



OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Orange Fritters.—Separate two large navel oranges into sections. Dip sections in batter and fry in deep fat. Serve as accompaniment to roast lamb or braised pork chops.

Two Buttons and a Hair Pin.—In most cases that's all you need to keep the loose pieces from falling out of a shattered window pane in your home or car. Put one button on each side of the hole in the glass, run the hair pin through the buttons and twist the end until it is tight.

A Delight for the Children.—Next time your children want a party, cook a cornstarch custard and fill cones. Alternate every spoonful or so with currant jelly and finish with jelly on top.

Cauliflower and Eggs.—Butter a pie dish and break into it 4 eggs. Half cook a small cauliflower and break into neat pieces. Arrange these round the eggs and season with salt and pepper. Pour over 4 tablespoons milk and place 1 ounce butter in small pieces on the top. Sprinkle 2 ounces grated cheese over, and bake 15-20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Lattice-Topped Pies.—Fruit and berry pies with lattice-style tops require less baking time than the regular full-crust toppers.

Good Airing.—When you have the windows open in the morning to air the beds before making, open the clothes closet doors wide and let the current of air run through them. It will prevent them from getting that close stuffy odor so undesired where our clothes are concerned.

To Wash Curtains.—Lace curtains before being washed for the first time should be soaked for an hour or two in cold water to which two tablespoons of table salt have been added. This removes dressing in curtains and makes them much easier to launder.

Saves Time on Wash Day.—An old wood plane is just the thing to convert bar soap into shavings that dissolve quickly. Turn the plane upside down over a large jar or other container and work the soap back and forth across the sharp edge.

WNU Service.

Advertisement for Nujol laxative, featuring an illustration of the product bottle and text: 'CONSTIPATED? To keep food waste soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol—because of its gentle, lubricating action. NOW COSTS LESS! INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL.'

False Flattery People generally despise where they flatter and cringe to those whom they desire to supersede.—Marcus Aurelius.

Safe Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health? How would you like to lose your double chin and your two prominent hips and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration? How would you like to get your weight down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind? Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks and costs but a trifle. Take one-half teaspoonful every morning—modify your diet—get a little regular exercise—and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again. Now you will know the pleasant way to lose unsightly fat and you'll also know that the 6 salts of Kruschen have presented you with glorious health. But be sure for your health's sake that you ask for and get Kruschen Salts. Get them at any drugstore in the world and if the results one bottle brings do not delight you—do not joyfully satisfy you—why money back.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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RESURRECTION RIVER

By William Byron Mowery

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued

Kr-ii-ng!—a bullet from Lupe's rifle came zipping into the tangle. Craig paid no attention. Lighting a match, he held it to the fuses, waited a second; then drew his knife across the taut babsche cord. The sapling snapped up with a swish; the sticks went hurtling out through the air. One of them, the first he had lit, exploded halfway to the thicket, tearing the top out of a squatty balsam. Another flew off to one side, struck a tree bole squarely, knocked off the mercury cap, and fell without exploding. Another went spinning clear over the thicket, 30 yards beyond it. The other two fell into the thicket itself.

Craig waited, a sickening moment, afraid that the caps had been knocked off. But then came a terrific bellowing roar. The explosion tore the thicket to bits, whipped the taller trees with the blast, flung a cloud of snow and water and torn deerbrush higher than the tallest pines.

Forgetting all danger from Lupe, Craig rose up and peered at the place where the thicket had been. He saw no stir of life there; heard nothing but the dripping of debris from the pine branches. A bullet from Lupe's rifle caught him in the left shoulder and knocked him back against a rock. He struggled up. Twenty-five yards away, Lupe was crouched behind a wind-fall log, jamming a fresh clip into his gun.

Reeling and groggy, with the woods heaving in front of his eyes, Craig struck another match; lit the fuse of another stick; waited—waited—then took a step forward, and flung the stick at the windfall. Lupe jumped up as the stick hit in the snow just behind him. Unable to get away from that deadly thing in time, he grabbed it up, to fling it back at Craig. But he was too late, a split-second too late. Craig had timed his throw too well. As Lupe's arm arched back, the dynamite exploded—in his hand.

There was a puff of dirty-white smoke, a leap of reddish flame, a blast that hurled snow and spume into the tangle where Craig stood. When the smoke and debris cleared away and he looked, he saw a tatter of cloth dangling from a pine branch, and a blotch of red on the snow beside the windfall log.

In the ghastly silence of the little drogue Craig turned to Poleon. "Get up," he stammered thickly. "They're dead. We're going on in."

Poleon tried to rise but he fell back, weak and powerless, all the strength gone out of his huge frame. "I can't make it," he moaned. "Dey—got me—twice—in de leg, in de heep. I'm—done op, Craig. I can't go 'long—no more. We can't go in togedder. I—I terrible seeck, Craig."

In a daze of pain and sickness himself, Craig dragged his partner from between the rocks, slashed off some spruce branches, made a rough comfortable pallet for him. "I'll send back for you, Poleon," he mumbled. "I'm going in to the Bay."

He took off one of Poleon's shoes and used it to bind up his own shattered ankle. From his jacket he cut strips of leather and bound the ankle firm and hard so that he could bear a little weight on it. Then he cut a five-foot length from the aspen sapling, as a crutch. Even with its help he could not walk; his ankle was shattered too badly. But he could shuffle along, a slow halting progress, each step a jar of pain.

With a last word to the helpless Poleon, he left the tangle, climbed the east slope out of the death valley, and turned his face again toward Resurrection.

CHAPTER XX

From the police jail Corporal Northrup brought Warren, handcuffed, down to Patricia's cabin. At the door he halted. "Patricia is in there alone, Lovett," he said. "She asked to see you alone. She's too considerate a person, I guess, to want me or anybody present when she talks to you."

"Now, before you go in, let me give you a bit of advice, friend. You're in the hands of the Mounted Police; we've got an iron-riveted case against you; and all your money and legal smartness can't get you free. If you know what's good for you, talk straight and deal straight with Patricia. She and Craig are the only friends you've got. If I had my way about this kidnaping and this death"—he pointed out through the pines to a granite slope where a group of prospectors were preparing a grave for Sam Honeywell—"I say, if I should do my sworn duty in this affair, you'd spend the rest of your born days in Stony Mountain penitentiary."

He opened the door for the handcuffed man. "I'm risking a court-martial for what I'm doing this morning, Lovett. I don't know whether you're worth it or not. That depends on what you say to Patricia. Go on in. I'll be waiting out here."

"Come in, Warren," Patricia said gently; and because he was handcuffed she placed a chair for him. Warren sat down, eying her sus-

piciously, as though he did not believe that, after all he had done to her and Craig in the past week, her kindness could be genuine. "I hope," he remarked, awkwardly, "that your news about Tarlton is—uh—favorable."

Patricia winced. An hour ago she had received a wireless flash from Leo Sneddon, who had flown Craig out to hospital and medical care at Edmonton; and the message was none too reassuring. Craig's arm and shoulder wounds were nothing serious, but his shattered ankle . . . At best he would not walk again in many weeks; and Sneddon had hinted at danger of an amputation.

"I suppose," she commented, "that I ought to be glad Craig is alive, after what Lupe intended doing to him. But let's not talk about that, Warren. Before Craig was taken away, he put everything here on Resurrection into my hands, and told me how I should deal with you. That's what I want to talk to you about. I presume you realize, Warren, that you stand guilty of—"

"Yes, I know," Warren interrupted, flinching. "Northrup read me the detailed charges."

"Craig and I had to fight Dennis," Patricia said. "We put up a fight for you, Warren—a harder fight than you know anything about. We both felt that there's been suffering and violence enough in this struggle, and we wanted to call a halt to it. We argued and pleaded with Dennis till he finally agreed to free you completely of these charges against you."

"Completely—?" Warren echoed. His face, sullen and haggard, lit up at this unexpected mercy. He



Lighting a Match, He Held It to the Fuses.

had known that Patricia and Craig had befriended him, against the law; but he had never imagined that they wanted all those charges dropped.

"Yes, completely," Patricia assured. "But you'll have to do your part, Warren. You'll have to agree to certain things."

"What?" "Between the time that I burned the community house and that Craig reached the Bay, you bought out most of these men. Previously to that—last fall and winter—you bought up a large number of additional claims. Craig and I estimate that you own more than two thirds of this field."

Warren nodded. "Yes, approximately that," he said. Convinced, now, that Patricia harbored no vengeance, he felt more at ease, and his courage was flowing back. Studying Patricia narrowly, he was watching for any weakness or sentiment that he could take advantage of. "What is it that I have to agree to?"

"You must sell all those claims to Craig and me, at the price you paid," Patricia stated. "We will then see they are returned to their original owners."

Warren did not answer at once. Poker-faced, he regarded Patricia silently; and in his manner there was confidence that he could outmaneuver and outwit her, a girl.

"That's a pretty one-sided bargain, Patricia," he said finally. His remark stirred anger in Patricia. "One-sided? D'you realize, Warren, that Sam Honeywell is dead? That Rosalie and Straus and Bing Odron are dead? That Craig is lying in an Edmonton hospital all shot up? And now when you, the cause of all this, are given a chance to walk away from here safe and sound and scot-free, you call it one-sided! You're right, it is; it's all on your side. You're getting all the breaks."

Warren's confidence ebbed considerably. Outwitting Patricia was not so easy as he had thought. She was a totally different creature from the girl whom he had brought to the Arctic with him last summer and whom he had kept in the dark for three whole months about his business there.

After a moment he tried another move, a personal approach. "I think that in friendliness, Patricia, you ought to let me keep a part of this field. You know what the situation is in Chicago. You know that if I return there with nothing to show for the time and expense of this Arctic expedition, Parkes is going to edge me out of the firm. Do you think that that would be just? As my friend, would you wish to see that happen?"

"This is a late time, Warren," Patricia reminded, "for you to begin talking about justice and friendship. Craig and I both tried to talk justice and friendliness to you all winter, and you sneered at us and went cruelly ahead with your own selfish plans. Now you're asking me to help you out at the expense of these 300 Resurrection men. I can't do that, Warren. It would be a betrayal."

"As for your going back empty-handed, I thought of that. I suggested—and Craig readily agreed—that you can keep the Kessler hill lode. Phil Kessler was a traitor to us, and we wouldn't want him to recover that property. That mine will repay you for all your expenses and yield you, besides, an eventual profit of almost a million dollars. That's a lot more than you really deserve."

"How about Tarlton's radium lake—do I have to surrender that too?"

"You don't own Craig's radium lake, Warren," Patricia informed. "You merely think you do."

"W-h-a-t? Don't own it? Why—why, I've got the papers to it; I paid him a quarter-million!" Patricia interrupted. "Warren, Craig told you explicitly, that evening in the Den office, that if you dealt square with him he'd deal square with you. He warned you twice that if you tried to cheat or use any dishonest weapon, you'd be the loser. Well, you did cheat. Worse than that—you had him kidnaped. And worse than that you intended to let Lupe murder him. In consequence you don't own that lake at all."

Warren merely stared at her, too dumfounded to speak. Patricia explained, quietly: "Before Craig and Poleon came back from their prospecting trip, Warren, they staked two lakes, twin lakes. One of them has the pitchblende deposit in it; the other has water. Craig had two sets of claim papers. The set that he signed over to you covered the lake with the water in it."

Warren rose bodily from his chair as he saw how Craig had outwitted him. In all his life he had never been so smotheringly done in. "A lake with water in it," he repeated. "I paid a quarter-million dollars for that—for a damned mud pond." He snarled: "And Tarlton he calls himself honest! That's a plain swindle!"

"Then you're the swindler, Warren. You swindled yourself. It was Craig's firm intention, if you dealt square with him, to give you the bona-fide papers. If you hadn't kidnaped him, framed these men, browbeat me, and Well, you'd now find yourself in possession of a \$2,000,000 lode. The dishonesty was yours, and it boomeranged on you."

"How about my two hundred and fifty thousand? Am I holding the bag? That was my own personal money, not the firm's. I bought that lake."

Patricia's eyes opened a little wider. "Hmmpf," she said, much as Craig would have said it. "So that was your money! I suspected it was. You saw a chance to make a tidy fortune and you tried to get it all for yourself instead of letting the firm in on it. Fine, Warren! But about your quarter-million—Craig and I don't want a cent of that. We'll refund it to you within the year, and on top of it the biggest interest you ever received."

Warren got up and paced the cabin, his manacled hands in front of him. Through the window he saw Corporal Northrup leaning waitfully against a pine and twirling the handcuff key on his finger. Cornered and helpless, he glanced at Patricia, searching her expression for hope of escape. But he saw no hope in her. Firm, unyielding, she stood beside the little table where once, over a cup of tea, she had begged for Craig's life and had agreed to a Shanghai marriage in order to save Craig.

"I haven't any choice," he said wearily. He stopped, confronted Patricia. "I can't go to the pen. God, I'd be an old man, old and broken, when I get out. I'll do what you say. I'll sell this Resurrection field to you and Tarlton."

Patricia stepped over to the window. "Dennis!" she called to the man yonder. "Bring me that key!"

A while after Warren had left, the group of prospectors who had buried Sam Honeywell came down to the cabin. They crowded the little place, and some had to stand outside. The towering redhead was their spokesman.

"We've been working up nerve for the last two days to come here, Miss Pat, and speak our piece,"

he said humbly, crumpling his battered hat. "We've got a lot of crow to eat, and we sure've been eating it. What we want to say is that after all you and Craig done for us, we turned around and let you down. We was a bunch of dirty bums."

"Yeh," several other men agreed. "Lousy bums!"

"If you fellows don't get busy around here, I will think that you're a bunch of lazy bums," Patricia cut their apology short. "We've got work to do, instead of eating crow or speaking pieces. We've got to put up a new Rock-Hog Den—a good big one, this time and some overflow cabins and a warehouse. I have 40 tons of supplies and clothes and equipment on the way here from Edmonton, and not a sign of a roof to store them under. We've got to send out a party to drain that pitchblende lake so's we can begin operations there this summer. That's just a few samples of what's cut out for us."

When they had gone, Patricia pulled her table beside the window and started writing a wireless message to Craig, a word of love and encouragement, a word about her successful deal with Warren. As she wrote, as she pictured Craig lying sick and lonely in far-away Edmonton, she was shaken with longing to drop all her work and fly to him. But she fought the longing down. Resurrection was her job, till Craig came back and took hold again.

Deep within her, born of her desperate homesickness, dwelt the hope that when these Resurrection projects were running smoothly she could leave Poleon in charge, join Craig in Edmonton, and they could go on to Chicago together. The thought of never seeing her mother and Frances again was unbearable. To all her other sacrifices she had acquiesced, but not to that one; and she knew that she never could acquiesce to it. Yet she realized that her chances of ever visiting her home were next door to nothing. She had defied her father, and for that he had cast her into the outer darkness.

In the outer office of Wellington, Parkes & Lovett a whisper flew about, that July morning: "Craig Tarlton is here! Patricia Wellington's husband!"

Everybody stopped work. Through the glass panels of doors and windows everybody stared surreptitiously at the tall rangy man who came down the corridor, limping a little in spite of his cane.

In the inner suite Craig stood at the desk of the telephone secretary, as the high and haughty Patricia had stood there on a July morning one year ago.

"I'd like to see Mr. Wellington and then Mr. Lovett," he requested, "if they're not too busy."

The girl spoke into the voxophone. "Mr. Tarlton, Mr. Craig Tarlton, is asking to see you, please."

For several moments the voxophone was silent, a blank astounded silence. Then came an explosive oath, a spluttering wrathful explosion in which only the words—"can wait till hell freezes over!" were distinguishable.

But then, a moment afterward, came the voice of Warren Lovett, cool and even, as always: "Ask him to come in, Miss Fisher."

Followed by the stares of the four private secretaries, Craig walked over to the door and entered the sanctum of Jasper Wellington.

At the rosewood table Russell Parkes and old Jasper, leagued together, had been having a hot argument with their junior partner.

As Craig closed the door the old financier opened on him like a machine gun.

"What are you doing here? If you've got any business with either Lovett or me, say it and then I'll have you pitched outside. You've got crust, showing up at my office. It's a wonder that she—that Patricia—that she didn't try to come along."

"That Patricia," Craig said, "is up the North Shore, at her home. I sent her there a short while ago."

"You what? She's where?" "At her home," Craig repeated, evenly. "She's going to visit with her mother and Frances for a few days."

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Flit from pantry to parlor in this "hostess" apron, so gayly appliqued with poppies, and guests are sure to ask how it's made! Choose bright contrast for yoke, border, poppies. One poppy forms

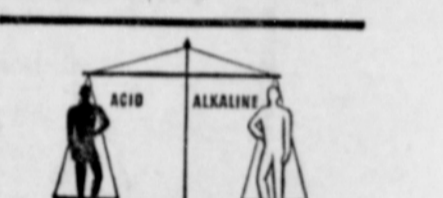


Pattern 1495.

the pocket. Pattern 1495 contains a transfer pattern of the apron and a motif 6 1/4 by 10 3/4 inches; a motif 6 1/2 by 9 1/4 inches and the applique patches; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

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