

Club Bazaar Big Success

Journal Juniors Present Program for Helvetia

(By Mrs. John M. Davidson)

HELVETIA—Sunshine club bazaar and program was a success. K. P. Hall was crowded. Dan McDade and his Journal Juniors put on one of the best programs ever seen here. The club is now financially able to help the needy, sick and old.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallie Janin of Portland were week-end visitors at the Victor Christensen home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McCuen and family of Longview, Wash., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Tschabold, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hulton (Lena Turpin) and family of Vancouver, Wash., visited Saturday and Sunday with the Simon Hershey family. Mrs. Hulton taught school at Mason for several years.

Many from this neighborhood attended the funeral of A. Anderson of Mason Hill Sunday.

Lilith Korn Visits

Miss Lydia Korn, who has been superintendent at the Sun Mount Preventorium at Colfax, Cal., for the past eight months, is spending her vacation here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Korn.

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By Robert Ames Bennett

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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER VI

Hell in the Muskeys

Garth sat beside the camp fire, sewing new moccasins for himself. Nearby, the millionaire dealer in mines and his fastidious daughter scraped the raw sides of the six caribou skins and rubbed them with a tanning mixture of fat, liver and blood. Garth had told them they could either tan the skins, or wait for him to do it. Until the tanning had been finished, the trip out would not begin.

Garth was so keen to start back for civilization that he went at the disagreeable task with energy and determination. Lilith's not only worked vigorously as her father, she showed a real interest in the tanning.

Huxby took no part in this preparation of the skins. When he came down to the camp from the platinum placer, the sight of his fiancee's doing such squaw work struck him speechless. He stared in blank amazement. When at last he found his voice, he started to throaty laugh.

"You've gone a bit too far, you roughneck. Stand up, or I'll kick you up. I am going to—" The girl broke in, with cool scorn:

"Tune off old dear. You're set on static. It's not interference we want. Dad and I are giving this performance under our own direction. You see, it's a bargain. Alan agrees to start our trip out just as soon as these skins are all tanned."

The mining engineer drew back. "So soon as that? My dear girl, if he's going to rush us off, I don't see how I can spare any time here in camp. I haven't yet sampled all the area of the placer."

"You'll have more days for it," Garth told him. "Only don't forget that an alloy of platinum and gold weighs more than lead. You'll be totting my 60 per cent, along with the 40 for yourself and Mr. Ramill. If you hide the loot in your pockets, you'll go down like a shot, first time you slip into a muskeg pool or quagmire. Think of the all-around calamity that would mean. You'd lose your life, Mr. Ramill would lose his Man Friday, Miss Lilith her fiance, and I'd lose my 60 per cent."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "It's no joke, Vivian. I've seen a strong swimmer sunk by the gold in his money-belt. A bag can be thrown off the shoulders. Another thing, Garth is to receive his three-fifths of whatever you have panned out. That is understood."

"It was his bargain," Huxby replied.

He went to gorge on the leg of caribou that Garth had roasted over the fire on a twist-thong of rawhide. When he could eat no more, he hastened back to the placer trough to resume his pan-

The others had already feasted upon the tender venison, that was self-basted in its delicious fat. Lilith and her father had helped Garth pack it, with more meat and the skins, down the long slope from the Glacier.

Before sunset, Garth set several rawhide snares, each attached to a pair of downtown saplings. For bait, he used raw pieces of caribou flesh. The beasts of the valley had never been trapped. When, at sunrise, he went the rounds of his snares, he collected a lynx, two red foxes, a wolverine and a wolf.

Garth did not reset the snares. He had more skins than he needed. From the wolf-hide he made a knapsack for Huxby. The fox skins

furnished smaller bags for Mr. Ramill and Lilith.

At the second sunrise, Garth the lynx and wolverine pelts and a quantity of catgut with the caribou skins.

Huxby eyed the bundle ironically. "Mr. Ramill told me about your caribou parka talk. I take it, you aim to go back and live among the Eskimos."

"I might do worse," Garth replied. "Here's your wolf packbag. Load our metal, and slant up from the placer. We'll meet you at the glacier."

At Mr. Ramill's nod, the engineer took the knapsack and started off. Garth put the small aluminum pot and tin cup in the millionaire's bag. He drew his blanket from the leanto to strap it on his pack-board with the bundle of skins.

Lilith Ramill crept into the leanto for the last time. She came out with the pouches of salt and tea. Neither had been opened since Garth put them in her care, after the wasteful eating up of all the sugar.

Her worn boots lay at the foot of the leanto. She had on her moose-hide moccasins and lynx-skin leggings. As she backed from under the low roof she picked up the boots and eyed them with amused contempt. They had been fit only for show, not for use. But when she flung them down, Garth added them to his pack, along with the last small pieces of moose-hides.

"We might sew on rawhide soles," he said. "Now—all set. How about you, mates? Ready to hit the trail?"

The girl showed the whiskey flask that he had left in her father's care. It was full of fly-dope—spruce pitch mixed with caribou tallow. She put the lask into her foxskin bag, along with the pouches of tea and salt.

Mr. Ramill was already walking off. Garth had made a tramp-line for his pack. As he fitted the band across his forehead and stood up, rifle in hand, he glanced over his shoulder at the girl.

She turned and met his glance. Her lips curled in her old scornful smile. "What are you waiting for? Aren't we ever to get out of this beastly valley?"

He started off without any reply but with a glow of exultance under his outward show of indifference. Lilith Ramill thought she was about to escape from the Wild.

He had promised to guide them all to the MacKenzie. The probabilities were now in favor of her father making it. The girl would go back to what she called civilization—to luxury and self-indulgence, to jazz and night-clubs—the rapid pursuit of sensation.

Yet a part of her would linger behind in this lost valley of the desolate subarctic Rockies. She had eaten of the wild meat; she had smelled the tang of smoke from men's first friend, the camp fire. She had come face to face with the primitive—and had lived it.

The real woman of her had awakened—had thrust aside the superficial self whose world was made up of artificiality and dissipation. She had been compelled to face the raw realities of Life. And there were weeks more of it to come.

Fortunately, she had already been hard. Now she was fit. Under the smear of mosquito dope the lines had smoothed from her face. The drawn look had disappeared. Instead of the scarlet of rouge, her lips were cherry red with healthy natural color. She had gained weight. Her body now looked lean rather than emaciated.

As Garth overtook the girl's father, he eyed him with a smaller yet no less genuine satisfaction. For every pound gained by the daughter, the father had been rid of three or more. Though still far from hard, the millionaire had worked and sweat into vastly better condition than at the start of his training.

Huxby did not come into sight, out of the placer trough, until the others were well up the tundra slope, half-way to the glacier. That gave Garth an excuse to tell Lilith to ease her father along while Huxby was closing up with them.

Garth himself swung briskly ahead. So far, nothing had been said to Huxby about the cache in the ice tunnel of the glacier stream. He knew only that the caribou carcasses had been put on ice.

The one thing of which Garth felt most certain regarding the engineer was that he would never give over trying to get the pla-

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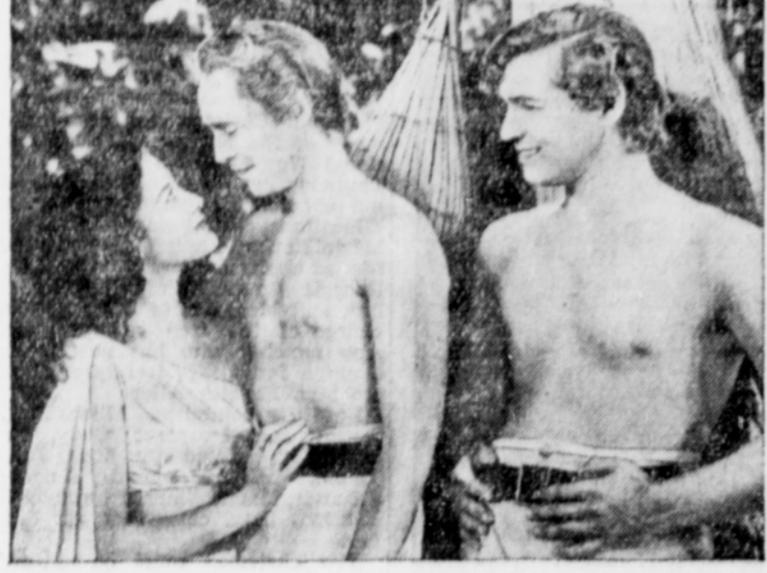
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HILLSBORO ARGUS, HILLSBORO, OREGON

"Mutiny on the Bounty" Coming Sunday



Maria, Franchot Tone and Clark Gable in a scene from "Mutiny on the Bounty," coming here Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The enchantment of the South Seas lends glamour to the romantic episodes of the picture. Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone head a cast, which includes hundreds of natives acting before a motion picture camera for the first time.

nuancer until every possible scheme had been balked. Mr. Ramill might quit. He already possessed a fortune.

But Huxby was still a relatively poor man, and he had now made certain that the placer was worth at least a million dollars. Behind his polished front, he was no less unscrupulous than his millionaire partner, and he was absolutely cold-blooded.

Among the cards that the future was to deal in the game, the ice cave might prove to be anything from a two-spot to an ace. If the play should shift back to the valley, a cache full of meat would most benefit the player who knew about it. No less so, the caribou skins. In any event, it would do no harm and might prove of advantage to leave Huxby in doubt regarding the location of the cache.

Lilith made the last climb to Garth without effort. But Huxby plodded up almost as winded as Mr. Ramill. He lowered from his shoulders the small but heavy load in his wolfskin knapsack. The chunks of frozen caribou meat beside the bulky blanket-wrapped bundle on Garth's packboard drew his displeased attention.

"You can't expect me to carry any of that venison. I'm no pack jack of the woods. No pack of yours is quite enough to suit me."

(To be continued)

Hillsboro Post Meets Next meeting of Hillsboro post, American Legion, will be held January 14, postponing the meeting of December 24 because of Christmas Eve, according to a post decision Tuesday night. Plans were made to promote more activities for the post after the first of the year.

Births Seece—To Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Seece, December 5, a boy, at Emanuel hospital in Portland.

If you change your address kindly notify the Argus direct and at once.

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