

# A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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### CHAPTER X—Continued.

Lund sooner or later, meant to take her, willing or unwilling. He had said so, none too covertly, that very evening. And if Rainey meant to stand between her and Lund as a protector, Lund would accept him in that character only as the girl's lover and his rival.

For the time being, the safety of the Karluk and the successful carrying out of the purpose of the trip took all of Lund's attention and energy. Twice he had been thwarted by the weather from gleaming his golden harvest, and it began to look as if the third attempt might be no more fortunate.

"The Karluk's stout," he said once, "but she ain't built for the Arctic. If we git slipped badly she'll go like an eggshell."

"And then what?" Rainey asked. "Git the gold! That's what we come for. If we have to make sleds an' use the hunters for a dog-team." He laughed indomitably. "We'll make a man of you yet, Rainey, afore we git back."

Lund was snatching sleep in scraps, seeking always to feel a way toward the position of the island through the ice that continually baffled progress. Against all opposition he forced his way until, just after sunset one night, as the dusk swept down, he gave a shout and pointed to a fitful flare over the port bow. Rainey thought it the aurora, but Lund laughed at him.

"It's the crater atop the island," he said. "Nothin' dangerous. Reg'lar lighthouse. Now, boys," he went on, his deep voice ringing with exhilaration, "there's gold in sight! Whistle for a change of weather, every mother's son of you!"

The deck was soon crowded. On the previous trip the schooner had approached the island from a different angle, but the men were swift to acknowledge the glow of the volcano as the expected landfall. Lund remained on deck, and it was late before any of the crew turned in. Rainey, during his watch, saw the mountain fire-pulse, glowing and winking like the eye of a Cyclops, its gleam reflected in the eyes of the watchers who were about to invade the island and rob it of its golden sands.

The change of weather came about three in the morning, though not as Lund had hoped. A sudden wind materialized from the north, stiffening the canvas with its ice-laden breath, glazing the schooner wherever mois-

every one came trooping, to gather in two groups either side of the cabin skylight. Their faces were eager with the proximity of the gold, yet half sullen as they waited to hear what Lund had to say. Since the attempt against him Lund had said nothing about their shares. They acknowledged him as master, but they still rebelled in spirit.

"There's the island," said Lund. "We'll make it afore suudown. The beach is there, waitin' for us to dig it up. It'll be some job. I don't reckon it's frozen hard, on'y crusted. If it is we'll bust the crust with dynamite. But we got to hop to it. There'll be another cold spell after this one peters out an' the next is like to be permanent. I want the gold washed out afore then, an' us well down the strait. It's up to you to bump yourselves, an' I'll help the humples."

"We'll cradle most of the stuff an', if they's time, we'll flume the silt tailin' for the fine dust. Providin' we can git a fall of water. There'll be plenty for all hands to do. An' the shares go as first fixed. I ain't expectin' you to do the diggin' an' not git a pinch or two of the dust."

The men's faces lighted, and they shuffled about, looking at one another with grins of relief.

"No cheers?" asked Lund ironically. "Wall, I hardly expected any. Hansen, you'll be one of the foremen, with pay accordin' to Deming."

"I can't dig," said the hunter truculently. "Neither can Beale, with his ribs."

"You've got a sweet nerve," said Lund. "I reckon you've won enough to be sure of yore shares, if the boys pay up. Enough for you to do some diggin' in yore pockets for Beale. His ribs 'ud be whole if you hadn't started the bolshevik stunt. But I'll find something for both of you to do. Don't let that worry you none."

"We've got mercury aboard somewhere," Lund continued, to Rainey, when the men had dispersed, far more cheerful than they had gathered. "We'll use that for concentration in the film rifles. Hansen'll have rockers made that'll catch the big stuff. If the worst comes to the worst, we'll load up the old hooker with the pay dirt an' wash it out on the way home. I'll strip that beach down to bedrock if I have to work the toes an' fingers off 'em."

By noon the schooner was glazed in as firmly as a toy model that is mounted in a glass sea. The wind blew itself entirely out, but the current bore them steadily on to the clamorous shore, where the swells were creating promontories, bays, cliffs and chasms in the piled-up confusion of the fies pounding on the rocks, breaking up or sliding atop one another in noisy confusion.

The marble-whiteness of the ice masses was set off by the blues and soft violets of their shadows, and by pearly sheen wherever the planes caught the light at a proper slant for the play of prisms. Beautiful as it was, the sight was fearful to Rainey, in common with the crew. Only Lund surveyed it nonchalantly.

"It's bustin' up fast," he said. "All we need is a little luck. If we ain't got that there's no use of worryin'. We can't blast ourselves out o' this without riskin' the schooner. We ought to be thankful we froze in gentle. There ain't a plank started. The floe'll fend us off. There ain't easy big chunks enny way near us aft. Luck—to make a decent leadin'—is all we need, an' it's my hunch it's comin' our way."

His "hunch" was correct. Though they did not actually make the little bay on which the treasure beach debouched, they fetched up near it against a broken bill of ice that had lodged on the sharp slopes of a little promontory, making the connection without further damage than a splitting of the forward end of their casing floe, with hardly a jar to the Karluk.

Lund sent men ashore over the ice, climbing to the promontory crags with hawsers by which they tied up schooner, floe and all, to the land. If the broken hill suffered further catastrophe, which did not seem likely, its fragments would fall upon the floe. In case of emergency Lund ordered men told off day and night to stand by the hawsers, to cast loose or cut, as the extremity needed.

It was dark before they were snugged. The men volunteered, through Hansen, to commence digging that night by the light of 'ig fires, so crazy were they at the nearness of the gold. But Lund forbade it.

"You'll work reg'lar shifts when you git started," he said. "An' you won't start till tomorrow. We've got to stand by the ship tonight until we find out by mornin' how snug we're goin' to be berthed."

All night long they lay in a pandemonium of noise. After a while they would become used to it as do the workers in a stampmill, but that night it deafened them, kept them awake and alert, fearful with the tremendous cannonading. The bit of the frost made the timbers of the Karluk creak and its thrust continually worked among the stranded masses with groaning thunders and shrill

grindings, while the surf ever boomed on the resonant sheets of ice.

Dawn came before they were aware of it, a sudden rush of light that dyed the ice in every hue of red and orange, that tipped the frozen coast with bursts of ruby flame that flared like beacons and gilded the crests of the long swells, tingling all their world with a wild, unnatural glory.

Lund, striding the deck, his red beard laced with his breath, suddenly stopped and stared into the east. There, in the very eye of the dawn, was a trail of smoke, like a plume against the flaming, three-quarters circle of the rising sun!

Lund's face, on which the bruises were fast fading, changed purple-black with rage. He whirled upon Sandy, gaping near, and ordered him to fetch his binoculars. Through them he stared long at the smoke. Then he turned to the girl and Rainey.

"Come down into the cabin," he said. "We'll need all our wits. That's a patrol boat, Japanese, for a million! None other this far west. An' it's a—d—funny it should come up right at this minute. We've made the trip on schedule time, an' here they show. But we'll let that slide. We've got to think fast. They'll board us. They'll overhaul us lookin' for seal pelts. At least I hope so."

"We've got none. Our hunters an' our rifles an' shotguns'll prove our claim to be pelagic sealers. We got to trust they believe us. If there is a hide aboard or a club, or a sign of a dead seal on the beaches they'll nail us. They may ennyway, just on suspicion."

"It's lucky we didn't start mussin' up that beach. But they'll go over everything. I know 'em. They claim to own the seas hereabouts, an' they're cockier than ever, since the war. Rainey, you got to git busy on the log. If yore father didn't keep it up, Miss Peggy, so much the better. If he has, you got to fake it someways, Rainey."

"I'm Simms, get me, until we're clear of 'em. An' you, Rainey, are Doc Carlson. Nothin' must show in the log about enny deaths."

"But why?" asked the girl. "Why do we have to masquerade if we haven't touched the seals?"

Lund barked at her: "I gave you credit for sharper wits," he said. "We've got to have everything so reg'lar they can't find an excuse for haulin' us in an' settin' fire to the schooner. They'd do it in a jiffy. We got to show 'em our clearance papers, an' we've got to tally up all down the line. Rainey ain't on the ship's books—Carlson is. Lund ain't but Simms is. I'm Simms, an' you"—he stopped to grin at her—"you're my daughter. I'll dissolve the relationship after a while, I'll promise you that. An' I'll drill the men. They know what's ahead of 'em if the Japs git suspicious."

"That ain't the worst of it! They may know what we're after. If they do, we're goners. Ever occur to you, Rainey, that Tamada, who is a deep one, may have tipped off the whole thing to his consul while the schooner was at San Francisco? He was along the last trip. He'd know the approximate position. Might have got the right fingers out of the log, him havin' the run of the cabin. A cable would do the rest. He'll git his whack out of it, with the order of the Golden Chrysanthemum or some jargon to boot, an' git even with the way he feels toward our outfit for, that ain't his nose too sweet to him."

The suggestion held a fascination of conviction for Rainey. He had thought of the consul. He had always sensed depths in Tamada's reserve. It looked plausible. Lund rose.

"I'll fix Tamada," he said. But the girl stopped him.

"You don't know that's true. Tamada has been wonderful—to me. What do you intend to do with him?"

"I'll make up my mind between here and the galley," said Lund grimly. "This is my third time of tacklin' this island, an' no Jap is goin' to stand between me an' the gold, this trip. Why, even if he ain't blown on us, he'll give the whole thing away. If he didn't want to they'd make him come through if they laid their eyes on him. They've got more tricks than a Chinese mandarin to make a man talk. Stand to reason he'll tell 'em. If he can talk when they git here," he added emphatically, standing half-way between the table and the door of the corridor, his hand opening and closing suggestively. "The crew'd settle his hash if I didn't. They ain't fools. They know what's ahead of 'em in Japan. You, Rainey, git busy with that log. That gunboat'll have a boat alongside this floe inside of ninety minutes."

But Peggy Simms was between him and the door. "You shan't do it," she said, her eyes hard as flint, if Lund's were like steel. "You don't know what he was to me when—when dad was buried. Call him in and let him talk for himself or—I'll tell the Japanese myself what we have come for!" Lund stood staring at her, his forehead, his beard thrust out like a bush with the jut of his jaw. Still she faced him, resolute, barely up to his

shoulders, slim, defiant. Gradually his features crinkled into a grin. "I believe you would," he said at last. "An' I'd hate to fix you the way I would Tamada. But, mind you, if I don't git a definite promise out of him that rings true, I'll have to stow him somewhere, where they won't find him. An' that won't be on board ship."

The girl's face softened. "You said you played fair," she said with a sigh of relief. She stepped to the door, opened it, and called for Tamada. The Japanese appeared almost instantly. Lund closed the door behind him and locked it.

"You know there's a patrol comin' up, Tamada?" he asked. "A Jap patrol?"

"Yes."

"What do you intend tellin' 'em if they come on board?"

"Nothing, if I can help it. I think I can. I am not friendly with Japanese government. It would be bad for me if they find me. One time I belong Progressive Party in Japan. I make much talk. Too much. The government say I am too progressive."

Rainey laughed he caught a glint of humor in Tamada's eyes as he made his clipped syllables.

"So, I leave my country. Suppose I go on steamer I think that government they stop me. I think even in



But Peggy Simms Was Between Him and the Door.

California they may make trouble, if they find me. So I go sampan. Sometimes Japanese cross to California in sampan."

"That's right," said Rainey. He had handled more than one story of Japanese crews landing on some desolate portion of the coast to avoid immigration laws and steamer fares. Generally they were rounded up after their perilous, daring crossing of the Pacific. Tamada's story held the elements of truth. Even Lund nodded in reserved affirmation.

"Also I ship on Karluk as cook because of perhaps trouble if some one know me in San Francisco. I think much better if they do not see me. I have a plan. Also I want my share of gold. Suppose that gunboat find me, find out about gold, they will not give me reward. You do not know Japanese. They will put me in prison. It will be suggest to me, because I am of daimio blood"—Tamada drew himself up slightly as he claimed his nobility—"that I make hark-kari. That I do not wish. I am Progressive! I much rather cook on board Karluk and get my share of gold."

Lund surveyed him moodily, half convinced. The girl was all eager approval.

"What is your plan, Tamada?"

"We're losin' time on that log," cut in Lund. "Git busy, Rainey. Look among Carlson's stuff. He may have kept one. Depe up one of 'em, an' burn the other. Now then, Tamada, depe out yore scheme; it's got to be a good one."

Both Lund and the girl were laughing when Rainey came out into the main cabin again with the records. Tamada had disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Harum-Scarum."

Harum-scarum is a perfectly good word used in connection with a person who is exceedingly wild, reckless or thoughtless. The word probably originated from a combination of the two English verbs, "hure," to excite or worry, and "scar," to frighten. Locke, in his "Essay on Education," uses "hure" as a verb in this manner: "To hure and rate them is not to teach but to vex them."

In this country, it is generally supposed that "harum-scarum" is an Americanization, due probably to Washington Irving's use of it in his "Alhambra," where he wrote: "From a walk, the horse soon passed to a trot, from a trot to a gallop and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper."

Similar.

"What's become of Hitherby?"

"He's gone where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"Dead?"

"No, indeed. He's doing time in a model penitentiary."

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"We'll Make a Man of You Yet, Rainey, Afore We Git Back."

ture dripped, bringing up an angry scud of clouds that fought with the moon. The sea appeared to have thickened. The Karluk went sluggishly, as if she was sailing in a sea of treacle.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Smoke.

When Rainey came on deck the next morning he found the schooner floating in a small lagoon that made the center of a floe. The water in it was stush, hair solid. Main and fore were close furled, the headsails also, and the Karluk was nosing against the far end of the rapidly diminishing basin. The wind was still live'y.

A deep hum of bursting surf under-toned all other noises and, prisoned as she was, the schooner and her foe were sweeping slowly toward the land in the grip of a current rather than before the gusty wind.

Lund came up within the hour and stood blinking at the brilliance. He seemed well satisfied with the prospect. "Had breakfast?" he asked Rainey, one then: "All right. We'll git the men aft."

He believed an order, and soon