# he Lamp in the Va

Carol Coburn, Alaska born teacher, is annoyed by Eric (the Red) Ericson, an agitator. She is rescued by a young engineer, Sidney Lander. He is working for the Trumbull company which is contesting her father's claim. He is engaged to Trumbull's

"Because you happen to be Klon dike Coburn's daughter. And I don't relish the thought of working against you. It's your father's claim they're trying to swallow up on a clouded

"But I'm not sure that claim was ever established."

ever established."

And it was equally obvious that his right either to champion my cause or control my destiny had never been established. But, for all that, an absurd little robin of happiness stood up on the tip of my heart and started to sing.
"We can't go into that now," Lander said as old Schlupp came in with an armful of stovewood. And Katie, a moment later, was announce.

Katie, a moment later, was announcing that you couldn't kill some children with a club. All this little papoose needed, she called out to us, was food

was food.
"Then she ain't a-goin' to kick the bucket?" questioned Sock-eye.
"Of course she isn't," said Katie.
"But if I could lay hands on her fool

redskin father I'd have him drawn and quartered." The old fire-eater's face bright

ened up with a new eagerness.
"I'll do it for you, lady," he said
with a large and rounded oath. "Sam

Bryson was a-tellin' me that no-account Injin's hidin' out in a hill camp up above the Happy Day Mine. And I'd sure relish roundin' him up and ventilatin' his good-for-

nothin' carcass."

"No," Katie said, "that's a luxury we can't afford. But he's going to be made an example of by due process of law. And if either of you men will take Miss Coburn and the baby back to Toklutna in the truck I'll get help and push on to the I'll get help and push on to the Happy Day and see that this baby killer is put where he belongs."
Sidney Lander, who had been looking down at the blanket-wrapped papoose, lifted his head and caught

my eye.
"I'll take Miss Coburn through to
Toklutna," he quietly announced.
And I could feel my pulse skip a
beat, casual as I tried to appear
about it all. It was Sock-Eye who crossed to

"There's sure a smell o' snow in the air," he warned. "We'd best fix up that truck more comfortable and stick a shovel in between the blankets and grub bags."

### CHAPTER IV

Before we were an hour out on

Before we were an hour out on the road snow began to fall. By the time we were up in the hills we had drifts to buck. When it was necessary for Lander to stop and get busy with his shovel, I'd give my Indian baby its needed at-tention and nest it down in its cocoon of blanket-wool again, with only its pinched little yellow face showing like a seal's at the bottom of a blow-hole. Then we'd fight our way on for another hundred yards or two. So we ploughed on, feeling of

our way in the uncertain light. Twice, when we slewed perilously close to the ravine that yawned at our car wheels, I thought the end had come. And twice where the had come. And twice, where the trail wound so vaguely about the upper slopes, we had to cut our way through drifts, with the help of the shovel. We did very little talking. But I could breathe more easwhen we were over the hump dropping down into the next

Yet even there the drifts and arkness were too much for us. We ot off the road and bumped headn into a spruce stump. The old ruck, with indignation boiling from is radiator cap, refused to go far-ier. I could see Lander's grim mile as I sat there staring out at the flailing snow. There wasn't a shack or settler, I felt sure, within ten miles of us

"What'll we do?" I asked with a

"I suppose we'll have to sleep out here," he casually announced. "I suppose so," I agreed. But I wasn't as placid-minded about it

as I pretended. Lander, in fact, stared into my face for a moment or two before swinging down from his driver's seat. Then he lighted the primus stove and hung a lan-tern from one of the bows of our little covered-wagon truck-tent. And then, after shutting out the snow and wind by closing the end flaps of the tarpaulin, he announced that he was going to have a look ahead

along the trail. He stayed away longer than I expected. By the time he got back, in fact, I'd melted snow and had our coffee boiling on the primus stove. The smell of that coffee made our little canvas-covered cave seem rather homelike. And my cave mate watched me with a ruminative eye as I warmed milk and fed the quietly complaining Indian baby. When our papoose was back in its blanket-muffled basket, and we sat eating, with the primus stove between us, it seemed oddly paleolithic to be squatting there on a bundle of hay, dining on bacon and beans and sour dough bread.

Lander helped me pack things e meal was over.

daughter. But a new romantic spark is kindled. Carol, however, is on guard kindled. Carol, however, is on guard against her own emotions. Carol and Kate O'Connell, nurse, set out

to find an Indian baby reported abandoned by its parents. Sockeye Schlupp, an old INSTALLMENT IV

"You're facing this like an old-timer," he said.

"I used to go out on the trail with my father," I reminded him.
"That's what I want to talk to you about," he said. "Can you remember his camp on the Chakitana?"

"I was never there," I had to ad-

"I was hever there, a mit.
"Then it won't be easy to explain what I want to," he went on. "Your father had a real mine there. And he must have known it."
"Of course he did," I said, recallment has the search of talk from my

ing ghostly scraps of talk from my childhood.

"Well, so does the Trumbull outit," proclaimed my companion.
'The Chakitana Development Company always wanted a clean sweep of that valley bottom. They even sent me up there as field engineer to find out how the land lay and corral any territory needed to round out their development work. It was your father's claim which cut their field in two and kept them from hav-ing full control."
"He always said he'd never seil

I explained.

"Of course he did," cried Lander.
"He may have been a lone-fire prospector, but he knew he held a key And



"He always said he'd never sell out," I explained.

couldn't buy him out they did what they could to cancel on him."

"Then he had his patent?" I

"Yes: but they tried to cloud his "Yes; but they tried to cloud his title by claiming his location lines were wrong. The official survey, when his first twenty acres were patented, showed the eastern limits of the claim to border on the Big Squaw where that creek ran into the Chaptiana. The Big Squaw into the Chakitana. The Big Squaw, in the open season, has a fine flow of water. And you can't mine in Alaska without water. I saw the Fair-banks Exploration Company spend a year and a half bringing water to their placer fields. And Trum-bull wants that water for his upper shelf just about as much as he wants the claim."
"How do you know all this?" I

asked.

"Because I've seen the Trumbull papers. And I made it my business to investigate some of the Trum-bull moves. I know, for example, that while his engineers pretended to be doing development work their powdermen planted enough dyna-mite in the right place to change the course of Big Squaw Creek. Then course of Big Squaw Creek. Then they brought in a Record Office surwho naturally found the Co burn location stakes all wrong.'

"The thing that puzzles me," I interposed, "is why you're not loyal to the man you're working for."

Lander's laugh was curt. "If you can't sense that," he said,
"I can't explain it to you." He
laughed again, less harshly. "Let's
put it down to the fact that a man
can't work for a boss he doesn't
believe in."

I still found a blaze or two miss-

ing along that trail.
"But why should he call my father's claim a fraudulent one?" "Klondike Coburn, he contends, was born on the Canadian side of the line.

"That's true enough," I conceded. "But what about it?"
"A great deal. It means he wasn't a citizen. And the law says a pat ent can be allotted only to citizens.'

"But my father was naturalized," told him, "a year or two before was born. He even used to talk about when he moved up out of the Indian class and got a right to vote."

Lander's spine suddenly stiffened. "Are you sure of that?" he de-anded. "Trumbull claims there's manded.

manded. "Trumbull claims there's no record of it."
"But I have his papers," I explained. "He sent them out to me so I could get my passports when I was sailing for Europe."

I wondered at the grimness with

sourdough pal of Carol's dad, leads them to his shack, where Lander is nursing the missing baby. It has been found by his dog. When Lander tells her he won't be long with the Trumbull company she asks "Why

which my companion said, "Good work!" And I remembered the faded and dog-eared certificate, with the photo attached, also slightly faded, showing my father looking young and strong, in the pride of his early manhood. I'd always treasured that picture of him, the only one I pos-

sessed.
"That means our battle's half won," proclaimed Lander.
"Why do you say our battle?" I asked. Lander's face, as our glances locked, hardened a little. Then he laughed his curt laugh.
"Since I muddled into this thing," he said, "I'm going to be bullheaded enough to see it through."
"But it's all so long ago," I objected. "And you can't wreck your career championing lost causes."

jected. "And you can't wreck your career championing lost causes."
"My career isn't wrecked. I'm thinking of swinging in with the Happy Day outfit, in fact, just be yond the Matanuska."
"Why?" I asked.
"Because then we won't be so far.

"Because then we won't be so far apart," he said.
"You've been very kind to me," I

said.

"You're easy to be kind to," Lander retorted with a quiet intensity that should have shifted my heart action into high. But I had certain things to remember things to remember. 'What does that mean?" I ex-

acted. He leaned a little closer under the swaying lantern.

"It means I'm happier being with you than with anyone who walks this good green earth."

I was able to laugh a little. "It isn't green," I reminded him. "And you might also remember why you so nearly missed the boat at Se-

I could see his jaw muscles harden as he sat staring at me in the dim light from the lantern.

dim light from the lantern.

"I guess I'm running a little ahead of schedule," he said as he rose to his feet. I watched him, with a small tingle of disappointment, as he backed out of the tent opening.

"You're not going away?" I cried out above the whining of the wind.

"I'll bed down up in the driver's seat," he casually remarked. And in a few minutes I could feel the tremor of the truck as he climbed aboard, up in front. I could hear him, a moment later, as he nested

him, a moment later, as he nested himself under his double blankets. He wouldn't, I knew, be very comfortable there. I even wondered, as I stretched out on the hay next to my blanket-swathed little papoose, if wind and cold wouldn't drive him back under cover where he had a back under cover, where he had a perfect right to be.

# CHAPTER V

I was awakened, early the next morning, by Lander reaching in for the lantern. The drifter was over, he explained, but he'd have an hour

of shovel work before we could hope to climb back to the trail bed. He hadn't slept any too well, I'm afraid, up on his wind-swept driver's seat. I detected a sort of glum fury seat. I detected a sort of glum fury in his movements as he shoveled at the snowdrift that embedded us. Even after I'd boiled coffee and cooked breakfast for him he impressed me as unnecessarily con-strained and silent. It was late in the afternoon when

It was late in the afternoon when we got through to Toklutna.

Miss Teetzel promptly ordered the Indian baby to the infirmary and sent for Doctor Ruddock. Lander, ignoring the lady's glacial eye, quietly asked me if I'd be good enough to give him my father's naturalization papers. tion papers.

I had no way of knowing what

Miss Teetzel said to Lander dur-ing my absence. But I didn't like the heat-lightning fire that glowed in those deep-set eyes of his as he took the proffered document from He studied it, for a moment me.

the lines of his mouth still grim.
"I'll take this, if you don't mind,"
he said as he tucked it away. "It'll
help to clear things up." help to clear things up."
I wasn't unconscieus, all the while, of Miss Teetzel's narrowed eye fixed

of Miss Teetzel's narrowed eye fixed on my face.

"There's one point I should like to see cleared up," she announced, her lips pressed into a foreboding straight line. "Where did you spend the night?"

"Why, in the truck, of course," I answered. "There was no place to go."

"And this man?" she questioned, with a second stony glance at the altogether unimpressed Lander.

"Naturally, he slept in the truck o," I quietly acknowledged. too," I quietly acknowledged.
The lemon-squeezer jaw took on a

new line of grimness.

"I've an idea, Miss Coburn," said the lady of unpolluted purity so icily confronting me, "that your days in this school are quite definitely numbered."

It was Lander who spoke first. It was Lander who spoke first.

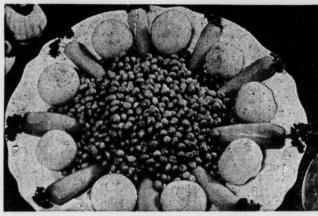
"What does that mean?" he said.

"It means, sir," was the icily enunciated reply, "that there are certain things this institution will not stand for. And you and your perilously modern traveling companion have just been guilty of one of them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

(TO BE CONTINUED;





DOES LENT CHALLENGE YOUR COOKING ABILITY? (See Recipes Below)

# SPEAKING OF LENTEN VEGETABLES

cooks to produce something new and different—something which will entice the appetite of the family—something that will perchance become so great a family favorite that it will remain a "must" on our recipility all through the year. list all through the year.

cooking vegetables as contained in this column to-



like some of the ideas for serving them. Note the canned peas as shown in the photograph above. Look good enough for any company dish, do they not, yet all that was done to dress them up was simply to surround them with onions and carrots and the carrots were garnished with tiny sprigs of

Please from time to time, try each one of these recipes—you'll like all of them, I know.

If you've strange guests coming for dinner and don't know what vegetables they like, cover your confusion by letting them choose their own from this attractive arrangement of canned peas, onions

### French Fried Onions.

to 360 degrees F. hot enough to brown a cube of bread in 1 minute. When onions are golden brown, re-move from fat and drain on absorbent paper. Serve very hot with broiled steak.

### Vegetable Rice Ring.

2 cups peas ½ cup tomato puree 1 teaspoon celery salt ¼ teaspoon curry powder ½ teaspoon paprika ¼ cup butter

mato puree, seasonings and melted butter. Serve very hot.

# Cut large navel oranges in half

pulp and fold in hot mashed sweet potatoes. Fill the orange shells and bake in a moder-ate oven (350 degrees) for approximately 10 minutes. Then top

each half orange with a marshmallow and continue baking until marshmallow is puffy and golden brown. Remove from oven and serve at once.

### Baked Tomatoes and Shrimp. 5 fresh medium-sized tomatoes

2 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons diced green pepper 2 tablespoons minced onion

1 No. 1 can shrimp-diced

1 No. 1 can shrimp—diced
Hollow out tomatoes. Melt butter in frying pan and add diced
green pepper, onion, and shrimp.
Brown mixture very lightly and fill
tomato shells. Sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs and bake until tomatoes are tender.

1 cup soft bread crumbs 1/4 teaspoon salt

Remove the outer skin of the on-ions and cut in half horizontally Cook in boiling salted water, uncov

# Want to Learn Some New Household Tricks?

Of course you do—and it's the simple easy way of doing things—as ferreted out by millions of homemakers that have been compiled in this book, "Household Hints"—a book that literally every homemaker should own ery homemaker should own.

To get your copy, to learn the household tricks that for some reason or other you just haven't thought of before—send 10 cents in coin to Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois — ask for the booklet "Household Hints."

ered, until onions are almost ten-der (approximately 20 minutes). Take care to preserve shape of onions while cooking. Drain, and arrange cut side up in a buttered baking dish. Remove the center of each onion and chop fine. Mix with the soft bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and bacon. Fill onion halves and top with the buttered bread crumbs. Cover bottom of the baking dish with water and have in a ing dish with water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until onions are tender and bread crumbs have browned, approximately

# Cauliflower a la Parmesan. 1 head cauliflower, cooked 3 tablespoons grated cheese 1 cup white sauce

1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs Place cauliflower in greased cas serole. Pour white sauce over cauli flower, and sprinkle with cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 30 minutes, or until crumbs are delicately browned. Serves 6.

### Spinach Nut Ring.

(Serves 6) 3 cups cooked spinach

3 eggs (beaten)
½ cup bread crumbs
¾ cup nut meats (cut fine)

1/4 cup bacon fat 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon pepper Chop the spinach and add the

beaten eggs and other ingredients in the order given. Turn into a greased ring mold and bake in

a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) about 30 minutes, or until it is Turn out on a

Savory Glazed Carrots. Cook until onions are tender 2 tablespoons onion, chopped 2 tablespoons butter

Flour carrots and saute with onions and butter for 10 minutes:
9 or 10 whole carrots, scraped (5 to 2 tablespoons flour

Then pour on: 1 can consomme, diluted with ½ cup water

Cover tightly and cook until carrots are tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving,

## Corn Souffle.

tablespoons butter 6 tablespoons flour

cups milk

cups canned corn
tablespoon chopped pimientos
tablespoon finely chopped onion

2 tablespoons chopped celery 4 egg yolks 4 egg whites, beaten

4 egg whites, beaten
Melt butter and add flour, salt
and milk. Cook until very thick
sauce forms. Stir constantly. Add
corn, seasonings and egg yolks and
beat three minutes. Fold in egg
whites. Pour into buttered baking
dish, set in pan of hot water and
bake 40 minutes in moderate oven
(350 degrees F).

### (350 degrees F.). **Brussels Sprouts**

Select light green, compact heads. One quart will serve six. Remove wilted leaves and soak for 15 minutes in cold water. Drain and cook un-covered for 20 minutes in boiling water. Add salt the last 10 min-utes. Drain and serve with Hol-landaise sauce.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

making money, but only one hone est one."
"How is that?"
"I don't know."

### Early Practice

Dinocan—You know that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to love? Sally—Yes, but it's still winter. Dinocan—Yes, but how about having a rehearsal?

### Rubbing It In

Bunchuck-Yes, it took me six eeks of hard work to learn how to play tennis.
Dzudi—And what do you have

for your pains? Bunchuck—Liniment. Life is what you make it—till somebody else comes along and makes it worse.

Began to Miss Him

Man (visiting native village after an absence of thirty years)—

Well, Samuel, you don't remem-

Samuel — W'y, it be young George Porter. Bless 'e, I were only sayin' to Sarah yesterday Oi 'adn't seed 'e about lately.

# CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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Real Necessities Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by.—Cromwell.

# **FOR HEAD** COLDS

... rush out clogging miseries -rush in vitalizing healing air.

way out of colds misery.

Remember, free and easy breathing takes the kick out of head colds—helps cut down the time these colds hang on. So this winter—head off head colds misery with genuine Penetro Nose Drops. Trial size, 10g. Large regular size, only 25g.

Need of Patience How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

# **DON'T BE BOSSED**

BY YOUR LAXATIVE-RELIEVE

CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY eWhen you feel gassy, headachy, logy due to clogged-up bowels, do as millions do—take Feen-A-Mint at bedtime. Next morning—thorough, comfortable relief, helping you start the day full of your normal energy and pep, feeling like a million! Feen-A-Mint doesn't disturb your night's rest or interfere with work the next day. Try Feen-A-Mint, the chewing gum laxative, yourself. It tastes good, it's handy and economical...a family supply

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symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is made
especially for women to help relieve
such distressing feelings and thus
help them go smiling thru such
"difficultdays." Over 1,000,000 women have reported remarkable to WORTH TRYING! Any dr

WNU-7

# CREATING NEW WEALTH TO ORDER

3

Advertising creates new wealth by showing people new and better ways of living, and as it creates new wealth it contributes to the prosperity of everyone touched by the flow of money which is set up. In this way, don t you see, advertising is a social force which is working in the interest of every one of us every day of the year, bringing us new wealth to use and enjoy.







Yes, speaking of Lenten vegeta-bles reminds us that the Lenten sea-son has again returned—that season when Lent challenges us as good

Such is the list of new ideas for

day. Not only will you like these new ideas for cooking vegeta-bles — but also equally as much I think you will like some of the

were garnished with tiny sprigs of fresh parsley.

Thus it is that everyday foods— foods full of nourishment and of food value become new favorites.

Use Spanish or large Bermuda onions. Peel and cut in slices ¼ inch thick. Separate slices into rings, soak in milk for a few minutes. Drain and roll in flour. Fry in deep fat, which has been heated to 360 degrees F, bot enough to

cup rice

Cook the rice in boiling salted water until tender and drain. Place in ring mold and dry slightly in oven. Heat peas. Remove rice ring from mold and heap peas in the center. Cover with sauce made of the to-

# Orange Sweet Potato Baskets.

### Stuffed Baked Onions. 3 large onions

Dash pepper 4 slices bacon, minced and cooked Buttered bread crumbs