

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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TIPS to Gardeners

Special Gardens
MANY hobbyists get pleasure from special gardens. Some have been successful with all-marigold, or all-petunia gardens.

Petunias have a wide range of color, and more and more they are being used for cut flowers as well as for garden color and beauty.

Some have grown gardens primarily for fragrance. The best flowers for such a garden, according to Harry A. Joy, flower expert, are allyssum, carnation, mignonette, nicotiana, sweet pea and sweet william.

For a garden of plants without actual flowers but with showy foliage, interesting results have been obtained with the following: Joseph's coat, coleus, dusty miller, snow-on-the-mountain, annual poinsettia, kochia and castor oil bean.

The following will fit well into a typical wildflower garden: Annual lupin, bachelor button, rudbeckia (cone flower), columbine, perennial aster, heuchera (coral bells), and perennial upin.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 50), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Golden Opportunity
To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.—Johnson.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germladen phlegm.

The Polished Man
Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

Always Dependable For the Relief of Discomfort due to COLDS and SORE THROAT. St. Joseph GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

Present Ills
Present sufferings seem far greater to men than those they merely dread.—Livvy.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste. Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. Do your kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not so! as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.



THE RIVER of SKULLS

by George Marsh

PENN PUBLISHING CO.

WNU SERVICE

Wise and Otherwise
In fishing for compliments you must use live bait. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

Britain Leads in Liners
Great Britain owns more than half of all the great ocean liners in the world today. Out of a total of 167 steam and motor vessels of over 15,000 tons which are listed in Lloyd's Register of Shipping, England owns 90, the United States 19, Italy and Germany 14 each, France 12, Holland 9, Sweden 4, Japan 3, and Norway 2.

NO FUSS RELIEVING COLD DISCOMFORT THIS WAY! Just Follow Simple Directions Below—and Use Fast-Acting Bayer Aspirin



It's the Way Thousands Know to Ease Discomfort of Colds and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds

The simple way pictured above often brings amazingly fast relief from discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then—see your doctor. He probably will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple way, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered. But make sure you get BAYER Aspirin.

As We Know Happiness
Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.—George Sand.

NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO ACID INDIGESTION



But Why Suffer? Here's how you can "Alkalize" anytime-anywhere—the easy "Phillips" way!

WHY SUFFER from headaches, "gas," "upsets" and "biliousness" due to Acid Indigestion—when now there is a way that relieves excess stomach acid with incredible speed.

Simply take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets at first sign of distress. Carry them with you — take them unnoticed by others.

Results are amazing. There's no nausea or "bloated" feeling. It produces no "gas" to embarrass you and offend others. "Acid indigestion" disappears. You feel great.

Get a bottle of liquid "Phillips" for home use. And a box of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to carry with you. But—be sure any bottle or box you accept is clearly marked "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

A half mile below, three men and a girl waited for the return of McCord. After dark he worked his way cautiously down to them.

The following day the valley steadily widened. The hills to the west of the Koksoak entirely flattened out and in the afternoon they reached their goal—the mouth of the River of Skulls.

There she is! he cried, his voice husky with feeling. "Just as Aleck described it a thousand times. The western shore terraced for miles, and cast your eyes on that rusted limestone over there!"

Heather smiled bravely back at the sternman but her eyes were haunted by fear. Although the men had refused to talk, she had guessed what had happened back at the gorge, what had driven them down river through the night.

"What d'you see, Noel!" asked Alan, as the bowman squinted at the long gravel point piled with boulders forming the tongue of the fork.

"A broken paddle! White man's, too!" cried Alan. "Ah-hah! McCord lose dat paddle," commented Noel, lifting the broken blade from the water.

"True as you're born!" grunted the giant, showing the paddle to Alan. "They've been shot at by the Naskapi, above here! That was made by the ball from a muzzle loader."

"Maple paddle, that's McCord's," agreed Alan. "He had two he brought with him to Fort George. I saw them coming up the river. That's his paddle! And it was dropped in the river below the last lake, or it would have grounded there. I'll bet the Naskapi ambushed McCord at the long rapids of the gorge, John."

The giant laughed loudly. "That would save us a heap of trouble if they had. I didn't figure he was so close on our heels." "Neither did I! Did you, Noel? They're only average river men and we—"

"You two are the best white-water men I've ever seen and I've seen plenty," interrupted McCord. "I don't see how they came so fast." Then the big man shook the broken blade savagely at the valley through which the Peterboro had come.

"Golly, dad! that was pretty dramatic, wasn't it?" said Heather with a forced smile that belied the uneasiness in her eyes. "Uh-huh!" grunted the giant, studying Drummond's sketch map.

Alan and Noel nodded. Late the following afternoon, as the four men were poling around a bend, Napayo suddenly held his pole suspended in air, standing as though carved from wood, his head thrust forward, listening.

he feel ver' bad," Noel announced. Alan reached and patted the shivering Indian, who stood in front of him holding his pole. "We will not go to the Gorge of the Spirits, Napayo," he said in Montagnais.

Before them, for a mile or more, stretched an alluvial flat filled with sand-bars where the river, leaving the gorge above, suddenly widened to flow slowly through a basin flanked by sandy shores.

"Here it is, Alan!" cried McCord excitedly, "just as Aleck described it! These sand-bars and gravel beds have been washed down here for centuries! We're going to find gold here, boy, gold!"

"Most of those bars can be free panned without the trouble of handling so much gravel by sluicing. That's where Aleck got most of his nuggets—big as cranberries!" "Gosh, dad! I'm excited!" laughed Heather. "Think of it, gold



"True as you're born!"

hemmed it in. As they approached, the sound of the unleashed water made it difficult to converse and they were forced to shout.

"It's easy to see how it got its bad name," Alan called into the girl's ear, for the thunder of the confined water above them grew deafening. She forced a faint smile in reply, but instinctively moved closer to the man until her elbow touched his.

"Look, what's Rough got?" she shouted to Alan. Alan went to his dog, followed by the girl, and took the thing Rough held in his jaws. Heather glanced at it and turned away.

here before de battle! Ah-hah! De same soun! Eet es ole man's talk. I feel bettair, now."

"Aleck said he ran into bones and skulls for quite a distance below the gorge. You see they've been buried deep in sand and gravel by the high water and silt washed down in the spring and the animals must have carried away a good deal."

"What's the matter, Heather? You feel spooky?" asked Alan. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost already."

She shrugged her shoulder in a little shiver as she looked upstream at the opening of the gorge where the racing river burst from the limestone and granite walls which

big rivers remained open until later, but he knew that the water of the River of Skulls would be so cold and carry so much slush and young ice from above that it would block their sluices and make panning most difficult in the early part of the month.

Until the ice in the river blocked the sluicing and the sands and gravel began to freeze, there would be little rest in the camp below the Moaning Gorge. And all the time over the heads of those who toiled with rifles at their sides would be the constant menace of the Naskapi who would now not hesitate to cross the dead line of the Nipiw to reach the canoe that had passed down the Koksoak—all the time, the knowledge that Jim McQueen, if he were still alive, was waiting for their return over the river ice.

Industrious prospecting of some of the bars in the river by John and Alan with the miner's pan and the help of the shovel, fitted with a long birch handle, proved the truth of Aleck Drummond's story.

"Look at that color, boy!" shouted McCord, one morning, when, standing with breeches rolled above his knees beside a hole they had dug on a gravel bar, he had rotated a pan full of river sand and gravel until the two men stared at the sediment of black sand and dull, yellow flakes remaining.

"Boy, we're rich!" he yelled in his excitement. "Look at the coarse gold there! And look at that nugget—big as a pea!" Alan stared in open-mouthed wonder at the dull yellow grains of coarse gold in the pan.

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It was already August by John McCord's record. The smaller lakes of the high plateau closed in October while the swift streams and

in those sand-bars! If we only get back with it!" Napayo's black eyes shone with a hidden fear as he stared through his mop of hair at the distant narrowing of the river where the stream left the gorge and spread out over the shallow bars. He was approaching the Gorge of the Spirits, tabu among his people for two generations.

So great was the evident distress of the Naskapi, and so grave the dark features of Noel, that, a half mile below the foot of the gorge, Alan turned in to the gravelly shore. On the first timbered terrace above the river, they made camp in the spruce. After supper he took the Naskapi and Noel aside for a talk while John McCord paddled the canoe among the sand-bars examining with his prospector's eyes the nature of the alluvial deposit brought down by the river.

Alan impressed upon the two Indians the fact that the Naskapi who had brought gold nuggets to Chimo had escaped the bad medicine of the spirits because they had not gone near the gorge. Napayo would not be asked to go near the gorge. He would hunt caribou, spear salmon and make snowshoes and clothing. They would camp where they were safe from the danger of the demons.

Napayo seemed somewhat relieved, then Alan put an arm over Noel's shoulder, led him to one side and talked to him as a brother. The moaning in the gorge, he explained, was nothing but the confused sound of the wind and of broken water. The Talking River had been named because of the same peculiar sounds in the little canyon Noel knew and was not afraid to pass.

"I not t'ink of dat. You spik true. Alan. De same soun was

CHAPTER XII

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it necessary to convince someone across the table that the game was on the "up and up." The hammer on the gun is a long affair on the top and falls down sharply to discharge the shell.

Another oddity of the collection is a century-old muzzle-loader that is superior to modern rifles in accuracy, according to Hansen. Hansen has the original wooden ramrod used to load the gun.

The breach-loading Maynard came in 1865. It fired the shell with a roll of caps much on the order of the Fourth of July caps used in pistols. This gun was next in line to the modern cartridge and gun.

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