Bolsvert, in unbroken cadence, pried the long paddle off his thigh. It had not been easy, the persuasion of Migwan, but the promise of absolute pro-tection from Paradis and food for his

family through the long snows, with a company job for his dog-team, had at

with elation, for, after all, he was to see her again before she went south-

again watch that intriguing smile

break from the corners of her mobile

mouth and her dusky eyes light with

mockery. Should he have a chance

to talk to her? After the episode with

Paradis at the split rock, and from

the nature of his mission to the post,

it was unlikely, unless she saw them

And this smooth city man, Mac-

warned him, or was it merely a busi-

The peterboro finally slid between

two islands and "Bonne Chance," as

LeBlond called his fur post, lay before

them, in a large clearing across a

mile of strait. The two-storied, white-

washed trade and store-house was

even larger than that at Lake Expanse,

while the number of cabins straggling

along the shore indicated a large staff

Jim smiled stiffly at the thought of

what Christle demanded of his own

little trading station across the lake

with his two aids, Omar and Esau, in

competition with the resources of

that within the hour, he might see,

talk to her, drove his business worries

The coming of the peterboro was

drawing curious stragglers to the

beach. Jim saw the door of the large

trade-house open and two men ap-

studying the strangers through binocu-

lars. He turned to the men behind

ried with fear. Omar grinned while

his slits of eyes, buried between

bushy brows and bulging cheekbones.

glinted with the light of anticipation.

That day he should see Louis Le-

Blond humbled, threatened with the

coming of the Provincial police and

his head man, with the sweat of fear

on his face at the story Pierre should

The cance slid in to the beach to a

"Good day, Mr. Stuart," said Le-

"I have some business with you

Indian who pressed closely to the

gentlemen," he said, "which will re-

quire the presence of my man and

this Indian. Can we talk in the trade-

"Of course," answered LeBlond,

with a nod toward Pierre. "I know

"Yes, but your man Paradis knows

we have Paradis present at this talk;

he might wish to ask Migwan some

"Yes, if you want him." LeBlond

looked quizzically at the speaker,

then sent an Indian in search of

"What's all the mystery, Stuart?"

demanded MacLauren with a laugh.

"Go'n' to accuse somebody of mur-

"You're a good guesser, MacLauren,"

eyes caused the partners to exchange

When they stood behind the closed

door of the large trade-room, LeBlond

asked: "Now, to what do we owe the

"In law courts I believe the de

fendant is entitled to be confronted

by his accuser. We'll wait for Para-

dian whose uneasy eyes alternately

sought the faces of the white men and

shifted appealingly to the wooden

visage of Omar. "Now, Pierre, you're

going to tell this story just as you

told it to us. Paradis is not going

to put a hand on you or bother you

on the way to the canoe. If he tries

The blood flamed into the dark face

of LeBlond as he broke in: "You're

pretty free with your talk here,

Jim turned to the nervous In-

"Can

him better," added Jim drily.

by MacLauren, reached the beach.

square bulk of Omar.

tell.

room?"

this man."

questions?"

der?"

surprised looks.

honor of your call?"

The face of the Indian was har-

of company Indians.

land and approach the trade-house.

ness trip to his string of posts?

last prevailed against his fears. for Jim Stuart, his heart beat high

Under Frozen Stars

by GEORGE MARSH

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FROM THE BEGINNING

At his fur post, Sunset House, in the Canadian north, Jim Stuart, trader in charge, with his headman, Omar, rescues a girl from an overturned canoe in the lake. She is Aurore LeBlond, daughter of Stuart's rival in the fur business, and proves to be a charming companion. In a spirit of fun, she and Jim arrange to exchange notes on a certain island. LeBlond, with Paradis, his half-breed lieutenant, arrives in search of the missing girl. Paradis displays enmity toward Jim, though LeBlond acknowledges his debt of gratitude. Going to the island to see if Aurore has left the promised note, Jim is ambushed by Paradis and forced to travel toward the LeBlond post. On the way he overturns the boat, leaving his half drowned enemy on the beach. Jim discusses plans with his superior, Andrew Christie. Displeased at the trade showing made Christie allows Stuart, at his request, one year to "make good." He leaves the post feeling he has been unjustly treated.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Two days later, with Smoke running the shore, Jim and Omar were poling the peterboro up a wild reach of the swift Woman river. Jim's thoughts alternated between the coming year which would decide his future with the company, and the two women, far apart as the poles in nature and temperament, who had come into his life. As for Aurore LeBlond, she would soon be but a memory. In a month she was going "out"-back to Winnipeg. There was no chance of even seeing her again, as he was to start with Omar and Esau at once for the Pipestone country.

The canoe was entering a stretch of "strong water" demanding the utmost efforts of the crew to force her upstream when, suddenly, a rifle exploded in the willows of the near shore and a bullet splintered the spruce pole in Omar's hands. Off balance, the bowman lunged into the river, but twisted as he fell and caught and hung to the gunwale of the boat while Jim threw his weight against the roll of the swinging craft.

"Lie down! Let her dreef!" called the half-breed as a rifle again cracked in the willows and a splinter from the gunwale flicked Jim's desperate face with blood.

Flattening out in the canoe, he groped for his gun lying amidships as drag of the man in the water headed the bow down river. Again a rifle exploded and a bullet passed through the wooden wall of the craft close to Jim's head.

What could it mean? Who would ambush them here on the Woman

As the boat drifted out of easy range of the willows, Jim reached and cocked his gun, rose boldly to his knees and rapidly emptied the magazine at the telltale wisp of smoke against the green of the scrub. Then over the bow rose a dripping face warped with rage as the thick arms of Omar lifted his body from the water. With a lunge the half-breed was in the rolling canoe and his rifle firing at the fast receding shore.

Shortly a bend masked the willows from the sight of the dancing craft and the men swung the canoe in to the beach.

"Well, what's this mean?" demanded

"Paradees, for sure!" snapped the bowman as they landed, "Come on, we hunt for dem!" And Omar plunged ahead into the bush.

They had traveled less than a hundred yards when a familiar yelp, from somewhere upstream, sounded above the fret of the river.

"Smoke! He'll find their trail!" muttered Jim. Then fear for the safety of the dog he loved led him to push rapidly on up the river shore while Omar cut back inland behind the scene of the ambush.

Suddenly, deep in the forest, a rifle was fired and Jim's heart sank, as he heard the husky's yelp. "He's shot Smoke

Furious with the thought of his gallant dog gasping out his life from a bullet wound, Jim plunged ahead in the direction of the rifle shot. Shortly he saw a dark patch through the spruce and threw his rifle to his shoulder. As he lined his sights, the dark face of Omar appeared, head tilted as if listening. Jim reached his friend's side. "Did

you fire that shot? Where's Smoke?" he demanded. "I thought he was hurt." "I shoot at dat feller! Smoke's

after him now-in dose cedar. It ees so t'ick you see noding."

"You saw him?" "Ah-hah!"

Separating, the two men started circling the dense cedar growth. Jim had not traveled a hundred yards when he heard Smoke's roar, followed by a shot, then the sounds of a strug-Plunging through the thick undergrowth, mad with anxiety for the safety of his dog, he saw a running figure turn and swing with clubbed rifle at the black-and-white bulk of the pursuing Smoke. With a muffled roar the hurt dog again lunged at the Indian: again the clubbed rifle crashed as the husky leaped. Knocked back to his haunches, with a shake of the head the great dog closed with the Indian, who was desperately trying to load as he ran. The tusks of Smoke snapped as his one hundred and forty pounds bore his quarry to the earth.

Throwing himself on the enraged dog. Jim balked the lunge which would have torn the throat of the helpless man on the ground, then dragged the battle-mad Smoke from his prey. "Throw that knife away or I'll let him have you!" Jim commanded, holding the straining husky as the Ojibwa, rolling away from the snapping fangs, reached for the sheath on his sash. "Now lie where you are! If that shot

But there was no sign of blood on Smoke's trembling body. Then Omar, drawn by the shot, reached them.

hit him, I'll put him on you, anyway."

"Ah-hah! So Paradees sen' you? Wal, I t'ink we camp here tonight w'ile you tell w'at you know 'bout M'sleu' Paradees, ah-hah!"

With the Indian walking ahead, prodded by Omar's gun, they returned to the canoe and made camp.

Supper over, Omar began the inquisition of the sullen Ojibwa who had remained dumb to all attempts to make him talk. Lighting his pipe, the half-breed freshened the fire, then squatted beside the prisoner, whose feet were pinioned with raw-hide, and said quietly in Ojibwa: "You have woman and children?"

The mink-like eyes of the Indian shot a furtive glance at the lined visage of the man who squinted intothe fire. Jim watched with curiosity the drama the wily Omar was staging. Then he mumbled a faint, "Enh-enh!

"If you wish to see the Lake of the Sand Beaches again, you speak with a single tongue," went on the inquisitor in Ojibwa, as if talking to himself, his eyes still fixed on the fire. "You lie to me, now!" Omar suddenly stormed, turning a face distorted with passion on his man, as his iron fingers gripped the Indian's throat, "and I'll feed your heart to the ravens!"

The cowed prisoner flinched from the steel point of Omar's knife which pricked his chest.

"You speak with a split tongue and the wolves will pick your bones!" Omar's left hand closed on the Indian's throat till the terror-haunted eyes of the gasping man protruded from his gray face. Then the halfbreed abruptly released him, replaced his skinning knife in its sheath, and resumed his silent contemplation of

Fascinated by the drama, Jim watched the two across the fire from behind a screen of tobacco smoke.

"You lak' to see de sun rise once more?" The stiff lips of Omar scarcely moved as he rasped out the question in English. But the prisoner was silent.

Again the impassive Omar, gazing into the burning birch, was transformed into a fury as he suddenly turned with a snarl on the Ojibwa. "What did Paradees pay you?"

Flinching from the knotted visage of his tormentor, the prisoner nevertheless stoically held his silence.

After a period of motionless contemplation of the fire, the half-breed rose and, taking his ax, stripped a neighboring spruce sapling of its branches. Then he gathered an armful of dry spruce sticks and birchbark and dropped the kindling at the foot of the tree.

Jim glanced at the Otibwa, Horro filled the Indian's eyes as he watched the deliberate preparations for the last act of the drama.

Going to his pack, Omar produced some rawhide thongs, then picking up the visibly shaking prisoner as if he were a child, carried him to the spruce and, binding his arms, lashed him to the tree, and calmly pushed the spruce kindlings around his feet.

But gray as was the face of Omar's victim, on which stood out great beads of sweat, his stiff lips emitted no sound as his hopeless eyes watched the half-breed lift a red coal between two birch sticks and calmly approach

"You talk now?" grunted the exe cutioner.

Slowly the dry lips of the Indian moved. "He let dem starve-dees long snow," he moaned, in English,

"Paradees sen' you?" demanded Omar, dropping the coal into the

"Eef I spik he drive Jem alone into de bush-to starve."

The bark and spruce sticks ignited. The red flames licked slowly toward the feet of the man bound to the tree. Before him, arms foided across his deep chest, waited the implacable

"Paradees sen' you?" came the r iterated question.

The burning sticks snapped at the feet of the fainting man who fought with his fear. Then, as the heat reached his legs, his nerve crumpled. "W'at you do eef I spik?" he whim-

"You spik all de trut' an' we let you go!" came the quick answer.

"I spik," murmured the Indian and fainted where he stood.

With vigorous kicks Omar and Jim scattered and stamped out the fire, then unbound the Indian and doused his face with water while he blinked doubtfully at them from where he

"Paradees sen' you?" repeated the pitiless inquisitor. The man sitting on the ground

odded. "LeBlond, he know dis?"

The prisoner shook his head. "Onlee Paradees." 'How he mak' you do dis t'ing?"

"My famille," The Indian rapidly explained in Ojibwa that two poor winters and a broken leg had put him heavily in debt to the North-West company for supplies. They had already refused him further "debt" when Paradis had come to him in his desperation and offered to put him on his feet if he would ambush the returning canoe of Jim and Omar, whom MacLauren had met on the portage.

A grim smile widened Omar's stiff mouth. "I go to dis LeBlond, ah-hah. But you go wid me,"

"He weel keel me, dis Paradees, eef you tell dem what I spik to you," protested the other.

Then it was arranged that the Indian, whose canoe was hidden up river, should return at once to Le-Blond's and bring his family to Sun-



Jim Reached and Cocked His Gun, Rose Boldly to His Knees and Rapidly Emptied the Magazine at the Tell-Tale Wisp of Smoke Against the Green Scrub,

set House, where Jim would outfit them for the winter. Following this, Jim and Omar secretly decided to take the Indian to LeBlond's and face Paradis. They could count on Pierre Migwan, their prisoner, deserting Paradis and bringing his family to Sunset House, for he would not dare show his face again at the post across the lake, once Paradis learned he had been betrayed. But it would take some urging to get the Indian in the face of Paradis to repeat his story to LeBlond. Yet that was what the friends intended to make him do. Le-Blond's head man had been accessory before the fact to an attempt at mur der. This LeBlond could not ignore, for Jim would notify Christie at once and a canoe of the Provincial police would appear in September. At last the luck of Sunset House had turned and they would make the most of it.

CHAPTER IV

Jim Stuart watched the distant islands masking the North-West company post slowly clear in definition as peterboro rode the liquid miles. Behind him, squatted on his heels, paddled the worried Pierre Migwan. In the stern, the thick arms of Omar

Jim's cold, gray gaze met the frown of the other. "You'll understand when you hear this story," he said quietly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) *********************************

Trail of Cynicism in Poor Richard's Counsel "Poor Richard" would find his ! ly industrious, but not offensively so.

words, even in these talkative times, in good standing for daily use and counsel. He himself would have honestly denied them to be profound or eloquent. He never claimed them to be original. Of his Almanack, he said: "These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse." He preferred those which "inculcated industry and frugal-Ity as the means of procuring wealth, anl thereby securing virtue, it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly."

This might be called cynical good sense, and Franklin himself was rarely required to five strictly by Poor Richard's doctrine. He was sufficient-

Tribute to Great Sailor

"Saluting the deck" is a custom in stituted shortly after the death of Lord Nelson, greatest of British naval heroes. An officer regards the deck of any naval vessel as, theoretically, the deck on which Nelson died for his

His own wealth was not won by thrift and he lived frugally no longer than he could help it. And the best friends of Franklin must explain away, as best they can, the suggestion that virtue is only a byproduct of a satisfactory bank balance.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Peat Still Popular

In many places in the British isles peat is still exclusively used for heat. The custom of cutting the peat and drying it for use during the winter months still persists in the very northernmost part of Scotland, the county of Calthness. One of the features of a peat fire is the "lazy hole," so-called because its contents, the ashes which fall from the fire, need only be removed once a week. The last member of the family to retire at night removes the embers from the hearth to the "lazy hole," where they smolder among the ashes throughout the night. When morning comes, the embers are replaced on the hearth, and in the company of a fresh piece of peat soon break into a cheerful blaze.

LET CHILD LEARN

Newspaper's Great Value in Education.

No child's education is complete without the newspaper, for through it the child can secure a vivid, realistic picture of life, the world and its affairs. Children pass over the news of crime and the sordid phases of life, because they are outside their realm of experience; only when they are admonished not to read crime news do they take an active interest

Until he is about twelve years of age, the child needs no special direc-Lauren, was he after her as Omar tion in his newspaper reading, but after that age the parent should aim to stimulate the interest of the child In current affairs. Through discussions of news at the dinner table, the making of scrap books and files of clippings on certain subjects, the child's interest can be directed into constructive channels. Children should early learn the technique of digesting news articles accurately and quickly. They should never dawdle over a paper. But accuracy ts by all means the first requisite And parents can stimulate accurate reading and recall by indulging in current information tests disguised

Louis LeBlond. Then the realization as games. That children do not learn how to read a newspaper intelligently is evidenced by the appalling ignorance of high school students in current events. I recently studied the results of a simple test in current information taken by several thousand high pear, to stand, hands to faces, as if school students. Ninety per cent of them failed miserably and ignobly. Another 5 per cent did passably well. Not more than 5 per cent of the entire group had even a reasonable grasp of ordinary news events.

The children identified George F. Baker, philanthropist, as everything from a prize fighter to the secretary of war. They were sure that the mayor of Chicago was variously a thug, an outlaw, a famous bootlegger and a European statesman. Of a thousand high school students in a southern city only fifteen knew the name of heir mayor.

chorus of yelps from the post sled dogs who were driven off by the com-Teachers and parents have only pany servants gathered to inspect the themselves to blame for such shoddy arrivals. Then LeBlond, accompanied intellectual equipment. Allowed to do hit-or-miss reading, unsupervised and undirected, never drilled to con-Blond coldly, glancing curiously at the sentrate, never trained to be accurate, children early acquire these slipshod habits and spend the rest of their Stuart shook hands with the two uves trying to overcome them.

Intelligent parents have a magnifient opportunity to supplement school training with informal and thereby doubly valuable discussion and study of today's important news. It would e an immensely interesting project for parent and child. It remains for intelligent parents to make the most of the educational possibilities of American newspapers. No one ever has. Perhaps you will .- Prof. Walter B. Pitkin, in Parents' Magazine.

Snakes Are Missed

The importation of great numbers of reptile skins into the United States from French Indo-China is said to be responsible for an alarming increase in the rat population of the territories of the latter country from which the reptiles were taken. Snakes festroy many rats and other rodent pests, so this condition does not seem unlikely in view of the fact that 36, 750 pieces of reptile skins were imported to this country from French Indo-China in the final quarter of last year alone.

Taking Him Literally

Mrs. Catte-Do you know, doctor, 1 believe that my husband's trouble arises from his nose.

Doctor-I guess you've hit it. Mrs. Vattle-Oh, yes, many times.

New Caramel Pop-Corn shops Making lots of money now. We outfit you and teach process. Long-Eakins-(Originators) 53 High St., Springfield, Ohlo .- Adv.

Words, like nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within.-Tenny-

If one doesn't like to be discussed behind his back, he'd better not be a leader.

PICTURE OF LIFE Keeps Skin Young

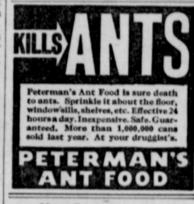
Here's One Honest Man

Berlin cabinet marker's wife had nothing to offer a beggar but a pair of her husband's old shoes which, unknown to her, contained his entire savings, 1,500 marks (\$380). The beggar did not inspect them; sold them to a second-hand dealer. The dealer read the owner's story in the newspaper, turned over the shoes and the money to the police, who returned them to the right owner.



Lightning's Freak

Dick Blankenship was sitting on the front porch of his home in Richlands, Va., when lightning struck a tree in the yard and killed a cow and six plgs standing beneath it. Blankenship was unharmed, but the pipe he held in his hand was burned to a crisp, and the soles of both his shoes were heatly ripped away.



Many Races in America

Of the 122,775,046 total population in the United States on April 1, 1930, white persons numbered 108,864,207 and negroes 11.891.443, with Mextcans, Indians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Hindoos and Koreans following in order and 780 of other races lumped together.



When your little one is irritable, restless or cross, the chances are he has worms. Wise mothers give Dr. Jayne's Vermifuge at the first symptom of worms. This proved remedy has been used for the past 100 years by millions of grateful mothers. Don't punish the tot when what he really needs is Jayne's fermifuge. If worms are present your child will have a new lease on life after taking the first bottle. No other preparation is so efficient. Get a bottle today from your druggist. DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

OVER 36 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

AYNE'S Vermifuge

W. N. U., Portland, No. 24-1932.

Valuable Coal Discovery

A rich vein of coal, sixty-eight feet in thickness, has been uncovered on the edge of the famed burning mines near Summit Hill, Pa. Mining engineers reported the vein extends along the ridge if the mountain, along which strippings operations are now being conducted.

Sh-h! Don't Disturb Them Author-You are late; my play started half an hour ago-go in or tiptoe.

Friend-What? Is everybody asleep already?-Die Woche im Bild (Olten.

Professional Touch Doctor-Now, young man, I'll have

to have a session with you. What have you to say for yourself? Son-How about a little local anesthetic?



Testimonies from all parts of the world prove the beneficial results obtained from the use of Cuticura

Preparations Pimples, rashes, eczema and all forms of itching, burning skin troubles are quickly healed by regular use of **Cuticura Soap** and

Ointment. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass. Try Cuticura Shaving Cream.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Have you anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just whatever it is you no longer have use for.

CLASSIFED ADS GET RESULTS