GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918

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CHAPTER III—Eillot secures an intro-duction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locality famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position from which it is impossible for Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back. CHAPTER IV—Eiliot 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 Elliot finds that old friends of his Mr. and has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonaid the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER VII—Eillot, on his way to Kamatlah, wanders from the trail. He loses his horse in a marsh and is compelled to throw away rifle and provisions and all unnecessary clothing. After long struggles he realizes that he will never reach Kamatlah, and resigns himself to

CHAPTER X—Having all the informa-tion he wanted, Elliot, with Holt as guide, goes back to Kusiak. On the way they meet a squaw, Metestes, with her chil-who is Macdonald's son, Reaching Ku-siak Elliot becomes convinced that Dlaine due Sheba to marry Macdonald. He de-termines to with her for himself.

CHAPTER XII—Genevieve Mallory, adventuress, who has determined to win Macdonald, learns of Metestes and her child and sends for them to confront Macdonald. They visit Sheba and she earns the truth. Macdonald blames Elfott for bringing the Indian woman to Kuslak. Sheba breaks the engagement.

CHAPTER XIII—Convinced that Elliot had induced Metestse to visit Sheba Mass-donald sends Selfridge to warn him to leave Kusiak at once, threatening to shoot him on sight. Elliot refuses to go, and purchases a revolver.

CHAPTER XVI.

Paget smoked placidly, but the heart within him was troubled. It looked as if Selfridge had made up his mind to invent any evidence or take any chances. If Macdonald came through on the stand with an identification of Elliot as one of his assailants, the

young man would go down the river to serve time. There was enough cor-roborative testimony to convict St. Peter himself. "I'm just telling you what he maid,"

Disne explained. "And it worried me. His smile was cynical. I couldn't help Mrs. Paget stopped. The maid had

just brought into the room a visitor. Diane moved forward and shook hands with him. "How do you do, Mr. Strong? Take this big chair." Hanford Strong accepted the chair

and a cigar. He came promptly to the

I should have come or not. Are you folks for young Elliot or are you for Selfridge?" he demanded.

"If you put it that way, we're for El-Hot," smiled Peter,
"All right. Let me put it another way. You work for Mac. Are you on his side or on Elliot's in this matter of the toal claims?" ine looked at Peter. He took his

"We hope the coal claimants will win, but we've got sense enough to see that Gordon is in here to report the facts. That's what he is paid for. He'll tell the truth as he sees it. If his superior officers decide on those facts against Macdonald, I don't see

that Elliot is to blame." "That's how it looks to me," agreed Strong. "I'm for a wide-open Aliska, but that don't make it right to put this young fellow through for a crime he didn't do. Fact is, I like him. He's square. So I've come to tell you some-

fore he continued.

"I've got no evidence in his favor, but I bumped into something a little while ago that didn't look good to me. You know I room next him at the hotel. I heard a noige in his room, and I thought that was funny, seeing as he was locked up in jail. So I kinder listened and heard whispers and the sound of some one moving about. There's a door between his room and

mine that is kept locked. I looked through the keyhole, and in Elliot's room there was Wally Selfridge and another man. They were looking through papers at the dest. Wally put a stack of them in his pocket and they went out, locking the door behind them."

"They had no business doing that,"

burst out Diane. "Wally Selfridge Isn't an officer of the law."

Strong nodded dryly to her. "Just what I thought. So I followed them. They went to Macdonald's offices. After a while Wally came out and left the other man there. Then presently the lights went out. The man is camped there for the night. Will you tell me why?"

"Why?" repeated Diane with her sharp eyes on the miner.
"Because Wally has some paper, there he don't want to get away from

"Some of Gordon's papers, of

"You've said it."

"All his notes and evidence in the case of the coal claims, probably," con-"Maybe, Wally has stolen them, but he hasn't nerve enough to burn them till he gets orders from Mac. So he's holding them safe at the office," guessed Strong.

guessed Strong.

"It's an outrage."

"Surest thing you know. Wally has fixed it to frame him for prison and to play safe about his evidence on the

"What are you going to do about it?" Diane asked her husband sharply.
Peter rose. "First I'm going to see
Gordon and hear what he has to say.
Come on, Strong. We may be gone
quite a while, Diane. Don't wait up
for me if you get through your stint
of nursing."

Gopher Jones let them into the ran-shackle building that served as a jail, and after three dollars had jingled in and after three-dollars had jingled in the palm of his hand he stepped out-side and left the men alone with his prisoner. The three put their heads together and whispered. "I'll meet you outside the house of Selfridge in half an hour, Strong," was the last thing that Gordon said before Jones came back to order out the vis-

As soon as the place was dark again, he could escape any time he desired, but until now there had been no rea son why he should. Within a quarter of an hour he lifted the fron-grilled sash bodily from the frame and crawled through the window.

He found Paget and Strong waiting for him in the shadows of a pine out-

home and go to bed, Peter," the young man announced. "You're not in this. You're not invited to our party. I don't have to tell you why, do I?"

The engineer understood the reason. He was an employee of Macdonald, a

man thoroughly trusted by him. Ever though Gordon intended only to right a wrong, it was better that Paget should not be a party to it. Reluctantly Peter went home.

Gordon turned to Strong. "I ow you a lot already. There's no need for you to run a risk of getting into trou-ble for me. If things break right, I can do what I have to do without

an impatient hand. "Cut-it out, Eiliot.
I've taken a fancy to go through with
this. I never did like Selfridge any-

Wally himself opened. Elliot, from the shelter of the pine, saw the two men in talk. Selfridge shut the door and came to the edge of the porch. He gave a gasp and his hands went trem-

yard to the tree.

At sight of Gordon the eyes of Across the fa Wally stood out in amazement. Little sweat bends burst out on his forehead, for he remembered how busy he had been collecting evidence against this "Do not think for an instant that I

"W-w-what do you want?" he asked.

ne with us."

Wally breathed more freely. For a said. waity breathed more freely. For a moment he had thought this man had come to take vengeance on him.

They led him by alleys and back streets to the office of the Macdonald Yukon Trading company. Under an armonic programment of the macdonald in the company of the macdonald in the company of the macdonald in the company. Yukon Trading company. Under orders he knocked on the door and called out who he was. Gordon crouched close to the log wall, Strong behind eay it."

him.
"Let me in, Olson," ordered Sel-

The door opened, and a man stood on the threshold. Elliot was on top of him like a panther. The man went down as though his knees were oiled



Was on Top of Him Like a Panther. up your keys and get them for me,

Eillot commanded.

Wally did not need any keys. He knew the combination of the safe and opened it. From an inner drawer he drew a bunch of papers. Gordon looked them over carefully. Strong sat on a table and toyed with a revolver which he jammed playfully into the stomach of his fat prisoner.

"All here," announced the field agent, The safe-robbers locked their pr The safe-robbers locked their prison-ers in the office and disappeared into the night. They stopped at the house of the collector of customs, a genial young fellow with whom Elliot had played tennis a good deal, and left the papers in his hands for safe-keeping. After which they returned to the hotel and reached the second floor by way of the back stairs used by the serv-ents.

ants.

Here they parted, each going to his own room. Gordon slept like a school-boy and woke only when the sun poured through the window upon his bed in a broad ribbon of warm gold.

He got up, bathed, dressed, and went down into the hotel dining room. The waiters looked at him in amazement. Gordon ate as if nothing were the matter, apparently unaware of the excitement he was causing. He paid excitement he was causing. He paid not the least attention to the n Presently an eruption of men poured into the room. At the head of them was Gopher Jones. Near the rear Wal-lty Selfridge lingered modestly. He was not looking for hazardous adven-

Gopher, bristling up to Elliot.

The young man watched a smoke wreath float ceilingward before he turned his mild gaze on the chief of

police.
"I'm smoking."

"Don't you know we just got in from hunting you—two posses of us been out all night?" Gopher glared savagely at the smoker.

Gordon looked distressed. "That's tee bad. There's a telephone in my room, too. Why didn't, you call up? I've been there all night."

"The deuce you have," exploded Jones. "And us combing the hills for you. Young man, you're mighty smart. But I want to tell you that you'll pay

"Did you want me for anything in particular—or just to get up a poker game?" asked Elliot suavely. The leader of the posse gave him self to a job of scientific profanity. He

cause he had heard a titter or two be hind him. When he had finished, he formed a procession. He, with Elliot handcuffed beside him, was at the head of it. It marched to the jail.

Sheba Does Not Think So how, and I ain't got a wife and I don't work for Mac. Why shouldn't I have some fun?"

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "All who lay asleep on the lounge. His strong body lay at ease, relaxed

right. Might as well play ball and get things moving, then."

The little miner knocked at the door. thin, muscular cheeks a warmer color

bling into the air. The six-gun of the miner had been pressed hard against fused to see him or anybody else. his fat paunch. Under curt orders he moved down the steps and out of the to her room. The check had come back

Across the face of it he had written

shall not marry you." and when she returned found that his steady eyes were fixed upon her. "You're getting better fast," she

"Yes." The girl had a favor to ask of him and lest her courage fail she plunged into it. "Mr. Macdonald, if you say the work

Mr. Elliot will be released on bail. I am thinking you will be so good as to

His parrowed eyes held a cold glit-ter. "Why?" "You must know he is innocent. You

"I know only what the evidence shows," he cut in, warlly on his guard.
"He may or may not have been one of
my attackers. From the first blow I
was dazed. But everything points to
it that he hired—"

ng some proof of it?"
"Proof!" she cried scornfully. "Be een friends—" He's no friend of mine. The

neddler. I despise him." The scarlet flooded her cheeks ad I am liking him very, very much," he flung back stanchly.

Macdonald looked up at the vivid, flushed face and found it wholly charming. He liked her none the less because her fine eyes were hot and defiant in behalf of his rival.

"Very well," he smiled. "Fil get din out if you'll do me a good turn." "Thank you. It's a bargain." "Then sing to me." "What shall I sing?"

"Sing 'Divided.' " The long lashes veiled her soft eyes while she considered. In a way he had tricked her into singing for him a love-song she did not want to sing. But she made no protest. Swiftly she turned and slid along the bench. Herfingers touched the keys and she began

gan.
Sheba paid her pledge in full. After
the first two stanzas were finished she;
sang the last ones as well;
An' what' about the wather when I'd
have ould Paddy's boat,
Is it me that would be afeard to grip the

same if he is far:

His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are.

Och anee!

Her hands dropped from the keys and she turned slowly on the end of the seat. The dark lashes fell to her



"I'm Going to Marry You, Sheba." ot cheeks. He did not speak, but sh In self-defense she looked at him. The pallor of his face lent accent to

the fire that smoldered in his eyes.
"I'm going to marry you, Sheba.
Make up your mind to that, girl," he There was infinite pity in the look the gave him. "There's caulder things

"Not if I love you and you love me.

By the Lord, I trample down every-thing that comes between us." She knew the tramendous driving power of the man and she was afraid

power of the man and sale was alrated in her heart that he would sweep her from the moorings to which she clung. "There is something elso I haven't told you." The embarrassed lashes lifted bravely from the flushed cheeks to meet steadily his look. "I don't think—that I—care for you. "Tis I that am shamed at my—fickleness. But I lon't—not with the full of my heart." His bold, possessive eyes yielded no fraction of all they claimed. "Time enough for that, Sheba. Truth is that you're afraid to let yourself love me. You're worried because you can't measure me by the little two-by-four

and none of us are big enough to buck the government." Crisply Macdonald Sheba nodded her dusky little head in naive cander, "I think there will be

in naive cander. "I think there will be some truth in that, Mr. Macdonald. You're lawies, you know."
"I'm a law-to myself, if that's what you mean. It is my business to help hammer out an empire in this Northland. No need for me to brag. What

I have done speaks for me as a guide-post to what I mean to do."

"I know," the girl admitted with "I know, the girl admitted with the impetuous generosity of her race. "I henr it from everybody. You have built towns and railroads and devel-oped mines and carried the twentieth century into new outposts. You have given work to thousands. But you o so fast I can't keen step with you.

laws were made."
"Then I'll make a new code for you,"
he said, smiling, "Just do as I say and
everything will come out right."
Faintly her smile met his. "My
grandmother might have agreed to
that. But we live in a new world for

women. They have to make their own decisions. I suppose that is a part of the evidence against the claimants the penalty we pay for freedom."

Diane came into the room and Macdonald turned to her.

of the evidence against the claimants submitted by the field agent. An information had been filed against Gordonald turned to her.

I am going to marry her—that there is no escape for her. She had better get used to the idee that I intend to nake her happy."

The older cousin glanced at Sheba and laughed with a touch of embarrassment. "Whether she wants to be happy or not, O Cave Man?"

leased, and with a touch of cynici of his rival. An information was filed against the field agent of the land de-

coal claimants and their foes was growing more bitter. The muckrakers growing more offer. The muckrakers were busy, and the sentiment outside had settled so definitely against granting the patents that the national administration might at any time jettison Macdonald and his backers as a sop to public opinion.

It was not hard for Gordon to guess moved to and fro among the mining camps with absolute disregard of the growing hatred against him. Paget came to him at last with a warning. "What's that I hear about you being almost killed up on Bonanza?" Peter wanted to know.

"Down in the None Such mine, you mean? It did seem to be raining hammers as I went down the shaft," admitted his friend.

"Were the hammers dropped on pur-

Gordon looked at him with a grim smile. "Your guess is just as good as mine, Peter. What do you think?"
Peter answered seriously. "I think it isn't safe for you to take the chances you do, Gordon. I find a wrong impression about you prevalent among the men. They are blaming you for stirring up all this trouble on the outside, and they are worried for fear the mines may close and they will lose their jobs. I tell you that they are in a dangerous mood."

dangerous mood."
"Sorry, but I can't help that." "You can stay around town and not go out alone filghts."
"I dare say I can, but I'm not going

"I think you had better use a little sense, Gordon. I dare say I am exag-gerating the danger. But when you go around with that jaunty devil-mayare way of yours, the men think you are looking for trouble-and you're

"I know what I'm talking about. Nine out of ten of the men think you tried to murder Macdonald after you had robbed him and that your nerve weakened on the job. This seems to some of the most lawless to give them. a moral right to put you out of the way. Anyhow, it is a kind of justification, according to their point of view. I'm not defending it, of course. I'm telling you so that you can appreciate "You have done your duty, then,

"But you don't intend to take my ad-

time when you warned me. I'm going through with the job I've been hired to see those in the car as they were to

Out of the house poured a rush of men. They too pulled up abruptly at sight of Macdonald and his guests. A sardonic mirth gleamed in the

A sardonic mirth gleamed in the eyes of the Scotsman. "Do you always come out of a house through the wall, Mr, Elliot?" he asked. wall, Mr. Elliot?" he asked.
"Only when I'm in a hurry." Gordon pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed at some glass-cuts on his face.
"Don't let us detain you," said the Alaskan satirically. "We'll excuse you, since you must go."
"I'm not in such a hurry now. In fact, if you're going to Kusiak, I think I'll ask you for a lift," returned the field agent coolly.

"And your friends-in-a-hurry—do they want a lift too?" Big Bill Macy came swaying for-ward, both hands to his bleeding head.

"He's a spy, curse him. And he tried to kill me."
"Did he?" commented Macdonald evenly. "What were you doing to him?"
"He can't sneak around our claim under a false name," growled one of the miners. "We'll beat his head off." "I've had notions like that myself sometimes," assented the big Scots-man. "But I think we had all better leave Mr. Elliot to the law. He has Uncle Sam back of him in his spying.

spoke to Gordon, turning upon him cold, hostile eyes. "Get in if you're Elliot met him eye to eye. "I've

changed my mind. I'm going to walk." "That's up to you."
Gordon shook hands with Diane and
Sheba, went into the house for his
coat, and walked to the stable. He brought out his horse and turned i

for Kusiak.

A couple of miles out the car pas him trudging townward. As they flashed down the road he waved a cheerful and nonchalant greeting.
Sheba had been full of gayety
life, but her mood was changed. the way home she was strangely silent.

The days grew short. The last rive boat before the freeze-up had long since gone. A month earlier the same steamer had taken down in a mail sack the preliminary report of Elliot to his department chief. One of the passen-gers on that trip had been Selfridge. sent out to counteract the influen onald turned to her.

"I have just been telling Sheba that am going to marry her—that there is no escape for her. She had better let used to the idea that I intend to make her happy."

The older cousin glanced at Sheba

The older cousin glanced at Sheba in case the muckrake magazines should try to make capital of the report of Elliot.

during the long nights. It knew that Macdonald had gone on the bond of Elliot in spite of the scornful protest of the younger man. The case against the field agent was pending. Pursuit of the miners who had robbed the big mine-owner had long ago been dropped Somewhere in the North the outlaws

about his business just as if he were not under a cloud.

None the less, he walked the streets a marked man. Women and children looked at him curiously and whispered as he passed. The sullen, hostile eyes of miners measured him silentiy.

In the states the fight between the coal claimants and their foes was growing more bitter. The muckrakers been denied, but it was noticed that he was a constant guest at the home of the Pagets. Young Eiliot called there too, Almost any day one or other of the two men could be seen with Sheba on the street. Those who want-ed to take a sporting chance on the issue knew that odds were offered sub rosa at the Pay Streak saloon of three to one on Mac.

rosa at the Pay Streak saloon of three to one on Mac.

Sheba rebelled impotently at the situation. The mine-owner would not take "No" for an answer. He wooed her with a steady, dominant persistence that shook even her strong will. There was something resistless in the way he took her for granted. Gordon Elliot had not mentioned love to her, though there were times when her heart fluttered for fear he would. She did not want any more complications. She wanted to be let alone. So when an invitation came from her little friends the Husteds, sighed by all three of the children, asking her to come and visit them at the camp back of Katma, the Irish girl jumped at the chance to escape for a time from the decision being forced upon her.

Shebā pledged her cousin to secrecy until after she had gone, so that Miss

until after she had gone, so that Miss until atter sase and gone, so that Miss O'Neill was able to slip away on the stage unnoticed either by Macdonald or Elliot. The only other passenger was an elderly woman going up to the Katma camp to take a place as cook.

Later on the same day Wally Selfridge, coming in over the ice, reached Kusiak with important news for his chief. He brought with him an order from Winton, commissioner of the gen-eral land office, suspending Elliot pend-ing an investigation of the charges against him.

against him.

Oddly enough, it was to Genevieve Mallory that Macdonald went for consolation when he learned that Shebn had left town. He had always found it very pleasant to drop in for a chat with her, and she saw to it that he met the same friendly welcome now that a rival had annexed his scalp to her slender waist. For Mrs. Mallory

"Look out! He's got a gat," warned Macy. Gordon fervently wished he had. But he was unarmed. While his eyes quested for a weapon he played for

"You can't get away with this, you know. The United States government is back of me. It's known I left the Willow Creek camp. I'll be traced a word of advice once given him by a professional prizefighter: "If you

get in a rough house, don't wait for the other fellow to hit first."

They were crouching for the attack. In another moment they would be upon him. Almost with one motion he

him, Almost with one motion he stooped, snatched up by the leg a heavy stool, and sprang to the bed upon which he had been sitting.

The four men closed with him in a rush. They came at him low, their heads protected by uplifted arms. His memory brought to him a picture of the whitewashed gridiron of a football field, and in it he saw a vision of safety.

The stool crashed down upon Big Bill Macy's head. Gordon hurdled the crumpling figure, plunged between



hands outstretched to selze him, and dow, taking the flimsy sash with him.

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shoved against his teeth.

"Take it easy, Oison," advised Gordon. "Get up-slowly. Now, step back into the office, Keep your hands up."

Strong closed and locked the door behind them.

"I want my papers, Seifridge. Dig it is that he saved your life, that he fought for you, and that he is in prison because of it."

"If that is true, why doesn't he white waste of snow. partment for highway robbery and at-tempted murder, but Gordon went The general opinion was that Mac was playing politics about the trial of