

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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(Continued from page 2.)

away during the fall.
"Helen Chester," she replied.
"Helen Chester," he repeated mus-
lingly. "What a pretty name! It
seems almost a pity to change it—to
marry, as you will."
"I am not going to Nome to get mar-
ried."

He glanced at her quickly.
"Then you won't like this country.
You are two years too early. You
ought to wait till there are railroads
and telephones and tables d'hotel and
chaperons. It's a man's country yet."
"I don't see why it isn't a woman's
country too. Surely we can take a
part in taming it. Yonder on the Ore-
gon is a complete railroad, which will
be running from the coast to the mines
in a few weeks. Another ship back
there has the wire and poles and fix-
ings for a telephone system, which will
go up in a night. As to tables d'hotel,
I saw a real French count in Seattle
with a monocle. He's bringing in a
restaurant outfit, imported snails and
pates de foie gras. All that's wanting
is the chaperon. In my flight from the
Ohio I left mine. The sailors caught
her. You see, I am not far ahead of
schedule."

"What part are you going to take in
this taming process?" he asked.
She paused long before replying, and
when she did her answer sounded like
a jest.

"I herald the coming of the law,"
she said.
"The law! Bah! Red tape, a dead
language and a horde of shysters! I'm
afraid of law in this land. We're too
new and too far away from things. It
puts too much power in too few hands.
Heretofore we men up here have had
recourse to our courage and our Colts,
but we'll have to unbuckle them both
when the law comes. I like the court
that hasn't any appeal." He laid hand
upon his hip.

"The Colts may go, but the courage
never will," she broke in.

"Perhaps. But I've heard rumors al-
ready of a plot to prostitute the law.
In Unalaska a man warned Dextery,
with terror in his eye, to beware of it;
that beneath the cloak of justice was a
drawn dagger whetted for us fellows
who own the rich diggings. I don't
think there's any truth in it, but you
can't tell."

"The law is the foundation. There
can't be any progress without it.
There is nothing here now but disorder."

"There isn't half the disorder you
think there is. There weren't any
crimes in this country till the tender-
foot arrived. We didn't know what a
thief was. If you came to a cabin,
you walked in without knocking. The
owner filled up the coffeepot and sliced
into the bacon; then when he'd started
your meal he shook hands and asked
your name. It was just the same
whether his cache was full or whether
he'd packed his few pounds of food
200 miles on his back. That was hos-
pitality to make your southern article
look pretty small. If there was no
one at home, you ate what you needed.
There was but one unpardonable breach
of etiquette—to fall to leave dry kin-
dlinings. I'm afraid of the transitory
stage we're coming to—that epoch of
chaos between the death of the old
and the birth of the new. Frankly, I
like the old way best. I love the li-
cense of it. I love to wrestle with na-
ture, to snatch and guard and fight for
what I have. I've been beyond the
law for years, and I want to stay there,
where life is just what it was intended
to be—a survival of the fittest."

His large hands as he gripped the
bulwark were tense and corded, while
his rich voice issued softly from his
chest with the hint of power unlimited
behind it. He stood over her, tall,
virile and magnetic. She saw now
why he had so joyously hailed the
fight of the previous night. To one of
his kind it was as salt air to the nos-
trils. Unconsciously she approached
him, drawn by the spell of his strength.
"My pleasures are violent, and my
hate is mighty bitter in my mouth.
What I want, I take. That's been my
way in the old life, and I'm too selfish
to give it up."

He was gazing out upon the dimly
luculent miles of ice, but now he turned
toward her and, doing so, touched her
warm hand next his on the rail.

She was staring up at him, unaf-
fected, so close that the faint odor from
her hair reached him. Her expression
was simply one of wonder and curios-
ity at this type, so different from any
he had known. But the man's eyes
were hot and blinded with the sight of
her, and he felt only her beauty
heightened in the dim light, the brush
of her garments and the small, soft
hand beneath his. The thrill from the
touch of it surged over him, mastered
him.

"What I want, I take," he repeated,
and then suddenly he reached forth
and, taking her in his arms, crushed
her to him, kissing her softly, fiercely,
all upon the lips. For an instant she
was gasping and stunned against his
chest; then she tore her fist free and
with all her force struck him full in
the face.

As though she beat upon a
With one movement he forced
her to her side, smiling into her
red eyes; then, holding her like
he kissed her again and again
the mouth, the eyes, the hair—



"What I want, I take."

and released her.
"I am going to love you, Helen," said
he.

"And may God strike me dead if I
ever stop hating you!" she cried, her
voice coming thick and hoarse with
passion.

Turning, she walked proudly forward
toward her cabin, a trim, straight,
haughty figure, and he did not know
that her knees were shaking and weak.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR four days the Santa Maria
felt blindly through the white
fields, drifting north with the
spring tide that sets through
Bering strait, till on the morning of
the fifth open water showed to the east.
Creeping through, she broke out into
the last stage of the long race, amid
the cheers of her weary passengers,
and the dull jar of her engines made
welcome music to the girl in the deck
stateroom.

Soon they picked up a mountainous
coast which rose steadily into majestic,
barren ranges, still white with the
melting snows, and at 10 in the even-
ing, under a golden sunset, amid
screaming whistles, they anchored in
the roadstead of Nome. Before the
rumble of her chains had ceased or
the echo from the fleet's salute had died
from the shoreward hills the ship was
surrounded by a swarm of tiny craft
clamoring about her iron sides, while
an officer in cap and gilt climbed the
bridge and greeted Captain Stephens.
Tugs with trailing lights circled dis-
creetly about, awaiting the completion
of certain formalities. These over, the
uniformed gentleman dropped back into
his skiff and rowed away.

"A clean bill of health, captain!" he
shouted, saluting the commander.
"Thank ye, sir," roared the sailor,
and with that the rowboats swarmed
inward piratelike, boarding the steam-
er from all quarters.

As the master turned he looked down
from his bridge to the deck below full
into the face of Dextery, who had been
an intent witness of the meeting. With
unbending dignity Captain Stephens
let his left eyelid droop slowly, while
a boyish grin spread widely over his
face. Simultaneously orders rang
sharp and fast from the bridge, the
crew broke into feverish life, the creak
of booms and the clank of donkey
hoists arose.

"We're here, Miss Stowaway," said
Glenister, entering the girl's cabin.
"The inspector passed us, and it's time
for you to see the magic city. Come,
it's a wonderful sight."

This was the first time they had been
alone since the scene on the after deck,
for, besides ignoring Glenister, she had
managed that he should not even see
her except in Dextery's presence. Al-
though he had ever since been court-
eous and considerate, she felt the leap-
ing emotions that were hidden within
him and longed to leave the ship, to fly
from the spell of his personality.
Thoughts of him made her writhe, and
yet when he was near she could not
hate him as she willed. He overpow-
ered her; he would not be hated; he
paid no heed to her slights. This very
quality reminded her how willingly
and unquestioningly he had fought off
the sailors from the Ohio at a word
from her. She knew he would do so
again, and more, and it is hard to be
bitter to one who would lay down his
life for you even though he has of-
fended, particularly when he has the
magnetism that sweeps you away from
your moorings.

"There's no danger of being seen,"
he continued. "The crowd's crazy,
and, besides, we'll go ashore right
away. You must be mad with the con-
finement. It's on my nerves too."

As they stepped outside the door of
an adjacent cabin opened, framing an
angular, sharp featured woman, who,
catching sight of the girl emerging
from Glenister's stateroom, paused,
with shrewdly narrowed eyes flashing
quick, malicious glances from one to
the other. They came later to remem-
ber with regret this chance encounter,
for it was fraught with grave results
for them both.

"Good evening, Mr. Glenister," the
lady said, with acid cordiality.
"Howdy, Mrs. Champlan?" He
moved away.

She followed a step, staring at Helen.
"Are you going ashore tonight or
wait for morning?"

"Don't know yet, I'm sure." Then
aside to the girl he muttered, "Shake
her; she's spying on us."
"Who is she?" asked Miss Chester a
moment later.

"Her husband manages one of the
big companies. She's an old cat."

Gaining her first view of the land,
the girl cried out sharply. They rode
on an oily sea tinted like burnished
copper, while on all sides, amid the
faint rattle and rumble of machinery,
scores of ships were belching cargoes
out upon living swarms of scows, tugs,
stern wheelers and dories. Here and
there Eskimo oomiaks, fat, walrus hide
boats, slid about like huge, many leg-
ged water bugs. An endless, antlike
stream of tenders came and went

freight, piled to and from the shore.
A mile distant lay the city, stretched
like a white ribbon between the gold
of the ocean sand and the dun of the
moss covered tundra. It was like no
other in the world. At first glance it
seemed all made of new white canvas.
In a week its population had swelled
from 3,000 to 30,000. It now wandered
in a slender, sinuous line along the
coast for miles, because only the beach
afforded dry camping ground. Mount-
ing to the bank behind, one sank knee
deep in moss and water and, treading
twice in the same tracks, found a box
of oozing, ley mud. Therefore as the
town doubled daily in size, it grew
endwise like a string of dominoes till
the shore from Cape Nome to Penny
river was a long reach of white, glint-
ing in the low rays of the arctic sun-
set like foamy breakers on a tropic
island.

"That's Anvil creek up yonder," said
Glenister. "There's where the Midas
lies. See!" He indicated a gap in the
buttress of mountains rolling back
from the coast. "It's the greatest
creek in the world. You'll see gold by
the mule load and hillocks of nuggets.
Oh, I'm glad to get back. This is life.
That stretch of beach is full of gold.
These hills are seamed with quartz.
The bedrock of that creek is yellow.
There's gold, gold, gold everywhere—
more than ever was in old Solomon's
mines—and there's mystery and peril
and the unknown."

"Let me take haste," said the girl.
"I have something I must do tonight.
After that I can learn to know these
things."

Securing a small boat, they were
rowed ashore, the partners plying their
ferryman with eager questions. Hav-
ing arrived five days before, he was
exploding with information and volun-
teered the fruits of his ripe experience.
Dextery stated that they were
"our doughs" themselves and owned
the Midas, whereupon Miss Chester
marveled at the awe which sat upon
the man and the wondering stare with
which he devoured the partners, to
her own utter exclusion.

"Sufferin' cats! Look at the freight!"
 ejaculated Dextery. "If a storm come
up, it would bust the community!"
The bench they neared was walled
and crowded to the high tide mark
with ramparts of merchandise, while
every incoming craft deposited its quota
upon whatever vacant foot was
close at hand till bales, boxes, boilers
and baggage of all kinds were con-
fusedly intermixed in the narrow space.
Singing longshoremen trundled burdens
from the lighters and piled them on
the heap, while yelling, cursing crowds
fought over it all, selecting, sorting,
loading.

There was no room for more, yet
hourly they added to the mass. Teams
splashed through the lapping surf or
stuck in the deep sand between hil-
locks of goods. All was noise, profan-
ity, congestion and feverish hurry.
The burning haste rang in the voice
of the multitude, showed in its violence
of gesture and redness of face, per-
meated the atmosphere with a mag-
netic, electrifying energy.

"It's somethin' fierce ashore," said
the oarsman. "I been up for three
days an' nights steady. There ain't no
room nor time nor darkness to sleep
in. Ham an' eggs is a dollar an' a
half, an' whisky's bits a throw." He
wailed the last sadly, as a complaint
unspeakable.

"Any trouble doin'?" inquired the old
man.

"You know it!" the other cried col-
loquially. "There was a massacre in
the Northern last night."
"Gamblin' row?"
"Yep. 'Tinhorn' called Missou done
it."

"Sho!" said Dextery. "I know him.
He's a bad actor." All three men nod-
ded sagely, and the girl wished for
further light, but they volunteered no
explanation.

Leaving the skiff, they plunged into
turmoil. Dodging through the tangle,
they came out into fenced lots where
tents stood wall to wall and every
inch was occupied. Here and there
was a vacant spot guarded jealously
by its owner, who gazed sourly upon
all men with the forbidding eye of
suspicion. Finding an eddy in the
confusion, the men stopped.

"Where do you want to go?" they
asked Miss Chester.

There was no longer in Glenister's
glance that freedom with which he
had come to regard the women of the
north. He had come to realize dully
that here was a girl driven by some
strong purpose into a position repe-
lent to her. In a man of his type her
independence awoke only admiration,
and her coldness served but to inflame
him the more. Delicacy in Glenister
was lost in a remarkable singleness of
purpose. He could laugh at her loath-
ing, smile under her abuse and remain
utterly ignorant that anything more
than his action in seizing her that
night lay at the bottom of her dislike.
He did not dream that he possessed
characteristics abhorrent to her, and
he felt a keen reluctance at parting.
She extended both hands.
"I can never thank you enough for
what you have done—you two—but I
shall try. Goodby!"

Dextery gazed doubtfully at his own
hand, rough and gnarly, then taking
hers as he would have handled a rob-
in's egg waggled it limply.
"We ain't goin' to turn you adrift
this-a-way. Whatever your destination
is, we'll see you to it."
"I can find my friends," she assured
him.

"This is the wrong latitude in which
to dispute a lady; but, knowin' this
camp from soup to nuts, as I do, I sug-
gests a male escort."

[Continued next week.]

Mixed Sausage made fresh
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The conductor passing from the heated
inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature
of the platform—the canvasser spending an
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Scott's Emulsion strengthens the
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danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

The Old Masters.

Prices which run to five figures
are frequently given for paintings
by what are called "the old mas-
ters." But what of the original
cost? A collector who has been
making inquiries quotes the follow-
ing startling figures:

Michael Angelo, he found, was
paid only about \$10 a month while
he was at work on his cartoons of
the battle of Pisa. Leonardo, who
acted as his assistant, received the
same wage.

Correggio received less than \$10
for his "Christ in the Garden,"
while Carracci's "Resurrection"
brought its painter still less. Albert
Durer was seldom paid in cash for
his pen and ink portraits. A bag
of flour, a pair of boots or some
such equivalent satisfied him.

Rembrandt, "the mightiest geni-
us," received as his highest price
under \$500 for his "Night Watch."
Valesquez worked chiefly for the
Spanish government. He was paid
on an average \$35 a picture.

Street Cars in Mexico.

"Street car conductors in the
City of Mexico," said a tourist, "give
a receipt to each passenger on tak-
ing a fare. The pads are number-
ed and show as quickly as a cash
register how many fares each man
must return to the company, provid-
ed that the passengers accept the re-
ceipts. The Mexicans never forget
to demand a voucher, for each is a
numbered ticket in a monthly lot-
tery with many rich prizes, and the
gambling zeal of the passengers acts
as a check on every fare taken in."
—New York Sun.

Surprising.

"Yesterday was my birthday."
"I suppose your husband gave you
a little surprise?"
"Oh, yes. He came home before
midnight."—Houston Post.

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or hang about on the
limbs.
PHILIP STOLL,
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Hereafter we positively re-
fuse to publish any communica-
tion received at this office later
than Tuesday, noon, except lo-
cal and personal items, which
will not be available later than
Wednesday, noon, for the cur-
rent week. By trying to be ac-
commodating we are thrown late
every week and we are tired of
it. This notice applies to
EVERY BODY.
4-25-tf.

Notice.

Trustees will meet on Saturday, 15th
inst. to let contract for the erection of
a school building at Indian town church.
We reserve the right to reject any and
all bids.

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Middle age, courageously fighting,
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Only a little backache first.
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Or when you strain the back.
Many complications follow.
Urinary disorders, diabetes, Bright's
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Cure every form of kidney ill.

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Who is he and who is the man
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may not tell you what you hope
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purpose of the registering of any person
who is qualified as follows:

Who shall have been a resident of
the State for two years, and of the
county one year, and of the polling pre-
cinct in which the elector offers to
vote four months before the day of
election, and shall have paid, six
months before, any poll tax then due
and payable, and who can both read
and write any section of the constitu-
tion of 1895 submitted to him by the
Supervisors of Registration, or who
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