Jacqueline of Golden River

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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LOVE, ADVENTURE, FIGHTING, TREASURE.

"Jacqueline of Golden River" is a romance of love, adventure and fighting—the basis of all good romance. It is no preachment in story form; no sex-problem novel; no propaganda under the guise of fiction. It is a real romance and its purpose is to entertain. And, as if love, adventure and fighting were not enough, a most engrossing mystery of hidden treasure gives reason for the plot and action. The heroine is beautiful, fascinating—and mysterious. The hero, freed from city drudgery by a legacy, is ripe for adventure and when it comes embraces it whole-heartedly. And such an adventure as it proves to be! It begins in a big city and swiftly the scene changes to the Canadian wilds. Action at every stage and the mystery deepening with each new development!—Editor's Note.

CHAPTER I.

A Dog and a Damsel.

As I sat on a bench in Madison square after half past eleven in the evening a dog came trotting up to me, stopped at my feet and whined.

There is nothing remarkable in having a strange dog run to one, nor in seeing the creature rise on its hind legs and paw at you for notice and a caress. Only, this happened to be an Eskimo dog.

I stroked the beast, which lay down at my feet, raising its head sometimes to whine and sometimes darting off a little way and coming back to tug at the lower edge of my overcoat. But my mind was too much occupied for me to take any but a perfunctory interest in its maneuvers. My eight years of thankless drudgery as a clerk, following on a brief adventurous period after I ran away to sea from my English home, had terminated three days before upon receipt of a legacy, and I had at once left Tom Carson's employment.

Six thousand guineas—thirty thousand dollars—the will said.

I had seen for some time that Carson meant to get rid of me. It had been a satisfaction to me to get rid of him instead.

He had been alternately a prospector and a company promoter all the working years of his shabby life. Tom was as secretive as a clam, except with Simon Leroux.

Leroux was a parish politician from some place near Quebec, and his clean-shaven, wrinkled face was as hard and mean as any city boss in the United States. He and old Tom used to be closeted together for hours at a time.

I never liked the man and I never cared for Carson's business ways. I was glad to leave him the day after my legacy arrived.

My plans were vague. I had been occupying, at a low rental, a tiny apartment consisting of two rooms, a bath and what is called a "kitchenette," at the top of an old building in Tenth street which was about to be pulled down. I had half planned to take boat for Jamaica. I wanted to think and plan.

The Eskimo dog was growing uneasy. It would run from me, looking round and uttering a succession of short barks, then run back and tug at my overcoat again.

Evidently it wished me to accompany it, and I wondered who its master was and how it came to be there.

I rose and followed the beast, which showed its eager delight by running ahead of me, turning round at times to bark, and then continuing on its way with a precision which showed me that it was certain of its destination.

The dog turned down a street in the Twenties, ran on a few yards, bounded up a flight of stone steps and began scratching at the door of a house that was apparently empty.

This place I knew by reputation. It was Jim Daly's notorious but decently conducted gambling establishment, which was running full blast at a time when every other institution of this character had found it convenient to shut down.

So the creature's master was inside Daly's, and it wished me to get him out. I looked in some disappointment at the closed doors and turned away.

I meant to go home, and I had proceeded about three paces when the lock clicked. I stopped. The front door opened cautiously, and the gray head of Jim's negro butler appeared.

Then emerged one of the most beautiful women that I have ever seen.

She could not have been more than twenty years of age. Her hair was of a fair brown, the features modeled splendidly, the head poised upon a flawless throat that gleamed white beneath a necklace of magnificent sable.

She carried a sable muff, too, and under these furs was a dress of unstylish fashion and cut that contrasted curiously with them. I thought that those loose sleeves had passed away before the nineteenth century died. In one hand she carried a bag, into which she was stuffing a large roll of bills.

She passed so close to me that her dress brushed my overcoat, and for an instant her eyes met mine. There was a look in them that startled me—terror and helplessness, as though she had suffered some benumbing shock which made her actions more automatic than conscious.

I was bewildered. What was a girl like that doing in Daly's at half past twelve in the morning?

She began walking slowly and rather aimlessly, it seemed to me, along the street in the direction of Sixth avenue. My curiosity was unbounded. I followed her at a decent interval to see what she was going to do. But she did not seem to know.

The street loafers stared after her, and two men began walking abreast of her on the other side of the road. I followed more closely.

As she stood upon the curb on the east side of Sixth avenue I saw her glance timidly up and down before venturing to cross. It was quite half a minute before she summoned resolution to plunge beneath the structure of the elevated railroad. When she had reached the other side she stood still again before continuing westward.

The two men crossed the street and planted themselves behind her. They were speaking in a tongue that sounded like French, and one had a patch over his eye. A taxicab was crawling up behind them. I was sure that they were in pursuit of her.

The four of us were almost abreast in the middle of the long block between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

Suddenly the man with the patch turned on me, lowered his head and butted me off my feet. I fell into the roadway, and at that instant the second fellow grasped the girl by the arm and the taxicab whirled up and stopped.

Sent Him Stumbling Backward.

The girl's assailants seemed to be trying to force her into the cab. The bag flew open, scattering a shower of gold pieces upon the pavement.

And then, before I could get upon my feet again the dog had leaped at the throat of the man with the patch and sent him stumbling backward. Before he recovered his balance I was at the other man, striking out right and left.

It was all the act of an instant, and in an instant the two men had jumped into the taxicab and were being driven swiftly away. I was standing beside the terrified girl, while an ill-looking crowd, gathering from God knows where, surrounded us and fought like harpies for the coins which lay scattered about.

The girl pulled at my arm distractedly. She was white and trembling, and her big gray eyes were full of fear.

"Help me!" she pleaded, clinging to my sleeve with her little gloved hands. "The money is nothing. I have eight thousand dollars more in my bag. Help me away!"

She spoke in a foreign, bookish accent, as though she had learned English at school. Fortunately for us the mob was too busily engrossed in its search to hear her words.

So I drew her arm through mine and we hurried toward Sixth avenue, where we took an uptown car.

We had reached Herald square when it occurred to me that my companion did not seem to know her destination. So we descended there. I had forgotten the dog, but now the beautiful creature came bounding up to us.

"Where are you going?" I asked the girl. "I will take you to your home—or hotel," I added with a slight upward intonation on the last word.

"I do not know where I am going," she answered slowly. "I have never been in New York until today."

"But you have friends here?"

She shook her head.

"But surely you really carrying eight thousand dollars about with you in New York at night? Do you know the character of the place you came out of?" I asked, trying to find some clue to her actions.

"Oh, yes. That is Mr. Daly's gaming house. I came to New York to play at roulette there."

She was looking at me so frankly that I was sure she was wholly ignorant of evil.

"My father is too ill to play himself," she explained, "so I must find a hotel near Mr. Daly's house, and then I shall play every night until our fortune is made. Tonight I lost nearly two thousand dollars. But I was nervous in that strange place. And the system expressly says that one may lose at first. Tomorrow I raise the stakes and we shall begin to win. See?"

She pulled a little pad from her bag covered with a maze of figuring.

"But where do you come from?" I asked. "Where is your father?"

Again I saw that look of terror come into her eyes. She glanced quickly about her, and I was sure she was thinking of escaping from me.

I hastened to reassure her.

"Forgive me," I said. "It is no business of mine. And now, if you will trust me a little further I will try to find a hotel for you."

It would have disarmed the worst man to feel her little hand slipped into his arm in that docile manner of hers. I took her to the Seward, the Grand, the Cornbill and the Merrimac—each in turn.

Vain hope! When I asked for a room for her the clerk would eye her furs dubiously, look over his book in pretense, and then inform me that the hotel was full.

My curiosity had given place to deep anxiety on her account. What was this child doing in New York alone, and what sort of father had let her come, if her story were true? What was she? She looked French and had something of the French frankness.

There was only one thing to do, and, though I shrank from the suggestion it had to be made.

"It is evident that you must go somewhere tonight," I said. "I have two rooms which I am vacating tomorrow. They are poorly furnished, but there is clean linen; and if you will occupy them for the night I can go elsewhere, and I will call for you at nine in the morning."

She smiled at me gratefully—she did not seem surprised at all.

"You have some baggage?" I asked.

"No, monsieur," she answered.

She was French, then—Canadian French, I had no doubt. I was hardly surprised at her answer. I had ceased to be surprised at anything she told me.

"Tomorrow I shall show you where to make some purchases, then," I said. "And now, mademoiselle, suppose we take a taxicab."

As her hand tightened upon my arm I saw a man standing on the west side of Broadway and staring intently at us.

He was of a singular appearance. He wore a fur coat with a collar of Persian lamb, and on his head was a lambskin cap such as worn in colder climates but is seldom seen in New York. He had an aspect decidedly foreign, and I imagined that he was scowling at us malignantly.

I called a taxicab and gave the driver my address.

"Go through some side streets and go fast," I said.

The fellow nodded. He understood my motive, though I fear he may have misinterpreted the circumstances. During the drive I instructed my companion emphatically.

"Since you have no friends here you must have confidence in me, mademoiselle," I said.

"And you are my friend? Well, monsieur, be sure I trust you," she answered.

"You must listen to me attentively, then," I continued. "You must not admit anybody to the apartment until I ring tomorrow. I have the key, and I shall arrive at nine and ring, and then unlock the door. But take no notice of the bell. You understand?"

"Yes, monsieur," she answered wearily. Her eyelids drooped; I saw that she was very sleepy.

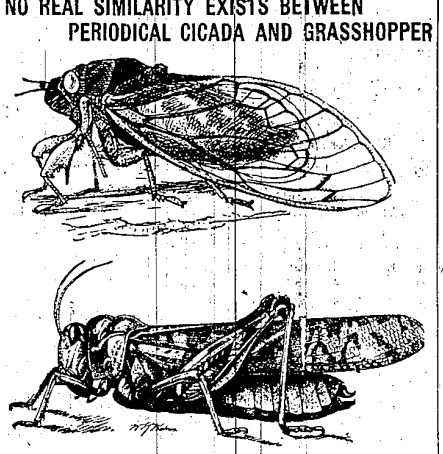
The hero escorts the heroine to his own rooms for the rest of the night—and brings about a tragedy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mentioned in the Bible.

Biblical mention is made of 19 different precious stones, 6 metals, 104 trees and plants, 35 animals, 39 birds, 6 fishes, 11 reptiles, 20 insects and other smaller creatures.

NO REAL SIMILARITY EXISTS BETWEEN PERIODICAL CICADA AND GRASSHOPPER



Above, Periodical Cicada or So-called Seventeen-Year Locust—Below, Real Locust or Grasshopper.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

This is a "locust year," and the usual popular fear and misapprehension attend.

People in that large part of the United States over which the periodical cicada will appear are disposed, as always, to apprehend greater damage than will occur—many times greater. Of the remainder of the United States, large sections are under another misapprehension, which is that the insect about to appear is the real locust that sometimes comes in devastating hordes, sweeping across large sections of country and devouring every green thing. The latter misapprehension is, perhaps, the more widespread and disquieting, according to entomologists of the United States department of agriculture. People who have had experience with the real locust and the ruin it works never forget, and the word "locust," even though it be a misnomer, is likely to be a signal for dread.

Now, the periodical cicada, commonly called the 17-year locust—the insect that will appear in 21 states this spring—is not a locust at all. It is a cicada, member of the family of cicadidae and akin to the dog-day cicada, harvest fly, or dry-weather fly. The real locust—the devastating kind—is a grasshopper.

The periodical cicada, miscalled locust, is strictly an American insect. The real locust, commonly called grasshopper, occurs in many parts of the world and has had its place in history for thousands of years. There are many species. The schistocerca peregrina is the one that plagued the Egyptians and probably the one on which John the Baptist fed. The one that has sometimes ravaged the great plains and other sections of the United States is the melanoplus spretus, a related species.

Have Little in Common.

The real locust or grasshopper and the so-called locust or periodical cicada have very little in common—nothing, in fact, except that both occur in large numbers and both occasionally have been used as human food, the former mostly by certain peoples of the near East and the latter by the American Indians.

The real locust is an indiscriminate eater, grain fields, corn fields, meadows, pastures, weed patches—everything falls before him. The periodical cicada or so-called locust is dainty almost beyond belief. It was long believed that this insect in the adult stage took no nourishment at all. On rare occasions it had been observed with its beak apparently thrust into twigs, but it was not until 17 years ago, the last previous appearance of the large brood that comes out this year, that it was definitely determined that this belief was erroneous. The "17-year locust" does eat while in the adult stage, but its diet is confined to the juices of plants, sucked out in very small quantities and without causing appreciable injury to plants.

So far as periodicity of outbreaks is concerned, the real locust or grasshopper is a law unto itself. The hordes may appear any years or not at all. The hordes of the "17-year locust" or periodical cicada appear with a regularity that would almost put to shame a government clock. In spite of their extremely slow development under ground, the multiplied millions of individuals reach maturity and emerge almost at the same moment and exactly 17 years from the date of the previous appearance—that is, if they are of the 17-year race. There is a 13-year race of the periodical cicada. But it is just as regular, just as exactly on schedule, as the other one.

Real Locust a Nomad.

The real locust is a sort of nomadic militant. Its hordes, like those of Attila the Hun or of Genghis Khan, sweep hither and yon, always on the move, destroying as they go. The so-called 17-year locust or cicada is a home body. Stevenson's lovable character, "Will o' the Mill," did not stick so closely to his birthplace as does the periodical cicada. Literally, he abides always "under his own vine and fig tree." The tree from which any individual cicada dropped as a newly-hatched larva 17 years ago is the exact tree under which he will emerge this spring, up which he will most likely crawl to cast his pupal skin, and in which he will meet his mate and sing his love song, in which he will pass his days of decrepitude, and from which, in a few weeks, his dead body will fall, almost upon the spot where he—as a larva—fell 17 years before and burrowed into the ground. Where the periodical cicada came into existence, there he spends his days and dies.

Injury by Insects.

Every crop suffers from the ravages of the real locust. Only trees suffer at all from the 17-year locust, and only very young fruit and ornamental trees are likely to be severely injured. Methods of preventing or minimizing this loss have been worked out and published by the United States department of agriculture.

The insect itself can accomplish comparatively little damage, but fear of the insect may accomplish a great deal, particularly if it is based upon a confusion of the cicada-locust with the grasshopper-locust. Men, believing that the grasshoppers are to eat up their crops this spring, might refrain from planting certain things. It is important, therefore, that the confusion be cleared up, that it be definitely understood by everybody that "the 17-year locust in 1919" means the periodical cicada and not hordes of grasshoppers.

SUPPLY MORE NECTAR FOR THE HONEY BEES

Sweet Clover Is Recognized as Valuable Honey Plant.

Every Effort Should Be Made to Stimulate Production of Substitutes for Sugar — Authorities Asked to Co-operate.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Let the sweet clover grow this year in vacant lots along roadsides and along railway rights-of-way until after the blooming season. Thus provide more nectar for the honey bees and eventually more substitutes for sugar.

Sweet clover, recognized by beekeepers for many years as a valuable honey plant, has been considered a weed in many places. City, county, and railway authorities as well as farmers have cut the plants before the blooming season, thus preventing them from maturing seed.

It is admitted that sweet clover will make a vigorous growth if unmolested, many of the plants reaching a height of 6 feet, but it is not difficult to eradicate, and sweet clover recently has become well known as a valuable forage plant. Thousands of acres in some sections of the country are planted annually to grow forage crops and results have justified the rapidly increasing acreage.

The United States must not only increase sugar production for domestic needs, but must ship an increased quantity to the allies. Every effort should be made this year to stimulate production of substitutes for sugar. In localities where sweet clover is growing abundantly, city, county, and railway officials are asked to co-operate with beekeepers and see that all well-known nectar-producing plants, and especially sweet clover, are not cut until after the blooming period. This plan was practiced in at least one locality last year with gratifying results, and it is hoped that all sweet clover growing within a mile of colonies of bees will be permitted to stand until after the blooming period this year.

Sweet clover not only produces an abundant flow of nectar over a long period but does not begin to bloom until the white clover and alsike clover nectar flowing is nearly over, thus supplying an abundance of nectar when few nectar-producing plants are in bloom. Owners of bees are advised to make every effort to bring the importance of sweet clover to the attention of officials in charge of mowing plants in vacant lots; along roadsides, and along the rights-of-way of railways, and to endeavor to have the mowing of such places where sweet clover is growing delayed until the flowering period is past. By hearty co-operation to this end, the department says, the production of honey can be considerably increased this year.

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