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"What have you got it in for Went-

'We sure got ourn cut out for us,'

Shorty grinned. "First thing we know

In the next hour each of the twenty

"Come on, you invalids," was Shor-

"Who says so?" was the query at

"Two doctors from Dawson," was

Come on. Shell out ammuni-

Shorty's answer. "An' what they say

"To stand off a war party of canned

beef comin' down the canyon. And

I'm givin' you fair warnin' of a spruce

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Five Hundred Dollars a Potato."

"What do you want them for?"

tea invasion. Come across."

the browing of spruce tea.

well, but I'm going to get you well.'

"Come along with me," Smoke an

From cabin to cabin the three men

went, dosing every man and woman

with a full pint of spruce tea. Nor

You might as well learn at the start

that we mean business," Smoke stated

back grouning through set teeth

the patient by the nose and tapped the

solar plexus section so as to make the

mouth gasp open. "Now, Shorty! Down

And down she went, accompanied

with unavoidable splutterings and

"We're covering this spruce ten route

four times a day, and there are eighty

of you to be dosed each time," Smoke

time to fool. Will you take it, or must

"It's regetable, so you needn't

"Pick up those two pails.

odd cabins was raided. All ammuni-

we'll be full of lend."

volver was confiscated.

over. We need 'em,"

the first cabin.

goes.

tion too."

0

BBBULFY.

Shorty.

bunks.

swered.

was it easy.

she goes!

stranglings.

her.

You're not alling.

BRIG.

ness that caught ber off her guard.

fort, she controlled herself.

"Nothing, except that he's the only ing with Laura Sibley. Supported by one that hasn't caught the scurvy, a stick in either hand, she had paused in hobbling by his cabin. I'll tell you. No, I won't. And what would have been the use? Don't I worth for?" he asked with a suddenknow? I'm not a fool. Our caches are filled with every kind of fruit juice and preserved vegetables. We are better situated than any other unconsidered speech. But only a splutcamp in Alaska to fight scurvy. There fer of gasping, unintelligible sounds isis no prepared vegetable, fruit and sued forth, and then, by a terrible efnut food we haven't, and in plenty."

"She's got you there, Smoke," Shorty exulted. "An' it's a condition, not a "because he hasn't the scurvy; because theory. You say vegetables cure, he is supremely selfish; because he Here's the vegetables, an' where's the won't lift a hand to help anybody else; cure?'

"There's no explanation I can see," Smoke acknowledged. "Yet there is pail of water or a load of threwood. no camp in Alaska like this. I've seen 'That's the kind of a brute he is." scorvy-a sprinkling of cases here and there-but I never saw a whole camp with it, nor did I ever see such terri- afterward, coming out of the cabin to ble cases, which is neither here nor feed the dogs, Smoke saw her entering there, Shorty. We've got to do what Amos Wentworth's cabin. we can for these people, but first we've got to make camp and take care of the dogs. We'll see you in the morninger-Mrs. Sibley."

"Minn Sibley," she bridled. "And now, young man, if you 'come fooling' around this cabla with any doctor stuff I'll fill you full of bird shot."

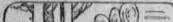
Next morning, after daylight, Smoke encountered a man carrying a heavy aled load of firewood He was a little man, clean looking and spry, who walked briskly despite the load. Smoke experlenced an immediate disilke. "What's the matter with you?" he

anked. "Nothing," the little man answered. "I know that," Smoke said. "That's

why I asked you. You're Amos Went tion and every rifle, shotgun and reworth. Now, why under the sun bayen't you the scurvy like all the rest?" ty's method. "Shootin' irona-fork 'em

"Because I've exercised," came the quick reply. "There wasn't any need for any of them to get it If thay'd only got out and done something. What did they do? Growled and kicked and grouched at the cold, the long nights, the hardships, the aches and pains and overything else. They loafed in their beds until they swelled up and couldn't leave them, that's all. Look at me I've worked. Come into my cabin." Smoke followed him in.

'Squint around. Clean as a whiatle, You bet. Everything shipshape. I wouldn't keep those chips and abay ings on the floor except for the warmth. but they're clean chips and shavings You ought to see the floor in some of the shncks. Pigpens. As for me, I



have any qualms." "I'll-I'll take it," she quavered.

"Hurry up!" That night, exhausted as by no hard day of trail, Smoke and Shorty crawied into their blankets. "I'm fairly sick with it," Smoke confessed. "The way they suffer is awful.

But exercise is the only remedy I can precious elixir. think of, and it must be given a thorough trial. I wish we had a sack of raw potatoes." "Sparkins, he can't wash no more

dishes," Shorty said. "It burts him so he sweats his pain. I seen him sweat it. I had to put him back in the bunk he was that helpless." "It only we had raw potatoes,"

Smoke went on. "The vital, essential something is missing from that prepar ed stuff. The life has been evaporated out of it." "An' if that young fellow Jones in

the Brownlow cabin don't croak before mornin' 1 miss my guess." "For beaven's sake be cheerful,

Smoke chided. In the morning not only was Jones dead, but one of the stronger men who

had worked on the firewood squad was found to have hanged himself. A Her green eyes flashed bitterly and nightmare procession of days set in her sore lips writhed on the verge of For a week, steeling himself to the task. Smoke enforced the exercise and the spruce ten, and one by one and in twos and threes he was compelled to knock off the workers. As he was learning, exercise was the last thing

"Because he's healthy," she panted; in the world for scurvy patients. The diminishing burial squad was kept steadily at work, and a surplus half because he is letting us rot and die dozen graves were always burned without lifting a finger to fetch us a down and waiting. One day Smoke saw the secress entering Amos Wentworth's cabin and followed after her. Still panting and gasping, she hob-

At the door he could hear her voice. bled on her way, and five minutes whimpering and pleading. "Just for me," she was begging as moke entered. "I won't tell a soul."

Both glanced guiltily at the intruder. "Something rotten here, Shorty, and Smoke was certain that he was on something rotten," he said, shaking his the edge of something, he knew not head. "We've got to make them bustle. what, and he cursed himself for not First thing they'll have to bury their dead. The strongest for the burial having eavesdropped,

"Out with it!" he commanded harsh squad, then the next strongest on the ly. "What is it?" firewood squad (they've been lying in

"What is what?" Amos Wentworth their blankets to save wood), and so on down the line. And spruce tea. asked sullenly. And Smoke could not Mustn't forget that. All the sour name what was what. doughs swear by it. These people have never even heard of it." Grimmer and grimmer grew the situ-

ition. In that dark hole of a canyon the porrible death list mounted up. Each day, in apprehension, Smoke and Shorty examined each other's mouth for the "And that's our first job," Smoke whitening of the gums and mucous membranes-the invariable first symp

> tom of the disease. "I've quit," Shorty announced one evening. "I've been thinkin' it over, an' I quit. I can make a go at slave drivin', but cripple drivin' 's too much for my stomach. They go from bad to worse. 'They ain't twenty men I can drive to work. I told Jackson this afternoon he could take to his bunk.

He was gettin' ready to suicide. 1 could see it stickin' out all over him. Exercise ain't no good." "I've made up my mind to the same

thing," Smoke answered.

The everlasting miracle of Wentworth's immunity perplexed Smoke. Why should he alone not have developed scurvy? Why did Laura Sibley hate him and at the same time whine and snivel and beg from him?

On several occasions Smoke made it ERSUADING, bullying, and, at a point to drop into Wentworth's cabin times, by main strength, men were dragged from their bunks and forced to dress. Smoke Wentworth's suspicion of him. Next

fluid that they fed, several drops at a time, into the frightful orinces that that's left. Give me a few. You can corners eggs. had once been mouths. Shift by shift through the long night Smoke and have the rest"

"Ate 'em up!" Shorty screamed. "A shorty relieved each other at adminiswhole sack! An' them geezers dyin' tering the potnto juice, rubbing it into for want of 'em! 'This for you! An' the poor swollen gums where loose teeth rattled together and compelling this! An' this! An' this! You swine! the swallowing of every drop of the

You hog!" There was no sleep in camp that night. Hour after hour Smoke and By evening of the next day the Shorty went the rounds, doling the When he sees I'm languishing for change for the better in the two patients was miraculous and almost un- life renewing potato juice, a quarter eggs, and I know his mind like a book believable. They were no longer the of a spoonful at a dose, into the poor and 1 know how to languish, what ruined mouths of the population. And will he do? Why, he'll just start worst cases. In forty-eight hours, with through the following day while one stampeding for the man that's got the the exhaustion of the potato, they slept the other kept up the work. were temporarily out of danger, though

most awful cases began to mend with "I'll tell you what I'll do," Smoke said to Wentworth. "I've got holdings in this country, and my paper is good anywhere. I'll give you \$500 a potato

got outside a whole sack, an' you're the walter will say, 'they ain't no londed against scurvy for twenty years. more eggs.' Then up speaks Wild Wa-

"Shorty and I scraped up all we had. But, straight, he and I are worth sev-"I haven't any potatoes," Wentworth

cryin' shame, just the same." said finally. "Wish I had. That potato I gave you was the only one. I'd been saving it all the winter for fear I'd get this scurvy. I only sold it so a week, and there will be nobody to as to be able to buy a passage out of protect you when these men go after the country when the river opens." you. There's the trail. Dawson's eight-Despite the cessation of potato juice. een days' travel.' the two treated cases continued to im-

"Gentlemen, I beg of you, listen to prove through the third day. The unme," Wentworth whined. "I'm a strantreated cases went from bad to worse. ger in this country. I don't know the saying; 'Compliments of Mr. Wild Wa-On the fourth morning three corpses trail. Let me travel with you. I'll give

Then Smoke and Shorty together invaded Wentworth's cabin, throwing you."

"Sure," Smoke grinned maliciously, him out in the snow, while they turn-"if Shorty agrees." ed the interior upside down. Laura "Who? Me?" Shorty stiffened for a

Sibley hobbled in and frantically joinsupreme effort. "I ain't nobody. Wood ticks ain't got nothin' on me when it Though the very floor was dug up. comes to humility. I'm a worm, a maggot, brother to the pollywog an' Another day passed, during which child of the blowfly. I ain't afraid they kept a steady watch on Wentor ashamed of nothin' that creeps or crawls. But travel with that mistake of creation-go 'way, man! I ain't proud, but you turn my stomach."

And Amos Wentworth went away, alone, dragging a sled loaded with provisions sufficient to inst him to Dawson. A mile down the trail Shorty overhauled him.

"Come here to me," was Shorty's greeting. "Come across. Fork over. Cough un."

"I don't understand," Wentworth quavered, shivering from recollection of the two beatings, hand and foot, he

had already received from Shorty. "That thousand dollars, d'ye understand that? That thousand dollars gold Smoke bought that measly potato

with. Come through.' And Amos Wentworth passed the gold sack over.

"Hope a skunk bites you an' you get howlin' hydrophoby," were the terms eggs." of Shorty's farewell.

## CHAPTER XIX. A Flutter In Eggs.

T was in the A. C. company's big store at Dawson that Lucille Ar ral beckoned Smoke Bellew over

to the dry goods counter. Smoke obeyed her call with alacrity. The man did not exist in Dawson who If you had a cold in the head an' was would not have been flattered by the | layin' with both arms broke I'd set by notice of Lucille Arral, the singing your bedside day an' night an' wipe soubrette of the tiny stock company that performed nightly at the Palace in'ly d-d if I'll squander twenty-one Opera House.

hundred good fron dollars on hen fruit "Things are dead," she complained. for you or any other two legged man." with pretty petulance. "There hasn't

"I ate it up," was the reply, unim- | sat two eggs." She paused impressivepeachably honest. "That sack's all by. "Suppose, just suppose, somebody with is a big buck indian. Am I She waited, and Smoke regarded her right?"

"Go on." Smoke requested.

to each question.

"Well, that geezer you was dickerin'

Smoke nodded and continued to nod

"He's got one cheek half gone, where

a bald face grizzly swatted him. Am f

right? He's a dog trader-right, eh?

His name is Scar Face Jim. That's so,

"You mean we've been bidding"-

"Against each other? Sure thing,

That squaw's his wife, an' they keep

house on the hill back of the hospital.

I could 'a' got them eggs for two a

"And so could I." Smoke laughed, "if

you'd kept out. But it doesn't amount

to anything. We know that we've got

Shorty spent the next hour wrestling

with a stub of a pencil on the margin

"There she stands," he said at last.

"Lemme give you the totals. You an'

me has right now in our possession ex-

actly 973 eggs. They costs us exactly

\$2,760. If we stick up Wild Water for

\$10 an egg we stand to win, clean net

an' all to the good, just exactly \$6,-

At 11 that night Smoke was routed

"I just seen Slavovitch. He says to

me: 'Shorty, I want to speak to you

about them eggs. I've kept it quilet.

Nobody knows I sold 'em to you. But

if you're speculatin' I can put you wise

to a good thing.' An' he did, too,

"Well, maybe it sounds uncredible,

but that good thing was Wild Water

Charley. He's lookin' to buy eggs. He

goes around to Slavovitch an' offers

him \$5 an egg, an' before he quits he's

offerin' \$8. An' Slavovitch ain't got no

eggs. Last thing Wild Water says to

offen him if he ever finds out Slavo-

vitch has eggs cached away some-

wheres. Slavovitch had to tell 'm be'd

sold the eggs, but that the buyer was

"Slavovitch says to let him say the

word to Wild Water, who's got the

eggs. 'Shorty,' he says to me, 'Wlid

Water'll come a-runnin'. You can hold

him up for \$8. 'Eight dollars your

grandmother,' 1 says. 'He'll fall for

\$10 before I'm done with him.' Any-

"You certainly are, Shorty. First

Have him tell Wild Water that you

In the morning Smoke chanced upon

eggs out of him. And by this time

Slavovitch has told him that Shorty

and I are partners in the deal."

the corner. That's the big thing."

of a three-year-old newspaper.

from sound sleep by Shorty.

970."

Smoke.

secret

ain't it? D'ye get my drift?"

throw if you hadn't butted in '

with admiring eyes, while in his heart he backed with approval Wild Water's choice of her. "You're not following," she said. "Go on," he replied. "I give up

What's the answer?" "Stupid! You know Wild Water.

corner in eggs. He'll buy the corner.

There were no more deaths. The no matter what it costs. "Picture: I come into Slavovitch's at an immediacy that was startling. 11 o'clock. Wild Water will be at the "Nary a potato," Shorty told the next table. He'll make it his business whining, begging Wentworth "You to be there. "Two eggs, shirred." Th ain't even touched with scurvy. You say to the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral.' Knowin' you, I've come to understand | ter in that big bear voice of his, 'Wal-

God. I niways wandered why he let ter, six eggs, soft bolled.' And the Satan live. Now I know. He let him | waiter says, 'Yes, sir,' and the eggs live just as I let you live. But it's a are brought. Picture: Wild Water looks sideways at me, and I look like "A word of advice," Smoke told a particularly indignant icicle and Wentworth. "These men are getting summon the waiter, 'Sorry, Miss Arwell fast. Shorty and I are leaving in ral,' be says, 'but them eggs is Mr. Wild Water's. You see, miss, he owns 'em.' Picture: Wild Water, trium-

phant, doing his best to look unconscious while he cats his six eggs. "Another picture: Slavovitch himself bringing two shirred eggs to me and ter, miss.' What can I do? What can you \$1,000 fif you'll let me travel with | I possibly do but smile at Wild Water? And then we make up, of course, and he'll consider it cheap if he has been compelled to pay \$10 for each and ev-

ery egg in the corner." "Go on, go on!" Smoke urged. "At what station do I climb on to the choo- Slavovitch is that he'll beat the head choo cars or at what water tank do 1

get thrown off?" "Ninny! You make that corner in eggs. You start in immediately, to-

day. You can buy every egg in Dawson for \$3 and sell out to Wild Water at almost any advance. And then, afterward, we'll let the inside history come out. The laugh will be on Wild Water. His turbulence will be some subdued. You and 1 share the glory of it. You make a pile of money. And Dawson wakes up with a grand ha,

way, I told Slavovitch I'd think it over ha! and let him know in the mornin'. Of "Hey, Shorty," Smoke called across course we'll let 'in pass the word on to the main street to his partner and Wild Water. Am 1 right?" crossed over. "I want you to do me a favor." thing in the morning tip off Slavovitch.

"Sure," Shorty said gallantly. "What is it? Let her rip."

"I want you to buy eggs for me"-"Sure, an' Floridy water an' talcum

Lucille Arral again at the dry goods powder, if you say the word. Look counter of the A. C. store. here, Smoke, if you want to go in for "It's working!" he jubilated. "It's bigh livin' you go an' buy your own working! Wild Water's been around to Slavovitch, trying to buy or buily

"I am going to buy, but I want you to help me to buy. You go right straight to Slavovitch's. Pay as high as \$3, but buy all he's got."

"Three dollars!" Shorty groaned. 'An' I heard tell only yesterday that he's got all of 700 in stock! Twentyone hundred dollars for hen fruit. Say, Smoke. I'd sure do anything for you. your nose for you, but I'll be everlast-

and I own the corner." Lucille Arral's eyes sparkled with delight. "I'm going to breakfast right now," she cried. "And I'll ask the waiter for eggs and be so plaintive when there aren't any as to melt a heart of stone. And you know Wild Water's heart is anything but stone. He'll buy the corner if it costs him one

of his mines. Hold out for a stiff figure. Nothing less than \$10 will satisfy me, and if you sell for anything less, Smoke, I'll never forgive you." That noon, up in their cabin, Shorty

placed on the table a pot of beans, a pot of collee, a smoking platter of

Smoke opened the door for a breath

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far from being cured.

Wentworth queried.

were buried.

ed them in the search.

they discovered nothing.

eral millions between us."

toes."

ap to \$50,000 worth. That's 100 pota-

"Was that all the dust you had?"



Supported by a Stick in Either Hand is Had Paused in Hobbling by His Cabin

haven't enten a meal off an unwashed dish. No, sir. it meant work, and I've worked, and I haven't the scurvy,

'You've hit the nall on the head,' Smoke admitted. "But I see you've only one bunk. Why so unsociable?"

Because I like to be. It's easier to clean up for one than two, that's why. The lany blanket loafers! Do you think that I could have stood one around? No wonder they got scurvy."

It was very convincing, but Smoke could not rid himself of his dislike of the man

"What's Laura Sibley got it in for you for?" he asked abruptly.

Amos Wentworth shot a quick took at him. "She's a crank," was the re-"So are we all cranks, for that Informed Laura Sibley. "So we've no matter. But heaven save me from the crank that won't wash the dishes that I hold your nose?" His themb and he eats off of, and that's what this forefinger bovered eloquently above crowd of cranks are like."

A few minutes later Smoke was talk

selected the mildest cases for the bur- he tried sounding out Laura Sibley. al squad. Another squad was told "Raw potatoes would cure everybody off to supply the wood by which the here," he remarked to the secress. "I graves were burned down into the fro- know it. I've seen it work before." zen muck and gravel. Still another The flare of conviction in her eyes, squad had to chop firewood and im followed by bitterness and hatred, told partially supply every cabin. Those him the scent was warm. who were too weak for outdoor work "Why didn't you bring in a supply were put to cleaning and scrubbing of fresh potatoes on the steamer?" he the cabins and washing clothes. One lasked, squad brought in many loads of spruce boughs and every stove was used for

"We did. But coming up the river we sold them all out at a bargain at But, no matter what face Smoke and Fort Yukon. We had plenty of the

Shorty put on it, the situation was evaporated kinds, and we knew they'd keep better. They wouldn't even grim and serious. At least thirty fearfreeze." ful and impossible cases could not be Smoke groaned. "Now, mightn't taken from the beds, as the two men,

there have been a couple of odd sacks with nausea and horror, learned, while one, a woman, died in Laura Sibley's left-accidentally, you know, mislaid cabin. Yet strong measures were necon the steamer?"

She shook her head, as he thought When the working gangs came in at a triffe belatedly, then added, "We nevnoon they found decently cooked din er found any." ners awalling them, prepared by the "But mightn't there?" he persisted.

weaker members of their cabins under "How do I know?" she rasped augrithe tutelage and drive of Smoke and by, "I didn't have charge of the commissary.' "That'll do," Smoke said at 3 in the

"And Amos Wentworth did," h itternoon. "Knock off., Go to your jumped to the conclusion. "Very good You may be feeling rotten Now what is your private opinionnow, but you'll be the better for it just between us two? Do you think tomorrow. Of course it hurts to get Wentworth has any raw potatoes stored away somewhere?" Too late," Amos Wentworth sneer-"No; certainly not. Why should he?" ed pullidly at Smoke's efforts, "They Struggle as he would with ber, ought to have started in that way last Smoke could not bring her to admit

the possibility. That night, when the camp groaned and slept or groaned and did not sleep.

Smoke went to Wentworth's unlighted eabin. "Listen to me, Wentworth," he said Tye got a thousand dollars in dust right here in this suck. I'm a rich

man in this country, and I can afford to the first obdurate, who say on his it. I think I'm getting touched. Put a raw potato in my hand and the dust

"Stand by, Shorty." Smoke caught is yours. Here, heft it." And Smoke thrilled when Amor Wentworth put out his hand in the darkness and hefted the gold. Smoke heard him fumble in the blankets and then felt pressed into his hand not

the heavy gold sack, but the unmistakable potato, the size of a hen's egg, warm from contact with the other's body.

Smoke did not wait till morning. He and Shorty were expecting at any time the deaths of their worst two cases and to this cabin the partners went Grated and mashed up in a cup, skin and clinging specks of earth and all, was the thousand dollar potato-a thick

'll give you \$500 a potato up to \$50,000 worth."

worth's movements. Several times when he started out, water bucket in hand, for the creek they casually approached the cabin, and each time he hurried back without the water. "They're cached right here in his

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cabin," Shorty said, "But where? We sure overhauled it plenty." He stood up and pulled on his mittens. "I'm goin' to find 'em if I have to pull the blame shack down a log at a time." He glanced at Smoke, who, with an intent, absent face, had not heard him. 'What's eatin' you?" Shorty demand-

ed wrathfully, "Just trying to remember something. Shorty.'

"What's the game?"

"Watch me, that's all," Smoke batfled. "I always told you, Shorty, that a deficient acquaintance with literature was a handleap, even in the Klondike. Now, what we're going to do came out of a book. I read it when I was a kid, and it will work. Come on!" Several minutes later, under a pale gleaming, greenish aurora borealis, the two men crept up to Amos Went worth's cabin. Carefully and noiselessly they poured kerosene over the logs, extra drenching the door frame and window sash. Then the match was applied, and they watched the

daming oll gather headway. They drew back beyond the growing light and walted.

They saw Wentworth rush out, stare wildly at the confideration and plunge back into the cabin. Searcely a minute etapsed when he emerged, this time slowly, half doubled over, his shoul-

ders burdened by a sack, heavy and unmistakable. Smoke and Shorty sprang at him like a pair of famished wolves. They hit him right and left at the same instant. He crumpled down under the weight of the sack, which Smoke pressed over

with his hands to make sure. Then he felt his knees clasped by Wentworth's arms as the man turned a ghaatly face upward.

"Give me a dozen, only a dozenhalf a dozen-and you can have the rest," he squalled. "Just half a dozen." he walled. "Just half a dozen. I was going to turn them over to you-tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow. That was my

ides. They're life! They're life! Just half a dozen?" "Where's the other sack?"

blaffed.

been a stampede for a week. There's no dust in circulation. There's always I'm after is to corner every blessed standing room now at the opera house. And there hasn't been a mail from the outside for two whole weeks. In short, this burg has crawled into its cave and gone to sleep. We've got to do something. It needs livening, and you and 1 can do it. I've broken with Wild Water, you know."

Smoke caught two almost simultaneous visions. One was of Joy Gastell, the other was of himself, in the midst of a blenk snow stretch under a cold arctic moon, being pot shotted with accurateness and dispatch by the aforesaid Wild Water. Smoke's reluctance at raising excitement with the aid of Lucille Arral was too patent for her to miss.

"I'm not thinking what you are thinking at all, thank you," she chided, with a laugh and a pout, "Take it from me, Mr. Smoke Bellew, I'm not going to make love to you, and if you dare to make love to me Wild Water will take care of your case. You know him. Besides, I-I haven't really broken with him. Wild Water thinks I've broken with him, don't you see?"

"Well, have you, or haven't you?" "I haven't-there! But it's between you and me in confidence."

"Where do I come in, stalking horse or fall guy?"

"Neither. You make a pot of money, we put across the laugh on Wild Water and cheer Dawson up, and, best of all and the reason for it all, he gets disciplined. He needs it. He's-well, the best way to put it is he's too turbuient. He broke out last night again. Sowed the floor of the M. & M. with gold dust-all of a thousand dollars. fou've heard of it. of course."

"Yes; this morning. But still I don't get you."

"Listen. He was too turbulent, broke our engagement, and he's going around making a noise like a broken heart. Now we come to it. 1 like eggs."

"But what have eggs and appetite got to do with it?" Smoke demanded. "Everything. I like eggs. There's only a limited supply of eggs in Dawson.

"Sure. Slavovitch's restaurant has most of them. Ham and one egg. \$3; ham and two eggs, \$5. That means \$2 an egg, retall."

"He likes eggs too," she continued. "But that's not the point. I like them. i have breakfast every morning at 11 any further items of information I'm stellar and free to impart."

"They're not your dollars, but mine It's a deal I have on. What moose meat and bacon, a plate of stewed dried peaches and called, egg in Dawson, in the Klondike, on the "Grub's ready!" Yukon. You've got to help me out. 1 haven't the time to tell you of the in-

of frosty air and saw something that wardness of the deal. 1 will aftermade him close the door hurrledly and ward and let you go half on it if you | dash to the stove. The frying pan, still want to. But the thing right now is hot from the moose meat and bacun, to get the eggs. Now, you hustle up to he put back on the front lid. Into the Slavovitch's and buy all he's got. And frying pan he put a generous dab of then keep on. Nose out every egg in butter, then reached for an egg, which Dawson and buy it. Understand?

he broke and dropped spluttering into Buy fil" the pan. As he reached for a second Never was a market cornered more egg Shorty gained his side and clutched. quickly. In three days every known his arm in an excited grip. egg in Dawson with the exception of

"Hey, what you doin'?" he demanded. several dozen was in the hands of "Frying eggs," Smoke informed him, Smoke and Shorty. breaking the second one and throwing The several dozen not yet gathered off Shorty's detaining hand. "Get out

in were in the hands of two persons. One, with whom Shorty was dealing. was an Indian woman who lived in a cabin on the hill back of the hospital. "I'll get her today," Shorty announeed next morning. "I'll be back in a jiffy, if I don't bust myself a shovin' dust at her."

In the afternoon when Smoke returned to the cabin he found Shorty, "What luck?" Shorty asked carelessly after several minutes had passed. "Nothing doing." Smoke answered. "How did you get on with the squaw?" Shorty cocked his head triumphantly toward a tin pail of eggs on the table. "Seven dollars a clatter, though." he confessed

"I offered \$10 finally," Smoke said, and then the fellow told me he'd already sold his eggs. Now that looks bad, Shorty. Somebody else is in the market. Those twenty-eight eggs are liable to cause us trouble. You see, the success of the corner consists in holding every last"-

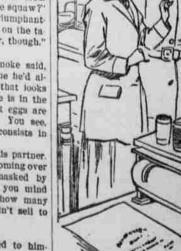
He broke off to stare at his partner. A pronounced change was coming over Shorty-one of agitation masked by extreme deliberation. "Do you mind kindly just repeatin' over how many eggs you said the man didn't sell to you?" be asked.

"Twenty-eight."

self. "They's just exactly, precisely nor nothin' more or anything less'n twenty-eight eggs in that there pall settin' on the table, an' they cost, every dinged tast one of 'em, just exactly seven great big round fron dollars a

"Shorty and I own the cerner." throw. If you stand in cryin' need of of the way, Shorty. Wild Water's coming up the hill, and be'll be here in five

(Continued next Saturday.)





"Hum!" Shorty communed to him-

