

NINTH INSTALLMENT |had seen at Liarsville. that followed this moving darkness

menace; they exposed the entrance kept trailing till they made camp ed clothes. of each resort, while the dark spaces far up the river canyon. between shielded their approach.

When the sign of The Pack Train long study. "I reckon that was a ed stillness of Lake Tagish, and they for the boat. saloon appeared ahead, Speed's step case," he said at last, "of what you became a little more measured. No would call 'suggestion.' The man figures loitered around this entran- wouldn't believe I didn't have a gun ce; the noisy revel inside was appar- notched for him."

ently too engrossing. Light, "What made him think you streaming from chinks and seams in did?" Maitland asked.

the canvas, clearly illumined the "I followed him one night in roadway, making it an unlikely Nevada. Got a slant of him then spot for an ambush. in the light of a saloon door. It just They reached the outer radius of needed one look to see he was on'y the light, entered it, and passed the a tramp tin-horn. Seems, though, low bright beam that issued from like he had other things to be nerv-

under the swing doors. Through ous about; he had friends in the shadows that flickered over the camp and his imagination started road from the shuffle of dancing guns blazin' . . . When he seen me feet, they moved safely toward the here he figured I was still after him margin of darkness. . . . Like the girl said, the worst

"Which goes to show-" Speed risk may be the one you ain't lookbegan. But the sentence was never in' for. completed.

"I've been figurin' slower since I He stopped and wheeled with a made that first mistake . . . They's suddenness that brought the lead a heap of pretty burnette girls in the bronco's chest against his leg. Mait- Western camps. You can see how land heard a double crash; saw a easy it is to get mistracked from bright flame stab from Speed's gun. how wide my guess was about this Something burned past his cheek. one and the horses, thinkin' she "The man wouldn't believe that I settlements in this region, and wood coals. Releasing the axe for 5.50-The saloon door behind them was wanted pay."

swinging to and fro, throwing blinks of light into the road. In the she spoke of was just something reached the lower end of this watluminous pool just below it, a man she'd overheard while singing erway, they came on an advance down the strtch of Lake Lebarge low gleam from a dark, slinking 6.00lay crumpled with his face upturn- through the camp? Like her tip crew of police, setting up a bar- to the Lewes and delivered their shape of fur. ed. The features were clearly legi- about the shell dealer?"

"YOU'LL ENJOY Camels MORE!" comes by gold too easy." have?"

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN

## dian was blamed.

cluded, tapping out his pipe. . . But I'll be getting your sled-load ready."

Speed listened in silence, his mind double crack of a rifle. apparently less occupied with the Wondering what game Speed in the fire. Then he got up and inspector's story than with the pe- would consider worth that number sleepily stretched his arms. As he

"We'll take the street," said Speed to Maitland, "it's more visi-ble." The marbled thoroughfare, with its cross stripes of light, opened a chancy course before them when they turned the bend. These alter-nating patches of light and dark-nates were an advantage as well as a nating patches of light and dark-ness were an advantage as well as a nenace; they exposed the entrance

a site for a winter camp. The tim- head shot, and its blood, still warm, ducing sufficient fruit for home JAPANESE OIL ber around it was good enough for stained the snow. Speed's bullet use. Arm brought them into the wood- cabin logs, and they could haul in had stolen a feast from the timber

In answer to his shout, his part-

The solitude of the region re- ner came toward him out of the mained unbroken. Feathering snow shadow of a clump of cottonwoods. "What were you looking for?" had erased the track of a patrolman's mount, which they had noted Maitland asked.

occasionally. So, when they were The other had an oddly abstractreturning to the horses after a side ed look and was still scanning the excursion to examine tmber, Mait- shore line. "I must be gettin' land was surprised to see his part- mental," he said. "I got a dim sight ner stop suddenly and look down, of this caribou crossing the river as if he had detected some mark mouth, and had to shoot twice to on a blank rise of snow. The shape of these marks was like somethin' else was moving in

not that of bootprints but of some the timber." moccasin-like foot covering. There "Maybe a wolf was trailing the

were other phantom dots and lines deer you shot?" that suggested a sled track-unac- They put the deer on the sled and 4.50countably to him. kept trailing till they camped in 4.50-

Speed studied them with an ab- the shelter of some timber above 4.75sent intentness, from which he was the river mouth. When they had 4.75recalled by a question from the skinned the game and cleaned up, 15.00-1 darkness had closed around them 5.00-2 other.

"Must be the track of the lone with a bitter night cold. Maitland 5.25-1 Siwash Drew's patrolman was curi- broke limbs from a fallen tree for 5.25-2 ous about," he said. "Myster'ous, the camp fire, while Speed was 5.50-1 too, because there ain't any native cooking caribou steaks on some 5.25-1

nothin' much to bring a wanderin' a moment to blow on his fingers, 5.50-1 Maitland happened to glance across 6.00-1

They made an uneventful trip the river, and was arrested by a yel- 6.00-

"There's your wolf," he called to 6.00-2

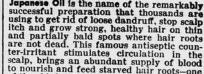
Speed gave another turn to the

"That's no wolf," he muttered. and putting miles of lake ice be- "It's a Siwash dog. And lame, Must Retracing their lonly route with disappearin' Indian. Or the Siwash

Yukon . . . Do I imagine, or do's he filled and lit a pipe. "If you're with logs they felled along the way. that tie together?" The cruelty of leaving a lamed dog to starve seemed extreme to the dog tog tog tog "It ties to her," Speed grunted. you'd like to make some wages, I led them far apart. They had been Maitland. But while the steaks Maybe nowheres else. Outfits are could give you a load of supplies separated in this way for some were cooking, Speed mentioned

that it was turning dark. A wolf of survival in the snow country., "Interesting case," Drew con- howl, weird in the distance, deep- The topic did not dull their appeened it still more.

Some minutes later his ears were ed in the fire's warmth.



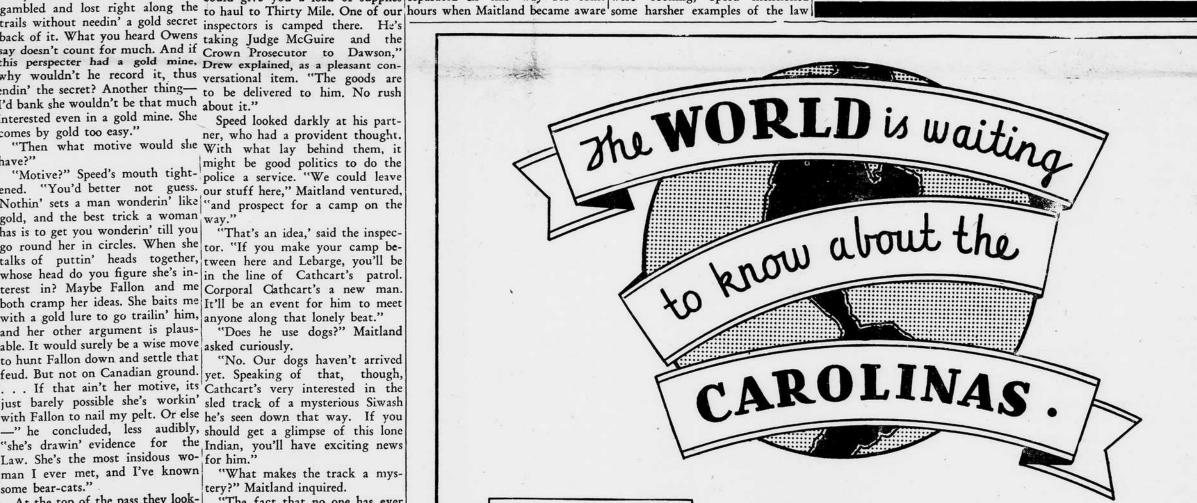


stop it. Then it seemed like I- HERE ARE OUR SPECIAL SALE PRICES

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SALISBURY IGNITION & BATTERY CO.





didn't have a gun notched for him "

When the long strait of Windy

racks.

heard a gold secret?' "I don't know," Maitland hesita- uniform. He asked where they no time in getting rid of the order, ted. "Something she said the first were bound. time I saw her. And then Owens "Just lookin' for timber and a tween them and the Lewes. losing his outfit when he was on place to camp," said Speed. his way to join a partner in the Drew's eye was on the pintos, as the empty sleds, they loaded up cut it loose."

trails without needin' a gold secret inspectors is camped there. He's back of it. What you heard Owens taking Judge McGuire and the say doesn't count for much. And if Crown Prosecutor to Dawson," this perspecter had a gold mine, Drew explained, as a pleasant conwhy wouldn't he record it, thus versational item. "The goods are endin' the secret? Another thing— to be delivered to him. No rush I'd bank she wouldn't be that much about it."

ner, who had a provident thought.

"Then what motive would she With what lay behind them, it

Why would you guess she over- the snow flicker to meet them. It official personages. Nor did Speed

interested even in a gold mine. She Speed looked darkly at his part-

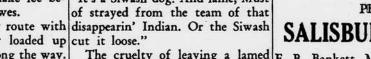
might be good politics to do the

Siwash in."

consignment to the inspector in ble. It was the shell dealer they Speed looked at him curiously. An offictr walked out through charge, without meeting the other his partner.

was Drew, wearing a winter service show any desire to do so. He lost steak he was browning.

## of strayed from the team of that



24-HOUR SERVICE

6.00-

4.40

tite. Having appeased it, they roll- bird is gotten by the early cat.

stung to alertness by the muffled Speed took a deep drag at a waning cigarette and tossed the stub

PAGE THREE They say the early bird gets the

worm, but frequently the early

## BALD? Give Your

Scalp a Chance

\*This advertisement was re-



'Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand."

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"Motive?" Speed's mouth tight- police a service. "We could leave ened. "You'd better not guess. our stuff here," Maitland ventured, Nothin' sets a man wonderin' like "and prospect for a camp on the gold, and the best trick a woman way."

has is to get you wonderin' till you "That's an idea,' said the inspecgo round her in circles. When she tor. "If you make your camp betalks of puttin' heads together, tween here and Lebarge, you'll be whose head do you figure she's in- in the line of Cathcart's patrol. terest in? Maybe Fallon and me Corporal Cathcart's a new man. both cramp her ideas. She baits me It'll be an event for him to meet with a gold lure to go trailin' him, anyone along that lonely beat." and her other argument is plaus- "Does he use dogs?" Maitland

able. It would surely be a wise move asked curiously. to hunt Fallon down and settle that "No. Our dogs haven't arrived feud. But not on Canadian ground. yet. Speaking of that, though, ... If that ain't her motive, its Cathcart's very interested in the just barely possible she's workin' sled track of a mysterious Siwash with Fallon to nail my pelt. Or else he's seen down that way. If you -" he concluded, less audibly, should get a glimpse of this lone "she's drawin' evidence for the Indian, you'll have exciting news Law. She's the most insidous wo- for him."

man I ever met, and I've known "What makes the track a myssome bear-cats." tery?" Maitland inquired.

At the top of the pass they look-"The fact that no one has ever ed out over a new world. had a clear view of the Siwash or

Clouds billowing darkly on a his team. This sounds odd, but it chill wind, shadowed the crests of dates back to a time before our men piling sea of mountain peaks. To entered the territory-when a minthe east and below them, a gleam er from the Pelly brought in some

MARKS OF PERMANANCE

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gold he claimed to have got from an Indian in a storm. The snow, he said, was driving thick, and the native, whose face was muffled in a parka hood, spoke in Chinook, offering a potlatch of furs and nuggets in exchange for supplies. A gold legend grew from it, and

## ribbed by wolves, the vanishing In-Lady Went Back To Taking CARDUI and Was Helped

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To develop our natural resources . . . to expand our markets — to build our recreational and sport areas . . . and thus increase our wealth and reduce our taxes, we must attract new capital and bring a greater number of new people to the Carolinas.

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