



SYNOPSIS

An Alan Garth prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airport of emergency station. In it are Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith, and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the plane is to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to the mining-bearing ore as nearly worthless. Lilith Ramill, product of the life she leads, plainly shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Garth vaulted upon the wing and walked in along it to the fuselage. The girl leaned from the big rear window of the cabin. "Give me your hand," Garth said. "I'll swing you up on the wing."

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the purpose that had brought them ashore.

"I'll swing you aboard easy enough, Lilith," he said. Garth spoke to him without a trace of amusement.

"If you ask me, I think this little walk to the mine would be good exercise for Miss Ramill. When I left here, last month, there was a she-grizzly with two cubs back along the lake shore. They may have gone off; maybe not. That pilot of yours wouldn't be of much use if you happened to blunder between the old lady and her young ones."

"You saw the beast, yet did not kill her," scoffed Huxby. "Pretty thin."

"Not at all; she was quite fat. It happened, though, I had no need of meat or bear skins. Also, she was as willing as I was to live and let live, just so I kept away from her cubs."

Mr. Ramill started to overtake him. "Lead ahead, Garth. I came here to see your prospect, not to talk about shooting."

Garth went on up against the tundra. When he came to where the smooth slope dropped into a shallow trough, a backward glance showed the girl and Huxby loitering along behind her father. The portly millionaire came panting up beside Garth.

"Well?" he asked. "There's my claim," Garth answered. "My lower stake is down at that cross dyke of gneiss, a thousand feet or so from the lake shore. The upper one stands about three hundred feet below those alpine ledges. You could stake a claim above mine, but I doubt if you'd find any dirt. There is none at all between the lower stake and the lake. The dyke stopped the down-drift of the alloy. I sampled several acres. Beginning at the grass roots and going down to frost, the dirt ran from five to ten dollars a pan. This trough is a placer pocket—a cache filled by the age-long down-drift from those disintegrated veins up the mountain. My claim covers all or nearly all the deposit, and it is worth several hundred thousand dollars, if not a million."

The cool certainty of Garth's statement compelled belief. Mr. Ramill's ruddy face went blank.

at coincidence, suppose you clear gravel for its midway between here and for the staked hole down there."

"That's my discovery stake," Garth replied. "Wasn't looking for gold in this trough. Just happened to notice the gray metal where the spring gush of the rill had torn the moss from the gravel. About my digging, I must beg to be excused. What if I should happen to drop a handful of that galena into the hole, when your expert was not looking?"

Ignoring the irony, Huxby pulled the shovel from the dugout shelter and gogged into a bed of moss. Mr. Ramill stooped his portly body to pick up the gold pan.

Huxby shoveled clear the moss and black humus from a space two feet or more square. He tossed aside a few stones the size of his fist, and took the gold pan from Mr. Ramill to load it with gravel. They went a few steps downslope to the edge of a lower pool.

None too deftly, Huxby dipped water into the pan and began to rotate the contents. After more than twice the time an old prospector would have needed for the operation, the mining engineer worked the pan clear of all except a spoonful of dull nodules.

Miss Ramill had stretched out to bask in the summer warmth. With the upland of the sun towards the noon of the nineteenth-hour day, the breeze had died down. The calm brought a swarm of mosquitoes upslope from the lake shore. The girl put on her headscarf, covered the unbooted part of her legs with caribou moss, and resumed her sun bath.

Out of the tall of his eye Garth watched Huxby and Mr. Ramill. When he saw the two get their net-draped heads together over the gold pan, he rose and went towards them. The tread of his moccasins was noiseless. Before the two noticed his approach, he stood looking down over their shoulders.

"Not half bad for a starter," he said. "At least five dollars in your first pan."

"Hardly that value," replied Mr. Ramill. "Admitting there is some platinum in this alloy, I am afraid

Garth vaulted upon the wing and walked in along it to the fuselage.

thought of the vast length of time that had been required to erode the side of the mountain above him. Nature had spent ages in collecting these hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of precious alloy upon which he now lay basking. And he had chanced to stumble upon the treasure near the end of a trip of which exploration and adventure had been the prime motive and prospecting only a side issue. Now, by law, he was sole owner of all this wealth.

He thought of the two men up-slope whom he had brought to share in his good fortune. They had thanked him for seeking to lead and cheat him out of it all. But that was the nature of far too many men. There was no reason to be surprised or angered. They had failed to outplay him with their stacked cards. He looked at a clump of alpine blossoms close beside his elbow, and smiled.

Uplope he heard the swirl of gravel in the gold pan. After a time the sound died out. His keen ear caught the dull tread of heavy feet on the turf.

Mr. Ramill turned toward Garth. "We will go back to the plane for lunch while considering the matter of dull nodules."

"Only for a short time," Huxby qualified. "I intend to return here for more sampling. No need of your troubling to join us."

Garth saw that his company was not wanted. "Thanks, I'm not hungry. Come to think, I'll go down to the lake and make sure my old lady grizzly isn't lurking in the bush."

"Your phantom bear," mocked Miss Ramill. "Watch out she doesn't make a ghost of you."

Under cover of his smile at the gibes, Garth caught the glance that passed between her father and Huxby. The girl had said it. "Watch out" was the word.

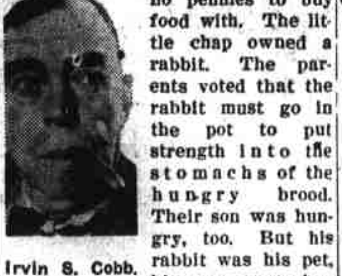
He swung down the trough with no sign of hurry. The length of his gliding stride made his movements appear leisurely. Without looking back, he slanted in among the scrubby spruces. A mass of the dense evergreens put him out of sight of the three chechacos up on the open tundra. He turned sharp to the right. Midway down the brush-fringed lake shore, the tall spruces stood well spaced. He broke into a run.

A vista between the trees offered him a view uplope. He halted behind a screen of young aspens to look. The three had already reached the side of the trough. They started to hurry on against the mountain-side. Lilith Ramill and Huxby had the girl's heavy-bodied father between them. They were helping him along twice as fast as he could have made it without their aid.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

SANTA MONICA, CALIF

To me, the biggest, most tragic story in the week's papers was not a war in Africa, or a Mexican border raid, or the passing of a gallant American soldier. It was a little press dispatch from an Ohio town where a twelve-year-old boy lived.



Irvin S. Cobb.

The family was on relief, the father out of work. There was no food in the house, no pennies to buy food with. The little chap owned a rabbit. The parents voted that the rabbit must go in the pot to put strength into the stomachs of the hungry brood. Their son was hungry, too. But his rabbit was his pet, his one possession. So he went and hanged himself with a loop of frayed clothes-line.

People, including some who have plenty of it for themselves, are given to saying money isn't everything. Maybe not, but it'll buy quite a lot of things. Just a little money in that poor household would have bought a boy's life. And a boy, who so dearly loved a dumb and helpless thing that he died rather than see it die, might have grown up to be somebody in a world which needs all the compassion and all the loving it can get.

The Lion and the Lamb.

NO MATTER who gets involved in it or how this Ethiopian war turns out, watch motherly old Britain emerge from the mess with something valuable—territories, concessions, mandates or what have you?—tucked away in her commodious bread baskets. Any time the lion and the lamb lie down together, the lamb stays down—provided it's the British lion you're thinking of.

Let those who will, fight the battle and foot the bills. All John Bull asks is a chance to exercise the benevolent process of absorption, digestion and assimilation. There's one appetite has stood the test of the ages.

For the valor of her sons, perhaps it's fitting that, as a symbol, England should have Leo, but if you're picking something to typify her policies, my choice would be the tapeworm.

Today's Stein Song.

THINGS never come out right in this faulty world. Just as Professor Einstein, the scientist, arrives with a huge crate of fresh relativity, Gertrude Stein, the poet, goes hence.

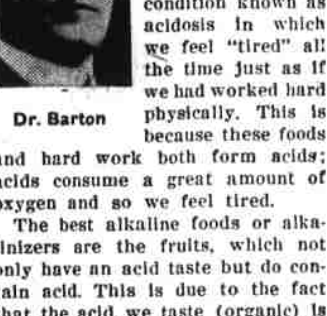
For years I have been waiting to see these two massive minds brought under the same bulging roof, hoping then they'd take on a job which lesser intellects could never cope with. I wanted her to explain his theory and I wanted him to explain her poetry.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

DR. JAMES W. BARTON

The Alkaline Reserve

ONE of the points that is often forgotten in reducing weight is that as the weight goes off, owing to the food intake being reduced, there is a tendency to acidosis—that listless, tired feeling that makes the individual feel that he or she is faint from lack of food. It is often not the lack of food so much as not enough of fruits, and the cutting down on white potatoes, that is making the blood and tissues less alkaline than they should be.



Dr. Barton

You are hearing and reading a great deal about acidosis—the effects upon the system of "acid-forming" foods. You are told that as a nation we eat too much of the acid-forming foods—eggs, meat, fish, breads, cereals, pastries—and not enough of the base or alkali-forming foods—milk, fruits, vegetables and nuts. The result is the condition known as acidosis in which we feel "tired" all the time just as if we had worked hard physically. This is because these foods

and hard work both form acids; acids consume a great amount of oxygen and so we feel tired. The best alkaline foods or alkalinizers are the fruits, which not only have an acid taste but do contain acid. This is due to the fact that the acid we taste (organic) is the kind the body can easily burn up or oxidize as fuel in the tissues, while the rest of the fruit contains a great amount of base or alkali-forming elements, so that an alkaline ash is left in the body after the food is burned in the tissues.

About the only organic acids which the body cannot burn are found in cranberries, rhubarb, prunes, and plums. Apples, bananas, oranges, muskmelons, raisins, peas, beans, and white potatoes are foods which have been found to be very efficient in reducing the slight acid condition of the body caused by eating too much of the acid-forming foods for a long time.

As mentioned above too much acid-forming food uses up too much of your body energy in trying to overcome its acid qualities, and you feel lazy and listless. Thus lecturers and health writers do well to warn you about acidosis which is the name given to these symptoms.

In fact, so insistent are some of these writers and lecturers about the danger of acidosis that there is actually set up in some individuals who follow this advice too closely a condition of "alkalosis," where the blood and tissues are too alkaline to do their work properly.

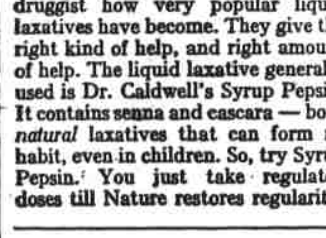
Now we all want to be at our best, to be not only able to work but anxious to do it, and while we must eat the acid formers—eggs, meat, fish, bread, and cereals—to maintain the "structure" of the body and supply energy, we must not eat so much of them that so much oxygen is used up in burning or oxidizing them that we are left listless and tired. Because, after all, our "snap" or "pep" depends to a great extent in maintaining the "alkali reserve" of the body. Any departure from this alkali reserve, that allows the blood and tissues to get more nearly to the acid condition means just that much lack of energy or desire to work.

FOOTPRINTS OF DINOSAUR

Miners in a coal mine at Chandler, Ohio, recently found the footprints of a giant dinosaur, which must have waded through the mud some 5,000 years ago, reports the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

DOCTORS KNOW

Mothers read this: THREE STEPS TO BELIEVING CONSTIPATION



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.

Beware Coughs

from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Sentinel's Inquiry According to army regulations the correct inquiry of a sentinel on guard is, "Halt! Who is there?"

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE CAPUDINE

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Quick, Complete Pleasant ELIMINATION

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