

would drop something.

tinued Steele, watching Rose's face.

CHAPTER IX—Continued -15-

"But, mademoiselle, you must be surfeited with pretty words from Monsieur," he said maliciously, sure of the effect.

"Pretty words from heem?" She laughed bitterly, "that ees a joke! No pretty words from heem since the lady, who will marry Lascelles at Albany, drive heem crazee, eh, Louis?"

Laflamme scowled into her mocking eyes, but was silent. He rose and led I heard a Windigo at Wailing River?" his guest to the living room. Then he began. the sound of voices outside attracted his attention, and shortly, the Ojibway girl appeared and spoke to him in a whisper.

"You will excuse me for a little man?" while? I am called to the tradehouse?" At the door he added with a brutal laugh, "Help yourself to the cigarettes and whisky. And-a-Rose will keep you entertained, no doubt."

Steele wondered if David had run into trouble. If the trader were free with liquor with his men, which seemed improbable, David might have been set on, but the Ojibway was too wise to imperil his chief or their plans.

Following the slam of the outer door the girl rose, placed her fingers warningly on her llps and tiptoed out Onge didn't get his fur to Albany this of the room, leaving Steele curious, year?' uneasy. He heard talking in low tones from the direction of the kitch- news that Pierre assuredly would en, then she returned, and walking to have brought from down river. Then his chair, looked quizzically down.

"Are you as much of a man as you look ?" she demanded.

"How long before Laflamme surprises us, mademoiselle?" he countered, forcing a yawn, having no intention of playing into Laflamme's hands.

"You theenk I'm working for that Are you blind? Can't you beast? see he's done with me?" She began, dramatically, then, "Why did you look at heem that way before dinner? I saw you! You stabbed heem with your eyes. You needn't deny it! You hate heem! Why?"

'You are mistaken, mademoiselle. I never met Laflamme before today."

"You lie! But you are suspicious; you theenk thees is a game-theenk he ees listening. Don't you see hat ees why I went out-to learn if he had left the house? Oh, you can trust This ees the naked truth. I me! would kill heem tonight if I could get away. But you-why do you hate heem, too?"

"Does Lafathme suspect me?" he asked, ignoring her question

RURAL ENTERPRISE

Bostor

Bobs Her Hair, Hubby

what hair the barber had left.

Mrs. Humphreys, seventeen-

year-old blond, given in Middle-

sex Probate court, where she

was awarded a decree nisi of

divorce on grounds of cruelty.

She was also given the right

Man Who Broke Monte Carlo

Bank Passes Away.

London .- Arthur De Courcey Bower,

who ran through several fortunes, in-

ly, often giving barmaids \$500 tips.

play while in South America and this

he resolved to try at the famous ca-

He took \$135,000 with him for the

purpose and the first afternoon won

\$50,000. Then he hired five assistants,

three times, winning \$1,215,000.

Aged Romeo, Deaf but

DIES PENNILESS

pointed to the door. "We've had enough of this: you're drunk! Monsieur Steele will excuse you. Good night!"

The insult drove the blood from her flaming face; sobered her. She walked to the door, where she turned and said quietly to Steele: "Bon solr, monsieur, I leave you with thees gentleman and-cutthroat."

Although pressed by Laflamme, Steele did not stay. He had falled utterly in his plan-had learned nothing. If only the trader had remained in the trade-house five minutes longer, the girl would have told him what he wished to know. And now they were leaving in the morning.

CHAPTER X

he and David were to sleep was dark, but he entered to find David, aided by the light of two candles, busy with return from the trade-house had their bags.

checked the girl from disclosing. If Pierre were Laflamme's man, as he noticing the blankets with which Daseemed to be, Steele was curious to vid had masked the windows. "You learn what tale the Indian had brought don't think he'd dare fire in on you?" from Walling River concerning the "Maybe," and the Ojibway pointed lost fur canoe and the Windigo terror. to the contents of a large water-He finally decided to drive straight at proofed bag on the floor at his feet.

"Dey have come to see eef you are w'at you say." "They've been through our Indian

"Yes, dey look at dese bag and not

A low knock checked the conversation. David reached for a candle. 'No!" said Steele, "stand by with that !" pointing to David's rifle, then opened the door Hungarian sportsman, left nearly \$5,000,000.

Disapproval was stamped on David's face as he slowly shook his

"Monsieur Steele, I wish to talk with you in private-" she hesitated. with a nod of her head toward the Ojibway.

said Steele concealing from the girl a lowered eyelid.

Laflamme. "You mean to say that St. ly left the room

asleep," she began, then approaching "Not a skin," said Steele. This was Steele, placed her hands on his shoulders as she begged: "Will you get me out of here, now-tonight?"

The girl's knowledge might be of vital importance to the future of Walling River-of the woman there he loved, and the American did not hesitate to dissemble.

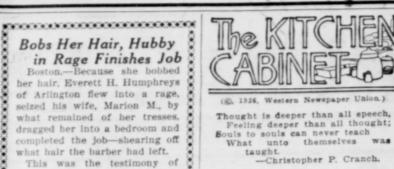
flour. You'd starve if we left tonight, unless we struck game. You don't want to live on fish."

you beeg American!" she said. "Onlee get me away-away from that thief. Once I loved heem-but now,

"I'm afraid. He cursed me tonight for telling you something. Oh, you don't know that man-the cleverness of heem? He knows thees won't last -two, three years, thees hell here !" "Of course he wants to get rid of the post down river?" Steele ventured.

get the girl," she muttered. "But what was that Indian Pierre

acquaintance, eloped to Santa Ana doing at Walling River?" he abruptly and were married. Varner had a lemanded "Pierre?" She turned on Steele in surprise. "You saw Pierre? He was told to keep under cover." "Yes, he was spreading wild tales about the Windlgo. Laflamme sent him to do that? Her large eyes lighted in amusement. "Oh, yes, of course! but what he went down river after was-Quick! the candles! There's someone coming!" The face of the girl went gray with fear, "Mon Dieu! If it's Laflamme!"



REDUCING DESSERTS

For those of us who are overweight It is wise to choose a light dessert which satisfies the crav-

S

ing for sweets without adding much to the food value of the menu. The following have been chosen as good reliable desserts for such:

Chilled Prunes With Lemon .- Soak prunes and boil them with slices of lemon. After they have cooked fifteen minutes put them on

the back of the stove to simmer. Allow the simmering process to continue until the sirup thickens. Remove from the heat and chill. The long slow cooking brings out the sweetness and flavor of the prunes and they will need no sugar to sweeten them.

Gelatin desserts of various kinds are especially good for those who are anxious about overweight. One thing must be remembered in serving them however, that they should not be served with whipped cream or rich sauce, or the very thing which you wish to avoid will result.

Saccharine may take the place of Bower, who was sixty-nine years sugar in sweetening the dishes, as it old, died almost penniless. Born of will, in very small quantities, add sufficient sweetening.

Snow Pudding .- To one-fourth of a box of gelatin add one cupful of cold water. Let stand until thoroughly He made a fortune in nitrate worksoaked and add two cupfuls of boiling ing with Colonel North, the "Nitrate water, five saccharine tablets, the King." Then he returned to England juice of one lemon and cinnamon to and began spending his money lavishtaste. When slightly set, add the stiffly beaten white of an egg and His most remarkable exploits were beat until the mixture is light and in the gambling casino at Monte Carfoamy. Serve very cold. lo. He had perfected a system of

Gelatin Whip .- Soak one-half of a package of gelatin in one cupful of cold water. Add three grains of saccharine, one-half cupful of canned plum juice. When the mixture begins to set, whip until light with an egg beater. Chill thoroughly.

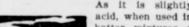
giving each \$20,000, with instructions Fruit Coupe.-Bury a can of any as to the play. He broke the bank kind of fruit liked, such as pineapple, peaches or pears, in ice and salt until frozen. Dice any fresh fruit-bananas, oranges, strawberries- and fill Wiser, Is Rid of Wife sherbet glasses with the juicy fruit, top with frozen fruit and serve at

Los Angeles, Cal.-John Varner, deaf and eighty-four years of age, once. Apricot Flower Salad .-- Cut halves

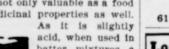
shuffled out of Judge F. C. Valentine's of canned apricats in two. Arrange court poorer, wiser and through with on head lettuce like the petals of a Mrs. Emma Varner, not quite so flower with a ball of cream cheese for old, but equally deaf, left the court, center. Sprinkle the cheese with riced, hard-cooked egg to simulate too, with a profit of approximately pollen and serve with mayonnaise \$2,800 to show for her year of mardressing. Chopped nuts may be used riage with Varner, according to the instead of the egg if desired. testimony he had given. Judge Valentine had just granted Varner a de-

Honey Dainties.

It was just a little more than a Honey is not only valuable as a food but has medicinal properties as well. year ago that the two, after a brief As it is slightly



batter mixtures a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda added to each cupful of honey used acidity.



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creature of Indian myth and superstition-a bugaboo of the medicine Steele grinned with delight into the trader's puzzled eyes. "I certainly do. It was Rose Laflamme. was waked by his howling on the

"But, Rose, I haven't bacon and

I hate, hate, hate!"

have flour then."

to resume her maiden name, Wyatt, From the outside the cabin where SPENDS FORTUNE. "What's the trouble?" Steele asked,

the point with the hope that the girl "Did I tell you this afternoon that stuff?"

"What? You a scientist, mean to pack dem good."

tell me that you heard a Windigo-a

ping the bottle at his elbow, as he teased: "Scotch is a wonderful stimulant to the imagination, monsieur." "You know that the Indians at-

tribute the loss of St. Onge's fur canoe "David, walt outside a minute." this summer to the same devil?" con-

"The loss of their fur canoe!" cried Car.ying his rifle, David reluctant.

"You needn't worry, Laflamme's

"I can leeve on anything with you,

Steele temporized: "But why can't you wait until tomorrow night? We'll

"Oh, St. Onge is done for-and he'll

cluding one made from Chilean nitrate concessions and another through "breaking the bank at Monte Carlo," was found dead a few days ago in a furnished room in London. Bower spent his money as freely as he made it. He was twice married, his second wife being a widow, a Mrs. Smith, to whom Prince Batthyani,

America.

sino in Monaco.

love and romance.

cree of annulment.

ridge across the river from the post." Laflamme smiled, suggestively taphead.

a good family and educated at Eton, he spent some years as partner in a London financial firm. Wanderlust seized him and he went to South

'No, he kaows you are what you claim to be."

"What do you want me to do?" "Mon Dient! Get me out of dees place-take me with you! He's keep

ing me here Lecause I know too much. He's afraid ! weel talk." "Talk about what - the whisky lid, as she watched Laflamme. trade?'

"The whisky ees not all-you would business at Wailing River. But why not belier, me if I told-" A door did Laflamme wish to conceal it? He closed outside, and Laflamme entered the room

"Ah, this is most unromantic, mon steur," Le protested, hand raised in mock gasture. "I return suddenly, to canoe, also?" jeered Laflamme. "That's find you still in your chair-alone." Steele was on his feet. "My man first boat to be smashed in that white-David in any trouble?" he snapped, water." ignoring the sarcasm.

"Oh, it wasn't his fault. Baptiste fancies he's strong, and took hold of boat, fur or men was ever found. They him."

"What's happened?" Steele's blood heated at the possible harm to David, ontnumbered ten to one at the tradehouse.

Laflamme raised a deprecating hand. "Nothing, nothing at all. I'm glad of

It! Your man cracked some of Baptiste's fingers-just squeezed his hand and Baptiste had enough. He always

was a bit yellow." "But will Baptiste follow this up? did St. Onge say anything about send-

I don't want trouble here. Where is ing a canoe up river this fall?" David now?" Steele was relieved; he

post in the morning. He knew his learned from the girl.

"I sent them all to bed. Baptiste won't follow it up. Antoine is with him. I'm boss here," laughed the vengeance on St. Onge, Steele boldly trader.

Then Steele was aware of the at- my taking a letter to you." Sention of a pair of shining eyes. "Ab, it was magnificent, monsieur-the way | trader flushed with pleasure. you looked," said the girl. "Your eyes were like your name-of steel."

"You are embarrassing, mademolselle."

"You must excuse Rose this eve ning," said Laflamme with a grimace. "She has not seen a white man in a year! Not but what she's sincere, but whisky makes her think out loud, doesn't It, Rosie?"

If the glitter of black eyes could have killed, Laflamme would have Laflamme had loosened all restraint in telling what they know that it's met sudden death. Instead, he re- on the tongue of the maddened girl. filed the glasses, while Steele's mind | Infuriated, the trader rose and Transcript.

The Face of the Girl Went Gray With Fear. "Mon Dieu! If It's Laflamme!"

he caught a furtive signal from the girl. She cautiously lowered an eye-

So the Frenchman was deceiving She lowsted her voice to a whisper. him. Pierre had been on the trader's could not suspect that Steele would return to the Wailing.

"And you believe with the Indiana I suppose, that the Windigo got the a bit too raw, monsieur! It is not the

"But it was not lost in the rapids. That has been proved, for no trace of ouldn't steal the fur and get out by the Albany or through the muskeg

country. That leaves the Windigo as the only solution, doesn't it?" "Well, that finishes St. Onge, then,"

said Laflamme.

"And helps your little plan, eh, Louis?" Rose added. The trader's face hardened. "Yes.

it helps the trade here, of course, if they quit down there. By the way,

Rose Laflamme paused in the act of had feared the worst. But that meant draining her half-filled glass, intent that David and he would leave the on Steele's answer.

"I left the post early in September half-breeds. It would be dangerous on a side trip, intending to return beto stay-and as yet nothing had been fore starting for home, but never went back." Then, selzing the opportunity

to deceive Laflamme into walting until the last minute before kreaking his gambled: "He said something about

"He did?" The dark face of the

"Yes, now he'll send Michel." A glass was shattered on the table. In a fury of passion Rose Laflamme, leaping to her feet, glared at the

Frenchman. "Oh, you think you've got her at last, do you?" she screamed. "When do I go, then? You'll send me now, when she comes? You'll let me go, now?"

What Steele had waited for had happened. Alcohol and her hatred of

Steele pinched out the candles and she clung to him helplessly, her body trembling against his, as they listened. There was a sound of a scuffle outside, the fall of a body, the dull impact of blows. Pushing aside the frightened girl, Steele seized his riffe, and opened the door.

"I got heem !" came the low voice of David from the blackness. "Han' me dat rawhide."

The man who had approached the cabin had walked into the strongest pair of arms in the Nepigon country, and lay helpless on the ground, choked and beaten into insensibility. Returning with the thongs, Steele peered at the face of David's victim.

"Laflamme?" "Yes! We feex heem and start?"

urged the Indian, flercely. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Handshake Guide to Love

The handshake is a correct and infallible guide to true love. This is the contention of Dr. David V. Bush, a teacher of applied psychology. "Shake hands," he says, "before you start a courtship-not because you are to start something resembling a pugliistic bout, but because if the hands don't fit perfectly, don't start it." Doctor Bush says "the altar isn't even a milestone in the course of love; it's apt to be a millstone. A marriage cer tificate is no guarantee of love. Marriage, looked at as the goal of love is apt to be a grave if the game ends when the knot is tied." The exponent of applied psychology thinks trouble can be avoided by proper character analysis before the courtship advances too far.

A Pity

Some people take so much pleasure a pity they know so little .- Boston

te, a trust deed and \$3,250 in cash at that time, he said. Within a few weeks he had conveyed to his bride an interest in the trust deed and the note and had placed his cash in a joint account.

"I put the money in a joint account. She pressed my hand and said neither of us would write a check without notifying the other. Then I found out she had drawn out all but \$446." he related bitterly.

Wanderer Is Freed of 20-Year Murder Charge

Springfield, Mo .- Jim Sublett is a free man today after 20 weary years of wandering about the country with a murder charge hanging over his head.

Sublett killed Joe Dillard, an old friend, with a bullet intended for another during an argument in 1905. He immediately left the country, and although a nation-wide search was instituted, he was never apprehended. The agony suffered by Sublett over the killing of his friend and the terror of constant flight led him to surrender several weeks ago. He was placed in jail at Galena, Mo.

The story told by the prisoner won him many friends. Relatives, including the wife and daughter of the slain man, visited Sublett in his cell, and all kindness was shown him. Public sympathy grew rapidly during his incarceration, and at last Judge Stewart and Prosecuting Attorney Hicks, meeting with relatives and other officers, agreed to waive the charges and Sublett was released, once more a free man. He returned to his home at Piney, Ark.

Trains Take Man's Legs. Then Snuff Out His Life

South Bend, Ind .- A train a few years ago severed the legs of Andrew Emery of South Bend. The other day a train snuffed out his life.

Mr. Emery used wooden legs, but was able to drive an automobile. He drove the car on the railroad track in front of a train. He was instantly killed.

Charleston in School

New York .- The Charleston is beng taught fifth grade pupils at Coumbla's demonstration school for teachers.

teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add threefourths of a cupful of raisins and mix with the dry ingredients. Add onehalf cupful of sour milk, one-fourth cupful of melted fat, one-half cupful of honey and one well beaten egg. Beat well and turn into a buttered mold. Cover and steam for two and one-half hours. Serve with :

Honey Sauce .- Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour and when well blended add one cupful of boiling water, cook until thick, then add one cupful of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls each of lemon juice and honey. Serve hot. This is a sauce well liked with baked ham, or pork chops,

Ambrosia .- Mix one cupful of dark honey with one-half cupful of melted fat and one square of chocolate, add one-half cupful of sour milk and three well beaten eggs. Mix and sift together two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and add to the first mixture. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan. When cool cover with a caramel frosting.

Honey Cookles .- Mix three cupfuls of bran, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add one-fourth cupful of sour milk, one half cupful of melted fat, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon. three-fourths of a cupful of honey, and one well-beaten egg. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, These are to be dropped by spoonfuls onto buttered sheets.

Honey Parfait .- Boll one cupful of honey with one-fourth cupful of water until it threads. Pour the mixture over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until cool, then fold in a pint of cream beaten stiff. Turn into a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours.



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Milly-No, with mustard.





