Barrington Review

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The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Magnus G. Kettner

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SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Nathaniel Plum, of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. He is suddenly confronted by Obadiah Price, an eccentric old man and a member of the Mormon council, who tells him that he is expected. Price ignores Nat's protestations that he has got the wrong man and bargains for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. Near Price's cabin Nat sees the frightened face of a young woman who disappears in the darkness, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Plum's visit to the island is to demand settlement from the king, Strang, for the looting of his ship some time previously, supposedly by Mormons. Casey, the mate, has been left in charge of the sloop with orders to bombard St. James if Nat does not return within a certain time. Price takes Nat in the darkness, to the king's home, and through a window he sees the king and his wives, among whom is the lady of the lilacs, whom Price says is the seventh wife. Plum calls at the king's office, where he is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang receives Plum cordially, professes indignation when he hears the captain's grievance, and promises to punish the guilty. Plum again receives warning of his danger. He rescues Neil, who is being publicly whipped. The king orders Arbor Croche, the sheriff and father of Winnsome, the girl who warned Nat, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum and Neil plan to escape on the Typhoon. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Neil's sister. She is not yet married to Strang. Plum suggests carrying her off on the ship.

(CHAPTER V.—Continued.)

"I am beginning to understand—a little," he said. "Obadiah had planned that I should meet Marion, but I was a fool and spoiled his scheme. If I had done as he told me I should have seen her this morning."

In a few words he reviewed the events of the preceding evening and of that morning—of his coming to the island, his meeting with Obadiah, and of the singular way in which he had become interested in Marion. He omitted the oaths but told of Winnsome's warning and of his interview with the Mormon king. When he spoke of the girl as he had seen her through the king's window, and of her appealing face turned toward him at the jail, his voice trembled with an excitement that deepened the flush in Neil's cheeks.

"Captain Plum, I thank God that you like Marion," he said simply. "After I kill Strang will you help her?"

"Yes."

"You are willing to risk—"

"My life—my men—my ship!"

Nathaniel spoke like one to whom there had been suddenly opened the portals to a great joy. He sprang to his feet and stood before Neil, his whole being throbbing with the emotions which had been awakened within him.

"Good God, why don't you tell me what her peril is?" he cried, no longer restraining himself. "Why are you going to kill Strang? Has he—has he—" His face flushed with the question which he dared not finish.

"No—not that!" interrupted Neil. "He has never laid a hand on Marion. She hates him as she hates the snakes in this swamp. And yet—next Sunday she is to become his seventh wife!"

Nathaniel started as if he had been threatened by a blow.

"You mean—he is forcing her into his harem?" he asked.

"No, he can not do that!" exclaimed Neil, the hatred bursting out anew in his face. "He can not force her into marrying him, and yet—" He flung his arms above his head in sudden passionate despair. "As there is a God in heaven I would give 10 years of my life for the secret of the prophet's power over Marion!" he groaned. "Three months ago her hatred of him was terrible. She loathed the sight of him. I have seen her shiver at the sound of his voice. When he asked her to become his wife she refused him in words that I had believed no person in the kingdom would have dared to use. Then—less than a month ago—the change came, and one day she told me that she had made up her mind to become Strang's wife. From that day her heart was broken. I was dumbfounded. I raged and cursed and even threatened. Once I accused her of a shameful thing and though I implored her forgiveness a thousand times I know that she weeps over my brutal words still. But nothing could change her. On my knees I have pleaded with her, and once she flung her arms round my shoulders and said, 'Neil, I can not tell you why I am marrying Strang. But I must.' I went to Strang and demanded an explanation; I told him that my sister hated him, that the sight of his face and the sound of his voice filled her with abhorrence, but he only laughed at me and asked me why I objected to becoming the brother-in-law of a prophet. Day by day I have seen Marion's soul dying within her. Some terrible secret is gnawing at her heart, robbing her of the very life which a few weeks ago made her the most beautiful thing on this island; some dreadful influence is shadowing her every step, and as the day draws near when she is to join the king's harem I see in her eyes at times a look that frightens me. There is only one salvation. Tomorrow I shall kill Strang!"

"And then?"

Neil shrugged his shoulders.

"I will shoot him through the abdomen so that he will live to tell his wives who did the deed. After that I will try to make my escape to the mainland."

"And Marion—"

"Will not marry Strang! Isn't that plain?"

"You have guessed nothing—no cause for the prophet's power over your sister?" asked Nathaniel.

"Absolutely. And yet that influence is such that at times the thought of it freezes the blood in my veins. It is so great that Strang did not hesitate to throw me into jail on the pretext that I had threatened his life. Marion implored him to spare me the disgrace of a public whipping and he replied by reading to her the commandments of the kingdom. That was last night—when you saw her through the window. Strang is madly infatuated with her beauty and yet he dares to go any length without fear of losing her. She has become his slave. She is as completely in his power as though bound in iron chains. And the most terrible thing about it all is that she has constantly urged me to leave the island—to go, and never return. Great God, what does it all mean? I love her more than anything else on earth, we have been inseparable since the day she was able to toddle alone—and yet she would have me leave her! No power on earth can reveal the secret that is torturing her. No power can make Strang divulge it."

"And Obadiah Price!" cried Nathaniel, sudden excitement flashing in his eyes. "Does he know?"

"I believe that he does!" replied Neil, pacing back and forth in his agitation. "Captain Plum, if there is a man on this island who loves Marion with all of a father's devotion it is Obadiah Price, and yet he swears that he knows nothing of the terrible influence which has so suddenly enslaved her to the prophet! He suggests that it may be mesmerism, but I—" He interrupted himself with a harsh, mirthless laugh. "Mesmerism be damned! It's not that!"

"Your sister—is—a Mormon," ventured Nathaniel, remembering what the prophet had said to him that morning. "Could it be her faith?—a message revealed through Strang from—"

Neil stopped him almost fiercely.

"Marion is not a Mormon!" he said. "She hates Mormonism as she hates Strang. I have tried to get her to leave the island with me but she insists on staying because of the old folk. They are very old, Captain Plum, and they believe in the prophet and his heaven as you and I believe in that blue sky up there. The day before I was arrested I begged my sister to flee to the mainland with me but she refused with the words that she had said to me a hundred times before—'Neil, I must marry the prophet!' Don't you see there is nothing to do—but to kill Strang?"

Nathaniel thrust his hand into a pocket of the coat he had loaned Neil and drew forth his pipe and tobacco pouch. As he loaded the pipe he looked squarely into the other's eyes and smiled.

"Neil," he said softly. "Do you know that you would have made an awful fool of yourself if I hadn't hove in sight just when I did?"

He lighted his pipe with exasperating coolness, still smiling over its bowl.

"You are not going to kill Strang tomorrow," he added, throwing away the match and placing both hands on Neil's shoulders. His eyes were laughing with the joy that shone in them. "Neil, I am ashamed of you! You have worried a devilish lot over a very simple matter. See here—" He blew a cloud of smoke over the other's head. "I've learned to demand some sort of pay for my services since I landed on this island. Will you promise to be—a sort of brother—to me—if I steal Marion and sail away with her tonight?"

CHAPTER VI.

Marion.

At Nathaniel's astonishing words Neil stood as though struck suddenly dumb.

"Don't you see what a very simple case it is?" he continued, enjoying the other's surprised silence. "You plan to kill Strang to keep Marion from marrying him. Well, I will hunt up Marion, put her in a bag if necessary and carry her to my ship. Isn't that better and safer and just as sure as murder?"

The excitement had gone out of Neil's face. The flush slowly faded from his cheeks and in his eyes there gleamed something besides the malevolence of a few moments before. As Nathaniel stepped back from him half laughing and puffing clouds of smoke from his pipe Marion's brother thrust his hands into his pockets with an exclamation that forcefully expressed his appreciation of Captain Plum's scheme.

"I never thought of that," he added, after a moment. "By heaven, it will be easy—"

"So easy that I tell you again I am ashamed of you for not having thought of it!" cried Nathaniel. "The first thing is to get safely aboard my ship."

"We can do that within an hour."

"And tonight—where will we find Marion?"

"At home," said Neil. "We live near Obadiah. You must have seen the house as you came into the clearing this morning from the forest."

Nathaniel smiled as he thought of his suspicions of the old councilor.

"It couldn't be better situated for our work," he said. "Does the forest run down to the lake on Obadiah's side of the island?"

"Clear to the beach."

Neil's face betrayed a sudden flash of doubt.

"I believe that our place has been watched for some time," he explained. "I am sure that it is especially guarded at night and that no person leaves or enters it without the knowledge of Strang. I am certain that Marion is aware of this surveillance although she professes to be wholly ignorant of it. It may cause us trouble."

"Can you reach the house without being observed?"

"After midnight—yes."

"Then there is no cause for alarm," declared Nathaniel. "If necessary I can bring 10 men into the edge of the woods. Two can approach the house as quietly as one and I will go with you. Once there you can tell Marion that your life depends on her accompanying you to Obadiah's. I believe she will go. If she won't—" He stretched out his arms as if in anticipation of the burden they might hold. "If she wont—I'll help you carry her!"

"And meanwhile," said Neil, "Arbor Croche's men—"

"Will be as dead as herring floaters if they show up!" he cried, leaping two feet off the ground in his enthusiasm. "I've got 12 of the damnedest fighters aboard my ship that ever lived and 10 of them will be in the edge of the woods!"

Neil's eyes were shining with something that made Nathaniel turn his own to the loading of his pipe

"Captain Plum, I hope I will be able to repay you for this," he said. There was a trembling break in his voice and for a moment Nathaniel did not look up. His own heart was near bursting with the new life that throbbed within it. When he raised his eyes to his companion's face again there was a light in them that spoke almost as plainly as words.

"You Are Not Going to Kill Strang Tomorrow."

"You haven't accepted my price, yet, Neil," he replied quietly. "I asked you if you'd—be—a sort of brother—"

Neil sprang to his side with a fervor that knocked the pipe out of his hand.

"I swear that! And if Marion doesn't—"

Suddenly he jerked himself into a listening attitude

"Hark!"

For a moment the two ceased to breathe. The sound had come to them both, low, distant. After it there fell a brief hush. Then again, as they stared questioningly into each other's eyes, it rolled faintly into the swamp—the deep, far baying of a hound.

"Ah!" exclaimed Neil, drawing back with a deep breath. "I thought they would do it!"

"The bloodhounds!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DINING OUT WITH FRIENDS

How a Boarding House Romance Began Between Two Homeless Lodgers Who Had No Acquaintances.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written Shabby romances, some of them are, like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant; and then brazenly lying about the friends who had invited her to dinner

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him. "Even that poor little white faced soul has made friends who want her," he said. "Nobody wants me. I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant. "New friends?" asked the landlady

"Yes," lied the young man.

One night the man and the girl met in a 25-cent restaurant. They blushed, they fenced, they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It's awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well" said the young man, "ain't we?"

LEARNING ART OF COUNTING

African Savages Have Interesting Method of Calculating—Use Both Feet and Hands.

Do you remember learning to count? I dare say not. But I am pretty sure you learned to count on your fingers, or perhaps you were given bright counters or shells to use instead.

Savages learn to count in just the same ways; most of them use their fingers, and so they learn to count by tens as we do, and some of them give their numbers very funny names. The Indians on the Orinoco call five "one hand" and ten "two hands." But they use their feet as well and call fifteen "whole foot," sixteen "one to the other foot," and twenty "one man." This plan becomes very complicated with higher figures, for twenty-one is "one to the hand of the next man."

The African savages count in much the same way. The Zulu for six is "tatisitupa," which means "taking the thumb," that is, the man who is counting has used the five fingers of one hand, and is beginning to use the second hand, starting at the thumb.

Some races use the joints of the finger instead of the fingers themselves, and they are very badly off, for they can only count up to three.

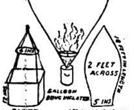
Some Australian tribes count thus—one, two, two-one, two-two, and, can go no further. Other races have only three words, "one," "two," "a great many."

But savages sometimes use other things for counting than fingers or joints. Our own word "calculate" means "working with pebbles." One African tribe calls forty "ogodze," which means "string," because they use cowrie shells strung together by forties for counting. Their name for hundred is "yha," which means "heap"—that is, a heap of cowries.

BUILDING HOT-AIR BALLOON

Instructions Given by A. Leo Stevens, Aeronaut, for Benefit of Boys—Carries Weight.

Any boy who will follow the instructions of A. Leo Stevens, the aeronaut, can built a hot-air balloon with a lifting capacity of three pounds. Some time ago Mr. Stevens constructed a miniature aircraft of this type for the amusement of some boys at Chautauqua lake which soared to an altitude of 1,000 feet and drifted a mile across the swamps, finally landing in the branches of a tree.



Making a Hot-Air Balloon.

A balloon of this type when inflated stands 11 feet high, but in reality is 18 feet long, the difference being explained by the curve. The bag is cut in 14 parts, each part is 18 feet in length, two feet in width at the widest point and tapers to a point.

Whistling.

They used to say a whistling girl
Was like a crowing hen,
That whistling was as out of place
As petticoats on men.

Give me the cheery little girl
That plays and sings and shouts.
A whistling girl is better far
Than one that scolds and pouts.

A Shipload of Toys

Hundreds of tons of toys, dolls and railroad cars, jumping jacks and automobiles and flying machines, came into Philadelphia the other day on the steamer Dortmund. The steamer came from Hamburg, Germany, and carried no freight except toys. This is the first of many such cargoes that will be brought across the ocean before Christmas for the boys and girls of America.

Grandma Was Better.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such a nice, big slice of bread with jam for you?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," replied little Lola, "but my grandma is gooder; she lets me spread the jam myself."

A Stitch in Time.

Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country for the first time. Seeing a quantity of feathers scattered about the henyard she shook her head in disapproval.

"Grandpa," she said gravely, "you really ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."

THE REASON WHY.

Said the little dog with the long, long tail,
"Why is your tail so short?"
Said the little dog with the short, short tail,
"Rude questions are wrong, I've been taught.

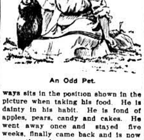
"If you'll wait long enough, you'll surely find out
Whatever was meant you should know."
So down in the road the two doggies sat
To wait—just these two in a row.

An automobile came dashing along
Running over poor doggy's tail,
"I've found out all that I wanted to know!"
Said the curious dog with a wail.

ODD LITTLE ANIMAL FOR PET

West Virginia Miss Makes Plaything of Woodchuck or Groundhog—Tame and Loving.

This is a picture of a West Virginia girl and her pet woodchuck or groundhog as they are generally called. She says that woodchucks are very interesting pets. This one soon got very tame and even affectionate toward his mistress. He always sits in the position shown in the picture when taking his food. He is dainty in his habit. He is fond of apples, pears, candy and cakes. He went away once and stayed five weeks, finally came back and is now as gentle and affectionate as before.



An Odd Pet.

GAME IS VERY INTERESTING

Two of Company Agree on Certain Word and Person Guessing It Selects a Partner.

To play this game successfully, two o. the company must privately agree upon a word that has several meanings. The two then enter into a conversation, which is obliged to be about the word they have chosen, whilst the remainder of the company listen.

When a member of the company imagines that he has guessed the word, he may join in the conversation, but if he finds he is mistaken he must immediately retire.

To give an illustration: Supposing the two players who start the conversation decide upon the word box. They might talk about the people they had seen at the theater and the particular part of the house in which they were sitting. They they might say how nice it looked in a garden, and one might mention that it grew into big trees. Perhaps one of the company might imagine that he had guessed the word correctly and join in when the conversation would be immediately changed, and the two would begin to converse about a huge case in which a very great number of things were packed away. By this time possibly the person who joined in the conversation will leave off, completely mystified.

If, however, the word should be correctly guessed, the person guessing it chooses a partner and they together select a word and the game begins again.

LET THE BOYS ANSWER.

How many teeth have you got?

Which part of the body goes to sleep first?

Which is the most restful position in bed?

Why can a dog see better in the dark than a boy?

How is a tourniquet applied?

What should be done when you get a fishbone in your throat?

What should you do when you step on a rusty nail?

What is the proper way to take a cinder out of the eye?

What is the best remedy for a bruise?

Origin of Sealing Wax.

Master—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?

Johnny—Whalebone.

Master—Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal?

Tommy—Sealing wax.

Cows' Overcoats.

One day little Margie saw a dray loaded with hides passing the house.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there goes a man with a whole stack of cows' overcoats!"

WHAT?

Weeks—Why are you stopping? You didn't run over that man.

Swiftly—I know it. I just want to see what ails the steering gear.

AN INTOLERABLE ITCHING

"Just about two years ago, some form of humor appeared on my scalp. The beginning was a slight itching but it grew steadily worse until, when I combed my hair, the scalp became raw and the ends of the comb-teeth would be wet with blood. Most of the time there was an intolerable itching, in a painful, burning way, very much as a bad, raw burn, if deep, will itch and smart when first beginning to heal. Combing my hair was positive torture. My hair was long and tangled terribly because of the blood and scabs. This continued growing worse and over half my hair fell out. I was in despair, really afraid of becoming totally bald.

"Sometimes the pain was so great that, when partially awake, I would scratch the worst places so that my finger-tips would be bloody. I could not sleep well and, after being asleep a short time, that awful stinging pain—would commence and then I would wake up nearly wild with the torture. A neighbor said it must be salt rheum. Having used Cuticura Soap merely as a toilet soap before, I now decided to order a set of the Cuticura Remedies—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills. I used them according to directions for perhaps six weeks, then left off, as the disease seemed to be eradicated, but toward spring, eighteen months ago, there was a slight return of the scalp humor. I commenced the Cuticura treatment at once, so had very little trouble. On my scalp I used about one half a cake of Cuticura Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment in all. The first time I took six or seven bottles of Cuticura Pills and the last time three bottles—neither an expensive or tedious treatment. Since then I have had no scalp trouble of any kind. Standing up, with my hair unbound, it comes to my knees and had it not been for Cuticura I should doubtless be wholly bald.

"This is a voluntary, unsolicited testimonial and I take pleasure in writing it, hoping my experience may help someone else. Miss Lillian Brown, R. F. D. 1, Liberty, Me., Oct. 29, 1909."

The Regular Fare.

"What makes you think that young man will be a success in society?"

"The fact that he has such an extraordinary appetite for tea and salads."

What Murine Eye Remedy Does to the Eyes is to Refresh, Cleanse, Strengthen and Stimulate Healthful Circulation, Promoting Normal Conditions. Try Murine in your Eyes.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

A conventional man is one whose action you can predict ahead of time.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There's no help for a man who is too lazy to work his friends.

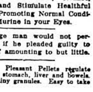
Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package, 5c straight.

Silence may give consent or it may give offense.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.



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