

Household Hints

Never allow cold water to run into an aluminum pan while it is hot. If done repeatedly, this rapid contraction of metal will cause pan to warp.

Cream cheese mixed with a little chili sauce or catsup makes a piquant filling for sandwiches. They are especially appealing with a hot beverage.

A large banana and two ounces of cream cheese mashed and mixed together makes a delicious spread for crackers.

A scrubbing brush with stiff bristles is invaluable when washing badly soiled collar bands, mud-splashed hems or other stains on white clothes. Lay the cloth smoothly on the washboard, wet the brush, rub it across a bar of soap, then scrub the garment with strokes of the brush.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

ARTISTS WANTED

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Princes of India

The territories and incomes of the princes of India vary tremendously, says Collier's. There are 662 of them, and they range from the Nizam of Hyderabad, who rules over a rich area the size of Minnesota and has an annual income of \$25,000,000, down to the little fellow who rules over a poor village in the Simla hills and has an annual income of only \$500.

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Without Thinking Many a man fails to become a thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good.—Nietzsche.

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How many unjust and wicked things are done from mere habit.—Terence.

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The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Carol Coburn, Alaska-born daughter of a "bush rat" who died with an unproved mining claim, returns North to teach school. Sidney Lander, mining engineer, rescues her aboard ship from annoyances of Eric (the Red) Ericson. Lander is engaged to

Barbara Trumbull, whose father is fighting Coburn's claim. Lander breaks with Trumbull and moves to Sock-Eye Schlupp's shack. Carol gets a school job at Matanuska.
Barbara visits her and Carol says she is

not interested in Lander.
One of Carol's pupils is Salaria Bryson, a big, out-doors young woman, also in love with Lander.
Salaria can hardly read but she is adept at hunting game.

CHAPTER XI

Life is like a husky-dog that refuses to be entirely tamed. Quite unexpectedly the old wolf strain breaks out.

Several weeks ago I'd arranged to have young Olie Eckstrom bring me a quart of milk every morning. And I looked forward to Olie's daily visits. For I liked Olie and Olie liked me. I liked the flash of his boyish wide smile and the friendly warmth in those sky-blue Scandinavian eyes of his. He was always glad to fill my water pail and do some trivial little chore for me.

But one day, instead of the tow-headed Olie, it was his little sister Frieda who proudly toddled to my door. She made a funny figure as she stood there in her patched old coruroy trousers (plainly inherited from Olie) and an equally abraded old wolfskin coat that was much too big for her. She couldn't have been more than six years old but she showed an active interest in my school crayons and building blocks. After she'd pored over a picture book or two I tied her up in her wolfskin coat, gave her an apple, and started her off for home.

There was a feeling of Spring in the air. I noticed that my shack eaves were dripping and my doorway drifts were diminishing.

But about mid-afternoon Olie appeared at my door. He stood there with his wide smile.

"I ban come for Frieda," he announced.

"But Frieda went home hours ago," I explained with a faint chilling of the blood.

His face, as he stood frowning over that, became suddenly mature. She had not come home, he said, and his mother had thought that maybe I had kept her for dinner.

We began the search by first looking through the outbuildings and skirting the clearing edges where the shadows were growing longer. It was foolish, I suppose, but I kept calling out, "Frieda! Frieda!" as I went. And there was, of course, no childish answer to that call.

Then we went back to the road and examined the muddy ruts and the sun-softened snow for any betrayingly small footprints. But there was nothing there we could be sure of.

"Perhaps," I told the solemn-eyed Olie, "she's home by this time."

I pinned my faith on that hope. But it proved to be a hollow one. And the stricken look in Mrs. Eckstrom's eyes did not add to my happiness. She called her husband, who came from the stable with a hay fork in his hand. The smile faded from his wide blond face as Olie explained the situation. The sun, I could see, was already low over the mountain tops. And every hour counted, with night coming on.

"We've got to have help," I told them. "We've simply got to find that child."

That took my thoughts back to Katie's Indian baby, the abandoned little papoose who'd been found in the valley birch grove. And the god from the machine, on that occasion, had been Sidney Lander's sheep dog.

"Olie," I said, "could you get on a horse and hurry over to Sock-Eye Schlupp's? There's a man there named Lander, who has a dog called Sandy. And something tells me Sandy might find Frieda."

It wasn't Sandy I wanted, I'm afraid, as much as Sandy's master. He was off like the wind.

Lander arrived more promptly than I had expected, with Sandy at his heels. I noticed, as he swung down from his horse, that he had a flashlight in his hand. His face, as he hurried over to us, was stern but not excited. And he didn't stop to ask many questions.

"I'm having Sock-Eye notify the settlers," he said. "When they get here, tell them to strike north and south of the trail at fifty paces apart. Let 'em work a half mile each way. And when they've finished their trip in and out have 'em report at the Jansen shack."

He turned for a moment to the lost child's mother, who was quietly weeping in the doorway. "That's all right, Mrs. Eckstrom. We'll find your girl for you."

"And you, Eckstrom," Lander called back over his shoulder, "line up the men when they get here. And you, Olie, ride straight over to the station and tell the agent there to get the marshal. Tell him to wire up and down the line for any men he can get here. This calls for fast work. So come on!"

I didn't resent the brusqueness of that order.

"How old is that child?" he asked as we reached the open road.

"About six," I answered. And that struck me as such a pitifully small figure that I was prompted to add: "She seemed quite a sturdy little tyke."

"How was the child dressed?" he asked.

I told him about the old wolfskin coat.

"That's in her favor," he said as he hurried on. "And a child of six wouldn't go far in country like this. She couldn't." He glanced about the darkening bowl between the lavender-tinted hills. "She's somewhere within a mile of us."

"Won't Sandy help us?" I asked.

"He hasn't enough to work on," Lander explained. "Or, ather, he has too much, here on the road. He



"She's somewhere within a mile of us."

wouldn't know what's expected of him. A hundred different feet have passed along this trail."

Lander left me and pushed his way in through a tangle of berry canes, with Sandy whimpering at his heels. That, for some reason gave me a flicker of hope. But it resulted in nothing. Man and dog worked their way back to the road again and once more Lander sidled along the ruts, step by step, studying the broken surface. I saw him rather abruptly leave the road, push through a mat of last year's fireweed, and drift away across a flattened meadow of wild hay. I thought, for a while, that I was both deserted and forgotten. But he circled back to me, in the end, a little breathless from running.

"Come on," he said. "I've struck a trail."

It was easy to follow him, since the meadow, for all its roughness, sloped downward. But I remembered, with a gulp, where that slope ended.

"Aren't we going toward the river?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

Lander turned with a scattering of white birches barred our path, and veered off to the left, penciling the ground with the ray of his flashlight as he went. He stood in doubt, when we came to a spruce wood, but pushed on again, skirting the gloom of the close-serried trees. Then he suddenly stopped and showed me a mark on a mounded snowdrift. It didn't mean much to me. But the excitement in his voice was unmistakable.

"That," he said, "is a child's footprint."

He called Sandy to his side and talked to him. He pushed the dog's nose down in the snow and patted him and started him off with the cry of, "Find her, Sandy!"

But Sandy disappointed us. He struck off in the darkness, quivering with excitement, only to circle back to us and whimper at his master's heels.

Then a cry came from Lander. The beam of his flashlight had fallen on an empty tin pail, lying beside a fallen spruce bole. One glance at it told me it was the pail in which the Eckstrom milk was daily carried to my door. That sent Lander running about in an ever-widening circle, sweeping his flashlight from side to side as he went. I could hear, for the first time, the sullen roaring of the river under its tangle of ice. And I didn't like the sound of it.

He rejoined me, as I stood there with a new chill in my blood, and thrust the flashlight in my hands. "We've got to have help here," he said. "You keep Sandy and the

flashlight when I go back for the men. And blink the light from time to time, so we can place you."

"All right," I agreed, as quietly as I could.

"Can't you find her, Sandy?" I said as I stood with my fingers hooked through his collar. For it would be natural, I knew, for the dog to follow his owner. I let him sniff at the pail as I held him trembling against my knee. Then he suddenly whimpered and broke loose. And I realized, as I staggered after him in the darkness, that I had failed to keep a part of my promise. He was off.

I could hear his bell-like barks in the cold night air as he quartered off from the woodland and crossed a treeless slope that led to a hayfield as level as a floor. It was a stretch of open land, I could see, where some homesteader the summer before had cut wild hay for his stock. But Sandy, instead of racing after his master, seemed to be crisscrossing about this open floor windrowed with its sun-shrunken snowdrifts. He came back to me, barked twice in my face, and was off again.

I followed him, as best I could, wondering if his excitement was due to a fox or even some larger animal prowling about in the gloom. But I found him, at the meadow edge, with his nose buried in the tumble of loose hay at the base of a poled stack covered with a faded tarpaulin. His bobbed tail, I noticed, was going from side to side like a metronome.

I dropped down on my knees beside him, pawing away the loose hay. Then I suddenly stopped. I shrank back, with a quick little curdle of nerve ends. For my bare hand, pushing deeper, had come in contact with warm fur.

I was sure of that. And I was equally sure that Sandy had smelled out a sleeping bear.

My one and only aim in life was to get away from that stack and hear the comfortable voices of armed men about me again. I ran stumbling across the drifted hayfield, wondering as I went why I could see no moving lights in the distance.

Then my flight came to an end. For I realized that Sandy, who was following me, did not approve of that retreat. His sharp barks were plainly meant for sounds of protest. He even came and tugged at my parka end, as though to drag me back.

I stood there, in my weakness, and hesitated. I must have stood in the darkness for a full minute, without moving. Then a second wind of courage took me slowly back toward the stack.

It wasn't easy to go back.

But I shut my jaw and crept gingerly forward, wondering how I should defend myself if an aroused wild animal lumbered out at me. My hand, I'm afraid, wasn't a very steady one as I thrust an exploring arm into the little cave under the stack shoulder, the cave where some stray deer or perhaps a moose had been feeding during the deep cold.

It was quite a deep hollow. My arm, in fact, went in up to the elbow. Then it went still deeper. It went until I could feel the warm fur again. But, a moment later, I could feel something else. About it, strangely enough, was wrapped a coil or two of rope. And then I realized the truth.

It wasn't a sleeping bear: it was the body of a child in a worn wolfskin jacket. It was our lost Frieda.

She roused a little and emitted a sleepy whimper or two as I caught her up and held her to my breast.

A great surge of relief swept through me as I heard the sleepy small voice complain: "Ah ban so hungry!"

"Of course you're hungry," I said, a little drunk with excitement. And both Sandy and the half-awakened child must have thought that I'd suddenly gone mad, for I managed, in some way, to clamber to the top of the stack and there, standing up in the darkness, I shouted with all my strength. I called and called again, until an answering shout came back to me.

"They're coming, Frieda," I said as Sandy's voice belled out on the cold night air.

Lander came first, a little out of breath, pushing Sandy away from him as he stooped over me.

"I've found her," I said as I struggled to my feet in the loose hay. "She's all right." But, with Frieda in my arms, I wasn't sure of my footing. And a sudden sense of security went through me as I felt Lander's long arm encircle my waist and hold me up. He held me close in under his wide shoulder, for just a moment, in what I accepted as a silent gesture of gratitude.

"She's all right," he shouted back over his shoulder. And he took the child from my arms as the twinkling lanterns drew nearer. I could hear a cheer go up from the crowd and a moment later I could hear the tremulous voice of Mrs. Eckstrom saying over and over again: "My leedle Frieda! My leedle Frieda!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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