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cold ride"---
He paused as he saw my eyes go to his feet, which were shod--to the Canadian's, which were not, saw that there was something else more urgent to speak of and hurried into it.

"I just got back myself an hour ago," he said lightly. "Been in town--on a little tshamboree. If I'd stayed a little longer I'd seen the fire, I guess--"

The Canadian was still standing as he had risen when we came in, leaning heavily with both hands on the table. Winkelmann's long, hairy arms were outstretched.

"Sit down. Sit down, Stewart," he said. His arm, across Stewart's chest, pressed backward and suddenly the Canadian went limply back into his chair. "Stewart's a vunny fellow," went on the German, his tongue beginning to dry on him and some of his rational accent coming back. Ven I go into town for one of my little tshamborees he stays up till I come back. He can't sleep alone in the cabin--can you, Stewart."

The Canadian gave a start. "Sleep? No, I could not sleep!"
"Drink. Drink!" shouted the German heartily as he clicked the glasses.

Wedrank. Tobacco was passed, pipes were filled, cigarettes were rolled, we relaxed. Winkelmann was as garrulous as an old woman. He deplored the fire, he shook his head sadly at the thought of the Japanese swords and the beautiful books there were tatters in his voice. Suddenly Stewart, who had seemed not to listen and in his chair, to pursue gloomily some vestige of thought--his alone--un telescoped his huge length and stood on his feet like a toastmaster at the rag-end of a banquet.

"Gosh," he bellowed, looking at my brother and at me. "I'm glad to see you boys again. You're fine boys that's what you are. Fine boys. Gosh, but I'm glad to see you again."

"Sit down, Stewart," said Winkelmann. "Sit down, you've had too much."

The giant lurched toward us, however. He stood before my brother, took his hand and shook it loosely in his big paw.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you again, I am." He stood before me and took my hand and shook it loosely. "Gosh, but I'm glad to see you again" he repeated

He shuffled back to his chair, plumped into it, his hands rose to his eyes, and abruptly he broke into a queer noise--half grunts, half sobs. In the moment of half-consciousness Winkelmann winked at us to emphasize the joke.

'Just like roast pig! Roast just like pigs!' gurgled the weeping Colossus. 'Roast just like pigs--that's what the Dutchman said--'

Winkelmann again winked at us heavily to help us savor the joke; but I, having watched the Canadian, said to Winkelmann:

'Winkelmann, did you cut your shoes?'
'Cut my shoes!' the black German exclaimed, puzzled. 'Cut my shoes?'

'Yes--on the glass.'
'What glass?' His eyebrows now had gone a little rigid.

'Why, of the bottles--the bottles in our basement!'

Winkelmann leaned back in his low chair, his long, gorilla-like arm swept under the bunk--and flashed back, holding a shotgun. With a quick tilt he presented the sawed off muzzle towards us.

'Hands up!' he said.
The very devil was in his face; his eyes were pinpoints. My brother's hands went up, my hands went up. And I sat there sick with a nausea of contempt at myself. To have started thus on this expedition unarmed! To have entered this house unarmed! And to pronounced this phrase without the support of a gatling! It seemed incredible now. Yet I had done it--it was done! The medicine was coming now. The medicine--

'Go up against that wall!' said Winkelmann.

We rose, backed up and stood against the wall, close together, our hands up. He came forward another step, which brought Stewart, still in his chair, behind him, and stood with legs apart before us, his gun lightly poised hip-high, like a quail hunter before the bush his dog is beating.

'The gun is sawed short,' he said. 'She's full of slugs; she scatters like a machine gun; I couldn't miss you if I tried. Just a little bull of the drigger and its good night! Just a little move from you and I bull. Somaybe you better not move!'

'Well, what are you going to do?' said my brother with some defiance.

'We'll see. There's no hurry. Of course I could pull de drigger!'

He stood silently before us, swaying slightly from side to side like a bear, and most evidently considering the advisability of pulling that trigger. Then he smiled darkly to himself, as if he had found something better.

'Stewart,' he called, 'get some rope! The big Canadian rose unsteadily and seemed for the first time to catch sight of the situation.

'Get some rope--quick!' repeated Winkelmann impatiently--and still, of course, without looking at Stewart, who was behind him

Stewart went shambling off to a corner of the cabin and began to fumble inefficiently among coils of rope heaped there. He swayed unsteadily--partly from drink, partly from the weight of an immense indecision. He came back with a silly piece of hemp.

'That all right?' he asked, placing it under the nose of the vigilant Winkelmann, but remaining still behind him.

'You fool! I want it to tie them with. Get a strong, long one! Get the pack-rope!'

Stewart went shuffling back to the corner and tangled himself up in rope. Indecision passed in ripples over his weak face as though over water. Winkelmann was plainly becoming nervous with the necessity for alert watch in front of him and the feeling of his partner's incompetence behind him. Once he tried to steal a quick look back, but the muscular tremor instantly evident in my brother and myself made him give up the attempt.


'Hands up!' he snarled.

Our eyes now tried to remain on Winkelmann, but irresistibly they would steal past his shoulders, back to Stewart; for now the Canadian was returning from the corner carrying not a rope, but a pick handle. He went up behind Winkelmann and began to raise the pick handle above the German's head. It must have been our eyes that unwittingly warned.

'Stewart!' roared Winkelmann, vaguely suspicious, but keeping his eyes, by a prodigy of will, still glued on us--and the Canadian dropped his arms limply along his sides. He stopped and laid the pick handle noiselessly on the floor. 'Stewart!' said Winkelmann. 'What in hell are you doing, Stewart?'

'Oh, nothing,' said the Canadian in an absurd little voice. 'Nothing--I'll get the rope.'

He went off a third time to his corner and came back this time with the coiled pack-rope. From behind he held it out in front of Winkelmann. 'Is that what you want?' he asked,



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like a small boy
'That's better,' growled the German. 'Now you go to those fellows; and while I hold them quiet you tie them up--tight! We'll leave 'em in the tunnel and ride off on their horses. Tie 'em up tight! Truss 'em up like pigs!'

'Pigs!' the Canadian wailed. 'Pigs! That's what you said before! 'Roast 'em like pigs,' you said! Like pigs!'

And, with tears streaming down his face, Stewart rose up high, the pick-handle in his two hands, and brought the weapon down, with a smart tap that made my own cranium tingle, on Winkelmann's head. The German went to the floor as if dead. His gun striking as it fell, was discharged; it tore through the table a snocking noise, eloquent of our past peril.

I think we remained quite a while as we were--against the wall, with hands up--while the smoke cleared and the abominable detonation slowly left our ears. Then in the profound silence that followed we leaped on the prostrate Winkelmann and tied him up securely with his own rope.

Stewart meanwhile zigzagged to the big cask that served as a cooler and, with a flip of his big hand, upset it. It came rolling toward us, inundating the floor with a film of cold water.

Then I noticed that what was rolling was not the whole cask--only the upper two-thirds of it. The lower third remained on the flat stone in the corner. Stewart bent into the tub this formed, rose from it with an effort, threw off a wrapping cloth, freed what he held--and there it was!

There it was--the cause! That which had sawed the frame of my brother's carriage; which had sprinkled poison in the trout; had rolled boulders on us in the dark; and nearly had trapped us to an abominable death by fire!

There it was--the gold!
It was a solid lump as big as two heads. For a month it had lain there in its cache, brooding--sending out cupidity, deceit and murder, as radium sends out its mysterious rays. It was a wonderful lump; the biggest pocket I had ever seen--round as a man's head and as big as two; solid; and, by a final coquetry of the powers of hell, beautifully crystallized.

The exterior looked like the hair of some yellow-headed Medusa; but the interior was solid, compressed gold. And little veins of white quartz, like the nuts in nougat, made of it something that looked almost good to eat! It possessed all the lures!

Stewart carried the heavy mass of metal toward us. He raised it above his head. For a moment he looked like the Atlas of some new and infinitely precious world. Then his hands lowered and the treasure struck the floor with a dull thud.

'There it is!' said the Canadian. 'There it is--the curse!'

Winkelmann, wrapped round with rope as if in a cocoon, gave a tremor of returning life. His eyes opened--they opened not a foot from the lump of gold--this maddening ball of fortune that looked good to eat. They flashed a moment with covetousness, then veiled themselves with melancholy--with a desire like home-sickness--so big and sad that for an instant I understood and was almost sorry.

'If only I'd got you fellows!' murmured Winkelmann.

THE END

St. Louis, Mo., June 11.--Fire that started in the power house of the Millcroft Chemical Works, early this morning, caused damage to the plant estimated at \$200,000. Combustion of nitrate of soda was the cause, according to the officials.

Attempt To Burn Ancient Church

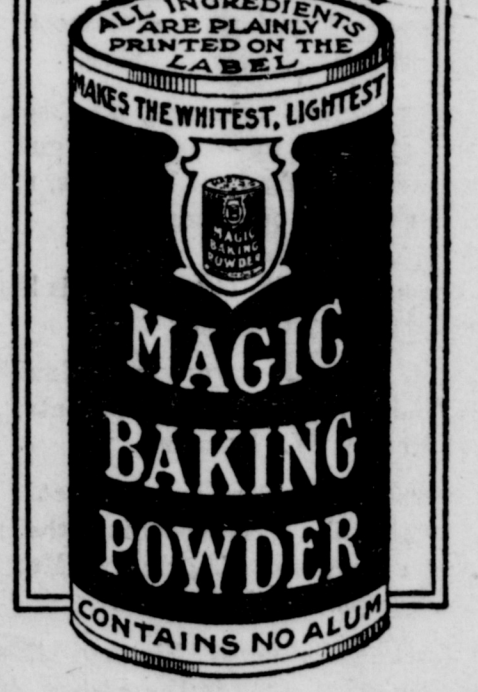
London, June 12.--A determined attempt was made this morning by the militant suffragettes to burn the ancient church of St. Margaret's at Chipstead about 14 miles to the southeast of London. Three distinct fires, fed by the lighters, composed of squares of felt saturated with oil, were set by the "arson squad." The rector, Rev. William H. Stone, and the villagers were soon on the scene and were able to extinguish the flames before much damage had been done to the church which dates from the twelfth century.

Expressions of anger at the vandalism of the militant suffragettes were more vehement than ever today among the general public, which was roused to a state of intense excitement by the details of yesterday's attempt to blow up the historic coronation stone and chair in Westminster Abbey. Demands for the drastic punishment of the women engaged in this campaign of destruction were heard on every side. The leniency of the government in releasing women criminals after a few days detention in jail was generally condemned. The hope was widely expressed that Reginald McKenna's suggestion of prosecution of the subscribers to the funds of the militant suffragette organization would stop to a large extent the flow of income to the coffers of the women engaged in the widespread activities undertaken by the society.

It is known that much of the money handed over by the largest subscribers is sent in with the earmark "education." Mrs. Pankhurst being left to decide what means. It is believed, however, that this clause in the gift will be interpreted as including persons who provide funds used for crime.

A closer examination today of the Coronation Chair, in Edward the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, showed that the damage was very small and easily repaired. The corner stone was not injured at all. In fact, most of the damage done effected the wall of the chapel behind the chair. The Abbey was open as usual today except for the chapel where the bomb was placed and in which an immense amount of soot, dust and dirt fell as the result of the explosion. A large congregation, mostly of women, attended the morning service. Extensive precautions were taken and every visitor was closely scrutinized. The police have a description of a number of women who were seen in the vicinity before yesterday's explosion, but no arrests have been made as yet.

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Roosevelt's Future

The political future of Theodore Roosevelt is a subject of great interest in the United States. The press in many sections, and the New York press in particular, is discussing the question in a manner which makes it clear that the discoverer of the river none but Dr. Cook believes in, is a factor in United States politics still to be reckoned with. The Progressives, whose candidate Roosevelt was in the last presidential election, are now starting a boom for his nomination as their standard-bearer for governor of New York in the campaign this fall. If the former President will accept there is no doubt that he can have the nomination, but will he accept? Roosevelt is as astute as he is ambitious, and will hardly enter on the New York campaign unless he can see that doing so will advance his interests for the presidential election of 1916. The last presidential contest eliminated William H. Taft as a political factor and at the same time must have convinced Roosevelt that there is absolutely no hope of success in an independent ticket in the contest two



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years hence, even if headed by Roosevelt himself, would fare far worse than in the last election and Roosevelt is well aware of the fact. Defeat has in no way, checked his hopes or curbed his ambition. That he would like to again be President is generally believed and the New York campaign may offer him the opportunity to put himself in line for nomination, not by the Progressives whose usefulness is gone, but by his old friends, the Republicans. The New York Herald reasons it out that Roosevelt not only will not accept the nomination that is being urged on him, but that he will support, and support enthusiastically, the man who is sure to be nominated by the Republicans and endorsed by all independents. That man is Mr. Whitman, the present District Attorney of New York. Support of Whitman's candidature by Roosevelt would restore the former President to the good graces of the Republican party and bring back to the fold at the same time many Progressives who have not already returned, and thus give him a status that would easily make him an outstanding figure for nomination as the party standard-bearer in the election of 1916. To accept nomination in opposition to Mr. Whitman would not only be to again court inevitable defeat, but to prevent that reconciliation with the Republican party which must be brought about if success is to be attained in the presidential contest. These predictions foretell the collapse of the Progressive movement, but such a collapse was inevitable. Not one man, not even Theodore Roosevelt, is big enough and strong enough to smash one of the great political parties of the United States, although it must be admitted he made a mighty attempt. Already so many thousands of those who followed Roosevelt in his opposition to the man who had been his friend, and the party that had given him every honor, have returned to the party fold that Roosevelt himself fully realizes that he has shot his bolt as an independent and can do nothing more for the present, at least, in that way. If he can again secure recognition and win success with the Republican party he may find opportunity for some new and spectacular display of his political energy and perhaps may head another revolution when the party has nothing more to give. Roosevelt is a unique figure in American politics and would be a strong candidate at any time, although there may reasonably be doubt if he will ever again command the same support that he could have had he remained in the party fold. It also must be remembered that the time of selecting presidential candidates is as yet far off and that many things may happen in the interim. Roosevelt himself has to undergo the ordeal of an investigation of claims he has made to discoveries in Brazil and if he comes out unscathed he will gain something in popularity, but if his stories are discredited his prestige will certainly suffer and a fallen idol can never be a successful political hero.--St. John Globe.

The long lost Ruben's masterpiece depicting a scene from Herodotus was found at Strassburg, Wednesday.