

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1918

NO. 5

VOL. XLIV

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English Spavin Liniment removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stiffles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Bleasish Cure. Sold by Graham Drug Company adv

The Durham street car company asks the privilege of increasing fares from 5 to 6 cents. Increased cost of material and labor is assigned as the cause.

After brooding over the war for four months and expressing the fear that the authorities would draft his only son for service, William Cobb, aged 73, a farmer of Caswell county, went out and hanged himself.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. **Fake 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.

The thermometer in the weather bureau in Charlotte registered 75 degrees Thursday—the highest February temperature in 27 years. Next day, March 1st, it broke all records for the season by going to 82.

Relief in Six Hours. **Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases** relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Graham Drug Co. adv.



THE ALASKA TRAIL

A TALE OF THE NORTH

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to investigate a case. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Macdonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate, comes aboard. Macdonald is attacked by a man whose name he had discharged, and the active intervention of Elliot probably saves his life.

CHAPTER II.—Elliot and Macdonald become friendly. Through the latter does not know that Elliot is on his mission which threatens to deprive Macdonald of millions of dollars through the unlawful exploitation of immensurable coal fields. Elliot also gets a line on the position occupied by Wally Selridge, Macdonald's right-hand man, who is returning from a visit to the States, where he has gone in an effort to convince the authorities that there was nothing wrong in Macdonald's methods.

CHAPTER III.—Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position where they are forced to turn back. Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back.

CHAPTER IV.—Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for a missing trapper and makes his way back to camp. Mrs. Page is also alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba.

CHAPTER V.—Landing at Kusak Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Page, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Page is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER VI.—Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot has the facts, sends Selridge to the mainland to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation.

CHAPTER VII.—Elliot, on his way to Kamsath, Holt, on his horse and in a blizzard loses his horse in a marsh and is compelled to throw away rifle and provisions and all necessary clothing. He struggles through the snow and reaches Kamsath, Holt, and resigns himself to death.

CHAPTER VIII.—At Kamsath, Holt, old prospector and bitter enemy of Macdonald, hears of Elliot's coming and determines to let him know the truth. He organizes a party to accompany Elliot on a "prospecting" expedition. Elliot, barely alive, wanders into their camp and is cared for.

CHAPTER IX.—Holt recognizes Elliot and the two overpower the kidnappers and Macdonald, nears of Elliot's coming and determines to let him know the truth. He organizes a party to accompany Elliot on a "prospecting" expedition. Elliot, barely alive, wanders into their camp and is cared for.

CHAPTER X.—Having all the information he wanted, Elliot, with Holt as guide, goes north of the mountains. He meets a squaw, Meteeze, with her child, who Elliot becomes convinced that Diane (Mrs. Page) is doing her utmost to induce Sheba to marry Macdonald. He determines to win her for himself.

CHAPTER XI.—Macdonald confesses to Sheba that he had wronged her father in a mining tract and makes financial restitution. Macdonald and Sheba become friends and she sends him down the river on official business.

CHAPTER XII.—Genevieve Malloy, adventuress, who has determined to win Macdonald, leaves for Sheba and her child and sends for them to confront Macdonald. Sheba, who has learned the truth, Macdonald blames Elliot for bringing the Indian woman to Kusak. Sheba breaks the engagement.

CHAPTER XIII.—Convinced that Elliot had induced Selridge to betray him, Macdonald sends Selridge to warn him to leave Kusak at once, threatening to shoot him if he refuses to go, and purchases a revolver.

With a swift movement of her fingers she flashed on the hall light. Her gaze searched the brown, shiny face of the little chap. She read there an affidavit of the truth of his mother's tale. It was impossible to see him and not recognize Colby Macdonald reincarnated.

"What is your name?" asked Sheba suddenly. The youngster hung back shyly among the folds of the Indian woman's skirt. "Colmae," he said at last softly. "Come!" Sheba swung open the door of the living room and ushered them in. Macdonald, pacing restlessly up and down the room during her absence, pulled up in his stride. He stood frowning at the new woman, then his eyes passed to Elliot and fastened upon him. The face of the Scotsman was grim as that of a hanging judge. Gordon started to explain, then stopped with a shrug. What was the use? The man would never believe him in the world.

"I remember this," the Alaskan promised his rival. There was a cold glitter in his eyes, a sudden flare of the devil that was blood-chilling. "It's true, then," broke in Sheba. "You're a squaw man. You belong to this woman."

"Nothing of the kind. That's been ended for years."

"Ended?" Sheba drew Colmae forward by the wrist. "Do you deny that this is your boy?"

It had been the intention of Macdonald to go direct from Sheba to his office, but the explosion brought about by Meteeze had sent him out into the hills for a long tramp. He was in a stream of furious emotion and until he had worked off the edge of it by hard musing, the cramped civilization of the town stifled him.

Hours later he strode into the office of the company. Wally lay asleep in a swivel chair, his fat body sagging and his head fallen sideways in such a way as to emphasize the plump folds of his double chin. His eyes opened. They took in his chief slowly. Then, in a small panic, he jumped to his feet.

"Must 'a' been taking thirty winks," he explained. "Been up nights a good deal."

"What doing?" demanded the Scotsman harshly. In a hurried attempt to divert the anger of Macdonald, his assistant made a mistake. "Say, Mac! Who do you think came up on the boat with me? I don't need any excuse, I'm a man. That's excuse enough. The one big fact you want to set your teeth into now is that I love you, and that there isn't another woman on God's earth for me, and that there never will be again."

Her eyes flashed battle. "The one big fact I'm facing is that you have insulted me—that you insult me again when you mention love with that woman and boy in the room. You belong to them—to go to them—and leave me alone. I hate the sight of you. Why don't you go—all of you—and leave me in peace?"

"It was a cry of bruised pride and wounded love. Elliot touched the Indian woman on the shoulder. Meteeze turned stolidly and walked out of the room, still leading Colmae by the hand. The young man followed.

Macdonald closed the door behind them, then strode forward and down the room. The fear was growing on him that for all his great driving power he could not shake this slim girl from the view to which she clung. His relation with Meteeze had been natural enough. He believed that he had acted very honorably to her. Many a man would have left her in the lurch to take care of the youngster by herself. But he had acknowledged his obligation. He was paying his debt scrupulously, and because of it the story had risen to confront him. He felt that it was an unclean blot on his name.

He knew that he must justify himself before Sheba or lose her. As he stood in the dusk so tall and rigid, he knew her heart was steel to him. Her finely chiseled face had the look of race. Never had the spell of her been more upon him. He crushed back a keen-edged desire to take her supple young body into his arms and kiss her till the scarlet ran into her cheeks like splashes of wine.

"You haven't the proper slant on this, Sheba. Alaska is the last frontier. It's the dropping-off place. You're worth fifty thousand dollars. Am I north of the Ten Commandments?" she demanded with the inexorable judgment of youth. "Did you leave the moral code at home when you came in over the ice?"

He smiled a little. "Morality is the average conduct of the average man at a given time and place. It is based on custom and expediency. The rules made for Drogheda won't fit Dawson or Nome. Meteeze doesn't hold herself disgraced but honored. She counts her boy far superior to the other youngsters of the village, and he is considered by the tribe. I am told she lords it over her sisters."

A faint flush of anger crept into her cheeks. "Your view of morality puts us on a level with the animals. I will not discuss the subject, if you please."

"We must discuss it. I must get you to see that Meteeze and what she stood for in my life have nothing to do with us. They belong to my past. She doesn't exist for either of us—isn't in any way a part of my present or future."

"She exists for me," answered Sheba listlessly. She felt suddenly old and weary. "But I can't talk about it. Please go. I want to be alone."

Again Macdonald paced restlessly down the room and back. The man was one among ten thousand, dominant, virile, every ounce of him strong as tested steel. But he felt as if all his energy were eaged.

"Why don't you go?" the girl pleaded. "It's no use to stay."

He stepped in front of her. "I'm going to marry you, Sheba. You're mine."

"No. Never!" she cried. "I'll take the boat and go home first."

"You've promised to marry me. You're going to keep your word and be glad of it all your life."

"Yes," Macdonald had always shown remarkable restraint with her. He had kissed her seldom, and always with a kind of awe at her young purity. Now he caught her by the shoulders.

The color flamed into her face. She looked hot to the touch, an active volcano ready to erupt. There was an odd feeling in her mind that this big man was a stranger to her.

"Take your hands from me," she ordered. "Do you think I'm going to give you up now—now, after I've won you—because of a fool scruple in your pretty head? You don't know me. It's too late. I love you—and I'm going to protect both of us from your prudishness."

His arms closed on her and he had crushed her to him, looking down hungrily into the dark little face. "Let me go," she cried fiercely, struggling to free herself.

curt order to leave town filled him with a chill anger. The dictator of affairs at Kusak might think what he pleased for all the explanation he would get from him.

"Tell your master I don't take orders from him," he said Wally quietly. "I'll stay till my work here is done."

"He had moved a few yards down the street. Now Gordon turned, leaned and active, and trod with crisp, confident step back to the hotel. He had said all that was necessary to say. Two men standing on the porch nodded a good evening to him. Gordon, about to pass, glanced at them again. They were Northrup and Trelawney, two of the miners who had had trouble with Macdonald on the boat.

"On impulse he stopped. "Found work yet?" he asked. "Found a job and lost it again," Northrup answered sullenly. "Too bad."

"Macdonald passed the word along that we weren't to get work. So our boss closed us. The whole district is closed to us. We've been blacklisted," explained Trelawney.

"And we're busted," added his mate. Elliot was always free-handed. Perhaps he felt just now unusually sympathetic toward these victims of the high-handed methods of Macdonald. From his pocket he took a small leather purse and gave a piece of gold to each of them.

"Just as a loan to carry you for a couple of days till you get something to do," he suggested. Northrup demurred, but after a little passing accepted the accommodation. "It was a good idea," he promised. Trelawney laughed recklessly. He had been drinking.

"You bet. Me too." His companion flashed a look of warning at him and explained that they were going down the river to look for work outside of the district.

Suddenly Trelawney broke loose and began to curse Macdonald with a bitterness that surprised the government agent. What struck him most, though, was the obvious anxiety of Northrup to quiet his partner and to get over what he had said.

Elliot bought an automatic revolver next morning and a box of cartridges. He was not looking for trouble, but he intended to be prepared for it when trouble came looking for him. In the afternoon he walked out of town and practiced shooting at tin cans for half an hour. On his way back he met Peter Page.

The engineer came straight to the subject in his mind. "Selridge came to see me last night. He told me about the trouble between you and Macdonald, Gordon. You must leave town till he cools down. Macdonald is a bad man with a gat."

"Is he? There'll be no trouble of my making. But if he starts any I'll be there. Macdonald doesn't own the earth, you know. I've been sent up here by Uncle Sam on business, and my worth is in my gun. I'll stay on the job till I'm through."

"Of course you've got to finish your job. But it doesn't all have to be done right here. Just for a week or two—"

"Tell your friend something else while you're on the subject. If I drop him, I go out free because he is interfering with me on duty. I'll put Selridge on the stand to prove it. But if he should kill me, his last chance for getting the Macdonald claims patented would be gone. The public would raise such a howl that the administration would have to throw your friend and the Guttenbergs overboard to save itself. I know that—and Macdonald knows it. So he stands to lose either way."

Page knew this was true. But he could not drop the subject without one more appeal. "He's not sore at you about the claims. You know that. It's because you brought the squaw up the river to see Sheba."

"I didn't bring her—hadn't a thing to do with that. I don't know who brought her, though I could give a good guess."

A gleam of hope showed in the eye of the engineer. "You didn't bring her? Diane said you threatened—"

"Maybe I did say I would. Anyway, I thought best of it. But I'm glad someone had the sense to tell Miss O'Neill the truth."

"Who do you think brought her?" "I'm not thinking on that subject out loud."

PLENTY OF "BRAINLESS" DAYS SAYS SENATOR REED

Says We Will Soon Come to Bread Cards if We Leave It to Hoover.

Washington—Strictures on government price-fixing and the activities of the food administration monopolized one day's session of the senate.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. L. U. Weston, 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. W. I. Ward, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. F. C. Lester. Preaching services every Second 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. Permar, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Belle Zachary, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal, South—on Main and Maple 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. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. R. S. Troxler, 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—Wat Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn E. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Trevors 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

E. C. DERBY

Civil Engineer. GRAHAM, N. C. National Bank of Alamance Bldg. BURLINGTON, N. C. Room 16, 1st National Bank Building. Phone 676.

JOHN J. HENDERSON

Attorney-at-Law GRAHAM, N. C. Office over National Bank of Alamance

J. S. COOK,

Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Floor.

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LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume—nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$3.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be sent to P. J. KERNODLE, 1012 E. Marshall St., Richmond, Va. Orders may be left at this office.

\$100—Dr. E. Detton's Anti-Diabetic, contains more than 1000 if you have a child who soils the bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1.00. Sold by Graham Drug Company. adv.

Near Fairfax, S. C., Walter Best, a negro, was taken from the sheriff and two deputies by a mob of 100 men and hanged to a tree by the roadside. He killed William Weston, a young white man, the same day and was being taken to jail.

Break your Cold or LaGrippe with few doses of 666.

MEN AND SUPPLIES MOVING ON TIME

TRANSPORTATION REQUIREMENTS OF THE ARMY RUNNING ON SCHEDULE.

TALK OF OFFENSIVE DWINDLES

Great Battles May Not Materialize in West This Month—Generally in April.

Washington—Troops and supplies for General Pershing's forces now are moving to France on schedule time, it was learned on high authority. While figures may not be published it was stated positively that transportation requirements of the army are being met by the shipping board, and the immediate situation as to ships was described as satisfactory.

In view of this assurance that the United States will be able to maintain its place as a fighting unit on the battle front, reports from the western front are being scanned more eagerly than ever by officers here for the first signs of the 1918 campaign. It is felt strongly that the opening of major operations in what President Wilson has predicted will prove the decisive year of the great war will not be much longer delayed.

Mud has been the determining factor of many previous western front operations. So long as the ground is soft with the winter rains, it is impossible to move forward great guns and necessary transport trains to support an advancing line. Even in Flanders, however, indications this year are that the ground will harden early in spring, permitting either side to undertake the enterprises planned.

In April Heretofore.

In previous years, April has seen offensive operations set in motion by the allies. For that reason many officers here seem to anticipate raiding and minor assaults before the middle of next month will show in themselves that the ground is being mapped, information obtained and local strategic advantages established by one side or the other in preparation for a great effort.

To others it appears probable that no offensive will be undertaken on any considerable scale before May 1. They form that view on reports that the French offensive in 1916, started in April, proved to be at least two weeks early. The guns and transports could not be brought forward to consolidate all the ground the troops were able to wrest from German control.

Meanwhile, there has been less discussion of a German offensive on the western front. There are observers who have never been convinced that the Germans actually intended to attempt another drive at the channel ports or at Paris. To these officers, the admitted concentration of German forces has seemed a defensive rather than an offensive step. They believe a great allied effort this year and were moving to offset it.

MORE U-BOATS DESTROYED THAN GERMANY BUILT

In December, is Statement Given Out at Washington.

Washington—More submarines were destroyed by the allied and American naval forces in December than Germany built in that month, according to information that reached Washington. This fact developed in discussions of the statement made to parliament by Sir Eric C. Geddes, first lord of the British admiralty, that the submarines were being checked.

Whether succeeding months have shown a net loss in German submarines is not known here. It is believed, however that the anti-submarine campaign has proved so effective that increased efforts this spring will see a steady decrease in the number of U-boats available to prey on allied and American shipping.

TO STOP SPREAD OF "KULTUR" IN THIS COUNTRY

Washington—Legislation enabling the government to place in American hands permanently great German commercial and industrial concerns in this country which have been instruments in spreading the grip of German kultur was favorably reported to the senate by the appropriations committee. It is in the form of an amendment to the pending urgent deficiency bill, empowering the alien custodian to sell any enemy property.

GREAT BRITAIN SPENDS DAILY 6,577,000 POUNDS

London—Great Britain's loans to her allies up to February 9 had totalled 1,264,000,000 pounds sterling. And Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, announced in the house of commons. The national debt at the end of the financial year, the chancellor stated, would exceed 5,900,000,000 pounds sterling. The daily expenditure from the beginning of the financial year to Feb. 9, Mr. Bonar Law said, was 6,577,000 pounds sterling.

A BILIOUS ATTACK.

When you have a bilious attack your liver fails to perform its functions. The food you eat ferments in your stomach instead of digesting. This inflames the stomach and causes nausea, vomiting and a terrible headache. Take Chamberlain's Tablets. They will tone up your liver, clear out your stomach and you will soon be well as ever. They only cost a quarter.

RUB-MY-TISM—Antiseptic, Relieves Rheumatism, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc.

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For Answer He Kissed the Red Lips.

again. His soft flesh quaked like a jelly. As he stared pop-eyed at the furious face above him, the fat chin of the little man dropped.

"My God, Mac, don't do that!" he whined. Macdonald wheeled abruptly away, crossed the room in long strides, and came back.

"What's the use?" he said aloud. "You're nothing but a spineless putterer. Haven't you enough sense even to give me a chance to decide for myself? Why didn't you keep the woman with you till you could send for me, you daff monkey?"

"If I had known—"

"I'd think you've got sense enough to take a plain, straight message as far as the hotel? Because if you have, I've got one to send."

Wally had had a childlike desire to weep, but he was afraid Macdonald would kick him out of the office.

"Course I'll do whatever you say, Mac," he answered humbly. The Scotch-Canadian brushed the swivel chair and its occupant to one side, drew up another chair in front of the desk, and faced Selridge squarely. The eyes that blazed at the little man were the grimmest he had ever looked into.

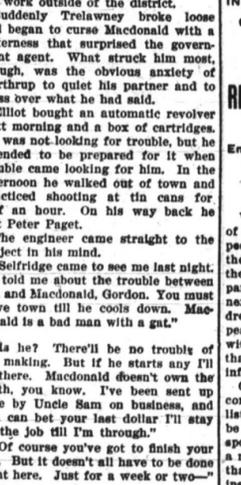
"Go to the hotel and see this man Elliot alone. Tell him he's gone too far—but limit my affairs once to offer. There's not a man alive I'd stand it from. My orders are for him to get out on the next boat. If he's here after that, I'll kill him on sight."

The color ebbed out of the florid face of Wally. He moistened his lips to speak. "Heavens, Mac, you can't do that. He'll go to the police."

"Let him say what he likes. Put this to him straight: that he and I can't stay in this town—and both of us live."

Wally had lapped up too many highballs in the past ten years to relish this kind of mission. His nerve was gone. He had not the punch any more. Yet Mac was always expecting him to help out with his rough stuff, he respected. Take this message, now. There was no sense in it. Selridge plucked up his courage to say so.

"That won't buy us anything but trouble, Mac. In the old days you could put over—"



Macdonald is a Bad Man With a Gat.

"But if you could show Mac—"

"That's up to you. I'll not lift a finger. I didn't start this war and I'm not making any peace overtures."

"You're as obstinate as the devil," smiled Peter, but in his heart he admired the dourness of his friend.

The engineer went to Macdonald and gave a deleted version of his talk with Elliot. The Scotsman listened, a bit incredulous smile on his face.

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