THE FREE TRADERS

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued

-14-But if Leboeuf did not quite understand what Lee was trying to tell him, ae understood enough to send him nto a flaming fury. He shook his fists. He danced. His face grew red with blood. He seemed transformed once again into that monstrous, apeike creature with whom Lee had engaged in that desperate duel in the chasm.

"We must save her, Leboeuf," Lee exclaimed. "We must go at once." "We must go at once, Monsieur. But one cannot return that way. There is only one way into the mine beneath the stone. No one can breast this river. I shall show you. But wait!" He disappeared within a small cavern in the mountain, and reappeared in

a moment or two carrying a rifle. 'Now, Monsieur, there is no time to lose. I shall pick them off one by one as they come out of the house. Eh, my little Joyce in the hands of that devil! But my master has shown me in a dream that she shall not be Aye, and they'd say ye arrested him harmed. Still, it was the last words my master spoke to me while he was alive, that I should protect her from him, and he has warned me many times in dreams also. Eh, this way, Monsieur!"

Lee, feeling recuperated, despite the throbbing of his bruised scalp, followed the old man along the narrow coping of rock beside the cataract. In it, lad, when ye grow cool." a little while the path grew wider, the rocky walls fell back, becoming outlying spurs of the mountains. The toar of the cataract grew faint behind them. They continued down a gentle gradient into a level plain. The forest closed about them.

Then, when they had been proceeding for about half an hour, the forest suddenly came to an end, and to Lee's amazement, he found himself standing near the bank of the main river which flowed through Siston lake. He could not have been more than half a mile from the log house.

But they heard the sudden throbbing of the motor boat. Lee ground his teeth. In an instant old Leboeuf had pulled him down behind the shel- passed. ter of a rock.

Then they heard Joyce scream. Again and again her agonized cries

would have flung himself into the river, but the Indian's iron arms encircled him. And, as he tried to cry

something huddled in the bottom of was my friend. the boat, undoubtedly Joyce; and "One day we both start to there was no doubt that they were furs from our trap lines. making for Siston lake.

And all the while Joyce screamed. and Lee struggled in the Indian's grasp, and tried to cry out, but he could not move or utter a sound.

was hissing in his ear. "It is useless to betray yourself. We do what we can. You understand? You promise?" leased him.

old man was drawing a bead upon the cities of the white men, Messleurs. boat, now some hundred yards away from them in the middle of the stream.

Leboeuf looked at him reproachfully. "Monsieur, I could have killed him. I do not err at the mark, Monsieur." Again he was about to take aim.

but Lee caught the rifle in his band. "No, no, Leboeuf. She must not be

Comprehension came to the old Indian. He lowered the rifle. Joyce had ceased to cry out, and in

dumb helplessness the two men day. watched the motor boat shoot past of the shore. They looked at each

Lee, "I swear that I'll kill Rathway peace is laid upon me also. like the hound that he is." "Good!" Leboeuf nodded vigorously.

has grown weary of him. But what can bring my master to die. will you do now, Monsieur?"

"Go to Siston lake. Take her away or die there."

"Very good, Monsleur. That was my own plan also. But it is a journey he would never show him the mine, of a night and a day, Monsieur, and it which is for Mam'zelle Joyce, is necessary to eat, also to take food with us."

Lee was for starting immediately, ean stream. It gave access in one way, but not in the other. And Leboeuf's decision proved a fortunate one, for at the door of the log house they met Father McGrath, his rifle across his back. *

"Thank God I've found ye, Anderson!" he cried. "I couldna sleep all the nicht for troublin' about ye and long since my master killed his enemy, that puir lassle. So before the dawn I started off to mak' sure that no evil so-he murders him." thing had happened beyond what couldna be avoided. But what has toward Leboeuf. happened, and whaur is she, and that band o' skunks?"

Lee told him as concisely as possible while old Leboeuf, bustling inside the house, brought out some flour and bacon that the gang had left be-

hind, and proceeded to prepare a meal. Father McGrath listened, uttering sharp expletives which sounded remarkably like clipped oaths, deprived of their harmful characteristics by the alteration of an occasional consonant.

"Aye, and I'm no surprised," he said. "Tis but what I'd have expected. But still, what can ye do, Anderson? The law's the law, whether of God or mon,

has na bindin' power." "I can arrest him for attempted

an' that compact ye made wi' Rathway

The priest laid a hand on his shoulder. "Ye canna do that, lad," he answered. "There's na court in the land would convict him. In the firrst place, though ye meant only to save the lassie from him, there's na jury would believe it. They'd say that compact by which ye were to get his wife for the mine stinks in the sight o' heaven. to get the wumman. Aye, and, furthermair, ye canna shame her by bringin' her into court as a witness. Na, lad, ye'll e'en ha' to let it go.

"Ye fought a guld fight for her, lad, but there's naething more to do. Nor can ye arrest him for hootch-sellin', for that wud be meexin' up public duty wi' private vengeance. Ye'll see

The shrewd, hard, common sense seemed to turn Lee's heart to stone. He knew Father McGrath was right. There was nothing he could do.

He could not even attempt the arrest of Pierre and Shorty for the dynamiting without bringing the whole story into publicity. And he knew well enough that, prima facie, it looked simply like an attempt on his part to possess himself of the wife of another

Then there was the discredit that such a case would bring on the police. But as he stood there, feeling his last hopes gone, Leboeuf laid down his skillet and came toward them. The old man had overheard all that had

"Listen, Messleurs," Leboeuf sald, "now I can tell you what I know. I ..ave known Jim Rathway under many other names, since, when he was a Lee tried to leap to his feet; he young man, he first came into this district to sell drink to my people.

"Messieurs, many years have gone by-twenty years-since he came to out in answer, a hand closed over his Lake Misquash, where my people had their tepees. He was a friend to us. Next minute the motor boat shot He trapped, and, if he sold a little into mid stream. It contained Rath- walsky, that was between ourselves, way and his three aides; there was you understand, Monsleur. And he

His line runs east and mine runs west. I leave my woman in my tepee. A young wife, Messieurs, much younger than myself. In one week I return. My tepee is empty. My woman is "Monsleur! Think of her!" Leboeuf gone. So, too, my furs.

"Later I learn. She has gone with Rathway. He keep her six weeks. Then he drive her away into the for-And suddenly reason came back to est. She dare not return to her own Lee. He nodded and Leboeuf re- people. So she go south to the cities of the white people. Long I search for But the next instant it was Lee who her, but I never find her. You know knocked up Lebouef's hand as the what happens to our women in the

"Then my heart becomes hard, like a stone. As for her, she is nothing to me no longer. But some day I find Rathway again, and then I kill him,

come here. I work for my master, Mr. Pelly. He trusts me. He tells revenge in my heart. It shall be all rounds in the magazine. for him and Mam'zelle Joyce some

"Then Rathway comes. My people them and disappear around the curve have caught him doing another such a ha' six in yours, Leboeuf?" wrong, but my master tells them to forgive, and because they love my

"But I tell my master what Rathway did to my woman, and he turns "Some men are like the carcajou, Mon- back in time to save Mam'zelle Joyce sleur. Yes, he must die. He has from him. He shoots him through the done harm enough for one man, and I arm. And Rathway smiles and tells from the house, however, Leboeuf think le bon Dieu, who is so patient, him he has learned the secret that showed to Father McGrath and Lee

"After that my master is as his servant. And again I say, let me kill him, and again my master says no. And he obeys Rathway in fear, only

"Night after night Rathway follows us, but always he loses us at the rocking stone, for he cannot come near but Leboeuf persuaded him. They enough to discover the secret without were to return to the log house, to being seen. Then Mam'zelle Joyce goes see if any provisions had been left away to school, and after that Rathbehind. If not, they were to go way gives my master no peace. And through the mine and to Leboeuf's den at last he betrays him, thinking that in the rocks, which could be reached when my master has been hung for by fording the edge of the subterran- the murder, the mine becomes Mam-'zelle Joyce's, and he will marry her

and it will be his own. "And so a policeman comes herethat was during the war. But my master could not be found, for he was dead already. You see, Messieurs, Rathway thought perhaps he would not be hung after all, since it was so and so the mine would not be his; and

"What's that?" cried Lee, starting

"He kills my master, Monsieur." "You saw this?"

Victor Rousseau (Copyright by W. G. Chapman.) WNU Service,

"Yes, Monsieur. It was near the rocking stone. Rathway had followed him and demanded knowledge of the entrance. He threatened him with his revolver. My master drew his and Rathway fired. My master dropped dead. Rathway flung his body over the cliff into the mine not knowing that it was the mine. He thought that it would never be found."

Lee turned to Father McGrath. "I'm going to save her now," he cried exultantly. "I am authorized to take any necessary action in connection with Pelly's death, and I propose to put Rathway under arrest and bring him in to Manistree. Leboeuf, you will swear in court you saw this murder?"

"I saw it, Monsieur, from the tunnel, but I could not have stopped it, and so I hid, lest Rathway should find the entrance. Afterward I was afraid. I am old now, not like I was when Rathway stole my woman from me. I was afraid of him. And my master comes to me in dreams and says, 'Not yet, Leboeuf!" "

Lee gripped the old man by the arm. "Leboeuf, will you come to Siston lake your life if-" with me and help me arrest Rathway? We'll both probably get killed, but I'm going if I have to go alone." "I will go with you, Monsieur," an-

swered Leboeuf quietly. "Two of us against six. But-" "Haud harrd, mon!" cried Father McGrath. "Wull I be too old, think ye, to help ye arrest that rascally, murrderous hooch peddler and clean oot that nest o' skunks wi' ye?"

"You, Father?" "Aye, mysel'," answered the priest. Twas surely a lucky impulse that made me bring this rifle wi' me. I doot na, Anderson, but the three o' us can render a guid account o' our-

"And see, Monsieur," said old Leboeuf, stepping toward the house. He stooped and picked up the rifle Father McGrath had given Lee. Lee



"Well, Messieurs, many years ago I He Stooped and Picked Up the Rifle Father McGrath Had Given Lee.

me the secret that he has come here had let it fall in the snow the night left to the mercy of those three men. to hide. He shows me the mine that before when he was surprised by So long as Rathway lives there is a he has found. And for years we work Estelle. The weapon, nearly hidden shade of hope for her. Don't you un- it together, taking out the gold. He in the drift beneath the window, had horse when it's just plain jealousywant me to take a share, but gold is escaped the notice of the gang. Lee one female jealous of another. That's nothing to me, now that I have the opened the breech and found six all it is."

"We'll ha' six round aplece, and if we're prrudent, we won't need that feel you're slipping your neck into a many," said Father McGrath. "Ye

rifle, an old Winchester. However, he "If any harm has come to her," said master, they do not injure him. So the pulled a handful of cartridges out of his pocket.

"That's good enough," said Lee. After packing a little food to suffice them on the journey, they started along the trail. Some little distance the prints of double horse-tracks, going and returning.

Leboeuf stooped and examined them. "It is the horse of Rathway's woman," he pronounced. And with that Lee recalled his in-

terrupted conversation with Estelle the night before. "You don't have to eager to be deceived. commit murder to get her," she had said. But Joyce's appearance had broken off their conversation. And he wondered what it was that

Estelle could have told him, and what It was beyond jealousy of Joyce, that had brought her in Rathway's wake. Father McGrath turned to him. "By the way, lad, there's more than sixthere's nine or ten of that h-l's crew," he said.

CHAPTER XIX

Flimsy Bars bitter hate in his look as she came up

"Well, where have you been?" he demanded roughly. "What's that to you?" Estelle re-

"See here! You think I'm going to hated her!

have you prowling all round the country, doing God knows what, when I'm to believe what you're saying-" keeping you here?" His eyes roamed over her. He saw that her clothes Stella," Rathway answered easily. were splashed with muddy snow. He saw the fatigue in her bearing. ' "By God, you followed me!" he

cried. He selzed her flercely by the wrists. Estelle looked into his face, laughing contemptuously. Rathway's eyes fell. He swore under his breath.

"You think you can frighten me by violence, Jim? You ought to have learned by now that that doesn't pay. Which did you bring back, the girl or the gold?"

Rathway writhed under the sting of ping outside the house, d-n you!" "Both!" he cried exultantly. "I've got the girl, and I've cached the gold near here, where no one can find it."

little common sense should tell you own treachery. you're playing with fire when you try to cross me. I've never treated you to live in comfort on for the rest of

"What have you done with Anderson?" asked Estelle quietly. "Anderson's where he'll cause no

further trouble." "You mean you-you killed him, after-after your agreement?"

"D-n you, you heard that, did you?" shouted Rathway, turning livid with fear. "No, I didn't kill him, if you want to know. He met with an accident.

"See here, Estelle," he continued, 'you and me've got to work together on this game and not try to cross one another. Play fair with me and I'h play fair with you. I want you to make that girl act sensible. She's like a tigress. Now you're an intelligent woman. You know how I feel about her, and quarrelling won't help matters. It won't last, and then I'll come back to you-"

Estelle drew her hands out of Rathway's grasp and placed them on his shoulders, looking searchingly into his

"Now, Jim, I want you just to listen to me," she said. "You know you've never gone wrong when you've followed my advice. And I guess you ties that oppressed him. know I'm the only friend you've got in the world, don't you, Jim?"

"Well, what if that's so?" he mut-"I told you you'd made a mistake

in bringing that girl here before." 'Aye," he sneered, "and you told I've got the gold! I've got the gold, I pistol, too. He dared not stain his tell you!" he cried exultantly.

"I was wrong, then, but that was a Jim, you know this is nothing but an him, he shrank from such a finale to infatuation of yours. As you said, it his association with her. won't last. And what are you going The face of Lee, upturned and white to do with her afterward? You know Grath learns the truth, he'll raise the drove him out, to pace the promonwhole country against you. Let her tory; then he would return and hurl go, Jim. What do you mean to do?"

meet her gaze. Estelle laid her hand on his arm. Jim, did you ever have pity on any one in your life?" she asked.

"Oh, maybe, when I was young and foolish." "Did you ever feel respect for any

woman, Jim?" "Ah, cut out that line of talk, Estelle! Don't try to ride the moral

"It's not, Jim. And you'll regret what you're planning to do. Jim, I-I

He leaped back and swore violently

But the Indian had a single-loading at her. "Cut out that talk, I tell you!" he shouted, almost beside himself. "Jim, listen-just listen. I guess

I'm not what anyone would call a good woman, but I was like that girl once. and-I can't bear it, Jim. Jim, I'll do anything in the world for you if you'll have pity on her. It may be there's and, stopping in front of Elliott & jealousy, too, but it's much moremuch more for her sake-and for Yours"

Estelle was working herself into one of her hysterical grenzies. Rathway center of the window were a couple of grew crafty. It is not easy for a man to fool a woman, except when she is being somewhat unusual for an estabin love with him. Then it isn't very hard. And Estelle was desperately 'Eggs! Why on carth should a pho-

"See here, Estelle," said Rathway gently, "you know if I let her go what know; I can only suppose that a hen would happen. I've got to keep her here till I know there's going to be no come back. I've got to see this agine has ever been excelled."-From thing through. She'll come to no harm at my hands."

Estelle looked at him eagerly. "Jim, you mean that?" she cried. "You swear that you mean it?", "I mean more than that, You

know me and you are partners, through thick and thin, for a good while now, though we've had our quarrels. narily proud of the luxurious club with Well, I won't deny what you said the previous owner's hunting trophles about an infatuation. But I'm getting still adorning the walls. Rathway confronted Estelle with to see things reasonable. And you're my old partner, Stella."

What a fool the woman was-all women were! She was clinging to as he stepped into the oak-paneled him, looking up at him with that ab- hall. He waved his hand in the direcsurd expression on her face that had tion of the mounted heads of stags, once set his heart leaping. How he caribou and moose. "Tell me, did they

"Jim! Jim, dear. If I could dare "Oh, I guess you can believe me,

"I'll have to keep her here a week or so, just to show McGrath I'm not running away. You see, there's Anderson's accident. He fell down the cliff -killed at once, of course; and if I was to go away now, they'd think there'd been foul play or something." "You-you swear it was an accident,

"Sure it was! So you see, Stella, I've got to keep her here a little while. Then we'll get away from here forever, you and me, and the gold."

"Oh, Jim, you've made me happier her contempt. "You were eavesdrop- than I've been since-since you seemed to cease to care. You do care for me a Suddenly he changed his tone, little, Jim?" she asked, nestling against him.

"As much as ever," answered Rathway. And, as she twined her arms His rage broke out again. "I've had about his neck, he bent and kissed enough of your tongue!" he cried. her. It was the kiss of Judas. But "I'll have no spies in my camp. You Estelle, happy again to feel her love could put a rope around my neck with returned, only lifted her lips to his in what you know. By God, Estelle, a a touch that made him wince at his

"Then I'll go and stay with that poor girl tonight, Jim, dear," she said, mean with money. You'll have enough "and tell her that there's nothing to be afraid of."

Rathway, taken by surprise, managed to keep his countenance, but when Estelle had departed for the but, he broke into almost maniacal curses. D-n her! She had tricked him with her very innocence!

And once again he found himself in the old predicament: he could take the gold and leave the girl, or he could wait till the opportunity arose to take Joyce, certain that meanwhile his men would demand their shares. Eight of them!

He fell into a gnashing fury. He had risked so much, and this fool of woman had balked him at the end! Hour after hour that night Estelle sat beside Joyce in the hut among the reeds, soothing her, mothering her, coaxing her to eat, and trying to re-

store her tottering mind to sanity. Hour after hour, Joyce, at her side, sat staring out into the darkness, and did not utter a word.

And hour after hour Rathway sat drinking in his hut on the promontory, and seeking that intoxication that persisted in eluding him, without which he could not shake off the uncertain-He must get Estelle out of the way.

The thought of Joyce was unbearable -Joyce, whom he had caught a second time, only to find himself enmeshed in a web of unforeseen things, flimsy, and yet like iron bars between them.

If he attacked Estelle she would me old Pelly's mine didn't exist. And shrink from nothing. She carried a hands with another murder. He was afraid of her trust in him, which had matter of fact and not of judgment. disarmed him; and, to be fair with

and ghastly in the current, stared at what it'll mean to you." Estelle was him from the walls, as Pelly's used pleading now. "You know when Mc- to do. He shook his fist at it. It himself into his chair savagely, and "You know what I mean to do!" drink again. And again he would snarled Rathway; but he could not fling himself from the hut; and all the while the conflict raged in his soul.

He could hear his men muttering about the fire. They were drunk, no doubt, but they had never acted that way in drunkenness before. Something was brewing. He must act that night. He must act soon. He must gag that wild cat. Estelle.

And the face of Joyce rose up before his eyes again. He went back, drained his glass, put out his light. He waited a minute till the liquor began to race through his veins, planning what he should do-"Jim !"

He started. His hands leaped to his pistol as two shadows glided in through the doorway. Shorty and Pierre advanced openly toward him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Eggsactly!

"Herman Finck, whose only fault is that he is always witty, happened to be walking up Baker street with Page, Fry's, the well-known photographers, they noticed that there was an exhibition of country-life photographs in the window, and that in a basket in the dozen of the best new-laid eggs! This lishment of this kind, Page said: tographer put eggs in his window? To which Finck replied: 'I really don't has gone in for a sitting'; which is an example of quick wit I can hardly im-"Chestnuts Re-Roasted" by Seymour Hicks.

A Good Bag

The old country mansion had been turned into a clubhouse and the surrounding sylvan park into a golf. course. The members were extraordi-

One day a player was showing a visitor round the place. "I say, this is fine," said the stranger,

kill all these fellows with golf balls?"

HOW TO KEEP

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN Editor of "HEALTH"

(2), 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

DISCOVERING THE LAZY BUG

HOOKWORM disease is caused by the presence in the bowels of many little worms. These worms are called hookworms, because they have fine, sharp hooks in their heads by which they fasten themselves to the lining of the bowels, so that they can suck blood from the victim's veins. These worms are only about an inch long and about as big as a fine hairpin. The amount of blood which each worm can suck is not very great, but when the unfortunate person who has these worms has hundreds or thousands of them to feed, the loss is so great as to make the victim pale and weak, just like any other form of

hemorrhage. Hookworm disease has long been known to be common among the miners and tunnel workers in Italy and Switzerland. But it was not supposed to exist in this country. In 1900, after the Spanish-American war, when this country took charge of Porto Rico, the surgeon general of the army sent Capt. Bailey Ashford down there to report on the health of the people. He found that, in that beautiful, tropical paradise, there was not much sickness, such as is ordinarily found, but that a great many natives were pale, listless and without energy, that many of them were "clay eaters" and seemed unable to do anything.

Doctor Ashford had seen some cases of hookworm in Europe and was struck by the resemblance between the two conditions. He began to look for hookworms and soon found them in large numbers. He made a report to the surgeon general on anemia in Porto Rico, which was the beginning of our knowledge of this disease in

Then Dr. Charles W. Stiles of the United States Public Health service began to study the poor whites in the South. These people had been considered too lazy to work, living in old and miserable cabins, many of them dirt enters. Doctor Stiles found that they were not lazy but sick. Too sick to work, with their bodies drained of nearly all their blood by these miser-

able hookworms. Some of you may remember how the newspapers, 20 years ago, poked fun at Doctor Stiles as the discoverer of the "lazy bug." But Doctor Stiles

was right. Soon the Rockefeller Foundation became interested and began working with the federal government and the state and county health officers to stamp out these hookworms. Millions of dollars have been spent and much has been done, though much remains to be done.

Hookworms enter the body through the skin, generally the skin of the feet. They cause a swelling and eruption called ground itch, dew itch, cow

itch or foot itch. If you want to avoid bookworms don't go barefooted in parts of the country where they are numerous.

GROWING PAINS

ONE of the time-honored superstitions of mothers is that children have "growing pains." Just how did the idea originate that growth was painful? Growth is a natural, normal, healthy process of the body. Pain is unnatural and abnormal. Any pain. anywhere, at any time is a sign that something is wrong. Any child that has a pain in an arm, a leg. or the back that is anything more than temporary has something wrong somewhere.

Pain is the body's danger signal, just like a red light on a railroad truck. Never run past a red light, is one of the most important rules the engineer must learn and obey. Don't neglect a pain, is a rule that every mother and nurse should heed. There are no such things as "growing pains." If a child has persistent pain anywhere, it means, generally, that there is some kind of infection somewhere that is producing poisons that are irritating the nerves and causing the pain.

This infection may come from the bowels, due to constipation. It may come from infected teeth or tonsils. It may be the first symptoms of rheumatism or heart disease. But rheumatism and heart disease in most cases are the result of infections.

Enlarged and diseased tonsils and adenoids are responsible for most cases of rheumatism. This disease is especially common in the spring and fall. It first shows itself by vague pains in the joints and muscles, later by swellings, redness and tenderness in the joints. The germs or poisons in the blood cause irritation, not only of the joints but also of the lining of the heart. This irritation may be so severe as to produce little ulcers on the heart walls and valves, which, even if they heal, form scars which pull the valves out of shape and out of position, leaving the child with a permanently disabled heart which he has

to live with the rest of his life. Any child who has "growing pains" or any persistent pain should be carefully examined for infected teeth and tonsils. The heart should be carefully watched, as the great majority of cases of heart trouble begin in childhood.