GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1918

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In Asheville a puppy got his head caught in the wheels of a tricycle ridden by Booker Washington Johnson, six years old. The puppy's neck was broken and Booker Washington Johnson landed in the gutter with a broken

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Harrison Whittimore of Asheville was trying to buy a pint of whiskey from a negro, for which he was to pay \$4, when the negro stabbed him twice on the arm an fled. Then Whittimore, who had aided and encouraged the illega sale of the liquor, went whining to the police.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER



CHAPTER I—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the meets and becomes increased to the control of the

CHAPTER II—Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly, though the come in a measure friendly, though the come in a measure friendly, though the come in a measure friendly in a measure friendl

CHAPTER IV—Eillot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for as-sistance. He meets Macdonald, who had become alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba.

CHAPTER V-Landing at Kusiak El-liot finds that old friends of his. Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Mac-donald the object of his coming to Alas-ka. The two men, naturally antagonistic now, also become rivals for the hand of

CHAPTER VII—Elliot, on his way to Kamatiah, wanders from the trail. He Bieses his horse in a marsh and is compelled to throw away rife and provisions and all unnecessary clothing. After long struggles he realizes that he will serve the control of the compelled the control of the control of

CHAPTER VIII—At Kamatlah, Gideon Holt, old prospector and bitter enemy of Macdonald, learns of Elliot's coming and determines to let him know the truth. Selfridge has Holt kidnaped and taken on a "prospecting" expedition. Elliot, barely alive, wanders into their camp and is cared for.

As soon as Selfridge reached Kamatagainst the arrival of the government agent. His preparations were elab-orate and thorough. A young engineer named Howland had been in charge of the development work, but Wally rearranged his forces so as to let each dummy entryman handle the claim en-tered in his name. One or two men about whom he was doubtful he discharged and hurried out of the camp.

temporarily into the hands of its manager. Miners moved from the barracks
that had been built by Macdonald into
hastily constructed cabins on the individual claims. Wally had always
fonced himself as a stage manager for hastily constructed cabins on the in-dividual claims. Wally had always fancied himself as a stage manager for amateur theatricals. Now he justified his faith by transforming Kamatlah his faith by transforming Kamatlah

ald with a bitter jealousy that could not be placated and he took no pains to hide the fact. He had happened to be in the vicinity prospecting when macdonald had rushed his entries. Partly out of mere perversity and partily by reason of native shrewdness, old Holt had slipped in and located one of the best claims in the heart of the group. Nor had he been moved by persuasion, threats, or tentative offers to buy a relinquishment. He was obsti-

of Holt was that a group of big capi-talists might be coming to look over their investment. But he rejected this surmise. There would be no need to try any deception upon them.

Mail from Seattle reached camp once a month. Holt sat down before his stove to read one of the newspapers he had brought from the office. It was

the P.-I. On the fifth page was a little story that gave him his clue.

MACDONALD COAL CLAIMS

The reopening of the controversy as to the Macdonald claims, which had been clear-listed for putent by Harold B. Winton, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, takes on another phase with the appointment of Gordon Elliot as special field agent to examine the validity of the holdings. The new field agent won'a reputation by his work in unearthing the Oklahoms "Gold Briek" land frauds.

Elliot leaves Seattle in the Queen City Thursday for the North, where he will make a thorough investigation of the whole situation with a view to clearing up the matter definitely. It his report is favorable to the claimants the patents will be granted without further delay.

This was too good to keep. Holt

This was too good to keep. Holt pulled on his boots and went out to twit such of the enemy as he might meet. It chanced that the first of them

first, in charge of George Holway. The prisoner walked next, his hands tied behind him. Big Bill followed, and, the man he had called Dud brought up the rear.

Macy had released the hands of his prisoner so, that he might have a chance to fight the mosquitoes, but he kept a wary eye upon him and neverlet him move more than a few feet from him. The trail grew steeper as it neared the head of the canyon till at last it climbed the left wall and last of the party looked at the leader of the party looked at the lambard camerded for more.

The lambard at lambard and clamored for more.

"Coming up soon, pardner," Holt told him soothingly. "Now tell us how come you to get lost."

The man nodded gravely. "Hit that line low, Gord. Hit 'er low. Only there yards to gain."

"Plumb bughouse," commented Dud, thewing tobacco stolldly.

"Out of his head—that's all. He'll be right enough after he's fed up and had a good sleep. But right now he's series the lambard and clamored for more.

mesa.

The leader of the party looked at his watch. "Past midnight. We'll "Come, Old-Timer. Get down in camp here, George, and see if we can't get rid of the 'skeeters."

bones sticking through his cheeks,"

E'Come, Old-Timer. Get down in your collar to it. Once more now.

Don't l' down on the job. All together,

other one or try states.

While George chopped wood for the fires and boughs of small firs for bedding. Big Bill sat with a rifle across ding. Big Bill sat with a rifle across.

"Looks like his haws is bogged down in Fifty Mile swamp," suggested Holt.
"Looks like," agreed Dud.
"The old miner said no more. But his

chance to escape, but in a few days they would become careless. The habit of feeling that they had him securely would grow upon them. Then, reasoned Holt, his opportunity would come. One of the guards would take a chance. It was not reasonable to suppose that in the mext week or two he would not catch them napping once the guards would take a chance. It was not reasonable to suppose that in the mext week or two he would not catch them napping once the guards would not catch them napping once the guards were a suppose that in the mext week or two he would not catch them napping once the guards were a suppose that in the mext week or two heart of held of the contract of his care of h for a short ten seconds.

ridge with anything so lawless. The agent, had sent him a hundred miles man was too soft of fiber to carry into the wilderness to save the life of through such a program, and as yet there was need of nothing so drastic, about the meeting that otherwise No, this kidnaping expedition would not run to murder. He would be set free in a few weeks, and if he told the

Wally had no come-back, unless it scampering. From somewhere in the distance

at their prisoner.

"Think we better break camp and drift?" asked Dud.

"The old miner turned for the old miner turned fo

We're in a little draw hereas good a hiding place as we'd be like-



ly to find. Drive the horses into the brush, George. We'll sit tight."

Dud had been busy stamping out
the campfire while Holway was driv-

ing the horses into the brush. "Mebbe you had better get the camp things behind them big rocks," Macy conceded.

Even as he spoke there came the crack of a revolver almost at the entrance to the draw.

whether they had played him false. "Lost and all in," Holway said in a hisper to Dud.

The other man nodded. Neither of them made a move toward the stranger, who stopped in front of their camp and looked with glazed eyes from one to another. His face was drawn and haggard and lined. Ex-treme exhaustion showed in every movement. He babbled incoherently.

of his head?" snapped Holt brusquely.
"Get him grub, pronto."
The old man rose and moved toward
the suffering man. "Come, pard. Tha's all right. Sit down right here and go to it, as the old sayin' is." He led the man to a place beside Big Bill and made him sit down. "Better light

ied to the hills. The pack horse went at first."

first, in charge of George Holway. The prisoner walked next, his hands tied given him and clamored for more.

get rid of the 'skeeters,"

They built smudge fires of green now." The stranger clucked to an wood and on the lee side of these another one of dry sticks. Dud made office upon this and cooked bacon.

"Looks like his haws is bogged with the stranger of th

"Looks like," agreed Dud.

The old miner said no more. But his The old miner said no more. But his knees just back of the prisoner.

"Gid's a shifty old cuss, and I ain't taking any chances," he explained aloud to Dud.

Holt was beginning to take the outrage philosophically. He slept peacefully while they took turns watching him. Just now there would be no chance to escape, but in a few days they would become careless. The habit of feeling that they had him securely would grow upon them. Then,

for a short ten seconds.

There was, of course, just the possibility that they intended to murder him, but Holt could not associate Self-between him and the government land

CHAPTER'IX

free in a few weeks, and if he told the true story of where he had been his foes would spread the report that he was insane in his hatred of Macdonald and imagined all sorts of persecutions. Big Bill grumbled a good deal at the addition to the party. It would be decidedly awkward if this stranger should become rational and undershird day they crossed to the other hird day they crossed to the other side of the ridge and descended into a little mountain park.

The country was so much a primeral.

The country was so much a primeral be a very different matter. Bill, there

The country was so much a primeval be a very different matter. Still, there wilderness that a big buil moose was no help for it. They would have stalked almost upon their camp before discovering the presence of a strange able to travel. At the worst, Big Bill discovering the presence of a strange able to travel. At the worst, Big Bill biped. Big Bill snatched up a rifle and could give him a letter to Selfridge took a shot which sent the intruder explaining things and so pass the buck to that gentleman.
Gld Holt had, with the tacit consen

came a faint sound.

"What was that?" asked George. "Sounded like a shot. Mebbe it was an echo," returned Dud.
"Came too late for an echo," Big Bill said.
"Came too late for an echo," Big Bill awake until morning. George was said. Again faintly from some far corner of the basin the sound drifted. It was bill, his rifle close at hand, was choplike the pop of a scarcely heard firecracker. The men looked at one another and ed with buckshot, lying on a box b side him, so that they were taking no

ing the boughs of green fir on th smudge to see that his patient was awake and his mind normal.

"Pretty nearly all in, wasn't I?" the young man said.

The answer of Gid Holt was an odd
one. "Yep. Seven—eleven—fifteen.

one. "Yep. Seven—eleven—fifteen. Take 'er easy, old man," he said in his shrill, high voice as he moved toward the man in the blankets. Then, in he asked a quick question.

"Are you Elliot?"

"Don't tell them. Talk football lingo as if you was still out of your hald." Holt turned and called to Dud. "Says he wants some breakfast."

the way," the cook answered. "On the way," the cook answered.

Holt seemed to be soothing the delirious man. What he really said was this. "Selfridge has arranged a plant for you at Kamatlah. The camp has been turned inside out to fool you. They've brought me here a prisoner so as to keep me from telling you the truth. Pst! Tune up now."

Big Bill had put down his ax and was approaching. actly suspicious, but he did not believe in taking unnacessary chances.
"I tell you I'm out of training Played the last game, haven't we?

Come tarough with a square meal, you four maker," demanded Elliot in a querulous voice. He turned to Macy. "Look here, Cap. Haven't I played the game all fall? Don't I get what I want now we're through?"

The voice of the young man was excited. His eyes had lost their quiet

steadiness and roved restlessly to and fro. If Big Bill had held any doubts one glance dissipated them.

"Sure you do. Hustle over and help Dud with the breakfast, Holt. I'll look out for our friend."
Elliot and Holt found no

chance to talk together that morning. Sometimes the young government official lay staring straight in front of him. Sometimes he appeared to doze. Again he would talk in the disjointed way of one not clear in the head.

An opportunity came in the after-noon for a moment.

"Keep your eyes skinned for a chance to lay out the guard tonight and get his gun," Holt said quickly. Gordon nodded. "I don't know that Gordon nodded. "I don't know that
I've got to do everything just as you
say," he complained aloud for the
benefit of George, who was passing
on his way to the place where the
horses were hobbled.

"Now—now! There sin't nobody
trying to boss you," Holt explained in
a patient voice.

a patient voice.
"They'd better not," snapped the invalid.

the kick with another.

Presently Gordon got up, yawned and strolled toward the edge of the amp.
"Don't go and get lost, young fel-

Gordon, on his way back, passed be-hind the guard, who was sitting tailor fashion before a smudge with a muley shotgun across his knees.

"This ain't no country for checha-kees to be wandering around without a keeper," the cook continued. "Looks like your folks would have better sense than to let their rah-rah boy..." He got no farther. Elliot drop one knee and his strong fingers



on the gullet of the man so tightly that not even a groan could escape him. The old miner, waiting with every muscle ready and every nerve under husels ready and every herve unter-tension, flung uside his blanket and hurled himself at the guard. It took him less time than it takes to tell to wrest the gun from the cook.

He got to his feet just as Big Bill, his eyes and brain still fogged with sleep, sat up and began to take notice of the disturbance.

"Don't move," warned Holt sharply. "Better throw your hands up. No-monkey business, do you hear? I'd as lief blow a hole through you as not." Big Bill turned bitterly to Elliot, "So you were faking all the time, young fellow. We save your life and you round on us. You're a pretty slick proposition as a double-crosser." "And that ain't all," chirped up Holt

blithely. "Let me introduce our friend to you, Mr. Big Bill Macy, This is Gordon Elliot, the land agent ap-pointed to look over the Kamatlah claims. Selfridge gave you lads this penitentiary job so as I wouldn't meet Elliot when he reached the camp. If he hadn't been so darned anxious about it, our young friend would have dled here on the divide. But Mr. Selfridge kindly outfitted a party and sent us a hundred miles into the hills to rescue the perishing, as the old sayin' goes. Consequence is, Elliot and me meet up and have that nice confidential talk after all. The ways of Providence is strange, as you might say,

mr. Macy."

Mr. Macy."

"Your trick," conceded Big Bill sullenly.

"Now what are you going to do with us?"

do with us?"
"Not a thing—going to leave you right here to prospect Wild Goose creek," answered Holt blandly. "Durden says there's gold up here—heaps

guage profane and energetic. He didn't strp at Durden. Holt came in for a share of it, also Elliot and Selfridge.

don't buy you anything," said Holway curtly. "What's the use of beefing?" "Now you're shouting, my friend," agreed old Gideon. "I guess, Elliot, you can loosen up on the chef's throat awhile. He's had persuading enough don't you reckon? I'll sit here and sorter keep the boys company while you cut the pack-ropes and bring 'em there. But first I'd step in and unload all the hardware they're packing. If you don't one of them is likely to get anxious. I'd hate to see any of them commit suicide with none of their commit suicide with none of their friends here to say, 'Don't he look natural?"

Elliot brought back the pack-ropes and cut them into suitable lengths. Holt's monologue rambled on. He was garrulous and affable. Not for a long time had he enjoyed himself so much. Gordon fied the hands of Big Bill behind him, then roped his feet together, after which he did the same for Holway. The old miner superintended the job and was not satisfied till he had added a few extra knots on his own behalf.

"That'll hold them for awhile, I

shouldn't wonder. Now if you'll just cover friend chef with this sawed-off gat, Elliot, I'll throw the diamond hitch over what supplies we'll need to get back to Kamatlah. I'll take one bronch and leave the other to the con-

victs," said Holt cheerfully.

"Forget that convict stuff," growled Macy. "With Macdonald back of us Macy. "With Macdonald back of us and the Guttenchilds back of him, you'll have a heetic time getting anything on us."

"That might be true if these folks

were back of you. But are they? Course I ain't any Sherlock Holmes, but it don't look to me like they'd play any such fool system as this." After Holt had packed one of the

animals he turned to Elliot.

"I reckon we're ready."

Under orders from Elliot Dud fixed

up the smudges and arranged the mosquito netting over the bound men so as to give them all the protection pos

SHIPPING BOARD DESIRES THAT SHIPYARD WORKERS RETURN PENDING ADJUSTMENT.

### LABOR LEADER IS COEFIANT

ocal Draft Boards Begin Calling Striking Workers Who Would R turn to Work But for Hutcheson

Washington. — A renewed demand that William L. Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpen ters and Joiners, send striking ship yard workers in eastern plants back to work pending an adjustment of their grievances was made by Chairman Hurley, of the shipping board. Earlier in the day Hutcheson had

inswered a previous appeal with communication declaring it would be impossible for him to act until he has some definite proposition from the shipping board asto working condi-

shipping board presents a situation of which ofcials declined to comment Mr. Hurley's request that the men be put back to work immediately car-ried no threat and shipping board officials would not say what steps they have in mind.

Reports that local exemption boards are preparing to call into the militar are preparing to call muothe military service striking shpyard workers within the draft age prompted the shipping board to send telegrams urg-ing that no such action be taken. De-ferred classification for shippard workers has been put by the provost mar-ers has been put by the provost mar-shal general's effice in the charge of the industrial service section of the shipping board desires that all draft questions be decided in Washington.

President Wilson is known to b siven personal attention to be labor situation and is following every move in the shipyard strikes.

In his communication to Hutcheser Chairman Hurley points out that the heads of the carpenters' and joiner union were the only ones who decits
ed to leave adjustment of difficultie to the shipbuilding labor adjustment board. Even the carpenters' locals de-spite this attitude, Ma. Hurley de-clares, have asked to be included in the agreement.

CENTRAL POWERS STILL

Frotzky Declares, However, Russia'
Withdrawal and Declares it Real. Although reports of the conference t the imperial German headquarter between Emperor William and the military and political leaders have in-dicated the probability of further fighting between the Teutonic allies and the Russians, the bolsheviki govern the Russians, the boleheviki govern-ment's withdrawal from the war has been reiterated by Leon Trotsky, the foreign mniister. A wireless com-munication from Petrograe sasy Trotsky informed the All-Russian Work-men's and Soldiers' councils that Rus-sia's withdrawal was a real one and that all arregements with her toward that all agreements with her forme allies had been vitlated. The

At War Declares Ruchis ann.
Amsterdam.—That Germaly and
Austria were still at war with Russia of it."

Was the belief expressed by Dr. Rich and von Kuehlmann, the Germen for guage profane and energetic. He didn't strp at Durden. Holt came in for a share of it also Elliot and Salt. at Brest-Litovsk after Leen Trotsky the bolsheviki foreign minist would be demobilized, but that ah would desist from signing a forma

The acts of war, Doctor von Kuehl mann said, ended when Russia and the Teutonic allies signed the armis tice, but when the armistice ended

FROM DEATH SENTENCE

Paris.-Bolo Pasha, who wa victed by a courtmartial of treason and sentenced to death, has appealed Bolo, much to his surprise, was dressed in prison garb and taken the death cell on his return to Sante prison. He passed a restless night, but was apparently hopeful that the decision may be reversed on appeal He said to the guards:

CAPT. VERNON CASTLE KILLED WHILE FLYING

of the British royal flying corps, who braved death for more than a year over the German lines with but only a minor wound, met death on a peaceful flying field in an effort to avert a collision with another aviator. The cadet aviator with whom he was fly-ing. C. Peters, was only slightly in-jured, Captain Castle was one of the best liked men on the aviation fields.

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"How goes it, Holt? Fine and dandy, eh?" inquired Wally with the professional geniality he affected.

Gid Holt Goes Prospecting. to tell all he knew. Macdonald's lieutenant got busy a nee with plans to abduct Holt. "We'l

The company boarding house became pended a newly painted sign with the legend, "San Francisco Grill, J. Glynn, Proprietor." The store also passed temporarily into the hands of its mana-

outwardly from a company camp to a mushroom one settled by wandering Gideon Holt alone was outside of all to do him any harm. these activities and watched them with suspicion. He was an old-timer, sly but fearless, who hated Colby Macdonald with a bitter jealousy that could not be placated and he took no pains

had it, and he meant to sit tight.

The adherents of the company might go on a wild-goose mush with a bunch charge that Holt was cracked in the upper story, but none of them denied

but not flattering. "What do I want to go on a wild-goose mush with a bunch of bums for?" be shrilled.

Bill Macy scratched his hook nose he was sharp as a street arab. He guessed that all this preparation was dressed that all this preparation was not for nothing. Kamatlah was being dressed up to impress somebody who would shortly arrive. The first thought

ELLIOT TO INVESTIGATE MACDONALD COAL CLAIMS

The old miner shook his head dole rully. "I done bust my laig, Mr. Sel-fish," he groaned. It was one of his pleasant ways to affect a difficulty of hearing and a duliness of understand-ing, so that he could legitimately call

people, by distorted versions of their names. "The old man don't amount to much nowadays."
"Nothing to that, Gid. You're young er than you ever were, judging by you "Then my looks lie to beat the devil

Mr. Selfish."

"My name is Selfridge," explained Wally, a trifle irritated.

Holt put a cupped hand to his ear anxiously. "Shellfish, dld you say? Tha' 's right. How come I to forget? The old man's going pretty fast, Mr. Shelifish. No more memory than a jackrabbit. Say, Mr. Shelifish, what's the idee of all this here back-to-the-

people movement, as the old sayin' is?'
"I don't know what you mean. And
my name is Selfridge, I tell you,' my name is Selfridge, I tell snapped the owner of that name. "'Course I sin't got no more sens than the law allows. I'm a buzzard hald, but me I kinder got to millin' it over and in respect to these here local

improvements, as you might say, I'm doggoned if I sabe the whyfor."

"Just some business Holt showed his

don Elliot a-tall."

teeth in a grin splenetic.

all. I didn't know but what you might be expecting a visitor." Selfridge flashed a sharp sidelong glance at him. "Waat do you mean—a "I just got a notion mebbe you might be looking for one, Mr. Pelfrich. Like as not you ain't fixing up for this Gor

"You're a wonder, Holt. Plty you don't start a detective bureau." The old man went away cackling.
If Selfridge had held any doubts be fore, he discarded them now. Holt would wreck the whole enterprise, were he given a chance. It would never do to let Elliot meet and talk with him He knew too much, and he was eager

was one to retort in ironic admiration

trip with some of the boys," explained Selfridge to Howland. "That way we'll kill two birds. He's back on his as-sessment work. The time limit will be up before he returns and we'll start a contest for the claim.' Howland made no comment. He was an engineer and not a politician. In his position it was impossible for himnot to know that a good deal about the legal status of the Macdonald

send the old man off on a prospecting

Big Bill Macy accepted the job with

a grin. He had never liked old Holt, anyhow. Besides, they were not going

buy a relinquishment. He was obstinate. He knew a good thing when he
had it, and he meant to sit tight.

agree wed like to have you throw in
with us. What say?'

The old miner's answer was direct
but not flattering. "What do I want to

and looked reproachfully at his host.
At least Holt thought he was looking at him. One could not be sure, for Bill's eyes did not exactly track. "What's the use of snapping at me like a turtle? Durden says Wild Goose looks fine. There's gold up there-henps of it."

"Let it stay there, then. I ain't

going. That's flat." Holt turned to adjust the damper of his stove. "Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't say that," drawled Bill insolently. The man at the stove caught the change in tone and turned quickly. He was too late. Macy had thrown himself forward and the weight of his body flung Holt against the wall. Before the miner could recover, the other two men were upon him. They bore him to the floor and in spite of his struggles tied him hand and foot.

your mind and go with us, Hoit. We'll spend a quiet month up at the head-quarters of Wild Goose. Say you'll "What are you going to do with me?" demanded Holt. "I reckon you need a church to fall on you before you can take a hint. Didn't I mention Wild Goose creek hree or four times?" jeered his captor

Holt made no further protest.

Big Bill rose and looked down deri-sively at his prisoner. "Better change

was furious, but at present quite help-less. However it went against the grain, he might as well give in until repellion would do some good.

Ten minutes later the party was moving silently along the trail that

One of the men swore softly. The gimlet eyes of the old miner fastened on the spot where in another moment his hoped-for rescuers would appear. A man staggered drunkenly into view. He reeled halfway across the mouth of the draw and stopped. His eyes, questing dully, fell upon the camp. He stared, as if doubtful

"Don't you see he's starving and out

Macy took the first watch that night. He turned in at two after he had roused Dud to take his place. The cook had been on duty about an hour when Elliot kicked Hoft, who was he was ready. The old man an

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