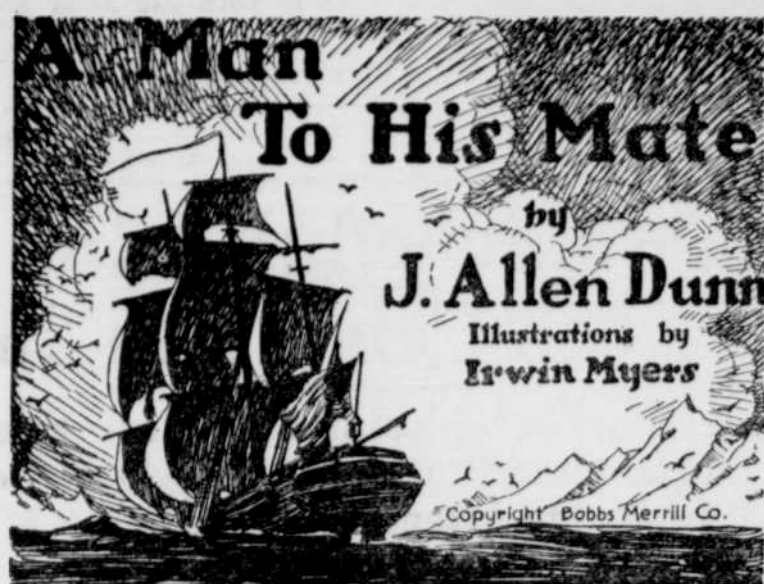




CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"He's some fox," said Lund. "Miss Peggy, you better superintend the theatricals. It's got to be done right. Rainey, not to interrupt you, what do you know about enteric fever?"

"Nothing."

"Well, it's the same as typhoid. There'll be a surgeon aboard that gunboat. You got to bluff him. Say little an' look wise as an owl. Don't let him mix in with yore patient."

"My patient?"

"Tamada! He's got enteric fever. If there's time he'll give you all the dope."

"But I don't see how that—"

"You will see when you see Tamada," Lund grinned. "How about them logs? Can you fix 'em?"

"I think so."

"Then hop to it. I'm goin' to wise up the men and arrange a reception committee. Don't forget yore name's Carlsen, an' mine's Simms."

Rainey wrote rapidly in his log, erasing, eliminating pages without trace, imitating the skipper's phrasing. Fortunately Simms had made scant entries at first and, later on, as the drug held him, none at all. Carlsen had kept no record that he could find. The girl had gone forward to aid with Tamada's plan which Lund had evidently accepted.

Before he had quite finished he heard the tramp of men on deck and the blast of a steam whistle. He ended his task and went up to see the gunboat, gray and menacing, its brasses glistening, men on her decks at their tasks, oblivious of the schooner, and officers on her bridge watching the progress of a launch toward the floe.

It made landing smartly, and a lieutenant, diminutive but highly effective in appearance, led six men toward the Karluk. He wore a sword and revolver; the men carried carbines. Their disciplined rank and smartness, the waiting launch, the gunboat in the offing, were ominous with the suggestion of power, the will to administer. The officer in command carried his chin at an arrogant tilt. Lund had fixed a gangway and stood at the head of it, saluting the lieutenant as the latter snappily answered the greeting.

Rainey found the girl and put a hurried question.

"What about Tamada? Where is he? What's the plan?"

She turned to him with eyes that danced with excitement.

"He's in the galley, Doctor Carlsen. But he isn't Tamada any more. He's Jim Coffey, nigger cook, sick with enteric fever, not to be disturbed."

Rainey stared. It was a clever device, if Tamada could carry it out, and he bear his own part in the masquerade. The willingness of Tamada to risk the disguise was assurance of his fidelity.

"Lund should have told me," he said. "I've got to change his name on the papers. It won't take a minute though; he doesn't appear in the log."

The Japanese officer wasted no time on deck. For precaution, Rainey made his alteration in the skipper's cabin, leaving the log there on the built-in desk.

"This is Lieutenant Ito, Doctor Carlsen," said Lund. "You want to see our papers, Lieutenant?"

"My orders are to examine the schooner," said Ito, in English even more perfect than Tamada's. His face was officially severe, though his faint eyes shifted constantly toward the girl. Evidently she was an unexpected feature of the visit.

"I'll get the papers first," said Lund. "Doctor, you an' Peggy entertain the lieutenant." Rainey set out some whisky, which the Japanese refused, some cigars that he passed over with a motion of his hand. He sat down stiffly and ran through the papers.

"We're peagle, you know," said Lund. "We ain't trespassin' on purpose. Didn't even know you owned the island."

"It is on our charts," said Ito crisply, as if that settled the right of dominion. "How did you come here at all?"

"We was brought," said Lund. "Got froze in north o' Wrangell. Gale set us west as we come out o' the strait. Were bound for Corwin. Nothin' contraband. All reg'lar. Six hunters, two damaged in the gale, though the doc's fixed 'em up. Twelve seamen, one boy, an' a nigger cook who's poisoned himself with his own cookin'. Doc's bringin' him round, too, though he don't deserve it. Want to make yore inspection? We're in no hurry to go away until the ice melts. Take yore time."

The little, dapper officer with his keen, high-cheeked face, and his shoe-brush hair, got up and bowed, with a side glance at Peggy Simms.

"It is not usual for young ladies to be so far north." His endeavor at gallantry was obvious.

"I am with my father," said the girl, looking at Rainey, enjoying the situation.

"Where I go she goes," said Lund. And looked in turn at her with relish in his double suggestion. He, too, was playing the game, gambling, believing in his luck, reckless, now he had set the board.

They passed through the corridor. Lund opened up the strong room, and then the galley. It was orderly, and there was a morning figure in Tamada's bunk, a tossing figure with a head bound in a red bandanna above the black face and neck that showed above the blankets. The eyes were closed. The black hands, showing lighter palms, plucked at the coverings.

"Delirious," said Lund. "Serves him right. He's a rotten cook."

"Have you all the medicines you need?" asked Ito. "I can send our surgeon."

"I can manage," returned Rainey, alias Carlsen. "It's enteric. I've reduced the fever."

They passed on through the hunters' quarters. The girl fell behind with Rainey.

"A good makeup and a good actor," she whispered. "I helped him to be sure he covered everything that would show. It was my idea about the bandanna. Just what a sick negro might wear, and it hid his straight hair."

The lieutenant appeared fairly satisfied, but requested that Lund go on board his ship. He stayed there until sundown, returning in hilarious mood.

"We've slipped it over on 'em this time," he said. "I left 'em as swim with sake, an' bubblin' over with polite regrets. But they'll be back in three weeks, they said, if the ice is open. An', if the luck holds, we'll be out of it. I don't want them searchin' the ship ag'in." He slapped Tamada on the back as he came to serve supper after Sandy had laid the table.

"A reg'lar vodeville skit," he exclaimed. "You're some actor, Tamada! But why didn't you say the island was down on their charts? They've even got a name for it. Hiyama."

"It means hot mountain," said Tamada. "The government names many islands."

"You can bet yore life they do," said Lund. "They're smart, but they overlooked that bench an' they've given us three weeks to cash in."

Lund himself had imbibed enough of the sake to make him loose of tongue, added to his elation at the success he had achieved. The gun-

boat was gone on its patrol, and he had a free hand. He half filled a glass with whisky. "Here's to luck," he cried. And spilled a part of the liquor on the floor before he set the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, Doc," he added. "An' to Peggy!" He rolled eyes that were a trifle bloodshot at the girl.

"Our relations have gone back as usual, Mr. Lund," she said quietly. Lund glared at her half truculently.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "As a daughter, I disown you from now on, Miss Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the same!"

"Delirious," said Lund. "Serves him right. He's a Rotten Cook."

float was gone on its patrol, and he had a free hand. He half filled a glass with whisky. "Here's to luck," he cried. And spilled a part of the liquor on the floor before he set the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, Doc," he added. "An' to Peggy!" He rolled eyes that were a trifle bloodshot at the girl.

"Our relations have gone back as usual, Mr. Lund," she said quietly. Lund glared at her half truculently.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "As a daughter, I disown you from now on, Miss Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the same!"

"Delirious," said Lund. "Serves him right. He's a Rotten Cook."

float was gone on its patrol, and he had a free hand. He half filled a glass with whisky. "Here's to luck," he cried. And spilled a part of the liquor on the floor before he set the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, Doc," he added. "An' to Peggy!" He rolled eyes that were a trifle bloodshot at the girl.

"Our relations have gone back as usual, Mr. Lund," she said quietly. Lund glared at her half truculently.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "As a daughter, I disown you from now on, Miss Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the same!"

"Delirious," said Lund. "Serves him right. He's a Rotten Cook."

float was gone on its patrol, and he had a free hand. He half filled a glass with whisky. "Here's to luck," he cried. And spilled a part of the liquor on the floor before he set the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, Doc," he added. "An' to Peggy!" He rolled eyes that were a trifle bloodshot at the girl.

"Our relations have gone back as usual, Mr. Lund," she said quietly. Lund glared at her half truculently.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "As a daughter, I disown you from now on, Miss Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the same!"

"Delirious," said Lund. "Serves him right. He's a Rotten Cook."

float was gone on its patrol, and he had a free hand. He half filled a glass with whisky. "Here's to luck," he cried. And spilled a part of the liquor on the floor before he set the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, Doc," he added. "An' to Peggy!" He rolled eyes that were a trifle bloodshot at the girl.

"Our relations have gone back as usual, Mr. Lund," she said quietly. Lund glared at her half truculently.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "As a daughter, I disown you from now on, Miss Peggy. Here's to ye, jest the same!"

CHAPTER XII.

My Mate.

From the day following the arrival and departure of the Japanese gunboat, they attacked the little U-shaped bench that lay between two buttresses of the volcano and sloped sharply down to the sea. Twenty-one men, a lad and a woman, they went at the despoiling of it with a sort of obsession, led, rather than driven, by Lund, who worked among the rest of them like a Hercules.

The men's fancy estimate of a million dollars began speedily to seem small as the work progressed, systematically stripping the rocky floor of all its shingle, foot by foot, and cubic yard by cubic yard, cradling it in crude rockers, fluming it, vaporizing the amalgam of gold and mercury, and adding pound after pound of virgin gold to the sacks in the schooner's strong room.

They worked at first in alternating shifts of four hours, by day and night, under the sun, the moon, the stars and the flaming aurora. The crust was drifted here and there where it had frozen into conglomerate, and exploded by dynamite, carefully placed so as not to dislodge the masses of ice that overhung the schooner. Fires to thaw out the ground were unavailable for sheer lack of fuel; there was no driftwood between these forestless shores. What fuel could be spared was conserved for use under the boilers that melted ice to provide water for the cradles and flumes, and help to cook the meals that Tamada prepared out-of-doors for the workers.

Buckets of coffee, stews, and thick soups of peas and lentils, masses of beans with plenty of fat pork, these were what they craved after hours of tremendous endeavor. Despite the cold, they sweated profusely at their tasks stripping off overgarments as they picked and shoveled or crowbarred out the rich gravel.

Through all of it Lund was supreme as working superintendent. There was no job that he could not, did not, handle better than any two of them, and though Rainey could see a shrinkage, or a compression, of his bulk, as day by day he called upon it for heroic service, he never seemed to tire. "Got to keep 'em at it," he would say in the cabin. "No time to lose, an' the odds all against us, in a way. Barring Luck. That's what we got to count on, but we don't want them thinkin' that. If the weather don't break—an' break fast right—as soon as we've cleaned up, we're stung. Though I'll blast a way out of this shore ice, if it comes to the worst. I saved out some dynamite on purpose."

With Lund handling all of the men as a unit, it was not long before the shovels began to scrape on the bare rock that underlay the gravel at tide edge, and work swiftly back to the end of the U. The outdoors kitchen had been established on top of the promontory between the schooner and the beach, a primitive arrangement of big pots slung from tripods over fires kindled on a flat area that was partly sheltered from the sea and the prevailing winds by outcrops of weathered lava.

At dawn the men trooped from the schooner to be fed and warmed, and then they flung themselves at their task. The more they got out the more there was in it for them. But Lund was their overlord, their better, and they knew it. Only Deming worked with one hand the handle of the force bellows, or fed the fires, and sneered.

On the fifteenth day, with the work better than half done, with more than a ton of actual gold in colors, that ranged from flour dust to nuggets, in the strong-room, the weather began to change. It misted continually, and Lund, rejoicing, prophesied the breaking up of the cold snap.

By the eighteenth day a regular Chinook was blowing, melting the sharper outlines of the icy crags and pinnacles, and providing streams of moisture that, in the nights now gradually growing longer, glazed every yard of rock with peril.

The men worked in a muck with their rubber sea-boots worn out by constant chafing, sweaters torn, the blades of their shovels reduced by the work demanded of them, the drills, shortened by steady sharpening, gone like the spare flesh of the laborers, who, at last, began to show signs of quicker and quicker exhaustion with occasional mutterings of discontent, while Lund, intent upon cleaning off the rock as a dentist cleans a crumbling tooth, coaxed and cursed, blamed and praised and bullied, and did the actual work of three of them.

Dead with fatigue, filled with food, drowsy from the liberal grog allowance at the end of the day, the men slept in a torpor every night and showed less inclination to respond, though the end of their labors was almost in sight.

"What's the use, we got enough," was the comment beginning to be heard more and more frequently. "Lund, he's got more'n he can spend in a lifetime!"

Rainey could not trace these mutterings to Deming's instigation, but he suspected the hunter. There was no poker; all hands were too tired for play.

As for Peggy Simms, she did not lose the polish of her culture, she was always feminine, even dainty at times, despite her work, that could not help but be coarse to a certain extent. She was full of vigor, she showed unexpected strength, she was a source of encouragement to the men as she waited on them. And also a source of undisguised admiration, all of which she shed as a duck sheds water.

Rainey gained an increasing respect in her prowess, and a swift conversion

to the equality of the sexes. There were times when he doubted his own equality. Had she met him on his own ground, in his own realm of what he considered vaguely as culture, he would have known a mastery that he now lacked. As it was, she averaged higher, and she had an attraction of sex that was compelling.

Here was a girl who would demand certain standards in the man with whom she would mate, not merely accompany through life. There were times when Rainey felt irresistibly the charm of her as a woman, longed for her in the powerful sex reactions that inevitably follow hard labor. There were times when he felt that she did not consider that he measured up to her gauges, and he would strive to change the atmosphere, to dominate the situation in which Lund was the greater figure of the two men.

Lund was centered on one achievement, the gold harvest. He ordered the girl with the rest; there were even times when he reprimanded her, while Rainey burned with the resentment she apparently did not share.

A little before dawn on the eighteenth day of the work up the beach, Lund was out upon the floe examining the condition of the ice. He had declared that two days more of



"They're Drunk, an' They're Goin' on Strike," said Sandy.

hard endeavor would complete their labors. What dirt remained at the end of that time they would transship. Rainey had joined the girl and Tamada at the cook fires.

The sky was bright with the aurora borealis that would pale before the sun. The men were not yet out of their bunks. They were bone and muscle tired, and Rainey doubted whether Lund, gaunt and lean himself, could get two days of top work out of them. Near the fires for the cooking, the melting of water and the forge, that were kept glowing all night, the tools were stacked to help preserve their temper.

The aurora quivered in varying incandescence as Rainey watched Lund prodding at the floe ice with a steel bar. The girl was busy with the coffee, and Tamada was compounding two pots of stew and bubbling peas pudding for the breakfast, food for heat and muscle making.

Sandy appeared on deck and came swiftly over the side of the vessel and up the worn trail to the fires. He showed excitement, Rainey fancied, sure of it as the lad got within speaking distance.

"Where is Mr. Lund?" he panted.

Rainey pointed to Lund, now examining a crack that had opened up in the floe, a possible line of exit for the Karluk, later on. The men were beginning to show on the schooner. They, too, he noted somewhat idly, acted differently this morning. Usually they were sluggish until they had eaten, sleepy and indifferent until the coffee stimulated them, and Lund took up this stimulus and fanned it to a flame of work. This morning they walked differently, abnormally active.

"They're drunk, an' they're goin' on strike," said Sandy. "You know the big demijohn in the lazaretto?"

Rainey nodded. It was a two-handled affair holding five gallons, a reserve supply of strong rum from which Lund dispensed the grog allowances and stimulations for extra work toward the end of the shift, the night-caps and occasional rewards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Revive a Fire.

Dry orange and lemon peel make splendid fire revivers. Dried peel is especially good for bringing a dull fire to life in a sick room, where the crackling of a few sticks may awaken the patient for whom sleep is necessary. All peel should be collected and dried in an oven that is cooling off after cooking. Then the peel should be stored in a tin or old string bag until it is required.

Poe's Perfection of Form.

Poe lacked deep convictions of any kind, profound human experience, genuineness, and wealth of nature. His art is correspondingly superficial and artificial. Nevertheless, his work is sure to live because of its perfection of form. He is a masterly technician—the first of the decadents—the forerunner of the practitioners of art for art's sake.—Lewis Edwards Gates.

PROFESSIONAL

PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS

J. J. SARAZIN

Physician and Surgeon

Office hours 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p.m.

DON S. NUMBERS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Phone 40

Parma

DR. HARRIET SEARS

Osteopathic Physician,

Ontario, Oregon.

Office: Wilson Bldg over Raders

Dr. R. A. MOON

Chiropractic Physician

House calls made

Acute or chronic diseases

Hours, 10-12; 1:30 to 5

Evenings by appointment

Phone—Office, 158; Home, 41 R.

Ontario : : : : Oregon.

DENTISTS

DR. E. A. NIXON

DENTIST

Phone 12

Hoxie Bldg. Nyssa, Oregon

ATTORNEYS

E. M. BLODGETT

Attorney-at-Law

Land and Probate work a Specialty.

Nyssa, Oregon

R. W. SWAGLER

Attorney-at-Law

Rooms 12 14, 15

Wilson Bldg.

ONTARIO : : : : OREGON

W. H. Brooke - P. J. Gallagher

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Wilson Bldg., Ontario, Ore.

ROBT. D. LYTLE

Attorney-at-Law

First National Bank Building

Vale, Oregon

HOTELS

MEALS AT HOTEL WESTERN

Regular Meals 50c

Short Orders 25c and up.

HOTEL DINING ROOM

A. W. Confer, Prop.

HOTEL WESTERN

One block from depot

NYSSA, OREGON

Clean beds 50c, 75c and \$1.00

Good Meals 25c to 50c

Rooms by week or month

ALBERT FOUCH

Proprietor.

W. B. HOXIE

Bonded Real Estate Dealer

INSURANCE

Office at Residence, 3 rd & Elmgood

Avenue

NYSSA : : : : OREGON

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

and Diamonds

Repairing a Specialty

FIFER'S JEWELRY STORE

PARMA, IDAHO

CITY DRAY LINE

C. W. DeBoer, Prop.

All kinds of dray work promptly attended to.

Nyssa

Oregon

NYSSA BARBER SHOP

and

Cigar Store

L. B. Hamaker, prop.

Shaving, Hair Cutting

Hot and Cold Baths

Nyssa

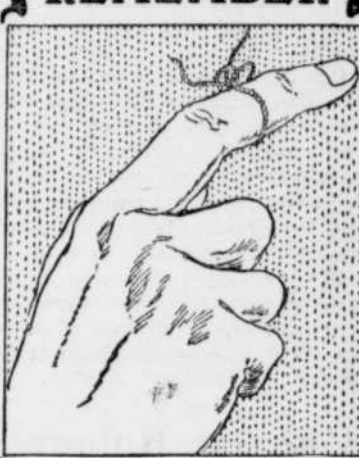
Oregon

Go to the
Nyssa Flour
MillFor
FLOUR & FEED

Chopping and Grinding

Phone 30 R

REMEMBER



That we have every facility for turning out neat printing of all kinds. Letter heads, bill heads, office stationery, etc., furnished at the lowest prices first class work will permit.

What You Want
How You Want It
When You Want It

For anything in the line of printing come to us and we'll guarantee you satisfactory work at prices that are right

We can turn out anything in the printing line that you need, at a price as low as any one, quality, material and workmanship considered. Come in and see us before placing your order elsewhere.

Sale
Bills

If you need some come in and see US

Nyssa Realty Co.

REAL ESTATE
and GENERAL
INSURANCE

Auto Insurance covering Fire, Theft
Transportation, Collision & Accident
LET US WRITE YOUR POLICY

J. Boydell, Agt.

Phone Office 42, Residence 33,

NYSSA, OREGON