



Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh
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FROM THE BEGINNING

From 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 overtures the boat, leaving his half-breed man 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. Paradis bribes an Indian to ambush Jim and Omar. The attempt fails, and Jim takes the Indian to LeBlond.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Paradis opened the door of the trade-room, his dark features picturing the strain under which he labored, but he evidenced no surprise at the presence of the men from Sunset House. He met the glittering eyes of the Ojibwa, Jim's amused smile, and the savage glance of Omar, who stood, arms folded, the fingers of his right hand touching the handle of his knife, with equal indifference.

"Good day, Monsieur Paradis," said Jim, "Pierre, here, has a little story to tell your employers." Turning to the excited Indian, Stuart continued: "Now tell these gentlemen just what you told us."

"What have I to do with the Indian?" demanded Paradis, assuming an air of surprise, as he stroked his small mustache. But Jim noted the unsteadiness of his hand.

"Keep quiet!" rasped the interested and perplexed MacLauren. "Let him tell his story."

Questioned by Jim when he faltered, his eyes shifting fearfully from the black face of LeBlond to the sneering Paradis, Pierre told, now in English, now in Ojibwa, how he had been refused supplies for the winter because of his old debt, and in despair was about to leave with his family when Paradis approached him with the scheme to ambush Stuart's canoe on its return up the Woman river from Lake Expanse.

As Migwan accused Paradis of plotting the shooting of Omar and Jim, the sneer faded from the head man's face. With a snarl he flung at the Indian: "You lie! You dirt eater!"

"One minute, Paradis!" rasped Jim. "Let him finish!"

LeBlond was studying his assistant through narrowed eyes.

"Right here, I want to say," said Jim, "that it was only after a long grilling, when he feared for his life, that this man named you, Paradis."

"When you put eet een hees head, eh?" sneered the other, palpably uneasy under the searching scrutiny of Louis LeBlond.

"No, I didn't put it into his head—I didn't have to," drawled Jim, enjoying the baiting. "After giving you that swimming lesson, I just naturally thought you were the skunk behind this shooting."

Paradis denied having any part in the ambush. "Eet ees a lie—all lie!" he protested. "I refuse dis Pierre flour an' he mak' up de story."

"But why should he take it out on me and my man here unless he was paid to do it? He had nothing against us! He never saw us before," demanded Jim. "And how did he know we were at Lake Expanse? You told him and you learned it from MacLauren."

"He went to rob you of your grub!" "Nonsense! He knew we weren't freighting supplies—our canoe was empty." Then Jim turned to grave-faced LeBlond and MacLauren who were exchanging whispers. "If I report this thing to Christie at Lake Expanse, there'll be a police canoe here in September. You know what that means?"

you'll get rid of Paradis—send him out of this country and keep him out. I won't report this shooting."

"That's a bargain," quickly agreed MacLauren.

The ash-gray face of Paradis worked convulsively as he heard his sentence of banishment. Then he found his voice. "You writer of love letters," he stormed. "You think you get her now Paul Paradis ees gone, eh? Ha! ha! You are de beeg fool—de beeg—"

From the side, unnoticed by his head man, the exasperated LeBlond struck Paradis full in the face with his open hand—then the trade-room door swung open wide and Aurore LeBlond stood in the doorway.

"Why, what's happening? What's the matter?" Eyes wide with surprise, the girl glanced from the dazed Paradis and the furious face of LeBlond to the men from Sunset House.

"Mr. Stuart!" she gasped, her dark skin deepening with color. "You—came here, and they didn't tell me. Father, what has happened?"

Black brows contracted, she glanced inquiringly from her father's annoyed look to the enchanted eyes of Stuart.

"This is no place for you; we are talking business," objected LeBlond.

As he watched her, Jim wondered if Paradis had kept secret their meeting at the split rock—if she had made a rendezvous in the stolen note, to have him fall her. Then slowly over her expressive face broke the girl's infectious smile.

"It may be none of my business, mon pere, but as Mr. Stuart happened not long ago, to have fished your daughter out of the lake, your wayward child as the female head of your house insists on welcoming Mr. Stuart to Bonne Chance." The room was hushed with tension as she walked to Jim, and gave him her hand.

"Welcome to our city, Mr. Stuart," she said, her dusky eyes alight with challenge. "Of course, after this momentous business, you'll have lunch with us." Then she dropped a low: "Paradis told me—about the split rock."

He saw the pulse beating in her throat, the color deepen under her olive skin, while her hand for an instant pressed his. And the touch of her sent his heart off at a gallop.

"Thank you, but we're starting at once," he answered, and, poignant as a knife thrust, came the realization that this amazing girl, to whose nearness every nerve in his body was alive, would soon be but a memory.

"But why?" she demanded. Her candid gaze sought the impatient look of her father. "Why do you stand there as if you had no manners? Have you lost your voice? I am asking Mr. Stuart to lunch with us before he goes."

With a resigned shrug of the shoulders LeBlond answered her indomitable daughter. "You do not understand—"

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we are talking business—very important. Will you wait for us outside?"

She glanced doubtfully at Stuart and the men standing beside him. "Looks more like war than business, to me," she flung lightly over her shoulder as she left the room.

"It's agreed, then," said LeBlond eagerly, "that you make no report to the authorities if Paradis goes?"

"Yes, if you ship Paradis to your Nipigon posts—out of this country."

"We'll shake hands on that, Mr. Stuart," said MacLauren, and the three men bound their compact. "Now will you take a meal with us before you start?"

"Yes," urged the relieved LeBlond, "my daughter expects you."

An hour with her, even in the presence of her father and his partner would have been unalloyed delight to the captivated Stuart, but the fierce protest in the stormy face of Omar and the responsibility for the safety of Pierre forced him to refuse.

Outside, in the clearing, Aurore was waiting. "You will allow us to make a small return of the hospitality you offered us? You will stay?"

"I'm sorry, I can't."

"You mean you don't care to?" She was walking alone with him now ahead of the others.

"Care to?" He looked boldly into her pleading eyes. "Don't you know that I want to see you—talk to you? Can't you feel it?"

She turned to the lake and he saw she slow pulse of color sweep to the raven hair that rippled from her temple as she asked: "Then I'm something more than an empty-headed, spoiled child to you, Mr. Jeem Stuart?"

Intoxicated by her nearness—he even caught the faint scent of the perfume she wore—Jim's voice thickened



"Mr. Stuart!" She Gasped, Her Dark Skin Deepening With Color. "You Came Here, and They Didn't Tell Me."

as he replied, almost inaudibly: "You're something more than a glorious creature who is going out of my life forever, Aurore LeBlond."

Her dusky eyes half closed as he watched her profile, with its quivering lips; but she did not turn her face. "You mean that?"

"I mean much more."

"Then why am I going out of your life? I stay here until September."

"I am going into the bush with Omar."

"When?"

"In two days."

"Then meet me at the white sand-beach on the large island," she said hurriedly, for voices sounded close behind them, "tomorrow morning as early as you can."

"I will be at the white sand-beach," he whispered, and his heart shook him with its pounding.

"We're sorry you won't allow us to return your hospitality, Mr. Stuart," said LeBlond as they stood on the beach where Omar and Pierre waited at the canoe.

"And we admire your sporting blood in not pushing this matter," added MacLauren. "Innocent or guilty, Paradis is going to pay for this mess."

"He's going to pay me if ever Omar, here, or I run into him again. You keep your agreement and I'll keep mine."

"Thanks, Mr. Stuart," returned Mac-

Lauren, flushing. "I'm glad we've got such a square rival on this lake."

With a wave of his hat to the white figure of Aurore who stood on the higher shore, Stuart stepped into the canoe, while two humiliated and exasperated for men watched him until his canoe passed from sight behind the islands.

"First blood for Sunset House!" laughed Jim, elated with the outcome of the visit to LeBlond's—and glowing with the memory of Aurore's flaming face. Tomorrow he should see her alone. With her heart in her voice she had asked him to come—this mocking, headstrong girl who had feared to meet his eyes. There was no mistaking her flushed face, her voice, her look, as she passed under a curtain of mist. He, also, had come to mean something to this amazing girl.

"Well, Omar, what d'you think? Will they keep their word and send our friend Paradis down to Nipigon?"

The paddle of the half-breed dipped methodically a number of times before he answered: "Why you hunt dat girl w'en we start for Pipestone in t'ree day?"

Jim's brown face slowly broke into a smile. There was no deceiving the astute Omar. And his unflinching loyalty atoned for his meddling.

"I asked you if you thought they'd keep their word. Paradis is a valuable man; LeBlond will hate to lose him."

Thrice the long paddle of Omar broke the water while Jim waited for the sternman's answer. Then the slithering eyes of the half-breed met those of his chief as he replied: "You cross de lak' again, Omar go wid you."

There was no luring of Omar from his fixed idea, so, with a laugh, Jim resumed his paddling.

An anxious Sarah and Marthe stood on the beach beside old Esau and the yelping Smoke and the dog team, when the canoe returned. In the eyes of the Indian women the journey across the lake had been in the nature of a war party, and they chattered with relief when they saw there had been no casualties.

"You cross de lak' een de mornin'?" demanded Omar.

Jim nodded.

"I follow een noder cano'. You tak' Smoke?"

"Yes, I planned to send Smoke into the bush to smell around. I won't be caught again."

Omar shook his black head. "You nevalree see her again. Why you go?"

The head man stared in awed silence at the sudden pain in Jim's set face.

"That is why I am going; because I'll never see her again," said Stuart, in a low tone.

"Ah-hah, you tak' dat girl," replied the loyal Omar, softly. "Den I go tak' care of you."

The wide mirror of the great lake was still shot with reflected stars when the two canoes left Sunset House. At the knees of each paddler, as he pushed his boat out into the dusk, lay a rifle.

Before the sunrise two canoes were landed widely apart on the large island, drawn up, and hidden from sight in the "bush." Omar took his rifle and the binoculars and crossed the island to watch the post. If Paradis followed her canoe that morning, the half-breed promised himself, LeBlond would be relieved of his promise—unless he wanted to send a dead man to the Nipigon.

Jim had hours to wait until he could hope for the coming of Aurore LeBlond's canoe. So he dropped his clothes on the sand beach and cooled his impatience with a long swim. She was coming to meet him—this glorious dark creature who had so valiantly fought death over miles of wind-driven sea, only to laugh at it. In her pride, she had turned her flushed face and clouded eyes from him that he might not see; but he had seen. Miracle though it was, those hours at Sunset House with this girl of the cities had wrought their mutual spell. The humble fur-trader, Jim Stuart, had reached her—if not her heart, her senses. And she was coming to him here on this lonely island to say good-by.

Jim landed and leisurely put on his clothes. She had asked him to be at the sand-beach as early as he could reach it, but had named no hour. He looked at his watch. Seven o'clock! Too early yet! It would take her an hour to paddle from the post. Then he saw a canoe in the distance.

When the boat had approached to within a half-mile Jim knew, from the stroke, that the craft was paddled by women. It was she.

Presently the bow paddler waved her hand to the man who restlessly walked the shore. The canoe drifted nearer. For a space, he watched the blade of Aurore, driven by her round arms, flash in the sun; then swiftly, her laugh reached him.

"Good morning! You are early, Monsieur Stuart," she called.

"I have been here for hours," he said, "waiting for the dawn, and now, she has come."

"Very pretty!" With a flash of white teeth she smiled into his eager face as he drew the boat in to the beach and gave her his hand, while the eyes of the Indian girl in the stern snapped with excitement at this secret tryst of LeBlond's daughter and the trader from across the lake.

Then, as she stepped to the sand, Jim's eyes, which had not left the radiant dark face, noted the tan linen knickers beneath the white blouse.

"Gibodiegawson!" he grinned. "You wore them in memory?"

Her dusky eyes lit with raillery. "Yes, in memory of our meeting—and because they wash."

They stood on the beach looking at each other like runaway children, as the Indian girl paddled the canoe discreetly up the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who Was Who?

By Louise M. Comstock

ST. VALENTINE

ST. VALENTINE, in whose name expressions of sentiment have been exchanged since early Roman times, appeared frequently in early church history. Monks or priests have been sainted under that name in France, Italy, Spain and South Africa, and it was given special significance in the Third century by a Roman priest noted for his good deeds and also by a certain bishop of Umbria.

But a favorite legend identifies the saint who is responsible for our annual indulgence in lace paper, cupid and sweet ditties with a Roman youth of the early Christian era, who chose to be crucified rather than deny his adherence to the new faith. While lying in prison awaiting execution, he fell in love with his jailer's daughter and left for her a farewell message signed "from your Valentine." Early rites in his honor are identified with the Roman festival of the Lupercal, in which suppliants prayed for success in mating.

Valentines in the familiar heart shape were commonly exchanged in England as early as the Fourteenth century, and St. Valentine's day is mentioned by both Chaucer and Shakespeare. Probably the earliest valentine in the English language was written in 1419:

This day Dame Nature seemed in love. The lusty sap began to move. Fresh juices stirred the embracing vines. And birds had drawn their Valentines—!

ANNIE LAURIE

IT IS Annie Laurie to whom tourists pay reverence when they visit, in Forest Lawn Memorial park, Glendale, Calif., the reproduction of the "Wee Kirk in the Heather," the church the heroine of this oldest and sweetest of love songs is said to have attended at Glencairn, near her Scottish home. But 'tis William Douglass, her devoted lover and author of the original version of the poem, to whom honors are due.

Annie Laurie, stripped of Douglass' adoring poetry and the lilting music which we all know, was but a braw Scotch lassie after all, with a "rolling eye" and but little sense of duty. Born in 1682, at Maxwellton house, Glencairn, she grew up to be the most charming and provocative young lady in all Dumfriesshire. How William Douglass felt about her he wrote down for all the world to sing in spite, however, of her "promise true" of which he boasted in his song. Annie married one Alexander Ferguson while William was off to the wars. As the wicked often do, she flourished, even to her eighty-second year!

Douglass has been as unlucky as a poet as he was in love. Bereft of his Annie Laurie, he was eventually bereft also of his song. The original version had but two verses. The version familiar today is a modern adaptation by Lady John Scott.

"GRAVE ALICE"

TO HER friends Alice Longfellow was the "grave Alice" of her father's loved poem, "The Children's Hour," a thoughtful, widely traveled woman of unusual personal charm. As a young woman she attended Newnham college, Cambridge, thus becoming the first American woman to attend a foreign college. She was a member of the first class of Radcliffe, was among those whose vision and energy founded this "Harvard Annex" in 1879 as a four-year experiment in feminine education, and was actively connected with its growth and progress until her death just a few years ago.

But Alice Longfellow couldn't have been such a "grave" little girl after all, for her father, who was already forty-four and famous when she was born and inclined to grandfatherly indulgence toward all his children, wrote of her just after her christening. "The brightest, gayest of girls, who enjoyed the ceremony as much as any of us." And it was Alice he used to tease with that little classic:

There is a little girl, who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.
(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

First Train Tunnel
The first railroad tunnel in the Woodhead tunnel, which was begun in the spring of 1839. The first train passed through December 2, 1843. This was over what was known as the Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire railway, now the Great Central division of the London & Northeastern railway.

World's Forest Area
The present forest area of the world, in round figures, is about 7,500,000,000 acres, which is 22 per cent of the total land area, exclusive of the polar regions. The area of actually productive forest, however, is probably one-fourth less than this amount, or 5,500,000,000 acres, which is 16 per cent of the land area.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an open and see no doctor. This particles of good skin and off with all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint which wash.

Wonderful Clock Made by Italian Artificer

A clock so complicated that no watchmaker alive could possibly understand its workings has been completed by a patient man named Costanzo Renzi of Rimini, Italy, after two years of assiduous attention. The 36-hour clock, almost entirely made of bamboo and built in the form of the Fascist emblem, is 3 feet high. Besides marking the hour, the minute and the second, this wonderful timepiece also shows the phases of the moon, the day of the week, the month and the day of the month. Besides, here are some more extravagances: When the clock strikes, a small flag with pictures of the king and Il Duce appears and the chimes play "Giovinezza," the Fascist hymn. When these are over a small mortar on the top of the clock fires a salvo and a tiny tricolor makes another appearance. Inventor Renzi assured school children that try as he might he couldn't get the contrivance to do home lessons.

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She's Up in the Air Again
Those she loves . . . are first to suffer when monthly pains shatter her nerves. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would ease that awful agony.

War Is Paying Business

"Armament makers apparently have no fatherland and nothing to lose but their business," says a recent issue of Social Science Abstracts, a digest of the writings of social interest appearing in over four thousand magazines. In a review of an article in The World Tomorrow. "Both Prussian and Austrian armies were equipped with Krupp artillery in 1890; Willigen, a large German arms company, was partly owned by French capital and had two Frenchmen on its board of directors. Vickers, a British company, supplied the Boers with the machine guns to be used against England, and Vickers-Ternit built the modern Italian fleet, although Italy was officially a member of the Triple alliance. British-built mines were responsible for British ship losses at the Dardanelles."

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Rock Gardens

A woman who had fallen prey to the mania for rock gardens had constructed what she regarded a most artistic example of the prevailing fad. The flag paths, concrete pedestals surmounted with sun dial, flowers planted among the rocks and all the other accessories presumably necessary to form the complete whole. The woman was contemplating her finished work with much satisfaction when a teamster pulled up to the curb and called out: "Say, missus, would you like to have them these rocks hauled away? I'll do it cheap for ye!"

Scotland Gets High Cliffs

A Campbell Blair has bequeathed to Scotland the southern portion of the headland of Ardmannoch, known as the Burg. The Burg cliffs, exposed to the Atlantic, rise 1,200 feet from the sea, and provide sanctuary for many sea birds. The cliffs contain many caves, including the Mackinnon cave, once visited by Doctor Johnson. On the Burg is also to be seen the famous MacCulloch tree, one of the most ancient fossil trees in existence.

Irritable and Peevish

Loss of appetite, crossness, gritting the teeth or scratching the nose are signs that worms are present. Treat promptly with Jayne's Vermifuge. This proved remedy can be relied upon to pass round worms and their eggs out completely in short order. No other preparation is so effective. It is pleasant and absolutely harmless. Don't subject your children to drastic treatments for other ailments when the real trouble is worms, those dangerous and disgusting parasites which live in the intestines. Get a bottle today from your druggist, DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

OVER 36 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD
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No Profitable Market for American Seaweed

America's interest in its own seaweed resources dates back to pre-Columbian times, when Indians used it as fish bait and for basket weaving. In 1902 a scientist discovered that seaweed on the Pacific coast contained potash, important fertilizing element. But he could interest no one in his discovery for a decade.

As in the case of many other raw products, a World war was necessary to make its importance known. German potash supplies were cut off. The farms cried for potash, so the government set out to find a source. A company manufacturing explosives also needed a substance from seaweed as an ingredient for its products, so it

Dean of Battleships

H. M. S. Implacable is the oldest battleship afloat, and has a great history. Originally French, she was launched as long ago as 1789 under the name the Duguay Trouin, and after Trafalgar she was rounded up and taken as a prize to Plymouth. The Duguay Trouin would not surrender until 150 men and her captain were killed or wounded. Not for nothing, when the re-christening set in, was the name "Implacable" chosen.

Ancient Tales and Towers

In Somersetshire, about 25 miles from Bath, is Glastonbury, where, legend states, was built nearly 1,900 years ago, England's first Christian church. It is claimed also that St. Patrick was born here and came back to die after his famous missionary activities in Ireland. Here also Joseph of Arimathea came with the Holy Grail, planting his staff on the hill, where it grew into the famous Glastonbury thorn, which blossoms at Christmas time every year. It is a delightful region for those who love ancient tales, ancient towers and ancient moorlands.—London Mail.