

# Jacqueline of Golden River

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"I went to New York to get my share," I was going to be ousted, I who had been one of the discoverers. I don't know how much Carson paid Louis, but I meant to demand half. I thought he had the money in his pocket.

"I followed him all that afternoon after he had left Carson's office. I watched him in the street. At night he went to a room somewhere—at the top of a tall building. I followed him. When I got in I found a woman there. Louis was talking to her and threatening her. He said she was his wife. How could she be his wife when he had married Jacqueline Duchaine?"

"I didn't care—it was no business of mine. I couldn't see them, because there was a curtain in the way. There was no light in the room in which I was. I put it out, so that neither of them should see my face. She might have betrayed me, you know, Simon."

"He spun round when the light went out, and pushed the curtain aside. I was waiting for that. I had calculated my blow. I stabbed him. It was a good blow, though it was delivered in the dark. He only cried out once. But the woman screamed, and a dog flew at me, and I couldn't find his money. So I ran away."

"And then there were only three of us who knew the secret. The man Simon died and there were only two, and now there is only Hewlett and I, and he is dead, poor fool, and I have my gold here. For God's sake give me a knife, Simon!"

"His fingers rose at my elbow in his last agony and I was tempted sorely. And it was his own knife that I had. The irony of it!"

"He muttered once or twice and cried out in fear of the man whom he had slain. I heard him gasp a little later. Then the hand fell from my sleeve. And after that there was no further sound."

"Paul!"

It was the merest whisper from the wall. I thought it was a trick of my own mind. I dared not hope.

"Paul! Dearest!"

"It was no fancy born of a delirious brain and the thick fumes of dynamite. It came from the wall a little way ahead of me. I crawled the three feet that the little cave afforded and put my hands upon the rock, feeling its surface inch by inch. There was a groove there not large enough to have permitted a bird to pass—the merest fissure."

"Jacqueline! Is that you, dear?" I called. "You are not hurt, Jacqueline?"

"I am lying where you left me, dear, Paul. I—I heard."

"You heard?" I answered dully. What did it matter now?

"Why didn't you tell me, Paul? But never mind, I am so delighted. Can you come through to me?"

"I struggled to tear the rocks away; I beat and bruised my hands in vain against them."

"I will come when it grows light, Jacqueline," I babbled. "When it grows light!"

"She did not know that it would never grow light for me. Again I flung myself against the walls of my prison, snatching at them till the blood dripped from my hands. Again and again I flung myself down hopelessly, and then I tried again, clutching at every fragment that protruded into the cave."

"And at last, when my despair had mastered me—it grew light."

For a sunbeam shot like a finger through the crevice and quivered upon the floor of the cave. And overhead, where I had thought three jagged feet of eternal rock pressed down on me, I saw the quiver of day through half a dozen feet of tight-packed debris from the glacier's mouth."

"I raised myself and tore at it and sent it flying. I thrust my hands among the stones and tore them down like tiles from a rotten roof."

I heard a shout; and hands were reached down to me and pulled me up, and I was on my feet upon a hillside, looking into the keen eyes of Pere Antoine and the face of the Indian squaw."

And the Eskimo dog was barking at my side."

"Only one thing marred the happiness of our reunion, and that was the loss of Jacqueline's father."

"We had talked much over what had happened, and ten days later, when Jacqueline had recovered from her shock and from what proved to be, after all, only a flesh-wound, we had visited the scene of our rescue by the old priest."

"The charge of dynamite which Lacroix had set exploded, as it happened beneath that part which buttressed the entire structure, and combining with the pressure of the glacier above, had thrown the mountain on its side, filling the lake with several million tons of ice and obliterating all traces of the chateau, which lay buried beneath its waters."

"That was Pere Antoine's explanation, and we realized at once that it was useless to search for Charles Du-

chaine. The whole aspect of the region had been changed; there was neither glacier nor cañon, and the lake, swollen to twice its size and height, slept peacefully beneath its covering of ice and snow."

"When we returned to the cabin we were amazed to see a sleigh standing outside, and dogs feeding. Two men were seated at the priest's table, smoking."

"Diable, monsieur, don't you keep a store in your house?" shouted a well-known voice to Pere Antoine. Then, as Jacqueline and I approached the entrance, the man turned and sprang toward us with outstretched hands that gripped ours and wrung them till we cried out in pain."

It was Alfred Dubois. But I was stupified to see the second man who rose and advanced toward me with a shrewd smile. For it was Tom Carson."

Presently I was telling my story—except for that part which more intimately concerned myself and Jacquie-

line, and the narrative of the murder, which I gave only as Lacroix had confessed it to me."

A look of incredulity deepened on Tom's shrewd old face till, at the end, he burst out explosively at me."

"Hewlett, I didn't think you was a d—fool before—I beg your pardon, miss. If any man had told me that I would have knocked him down. But I am, I am, and I want you to be my manager."

"Do you mean that I have led you to?" I asked indignantly."

"Every word, Hewlett—every word, my son. That is why I want you back with me. First you have my employment without offering any reason, then you take hold of my business affairs and try to pull off a deal over my head, and then you tell me a yarn about a castle falling on me."

"But, Mr. Carson?" interposed the priest. "I myself have seen this chateau many times. And I have gone to the entrance and looked from the mountain, too, and it is no longer there."

"Never was," said Carson. "You fellows get so lonesome up in these wilds that you have to see things. This man, d'Esperey, who is said to be dead"

"What you mean?" I asked.

"You see yonder man? Well, he leads a double life."

"How dreadful!"

"Not so very. He makes duplicate machines."

"Chinese Fond of Fireworks."

China invented gunpowder and boy-ularized firecrackers. The cheapest kind of firecracker is made of gunpowder rolled up in coarse bamboo paper with a covering of red paper, red being regarded by the Chinese as being good luck. Alum is used to neutralize the smoke. The Canton district is the center of this industry. The Chinese seem to use firecrackers upon every occasion—a special pouring ceremony in wedding celebrations, on festivals and birthdays and to dispel evil and bring good omens. "China exports about \$3,000,000 worth a year."

"His kind."

"You see yonder man? Well, he leads a double life."

"How dreadful!"

"Not so very. He makes duplicate machines."

"I'm sure you will get your money back for you"—New York Herald.

"Unquestionable."

"Old Luke Lathens is a great fellow to always look on the bright side of things," said the gaunt Missourian. "He was riding to town on a load of hay with his son-in-law the other day when the roads were muddy, and his wheel dropped on a chuckle clear up to the axle, the hay steved, and Uncle Luke rolled off and landed on his head in a puddle of water and a half deep. His 'er' says he, when they had dug him out and wrapped him off some, 'these 'ere mud roads don't bruse you up like a rock road does. If that had been a hard-surfaced road, 'd bugged if it wouldn't have plumb broke my neck!'—Kansas City Star."

"On Valuing Men."

We compare a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his wondrous speed, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her jewels and bells. Why, if I like manners, do we not value a man for what is properly his own?—Montaigne.

now, wanted to sell me the biggest gold mine in the world for fifty thousand dollars, and from what I know of Leroux I am ready to believe that he would try to hog it if it really exists."

"But how about Leroux?" I cried, more amused now than vexed."

"That," answered Tom, "I presume you mean the fellow who was here last night. Why I want to get hold of you, please, Mr. Hewlett."

"But here is Mile. Duchaine!" shouted the old priest in despair."

"Tom Carson raised his fat old body about five inches and made Jacqueline what he took to be a bow."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss," he replied. "Ah, well, it doesn't matter. I guess that man, d'Esperey, was lying to me. However, I am ready to look at your gold mine if you want me to."

"You'll have to do some blasting then," I said, nettled. "It's just about two hundred feet below the ground."

"My mind," said Tom. "Lumber is better than gold. Next time I'm here I shall be glad to have another look round. And now, Hewlett, if you want a job at five thousand a year to start—no start, and you play fair, tell me where Leroux is hiding himself."

I was too mortified to answer him. But I felt Jacqueline slip her hand into mine, and suddenly the memory of the past made Tom's raillery an insignificant affair to me."

"Mind you," he pursued, "he'll turn up soon. He's got to turn up, because the lumber company's all organized now and is in the running order. What do you say?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"All right," he said, turning away with a shrug of his shoulders. "Unpractical as ever, ain't you? Think it, my son. Give me some more of your guess Dubois and I will start for home this afternoon."

"Messieurs," said the priest, "do you know what day this is?"

Tom started. "Why, good Lord, it is Christmas day, isn't it?" he asked, a little sheepishly."

"It's a bigger day for us," I said to Tom."

He squinted at me in his shrewd manner, and then he got up from the table and wrung my hand."

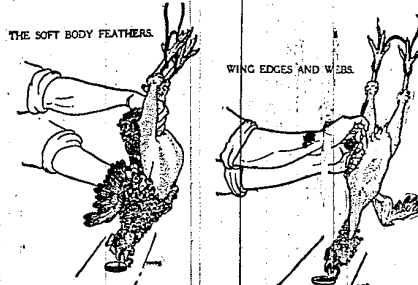
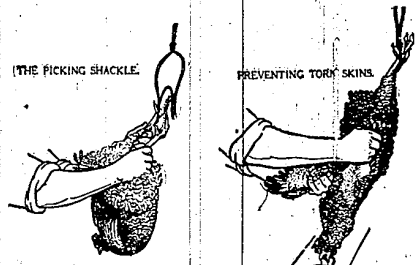
"Good luck to you both," he said. "Say, Mr. Dubois. I guess we can pitch our tent here tonight—don't you?"

Alfred Dubois was grappling with our hands again; but his onset was less ferocious, because he had to lose us every now and then to slap me on the back and blow his nose."

"If the only in the matter Madame could be here?" he shouted. And I am sure that was his dinner voice I heard."

[THE END.]

## POORLY DRESSED POULTRY MATERIALLY INCREASES LOSSES TO FLOCK OWNERS



**THE PICKING SHACKLE** **PREVENTING TORN SKINS**

**THE SOFT BODY FEATHERS** **WING EDGES AND WEB**

With the feet in the picking shackle, wings of the bird should be level with your elbows; to prevent torn skins, work up to the wings, taking large handfuls of feathers, pulling upward and twisting the leg apart; as you pick the soft feathers, with thumb and forefinger moving downward against feather setting, remove small feathers on edges and web, the stiff feathers and fans being pulled one at a time by bending sharply downward and jerking quickly.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

California fruit growers can successfully sell their products in eastern markets in competition with eastern fruit because they pick, grade and pack carefully and in accordance with up-to-date methods, thereby overcoming the handicap of the 3,000-mile haul to market. What is applicable to the production and marketing of fruit applies with equal force to the selling of market poultry. Fowls which are properly fattened, killed, cooled, dressed, and offered on the market in the best condition, command a premium price, while other birds—although they are in good condition of flesh, often sell at discounted prices because they are poorly picked and do not look well.

It isn't merely a case of fine feathers making fine birds, but it is a case of the improper removal of what may have been fine feathers, rendering the bird so unattractive to the purchaser as to cause him to dock the price. Badly picked chickens not only cause material losses to small flock owners, but they also react injuriously to the net profits of the commercial packer. Such unseemly evidences of improper picking as torn skins, "burnt" wings and legs, the result of continued and rough "stripping" pin feathers that showed discolored necks because the neck feathers were pulled first instead of last, can and should be prevented by the practice of proper picking. Considerable losses also result from "roughing" when the quills and webs of the soft feathers are removed. The soft feathers, pin, and down remaining should be removed by the "finger" or "planer." Proper braining is essential to easy dry picking—makes dry picking as easy as "scalding."

The proper procedure in dressing a first few feathers is the use of a picking shackle made of galvanized iron (one eighth inch in diameter which is suspended from a support by a cord). The feet of the bird are placed in the shackle at such a height that the wings of the bird are level with the elbows of the picker. As soon as the throat vein is cut and the bird is sane, the operator should grasp the wings in his left hand, being sure not to clasp the neck. With his right hand he should grasp the tail—thumb down—then turn the wrist and pivot the feathers as the fist turns upward. This done he should next pull the large feathers by holding the hand with the thumb upward and grasping as many feathers with his eyes in one hand. He should jerk them out with a sharp, quick downward movement. Experts follow the rule of one grab for small birds—two for large poultry.

**LESS HUMPTY DUMPTY LOSS**

Use of Sound Gages and Proper Packing Will Reduce Number of Eggs Broken in Transit.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The number of eggs broken in transit, it is believed, could be greatly reduced if only sound, new cases were used. Proper packing employed, a proper system of nailing on the covers followed, and an efficient method of stowing and bracing the cases in the car practiced. A study of egg cases has established facts as to thickness of wood, and has shown that there is a right and a wrong way to drive every nail employed in putting cases together.

**POULTRY NOTES**

Subscribe for one or more good poultry papers.

Send the late-hatched stock to bed with a full crop.

Pullets hatched early will prove better winter layers.

Keep your biggest, best looking pullets and cockerels.

Be sure that the male at the head of the flock is pul'bred.

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