

# CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET



Garth chuckled and looked to see Huxby basketball with his men. Instead, the engineer headed up the bog valley towards the gulch. That added to Garth's mirth. By a quick return, the hunters could have stripped off the gray's hide before it froze. They were walking away from a rug that would have gone far towards replacing their burnt blankets. He had so tantalized and enraged them that they could think only of revenge.

To add insult to injury, he tramped a heavy trail up into a spruce thicket and built a small fire. Beside the fire, he scattered a handful of dried apricots and prunes. After that he skirted along the edge of the musketeer to its north end.

Here he came to where in ancient times, before it started to recede, the glacier had piled a big terminal moraine. This was the immense natural dam that held the lake in its bed.

Among the rocks of the rapids, on the slope of the lower valley below the falls, Garth made out the wreckage of Mr. Ramill's custom-built monoplane.

He worked his way down alongside the rapids to look closer at the wreck. What little had been left of the costly aircraft was not worth salvaging. But the tattered cover of one broken wing thrust up out of the white water with its north end.

Garth started a fire of small sticks. He quenched it with damp moss, and used the charred stick ends to write on the wing fabric:

\$5,000 reward for  
V. HUXBY  
Thief and  
Murderer.

## CHAPTER XI

### Female of the Species.

Shortly before noon, the four trail-ers appeared on the moraine. The man who had not been bogged led the way down. Another miner followed, then Huxby. The man who had lost his rifle lagged behind. The two leaders reached the broken monoplane wing. Garth saw them read the writing.

Huxby jumped down beside the miners, to stare at the offer of reward that branded him for what he was. With a curse, he ripped the tattered piece of fabric from the wing frame and flung it down into the foaming rapids.

The two men glanced furtively at each other. Huxby pointed to the trail on the opposite bank and signed for them to lead the way across. Neither moved. The first man cursed, and shouted his refusal:

"Jump them boulders? I ain't no fox. I'm through trailing that devil."

"Me too," declared the second man. "I won't break my neck for nobody."

A second look at the crossing forced Huxby to shout his agreement: "Curse the devil! We'll chase back. He's going on around to our plane. That's where he must have left both of his disabled companions."

Along with the angry statement, the engineer signed for his miners to start back ahead of him. Garth smiled. The two who had seen that offer of reward would not forget it, and Huxby was keenly aware of the fact.

When all four disappeared up on the moraine, Garth recrossed the boulders. There was no sign of Lilith when he came down from the moraine. He called into the entrance tunnel. Back

quicker. As he caught it up, Huxby clutched at his throat. Garth felled him with a tap of the ax butt on the temple.

Wakened by the sudden flurry, the two miners in the leanto were grasping at the pair of rifles on which Huxby had lain. Garth whirled the pistol to cover them.

"Hands up, and get out beside your mate!" he ordered. "We want only the murderer. But we'll shoot you down like dogs if you interfere."

One of the pair jerked up his hands. The other man hesitated. The miner outside called warningly: "The jig's up, Laney. The other feller has got the drop on us too."

Laney lifted his hands and stared out after his bed-mate. Huxby was staggering up, still dazed from the blow that had felled him. Wild with desperate rage, he struck out furiously. Garth sidestepped and thrust in a tripping foot.

The engineer pitched face-down on the hard-crusted snow. Before he could spring up again, Garth jumped upon his back. The blow knocked him breathless. It was then as easy matter to click Constable Dillon's handcuffs on the wrists of the murderer.

"Stop that cursing, or I'll gag you," Garth said. "There's a lady present. All right, Miss Ramill. Join us."

Huxby fell silent, to gape like the miners at the skin-clad form that came forward out of the black shadows into the firelight. The girl still carried the constable's pistol raised ready to shoot. Huxby saw enough of her face in its border of wolferine fur to make certain Garth had not been bantering him.

"Lilith! You?"

"Yes, it's me, your cowardly sneak killer! I came after you with Alan, and he has let me catch you."

The murderer twisted around with his back to her and the fire. His head sagged forward. With a sudden return of alertness, Lilith turned her gaze away from his shadowed profile to watch the three lined-up miners.

Garth did not smile at the girl's needless caution. She had earned the right to think herself an invaluable helper. He allowed her to stand guard while he gathered up the three rifles and unloaded them.

"Right-o, Miss Ramill," Garth said. "Sit down. It's all over now but the talking."

She lowered the pistol but drew back where she could watch Huxby as well as the miners. Garth looked soberly at the men.

"If you know Kipling, you'll bear in mind that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. I dare say, though, you can safely venture to lower your hands and sit down with us."

At the welcome permission, the three dropped their arms. Two of them at once squinted on a log. Laney lingered for a surly question, before following suit.

"What's the play?"

"All we came for was to arrest Huxby. Help with the cabin plane, and there will be no mention of any shooting other than his murder of the constable. What wages did he promise you?"

"Double the usual. Told us he had to get in his assessment work before the freeze-up."

"The claim belongs to me," Garth replied. "I will pay you the double wages."

"Eh?" growled Laney. "You out-played the d-n fourflusher. It's a deal. You're boss. We're working for you."

Garth walked back into the blackness of the spruce trees. He returned with the flour-sack packing, his own and Lilith's buckskin smocks, and a hind-quarter of fat caribou meat. At his invitation, the men eagerly went to the frozen meat; with an ax, and put the big teapot, full of snow, on the fire.

Lilith and Garth had eaten before coming down from the igloo. They sat back on a snowdrift, and watched while the others devoured the tender broiled meat and gulped down cups of hot tea. The flesh of the old she-bear had been as tough as leather and her fat very rank.

Huxby continued to sit in morose silence, with his back to the fire. The feasters paid no heed to him. After a time Lilith began to stir uneasily. At last she had to act. She handed her pistol to Garth, and went to put a piece of meat on a spit. When it was broiled, she took it and a cup of tea to Huxby.

He started up at her as if dumfounded, then shook his head sullenly. She put down the cup and plate beside him, and returned to Garth. At his look of cool inquiry, her eyes flashed with defiance.

"I don't care! It's not right to starve anyone."

He replied in a noncommittal tone: "You're a woman."

The murderer took up his cup of hot tea in his manacled hands and drank. He began to eat the meat.

When daylight came, Garth ordered everyone out to the cabin plane. The hard-frozen slush ice gave solid footing over the bog. It also gave a solid foundation out at the plane upon which were based the engineer's lifting operations. The ice had been chopped from around the floats, and a crib built under the inner end of each wing. By hoisting first on the outer end of one wing and then the other, the cribs had been heightened until the floats were level with the top of the ice.

A glance inside the cabin showed Garth the body of Constable Dillon lying where he had left it. Laney explained, with a jerk of a mittened thumb to Huxby:

"He first says we'd chuck the stiff under the ice. Then he says, no, to wait an' heave it out when we was

flying over the musketeer."

"We'll wait still longer," Garth said. "That brave constable is going to receive an honorable burial. Now get to work with those sawing levers. Another pair of logs on the cribs will raise the floats high enough to roller her clear."

Garth showed the men how to skew the rollers for turning the plane. He went to shove sideways on the tail. The plane started to curve around.

A shriek from Lilith whirled Garth's face about. Huxby was rushing at him, with an ax lifted high in his manacled hands. Lilith flew at the attacker as if frenzied. She sought to block his charge. He gave her his shoulder with the skill of a football player. It caught her on the chin and sent her spinning.

But the slight check allowed Garth time for a leap in under the ax before the blade could whirl down on his head. His left fist appeared to punch deep into the pit of Huxby's stomach. His right drove up under the chin of the gasping murderer. The uppercut lifted the killer off his feet and dropped him on his face, clean knocked out.

With no more than a glance at his fallen attacker, Garth sprang to help Lilith's dazed effort to sit up. "Well played," he said. "Not hurt, are you?"

"N-no—I—you—he didn't!" she cried, and burst into tears.

Garth gave her a pat on the head, and turned away, embarrassed. "No wonder you're overcome. It's been too much for a girl. We'll hop out of here at once."

He lashed the unconscious killer's wrists to his belt, tied his ankles together, and climbed into the cockpit of the plane. After replacing the breaker points, he had the men take turns spinning the propeller. He then tried the self-starter. The engine roared. Pulled by the whirling propeller, the plane slid forward off the log rollers.

After cutting the gun, Garth ordered two of the men to leave Huxby into the cabin. The third man he sent for the rifles. "I want the one with which he shot Constable Dillon. But you may as well bring the others—also a lot of that bear fat."

He himself went to pick up the still weeping girl and help her to the second seat in the cockpit. He made sure of the supply of gasoline, and climbed down again to see that the men gave the E float of the floats a thorough greasing with the bear fat.

After that, when all were aboard, and the rifles in Lilith's keeping, he started the engine. The plane at first moved slowly. The floats dragged on the rough surface of the frozen slush. But when they glided out on the streak of glare ice, the friction became less than that of a water take-off.

Within a half mile the speed had so increased that an easy pull on the joystick sent the plane skimming up off the glassy surface. Garth banked in a long curve to the left, listening to the roar of the warmed motor. Every cylinder was hitting sweet.

He made a wide spiral over the valley for elevation, and drove out eastwards above a saddle in the jagged mountain barrier. When clear of the valley, he did not keep straight on across to the Mackenzie. He turned more to the south.

## CHAPTER XII

### Squaw Lilith.

The cross-country flight brought the plane to the Mackenzie at the great bend below the Laird. But Garth did not come down at Fort Simpson. He flew on up the vast river to Great Slave lake, and east across the lake to Fort Resolution.

Some time before sunset, he set the cabin plane down at the landing of the Airways base by the mouth of the Slave river. After landing Lilith ashore, he left her standing while he went to speak to the Airways superintendent. That courteous gentleman hastened to tell the girl that his wife would be delighted if the daughter of Mr. Barton Ramill would honor their hospitalities.

Huxby was not invited. He turned away to meet the red-coated sergeant of police for whom he had sent. Lilith did not see him again until the next morning.

Told by her hostess that Mr. Garth wished to speak with her, she made a hurried effort to adjust her borrowed dress. Though more stylish than the one loaned to her on the steamer by the Fort Norman missionary's wife, it was not cut for her lithe figure. She went hesitatingly into the room where Garth waited alone for her.

Sight of him in his caribou parka brought her to a startled halt. Her eyes widened. "Oh, still in your skin suit! You—you're going back!"

"What difference does it make to you?" he asked. "You'll soon be in Edmonton—and civilization."

She stepped suddenly close to him, her hands held out in appeal. "No! I—Alan, take me back with you!"

"Back there? Don't tell me you like that squaw life. Those days in the valley and the trip out must have been a hell of torment to you—dirt, rags, mosquito dope, flies, starvation. And now ice, snow, bitter cold."

"Anything—anything just to be with you, Alan—dear!"

He put his arms about her. He kissed her red lips and scarlet cheeks and tightly closed eyelids.

"My girl," he said, "you are going with me wherever I go. Get on your parka."

Her arms were clasped tight about his neck. She lingered a moment to return his kiss. Then, her blue eyes aglow, she ran to obey him.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Ralph W. Ensley and wife, Beulah Ensley, to the undersigned, dated February 15, 1927, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, in Book of Deeds of Trust No. 21, page 27, and also by virtue of a certain judgment of the Superior Court of Haywood County, rendered on the 7th day of January, 1936, at eleven o'clock A. M., in front of the court house door in the town of Waynesville, N. C., offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described lands and premises, to-wit:

Lying and being in the city of Waynesville, County of Haywood, State of North Carolina, and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on a stake the North side of Beulah Avenue 150 feet from a stake which is 16 feet North of a white oak, corner of Wm. Herron's land and runs thence North 1 deg. 10' West 150 feet to a stake; thence North 88 deg. 40' West 140 feet to a stake; thence South 1 deg. 10' East 150 feet to a stake in Beulah Avenue; thence with said avenue South 88 deg. 40' East 140 feet to the beginning corner.

The above described lot of land being a part of the tract conveyed to R. W. Ensley (Ralph W. Ensley) by deed dated January 21, 1923, by J. R. Thomas and wife, Josephine Thomas, and recorded in Deed Book No. 59, page 461, record of deeds for Haywood County, N. C.

Notice is given that ten per cent of the purchase price will be required in cash on the date of the sale as an evidence on the part of the purchaser of good faith.

This 9th day of March, 1936.  
INSURED MORTGAGE BOND CORPORATION OF NORTH CAROLINA, Trustee.



He Kissed Her Red Lips and Scarlet Cheeks and Tightly Closed Eyelids.

When she came hastening back, in her Eskimo costume, she ventured an appeal: "Can't I have a comb and brush and—soap, Alan?"

He looked soberly past her shoulder at the amused face of her hostess. "Well, yes, I dare say you can. We're going first to Edmonton. Your father is there. I sent him a message that we are coming."

She plucked at the wolferine fringe of her parka hood. "You—you cheat!"

He took her into his arms, regardless of the onlooking lady. "My girl, we are back in civilization. We are first going to be properly married."

"But these caribou suits?"

"Best of flying costumes. We're taking a two-seater. The suits will come in handy again this winter when I teach Mrs. Garth how to drive a dog team. Until that it's to be silks for my girl. I must first testify at the trial. After that we'll hop over to Victoria and take a steamer to Japan for our honeymoon."

"Oh, Alan, how how delightful! But Japan? Why, I never dreamt a prospector like you would care to travel in the Orient. So, if—if you'd rather go back to the valley, dear—"

Her hostess could no longer keep silent.

"Prospector, Miss Ramill! Is that all you know about Mr. Garth? His father is one of the heads of the Hudson's Bay company. He himself is a member of our parliament, a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, a noted explorer—"

"And the winner of the gamest girl I ever knew?" Garth cut in. "Come on, Squaw Lilith. You've proved your self a mate woman. Now you're going to be my lady wife."

[THE END]

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and help during our bereavement.

Mrs. Joe Leaming and Children.

## Oxygen Universal

Nearly half of everything in or on the crust of the earth consists of oxygen.

## Laxative combination folks know is trustworthy

The confidence thousands of parents have in good, old, reliable, powdered Theodor's Black-Draught has prompted them to get children, and grown folks stick to the powdered Black-Draught; the youngsters probably will prefer it when they outgrow their childish love of sweets. Mrs. C. W. Adams, of Murray, Ky., writes: "I have used Theodor's Black-Draught (powder) near Black-Draught acts well and I am always pleased with the results. I wanted a good, reliable laxative for my children. I have found Syrup of Black-Draught to be just that."

## BLACK-DRAUGHT

NOTICE  
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT  
NORTH CAROLINA,  
HAYWOOD COUNTY.  
RUTH GILLEY WILSON  
vs  
WILLIAM DEAN WILSON.  
The defendant, William Dean Wilson, will take notice that an action, entitled as above, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, for an absolute divorce.

And the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County, in the Court House in Waynesville, North Carolina, on the 27th day of April, 1936, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This 3rd day of March, 1936.  
KATE WILLIAMSON,  
Clerk, Superior Court, Haywood County, North Carolina.  
448—Mar. 5-12-19-26—Pd.

## STRENGTHEN THE BLADDER

MAKE THIS 25c TEST  
Drink lots of hotted or distilled water, if irritation causes getting up nights, frequent desire, scanty flow, burning, or backache. You know what hardwater does to a tea-plant. Drive out excess acids and deposits with buchu leaves, juniper oil, etc., made into green tablets called Bukets, the bladder lax. Works on the bladder similar to castor oil on the bowels. In four days, if not pleased, any druggist will refund you 25c. (The Waynesville Pharmacy).

On Monday, April 6, 1936, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, the undersigned receiver will offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder for the terms of one-third cash, and the remainder in two equal annual installments bearing interest, the following described lands and premises in the town of Waynesville, adjoining the corporate limits of the town of Waynesville, and known as the Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Corporation property, and more particularly described as follows:

A BEGINNING on a stake in the center of the Southern Railway track, and Southwest corner of the H. W. Westcott lot and runs thence S. 34° E. 251 feet with Westcott's line to a stake in a ditch; thence S. 22° 30' W. 100 feet with the ditch to a stake; thence S. 51° 30' W. 204 feet to a stake in line of Factory Street; thence S. 41° 30' E. 258 feet to a stake in Northern line of street; thence S. 49° 30' W. 176 feet, passing Mrs. De Neergard's corner at 20 feet in South side of said street, and with the line of her line to a stake on the North side line of said highway, Mrs. De Neergard's Southwest corner; thence S. 88° 30' W. 100 feet with said line of said highway to a stake; thence S. 72° W. 100 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence S. 78° W. 200 feet with side line of State highway to a stake; thence N. 88° W. 300 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence West 100 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence North 60 feet to a stake in the center of Southern Railway track; thence N. 52° E. 1230 feet up the center of track to the BEGINNING containing 10.71 acres, more or less, subject to the rights and easements of the Southern Railway.

Said land will be subdivided into parcels, and a map exhibited at said sale, and the property will be offered for sale in parcels and then as a whole, to the highest bidder.

Sale made pursuant to an order of the Judge of the Superior Court, made at February Term, 1936, of the Superior Court of Haywood County, in an action entitled, "Citizens Bank & Trust Company, et al. vs. Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Corporation, et al." and the sale will be subject to the approval of the Court.

This 6th day of March, 1936.  
J. H. HOWELL,  
Receiver of Haywood Furniture Mfg. Corp.  
No. 451—Mar. 12-19-26-Apr. 2.

## NOTICE OF RECEIVER'S SALE

On Monday, April 6, 1936, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, the undersigned receiver will offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder for the terms of one-third cash, and the remainder in two equal annual installments bearing interest, the following described lands and premises in the town of Waynesville, adjoining the corporate limits of the town of Waynesville, and known as the Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Corporation property, and more particularly described as follows:

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This 6th day of March, 1936.  
J. H. HOWELL,  
Receiver of Haywood Furniture Mfg. Corp.  
No. 451—Mar. 12-19-26-Apr. 2.

## NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY NOTICE

This is to notify all persons that have claims against West Coal Company, a partnership, consisting of H. G. West, John W. West, and Jean M. West, to exhibit the same to the John W. West and Jean M. West, within twelve months from this date, the surviving partners of said partnership, the said H. G. West having died. This, the 2nd day of March, 1936.  
JOHN W. WEST,  
JEAN M. WEST.  
No. 450—Mar. 5-12-19-26.

## NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of H. G. West, deceased, late of the County of Haywood, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 3rd day of March, 1937, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.  
This the 2nd day of March, 1936.  
JEAN M. WEST,  
Administratrix of H. G. West's Estate.  
449—Mar. 5-12-19-26-Apr. 2-9.

## Read The Ads



A Quick Crawl Took Him In Through the Low Narrow Passage.

came a quivering cry of relief. A quick crawl took him in through the low narrow passage.

Lilith was breathing hard, almost gasping. "Oh! oh, thank God! I looked and looked, but I could not see you. I thought you must be—lying