

Under Frozen Stars

by GEORGE MARSH

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(WNU Service)

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Did anyone ever tell you," said the girl, "that you have a most dangerous smile?"

The blood leaped to his bronzed face. "I hope—you find it so," he stammered, confused at the suddenness of the attack.

"I might," she said, with a curl of a red lip, "if you were more polite. You haven't asked me to sit down, and I'm tired from hard paddling."

He glanced around the strip of sand beach, fringed with alder, then shook his head ruefully. "I'm afraid there's only the beach."

"What's the matter with that?" And she sat down, took a cigarette from a small case and started to smoke, her dark brows contracted, her eyes turned from him where he sat. At last she spoke.

"When a man tells a girl she means something to him—that he wants to see her," she began, "and in the same breath says he's going away so he can't see her, what is the poor girl to infer?"

"That the man is a victim of circumstances," Jim answered. "She shook her head. 'No, that he can't want to see her very much or he'd stay.'"

"Do you believe that?" he demanded, leaning impulsively toward her.

She met his look squarely, quizzically; then asked: "Can't you wait until September? I might not go out of your life—if you'd wait—I'd be sure then."

"Sure of what?" He was very near her now. The arm on which he leaned visibly trembled with his effort at control. But her dark eyes were now cryptic and he fought down his emotion. Could it be that she had come out here to play with him—amuse herself? At the thought his bronzed face filled with blood.

"Sure of what?" he repeated roughly. "Why, I'd be sure you wanted to see me, again," she said, and clasping her knees in her hands, rocked gently back and forth, as the face of Jim Stuart darkened with anger.

So it had been acting, after all, he thought, her face, her eyes, her voice, yesterday at the post?

He got to his feet and walked to the water's edge with his bitterness. Fool, he had been, to allow this girl to draw him on—play with him, to lighten the dullness of her visit to the forests. But he would play to the game. He turned to the girl watching him curiously from the sand.

"I wanted to ask you," he began as she looked up at him, the trace of a smile at the corners of her mobile mouth, "what Paradis told you about our meeting at the split rock."

Aurora's laughter echoed from the forest behind her. "He said that he had beaten you with a stick and you had promised never to look at me again."

"You believed him?"

"What, believe Paul Paradis?" she protested. "I happened to know that Mr. Jeem Stuart, having looked at me once, would desire to look again, and our Paul would not stop him. Beat you with a stick—our pretty Paul? Absurd!"

"Thank you. I did want to look again." And he again sat beside her, now steeled against the wiles of her sorcery.

"Now will you tell me why you go away?" she asked quietly. Her dusky eyes were serious.

"Because my duty to my employers demands it. Have you ever heard of that word—duty, Miss Aurora Le-Blond?"

"Yes, I have heard of it, Mr. Jeem Stuart, but I am wondering if its demands are greater than those of love."

He turned on her in amazement to find her troubled eyes seeking the distant ridges. Here was a new mood.

"My place, as you've doubtless heard your father say, has not been successful. This is my last year here—unless I can make it pay. There's no room for failures in the fur trade."

With mouth set stiffly, Jim gazed away across the rippled surface of the lake. Stuart, he mused, the man who had had two failures at Sunset

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 Aurora LeBlond, daughter of Stuart's rival in the fur business. 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 Aurora 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 enemy on the beach. Jim's superior, Andrew Christie, displeased at Stuart's trade showing, allows him, at his request, one year to "make good." Paradis bribes an Indian to ambush Jim and Omar. The attempt fails, and Jim takes the Indian to LeBlond. After hearing the story, LeBlond discharges Paradis. Jim and Aurora arrange a rendezvous.

House. One, all the trade would know; the other—only Aurora LeBlond and his heart.

He filled his deep chest with the spruce-sweet air; then expelled it as something warm touched hand. He looked down. It was the hand of the girl beside him and the dark eyes which met his shone, but not with mockery.

"I understand," she said. "It was just to pass the time—until your duty called you away."

Wide eyed with surprise he met her dark gaze as she withdrew her hand. But in the depths of her unwavering eyes lurked no trace of guile. Confused, electrified by her touch but suspicious, he passionately rejoined: "You accuse me of that—you, who are going so soon—who amused yourself with a poor devil of a fur man?"

Her face flamed as he choked out the words. With a little cry she faltered: "Ah, you do—you do love me—Jeem Stuart!"

As the sun destroys mist, her clouded eyes—her voice, banished the suspicions of the bewildered Stuart. With a quick movement he had her in his arms.

"And you love me—Aurora!" he murmured, breathing in the fragrance of her hair as he crushed her fiercely to him.

With a deep sigh she turned in his arms and flung back her head. Taking his bronzed face between her hands, the glowing eyes of the girl lifted to his.

"Look, you doubter! Are you satisfied—?" His hungry lips crushed back her words.

There they sat on the shore of the Lake of the Sand Beaches, the man of the forests and the girl of the city, oblivious of the gulf which separated them; forgetful of the fact that long months would intervene before the return of Aurora to Bonne Chance. Hours were but minutes to the two who had found each other only to separate.

"The miracle of your wasting your lovely self on a fur trader!" Jim was repeating.

"My father is a fur trader," she reproved. "And I thought I was being rescued by a Viking that day you lifted me into your canoe. Oh," she said, with her contagious smile, "will you rescue me again, some time, Jeem?"

"You're in great danger, now, where you are," laughed the enraptured Jim. "I'll have to rescue you from the sand." And he swung her to his lap, that he might run his fingers through the raven ripples of her thick hair; marvel at the smoldering depths of her changing eyes; touch with his lips the satin texture of her skin.

So they spent the golden hours, hardly stopping to lunch from the basket Aurora had brought. And then, as the sun swung toward the western ridges, with a pang, like the stab of steel, Jim realized that his dream was near its end. For it all seemed unreal, imaginary—this lovely, headstrong creature caring for Jim Stuart, fur trader.

"It's been so beautiful," she said, wistfully. "If we never meet again, we've had this day."

"Never meet again?" he gasped. "Don't even think of it! Meet again? Why, I'll only exist until you come back. It's all I have to live for."

"But you have your duty," she mocked with a toss of her black head. "We might have many days like this—before September—only for that duty."

"We'd be sure to have trouble with your father. He'd find out." He shook his head gravely. "And you'd not really want me to forget my duty, would you? You wouldn't have me throw up my work and follow you to Winnipeg?"

"I could not love thee half so much, loved I not honor more," she taunted. "Oh, you men! You'd die for love, so you say; but your duty—well, that's a cat of another color." Suddenly two great tears stood on her lashes. With a moan her arms found the neck of the man beside her. "Oh, Jeem, I love you so. I just can't think of your going away."

"You'll write very often and send them all by the Christmas mail?" he said, stroking her thick hair.

"But a canoe may go south in the fall."

"Yes, and I'll go to Expanse on the first sledding snow. The last canoe from the railroad might bring your letters."

"Jeem Stuart, what have you done to me?" she suddenly exclaimed, holding him at arm's length. "I've never felt this way before." She touched her heart. "It's as if I'd been stabbed, right here!"

"I know, sweetheart. I'll carry that longing through the short days and the long winter nights—that hunger for you." And the factor of Sunset House held the sobbing daughter of Louis LeBlond, as he kissed her hair, her eyes, her throat.

A mile away a canoe slowly approached, following the shore.

"There comes Omar."

"It's over, Jeem—our golden day," she sighed. "There's Marie, too. Come over here in these alders!" she suddenly commanded. "I can't bear to share you with these people, and I've a great secret to tell you."

In the protection of the alders, she turned and flung herself passionately into his arms. "This is my secret. I love you, Jeem Stuart," she whispered.

"You'll not forget me down there in Winnipeg—not forget me among all those city men?" he asked.

"Forget you?" Through half closed lids, she looked up at him as she shook her head. "You're a magician—a medicine man. They don't have them down there. I had to come to the forests to find one. You've put a spell upon me, Jeem Stuart."

As the canoes approached, the two in the alders said their farewells. Stepping into her boat, she turned to the man beside her with: "Good-by, magician! Don't forget me!"

Jim bent to shove off the craft and his lips touched her hair as he said: "It will be black night up here through the long snows, Aurora. Come back soon!"

The canoes of Aurora and Jim left the beach and separated. Then across the water she called back to the man whose eyes had not left her: "Au revoir! Until spring!"

CHAPTER V

Far to the north of the Sand Beaches, in the heart of the unmapped Kewadin wilderness, lay a land of lake and forest and musk. From this country, for years before the advent of LeBlond, had come the best fur traded at Lake Expanse. To the men from Sunset House it was strange country, and often, as their canoe pushed north beyond the Height-of-Land in search of the summer fishing camps of the Ojibwas, Jim wondered how he was to win over these superstitious hunters who, since the building of his little post, had traded only with the North-West company.

At last, one windless evening, the smoke of supper fires, rising from islands, announced that the voyageurs had reached the first of the fishing camps they sought.

"Ah-hah!" exclaimed Omar, trailing his paddle while he wiped his wet forehead. "Tomorrow we mak' talk wid dese peopl'."

"But it's going to be a job to get them to listen to us," said Jim.

"Dey listen all right, w'en we tell dem we come nord, before Crisman, in de Little Moon of de Spirit to trade wid dem."

"I'd like to know just how Paradis and Jingwak have got them to believe all this devil stuff."

"We fin' out, Esau and Omar."

"I trade for a bark canoe an' tak' leetle trip by myself. Den I know w'at mak' de troubl'," said Esau.

"You'll have to be careful, Esau. These Ojibwas are a wild lot. They wouldn't hesitate to do away with you

Bear Family Widespread Throughout the World

From Polar regions where the huge white bear is the ruler of snowy wastes, to the tropics where the little cinnamon bear haunts the jungle, or to the Antipodes where much smaller plantigrades are styled bears, every part of the world has, or appears to have had, some member of the bear family among its aboriginal inhabitants.

Despite the evidence of Scripture sceptical critics for many years derided the idea of bears existing in Syria or the Holy Land. Ignorance of ordinary historical facts was part of the equipment of these doubters. They knew nothing of, nor studied the accounts of the life history of the good knight Godfrey of Bouillon, who with his brothers Eustace and Baldwin led an army of forty thousand German soldiers to join the crusade to deliver Jerusalem from the Saracens towards the end of the Eleventh century, and who during the long siege of Antioch in Syria went alone to the defense of a poor woodcutter against a fiercely attacking bear in which encounter he

if you interfere with their shaman Jingwak."

The lean face of the old Indian wrinkled in a grin. "You see w'at Esau do to dat shaman."

"Goin' to get his ears?" laughed Jim. "Eef I fin' heem, he mak' no more bad medicine for Sunset House," was the cryptic reply.

So the travelers turned in shore, where Smoke awaited them, and made camp. Later, as they smoked beside their fire, the ears of the dog lying beside them suddenly lifted; the hair of his back and ruff straightened, as his deep throat rumbled in a low growl.

The men stopped talking to listen. "W'at you hear, Smoke?" whispered Omar.

The dog rose and picked his way on stiff legs to the beach.

"Canoe comin'! Ah-hah. Dey see us an' come to have a look," muttered Omar.

Shortly, as the canoe neared the camp, came the hail, "Bo'-jo', bo'-jo'!"

"Bo'-jo'!" answered Omar, strolling to the beach to receive the strangers and quiet the excited Smoke.

Presently, from where Jim sat by the fire, he saw the dark shape of the boat slide in to the beach and

"You'll Not Forget Me Down There in Winnipeg—Not Forget Me Among All Those City Men?" He Asked.

two figures step out. Reaching the circle of light, the Indians exchanged the customary salutation and handshakes with the white man and Esau. Handing the strangers a plug of tobacco, Jim invited them in Ojibwa to sit down, while Esau went to the lake for water and put the tea pail on the fire.

"You have come far," vouchsafed the older of the Indians, in his native tongue, when he had lighted his pipe and made a minute inspection of the young white man through narrowed eyes.

"Yes," answered Jim, "we have come to talk to the people of the Pipestone lakes and Sturgeon river."

"You are chief at the post of the old company, called the House of the Setting Sun?"

"Yes."

The small eyes of the Indian snapped, his body stiffened, as he leaned toward Jim and angrily demanded, "Why do you bring your evil spirits to the Pipestone lakes?"

At the embarrassing question Omar, who had been studying the Ojibwa, broke into a loud guffaw, joined by Esau. "Paradees, he tell you that?" demanded the half-breed. "Are the men of the Pipestone lakes children to believe the lies of the Frenchman? He tell you that to keep your fur for himself!"

Disconcerted by the ridicule, the Ojibwa glanced doubtfully from Omar to Jim's smiling face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stylish Feet Via Kid Shoecraft

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



That a costume can be successful and outstanding only in so far as it is underwritten with accessories which are pre-eminently correct and attractive is a lesson which is being instilled into the minds of the present generation with ever increasing emphasis.

This sensitiveness to perfection down to the minutest detail of the costume is becoming more acute among the fair sex with each passing year. Especially is the call for that which is beautiful and chic heard in the realm of modern footwear. Full well does every style-minded woman of today realize that shoes are far more than a mere covering for the feet. Not only must they sound an esthetic note in the scheme of things but there must be that about them which is so distinctively new as to proclaim them of latest creation.

As every woman knows there is no media for dainty shoes which so convincingly carries an air of refinement as soft exquisite kid. This season stresses that fact to a greater degree than ever, for fine kidskin has become the idol of the hour so far as shoe artistry is concerned.

Brown-trimmed white kid shoes are particularly good style. The young woman in the picture who is gazing so admiringly at her smartly shod feet has subscribed to the brown and white vogue. Her dress is a two-piece

brown-and-white cotton mesh. It is everything it should be to qualify as supremely modish. Her swanky white kid pumps are trimmed in two tones of brown. These identical shades of brown reappear in the striped scarf collar of the dress.

A shoe of flattering appearance and one which is adaptable for wear at any time of the day is the sandal which has an unusual use of cord laces which hold the shoe together in a draw-string fashion as illustrated in the top little inset picture. This olympic sandal, as it is called, is one of the prettiest, most becoming-to-the-feet type of shoes brought out this season. The original of the model pictured is in brown and fawn tones of exquisitely soft kid. The same shoe is adorable in all white with perhaps a touch of contrast color in the self-kid trimming. In white it is very charming worn with the white frock or suit, its color accent in the trimming repeating certain bright or pastel tones found in the scarf and other accessories which complement the ensemble.

A wardrobe of footwear which does not include at least one pair of genteel black shoes is sadly lacking in one of the real essentials to good dressing. The stunning model shown in the lower inset strikes a high spot in shoecraft. Its sophisticated simplicity of lines makes it a classic.

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New Blues Are Popular as Are Beige Outfits

In many years fashion's favor of black, even for spring, has been so strong that you felt as if you were called upon to choose between black and black!

This year, unless black turns out to be a dark horse, it will be just an "also ran" in the race.

Those who want to depart from the number will have a delightful dilemma. There are blues, from a bright dark blue to the deepest navy; there is beige, playing a return engagement by request, after many seasons of absence from the fashion scene; there are rust reds and soft greens, and rich browns—many of the latter used in combination with blue, beige and black. For color contrast is still important, but in less obvious versions than ran riot last spring.

Suit jackets are short, high-waisted, and very jaunty. Coats are long, broad-shouldered, and definitely fitted through the body.

COLOR CONTRAST

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Daring color contrasts, the more daring the smarter, is fashion's idea of things this season. It is in the sports realm that the theory is working out with most pronounced success, and along most original lines. For instance, there's the little white sports dress in the picture. It is one of the likable types made of spongy duren mesh. This frock is particularly interesting because it says sports with a decided, energetic accent. Best of all its fabric is ideally suited to active usage because after many tubbings and lots of sunshine it comes out as good-looking as ever. But about that bold dash of color every really chic sports dress must flaunt, this time it is a very wide girde of linen, flaring red in this instance but it would have been equally as effective in bright blue or a lively tangerine shade or jockey green. If green's your choice. Of course, the little beret must repeat the color.

Tucking Is Beautifier of Even Simplest Frock

Tucking, that prime beautifier of even the simplest frock is very much in evidence since this material lends itself definitely to that form of ornamentation, just as it does to pleats and plicated frillings.

Such frocks can easily become professionally girlish which is just another way of calling them insipid, but the clever designer watches for this and generally introduces some restraining touch that gives a slightly tailored air to the model. It is this balance that marks the fine garment as being such and so is as important as it is in any other field where individual quality rules.

Four Fabrics Used in Milady's New Sport Coat

Four materials are used to make a fabric for madame's spring sports coat. One of the smartest fabrics for spring wear is woven of silk, artificial silk, cotton and wool.

It is beige streaked with brown threads and resembles a loose gunny sack weave.



"I Understand," She Said. "It Was Just to Pass the Time—Until Your Duty Called You Away."

that word—duty, Miss Aurora Le-Blond?"

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