

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

Garth Guthrie, Canadian war veteran, having to live in the open on account of weakened lungs, is factor of a Hudson's Bay post at Elkwan. He came back from the conflict with a permanently scarred face, which he realized cost him the love of his fiancée, Ethel Falconer. Sir Charles Guthrie, his brother, is a millionaire war profiteer.

The other shook his head; then struck a match and lit his pipe before replying.

"You are new man in dees country. You don't know Injun squaw. At Albanee—without you—she not be happy."

Guthrie reddened under his deep tan. He knew only too well. "But they would have taken better care of her," he protested.

Etienne slowly shook his head. "Too late, m'sieu. She live more long here dan at Albanee."

All day while the norther stayed the west coast, Guthrie and Etienne dressed and salted goose. Deep in the winter, when the caribou had drifted back from the coast, the geese, freed from the salt by boiling, would be a welcome change from the fat bacon of the company's stores. The wind held into the night, but when the men turned out of their blankets at sunrise the blow was over.

At noon the goose hovers launched the canoe and driving her through a quarter sea, pushed down the coast for the shelter of Aktimisk Island. They were rounding the low headland of Elkwan point when Garth, slaving in the bow, was aroused by an exclamation from the stern man.

"Look! A boat!" Etienne pointed his dripping paddle across the yellow strait to the shore of the island.

"Shipwrecked—somewhere! They use de oak!"

In the distance, crossing to the mainland, Guthrie made out a boat.

"Day wave to us!" cried Etienne.

"Day see de canoe!"

From the craft, still miles away, showed a flutter of white.

"We'll come up with them on the lee side of the point," and Guthrie, whose thoughts were at Elkwan, whose arms were driven by fear—fear that in his absence George had had his grim way, lunged violently with his paddle.

In the quiet waters beyond Elkwan point, the two boats approached within hailing distance. In the ship's dory four men were rowing, while two figures sat in the stern. The crew of the boat rested on their oars.

"Hello, canoe!"

Guthrie answered the hail, and shortly the Peterboro came up with the larger craft. "You've lost your ship?" he began.

The black-bearded figure in the stern of the boat, ignoring the question, demanded: "You're Hudson's Bay people?"

"Yes, we're bound to the Elkwan just below here. You've lost your ship? Where did you leave her?"

Guthrie's curious glance shifted from the bearded spokesman to the girl at his side wearing a pea-jacket and a sou'wester, below the brim of which fluttered a plume of dark hair. As the boats swung together, the air-dale, mane and tail stiff, growled menacingly at the strangers, but a low command from his master silenced him.

"Our schooner's ashore on the outside of the island. We left George day before yesterday, and were off Cape Jones when the blow struck us. It crippled our rigger and drove us straight across the bay. We couldn't head into it."

"You were lucky to get ashore in that blow," said the surprised Guthrie. "Your boat must have got a pounding on those flats."

"It did, but we struck at high tide and managed to get most of our stuff off her. Then, this morning, we fell into the hands of a pirate."

"Pirate!" Guthrie exclaimed.

"Oh, Archie," protested the girl, "that's hardly fair. He paid for what he took, and helped with the last of the stores."

"Who were they—where from?"

"They were in a little sixty-foot power schooner, the Ghost, St. Johns, and the leader was a red-headed ruffian with a mutilated face—horrible!"

The black eyes of Etienne Savanne snapped as they met the backward glance of his chief. "McDonal! Ha! Ha!" said the half-breed with a grin that mottled his swart face with lines.

"Yes?"

"You nodded Guthrie. "Your pirate was undoubtedly the famous Laughing McDonal. The Indians call him 'McDonal Ha! Ha!' because of the grin—from that scar."

As he spoke, Guthrie was aware that the grave eyes of the girl were curiously studying him—the second man with a scarred face he had met since her shipwreck on the west coast. Instinctively he got the impression that those sober eyes had themselves looked on suffering—tragedy. The blood rose to his forehead as he went on: "They think he's sort of a superman—the Indians. He hypnotized them; but, and he met the girl's straight look, 'you say he treated you fairly?'"

"I think he did," she said, and as she tucked the loose lock of chestnut under her cap, while the color showed faintly at her temples, he wondered if she had read his thoughts.

"Treated you fairly?" exploded the bearded man. "Well, I call that—"

"How many men were with him?" roughly interrupted Guthrie.

"Four. There was an Eskimo, too." "One a big, bearded chap?"

"Yes! The others I took to be sailors."

Guthrie nodded to Savanne. "That's the Newfoundland whaler who brought him into the bay last year," he said; then continued to the stranger, "You had the honor, sir, to meet the man who has stamped the fur trade from Whale river to Fort Churchill. He took fifty thousand dollars' worth of fox out of the bay last year."

"Hum! Why didn't you drive him out—arrest him?"

Guthrie laughed. "Arrest him for what? He has as much right here as we. Then, you know, there are not many who would relish the job."

"Relish the job?" Bah! I thought you men were—"

The speaker was interrupted by a voice suddenly grown hard with impatience. "It's getting late. My name is Guthrie—this is my assistant, Etienne Savanne. You'd better stop that mast. You'll need the sail or you won't make Elkwan before dark."

"I'm Dr. Archibald Quarryer, sir. We've been prospecting for iron and copper on the east coast. I snapped the other, visibly annoyed. "This is my sister, Miss Joan Quarryer. How far did you say we were from Albany?"

Guthrie smiled into the amused eyes of the girl, who seemed to enjoy the discomfort of her brother.

"You're ninety miles from Albany. Your boat can't be beached like a canoe. It would depend on the wind."

Then, as he glanced at the sun, dread of what he might find at Elkwan led Guthrie to finish abruptly: "Follow me into the river mouth. Our accommodations are limited, but you are welcome." And delivered of this lie, with a sweep of his paddle, he separated the boats.

"How about my stuff over on the island? It's very valuable!" called Quarryer after the retreating canoe. "You can send men for that and bring it to Albany?"

But the paddles of the now fast-moving Peterboro lunged and swung in beyond, the question ignored.

Up the river valley the muskeg was smothering a sun veiled in haze when the Peterboro approached the log landing below the huddle of buildings on the high shore, which was Elkwan. "The problem of caring for the guests which the storm had brought Guthrie had been swiftly crowded from his thoughts by solicitude for those he had left at the post. A week before, when the necessity for beginning the hunt for their winter supply of geese had compelled his absence, he was overcome, and Anne was old and ignorant. He would never forgive himself—never cease to be haunted by the eyes of the doomed girl he had left in the care of the Cree women, if—but no! It was unthinkable—too hideously tragic that it should have come to her, alone with old Anne. Fear of the thing had depressed him on his summer trip to Albany—had harassed him through the last two days, a prisoner to the wind.

The ache of his own loneliness through the first weeks at the sanatorium had lent him deeper understanding of the frightened look in the eyes of the girl whenever of necessity he had left her, even for a few hours, in the care of old Anne. But always he had returned to find her, and the joy in her wistful face had been fit recompense for his haste to turn back—to keep his word to a waif of a half-breed, that he would be with her at the end.

Guthrie leaped up the cliff trail to his quarters. Opening the door, he announced his coming in a voice that belied his fear.

"Back again! How's all my family?"

A squat Indian woman shuffled into the living room, her wide mouth splitting in a swart face in a grin of delight.

"Alle! We glad you come!"

Guthrie expelled a deep breath of relief. A voice from an adjacent room called faintly:

"Nina! Nina! You come back! It sees long time!"

"Yes, Ninda. He bent over the cot where lay the writhing of a girl in whose face, thin to emaciation, great dark eyes glowed feverishly as she smiled up to him in her joy.

Guthrie drew a chair to the bedside and took in his hot hand which lay on the coverlet. The fever was worse.

"It was the storm, Ninda—the wind. We could not travel."

The blue-black hair, heaped in braids on the pillow, accentuated the pallor of the dusky skin, shot over the high cheek bones with the flush of fever. She had fallen rapidly since he left, but in her hour of extremity she would not be alone.

"You go—no more!" she whispered, searching his bronzed face.

He shook his head. No more, Ninda. Anne came in with some hot condensed milk. The girl sipped a little, then smiled at the pitying face of the man with his scar furrowing the right cheek.

"You here all night now, Ninda sleep." With a sigh her eyes closed. As Guthrie left the room, he looked back. On the pinched oval of her face hovered a smile.

"Where the boat, Etienne?" he asked, busily, entering the trade-house, which stood in the clearing outside the dog stockade.

"She come slow along the shore—not far now."

Guthrie went down to the landing to meet his guests. The lack of space at his quarters—at first thought embarrassing—was now a source of satisfaction, for there would be room for Miss Quarryer, only. Her pompous brother and the rest would sleep in the trade-house. He would take Quarryer in to meals and the others could eat with Etienne.

And then, there was Ninda. (TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER II

At daylight the challenge of the air-dale waked the sleeping man. With hair erect on mane and back, the dog squeaked through the lashed tent flap to break into furious barking.

"Shut up, shot! Etienne's dropped in for breakfast," called Guthrie.

Presently, weighted down with his load of wet geese, a bent figure pushed through the alders accompanied by the leading air-dale.

"Good morning, Etienne! You had a bad night of it in the bush."

The wiry half-breed crouched his load on the platform above his head, and grinned. "I nak good camp en de spruce wid beag fire, am roast some geese."

With difficulty the men boiled their tea and a kettle of goose; then, to avoid the flying sand, went into the tent to eat.

"We ought to be starting for Elkwan, Etienne. I don't like to leave her too long, sick as she is."

The swart face of Etienne Savanne grew grave as he nodded.

"She neavre see de snow once more."

"That's why I hate to leave her alone with old Anne. I'd never forgive myself if—" Guthrie paused to stare at the tent wall.

The black eyes of his companion softened. "You ben good man, m'sieu. Dat girl die long ago en de bush."

"Yes, the condensed milk has kept her alive—but she should have gone to the mission at Albany."

The KITCHEN CABINET

US 1921, Western Newspaper Union

Wear a smile on your face, Keep a laugh in your heart, Let your lips bubble over with song!

It'll lighten your load As you travel life's road And help other sinners along."

SUMMER PRESERVES

As preserving time is upon us, let us consider some of the old-fashioned recipes which have been cherished for years.

P e e r s e r v e d
P e a c h e s.—Peel perfect fruit and cut in halves, removing the stones. Drop the peaches into cold water to keep them from discoloring. When ready, drain carefully and for every five pounds of fruit, add four pounds of sugar, but one-third of the sugar with just enough of the water in which the peaches have been standing, to keep the sugar from burning. When well dissolved, put in a layer of peaches, and cover with a generous layer of the rest of the sugar, continue until all the fruit and sugar is used that the kettle will hold. Simmer until the fruit is transparent, skimming occasionally during the process. Take out the peaches with a skimmer and lay them on a platter, taking care not to crowd them. Put them in the sun to become firm. Roll the sirup until clear, removing all the scum. Return the peaches to the sirup just long enough to heat through. Pack in jars, putting a layer of fruit, then a layer of sirup until the jar is full. Seal as usual. If liked, a few of the seeds from the stones may be cooked in the sirup, and added.

Tomato Preserves.—Peel very ripe but firm tomatoes, put them into a bowl and add equal weight of sugar. Let stand overnight. In the morning cook slowly, adding lemon slices or spices, such as ginger or cinnamon. When thick, seal as usual.

Preserved Pears.—Choose pears not over-ripe. For each pound of prepared pears, use three-fourths pound of sugar. Parboil the fruit in water to cover, remove and cool on a platter. Add the sugar to the water and boil; when the sugar is dissolved add the pears and simmer until the fruit is transparent. Allow one lemon for each ten pounds of fruit. Slice the lemon. Put the pears in jars, cook down the sirup and pour over them. Seal as usual.

Peach Chutney.—Prepare and peel three pounds of peaches. Put them into an agate pan, add a pint of vinegar and cook slowly until soft. Pound together in a mortar four ounces of onions, two ounces of garlic, five ounces of fresh ginger root. Add these to the peaches with six ounces each of raisins, white mustard seed and sugar. Add two ounces of dried chilies, a cupful of vinegar and simmer for ten minutes. Seal for winter.

When a cupful or less of leftover meat is at hand serve it with cooked macaroni, in layers with a white sauce. Bake until thoroughly hot and serve as a main dish.

Summer Drinks

There is nothing more satisfying to the taste and healthful as well, than fruit drinks. They are beneficial in toning up the system and thinning the blood. When one has provided a few quarts of home-prepared grape juice, there are many ways of serving it for pleasant drinks. Add one-third as much ginger ale as grape juice to the glass, ice it and serve.

Grape Juice Nectar.—Bruise four sprigs of mint and add to a pint of grape juice with three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a can of grated pineapple, one-half cupful of honey, a pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls of orange juice and a grating of nutmeg. Set in a cool place for an hour, then strain and serve with crushed ice added to each glass.

Loganberry and Ginger.—Chop one-half pound of preserved ginger, add four cupfuls of water and one cupful of honey or sugar. Cook gently for fifteen minutes, then stand for an hour. Blend three tablespoonfuls of the ginger sirup with a cupful of loganberry juice, cool, strain, ice and serve.

Egg Lemonade.—Beat an egg or two and whip into a pitcher of lemonade. This makes a drink both nourishing and refreshing.

Coffee Ambrosia.—Make a quart of strong black coffee. Allow this to cool after straining, then add one-half cupful of sugar, a few drops of almond extract, a pinch of powdered mace, two cupfuls of iced milk. Mix well and serve in glasses with a few spoonfuls of chopped ice and garnished with a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream.

Iced Tea With Mint.—Pound a pint of mint until the juice flows freely, then add two cupfuls of water and boil five minutes. Strain, add two and one-half teaspoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in half a cupful of orange juice and pour into a flat mold. Cut in squares and cool, the size of loaf sugar. Prepare iced tea, fill each glass half full of crushed ice, add a square of the mint jelly and fill with iced tea.

Answers—No. 4

1—1870.
2—Chambersburg, Pa., Gen. Jubal A. Early.
3—Lee De Forest.
4—The funny bone, so called, is that point on the elbow where the ulnar nerve lies close to the surface.
5—G. Von Elm.
6—Michelangelo.
7—Colorado and California.
8—On a mountain top in Samoa.
9—General Wolfe.
10—The Fascist labor code absolutely forbids strikes, lockouts and boycotts.
11—Thomas DeQuincy and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
12—Gene Tunney.
13—John Adams.
14—Battle of New Orleans, War of 1812-1815.
15—Sixty-five per cent.
16—Air is composed chiefly of oxygen and nitrogen.
17—John Bunny.
18—The Zugspeitler, in Bavaria.
19—President Woodrow Wilson.
20—About 60 per cent.

Master of Music Had Novel Piano in Mind

Berlitz, the illustrious master whose name dominates French music of the last century, ordered from a piano manufacturer a specially constructed instrument, so fashioned that the strings could be used as a harp.

Berlitz loved to play stringed instruments and in his early days gave lessons on the guitar. In spite of the poverty which he mentions in his memoirs, he had succeeded in buying a piano, but it was not the sort of instrument that he wanted.

"If I were rich," he wrote, "I would have continually bought me a big grand piano, two or three Erard harps, some Saxo trumpets and a collection of basses and Stradivarius violins."

The piano which he later invented was in part an answer to this dream. It is at present in the possession of a widely known collector who loaned it to the organizers of the Berlitz exposition of the great musician's centenary—From L'Ere Nouvelle, Paris. (Translated for the Kansas City Star).

Voice Distinction

The distinction between a soprano and mezzo-soprano is range. In the case of lyric and dramatic voices the difference is in timbre. Grove's dictionary calls attention to the fact that many mezzo-soprano can sing higher notes than many soprano; but there is a middle to every voice, which, as a rule, it is not difficult to find, and about this the tessitura of the music (literally, the texture) and the practice should be woven.

Likee Workee

A Chinese newspaper published this letter from an applicant for work: Sir: I am Wing—I can drive typewriter with good noise and my English is great—My last job left itself from me, for good reason that large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on same date that you should guess.—Squadron News of the Far East, Cavite, Philippine Islands.

Hope of the Eminent

"We eminent persons," said H. H. the sage of Chinatown, "parade our pleasures to the world, hoping to be judged more by magnificent appearance than by what we write or speak."—Washington Star.

Important Consideration

Chap who says that it is better to complain to a man in his face than to do it behind his back forgot to mention that it all depends on the size of the man.

Neelie Maxwell

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Fox "Played Possum"

The wily fox will sham death to escape his enemies. During an English shoot a fox cornered by the crowd appeared to die. The beaters dragged it out into the ride, where almost every member of the gang, no doubt remembering past raids on the poultry, gave it a blow with a stick. Going into a farmhouse for lunch, the beaters put this apparently dead fox in a cot while they had lunch. That was the last they saw of it. Reynard had escaped to furnish sport another day.

Museum Has Exhibits of New and Old Rome

A new museum, called the Museum of the Roman Empire, has been opened in Rome. Housed in the old convent of Sant' Ambrogio, the Christian Science Monitor, the museum contains the interesting collection of documents, photographs, plaster models, plants, maps and reproductions of ancient monuments, which give together a complete representation of the civilization of republican and imperial Rome.

The whole collection is divided in 20 halls, and each room is dedicated to one of the ancient Roman provinces. Particularly interesting are the plans showing the topography of the Rome of the Caesars, when Rome was at the zenith of her power, as well as the sketches illustrating the machinery of government and administration as directed from the capital of the empire to the most distant provinces in Europe, Asia and Africa.

No matter how careful you are, your eyes need a healthy, occasional, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills help nature gently, but surely. 318 Post St., N. E. Astor.

Matter of Principle

A spry man of sixty-five and his sweetheart called on Justice of the Peace Ben H. Flay of Dallas, Texas, to perform a marriage ceremony. It was done, and the couple turned to go. "Just a minute," said the justice. "I usually charge a small fee for a ceremony." "Fee?" repeated the newlyweds. "What for? Say, I've been married four times before this, and I ain't ever paid a fee yet." And with that they walked out.

Perpetual Thought

"When is Muriel thinking of getting married?" "When isn't she?"—London Tit-Bits.

Cold cash makes an excellent hot-weather comfort.

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Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sick and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my household work now without one bit of trouble."

—Mas. M. RHEISSMAN, 10004 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, would you choose? Wealth? Happiness? Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

Probable

Harry—Is your sister in, Jimmy? Jimmy—I think so, I heard her say she wasn't expecting you.



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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrotinacetate of Salicylic Acid.

A Broken Man

Magistrate—You will be fined \$5. Defendant (despondently)—My life savings.—Vancouver Province.

There are more men emboldened by study than by nature.—Cicero.

Yes, How?

Grocer—This hamburger cheese is fresh, sir. Customer—How can you tell? Silent partners allow their money to talk for them.

This Great Healing Oil Must Speedily Bring Comforting Relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet

Or Your Money Back. That's the Plan on which Emerald Oil Is Sold by All Good Druggists.

This wonderful preparation now known all over America as Moon's Emerald Oil is so efficient in the treatment of inflammatory foot troubles that the unbearable soreness and pain often stops with one application.

Moon's Emerald Oil is safe and pleasant to use; it doesn't stain or leave a greasy residue. It is so powerfully antiseptic and deodorant that all unpleasant odors resulting from excessive foot perspiration are instantly killed.

The patient; don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once but one bottle which is fully guaranteed we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the way to solid foot comfort.

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Famous Trout Food

A fresh-water shrimp which is called gummurus is thriving in at least one lake in Oregon, to the delight of officials. This shrimp makes an excellent food for trout, and on it trout will grow to twice or thrice their original size.

Waterlogged

Said One—I saw a fender that was made of cross crooked rails that came into a pig crawled through, he came out on the same side.

Said the Other—That's nothing; I've seen a drowned man identified by an impediment in his speech.

Or Raise a Mustache

He—What do you think of the desert? She—It would be a good place to let one's hair grow out.

Honeyed phrases are very apt to have flies on them.

Ma Buzz gets it in the neck

FLIT spray clears your home of mosquitoes and flies. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get FLIT today.

FLIT DESTROYS Mosquitoes Moths Flies Bed Bugs Roaches

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FLIT spray clears your home of mosquitoes and flies. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get FLIT today.