

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station.

CHAPTER II.—Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly worthless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount.

The girl's smoldering rage flared out at him: "You scoundrel! Decey us into this beastly hole, and then turn our plane adrift. You cowardly sneak! Everything drifting away in it—and all the food and wine. Oh, d—n! What am I going to do? I'll starve!"

Her father looked at Garth with the first sign of concern that he had shown. "Yes, that's it. You might have thought of her. A girl so delicately reared! I say nothing as to myself; it's all in the game. But a lady—drag her down into the raw like this! Marooning her to starve in the bogs!"

Garth looked from father to daughter. "A lady, did you say? Oh, yes, to be sure—a dainty, refined lady, who curses and drinks and joins in schemes to blik a supposedly simple bush vagabond out of his fortune."

"Pah!" she scoffed. "Whining because we would not let you foist yourself on us as a gentleman. As for your twaddle about that claim, mines are treasure trove. They belong to whoever is clever enough to get hold of them."

"Right-o, my lady," Garth approved. "Which leaves only the small matter of food and drink to be considered. You'll be able to chew moose meat, I fancy, after you've fasted off some of your fastidiousness."

Indifferent whether or not the girl and her father followed him, Garth started to back-trail through the lower growth of spruce trees.

Where the spring rill came bubbling over ledges down to the rocky shore, he halted in a small clearing. Here had been his camp on his previous visit to the valley. Ten feet up the branch-trimmed trunks of four closely grouped birch trees, a tattered moosehide hung over the edge of a pole platform.

Garth glanced up at the platform. "Wolverines have robbed the food cache. But there's plenty more meat on the hoof. While I go for some, you two will start gathering wood."

Miss Ramill's nerves were on edge. She snapped at him hysterically: "You insolent bully! Don't you dare to try to give me orders!"

Her father had squatted down on the warm rock, tired out by his day's exertions. Garth spoke to him: "Too much is enough. The condition was that all three of you would do as I thought best. Huxby promptly tried again to bluff me. Now your daughter balks."

Mr. Ramill raised his down-sagged head. "You'll not be able to say that of me, young man. I stand by your terms. I always play to win. But no one can truthfully claim I ever wench or revoke. I will take your orders, and so will Vivian, now that he has had time to realize the situation."

"How about your daughter?" "I'll leave that to you. If you can control her, you'll be doing more than I have ever been able to do."

Garth met the disdainful gaze of the girl with a smile. "So your father turns you over to me, my lady. Let me hasten to assure you, I beg to decline the honor."

—willful, arrogant, utterly selfish. For



The Splash That Followed Told Him a Moose Had Caught His Scent.

Unfortunately she had shown herself no less hard physically than mentally. Otherwise he would have played the game in a different way. No weak-muscled woman could make that travails to the Mackenzie.

As for her father, he had only himself to thank. A pirate should expect to take his chances. He might be gotten to the river, and he might not. That depended upon his heart. Soft muscles could be hardened. Not so a weak heart.

No question as to the girl and Huxby. If they obeyed orders. They could do it. A crash in the alders broke in upon Garth's thoughts. The splash that followed told him a moose had caught his scent and taken to the lake. To have run to the bank and shot the swimming beast would have been easy. Only, he had no canoe or raft, and the water here was rather deep offshore.

He stalked down through the timber. For the first hundred feet or so out from the shore thickets, willows grew along both sides of the low ledge. A peer through the foliage showed the immense palmate antlers of an old bull moose.

Garth flattened down on the moss-covered dyke and crawled away from the bank. Shoreward, on the other side, he caught sight of a slight movement among the willows. He rose on his knees and swung up his rifle. Though he was still screened by the brush alongside the ledge, his quick movements sent a strong whiff of man-scent downward.

With loud snorts of alarm, two cow moose, a calf, and a young bull heaved up among the willows less than a dozen yards apart. They started to plunge forward out of the thicket. Garth's first shot dropped the calfless cow with a bullet through the head. His second bullet glanced off the base of the bull's left antler. Partly stunned by the shock, the bull swerved sideways, only to drop in his tracks, shot through the heart.

Silently as he had stalked out the ledge, Garth returned to solid ground. He knew that the snorting, bawling moose in the pools would soon quiet down and return to their lily-pond feeding. The only requirement was for him to keep out of sight and either across or down wind from the stupid beasts. They had not learned to fear human hunters.

A few steps along the bank brought him to a game trail through the thickets. He laid down his rifle and waded out to the dead bull. The body lay on a down-beaten mat of willow stems. Garth at once set to work with his knife.

To dress out a thousand-pound animal is no light task, even under the best of conditions. Garth thought nothing of it. All the hide within reach slid free to the quick draw of his curved knife blade. With belt-ax and knife he cut off the antlered head, then the upper foreleg and hindquarter. After that he was able to heave the carcass over by the leverage of the other legs.

When he had finished with the bull, he went to the cow. She weighed perhaps 200 pounds less, and was therefore easier to dress out.

With the two skins and all the meat ashore, he took a dip in a clear pool and washed his buckskins. As he sloshed out of the willows in the wet garments, he saw Miss Ramill staring through her headnet at the eight big legs. He had hooked them on the stubs of spruce limbs. Her gaze lowered from the other raw moose products that were piled on one of the

hides. She turned from them loathingly.

"Faugh! What a sickening mess! Have you started a packing plant?" "The packing is just about to start," he replied. "Are you too feeble to carry this rolled skin? It's the lighter one."

"That filthy thing? You may be sure I'm not so feeble-minded as to touch any of your butcher mess." "Very well. Only remember, it's your own choice, sister."

He bagged the contents of the bull hide, slung it on his back, picked up his rifle, and headed for camp. The girl looked from him to the folded moose cow skin, hesitated, flushed angrily, and followed, empty-handed.

While still some distance from the rill, he shifted a tang of wood smoke. He quickened his step. It gave him a pleasant surprise. After all, the girl seemed to have given in, at least partly. He turned to her with a scornful look. She met it with a scornful smile.

They came to the opening where Garth trimmed a pair of green willow spits, opened the moosehide, and cut two slices of liver. He put a slice on each spit, and started to broil them over the coals. With a look of disgust, Miss Ramill turned her back and sat down on the rill bank.

Before long the broiling liver began to send out an appetizing odor. The girl's nose went up for an involuntary sniff. Garth met the intent look of her father, and allowed his left eyelid to flutter slightly. Another turn of the spits completed the broiling. He handed one of them to Mr. Ramill.

The millionaire lifted his headnet to take a gingerly nibble at his hot meat. His heavy face brightened with a surprised smile. He smacked his lips and bit off a large mouthful. At the sound, his daughter jerked around. Garth was lifting into the other piece of liver.

The girl cooed on her indignation: "You greedy pig! Where's my piece?" Garth pointed to the moosehide. "Help yourself."

He met her furious look with cool indifference, and went on eating. Unable to blast him, she turned to her father: "I'll take yours, Dad. You've had two bites. It will not take you long to cook another piece. Make it three."

At that, Garth swung around between father and daughter. "Mr. Ramill, we'll settle this right now. You said you'd leave her to me. I cooked that meat for you. She will cook her own meat, or go without."

The older man sat for several moments considering the matter. He then raised his piece of meat and resumed his meal. Lillith Ramill stared at him, her eyes wide.

"My own father! But wait till Vivian comes back!" He winced. Garth ignored her. "Better lie down and rest, sir. You've done enough for a while. I'm going to get you into hard training as soon as possible. But we must not overdo it at the start. Might mean a breakdown."

"I am tired, boy—and hungry as a shark. Could eat all the rest of that liver."

"Not now. You'll rest, do some work, and then get another slice. Call this valley one of those physical culture sanitariums where the tired business man is worked and dieted back into fit condition."

"I have yet to agree to such training, Garth."

"Take your choice. If you refuse, I give you my word you'll never reach the Mackenzie. I might back-pack you in some places; you don't weigh much over two hundred. Happens, though, I'm not a donkey. You'll go on your own feet."

"Very well. Put me on them."

Obedient to directions, the big man stretched out flat upon the sunwarmed rock. Garth turned about to pull the moosehide and what was upon it into the shade of a birch.

She showed she could be deft enough when she chose. One stroke of the knife hacked off a willow twig, two cuts sharpened the end. Grasping the bottom of the uncured second liver, she sliced up lengthwise, all the way to the rawhide thong. She poked the green wood from the near edge of the fire, piled on dry sticks, and crouched down to hold her spit over the blaze.

Garth had at once begun to make catgut. It would be needed to sew the moccasins. He was intently at work, and the girl was still more intently eyeing her meat, when Huxby came striding between the spruces.

The once elegant engineer was smeared with mud from his midbody down to where the rock-milk water of the ford had drenched the bog slime from his shoes and leather aviator trousers. Snags had scratched his flying jacket and even torn through one sleeve.

Worst of all, his bare face and neck was a swollen mass of mosquito-bite

swells and the bleeding wounds of doerly stings. The skin had already begun to puff and discolor.

At sight of the man's condition, Garth picked up his rifle. Even the most cold-blooded, calculating schemer can be tortured into crazed violence.

Miss Ramill glanced up from her cooking, and uttered a startled cry. It awakened her father from his daze. He sat erect to start at Huxby.

"My G—d, Vivian, what's happened? You look like something the cat brought home."

(Continued Next Week)



Garth Lifted His Rifle. "Put Up Your Hands."

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of W. M. Hargrove, deceased, late of the County of Haywood, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at her home at Canton, N. C., R. F. D. 2, on or before the 29th day of November, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MRS. W. M. HARGROVE, Administratrix of the estate of W. M. Hargrove, deceased. No. 422—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2-9-15.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE OF LAND

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD. The Federal Land Bank of Columbia, Plaintiff.

J. A. Francis, W. T. Denton, M. A. Leatherwood, C. N. Allen, Executor of J. M. Mock, Deceased, E. J. Hyatt, W. A. Hyatt, and W. T. Shelton, Trading and Doing Business as Hyatt & Company, Partnership, Defendants.

Pursuant to a judgment entered in above entitled civil action on the 9th day of December, 1935, in the Superior Court of said County by the Clerk, I will on the 13th day of January, 1936, at 12 o'clock M., at the County Courthouse door in said County sell at public auction to the highest bidder therefor the following described lands, situated in said county and state in Waynesville Township, comprising 78 acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 78 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being in Waynesville Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, about three miles from Waynesville, and having such shapes, metes, courses and distances as well more fully appear by reference to a plat thereof, made by O. O. Sanford, C. E., dated 1920, and copied by W. R. Francis, Atty., and on file with the Federal Land Bank of Columbia, and bounded on the North by the lands of W. D. Snyder and Oscar Rhodamer, on the East by the lands of J. A. Francis and C. C. Francis, on the South by the lands of Elmer Bryson and W. H. Limer, on the West by the lands of J. A. Francis and J. N. Francis.

The terms of sale are as follows: CASH. All bids will be received subject to rejection or confirmation by the Clerk of said Superior Court and no bid will be accepted or reported unless its maker shall deposit with said Clerk at the close of the bidding the sum of One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars as a forfeit and guaranty of compliance with his bid, the same to be credited on his bid when accepted.

Notice is now given that said lands will be resold at the same place and upon the same terms at 2 o'clock P. M. of the same day unless said deposit is sooner made.

Every deposit not forfeited or accepted will be promptly returned to the maker. This the 9th day of December, 1935. M. G. STAMEY, Commissioner. No. 421—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, dated December 9th, 1935, made in the Special Proceeding entitled, Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased, vs. Eva Leatherwood, Clara Starnes and husband, Fulton Starnes, Rufus Leatherwood and Louise Leatherwood, by her guardian ad litem, W. T. Crawford, Heirs at Law of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, dated December 9th, 1935, made in the Special Proceeding entitled, Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased, vs. Eva Leatherwood, Clara Starnes and husband, Fulton Starnes, Rufus Leatherwood and Louise Leatherwood, by her guardian ad litem, W. T. Crawford, Heirs at Law of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.

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10.71 acres, more or less, subject to the rights and easements of the Southern Railway.

Said land will be subdivided into parcels and a map exhibited at said sale, and the property will be offered for sale in parcels, and then as a whole, to the highest bidder.

Sale made pursuant to an order of the Judge of the Superior Court, made at February Term, 1935, of the Superior Court of Haywood County in an action entitled, "Citizens Bank and Trust Co. et al, vs. Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Co., et al." and the sale will be subject to the approval of the Court.

This the 30th day of November, 1935. J. H. HOWELL, Receiver of Haywood Furniture Mfg. Co. No. 419—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Dee Clark, deceased, late of Haywood County. This is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at her home on Cove Creek, N. C., on or before the 15th day of December, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MRS. NELLIE CLARK, Administratrix of the estate of Dee Clark, deceased. No. 418—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2-9.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, December 23, 1935, at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, I will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the following lands and premises, lying and being in Waynesville Township Haywood County, N. C., and more particularly described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on the N. margin of the Ratcliff Cove Road at its intersection with the West margin of a new road, and runs with said margin of said new road, N. 13° E. 350 feet to a stake; thence with the 216 feet to a stake; thence with the line between lots Nos. 17 and 18 S. 4° W. 350 feet to a stake in the margin of said Ratcliff Cove Road; thence with said Ratcliff Cove Road in an Easterly direction, 150 feet to the BEGINNING, containing one and one-half acre, more or less, being lot No. 17 of the Turner lands as per survey and plat of J. W. Seaver, recorded in Map Book "C," Index "T," office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County.

Sale made pursuant to the power of sale conferred upon me by virtue of that certain deed of trust executed by W. R. McElroy and wife, Eletha McElroy, dated October 9th, 1928, and recorded in Book 26, page 67, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County. This 22nd day of November, 1935. M. C. STAMEY, Trustee. No. 415—Nov. 28, Dec. 5-12-19.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, December 23, 1935, at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, I will sell at public outcry, to the highest bidder for cash, the following lands and premises, lying and being in Waynesville Township, Haywood County, N. C., and more particularly described as follows:

FIRST TRACT: Lots Nos. 23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30, and also a tract adjoining not numbered, containing 1-2-10 acres of the Limer-Coman subdivision, as per survey and map of J. W. Seaver, made January and February, 1924, and which map is of record in Map Book "B," Index "L," office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, to which map and record reference is made for a full description of said lots, said unnumbered lot of 1-2-10 acres, being more particularly described and bounded as follows: BEGINNING on the corner of lots 14 and 15, and runs N. 87° 15' E. 160 feet to a stake; thence N. 7° E. 600 feet to a stake; thence S. 15° 30' W. to the BEGINNING.

The foregoing lands being also the same parcels or lots of land conveyed in a deed from Jerry Limer to J. T. Coman and wife, Grace Coman, to A. J. Buchanan, dated August 12, 1924, and recorded in Book 63, page 241, Record of Deeds of Haywood County. Being also the same lots of land conveyed in a deed from A. J. Buchanan, dated April 4, 1927, and recorded in Book 74, page 356, Record of Deeds of Haywood County, to which deeds and records reference is hereby made for a full and complete description of said lots of land.

SECOND TRACT: BEGINNING at a stake in the West margin of road, Northeast corner of lot No. 123; thence N. 71° W. with the line between lots Nos. 123 and 124, 85 feet to a stake; thence N. 8° E. 175 feet to a stake, corner between lots Nos. 130 and 131; thence S. 70° 30' E. with line between lots Nos. 130 and 131, 84 feet to a stake in West margin of said road; thence S. 30° W. with West margin of said road, 12 feet to a stake; thence S. 6° 30' 164 feet to the BEGINNING, being lots Nos. 124-125-126-127-128-129-130 of the Limer-Coman sub-division near Lake Junaluska, N. C., as per map and survey made by J. W. Seaver, January and February, 1924, and said map and survey being duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, in Map Book "B," Index "L," being also the same lots conveyed in a deed from Jack Smith and wife, Ella Smith, dated January 1st, 1930, and recorded in Book 80, page 358, Record of Deeds of Haywood County, N. C.

Sale made pursuant to the power of sale conferred upon me by virtue of that certain deed of trust executed by A. J. Wyatt and wife, M. L. Wyatt, dated March 1st, 1932, and recorded in Book 32, page 18, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County. This 22nd day of November, 1935. A. T. WARD, Trustee. No. 416—Nov. 28, Dec. 5-12-19.