

THE INDIAN DRUM

By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer

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SLUGGED!

SYNOPSIS—Wealthy and highly placed in the Chicago business world, Benjamin Corvet is something of a recluse and a mystery to his associates. After a stormy interview with his partner, Henry Spearman, Corvet meets Constance Sherrill, daughter of his other business partner, Lawrence Sherrill, and secures from her a promise not to marry Spearman until he returns. He then disappears. Sherrill learns Corvet has written to a certain Alan Conrad, in Blue Rapids, Kansas, and exhibits strange agitation over the matter. Corvet's letter summons Conrad, a youth of unknown parentage, to Chicago. Alan arrives in Chicago. From a statement of Sherrill it seems probable Conrad is Corvet's illegitimate son. Corvet has deeded his house and its contents to Alan, who takes possession. That night Alan discovers a man ransacking the desks and bureau drawers in Corvet's apartments. The appearance of Alan tremendously agitates the intruder, who appears to think him a ghost and raves of "the Miwaka." After a struggle the man escapes. Next day Alan learns from Sherrill that Corvet has deeded his entire property to him. Introduced to Spearman, Alan is astonished at the discovery that he is the man whom he had fought in his house the night before. Alan tells no one of his strange encounter, but in a private interview tells Spearman with the fact. Spearman laughs at and defies him. Spearman poisons Constance's mind against Alan.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"You're a Chippewa, aren't you, Judah?" Alan asked.

"Yes."

"Your people live at the other end of the lake, don't they?"

"Yes, Alan."

"Have you ever heard of the Indian Drum they talk about up there, that they say sounds when a ship goes down on the lake?"

The Indian's eyes sparkled excitedly. "Yes," he said.

"Do you believe in it?"

"Not just believe; I know. Everybody knows that it sounds for those who die on the lake. I have heard it. How was that?"

"Like this. My father sold some bullocks to a man on Beaver Island. The man kept store on Beaver Island, Alan. No Indian killed him. He would not hand anything to an Indian or wrap anything in paper for an Indian. Say it was like this: An Indian comes in to buy salt pork. First the man would get the money. Then Alan, he would take his hook and pull the pork up out of the barrel and throw it on the dirty floor for the Indian to pick up. He said Indians must take their food off of the floor—like dogs.

"My father had to take the bullocks to the man, across to Beaver Island. At first the Indians did not know who the bullocks were for, so they helped him. When they found out the bullocks were for the man on Beaver Island, the Indians would not help him any longer. He had to take them across alone. Besides, it was bad weather, the beginning of a storm.

"He went away, and my mother went to pick berries—I was small then. Pretty soon I saw my mother coming back. She had no berries, and her hair was hanging down, and she was wailing. She took me in her arms and



"You're a Chippewa, Aren't You, Judah?" Alan Asked.

said my father was dead. Other Indians came around and asked her how she knew, and she said she heard the Drum. The Indians found my father's body.

"Did you ever hear of a ship called the Miwaka, Judah?"

"That was long ago," the Indian answered.

"They say that the Drum beat wrong when the Miwaka went down—that it was one beat short of the right number."

"That was long ago," Wassaquam merely repeated.

"Did Mr. Corvet ever speak to you about the Miwaka?"

"No; he asked me once if I had ever heard the Drum. I told him."

Wassaquam removed the dinner and brought Alan a dessert. He returned to stand in the place across the table that Alan had assigned to him, and stood looking down at Alan, steadily and thoughtfully.

"Do I look like any one you ever saw before, Judah?" Alan inquired of him.

"No."

"Is that what you are thinking?"

"That is what I was thinking. Will coffee be served in the library, Alan?"

Alan crossed to the library and seated himself in the chair where his father had been accustomed to sit. Wassaquam brought him the single small cup of coffee, lit the spirit lamp on the smoking stand and moved that over; then he went away. When he had finished his coffee, Alan went into the smaller connecting room and recommenced his examination of the drawers under the bookshelves. At ten o'clock, Alan stopped his search and went back to the chair in the library. He dozed; for he awoke with a start and a feeling that some one had been bending over him, and gazed up into Wassaquam's face. The Indian had been scrutinizing him with intent, anxious inquiry. He moved away, but Alan called him back.

"When Mr. Corvet disappeared, Judah, you went to look for him up at Manitowish, where he was born—at least Mr. Sherrill said that was where you went. Why did you think you might find him there?" Alan asked.

"In the end, I think, a man maybe goes back to the place where he began. That's all, Alan."

"In the end! What do you mean by that? What do you think has become of Mr. Corvet?"

"I think now—Ben's dead."

"What makes you think that?"

"Nothing makes me think; I think it myself."

"I see. You mean you have no reason more than others for thinking it; but that is what you believe."

"Yes." Wassaquam went away, and Alan heard him on the back stairs, ascending to his room.

When Alan went up to his own room, after making the rounds to see that the house was locked, a droning chant came to him from the third floor. He paused in the hall and listened, then went up to the floor above. A flickering light came to him through the half-open door of a room at the front of the house; he went a little way toward it and looked in. Two thick candles were burning before a crucifix, below which the Indian knelt, prayer book in hand and rocking to and fro as he droned his supplications.

A word or two came to Alan, but without them Wassaquam's occupation was plain; he was praying for the repose of the dead—the Catholic chant taught to him, as it had been taught undoubtedly to his fathers, by the French Jesuits of the lakes. The intoned chant for Corvet's soul, by the man who had heard the Drum, followed and still came to Alan, as he returned to the second floor.

He had not been able to determine, during the evening, Wassaquam's attitude toward him. Having no one else to trust, Alan had been obliged to put a certain amount of trust in the Indian; so as he had explained to Wassaquam that morning that the desk and the drawers in the little room off Corvet's had been forced, and had warned him to see that no one, who had not proper business there, entered the house, Wassaquam had appeared to accept this order; but now Wassaquam had implied that it was not because of Alan's order that he had refused reporters admission to the house.

Alan started and went quickly to the open door of his room, as he heard voices now somewhere within the house. One of the voices he recognized as Wassaquam's; the other indistinct, thick, accusing—was unknown to him; it certainly was not Spearman's. He descended swiftly to the first floor, and found Wassaquam standing in the front hall, alone.

"Who was here, Judah?" Alan demanded.

"A man," the Indian answered stolidly. "He was drunk; I put him out."

"What did he come for?"

"He came to see Ben. I put him out; he is gone, Alan."

Alan flung open the front door and looked out, but he saw no one.

"What did he want of Mr. Corvet, Judah?"

"I do not know. I told him Ben was not here; he was angry, but he went away."

"Has he ever come here before?"

"Yes; he comes twice."

"He has been here twice?"

"More than that; every year he comes twice, Alan. Once he came oftener."

"How long has he been doing that?"

"Since I can remember."

"Is he a friend of Mr. Corvet?"

"No friend—no!"

"But Mr. Corvet saw him when he came here?"

"Always, Alan."

"And you don't know at all what he came about?"

"How should I know? No; I do not."

Alan got his coat and hat. The

sudden disappearance of the man might mean only that he had hurried away, but it might mean, too, that he was still lurking near the house. Alan had decided to make the circuit of the house and determine that. But as he came out on to the porch, a figure more than a block away to the south strode with uncertain step into the light of a street lamp, halted and faced about, and shook his fist back at the house. Alan dragged the Indian out on to the porch.

"Is that the man, Judah?" he demanded.

"Yes, Alan."

Alan ran down the steps and at full speed after the man. But when he reached the corner, he was nowhere in sight. Alan retraced his steps for several blocks, still looking; then he gave it up and returned east toward the Drive.

The side street leading to the Drive was not well lighted; dark entry ways and alleys opened on it; but the night was clear. Alan could see at the end of the street, beyond the yellow glow of the distant boulevard lights, the



He Staggered, Slipped, Fell Suddenly Forward Upon His Knees Under a Stunning, Crushing Blow Upon His Head From Behind.

smooth, chill surface of the lake. A white light rode above it; now, below the white light, he saw a red speck—the masthead and port lanterns of a steamer northward bound. Farther out, a second white glow appeared from behind the obscuration of the buildings and below it a green speck—a starboard light. Information he had gained enabled him to recognize in these lights two steamers passing one another at the harbor mouth.

His thoughts turned to Constance Sherrill. Events since he had talked with her that morning had put them far apart once more; but, in another way, they were being drawn closer together. For he knew now that she was caught as well as he in the mesh of consequences of acts not their own.

He staggered, slipped, fell suddenly forward upon his knees, under a stunning, crushing blow upon his head from behind. Thought, consciousness almost lost, he struggled, twisting himself about to grasp at his assailant. He caught the man's clothing, trying to drag himself up; fighting blindly, dazedly, unable to see or think, he shouted aloud and then again, aloud. He seemed in the distance to hear answering cries; but the weight and strength of the other was bearing him down again to his knees; he tried to slip aside from it, to rise. Then another blow, crushing and sickening, descended on his head; even hearing left him and, unconscious, he fell forward on to the snow and lay still.

CHAPTER IX.

A Walk Beside the Lake.

"The name seems like Sherrill," the interne agreed. "He said it before when we had him on the table upstairs; and he has said it now twice distinctly—Sherrill."

"His name, do you think?"

"I shouldn't say so; he seems trying to speak to some one named Sherrill. There are only four Sherrills in the telephone book, two of them in Evanson and one way out in Minnotta."

"The other?"

"They're only about six blocks from where he was picked up; but they're on the Drive—the Lawrence Sherrills."

The interne interestedly softly and looked more interestedly at his patient's features. "He'll be conscious some time during the day, there's only a slight fracture, and—perhaps you'd better call the Sherrill house, anyway. If he's not known there, no harm done; and if he's one of their friends and he should . . ."

The nurse nodded and moved off.

Thus it was that at a quarter to five Constance Sherrill was awakened by the knocking of one of the servants at her father's door. Her father went down stairs to the telephone instrument where he might reply with-

out. She waited in the hall while her father dressed, after calling the garage on the house telephone for him and ordering the motor. When he had gone, she returned anxiously to her room; but he had promised to call her after reaching the hospital and as soon as he had learned the particulars of Alan's condition. It was ridiculous, of course, to attach any responsibility to her father or herself for what had happened to Alan—a street attack such as might have happened to any one—yet she felt that they were in part responsible. They had let him go to live alone in the house in Astor street with no better adviser than Wassaquam. Now, and perhaps because they had not warned him, he had met injury and it might be, more than mere injury; he might be dying.

Something which had disturbed and excited Alan had happened to him on the first night he had passed in that house; and now, it appeared, he had been prevented from passing a second night there. What had prevented him had been an attempted robbery upon the street, her father had said. But suppose it had been something else than robbery.

She could not formulate more definitely this thought, but it persisted; she could not deny it entirely and shake it off.

To Alan Conrad, in the late afternoon of that day, this same thought was coming far more definitely and far more persistently. He had been awake and sane since shortly after noonday. The pain of a head which ached throbbingly and of a body bruised and sore was beginning to give place to a feeling merely of lassitude—a languor which revisited incoherence upon him when he tried to think. The man who had assailed him had meant to kill; he had not been an ordinary robber. That purpose, blindly recognized and fought against by Alan in their struggle, had been unmistakable. Only the chance presence of passersby, who had heard Alan's shouts and responded to them, had prevented the execution of his purpose, and had driven the man to swift flight for his own safety.

A little before six Constance Sherrill and Spearman called to inquire after him and were admitted for a few moments to his room. She came to him, bent over him, while she spoke the few words of sympathy the nurse allowed to her; she stood back then while Spearman spoke to him. In the succeeding days he saw her nearly every day, accompanied always by her father or Spearman; it was the full two weeks the doctors had insisted on his remaining in the hospital before he saw her alone.

They had brought him home, the day before—she and her father, in the motor—to the house on Astor street. He had insisted on returning there, refusing the room in their house which they had offered; but the doctor had enjoined outdoors and moderate exercise for him, and she had made him promise to come and walk with her. He went to the Sherrill house about ten o'clock, and they walked northward toward the park.

"There is something I have been wanting to ask you," she said.

"Yes."

"That night when you were hurt—it was for robbery, they said. What do you think about it?" She watched him as he looked at her and then away; but his face was completely expressionless.

"The proceedings were a little too rapid for me to judge, Miss Sherrill."

"But there was no demand upon you to give over your money before you were attacked?"

"No."

"She breathed a little more quickly: 'It must be a strange sensation,' she observed, 'to know that some one has tried to kill you.'"

"It must, indeed."

"You mean you didn't think that he tried to kill you?"

"I was hardly in a condition, Miss Sherrill, to appreciate anything about the man at all. Why do you ask?"

"Because—" She hesitated an instant. "If you were attacked to be killed, it meant that you must have been attacked as the son of—Mr. Corvet. Then that meant—at least it implied—that Mr. Corvet was killed, that he did not go away. You see that, of course."

"Were you the only one who thought that? Or did some one speak to you about it?"

"No one did; I spoke to father. He thought—"

"Yes."

"Well, if Mr. Corvet was murdered—I'm following what father thought, you understand—it involved something a good deal worse perhaps than anything that could have been involved if he had only gone away. The facts we had made it certain that—if what had happened to him was death at the hands of another—he must have foreseen that death and, seeking no protection for himself . . . It implied, that he preferred to die rather than to ask protection—that there was something whose concealment he thought mattered even more to him than life. It—it might have meant that he considered his life was . . . due to whom-ever took it." Her voice, which had

was speaking to Alan of his father—a father whom he had never known, and whom he could not have recognized by sight until she showed him the picture a few weeks before; but she was speaking of his father.

"Mr. Sherrill didn't feel that it was necessary for him to do anything, even though he thought that?"

"If Mr. Corvet was dead, we could do him no good, surely, by telling this to the police; if the police succeeded in finding out all the facts, we would be doing only what Uncle Benny did not wish—what he preferred death to. We could not tell the police about it without telling them all about Mr. Corvet, too. So father would not let himself believe that you had been attacked to be killed. He had to believe the police theory was sufficient."

Alan made no comment at once. "Wassaquam believes Mr. Corvet is dead," he said finally. "He told me so. Does your father believe that?"

"I think he is beginning to believe it."

"I've not told any one," he said, now watching her, "how I happened to be out of the house that night. I followed a man who came there to the house. Wassaquam did not know his name. He did not know Mr. Corvet was gone; for he came there to see Mr. Corvet. He was not an ordinary friend of Mr. Corvet's; but he had come there often. Wassaquam did not know why. Wassaquam had sent the man away, and I ran out after him; but I could not find him."

"He stopped an instant, studying her. "That was not the first man who came to the house," he went on quickly, as she was about to speak. "I found a man in Mr. Corvet's house the first night that I spent there. Wassaquam was away, you remember, and I was alone in the house."

"A man there in the house?" she repeated.

"He was going through Mr. Corvet's things—not the silver and all that, but through his desks and files and cases. He was looking for something—something which he seemed to want very much; when I interfered, it greatly excited him. I frightened him. He thought I was a ghost."

"A ghost. Whose ghost?"

He shrugged. "I don't know; some one whom he seemed to have known pretty well—and whom Mr. Corvet knew, he thought."

"Why didn't you tell us this before?"

"At least—I am telling you now, Miss Sherrill. I frightened him, and he got away. But I had seen him plainly. I can describe him. . . . You've talked with your father of the possibility that something might 'happen' to me such as, perhaps, happened to Mr. Corvet. If anything does happen to me, a description of the man may . . . prove useful."

Then clearly and definitely as he could, he described Spearman to her. She did not recognize the description; he had known she would not. Had not Spearman been in Duluth? Beyond that, was not connection of Spearman with the prowler in Corvet's house the one connection of all most difficult for her to make?

They were silent as they went on toward her home. He had said all he could, or dared to say; to tell her that the man had been Spearman would not merely have awakened her incredulity; it would have destroyed credence utterly. A definite change in their relation to one another had taken place during their walk. The fullness, the frankness of the sympathy there had been between them almost from the first meeting, had gone; she was quite aware, he saw, that he had not frankly answered her questions; she was aware that in some way he had drawn back from her and shut her

out from his thoughts about his own position here. But he had known that this must be so; it had been his first definite realization after his return to consciousness in the hospital when, knowing now her relation to Spearman, he had found all questions which concerned his relations with the people here made immeasurably more acute by the attack upon him.

She asked him to come in and stay for luncheon, as they reached her home, but she asked it without urging; at his refusal she moved slowly up the steps.

"You got Ben Corvet; you tell him Luke's here!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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DAIRY FACTS

QUALITY OF MARKET BUTTER
Department of Agriculture
Commission Man Court
Last Report.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
In the past buttermakers have been in the dark as to the reason of the butter they put upon the market, and frequently they feel they have not been fairly treated unless men and others in the market. But the creamery men without friends, for the United States Department of Agriculture



Stirring and Taking Temperature of Cream.

An inspection service that is most as a court of last resort person who wants this service have it by applying for it. Government inspectors examine cars, in storage, or in stores certificates they issue stand but they seldom get that fact are almost universally accepted.

At the National Dairy show was held in St. Paul, Minn., to 15, butter inspectors who they do their work, and exhibit have been prepared by their ment showed the great advancement from marketing butter grade. On the face of it scores 88 would not seem to inferior to that which scores was shown that the spread of two those two grades is far greater than the difference of manufacture. As Poor might have said: "A little better makes a much bigger chance."

MAKE BETTER SWISS

Method Developed by Department of Agriculture Has Passed Commercial Stage.

The method of making Swiss with purified and controlled cultures, developed by the vision of the United States Department of Agriculture, has now definitely into the commercial. This new process was worked the dairy laboratories, given trials in the experimental factory operated by the dairy of Grove City, Pa., and is now by a number of commercial in various parts of the country.

The results obtained by factories indicate that it worth while for those in the manufacture of Swiss to adopt the method and give trial. For the cheese made of this year one of these received a straight price cents a pound; the other factories in this area received to 22 cents. Only one of needed in selling for as high cents. For the July product the factories received 30 cents and No. 1 and 27 cents.

The principal reason that were willing to pay this was the general run of cheese the locality was that the of high-grade cheese had been increased.

ASCERTAIN RECORD

When Making Purchase in Knowing Yearly Milk Production of Its Dam.

When buying a bull in knowing the yearly milk production and the average of butterfat. A seven-day record little value in determining dairy worth of a cow, for handling it is possible to increase her percentage of

Cow Has One Purpose
A dairy cow has one purpose is to produce and this is the recognized dairy breeds profitably.

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