Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

Copyright W. G. Chapman

"SO LET US GO ON!"

Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large amount of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her. After protecting her from two assailants he takes her in charge, and puts her in his own rooms for the rest of the night. He returns a little later to find a murdered man in his rooms and Jacqueline dazed, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to take her to Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, searching for Jacqueline for some unfriendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds, Charles Duchaine. Pere Antoine tells Hewlett Jacqueline is married and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out, but both escape and arrive at St. Boniface.

CHAPTER VIII.

—7—

Dreams of the Night.

Jacqueline and I were together, the only human beings within a score of miles. We were seated side by side in the sleigh at which the dogs pulled steadily.

The mystery of Jacqueline's rescue by Captain Dubois had been a simple one. The young man with the mustache was a certain Philippe Lacroix, well known to Dubois, a member of a good family but of dissolute habits—just such a one as Leroux found it convenient to attach to his political fortunes by timely financial aid.

There was no doubt that he had been in New York with Leroux, and that they had hatched the plot to kidnap Jacqueline after I had been struck down.

For safety for us, Lacroix, ignorant as was himself, that the two ships had exchanged roles and duties, took Jacqueline aboard the Sainte-Vierge where Captain Dubois, who was unfriendly in anticipation of just such a scheme, seized him and imagined him at pistol point to the house on Paul Street, in which Lacroix was a prisoner by friends of Dubois until the Sainte-Vierge had sailed.

Dubois left us at St. Boniface with a final caution against Leroux, and proceeded along the shore with his bags of mail, but first he had a satisfactory conversation with M. Dauton concerning us.

Dauton, who of course knew Jacqueline, took the opportunity of assuring me that his father, though a recluse and a misanthrope who had not left his seigniory for forty years, was said to be a man of heart and would undoubtedly forgive us. He was clearly under the impression that we were married, and since Dubois had not enlightened him on this point I did not do so.

M. Dauton had his sleigh and eight, fine-looking dogs ready for us. I purchased these outright in order to carry no hostages. We took with us several days' supply of food, a little tent, sleeping bags and frozen fish for the animals.

It was a strange situation. It might easily have become an impossible one, but it was sacred comradeship, refined above the love of friend for friend, of lover for lover, by her faith, her helplessness and mine.

I think that she liked best to sit beside me in the narrow sleigh and lean against my shoulder, her physical weariness the reflection of her spiritual unrest. She did not want to think, and she wanted me to shield her.

But even in this solitude fear drove me on. For I knew she is a relentless one who followed hard after us, camping where we had camped and reading the notes between us by the smouldering ashes of our old fires.

At nightfall I would pitch the tent for Jacqueline and place her sleeping bag within, and while she slept I would lie by the huge fire near the dogs, and we kept watch over her together.

So passed three days and nights.

The fourth short day drew toward its end a little after four o'clock. I remember that we climbed into for the sun had already dipped to the level horizon and was casting black, miles-long shadows across the snow.

I hammered in the peg and built a fire with dry boughs, collecting a quantity of wood sufficient to last until morning. Then Jacqueline made tea and we ate our supper and crept into our sleeping bags and lay down.

I could not still my mind. The uncertainty ahead of us, the knowledge of Leroux behind tried me sorely, and only Jacqueline's need sustained my courage.

As I was on the point of dropping asleep I heard a lone wolf howl from afar, and instantly the pack took up the cry. One of the dogs, a great, tawny beast who led them, crept toward me and put his head down by mine, whimpering. The rest roamed ceaselessly about the fire, answering the wolf's challenge with deep, wolf-like baying.

I drew my pistols from the pockets of my fur coat. It was pleasant to handle them. They gave me assurance. We were two fugitives in a land where every man's hand might be against us, but at least I had the means to guard my own.

Jacqueline glided out of the tent and knelt beside me, putting her arms about the dog's neck until her head upon its furry coat. The dogs loved her and she seemed always to understand their needs.

"Paul, there is something wrong with them," she said, her hand still caressing the mane of the great beast, who looked at her with pathetic eyes.

"What is wrong with them, Jacqueline?" I asked.

She raised her head and looked sadly at me. "It is I, Paul," she answered.

"You Jacqueline?"

"Yes, it is I!" she cried with sudden, passionate vehemence. "It is I who am wrong and have brought trouble on you. Paul, I do not even know how you came into my life, nor who I am, nor anything that happened to me at any time before you brought me to Quebec, except that my home is there!" She pointed northward. "Who am I? Jacqueline, you say. The name means nothing to me. I am a woman without a past or future, a shadow that falls across your life, Paul. And I could perhaps remember, but I know—I know—that I must never remember."

I took her hand in mine. "Dear Jacqueline," I answered, "it is best to forget these things until the time comes to remember them. It will come, Jacqueline. Let us be happy till then. Do you not remember anything about your home, Jacqueline?"

She clapped her hands to her head and gave a little terrified cry.

"I—think—so," she murmured. "But I dare not remember, Paul."

"I have dreamed of things," she went on in agitated, rapid tones, "and then I have seemed to remember everything. But when I wake I have forgotten, and it is because I know that I must forget. Paul, I dream of a dead man, and men who hate and are following us. Was there—ever—a dead man, Paul?" she asked, shuddering.

All Were Dead.

I placed one arm around her. "Jacqueline, there never was any dead man," I said. "It is not true. Some day I will tell you everything—some day—" I caught her in my arms. "I love you, Jacqueline!" I cried. "And you—you?"

She thrust her hands out and turned her face away. "Hide! was an awful fear upon it." "Paul," she cried, "there is something—who—"

"I have known that," she went on in a torrent of wild words. "I have known that always, and it is the most terrible part of all!"

I laid a finger on her lips.

"There is nobody, Jacqueline," I said again, trying to control my trembling voice. "There was never anybody but me, and there shall never be. For tomorrow we shall turn back toward St. Boniface again, and we shall take the boat for Quebec—and from there I shall take you to a land where there shall be no more grief nor pain."

But very exactly she raised her head and spoke to me.

"Paul, dear, if there never was anyone—if it is nothing but a dream—" Here she looked at me with doubtful scrutiny in her eyes, and then hastened to make a mends for doubting me. "Of course, Paul, if there had been you could not have known. But though I know my heart is free—if there was nobody—why, let us go forward to my father's home, because there will be no cause there to separate us, my dear. So let us go on."

"Yes, let us go on," I muttered dully.

She leaned back against my shoulder and held out her hands to the firelight. She had taken off her left glove, and now again I saw the wedding ring upon her finger.

I raised her in my arms and carried her inside the tent. She did not waken but only stirred and murmured my name drowsily.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fungus and Snow Blindness.

My rest was miserable. In a succession of brief dreams I fled with Jacqueline over a wilderness of ice, while in the distance, ever drawing nearer, followed Leroux, Lacroix and Pere Antoine.

I must have fallen sound asleep at last, for when I opened my eyes the sun was shining brightly low down over the Riviere d'Or. The door of the tent stood open, and Jacqueline was not inside.

With the remembrance of my dream still confusing reality I ran toward the trees, shouting for her in fear.

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" I called. She was coming toward me. She took me by the arm. "Paul!" she began with quivering lips. "Paul!"

She led me into the recesses of the pines. There, in a little open place, clustered together upon the ground, were the bodies of our dogs. All were dead.

Jacqueline sank down upon the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break. I stood there watching, my brain paralyzed by the shock of this discovery.

Then I went back to the sleigh, on the rear of which the frozen fish was piled. I noticed that it had a faint, slightly aromatic odor. I flung the hard masses aside and scooped up a powdery substance with my hands.

Mycology had been a hobby of mine, and it was easy to recognize what that substance was.

It was the amanita, the deadliest and most widely distributed of the fungi, and the direst of all vegetable poisons to man and beast alike. The alkaloid which it contains takes effect only some hours after its ingestion, when it has entered the blood streams and begun its disintegrating action upon the red corpuscles. The dogs must have partaken of it on the preceding afternoon.

I knew this was Leroux's work. He had tricked me again. I was mad with anger. I meant to kill the man now, and without mercy. I would be as unscrupulous as he. He would be in this place by the afternoon; I would wait for him outside the trail. My pistols—

Jacqueline was looking up into my face in terror. The sight of her recalled me to my senses. Leroux afterward—first my duty to her!

"Paul! What is the matter, Paul?" she cried. "I never saw you look like that before."

I calmed myself and led her away, and presently we were standing before the fire again.

"Jacqueline," I said, "it is easier to go on than to turn back now."

She watched me like a lip reader. "Yes, Paul; let us go on," she answered.

So we went on. But our journey was to be very different now. There was no possibility of taking much baggage with us. We took a few things out of our suitcases and disposed them about usins best we could.

We must have covered at least a dozen miles or more, when we stopped for a brief midday meal. I was a little fatigued from carrying the pack and my ankles ached from the snowshoes; but Jacqueline, who had evidently been accustomed to their use, was as fresh as when she started.

Suddenly we emerged from among the trees upon an almost barren plateau, and there again we halted for a breathing spell.

I resolved to take my bearings accurately, and telling Jacqueline to wait for me a few minutes at the base of a hill and setting down my pack, I began the ascent alone. The climb was longer than I had anticipated. My eyes were aching and blind with the snow. I had taken my dark glasses behind me in the tent, and gone on saying nothing, though I had realized my loss when I was only a mile or so away.

Hewlett goes snow-blind and is overtaken by Leroux. Jacqueline leaves him. Pere Antoine rescues him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Natural Curiosity.

Nature has placed one of her curiosities on the location of a former sugar mill on the island of Trinidad. The plant has since been restored to ruins and is overgrown with vegetation. The old solid chimney is intact and up through its center one of the quick growing trees of the tropics has sprung, spreading its branches out of the top of the huge chimney and is now in full bloom.

Roll Over, Bill, You're Snoring.

Man, say the scientists, is the only thing that ever sleeps on its side. Perhaps it is from a feeling of pride that some of us make so much noise when indulging in this accomplishment.

FOR BETTER ROADS

MILLIONS GOING INTO ROADS

Western States to Spend Much Money in Highway Construction and Needed Maintenance.

Millions of dollars will be expended in highway construction and bridge work and maintenance by the states of the central West during the present year, according to data recently compiled by highway authorities.

Colorado has 51 miles of highways under construction at a cost of $800,000; 91 miles ready for contract to cost $360,000, and 80 miles and three bridges contemplated, to cost $350,000.

The Photograph Shows a Portion of the Pikes Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway.

Maintenance on 4,000 miles will amount to about $500,000, while local road and bridge expenditures will amount to about $2,200,000.

Idaho has 81 miles, costing $720,000, under contract; 45 bridges, costing $425,000, ready for contract, and about $1,800,000 worth of additional work is contemplated during the season.

Iowa will spend $15,000,000 on the road system of the state, of which about $11,000,000 will be for road and bridge construction.

Missouri has 600 miles under contract, costing $1,785,000; 933 miles, costing $27,600,000, ready for contract, and about $8,000,000 additional construction contemplated. Local road and bridge expenditures in the state will amount to about $7,000,000.

Nebraska has 173 miles, costing $431,000, under contract; 145 miles, costing $550,000, ready for contract, and about 610 miles, estimated at $1,310,000, contemplated. Local road and bridge expenditures will amount to about $3,000,000.

Nevada has four miles, costing $54,666, under contract; 122 miles costing $857,412, ready for contract; 123 miles, costing $500,000, contemplated. Local expenditures on maintenance will amount to $300,000.

Oklahoma has 123 miles, including 80 bridges, costing $1,360,000, under contract. Additional construction of 165 miles, costing $2,600,000, contemplated.

These amounts will be supplemented by increased federal aid appropriations and later, if hoped, by national construction of main trunk lines under the supervision of a federal highway commission, as provided for in the Townsend bill which will come up for consideration by the next congress.

SAVING OF IMPROVED ROADS

Report of Congressional Committee Shows 8 Cents Per Ton, Per Mile Can Be Saved.

The report of the joint congressional committee which investigated highway economics in 1914 shows that a saving of 8 cents per ton mile can be effected in transportation costs when a road is lifted from the dirt to the durable class. This does not take into account increased real estate valuation or social advantages resulting from the improvement.

Build Roads Now.

If roads are a good thing, why not build them immediately, instead of waiting and suffering inconvenience for years to come, because it should be remembered that we are not saving any money by acting in such a manner.

Big Change in Sentiment.

People are apparently ready and willing to spend huge sums for roads where a few years ago it would have been impossible to secure even a small appropriation for this purpose.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 22

LOVE.

LESSON TEXT—I Cor. 13.

GOLDEN TEXT—Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—I Cor. 13:13.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Lev. 19:18; Deut. 6:4, 5; John 13:34, 35; 15:12; I John 4:7-21.

PRIMARY TOPIC—How to Show Our Love.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Whom We Should Love and How.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The Greatest Thing in the World.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—The Strongest Bond Between Men and Women.

The best gift of the Holy Spirit is the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. Not it can teach, preach, work miracles, speak with tongues; but the gift of love is within reach of all. The "more excellent way" of the last verse of chapter 12 is the way of love. Love is not a mere sentiment or emotion, but a mighty dynamic which transforms the life, expressing itself in practical service to men.

I. The Preeminence of Love (vv. 1-3).

It transcends:

(1) Speaking with tongues. For men to possess the loftiest eloquence, to be able to speak in other languages, and to be lacking in love is to be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Pleasing and powerful speaking is desirable, but to love is better.

(2) The gift of prophecy. To disclose the events of the future, to be able to unfold the mysteries—of nature and providence—is good, but to love is better.

(3) Faith of the most vigorous kind. Such as would remove mountains.

(4) Philanthropy of the most generous sort, prompting one to surrender all earthly goods for the sake of the poor.

(5) Heroism which leads even to martyrdom without love is profitless.

II. The Attributes of Love (vv. 4-7).

1. It is longsuffering and kind. It means not only to bear long but to be kind all the while. Patience is a remarkable virtue. It is much easier to bear long than to show the spirit of kindness all the while.

2. It is free from envy. Those who love are free from that envy which is engendered because of the good, or the success of others.

3. It is free from empty boasting. Love knows its supreme aim the doing of good to all and does not seek their admiration and applause.

4. It is well behaved. Love is polite and mannerly. It knows how to behave at all times.

5. It is unselfish. Love seeks the good of others and is forgetful of self.

6. Does not give way to passion. It is not quick tempered. It is not easily aroused to resentment.

7. It takes no delight in evil; does not impute evil motives to others; is not suspicious, but forgiving.

8. It rejoices in the truth. It sympathizes with that which is true and has a common joy with it.

9. It bears all things—that is, it incases itself with its own mantle and shuts all evil out.

10. It is trustful, hopeful and firm.

III. The Permanence of Love (vv. 8-13).

Prophecy and prediction will be fulfilled; prophecies teaching will be brought to an end in the day when teaching is no longer needed. "And they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest" (Heb. 8:11; cf. Jer. 31:34). Tongues shall cease, for as the languages of earth were caused by God's judgment for sin, so shall Christ's redemption bring the nations back to one tongue. Knowledge shall be done away with by a wider and nobler intelligence. The twilight shall be lost in the day. Childhood shall be lost in maturity, for on Christ's coming we shall see him face to face and be like him. Love will always abide, for God is love.

The Spirit of Gentleness.

With what divine gentleness the Great Physician ministered to bruised reeds and broken hearts! What tender names he gave them! "Son!" "Daughter!" He was never rough, never brusque, never impatient, never in a hurry. His tender approach was part of the cure. His very touch had healing powers. He handled the burdens of men in such a way as to immediately make them lighter. Many a broken heart was strangely comforted by his presence even before the life had been made whole. Most surely the hospital work of our Savior was a school of gentleness.

Be Not Shun the Light.

"The man who shuns the light forfeits his own final peace of heart. He who refuses to face his worst forfeits the possibility of finding his best. He does not solve the question of his sinfulness; he shelves it.—Peter C. Ainsworth.

Silence.

"If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of a higher order may justify us in speaking our thoughts.—Burke.

GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER TIRES
REBUILT—GUARANTEED
BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN DETROIT

30x3 1-2	$14.85
32x3 1-2	$15.85
32x4	$21.35
33x4	$22.85
34x4	$23.85

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW STORE FRONT.
RELIABLE TIRE & REPAIR CO.
814 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Don't be a wage earner any longer. Get into business for yourself. Earn $3,000 to $5,000 yearly in the tire repair business, no stock time, the fastest growing business in the auto field.
RELIABLE TIRE REPAIR SCHOOL,
810-812-814 Woodward Ave.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR FARM?
We can sell it or exchange it for city property—if so see us for quick action.
DAN OLSON
FARM AND REAL ESTATE
41 Fort St. W., Detroit, Mich.
Opposite Postoffice

Will pay highest prices for general stock of shoes, dry goods and clothing.
MELON & MOHR
18 MONTCLAM W.
Cherry 3933. Detroit, Mich.

FORD PARTS, LOW PRICES
Axle shafts with gear, $3; ring gears, $3; differential cases, $1.75; radius rods, $1.75; brake shoes, 30 cents; frames, $7; 1915 radiators, $10 and up. In fact, most all Ford parts at half-price. Everything guaranteed. See Weir, 225 Grand River.
Cherry 4197. Detroit, Mich.

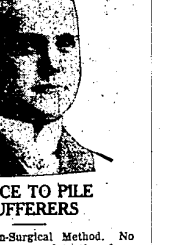
ATTENTION AUTO OWNERS
We handle a full line of second hand parts and accesories for all makes of cars also a good stock of slightly used tires. A call will convince you our prices are right.
SHORE AUTO PARTS
195 Grand River Detroit, Mich.

Woman's Remodeling Shop
326½ Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Bring in your last seasons garments and we will transform them into the latest styles. Expert fitting, popular prices. New suits made.

RADIATORS
Bought, sold, exchanged and repaired. See the new honeycomb radiator for the Ford. A liberal allowance made on your old one.
Eagle Radiator Repair Co.
498 Grand River Ave. Detroit, Mich.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN
Seat covers and tops recovered and repaired. Slip curtains a specialty. First-class work guaranteed.
Olsen Auto Top Co.
793 Grand River Ave. Detroit, Mich.

CHEAPEST AND BEST
For suburban moving order your vans of
SHEKELL'S MOVING CO.
127-129 Grand River.
Phone Main 965. Detroit, Mich.



PEACE TO PILE SUFFERERS
By my Non-Surgical Method. No knife, chloroform, or detention from your daily duties. Piles, Fissure, Fistula, Ulcers, Itching, Bleeding or any disease of the rectum, except cancer. My Method is original. My own. No other Physician CAN USE IT. I have used it for 20 years, without a failure. Others can imitate, but imitations don't last long. I have been in my present offices for 15 years. My patients can tell the results. When I tell you my method is safe, sure and painless, you may rely on it, always. There are more people suffering from rectal diseases, and other troubles resulting therefrom, than few people imagine, and every one of them can be made well and happy, if they would not rely on treatments that are often useless. Unless the CAUSE OF RECTAL DISEASES IS REMOVED ENTIRELY operations and other treatments FAIL. I treat as many people who have had operations, as those who have not. That proves it. If you are a sufferer, come to and have a private talk with me, it wont cost you anything to talk, unless you talk too long, and I will give you some reliable advice, and TREATMENT THAT WILL GIVE YOU PEACE AND COMFORT IF YOU DESIRE. AT A PRICE REASONABLE—ALWAYS—for the results produced, and you may arrange payments as will suit your financial condition. I am as anxious to make you well, as you want to be—that is my BUSINESS. I advertise because I have SOMETHING to advertise. No treatments by mail.—Adv.
G. C. McVOY, M. D.
Non-Surgical Treatment Rectal Diseases.
98 BROADWAY, DETROIT.
Established present offices 15 years.

Spasmodic Sermon.

By this stage of eternity the tooth of time must show some evidence of decay.—Indianapolis Star.