

BLACK FEATHER

—BY—
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WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

And Rickman ran into water to his knees, clasped the lieutenant's hand with a fervor which matched the tone of his words.

Up the lake shore the glow of a great fire stained tree tops and spread across the water, lacquering it in black and gold. Drums sounded and the nasal voices of native women singing in chorus reached them, punctuated by shrill whoops. The grand medicine was in progress. The rum which Rodney had promised was taking hold on hearts and tongues.

Rickman explained this to Capes' query and rubbed his hands. "He'll be there," he said. "The renegade, he'll be watching the dance! A fitting moment to drag him to answer this charge, Capes!"

"Tonight? He doesn't suspect pursuit, does he? My men are worn. Morning will do, surely, and—"

"You may have been seen! And if word reached Shaw that soldiery is at hand? What then, Capes?"

"But to march among the Indians with muskets? They're drunk, by the sounds. It might mean disaster, Rickman!"

"You mistake my meaning. We can go to Shaw's gate by following the shore. The place will be guarded. I'll reveal myself and tell the guard I want word with Shaw. That will bring him. Yes, and on the run!"

He shrugged his shoulders and lifted upturned palms in significant gesture.

"We may as well be done with this, I suppose," Capes said and paused because a figure was running toward him up the slope; a small, cloaked figure.

"Lieutenant Capes? Lieutenant Capes?"

A woman? Calling for him? Here in this wilderness fort?

They'd had no warning whatever that Annette Leclere was here, that she was running breathlessly up the slope, once she learned Capes' whereabouts.

"Lieutenant Capes?" she cried again but it was Burke Rickman who spoke.

"Annette!"

She came to a halt before them, one hand against the door frame for support, the other holding the long, maroon cloak close about her throat. Silence. Dumbfounded silence. And Capes, confused by the tableau, stammered:

"M'm'selle! Where did you . . . what brings you . . ."

"Orders, Lieutenant! I bring you orders from the commandant!"

She fumbled within the cloak as she spoke and brought out and thrust toward him a limp, frayed packet.

"Orders? What orders do you bring me, M'm'selle?"

"Orders calling you back," she said in a whisper, as if the completion of her errand had drained all the remaining strength from her body. "Orders revoking the orders that . . . brought you here."

She swayed then despite her hand on the wall and might have fallen had not Capes stepped quickly toward her, showing the stupefied Rickman from his way, and encircled her shoulders with an arm.

Rickman's mouth opened but no words came.

"From the beginning this charge against him has been known to be absurd," she said easily. "But still, with the persuasion and persistence put behind the effort to ruin Rodney Shaw, the officials have not had the courage to follow any other course until Giles spoke."

"Giles?"

"Giles! The man has been as frightened of company vengeance as any other. But when it became known that Rodney had bested you here, Burke Rickman; when the last unfair move in the cruel game you play was made apparent . . . then forces were brought to bear upon Giles which brought from him the truth."

"Then," she said, "the problem was to overtake you, Lieutenant, and stop this unwarranted and disgraceful arrest. There was none to come. A detachment had been ordered to Detroit. The major could spare no men. Someone had to come and . . . there was no one else." Her voice broke and she swallowed bravely.

"Fools!" moaned Rickman. "It can't be! It's not believable that any such order could have been issued! I demand, Capes, that you read that order!" The other drew himself up. "I read it," he said stiffly, "but not because of your demands, Rickman. Please understand, I know my duty!"

It would peel a man's ears, the major had declared to Annette, and surely it had effect on the ears of this young lieutenant because his ears reddened as he scanned the lines of script.

"I will disregard order to bring the alleged fugitive Shaw to Michilimackinac . . . will conduct yourself as though you were unaware of traders' contentions . . . will return to this post immedi-

ately with no delays for any reason whatsoever . . ."

Capes folded the sheet slowly, thrust it into a tunic pocket. He drew a deep breath, as of relief, and settled his belt decisively.

One of Rickman's hands twitched upward as though a blow had stung him. The lieutenant stepped past him, confronting Annette. He was puzzled, glanced briefly at Rickman, and addressed the girl.

"In a place of contention such as this," he said, "an island encampment seems advisable for a military party. May I . . . may I offer the security of my detachment as a neighbor? Or . . . or are there other plans?"

"I thank you, Lieutenant," she said, her gaze going to Burke Rickman. Then, significantly: "I will follow directly."

Capes hesitated, then bowed and disappeared through the doorway.

CHAPTER VIII

The girl stood there, holding the cloak about her, facing Rickman.

"Annette? This . . . this means what?"

"That at last I can speak truth!" she said, "after these weeks of shame and humiliation. Two great privileges have come to me tonight. The one is in that I have repaired, as far as it could be repaired, a

great wrong which I did Rodney Shaw. The other is that I can confess to you the falsity of my words at our last meeting. From the hour I struck at Rodney by betraying his plan to you I was in misery. And that morning of your departure, when you came to me for your farewells . . . when I begged you to remain; when I embraced you and kissed you,—"with a shudder—"I was only acting a part."

"Acting?"

"Acting, Burke, to save my . . . the man I loved."

"All I wanted you to believe that day was that I desired you, to stay. I loathed you, I hated you, but I wanted you to delay, that Rodney might have some chance to capture the thing he wanted!"

She spoke that, slowly, with great intensity.

"So that's your object, eh?" the trader cried, grasping her shoulder. "So you confess to me your love for this upstart? You make this journey to save him and humble me? Is that it? Well, if that's it—"

"Burke! Let go! You hurt!"

"D'you think I'll let him have you? Why, if it takes the last breath that floods this throat I'll wipe this upstart out and leave for you not the memory of a strutting fool but of a corpse, spoiling in this wilderness!"

"Burke!" Her cry was faint and she wrenched in his grasp. His fingers slipped from their grip on her arms, caught the cloak and as she writhed out of it and stumbled free he flung the garment behind him into the room.

"With soldiery here, you'd do that?" she cried and her words stayed him.

"Do you think that after this forced march, the military will return at once?" she taunted. "Men must rest, after such effort. And while they rest, warning will be given. Be assured of that, Burke Rickman. Sufficient warning will be given and protection for decent men will be at hand!"

She backed a step or two, turned, began to walk down the slope and broke into a run.

Annette found Capes awaiting her on the shore.

Would it be distasteful for his party to encamp near hers? he asked. She protested that it would be reassuring and comforting.

"Then we'll move out to one of the islands," he said. "And before dawn, we'll leave this place behind!"—thankfully.

And so a trader paced the beach, gnawing his lips, muttering to himself, smiting the sand in helpless spite with his moccasined heels. An enraged beast, this Burke Rickman.

Up and down he paced, heedless of the growing clamor from the gathering of Pillagers. Rickman had not detected the alterations in the sounds from the calumet. The throb of drums, the chants of women, had grown louder and faster with the passage of time. Occasional whoops and yelps had grown to a continuous chorus of boastful cries. And then, of a sudden, it climaxed in an ensemble of screams and screeches and dwindled suddenly to no more than a murmur . . .

At dusk the drums had begun to sound, women seated in a wide circle about the post and fire, beating the tightly stretched skins with their palms, chanting to the measure they set of the greatness of all Pillagers.

The old men danced into the circle, stomping, bending forward then back, uttering valiant cries, swinging near and nearer the post as they sometimes sang, sometimes shouted to their own greatness.

Younger men trickled in, singing and shouting of their achievements until the space about the fire was filled with prancing, slowly swirling bodies.

Up and up to an unplanned crisis, the savage spectacle pitched itself. Up and up went the tempo of the orgy; louder the singing, faster the drum beats, broader the boasting.

And now beside the post danced Running Fox, the son of Flat Mouth, beating the ground with his heels, not lifting the balls of his feet.

"Ee-eyah!" he cried and struck the post with his half axe and told of the wolf he had caught with bare hands.

"Ee-eyah!" he screamed and struck again and shouted that he had outrun a frightened deer.

Another youth danced close, head almost to his knees, stomping and gasping a song. Mongazid, this, in from his summer hunt with his mind, until rum fuddled it, filled with thoughts of his chosen maid, Nodding Spruce.

"Ee-eyah!" cried Running Fox again as Mongazid raised his torso and bent it far backward from the hips. But on the movement he caught sight of Nodding Spruce, her teeth gleaming as she beat a drum and swayed and sang. She was so lovely, so desirable; and the thought of the presents it would take to win her father's favor cleared the boy's stupefied brain for a moment, drove back even the frenzy of the calumet.

And there wildly dancing was Running Fox, son of a chief, who on occasion looked tenderly at the girl and who now shouted his boastful lies. Mongazid stopped his dancing as Running Fox shouted another boast. He swayed drunkenly before the son of the chief.

"The forked tongue!" he cried. "It was not Running Fox who clubbed the bear. It was Mongazid! It was Mongazid, and Running Fox would steal the glory of a brother!"

He dropped his axe, and fumbled in his girdle. The trade knife gleamed in his hand as, furious, he launched himself upon his tribesman. The steel crunched across a rib, plunging to the hilt, and as Mongazid wrenched it free, a crimson gush bathed the other's breast.

He stood an instant and then with a brave cry, collapsed beside the post.

That caused the quick silence; that brought them crowding close,

giving Mongazid opportunity to slip away. And when they had lifted the lolling head and saw that the flow of life was running into sands instead of limbs, the wailing began . . .

It was that wailing which finally attracted Burke Rickman's attention.

He stared, scowling, toward the scene of wailing and it was then that he made out a canoe coming toward him from the westward, silhouetted against the fire glow.

"Who are you?" Rickman asked.

"Mongazid, trader. I come for the shelter of the company trader's lodge."

Rickman grunted. He owed Mongazid nothing. The youth had refused to trade with him but a few days before.

"Speak quickly, then," he growled.

"I go to the company house because I have poured sand over the son of Flat Mouth, who is the brother of your enemy."

Rickman grunted. "Killed Flat Mouth's son?"

"It is so. It was the dance of the Calumet. Running Fox boasted lies; he took the glory from my song with his lies. When I heard him stealing my great deeds my knife struck deep to his heart. I lay in the darkness a long time. Flat Mouth went to his lodge to meditate while they wailed. Then he came back and stood by his son's body. He made a talk. He said that for killing his son I must bring him three packs of beaver before the leaves come again. If I do not I must bare my breast for his knife. If I do not come for that he will take the life of my brother. The company trader's heart has much room. I come to him to be his slave if he will save me from my enemies who are his enemies. I cannot live alone."

Scowling, Rickman listened. Here was a native in need; here was a hunter whose life was at stake and one in such a strait may be used. Inspiration swept and shook him, making his mouth dry.

"Mongazid sees with a clear eye," he said. "He can never escape the fury of Flat Mouth alone. He was wise to come to the house of the great company. In the trade it is skin for skin. In your trouble it is a life for a life. Open your ears," he said and stepped closer and looked about and spoke softly.

Mongazid listened, betraying no emotion. When Rickman had finished he grunted.

"My life for the little trader's life it is. But the hunters are his friends. The old men are his brothers. Mongazid would not live to come for the three packs of beaver you promise."

The young man could not invade Fort Shaw and slay the master. He could not stalk him where others were about. The problem, then, was to entice Shaw away, to give Mongazid's trade gun a chance beyond observation. And, at the same time, arrange the circumstances so that he, Rickman, would be above suspicion.

"Wait here," Rickman said grimly. "Let no eye see you. Lie in these bushes and I will come. Flaming Hair will make the way smooth for Mongazid to earn his packs of beaver!"

Conrad Rich rolled from his blankets at Rickman's barked word.

"Into your clothes, man! and get Philippe!"

And so three men, one fearful, one bewildered, one silent and intent, went hastily along the shore toward Fort Shaw.

"The guard is alone," Rickman whispered. "He stands there with the gate wide. The place is empty; the others are watching the mourning. Come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

and keeping it there to the end. It was exciting. And remarkably enough Japanese used the same device in stirring warriors by song.

Miss Frances Densmore, who has studied music of many Indian tribes, first noted this similarity when Pueblos were singing old war songs recently for her to record, reports a writer in the Kansas City Star. Reporting this and other similarities between Indian and Old World music, Miss Densmore disclaims any intent to theorize on the Indians' past. She is merely presenting facts, which may have significance.

From an authority on oriental music, Miss Densmore learned the Japanese got the idea of raised pitch in war singing from Chinese priests, who brought it from India in the Seventh century. If Pueblo ancestors got the idea from a common source—or invented it—in the Old World, that must have happened earlier. Pueblos were well established in the Southwest by that time.

Keeping Up With Science
By Science Service

Crows Are Enemies of the Wild Ducks in Breeding Season

Washington.—Crows are major enemies of wild ducks in at least a part of the great wild duck breeding grounds in Canada, a survey by E. R. Kalmbach of the United States biological survey shows.

Of 512 duck nests studied, 31 per cent (156 nests) had been ravaged by crows. Other causes of destruction had accounted for another 20 per cent of loss, so that of all the nests that started the season with hopeful batches of eggs, only 49 per cent turned out live ducklings.

It is possible, however, Mr. Kalmbach notes, that part of the egg destruction by crows might have been wreaked after the parent ducks had abandoned the nests for other causes.

Furthermore, he cautions, this survey was made in a part of the nesting area where the crow concentration is unusually high, and where a large duck population offers unusually great temptation to raid for eggs.

How They Should Be Controlled. For practical control purposes, Mr. Kalmbach recommends: "Crow-control operations on duck-breeding grounds should by all means be entrusted only to those who fully recognize the hazards associated with human intrusion on waterfowl nesting grounds. The work should not be carried out haphazardly or by mass action devoid of careful supervision. There should, in fact, be solicitude for the privacy of every nesting duck."

"At winter crow roosts, where control is possible at a lower cost per bird, the benefits with respect to waterfowl are, in turn, less direct, since only a part of the birds present at these roosts actually enter the problem of crow-waterfowl relationships on the breeding grounds."

Upper Cambrian May Have Had Land Plant Life

Cambridge, Mass.—Plants have lived on land many millions of years longer than is commonly supposed, if fossil plant remains examined by William C. Darragh of the Harvard Botanical museum here really are what they very decidedly look like.

The fossils are spores, minute one-celled bodies that serve instead of seeds with lower plants that produce no true seeds. These particular spores have the form and markings that characterize spores of the ferns and their relatives.

But the formation they come from, a boghead coal deposit in Sweden, belongs to the Upper Cambrian geologic age, 500 million years or more ago, when there were supposed to be no land plants living, and none to come for many millions of years. It appears to be a projection of land-plant life into a hitherto unsuspected past.

Age of Earth Checked by Potassium "Clock"

New York.—A radioactive potassium "clock" latest aid to scientists seeking to know the age of the earth, indicates that the world is less than 3,000,000,000 years old, Dr. A. Keith Brewer of the United States bureau of chemistry and soils reports in the magazine Science.

Radioactive potassium, K 40, changes over long periods of time into the common variety of calcium, the metal that forms the basis for lime and limestone. Scientists can compute the age of the earth from their knowledge of how much calcium is to be found today and a knowledge of the rate at which radioactive calcium decomposed.

Results by the potassium "clock" method, Dr. Brewer reported, are in close agreement with estimates of the earth's age gained from another radioactive "clock," that of radium, uranium and lead.

Jupiter Due to Have Big Disturbance Soon

Denver.—A great disturbance on the planet Jupiter to occur during the next few months was predicted in a communication to the American Association for the Advancement of Science meeting here from Dr. E. C. Slipher of Lowell observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz. It will take the form of a series of intense dark spots in the giant planet's equator. A small faint marking gives warning of the approaching spots, judging from a similar happening in 1920.

Keep Skin Clean to Prevent Acne Is Advice to the Young

Local Treatment Is Best, Say the Dermatologists

Chicago—For acne—the adolescent's complaint—local skin cleanliness brings the best results.

That improperly functioning endocrine glands are probably responsible for acne, medical research examiners believe. But no glandular substance found is enough better than local treatment to justify the expense and effort of its administration.

Thirty-nine students at the University of Iowa have recently been treated for acne as a part of a scientific experiment. Dr. Grace E. Williams, medical adviser to women, and Dr. Ruben Nomland, professor of dermatology at the university, report their observations on these students in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

With evidence pointing to a deficiency of sex hormone in acne patients, the Iowa physicians began their study. They took twenty-eight women students and eleven men, the average being nineteen years. Of these eleven had severe, twenty moderately severe, and eight mild acne.

Hormone Treatment Not Effective. All thirty-nine students were asked to give meticulous attention to details in the care and treatment of their skin. In addition, twenty of them were treated with sex hormones, while the remaining nineteen were also given injections but the injections were merely sterile water. The students did not know which were getting hormone substance and which were getting water.

Treatment went on for from four to six months with 85 per cent of those given the hormone substance showing moderate to marked improvement and 78 per cent of the control group given sterile water showing the same degree of improvement.

The Iowa doctors concluded at the end of the experiment that a deficiency of the pituitary-like hormone is not an important factor in causing acne and that the local treatment is still the best bet for controlling acne.

Here are the instructions for local treatment of acne given to most of the students:

Stop all picking and squeezing. Discontinue the use of all cosmetic creams. Wash with soap and water twice daily, keeping the skin nongreasy almost to the point of scaling. Eat a diet low in carbohydrates. Eat no candy. Remove blackheads by placing hot towels on the face for five minutes, then applying a thin coating of 3 per cent resorcinol in cold cream to the face and again applying hot towels for five minutes. The blackheads are then squeezed out with a comedon remover, the face rinsed with cold water and hamamelis water applied. Apply a prescribed lotion two or three times a day. Avoid iodized salt. Shampoo the hair twice a week.

Female of Species Is Tougher Than Male

Nottingham, England.—Sex is equally distributed among Britons only in young people; between the ages of fifteen and nineteen the numbers of boys and girls is approximately equal. At earlier ages there are more males, later females predominate.

This sexwar of the sexes, and what it means biologically, was discussed here before the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Prof. F. A. E. Crew, noted biologist of the University of Edinburgh.

In a word, the female of the species is noticeably tougher than the male. Men, boys and boy babies all tend to die off faster than their sisters.

Huge Fossil Beast Is Found in Colorado

Chicago.—Fossil remains of a hitherto unknown species of extinct mammal, big as a hippopotamus, have been found in Colorado by an expedition of the Field Museum of Natural History. Bryan Patterson, in charge of the expedition, reported the find to headquarters here.

The creature lived in the early days of the age of mammals, about 45 million years ago, when the region that is now the Rocky mountains was a low, flat plain.

Screen Star's Yacht Is Now Science Laboratory

La Jolla, Calif.—The seagoing yacht, Serena, formerly the property of Lewis Stone, noted actor, has been purchased for the Scripps Institution of Oceanography by Robert Scripps, son and nephew of its two founders and head of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance. The vessel will replace the institution's former floating laboratory, the yacht Scripps, burned on November 13, 1938.

Household Questions

Cleaning Enameled Sinks.—Those stubborn dark streaks which accumulate on enameled sinks and bathtubs can be removed with kerosene.

When Peeling Small Onions.—Cover small onions with hot water and let stand for a minute or two and the skins are easily removed.

When Washing Soft Polishing Dusters.—Rinse them in slightly soapy water instead of clear water. This makes the dusters much softer and they polish better.


Crab Apple Jelly.—Take one pint of water to every pound of apples, and boil until soft. Then put through jelly-bag. Allow one pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of vinegar to every pint of liquid, and boil for half an hour or until it jellies.

Strain the Starch.—Starch used in laundering should be strained to remove all lumps that might blister when ironing.

Potatoes for Short Cakes.—Hot, boiled and mashed white potatoes are good in making short cakes and puddings. They not only save flour, but require less shortening.

I LEARNED TO 'BEAT' ACID INDIGESTION

ONCE LIFE WAS MISERABLE... NO APPETITE... LITTLE SLEEP...UNTIL THE DOCTOR SAID 'ALKALIZE'



BUT NOW—AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ACID-INDIGESTION I USE PHILLIPS' AND I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!



The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets—in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready. Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," "acid stomachs" are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.



The Miser's Want
The miser is as much in want of what he has as of what he has not.—Syrus.


Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

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, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Strenuous work, neglecting backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder trouble may be burning, scanty or infrequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the nice round world so much. It gives me trees and mountains high. And never stopping day or night. It takes me riding through the sky.

