PAGE EIGHT

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his hunting parties into line for the always derided and despised; a moment before she made out what pride in the name and heritage that it was-a dead bull moose, circling out trail. In the compound below her the were hers through the man whose momentarily in an eddy. The antstir and color of six hunting parties wise administration of power had

Bourne or Jack Page?

getting under way was like that of earned the loving loyalty of his freea small army. The Indian guides and camp tendspirited subjects.

ers, arrayed in their working the name of Keith would soon be no upper canyons. es-fringed caribou shirts and more than a legend on the Stikine. ing to last-minute details.

larities of men in holiday spirit.

Rio Carew, very smart in correct thought was not a pleasant one. riding clothes, stood beside her saddangling from her wrist. Her pretty face was carefully made up with powder, rouge, and eye shadow. Her dark eyes followed Derek Haskell as he moved along the pack trains, she had from the first favored checking items against a list he car-

tended to sell to him only after forc-Doctor Van Cleve and the Irish ing him to vie with Page for her colonel were both busy with their favor. Events, however, had not saddle horses; but the three young turned out as she had planned.

Viennese engineers had gathered Page was always at hand, pleadwith the Wrangell girls under the ing his cause, flattering her by his cottonwoods to exchange last-minute deference and attendance. Bourne, promises. A cluster of Thaltan on the contrary, had made not the maidens watched them, giggling slightest effort to gain her favor. and shoving one another as they Even when the Maid was in, she made jokes about the visitors. Wil- might have forgotten his presence low Haskell, the most animated girl in Tarnigan had it not been for his you, you've been able to do that to in the group, kept turning her face | single weekly call of a few minutes, toward the door of the warehouse, and the fact that his dog, Tongass, chose to spend much of his time beside which a row of round-eyed Indian toddlers stood sucking their ashore with her. It had happened that every time

thumbs and regarding the scene with solemn enjoyment.

But it was on Captain Jack Page ent. Yet the master of the Stikine that Willow's eyes rested. He was Maid invariably greeted the other leaning in the doorway of the wareriver captain with a careless cordiality free from any hint that he house, surveying the proceedings in the compound with a proprietary considered him a competitor. Likeair, apparently oblivious to the cal-culated bumpings of every Keith ware that Page was the constant employee who passed in and out. companion of the mistress of River nny saw him from a distance House.

and told herself that he, at least, Bourne's behavior exasperated was showing an interest in the busi-Denny. She insisted to herself that there was nothing personal in her hoped to acquire, while Revelry Bourne was conspicuous by his resentment; she was merely disappointed because her father's friend

When every member of each outwas so weakly submitting to an infit was in the saddle, Harp, heading vasion which threatened the busi-Rio's party, began to move slowly ness his family had pioneered. Yet, despite her arguments with herself, toward the gate of the compound. He passed out, drawing the entire she was becoming more and more concerned. And of late a spirit of concerned. And of late a spirit of

The column began the ascent of retaliation had caused her to toy the road leading up past the front of River House to the top of the hill back of Tarnigan. A cheer broke back of Tarnigan. A cheer brcke from the spectators assembled outte the compound. A parting sa-te of three blasts from the Maid's hunters came to an end on the first the drew Denny's gaze momen- cloudy day Denny had known in tarily to the river boat lying a short Tarnigan. The mail was due that distance down river Captain Bourne was standing in front of his pilot-house, his blond head shining rounding Lonewater Point. At in the early sun, both hands aloft lunch time Honey-jo had volun-shaking a farewell to the adventur-All the riders turned in their above the Canyon. I don't think the

After the departure of the hunt ers, Tarnigan drowsed through the otony of Indian summer

days. River House, empty of guests, fell under the spell of the sunny, sutumnal quiet. Denny formed the the village. They store

world came men of wealth and rank, each of whom paid thousands of dol-lars, not primarily to hunt, as she had at first supposed; but to rest from the mad, commercial scramble

defense of the splendid creature bobbed pathetically up and down She had moments of regret that as it came churning through the

"Ugh!" She closed her eyes, turnleather chaps-hurried about, tend- She was selling her heritage-for ing quickly from the sight, and what? Money to gratify her moth- stumbled against Page. Instantly The morning was vocal with the er's vanity and her own. Money to his arms closed protectively about barking of dogs, the whinnying of make a display of the ceremony her. He began to speak words hurhorses, and the laughter and jocu- which modern youth considered ried and husky with earnestness. "Denny! This damned cruel river more or less of a sacrament. The is no place for you. You're too soft, Another problem was constantly too fine for this rough life, darling. dled mount, an English riding crop in her mind. Within a month she I knew it from the first. Let me help you get away, little girl. Turn must decide who was to be the new River House over to me and tomormaster of River House-Revelry row-any time you say-I'll take you down to Wrangell and-" Without admitting it to herself,

"Please, Jack." Denny's revulsion against the implacable force sweep-Bourne. . . . But Denise had ining past the cliff had caused her to lie against his breast unresisting for a moment. But now she thrust him gently from her.

MICKEY MOUSE

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

IT WEIGHS A TON! IN CASE OF A

TOOTS AND CASPER

QUICK GETAWAY IT WOULD BE

EASIER TO CARRY THE LOOT

IN YOUR INSIDE POCKET AND

He released her at once and, stepping back a pace, looked down at her with a half-rueful, half-humorous smile that gave his dark face a singularly engaging expression.

"Lord! I've done it again!" he said. "From the first night I met me, Denny, even though I swore then I'd keep my feelings hidden from you. Oh, I know I haven't a chance with you! But-well, I can't help loving you and wanting to

spare you unhappiness." He raised Bourne called, Page also was presher hand to his lips, then held it

between both of his own. "There. Forgive me for annoying you. I promise it won't happen again. But did mean what I said about this country being too raw for one of your fine sensibilities. It's as much for your sake as for mine that I urge you to let me relieve you of River House so that you may go back to

civilization."

Denny withdrew her hand, but she was impressed by his restraint and show of earnestness. He seemed sincerely sympathetic and dependable on this gray autumn day when she was stirred more than usual by a formless dread of this northern land. At the moment she felt the need of a human ally against this country which gripped her at unexpected moments with its incongru-

ous beauty and its savage cruelty; against this river that lay in wait

and spoke to her in compelling tones. What if that voice contrived to lure her into some further rash act of abandon?

And River House. . . . She contrasted Page's eagerness to obtain it with the negligent unconcern of Revelry Bourne. Why had she hesitated so long? Why not settle the thing now and tell Jack that he could have the place?

Debating the question, she looked off across the valley and so missed the calculating flicker in Page's gray eyes as he observed her wavering. A moment later she came to a decision. She would let him have River House.

"I believe you're right, Jack," sh said, facing him again. "I'm going

> Interrupting her came the high ote of a steamboat whistle that drew her gaze to Lonewater Point. Breasting the swift current, the Stikine Maid was tearing through the water, half-hidden by the vapor that belched from her exhausts.





By WAIT DISNEY



Hot Gold and a Cool Head

BY BRANDON WALSH



By JIMMY MURPHY





The dreamy, uneventful fortnight following the departure of the

ies to wave their hats in re- skipper will get here before tomor

row morning, Miss Denise." Later, in an effort to forget her disappointment, Denny went riding with Jack Page on the birch-covered

plateau above Tarnigan. Their homeward course brought them back to the top of the cliff that rose from the river at the upper end of

autumnal quiet. Denny formed the habit of spending several hours each morning in the office off the card room, going over the records of the enterprise her father had built up in this remote wilderness. She was amazed at its widespread ramifications. From all parts of the world came men of wealth and rank, each of whom paid thousands of dol-lars, not primarily to hunt, as the

