by the Frenchman's words. Quickly be recovered himself. His eyes burned with a metallic gleam as they met the half taunt in Crosset's eool smile. "If I had not stopped you we would

have gone on?" he questioned tensely.
"To be sure, m'seur," retorted Croisset, still smiling. "You warned me to lose no time—that something would happen if I did." the Frenchman's beart. "If you ever prayed to those blessed saints of yours do it now, Jean Crois set. I'm going to kill you!" he cried

Sercely. [TO BE CONTINUED.] Literary Career. "Til adopt the profession of letters," He vowed-but go on with the tale Well, he worked for anyhije at sign

She Beat Him to it.
"Jinks would have spent his fortun
on himself in a year if it hadn't bee

for his wife."

A New Use. Quite a novel method of an an engagement was that employed by a clever young indy in the west. She telegraphed a girl friend in Boston:

"Solomon, six, three."

the friend read: "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine."-Boston Transcript.

A bag of peppermints aat beside Un-cle Ethan. "I always try," he said, "to be as broadminded as I possibly can be But I can't belo inclining to believe," he went on. "that no one ought to chew gum and eat candy at the same time."-

Doyle.

"Good luck to you, Doyle," says Dugan, "and may neither one of us beright.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Tabernacle Bible Conference.

The fourteenth annual Tarber-

nacle Bible Conference will convene at the Baptist Tabernacle, Atlanta, Ga., March 1st, and continue to March 10th .- The Conference promises to be the largest in attendance in its history. Christian workers and Bible stu dents from all parts of the country will be in attendance. This Conference is interdenominational in character, over two thousand preachers alone attending last year. A greater attendance is expected this year in view of the fact that the Conference will be held in the new church recently dedicated, costing over \$200,000, the seating capacity of which is five thousand. The speakers of the Conference will be Dr. Chas Inwood, of London, the specially appointed representative of Keswick: Dr. Camden M. Cobern, of Alleghaney College, Meadville, Pa.; Dr. J. H. Jowett, pastor Fifth Ave. Presbyterian church, New York City; Dr. Howard A. Johnson, of Stamford, Conn.; Dr. W. W. Bustard, of Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. Len G. Broughton, Atlanta; Mrs. Lama

reaux, of Chicago. The music of the Conference will surpass any former effort. Prof. and Mrs. A. C. Boatman Prof. Chester E. Harris, of Ohio Prof. and Mrs. Carl Fisher, of Grand Rapids, will act as soloists and directors of the music, while the choir of a hundred voices will be supported by the handsome \$20,000 pipe organ, said to be the third largest in any Protestant church in the world. Rev. J. W. Ham, assistant pastor, may be addressed for further information.

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President Taft has virtually announced that he would veto the Underwood iron and steel bill if it reaches him. He says he will not sign any tariff bill not based on the report of the tariff board.

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slander she had entered against Mrs. Raines, has been arrested and put in jail. She is charged with being an accessory to the crime committed by her husband.

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