

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

Mr. Ramill had reacted in his own way. His temporary friendliness had disappeared. He was again the bland, adroit investor in mines who so generously presented worthy prospectors with a thousand, and in return took over claims worth many thousands. Huxby of course had been a hopeless case. But Garth had fancied there were possibilities in the older plate. Lillith Ramill, however, was the real disappointment. Though she had done nothing, so far as Garth could tell, to disprove her declared hatred of him, she had seemed more and more to show a spirit of fair play. It had led him into thinking she possessed a true spirit of sportsmanship.

Yet now the girl avoided looking at him. Occasionally she gazed rather hard at her fiance and murmured about the hotel at Edmonton. But for the most part she sat in moody silence. The grease that dulled the brilliant blue diamond of her engagement ring seemed to annoy her. She rubbed at it with a bit of dry moss, between bites at her meat.

By the time Garth finished his own half-spoiled meat, he managed also to swallow his bitterness. After all, what else could he have expected? The girl was the daughter of Burton Ramill—the selfish spoiled daughter of an unscrupulous business sharper.

He broke in upon her rubbing of the begrimmed diamond: "May I ask you for the salt and tea bags, Miss Ramill? They're as good as empty, I see. But I can refill them for my return to the valley."

She stared at him, wide-eyed. "Valley! You—you're going back there?"

"To be sure. Why not? You can't suppose I'll abandon all that million in my platinum placer."

Huxby's face had gone blank. His acute eyes stared with all their cold rancor. But Mr. Ramill chuckled. "Of course, my dear—the placer. He will be going back to his placer next spring."

The girl did not turn her astonished gaze away from Garth. "Dad doesn't understand. I do. You mean now! You planned it from the first. All that caribou meat and the—"

"Good guess," he broke in. "It has taken a bit longer than I expected to get you out. But in my light birch-bark, I fancy I can make the head of canoe water before the freeze-up. After that, frost and snow will make no difference. I'll have a pair of webs—snowshoes."

The millionaire spoke in place of his wild-eyed daughter: "But, man, the cold?"

Garth smiled. "Have you forgotten I told you that I wintered with the Eskimos at Coronation Gulf?"

"They have dog teams."

"Some of those teams were reared from wolf pups. I might experiment. There are several wolf families in the valley."

"You're stark mad! If you think you can—"

Mr. Ramill paused. He listened to what Huxby was muttering in his ear. His frown smoothed out, and he again favored Garth with the smile that did not go up as high as his shrewd eyes.

"Oh, well, my boy, if you're bound to risk your life in foolhardy adventuring, that's of course none of our business."

"Quite so," Garth agreed. "If our sixty-four deal had not fallen through, it would have been your business to do the legal assessment work on the claim. But as things stand, I may as well put in the winter doing the work myself. The metal I sled out with my wolf team should pay enough to buy me a fair-sized freight plane."

The millionaire beamed. "Yes—ah—true!"

Garth smiled back at him. "By the way, I meant to let you discover for yourselves at Fort Smith the happy surprise I've had all along for you. But since you're so pleased already over my prospects, I'll let you into the secret right now."

"Secret—at Fort Smith?"

"Yes. I forwarded my papers by the southbound Bellanca before I had the pleasure of meeting you and Miss Ramill. My claim has been on record for the past four weeks or so."

Huxby glared with a sudden change from gloating to cold rage: "You lie! You were going out in your canoe."

He was on his feet almost as soon as Garth. His fists swung in blows driven by all the force of his furious anger. Garth side-stepped both, and clipped in a hook to the jaw. Huxby dropped as if hit by a sledge. Yet it was not a complete knockout. After three of four seconds, he sat up, blinking like a dazed owl, and rubbing the flattened wave of beard on his jaw.

Garth had stepped back. He said: "Apologize, or get up and take what is coming to you."

Huxby stopped blinking. The daze cleared from his eyes. They took on their usual calculating look. He felt again at his sore jaw, and replied with cold deliberation: "I withdraw the term."

Arrogant as was the tone, the words were an unqualified apology. Garth turned to Lillith, who stood gazing at him with a peculiar hard glow in her

blue eyes. He spoke as if nothing had happened:

"Some of the ashes are now cool enough for you to use, Miss Ramill. Rub them on as a mud paste till the potash cuts the grease, then scour with sand, and rinse. Better take your ashes in the blanket, and use it for protection while you do your laundering. The skeets and bulldog flies are swarming. You'll find a bit of sand beach just under that clump of spruce."

Without a word of thanks, she dragged the blanket to the edge of the nearest outburst fire and began brushing the fluffy gray wood ashes upon it with a spruce spray. Her father had been gazing thoughtfully at Garth. He took up his empty foxskin bag.

"Come on, Vivian. This is washday. Take Lillith's bag and get your potash."

The wolfskin knapsack, with its platinum alloy treasure, had been left attached to the mooring line of the canoe. There was no bag for Garth. He made one by opening the front of his buckskin shirt and hand-laddling wood ashes inside.

Lillith went over beyond the spruce thicket with her blanket-bagged ashes. Garth led Mr. Ramill and Huxby to the strip of sand below the beached canoe. There he showed them how to cheat the buzzing insect pests. Instead of stripping for his laundry work, he muddled his ashes and plastered the paste all over his body and on the inside and outside of his clothes.

He rubbed in the mess and gave the weak solution of potash lye time to act. After that came the rinsing. He waded out and sat down in the water up to his neck. Thus protected from the swarms of stingers, he stripped off one garment at a time, washed it clean of ashes, and tossed it upon the edge of the beach. Before coming out, he took a luxurious swim in the clear river water.

First Ramill and then Huxby rather gingerly copied Garth's method. Like



Garth Side-Stepped Both, and Clipped in a Hook at the Jaw.

him, both wound up with a swim. Neither, however, ventured far out into the vast slow flood of the Mackenzie.

With the landing came the comedy. The others ended their bathing before Garth. He tread water to watch them. Both had wrung out their clothes and flung them well up the beach. The moment they splattered ashore, the waiting swarms of blood-suckers buzzed to the feast.

Huxby cursed, snatched up his half-dry rags, and dashed back in, to dress under water. Mr. Ramill, however, had no desire to put on wet clothes. He beat at the zizzing pests with his tattered union suit. It enabled him to get into the leather trousers and coat without being stung more than half a hundred times.

Garth's mirth was mixed with admiration for the mine investor's nerve. Along with this he felt a glow of satisfaction over the results of what his rigorous training had done for the once-soft millionaire. Though still heavy-set, the portly gentleman had become something of an athlete in appearance. His flabby muscles had been hardened; his loose jaws were now firm. His paunch had disappeared. He was lean about the waist and hips, and full-chested.

"My word, sir," Garth sang out, "you look fit for the football squad. That should be worth more to you than a dozen platinum claims. At least, you might toss me my buckskins."

Mellowed by the bath and swim to a temporary return of friendliness, the millionaire chuckled and came down the beach to fling the sodden garments out to their owner. His loitering afterwards may have been for Huxby. Yet he went back to the dead fires with Garth, when the engineer muttered something about having dropped his penknife.

As the two disappeared over the top of the ice-gouged bank, Huxby sprang to open the wolfskin knapsack. From it he snatched out a piece of rancid bear-cub fat, a clip of pistol cartridges, and his "lost" automatic.

With swift, purposeful movements, he rubbed the fat on the rusty pistol and began working the mechanism. It jammed repeatedly. But as the sun-melted fat soaked the rust, the action became normal.

Still quick yet unhurried, he loaded the clip into the hollow butt and slid back the outer barrel to throw a cartridge into the breech.

As was of course to be expected Lillith Ramill had not returned from her own dip and wood-ashes laundering. Garth sat down beside the tin cup and little aluminum pot to mend a rip in the left leg of his buckskin trousers.

Still in a friendly mood, but with shrewd calculation in his eyes, Mr. Ramill stretched out on his back in the long grass beside Garth.

"Well, young man, it appears that the game is played out. The joke on us is that you had the cards stacked. A cold deck, and no stakes up."

Garth differed: "Why not put it according to the facts, sir? I offered a square deal—a straight business proposition. The placer was in on that. Had I not sent out my papers for record, I would have had no legal claim to offer in my bargaining."

"Why—er— But when I refused your terms, and you refused mine, you said you preferred to play out the game."

"My game," Garth qualified; "not yours. It was you and Huxby who thought you had the cards stacked to win. You fancied it a sure-thing gamble."

"But—your game? You had the placer clinched. Why not have said so at once, or at least there at the lake when you turned the tables on us? I might have accepted your terms. At least we could have flown out together, instead of going through all these weeks of privation and hardship."

The last words won an amused glance from Garth.

"Hardship—privation? You must know several fellow millionaires who call it prime sport to spend a month in the bush."

"Sport?"

"Oh, well, if you can't see that side of it, just recall yourself as you were when I had to hoist you out of the monoplane cabin."

That held the millionaire for a long moment. Then—

"Admitting how much I've benefited from your health cure, Doctor Garth, your methods have done my future son-in-law no good. As for my daughter, to drag a delicately nurtured lady into the dirt and privations and dangers of your raw wilds—"

"Delicate!" Garth cut in. "Do you know of anyone more hard? The point in her case is that she was only a brittle, harsh alloy. Now she's at least partly tempered into true steel. I had hopes of still better results from the both of you. But hate and treachery blacken the blood."

At the bitter statement, the millionaire flushed with anger. He started to turn over on his side to frown at Garth. The movement drew Garth's glance. Above a clump of wild currants, less than ten paces distant, he glimpsed the top of Huxby's hat and the outthrust muzzle of the automatic.

As Garth ducked forward, the pistol blared. Garth pitched down on his face. At the same instant, startled by the shot, Mr. Ramill jerked up on his elbow. The long grass had hidden him. Huxby could not have known that his partner was lying so close beside Garth.

In the excitement of the moment, he must have thought he had missed his kill and that Garth was bounding up again. He instantly pulled the trigger a second time. Knocked over by the shock of the bullet, the millionaire sprawled across the flaccid body of Garth.

Even as the roar of the second shot dinned in his ears, the killer saw what he had done. The pistol dropped from his paralyzed hand. He stiffened erect on his knees to glare at that upermost body. It did not move.

Before he could recover his wits, Lillith burst screaming from the spruce thicket. Half clad, wet hair flying, she dashed forward to fling herself down on her bare knees beside her father. Under the partly washed off coat of mosquito dope, his face was the same sallow gray as Garth's.

She looked up, her eyes black with horror. Huxby had risen to his feet. He was advancing, once more cool. She flung out a forbidding hand.

"Stop! Keep away! You—murderer!"

His lips tightened. "You're mad, darling—clear off your head. I shot to save your father, not at him. No, listen—you must listen to me! The d-d rounneck attacked your father—with the knife—had him down. At my first shot he dodged. I thought I missed. Your father sprang up just as I fired again. It's the truth."

"Truth!" she cried—"truth! You've killed them—both!"

A great shuddering seized her—shook her like a fit of ague. Almost swooning, she sagged forward on the body of her father.

Huxby advanced with wary quickness. But at sight of the two men he had shot, he thrust his coat-hidden

pistol into its sheath. All the back of Garth's sideward turned head was a crimson blotch. What need of wasting powder on a man shot through the head?

Mr. Ramill's wound gave him no less satisfaction, though for an exactly opposite reason. The bullet had struck high up on the shoulder blade, between neck and arm. Huxby pulled the thicket body from under Lillith and opened the front of the leather coat. The steel-jacketed bullet had drilled clean through and come out below the collarbone.

"Look!" he shouted his relief. "Your father—he's not killed, only knocked out. The wound's not serious, so high up through the chest. Same way one of my classmates was shot by a hold-up. Take hold. We'll get him into the canoe and make a quick run down across to the refueling post. That fellow Tobin will have a medical kit."

The pulling of her father from under her had let the girl down upon the body of Garth. Huxby's eager assurance roused her from the semi-swoon. She struggled partly up, to peer at her father, her hands braced upon Garth's lax side.

Even as she gazed, the gray of her father's face became less ghastly. But in place of the smile of relief for which Huxby looked, she sprang up to glare at him in another outburst of denunciation:

"Murderer! Har! There's his knife where I left it. He did not have it! Liar! sneak! He did not attack Dad. But you—you crawled up and shot him—without warning!"

Huxby dropped his mask.

"What of it? The d-d wood louse lied first. He thought it funny to keep mum about having recorded his claim—to play your father and me all this time. Great joke that. Only it backfired on him. I'm the only pilot who can find the valley. No one can say that the claim we file on is the same as the one he recorded."

The girl quivered, tensed, and bounded sideways. The belt-ax was lying near the knife. She clutched one in each hand and straightened erect, her eyes ablaze.

"You beast!" she cried. "Go! Go, or I'll kill you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Arkansas' Pronunciation Decided by Legislature

From 1844 to 1848, Arkansas was represented in the United States senate by Chester Ashley, born in New England, and Ambrose H. Sevier, born in Tennessee. Ashley pronounced the name as spelled, while Sevier always said Arkansas. Sevier contended that the French got the name from the Indians, and spelled the last syllable "sas" because that was pronounced "saw" in the French language. The Vice President in recognizing Senator Ashley always said "the senator from Arkansas," while in recognizing Senator Sevier he said "the senator from Arkansaw." The people were divided on the subject.

In 1881 the Arkansas legislature caused the appointment of a commission of learned men to investigate the subject, and on the strength of its report passed the following resolution:

"The only true pronunciation of the name of the state, in the opinion of this body (the legislature), is that received by the French from the Indians, and committed to writing in the French word representing the sound, and that it shall be pronounced in three syllables, with the final 's' silent and the 'a' in each syllable with the Italian sound and the accent on the first and last syllables, being the pronunciation formerly universally and now still most commonly used, and that the pronunciation with the accent on the second syllable with the sound of 'a' as in man and the sounding of the terminal 's' is an innovation to be discouraged." The resolution was passed in March, 1881. The name of the river, however, is pronounced Arkansas by many citizens of the state who are careful to call their state Arkansaw.

Wrens in Our Garden

The house wren is one of the most economical birds we have, a friend to be cherished in any orchard or garden. He feeds entirely upon insects and if ever one did any harm it must have been a mistake. They rear two or three broods of four or five babies each in a season. Daddy and Mother Wren both work, taking turns sitting on the eggs or feeding the young. For a few days after a brood has hatched the father is so proud and happy that his song tumbles all over itself. Then he cools down as his duties become more arduous.

Future Written on Stars

The Chaldean sages studied the heavens to wrest from them the secret of the influence of the heavenly bodies on human affairs. They fancied that the future was written on the stars, and that it was possible for the human mind to decipher the scroll of the heavens. From that study of the movements of the heavenly bodies developed the science of astronomy, the astrologer of one age was the astronomer of the next.



Mary Pines for Her Pines

(A Christmas Story)

By Luella B. Lyons

MARY MINTER left her home from south of the Mason-Dixon line to marry Jack Howard. That's how she happened to be hating her new home in the North—hating the snow and cold and the fireworks she knew she was missing down home that Christmas day. Gazing out of the window all she could see were pine trees from four inches to sixty feet in height. Cedars! Pines! Spruces! She hated the words, even.

They Reached Ann Spear's Hospital Room and Made Explanations.

"How about a Christmas tree in the house, honey? Maybe that would help cheer you, do you suppose? I know you're eating your heart out with loneliness for home this, your first Christmas away," Jack offered, but Mary spurned his sympathy.

"A tree. A tree, did you say? Ha ha," she laughed bitterly, "go out there and on up the Ridge and look at those trees there by the hundreds and thousands. Imagine they are all Christmas trees if you like." Jack gave up trying to placate her but he understood—she was at that stage of homesickness.

About noon there came a phone call from their nearest neighbor, Milt Spears. His wife was in the city hospital, 40 miles away, and he had promised to visit here there, taking the two youngsters, but about an hour ago Milt had sprained an ankle and now—would Mary and Jack take the kids and go in his place?

What difference did it make if it was nearly nightfall when the pair and the two youngsters reached Ann Spear's hospital room and made the explanations and witnessed the relief that was so evident on the anxious wife's face.

"But where did you find such a novel tree arrangement, Mrs. Howard?" Ann's doctor wanted to know the moment he sighted the midget Christmas tree Mary had fixed up at a moment's notice. "Why, they are the nicest things I've ever seen yet, and I'd like to buy a dozen of them."

A strip of painted tin that was bent to hang over the head of a bed formed the foundation. A tiny cedar seedling about eight inches high formed the tree. Mary had stripped a wealth of tube roses she had been growing, to tie the blossoms all over that midget village tree. Fitting into a slot on that little tin bracket, it smiled its blessing upon the gathering.

Any Yuletide you might stop by the Howard Midget Christmas Tree Farm to find Mary and Jack getting a bit of rest from their labors, another glorious willing campaign over for another year. Yes, you'll find Mary there, for she does get pretty lonely when she must be away from her thousands of loved midget conifers any length of time!

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Christmas Cracker From France
The Christmas cracker came from France about eighty years ago.

Mrs. Durkee's Christmas Gander

By Martha B. Thomas

MRS. DURKEE had a gander, a fine strong bird with fine strong wings. Wherever Mrs. Durkee went the gander went, too.

Some years ago a goose egg had been given to Mrs. Durkee. It was a very large egg and ready to hatch, but a fox had killed the mother goose. It would make, when hatched and grown up, a fine Christmas dinner! Just as Mrs. Durkee prepared a nest for it, the shell cracked and out popped a head with very surprised eyes. From that moment the gosling and Mrs. Durkee became friends. She no more thought of him in terms of roasting than she would think of a neighbor in that unkind manner.

The widow lived alone and as the gander grew to manhood (so to speak), she depended more and more on him. Sometimes at night she would rouse him and he would untuck his head from his wing and escort her forth under a wintry moon.

And now, at the Christmas season, Gander was in full plumage and of a stern temper.

Christmas eve she sat alone by her kitchen fire, and there came a knock at the door. A man stood there and before she could speak pushed his way in. Seeing no one about, he ordered her to bring him bread and coffee and meat. She brought the man what he asked, and when he had eaten he said, "Now, give me all your money and I'll go with no trouble."

"No," said Mrs. Durkee. "I will not!"

Out came his fist and she just escaped a hard cuff on the head. She was angry enough to fight but instead went to her pantry. "I keep money in a jug here," she said and jingled some coins. At the same time she softly raised the window and whistled.

"Hey... come on with the cash! I'm in a hurry!"

"Yes, yes... some has stuck in the bottom." She made a great to-do at jingling. Then she heard a sleepy "Honk-Honk!" Her heart lifted.

"I have a few bills tucked behind the cookie jar," she added. "Let me get 'em." (Anything to take up time!)

She came slowly into the kitchen. "Here is your money," she said. "Oh, dear, I do believe some one is at the door. Take it quick!" She threw the coins at the man, and opened the door. In stalked the gander ready for anything.

The man shoved out his foot as if to kick him. In a moment, hissing and nipping, the great bird seemed to surround the man with heavy beating wings. The harder the unwelcome guest tried to escape the harder he was beaten back. At last, crouching and fending off the blows, he fled through the door... scattering coins all the way. The wad of bills had merely been a piece of make-believe.

The door slammed and the lonely widow sat down in a chair and laughed and laughed and laughed. The gander stood beside her, looking dignified and preening his ruffled feathers.

"I'd rather have you for a friend," cried Mrs. Durkee, "than all the roast ducks, turkeys and geese in the world. Merry Christmas... and I'll give you some fresh lettuce this minute."

The gander's bright eyes roved about the room, and he followed Mrs. Durkee into the pantry.

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Prompt Relief

For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with

Cuticura Ointment

Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 258, Malden, Mass.

LOST!

A bad case of Constipation!

Feel fit! Feel like working or playing. Enjoy life! A prompt, sure, pleasant way to relieve the slowing-up effects of constipation is to CLASP INTERESTINGLY THE GARFIELD TEA-cup way. Drink a cup tonight. Enjoy tomorrow! (At drug-stores) FREE SAMPLE Write to: GARFIELD TEA CO., Inc., Dept. 60, Brooklyn, N.Y.

GARFIELD TEA

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Cakes and pies will not burn while baking if a sheet of asbestos is cut and fitted into gas stove oven.

If skins peeled from apples when making pies are boiled until soft, then strained into pie shell before putting in apples, the flavor of pie is improved.

To remove iodine that has been spilled on linen or cotton, make a paste of starch and cold water and spread over stain. Let stand until dry, then brush off.

When roasting beef have oven very hot at first to seal in juices, then reduce heat, cooking more slowly.

In arranging the table for your bridge luncheon you can get the most distinctive effect by choosing a luncheon set of that sheer cathedral linen done in pastel-tinted embroidery. They are a change from the usual type of Italian linens.

Butter and sugar will cream more quickly if a few drops of warm water are sprinkled over them.

Silver and gold embroidered scarfs will not tarnish when packed away if wrapped in black paper.

A space should be left between walls of refrigerator and dishes containing foods to allow free circulation of air. This preserves the foods.

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DOCTORS KNOW

Mothers read this:

THREE STEPS TO RELIEVING CONSTIPATION

I II III

A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

Why do people come home from a hospital with bowels working like a well-regulated watch?

The answer is simple, and it's the answer to all your bowel worries if you will only realize it: many doctors and hospitals use liquid laxatives.

If you knew what a doctor knows, you would use only the liquid form. A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the secret of any real relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular liquid laxatives have become. They give the right kind of help, and right amount of help. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that can form no habit, even in children. So, try Syrup Pepsin. You just take regulated doses till Nature restores regularity.

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For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with

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GARFIELD TEA

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS