

THE MORMON IMAGE IN LITERATURE

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A GREG KOFFORD BOOKS SERIES

DIME NOVEL MORMONS

EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY MICHAEL AUSTIN AND ARDIS E. PARSHALL



EAGLE PLUME, THE WHITE AVENGER. A TALE OF THE MORMON TRAIL (1870)

THE DOOMED DOZEN; OR, DOLORES, THE DANITE'S DAUGHTER (1881)

FRANK MERRIWELL AMONG THE MORMONS; OR, THE LOST TRIBE OF ISRAEL (1897)

THE BRADYS AMONG THE MORMONS; OR, SECRET WORK IN SALT LAKE CITY (1903)

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SALT LAKE CITY, 2017
GREG KOFFORD BOOKS

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INTRODUCTION

During the first years of the Civil War three very similar novels about Mormons appeared in the United States, each featuring handsome heroes, villainous Mormon elders, and chaste young women who are kidnapped and taken to Salt Lake City as polygamous brides. In all three (spoiler alert!), the lecherous Mormons are defeated, the chaste young women are rescued, and the hero gets the girl.

Despite their many similarities, these books occupied very different positions in the commercial hierarchy of books. Captain Mayne Reid's *The Wild Huntress* (1861) was published by the New York firm R. M. De Witt as a cloth-bound, gilt-edged volume that sold for the princely sum of \$1.25 (about \$35.00 in 2017), while Theodore Winthrop's *John Brent* (1862) was issued by the prestigious Boston firm Ticknor and Fields (the same firm that published *The Scarlet Letter*) at the slightly less princely but still substantial sum of \$1.00. Like most books published in the United States in the early 1860s, both novels would have been beyond the financial reach of many readers. Though most Americans knew how to read—thanks to the compulsory education movement that began in the 1840s—very few of them actually owned more than a handful of books, which were still considered luxury items and priced accordingly.

The third tale of Mormon perfidy, *Esther: A Story of the Oregon Trail* (1862) by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, sold for a mere ten cents. *Esther* was a dime novel—volume 45 in the Beadle's Dime Novel series that began in 1860 with another book by Mrs. Stephens called *Malaeska: The Indian Wife of the White Hunter*. Dime novels did away with all the frills of book publishing—like covers. They were printed on cheap newsprint—looking more like small newspapers than novels—and they crammed 30,000–50,000 words into as few as fifteen pages of text, using multiple columns and achingly miniscule fonts.

Even though *Malaeska* had been published twenty years earlier as a magazine serial, when it appeared in this new format it sold more than 500,000 copies and changed the publishing industry forever. Between 1860 and 1920, somewhere around 60,000 dime novels were published in the United States with an average count of about 30,000 words and prices ranging from five to twenty cents. (The term *dime novel* was a brand name, not necessarily a price tag.)

Dime novels probably did more than any other kind of book to turn lower- and middle-class Americans into both book owners and book readers. They were so cheap that almost anyone could afford them, and they were so exciting that almost everybody wanted to read them. In an era without radio, television, movies, or the Internet they were the closest thing to mindless entertainment to be found. But they weren't mindless at all. Some of the best writers in the country were attracted to dime novels by the lure of high sales

and regular work. The plots were often very sophisticated and the reading level was as high as that found in volumes sold at ten times the price. Dime novels succeeded by creating new readers and by making highly entertaining and exciting stories the reward for literacy. It would be difficult to overestimate the impact this had on two generations of Americans.

Dime novels also took advantage of new developments in printing technology to remain inexpensive. Their prices actually went down during the nineteenth century. By the 1880s many of them were selling for a nickel. One reason for this is that most of the early novels were cast in stereotype plates so that they could be reused and reprinted often (usually as new titles), an innovation that had the effect of freezing certain kinds of portrayals—like the portrayals of Mormons—in time. The Mormons in early twentieth-century dime novels often acted and talked like characters from the mid-nineteenth century because most of the novels were written in the mid-nineteenth century and reprinted with new titles and new covers. Even new novels written at the time tended to use the same kinds of characterizations in order to enforce a sort of consistency across the industry.

And it wasn't just the Mormons. Though dime novels did a lot to promote literacy and book ownership they didn't do much for peace, love, and understanding. Their narrative formulas required spectacular villains and their style guides did not allow for depth or character development, so they turned to the most simplistic and outrageous stereotypes that nineteenth-century American culture had to offer. Just about everybody got the same treatment: Indians, African Americans, Chinese workers, gold miners, riverboat gamblers, and, of course, Mormons.

It's hard to tell just how many of these dime novels featured Mormons. They were not designed for long-term storage, and many thousands of titles have not survived in any form. Furthermore, title lists that we can reconstruct (often from the backs of existing issues) do not account for the common practice of reprinting the same material under different titles. After several years of searching, though, we have identified thirty-six dime novels (not including reprints) whose plots deal primarily with Mormons. I am certain that there are others, but even at twice this number, Mormon plots would account for around one-tenth of one percent of the dime novel universe.

But the way Mormons were portrayed in dime novels was remarkably consistent over many decades and multiple genres. This consistency tells us that dime novelists were playing with common stereotypes that nearly all their readers recognized—indeed, these stereotypes worked their way into much of the more respectable literature of the day and influenced the way American culture has interacted with Mormonism ever since. These tropes were based on three things, perhaps the only three things that most Americans knew about

A MORMON DIME NOVEL BIBLIOGRAPHY

Dime novels were generally published in series that were called *libraries*. Originally, publication was sporadic, but in time most libraries published a new novel every week (though publishers frequently reprinted old material under new titles without acknowledgment). From 1860 until the late 1880s, the various Beadle & Adams libraries dominated the industry. By 1890, though, firms such as Munro, Frank Tousey, and Street & Smith entered the market with more modern stories and new printing technologies (like color covers), leading to the demise of Beadle & Adams in 1897. The following bibliography lists novels by the original library they were part of. I have not included novels that I know to be reprints, though all issues of the Buffalo Bill Stories do reprint portions of earlier texts.

Beadle's Dime Novels (Beadle & Adams)


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 #196: Aiken, Albert W. *Eagle Plume, the White Avenger. A Tale of the Mormon Trail*. 1870.
 #312: Whittaker, Frederick. *Dick Darling, the Pony Expressman. A Tale of the Old Salt Lake Trail*. 1874.

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No. **BEADLE'S** Novels Series.
196.

DIME NOVELS



**EAGLE PLUME:
The White Avenger.**

BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.
Am. News Co., 119 & 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

Albert W. Aiken. *Eagle Plume, the White Avenger*. Beadle's Dime Novels New York: Beadle & Company, 1870.

**EAGLE PLUME,
the
WHITE AVENGER.**

By Albert W. Aiken,
Author of "the Red Coyote," "The White Vulture," etc.

New York:
Beadle and Company, Publishers,
98 William Street.

{page}

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

(No. 196.)

{page}

The elder watched the face of Margaret keenly as he uttered this false tale, but, save a slight compression of the lips and a quick flash of the eyes, sign of emotion she showed not. The elder was disappointed. He had expected a passionate outbreak; the cool silence disconcerted him.

For a while they walked on in silence, the elder not exactly knowing what to say, for the girl's manner puzzled him.

As for Margaret she did not believe a single word that the Mormon elder had uttered. In her own mind she was fully satisfied that if the threats of the Mormon had compelled her lover to withdraw from the train, he was hovering near, and at the proper time would come and rescue her from the power of these bold, bad men.

Just as the elder had made up his mind to renew the conversation, Margaret turned suddenly around and announced {67} her intention of returning to the camp. Of course the elder could not very well object, and he was compelled to retrace his steps with her.

"You will think over what I have said, my dear Miss Margaret?" he asked in his blandest voice.

"It is useless," she replied, firmly. "I have already told you that I cannot love you and therefore can not be your wife."

The Mormon bit his lips; he was getting angry; but he kept back his passion although it was difficult to do so.

"This is your final answer, then?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"You will not change?"

"No."

For once in his life the fluent-tongued elder was at a loss for words; bitterly in his heart he cursed the fair girl at his side, and he mentally swore that she should be his, if not by fair means then by foul.

The two reached the camp again. The elder conducted Margaret to the wagon of Miller, and with a bow left her and strode away to seek the chief of the Danites. He was too angry for words; he felt that he could not trust himself to speak, for his policy now was not to excite her suspicions until after he had played his next hand in this game of life, and that hand he felt sure would be a winning one.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ELDER PLAYS A DESPERATE GAME.

THE elder found the Danite just preparing to post his sentinels for the night. Contrary, however, to his usual custom, he placed them in couples instead of singly; he was taking the first move to checkmate the invisible demon that had already destroyed two of his band.

The elder accompanied him on his rounds till all the men were posted. {68}

"There," said the Danite chief, as he left the last couple, "if I lose a man to-night, it's the Devil I'm fighting against, and nothing human. Now, elder, I'm at your service."

"You know, of course, that I feel a very deep interest in this young girl, this Margaret Miller."

"That is, you want to make her your sixth wife," said Dan, bluntly.

"Exactly," replied the elder; "but the foolish child—"

"Prefers the young hunter to you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," said the elder, with a shake of his head.

"Well, how can I help you?" asked Dan.

"That's just what I'm going to speak about," replied the Mormon. "Of course you are well aware that there are many in Salt Lake City higher in the church than I am. Now, if this young and pretty girl goes into Salt Lake free, some of these men may take a fancy to her. I shall be powerless to resist, and so, though I have got the Gentile hunter out of the way, I shall lose her after all."

"That would be ugly."

"I should say so. Now, Dan, you are the only man who can place this girl in my hands."

"I?" and the Danite looked at the elder in astonishment.

"Yes, you," returned the elder, "if you will do so. And if you will aid me, I'll give you a hundred dollars."

"It's a bargain!" cried the leader of the Angels. "Now your plan?"

"It's very simple. You know my house in the city is remote from all others, being in the outskirts of the town. To-morrow night we make our last halt, for, on the following noon, we reach the city. Now, after we halt for the night to-morrow, let you and two or three of your men, disguised as Indians, burst into the camp, seize the girl, carry her off with you, bandage her eyes, put her in my house in Salt Lake, and the thing is accomplished; she's in my power, and I'd like to see anybody save her," and the little pig-like eyes of the elder sparkled as he unfolded his plan.

"It's a good idea," said the Danite, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I think it will work," responded Higgins, rubbing his hands together gleefully. {69}

"The dash will have to be quick."

"Of course. Arrange matters so that no one can interfere with you. You can seize the girl and be off before any one can even attempt resistance. No one will suspect the plot."

"And I'm to have a hundred dollars?"

"Yes," responded Higgins.

"It's a bargain. I'll carry off the girl for you," said the ruffian.

"Let the dash be made about nine o'clock. I'll call Margaret out of the wagon on pretense of wishing to speak with her. Then you can make a rush from the timber, fire a shot or two; I'll pretend to be hit, and tumble over; then you can carry off the prize."

"All right; you can depend upon me," replied the Danite, and so the pair of rascals separated.

The elder sought his wagon to rest for the night, while the Danite leader, rifle in hand, stole slowly and cautiously from picket to picket, intent on surprising the mysterious assassin. All night long the leader of the Destroying Angels kept his ceaseless vigils; his eyes closed not in slumber; the trusty rifle left not his grasp; his watchful ear caught every sound that floated on the still prairie-air; but, when the gray tints of the morning broke through the eastern skies, Dan was no wiser than he had been the day before as to the identity of the foe who had stricken to the death two of his assassin band.

When the pickets came in, Dan noticed that Dave Gindar looked pale and careworn; he, with one other, had been stationed on the prairie to the north of the camp.

Dan took the young man aside and inquired if any thing had happened during the night to alarm him. Dave at first seemed reluctant to answer, but after a little urging he spoke.

"Well, capt'n," he said, slowly, "if you must know, I think the devil or one of his imps was around my post last night. You know Bill was on guard with me. Well, he can't hear any more than a post. I guess it was about twelve or one o'clock; it got as dark as thunder, and it was hard work to keep sleep away. Just about that time I heard

a slight noise {70} to the rear of us, between our post an' the camp. Of course I didn't expect danger from that side, but I just turned my head to listen."

"What was the sound like?" asked Dan, earnestly.

"Why, 'bout what a small dog might make stepping over the ground. I shook Bill, who was half asleep, and we both got up and went to where the noise was."

"And you found?"

"Nary thing; and then I heard the noise again, only this time it seemed to come just from the very spot that we had left; so Bill and I went back again, but there wasn't any thing there or any sign of any thing. Well, capt'n, as I'm a living man, I heard that slight noise, now in front of us, then behind us, then on the right side, then on the left side, for nigh an hour; it sounded just as if some creature was prowling around, waiting to get a chance to spring in upon us. Bill couldn't hear any thing, and said I was a fool and was dreaming it all; but, capt'n, I was wide awake. Then, about twenty or thirty minutes arter the noise stopped, I got kinder sleepy and was wishing that morning would come, when something inside of me said, 'Turn round.' I don't know exactly how it was, but it seemed just like a voice. Well, I turned round, an', capt'n, as I'm a living, breathing man this minute, right afore me, about ten yards on the prairie, was a dark figure. It looked nigh onto ten foot high, an' it had something in its right hand which was raised up just as if it were a-going to throw it at me. I leveled my revolver at it, though I mought have known that it wa'n't no use to fire at a spirit, an' just as I were a-going to pull the trigger, the dark figure sunk right into the ground! I tell you, capt'n, I shook just as if I had the ague. I made up my mind, though, to see if the thing left any thing arter it; so I went to where it stood, but there wa'n't a thing to be seen there."

The Danite chief listened attentively to Dave's story. He did not believe in the spirit part; but he was convinced that the man had seen the unknown enemy in the very act of casting the deadly lasso, which had already taken the lives of two of the band, and that accident alone had saved him from their fate. Then he noticed, too, that Dave's hair was black and curly. This invisible demon, then, struck only at men {71} whose personal appearance resembled his; that is, would have resembled his, had his hair been black instead of yellow.

"Come," he said to Dave, "show me where all this happened."

Dave led the way to the post he had occupied during the night.

Carefully the Danite chief examined the ground; at last his search was rewarded, for, on a little bare space of sandy loam, he found the full, clean impress of a human foot—a foot unshod by either boot or moccasin; not the foot of an Indian, as the Danite had expected to find, but the foot, evidently, of a white man—a delicate, finely-formed foot, not the broad, splashing one of the savage.

The Danite pointed to it.

"You see," he said, "your spirit leaves foot-prints. Try your revolvers on the next one, and if your aim be true, you'll find a body."

Once again the train was on its last day's march but one, and the hearts of the wayfarers grew glad as the journey grew short, and the city of the saints—the New Zion—the Mecca of the Mormon faith—drew near.

At noon, as usual, the train halted. The two Indians scouted out over the prairie, as if in search of game.

Half an hour or so afterward they returned, bringing with them a strange Indian.

The stranger chief was a tall, muscular-looking brave, oddly attired; his leggins had been made with the wrong side out, and were streaked with paint; his chest was bedaubed with war-paint, as was also his face; a red blanket was wrapped around the upper part of his body; his hair was quite short for an Indian, worn long behind and

cropped across the forehead, in accordance with their custom; in it, feathers were thickly braided. There was quite a striking resemblance between the strange Indian and the Dacotah chief, Eagle Plume.

The elder, as captain of the train, approached the strange Indian.

"Big chief—found on prairie—come see Mormon braves," said the Yellow Wolf, introducing the stranger.

"Ah, does my brother speak English?" asked the elder. {72}

A grunt from the stranger answered the question in the negative.

"What nation?" asked the elder.

It was evident that the savage understood the meaning of the question, for he drew himself up proudly and replied:

"Ute!"

The elder started. The tones of the Indian's voice were strangely familiar to his ear. For a moment he gazed at the savage in astonishment, and evidently bewildered; but the savage looked at the elder without moving a muscle.

"It's very strange," muttered the elder, to himself. "I can swear I've heard that voice somewhere before. Chief," he said, addressing the stranger, "do you *understand* English?"

The savage nodded his head, as much as to say "yes."

"Ah!" The elder hesitated for a moment, and looked the savage straight in the face, with a puzzled expression. "Has my brother ever been in Salt Lake City?"

"Ugh!" the guttural grunt from the savage signified that he had.

"Oh!" and the brow of the elder grew clear again; he remembered that a delegation of Utes had visited Salt Lake City some time before, and it was there that he probably had heard and seen the fellow, for the savage's face, as well as his voice, was familiar to the elder.

"My brother is going to Salt Lake?"

Another grunt from the Indian conveyed the intelligence that he was going.

The elder, satisfied, left the group, for, by this time, quite a little knot of people had gathered around to look at the strange chief. Among the rest came Mrs. Miller, and Margaret. When the tones of the Indian's voice fell upon the ear of the young girl, she, like the elder, started in astonishment. She fixed her eyes searchingly upon the features of the dusky chief; a few moments she gazed, and then a smile of joy came over her face; for, despite the war-paint daubed upon the face—despite the altered fashion of the hair, her keen eyes discovered the truth: Love discovered the truth that hate passed blindly by.

With a beaming smile upon her lips, and new hopes spring- {73} ing fresh in her heart, as the Indian turned away with the other two, Margaret returned to the white-topped wagon, which was her home for the present.

Again the train proceeded on its way; the strange Indian, mounted behind the Yellow Wolf, following leisurely in the rear.

That night the cunningly-contrived plan of the Mormon elder for the abduction of pretty Margaret was to be put in execution.

During the afternoon march, the elder and the Danite leader had arranged all the details of the scheme. How the Mormon longed for the shades of night to come, that they might shut him and his prey out from the gaze of the world!

The train was halted for the night, as usual—the last night of the march, for the morrow would bring them to the City of the Wilderness—the Promised land for the Chosen People.

The train was "parked" for the night, the pickets, as usual, thrown out, the supper was prepared and eaten, and the emigrants began to prepare to retire for the night. By nine o'clock the entire camp was hushed in slumber.

It had been arranged that Grizzly Joe and Red Dick were to play the part of Indians, and carry off Margaret; the rest of the gang were to fire their weapons, and act as though they thought the camp surrounded by the red-skins. In the confusion, the two emissaries could easily escape, and when they were missed in the morning, all would imagine that they had fallen into the hands of the Indians.

All was favorable for the elder's plan.

Having seen that the bogus Indians were ready, concealed in a convenient thicket, the elder went to Miller's wagon. The family had not yet retired, but were seated on the ground by the team. The elder joined the circle; a short conversation followed, then the Mormon gave the signal—a slight cough—for the attack.

Joe and Dick, disguised as Indians, sprung from their concealment in the thicket. With a single blow they stretched Miller out on the ground, then Dick seized Margaret in his arms, and ran swiftly toward the two horses that stood by the little thicket. In a second, both he and Joe were in the saddle {74} and in full gallop for the open prairie. The elder shouted for help, and discharged his revolver in the air; the pickets, also, as had been arranged, fired their pieces, and came running into the camp, as if every red warrior of the Great American Desert was at their heels.

The camp was a Babel; the emigrants, expecting a terrible Indian attack every moment, gave themselves up for lost; the shrieks of the women and children mingled with the prayers and curses of the men. The shrieks of the women and children mingled with the prayers and curses of the men.

The three Indians, who sat their horses like statues—for the stranger chief had procured a horse during the excitement—and waited, rifle in hand, for the attack, were about the only cool ones in the camp.

As no attack came at last, the excitement ceased; then, and not till then, did Miller discover that Margaret was missing.

The elder was loud in grief. Miller besought the Danite chief to send a force to rescue his sister, but the chief of the Angels refused.

"I have but a few men," he said; "the Indians may renew the attack at any time; for the sake of one shall I leave all helpless and unprotected?"

The emigrants, fearing for their own safety, protested loudly against endangering the whole train, and so Miller was forced to yield. The elder, however, consoled him, by assuring him that the moment they reached Salt Lake City, he himself would see a large force dispatched to rescue the helpless girl from the hands of the brutal savages. And all this while the elder was laughing in his sleeve at the apparent success of his plans.

{75}

CHAPTER XII. THE THREE FRIENDS.

CARRYING the senseless girl in his arms, and closely followed by Joe, Red Dick spurred his fleet, powerful horse over the prairie.

On went the two ruffians for a mile or so, without a halt; then they reined in their steeds. Dick bound a bandage tightly over the eyes of the still senseless girl, and they again rode swiftly on toward Salt Lake City.

The emigrants' halting-place was only some thirty miles from the city, so that four hours hard riding brought the party to the house of the Mormon elder.



Doctor Frank Powell [Prentiss Ingraham]. *The Doomed Dozen; or, Dolores, the Danite's Daughter: A Romance of Border Trails and Mormon Mysteries*. Beadle's New York Dime Library. New York: Beadle & Adams, 1881.

**THE DOOMED DOZEN;
or,
DOLORES, THE DANITE'S DAUGHTER.**

**A Romance of Border Trails
and Mormon Mysteries.**

By Dr. Frank Powell,
"White Beaver," the Medicine Chief of the Winnebago Indians.

[Illustration: The Black Jury Said in Chorus: "Farewell, Forever, John Leigh."]
{2}

CHAPTER VI.
THE THREAT.

ONWARD toward the setting sun went the Harmon train, dragging its slow length along over prairie and hill toward its destination in the Territory of Deseret, now Utah, the land of the Mormon.

And each day did Mercer Aldrich linger with the train, evidently held there by the fascination of Dolores Moultrie's beautiful eyes; and each day he grew more in favor with all in the train.

His comrades, whom he called his cowboys, spoke of him as a noble-hearted man, and the wagon men guide[s] and hunters of the train were willing to swear by him, while Captain Harmon also seemed greatly drawn toward him.

But with both Dolores and Hortense it was different, for both of them, without divulging their feelings the one to the other, seemed to fear the man, and the former constantly avoided him.

One night, when the train had gone into camp in a pleasant grove, Mercer Aldrich asked Dolores to walk with him to the summit of a hill near by and enjoying the sunset scene.

Fond of the beauties of nature, and with no ready excuse for not going, she arose and accompanied him, and in watching the fading glories of the setting sun, glancing upon mountains of gold, purple and crimson clouds, she was fully repaid for her walk.

But at last the rosy hues died away, and she said:

"Come, let us returne [*sic*] now, Mr. Aldrich."

"One moment, Dolores, while you hear what I have to say," he said eagerly.

"But tell me while we retrace our way to camp," she urged.

"No, hear me now, and let me know my fate.

"While I believed that you cared for your cousin, or rather Captain Moncrief, for you have told me he was really no kindred of yours, and he loved you, in my belief, I breathed to you no word of my love; but now when I know that you are free to listen to me, I throw myself in entreaty at your feet, Dolores, pleading for one little word of love from you, one atom of hope to which I can cling and know that I am not to leave your side forever."

He ceased speaking and gazed earnestly into her face, awaiting reply.

She had stood, with her eye bent on the western horizon, and not on her pleading lover, and her tiny boot tapping the earth with almost impatience.

Not once had she by word or gesture, interrupted his passionate appeal for her love, until he stood waiting her response.

Then in her soft voice she answered:

"Mr. Aldrich, believing that you mean what you say, I feel sorry to have to tell you that I can never love you, that our friendship, such as it has been, must end here forever."

"Ha! you love another then?" he said angrily.

"I do not acknowledge your right, sir, to question me," was the cold reply.

"But I take the right, Dolores Moultrie, and ask you if you love another."

Her face flushed with anger; but she replied haughtily:

"You should be content, sir, with the knowledge that I do not love you, and, if you do not permit me to pass you, and return to the camp, that I will even lose respect for you."

"By the God above! girl, you shall rue these words," he hissed.

"No threats, sir, for I have a protector in Captain Harmon."

"I fear not Captain Harmon, or any one else, Dolores Moultrie, and again I say to you that the woman who casts my love beneath her feet will rue it to her dying day."

He stood aside and permitted her to pass on to the camp.

Swiftly she went along, his words causing her real alarm, and had arrived within a short distance of the camp-fires, when she glanced back and saw him standing where she had left him, his form relieved against the sky.

And, as she looked, she heard a long, shrill whistle given.

Instantly there was a slight stir in the encampment, and a moment after four horsemen dashed by her, one leading an animal which, even in the twilight she recognized as the steed belonging to Mercer Aldrich.

"It was a signal from him, and his men are going to join him.

"Oh, Heaven! can that man really mean his threat against me?" she muttered, and quickly she ran on to camp, and dropped down beside Hortense, who wondered at the emotion of her beautiful governess.

CHAPTER VII. SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

It was a beautiful spot in which to camp, and both Dolores and Hortense who had ridden on ahead with Revolver Nick, the guide, flattered themselves upon having selected the prettiest encampment of the long and weary march.

Behind them towered lofty hills, at the base of which glided a crystal stream, and before them stretched away a plain, knee-deep in juicy grass for the stock.

Revolver Nick had argued that it:

"War a pretty place fer a meetin'-house, but no kinder place fer a camp as hed ter be guarded from inemies, both pale-face and red."

But his arguments were overruled and the train went into camp, the horses were lariatd out on the plain, the guards placed, and long before midnight the sounds of music and laughter died away, and nothing broke the deep silence that darkness had cast upon the scene.

The guards leant half-asleep upon their rifles, the horses and mules had tired of feeding and had dropped down to rest, or stood drowsily with heads bent.

But one in the camp tossed uneasily, for somehow a presentiment of evil had been upon her ever since two weeks before she had heard the threat of Mercer Aldrich.

Strive as she would she could not drive his stern, sinister face from her mind, and something told her that he would meet her again.

Rising, because she was unable to sleep, she dressed herself and stepped out of the tent, and stood gazing upon the calm scene.

Soothed by its quietude she laughed at her fears, and was about to return to her tent, when a form startled her by gliding up to her side.

"Why, Hortense! how you startled me."

"Forgive me, Miss Dolores, but I could not sleep; I have a weight on my heart, and seeing you come out, I dressed myself and followed you."

"I too have that feeling, Hortense, a feeling of coming evil; but see, are not those men coming yonder through the long grass?"

She pointed quickly out upon the plain, and Hortense saw the dark forms too, and said:

"There is a guard stationed just there, I think, and they must be some of our people, and—"

She never finished her sentence, for there came a flash off on the plain, a cry of pain, and up from the grass-covered prairie sprung a hundred forms, and wild war-whoops echoed back from the hillside, as they dashed upon the surprised camp.

Clasped in each other's arms the maidens shrunk back for shelter behind a huge tree while around them waged the fierce battle, for the train men knew they fought for their lives.

And thus crouching, more dead than alive, they saw Revolver Nick fall, fighting bravely against a score of painted savages; then came a cry that Hortense knew too well came from her father's lips; a cry of pleading, not for himself, but for his child, and a pistol-shot was the answer.

And thus it went on, the fight surging away from them toward the wagon, and they gave up all hope. {5}

But suddenly up to them dashed a slender form, and he held in his arms a bundle, while he said quickly:

"Come, throw these Indian toggeries around you and come with me.

"Hasten, or all will be lost."

They were paralyzed with fear and did not move, and instantly he threw a blanket over the shoulders of each and a head-dress of feathers on them, and said, earnestly:

"Come, for God's sake, for these are not Indians, but John Leigh's Danites, and your fate will be worse than death.

"Come!"

His words sent a chill of horror through them, but roused them to action, and, springing to their feet, they quickly followed him toward the shelter of the hill.

"My father! oh, my father!" cried Hortense, pausing in an agony of grief.

"Died like the brave man he was; but come, for they'll not *kill you*."

There was a significance in his tones they could not fail to understand, and they darted along by his side with a speed they did not believe themselves capable of, and each moment the rattle of firearms and cries of combatants grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

At last their strange leader paused for a moment and listened.

All was silent behind them, and he said sadly, and yet with triumph in his tones:

"Those snakes in the grass have finished their red work, but you two, who were their intended victims, have escaped them.

"But come, for you are not yet safe."

And once more they continued their rapid flight.

CHAPTER VIII. THE FLIGHT.

"HERE we halt," and the unknown guide of the two maidens, and whom they had trusted themselves to without the slightest doubt of him or fear that he might be one of their foes, stopped in a small canyon.

It was dark there, for the foliage of over-hanging trees kept even the starlight from penetrating the spot; but their guide bade them remain quiet an instant, and disappeared from their side as silently and mysteriously as he had approached them in the camp.

Several minutes, which seemed more like hours to them, passed away, and he did not return.

What could it mean?

Who was he?

Certainly not one of the train men, for both maidens knew all of them well.

TIP TOP WEEKLY

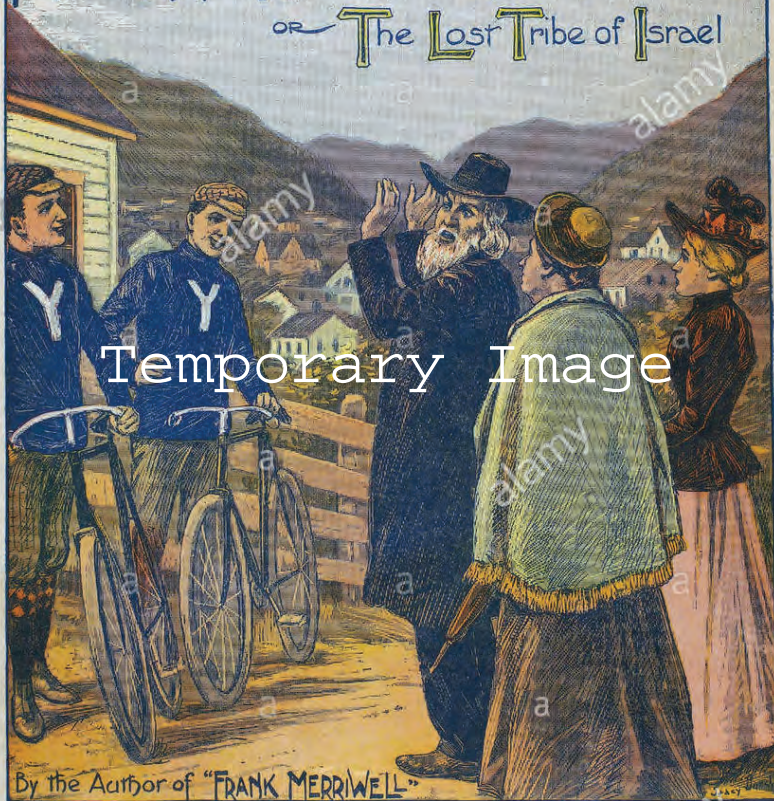
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Price Five Cents.

FRANK MERRIWELL AMONG THE MORMONS OR THE LOST TRIBE OF ISRAEL



By the Author of "FRANK MERRIWELL"

"A VAUNT, UNGODLY GENTILES!" CRIED ELDER HOLDFAST. "REMOVE FROM MY SIGHT THOSE INVENTIONS OF SATAN!"

FRANK MERRIWELL AMONG THE MORMONS

or,

THE LOST TRIBE OF ISRAEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK MERRIWELL."

CHAPTER I.
AN UNYIELDING FATHER.

"Arise, daughter," said William Ayer, touching the shoulder of the sleeping girl, whose sad yet pretty face bore traces that told she had wept herself to sleep. "The morning has dawned, and this is the day that shall witness the consummation of thy happiness."

With a little pitiful cry, the girl opened her eyes and shrunk from him. Then, seeing his face, she gave a murmur of relief.

"Oh, it is you, father!" she said. "How you frightened me! I didn't know—I thought it might be that—that horrid creature."

"Of whom do you speak in such terms, my daughter?" gravely asked William Ayer. "Whom do you designate by the epithet 'horrid creature?'"

"Why, there is but one person I could possibly mean, father."

"Name that person, daughter."

"Elder Asaph Holdfast, of course."

William Ayer held up both hands, an expression of horror and sorrow on his face.

"Oh, my daughter!" he cried. "I hoped thy heart would be softened during the night and thy rebellious spirit would be bowed down with contrition, but it seems that I hoped vainly. Elder Holdfast is a chosen servant of the Lord, and a good and holy man."

"Elder Holdfast is a contemptible old wretch! Oh, how I despise and fear him!" she cried, sitting bolt upright in bed and making a wild gesture. "He has a thin, sanctimonious old face, and his hair and beard are snowy white, but his age can command for him no respect, as his evil nature is shown in his narrow little eyes. Oh, father! the look I have seen in those eyes when they rested on me—it makes me shudder with horror to think of it!" {2}

"You are hysterical, daughter!" said William Ayer, attempting to soothe her. "You are given to vain fancies and foolish thoughts. In the eyes of the good Elder Holdfast thou hast seen nothing but the tenderest regard for you and your spiritual welfare."

"Bosh!" cried the girl, sharply. "Tender regard, indeed! Such tender regard as the wolf gives the lamb it has selected for its prey!"

"Ah, but you will discover your mistake when the good elder has made thee his wife."

"Which he shall never do, father! I refuse to become the ninth Mrs. Holdfast. Asaph Holdfast already has seven living wives and one has died. Ugh!" she cried with a shiver; "it is a horrible thing to think about! And it is said that polygamy is no longer practiced in Utah!"

"That is said to deceive the wicked Gentile, who would rob our religion of all that makes it distinct and uplifting if he could."

"And do you—you, my father!—believe that polygamy makes the Mormon religion 'uplifting?' Heaven pity you if you do! Polygamy has been the shame and disgrace of the Mormons! To-day all the younger members of the church acknowledge it. Joseph Smith never believed in it."

"But there arose a greater and a wiser one than Joseph. Brigham Young was inspired of God, and he had many wives. In the old days the Brighamites suppressed and held in subjection the Josephites. It is only since the ungodly Gentile has forced himself in upon us that the doctrines of Joseph have prevailed once more. But here in this lost valley of Bethsada the Brighamites have built up a town that is shut off from the rest of the world—a town of which few outside its boundaries know anything at all. Here there are no Josephites and no Gentiles. Here the Mormon religion is practiced as it was practiced in Salt Lake City in the days of Brigham."

“And here you have dragged me, at the command of that old wretch Holdfast!”

“Hold, daughter! Thou shalt not speak thus disrespectfully of Elder Holdfast! I forbid it!”

“I don’t care!” cried the girl, spiritedly. “He is an old wretch! Some day the law will reach him, and then he’ll suffer. And you, father—you deceived me,” she reproachfully declared. “You sanctioned my engagement to Tom Whitcomb—”

“That was before Elder Holdfast had seen thee and claimed thee, daughter.”

“What evil power can that man have over you, father? Why could he, at his command, cause us to leave our pretty home in Provo and come here to this hidden town amid the mountains? And you know I would not have come here had I known at first where you were taking me.”

“In this place, my child, deception was necessary in order to accomplish a great good.”

“A great evil, you mean! I tell you, father, I will not marry that old wretch! Tom Whitcomb will come here and save me from him.”

“It is a vain hope, daughter, for Whitcomb cannot know whither thou hast gone.”

The girl was silent, but a strange look passed over her face—a look that her father failed to note.

“This is the day that thou art to be sealed to Elder Holdfast,” said William Ayer. “Already the sun hath risen, and it is a beautiful morning. Array thyself in thy best apparel, daughter, and banish that sad look from thy face. Time will convince thee of thy mistake. I bid thee—nay, I command thee be gentle and respectful toward the good elder. In time thou shall learn to love him.”

“Love him!” cried the girl, burying {3} her face in her hands—“love that old wretch! never! I detest him now, and I shall detest him always! Oh, father!”—and she suddenly caught both his hands—“my dear father! I beg you not to put this shame and sorrow upon me! You have told me how much you love me, and I have seen it in your eyes. Prove it now by saving me from Asaph Holdfast! You must see how much I suffer—you must know it will kill me! I cannot live through it!”

He released one of his hands and slowly stroked her hair. For a moment a light of pity shone from his eyes, but it seemed that he crushed down the pity in his heart and hardened his soul to carry out what he firmly believed was his duty.

“Daughter,” he said, coldly, “thou art excited and hysterical now. You will see things in a different light very soon. It has been ordained that thou shalt become the wife of Elder Holdfast, and it is not in my power to withhold thee from him.”

“Oh, you can’t be so cruel—so heartless!” sobbed the poor girl, her whole shapely body wracked by the emotion that had fallen upon her. “I am your child—your own little Lona! You have held me in your arms and rocked me to sleep, and, with my head on your breast, with your arms about me, I have felt that you would shield and protect me always. I was so happy then, dear father! And now—now is it possible that you are the one to turn against me and force me into this shame! Oh, father! father!”

For a moment the man turned his face away. Then he set his teeth and, when he looked at her again, his face was cold and calm as usual.

“I tell you it is the will of one whose power I cannot deny,” he declared. “It is useless for you to rebel, my daughter.”

“Ah!” she sobbed, her blue eyes raining tears, “how I wish I had died when I was a happy child! How can it be you would force me to this when you know what has happened to the plural wives almost all over Utah? They have been set aside, and only the first wife remains as the true wife of the husband. Think of their wretched position—of their shame! And you would force me to this—you, my father!”

“The law may have said that none but the first wife is the legal wife of the husband,” said William Ayer, “but that law was made by men and Gentiles. The law of God says all those wives are true and legal wives, and the law of God cannot err. For them there is no shame, and greater shall be their reward hereafter because of what they may suffer at present. As for you, their fate can never be yours. The people here in this beautiful valley are called the Lost Tribe of Israel, and lost they are to the outside world. No railroads shall ever come here, and Gentiles will not be permitted in this valley. Here polygamy shall continue and flourish long after you have passed away, so have no fear that the fate of plural wives in other parts shall befall you.”

“You are crazy!” cried the girl. “Such a thing cannot continue! Sometime the Gentiles will pour in here, and then the railroad will come. With it shall come the putting away of the plural wives. But I’ll not live to see that time! If I am forced into this by the father I have loved, it will kill me!”

“Nonsense, daughter! Let us have no further folly. Arise, as I have commanded, and don thy gayest attire. At ten Elder Holdfast will come for thee and take thee to the Endowment House, where thou shall be sealed unto him. Be ready.”

Then he turned and left the chamber.

Shaking, sobbing, moaning, the girl flung herself down on the bed, burying her face in the pillows.

“Oh, Tom—Tom, my sweetheart!” she cried; “where are you now? Did you receive my letter? Will you be able to {4} find me? Will you reach me in time? If not, if you are too late, you will find me when I am dead!”

CHAPTER II. WILLIAM AYER IS SURPRISED.

Through the pretty little Mormon town of Bethel, which stood in the Valley of Bethsada, hidden deep in the heart of the mountains, slowly and sedately walked Elder Asaph Holdfast, accompanied by one of his seven living wives, a plain, stout, matronly-looking woman.

Elder Holdfast had long white hair and a long white beard, and he seemed to be wrapped about with an air of self-conscious righteousness. At a distance there was something patriarchal in his appearance, but his face was cold and immobile, with a sternness about it that told he was a man of unbending will and unforgiving nature.

The face of the seventh Mrs. Holdfast, who accompanied him, had a meek bovine look, plainly showing the woman was not of a high order of intelligence.

Mrs. Holdfast did not walk abreast her lord and master, but kept a step to the rear, showing she fully felt her utter inferiority and unworthiness.

Not a word did the good Elder Holdfast say, but there was on his face a steady determination of purpose, and it is possible that his eyes, which were set close together, betrayed something of the pleasant anticipation that filled his soul.

For was not this the day that should see him sealed to the charming and beautiful daughter of a brother Mormon, who must feel it an untold honor to have his only and dearly beloved child become the ninth wife of one so high in the Mormon church as Elder Asaph Holdfast!

The sun was shining and the birds were singing. It seemed that all the world was filled with joy and happiness, and surely there could be nothing of sorrow and wrong in the beautiful little town of Bethel, where the Mormon religion, as expounded by the Prophet Brigham, was practiced and held full sway.

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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THE BRADYS AMONG THE MORMONS; OR, SECRET WORK IN SALT LAKE CITY.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



"Run for your life!" gasped the Mormon, dropping a bundle of bank notes. Harry saw three masked figures come from behind the rocks with Old King Brady himself. "Halt there, Simon Sellers, traitor and thief!" shouted one of the men.

[Francis Worcester Doughty]. *The Bradys Among the Mormons; or Secret Work in Salt Lake City*. Secret Service. Old and Young King Brady, Detectives, no. 239. New York: Frank Tousey, 21 August 1903.

THE BRADYS AMONG THE MORMONS:
or,
Secret Work in Salt Lake City.

By a New York Detective.

CHAPTER VI
**OLD KING BRADY FINDS HIMSELF
 NEXT TO MR. PODMORE AT LAST.**

With Old King Brady matters took altogether a different turn from what he had expected, as will now be shown.

The old detective was destined to learn some of the true inwardness of Mormonism that day, and it was entirely due to his excellent judgment in resuming his usual peculiar dress.

Joseph Smith Podmore, posing as a lawyer devoted to railroad interests, occupied a suite of offices which were without their equal in Salt Lake City.

He employed numerous clerks and was up to date in every particular.

Unlike some others, he never denied his interest in the strange religion founded by the remarkable man for whom he was named, but he persistently asserted that the followers of Joseph Smith had abandoned their former stringent rules regarding marriage, and were now permitted to do just as they pleased about marrying at all, and that in no case were they allowed by the church to break the laws of the land in that respect.

Altogether, Joseph Smith Podmore posed as a good citizen, and considering that he was yet under thirty and had commanded a large fortune, he certainly was a very remarkable man.

When Old King Brady entered the outer office of the lawyer's suite he was received by a quiet, gentlemanly young fellow, who demanded his name.

"My business with Mr. Podmore is strictly personal," replied the detective. "Kindly tell me first if he is in. If not I will come again."

"He is in, sir, but he is very busy. I must have your name," was the reply.

Old King Brady produced his personal card.

He had resolved to beard the lion in his den.

The young man was gone but a moment, and returned with word that Mr. Podmore would see the detective.

Old King Brady was shown into one of the handsomest offices he had ever entered.

The man who had accosted him at Mrs. Truesdell's reception sat at the desk dictating to a female stenographer.

"Be seated a moment, if you please," he said quietly, and proceeded with his work.

He left Old King Brady waiting for at least twenty minutes, and the old detective knew why.

"He is studying my face," he said to himself. "He is trying to find out what sort of a man I am." {13}

At last the stenographer was dismissed, and Mr. Podmore, announcing to those in the outer office that he was not to be disturbed, closed and locked the door.

"Mr. Brady," he said, extending his hand to the detective, "do you know I admire you."

The old detective shook hands heartily.

"And why, may I ask?" he replied. "Certainly there is nothing very attractive about my personal appearance, if that is what you refer to."

"You know it is not. You know that my reference is to your nerve, cheek, absolute fearlessness, or whatever you have a mind to call it. You're an old man; you know all about Mormons and Mormonism, I have no doubt, and yet you dare—"

"To beard the lion in his den? Well, I am here."

"I see you are. Now, draw up a chair. I was expecting you."

"I knew it. You thought I would come here under the name of Percival Primrose to inquire about mining property, owned by one Major Merry."

"I did."

"You looked for me in disguise."

"Such is certainly the case."

"Instead of that you see me as I am."

"And I don't doubt that you know me as I am. That you know that I have but to raise my fingers in this town to have you wiped off the planet and your young partner with you."

"You tried to put us out of business once; the attempt failed.["]

"Ah! That was in Washington. It cost me the price of a cab and a horse, and something extra. As you say, the attempt failed."

"You are frankness itself, Mr. Podmore."

"And why not? You can do me no harm here."

"Pardon me; it is not my desire to do you harm. You were spying at Senator Truesdell's door on the night we received our instructions. You know exactly why I am here."

"I do. Let me tell you something. My family affairs are beyond your ken. You can never hope to succeed in your undertaking. Moreover, Senator Truesdell is now in my power. I hold copies of his own letters, which would utterly ruin him if they were made public. As for his wife and daughter, he had best learn to live without them. His wife hates and abhors him. She will never return to his home. He does not dare to accuse me of having a hand in their disappearance. Mr. Brady, be sensible; abandon this commission. You came to Salt Lake City to do secret work for Senator Truesdell. I confess here between ourselves, where there are no witnesses, no chance of any, that I would have gone even to the extent of killing you to block your game, but since you have come to me in this bold fashion, I shall assume different tactics, and I ask you now, sir, what the object of this visit is—what you propose?"

The old detective smiled.

"Mr. Podmore," he said, "I flatter myself that I am something of a reader of character. I think I have read yours. I think that you know the object of my visit well enough."

"I am afraid I don't quite understand you."

"Then let me explain further, and say that I recognize my inability to make headway in this case. I simply give it up, but somebody has to pay me for my trouble. I am not in the detective business for my health."

"Meaning that you look to me for your pay? I made some talk about cheek just now. I thought I had seen a good sample of it, but upon my word, sir—"

"You see a better one now."

"Never saw its equal, and yet—"

"Well?"

"I admire cheek."

"Glad under those circumstances to be able to exhibit the colossal variety. You were about to say?"

"Let me ask you what you propose to do in case I refuse to do business with you."

"First let me be sure that you fully understand me."

"Can there be any doubt about that?"

"Mr. Podmore, I am a plain man; I like plain talk."

"Then in plain words you are here to be bribed by me to drop the case, to give up your investigation as to the number of secret wives I may have scattered about this city and suburbs."

"Exactly; I am open for an offer."

“And if I refuse?”

Old King Brady shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh, well,” he said, “there are always the newspapers. It would not help your political prospects any to have a little story come out about the disappearance of Mrs. Truesdell and her daughter Grace.”

“It would not. You threaten?”

“By no means. I merely suggest that it would be cheaper to buy me than to fight me.”

Mr. Podmore smiled grimly.

“Man, you don’t begin to suspect my power,” he whispered. “if I chose to I could crush you like glass. Know now that there are mines being worked in yonder mountain which no gentile except those who work them dream of. Know that the lives of the slaves in those mines are terrible. Mysterious disappearances in Salt Lake City often occur, Mr. Brady, but we Mormons believe in wasting nothing. If an able bodied man stands in our way—well, I think I mentioned the mines.”

“Evidently Siberia is not in it with you Mormons, Mr. Podmore.”

“You are right; it is not.”

“Which brings us back to business. I do not fear your threats any more than you appear to fear mine. You were saying, and yet—”

“And yet in spite of your cheek I admire you. I have read much about you. I know that you seldom fail in your undertakings. I tried to prevent you from coming to Salt [14] Lake City, but now that you have come I am glad. Know why?”

“Because you have work for me to do, and seemingly think of engaging me yourself.”

“You have hit it. Would you entertain such a proposition?”

“Seeing that my case for Senator Truesdell has failed, I would, providing the nature of the work suits me.”

“The nature of the work is very simple.”

“Name it.”

“To deceive a dying woman and make her confess to you what she will not confess to me.”

It was out at last.

Whether it referred to Mrs. Truesdell or her daughter, Old King Brady could only guess.

“The nature of the secret which this woman holds cuts some figure here,” he said.

“It is mine until you get it. I can give you no hint.”

“But—”

“But you want a retainer. We will drop the word bribe since it is objectionable. How much was Senator Truesdell going to pay you in case of success?”

“There was no bargain made.”

“I understand it is not your custom to fix prices before hand.”

“Such is the case.”

“My check book is handy. Suppose I make a bid for your services?”

“Not by check. That would not look well.”

“I have a safe outside; suppose there is money in it. How much cash would go?”

“It is for you to say.”

“I say two thousand.”

“And what guarantee have I that you will not kill me when you are through with me?”

“The word of a Mormon, sir, which is ever as good as his bond. If you agree to my terms and further agree to quietly leave this place after you are through with our—I mean my—business, you are as safe as though you were in your own office in New York.”

"You give me your word?"

"I do."

"More money if I succeed?"

"Twice as much."

"And in case of failure I keep the retainer?"

"You do."

"It is a bargain. Now, Mr. Podmore, I am working for you."

There was a sneaky glitter in the eyes of the Mormon lawyer as these words were uttered which Old King Brady did not fail to observe.

"I am running a terrible risk," thought the old detective; "yet I see no other way."

"Now for my instructions," he asked aloud.

"You will meet me here at five o'clock this afternoon," replied the lawyer, "or stay. I have an engagement at that hour, which I had forgotten. Make it six. At six o'clock I will meet you here on the steps of this building."

"And the retainer?"

"You shall have it now."

And Old King Brady left the office of Mr. Joseph Smith Podmore with \$2,000 of Mormon money in his pocket.

"Risk is no name for it," thought the detective, as he returned to the hotel. "I doubt if in all my experience I ever stood on more ticklish ground than I do at the present moment, but something had to be done. I am next to the man now, and that is what I wanted. The worst part of it is that I dare not make a confidant of the chief of police, which, were it any other city in the United States, I would surely do."

Old King Brady was greatly disappointed when Harry failed to put in an appearance at the dinner table, and still more so to find him still absent when it came time to keep his appointment.

He did not hesitate, however, and exactly at six o'clock he wound up at the bank building where he found Mr. Podmore in conversation with two well-dressed gentlemen.

The lawyer kept him waiting but a moment.

Then calling a cab, they were driven to a large and handsome house on Deseret avenue.

"This is the residence of one of the elders of our church," announced Mr. Podmore. "I shall not tell you his name, and if you ever learn it, as you probably may, you are to disclose it at your peril. The Mormon arm is long-reaching. Even in New York mysterious deaths sometimes occur, as you will do well to remember. We will now go in."

They were shown by a servant into a snug little library.

After a brief wait, a tall gentleman with a flowing white beard entered.

He wore a handsome dressing gown of Japanese silk with embroidered slippers on his feet.

"Is this the man, Brother Podmore?" he asked.

"This is the man," replied the lawyer.

The old gentleman looked the detective over from head to foot.

"I have heard much of you, friend," he said in a soft, impressive tone. "They say you are very expert."

"I have had much experience, sir."

"So I am told. This case of ours is, however, peculiar. Do you know at all what it is?"

"I told you that he did not," flashed Podmore, looking much annoyed.

"Peace, Brother Podmore," replied the Mormon elder, raising his hand. "This is unseemly. You know my position in the church, I believe."

Podmore subsided.

"This man is surely one of the leading Mormon lights," Old King Brady said to himself, adding aloud:

"Mr. Podmore has told me nothing of the case, sir."

"Very good. You have been supplied with a retainer?"

"I have."

"In what amount?" {15}

"Two thousand dollars."

"It is well."

"You utterly repudiate your allegiance to Senator Truesdell?"

Old King Brady bowed assent.

He hardly dared trust himself to speak.

That the Mormon elder was a man of iron determination was plain to be seen.

His eyes seemed to pierce Old King Brady's inmost soul.

Podmore stood by, silent and awed-looking.

It was easy to see that he was horribly afraid of the man.

Old King Brady would have given much to know who he was, but as no introduction had been made, he did not dare to ask for one.

He could only stand by and await the outcome of his strange interview.

"It is well," the Mormon elder repeated. "You will now proceed with your work. Do you see that door facing you?"

"I do, sir."

"Pass through it, please. Brother Podmore, you will accompany the gentleman."

Every trace of color left Podmore's face.

"Brother, what does this mean?" he asked.

"Brother Podmore! Brother Podmore! You really surprise me!" said the elder, blandly. "Never before have I known you to question my will."

"But—" began Podmore, when the elder checked him by a wave of the hand.

"Since you insist upon an explanation of my motive, I will give it," he said. "I wish you to be present while this gentleman is being instructed. That is all, Brother Podmore. This business concerns you as much as it does me. Is it strange that I ask your assistance in starting right on these inquiries?"

"I am ready to obey, Brother," Podmore replied.

"Stop a moment," said the elder. "Brother Podmore, I desire to ask you a question. I observe something missing about your personal apparel—something which should be in its place, but is not."

Podmore clapped his hand to his watch-chain.

"It's the jewel," thought Old King Brady.

"It is gone, Brother," said Podmore. "I should have told you I lost it during my trip east. I have ordered another made."

"That is very unfortunate, Brother Podmore. Have you duly notified the council?"

"I have not, brother. I have been very much occupied since my return to Salt Lake City, as you know."

"Still you should have found time for a matter so important; but I will not undertake to discipline you. Let us now proceed with our work. Gentlemen, the door."

Old King Brady opened the door and saw beyond a little room without windows, and bare of furniture, save for a table and two chairs.

He passed in, Podmore following him.

He closed the door behind him, and sitting on the edge of the table, whispered:

"Mr. Brady, I do not like the tone of that man nor the look of things here. I shall depend upon you to stand by me in case—Ah, heavens! Lost! Lost!"

Suddenly a false partition, papered to match the walls of the little room, dropped from the ceiling, striking the floor with a thud.

"What is this? Treachery?" cried Old King Brady. "Does it mean that we are prisoners here?"

"Hush! Hush, for heaven's sake!" gasped Podmore. "Our lives depend upon your coolness! It means death!"

CHAPTER VII. GRACE.

Young King Brady swam ashore and dressed himself as quickly as possible.

Never had Harry done harder thinking than he did just then.

"That was the senator's daughter, of course," said he to himself. "If I could only rescue her and take her to the Wells House, the Mormons would hardly dare to interfere with her. It is a big chance, and I am going to make a try for it, hit or miss."

Equally as bold as his great chief, Young King Brady had determined upon a scheme which, had he been more familiar with life in Salt Lake City, he would scarcely have dared to undertake.

He was going to try to play Mormon.

It was running an awful risk.

While dressing behind the rocks, Harry had been slyly keeping his eyes on the gate as a matter of course.

Thus, when it opened and one of the two men who had seized Grace Truesdell slipped out and hurried toward the city, Harry saw him go.

"It leaves only one to deal with," he said to himself. "I don't believe there is anyone else in there. If I'm not equal to one of those old jays I should like to know the reason why."

Having finished dressing, Young King Brady skirted along the lake shore until he was well beyond the house behind the wall.

Then going upon the road, he crossed over to the opposite side and walked briskly back toward the gate.

Reaching it, he paused, and after listening a moment, gave three thunderous knocks and calmly awaited the result.

Now Yo[u]ng King Brady had not come unprepared.

As it happened, he had a split ring in his pocketbook, and by the aid of his knife he had contrived to detach the jewel from the bit of broken chain, and fastening it to the split ring, he attached it to the new watch chain.

"We will see what sort of business that jewel will do {16} for me," he said to himself. "That man can't possibly be a person of much intelligence or he would not have been chosen for such dirty work."

There was no response to the knock for a few moments.

Listening intently, Harry was just about to knock again when he heard heavy footsteps behind the gate, and it was presently opened by the man he expected to see.

He started back at the sight of a stranger, and stood staring for an instant.

"Well, what do you want here?" he demanded gruffly.

"Brother," said Young King Brady, "I have been sent to question your prisoner about certain private matters which concern only the church. I want to come in."

"My prisoner!" replied the Mormon, looking black. "I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do, brother. I refer to Senator Truesdell's daughter, who was brought here a short time ago. I need not tell you who by. You know perfectly well."