

# BLACK SHEEP'S GOLD

by Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## CHAPTER IX

Eight days passed, and another two to that, before I stood again upon the ridge that I had topped with so light a heart on the morning that saw the unexpected arrival of Jinny. I had gone back, replaced my stores, endured with what patience I might the hundred and one delays that always blocked the path of the Papuan traveler, and got away almost by main force. First, however, I had seen Jinny safe aboard a local steamer that was going to Port Moresby. Why she wanted to go there, what she was going to do when she arrived, I could not conceive, and, in face of her hostile, obstinate silence, had little chance of finding out. I could only say as kindly a good-by to Jinny as she would allow, and privately hope—with a grudging, smarting kind of hope that was entirely illogical, but, I suppose, human—that she would console herself as speedily as might be.

Then, being free, I hurried to my former turning-back point, and drove the boys and myself for every couple of miles that was in us, toward what I still hoped might be eventually called the Pia Laurier ranges.

There was need for haste. I was not in the least surprised, when I reached the beginning of my cut through the forest, to find that others had passed that way since. The camp fires of Spicer and Caxon, the skeletons of their tent poles, their empty tin cans thrown away, were marks plain enough for the keenest eye to understand. For me, who was no tyro, there was much more; things more disturbing, because more significant of trouble, traces of natives; who were clearly spying and following. These signs were plain to read, and caused me to ginger up my sentries, also to cut down my own sleep to the very last point compatible with keeping on the road in the day. We had three weeks' stores, no more, since a native cannot carry more than he can eat in about twenty-one days.

I had some stores of beads, salt and knives with me, and meant to use them when fairly driven to do so. Trading with the cannibal tribes of the unexplored interior is playing with death; but starvation is death; so there's little choice between the two.

I need not say that I looked for traces of Spicer's party, ceaselessly, but so far, I had seen no signs of them in the distance ahead. I was, to all appearances, as much alone with my boys as if no other human creature had been left alive upon the island continent of New Guinea.

It was here, as I had told Jinny, luckless Jinny, that the real work began. Down those appalling ridges, down half a day into a gorge as narrow as a railway cutting, then up again, climbing with feet and hands—this was the day. Sometimes the river would prove too wide and deep to cross, then we would find a tree as rapidly as possible, and, one after another, cross it like rope dancers. Sometimes we scrambled painfully along the tops of boulders in a river bed, sometimes—worst of all—we had to turn back, lose the height and the distance gained, and find, at infinite pains, another way across a ridge that had fairly beaten us. And all this had to be done, not at leisure but at the highest speed which I and the carriers could possibly keep up without leaving any of the party behind. I had picked my boys; they were all mountaineers capable of scrambling up a one-in-two height with fifty pounds on their backs, till further orders, yet, in sum, childlike, panicky, dependent utterly on the leader. If I didn't take them through, as they had, bloodthirsty, muscular babies of mine, if anything happened to me, they would never, any one of them, see home and wife and children again; that was sure. And if they were to fall me, run away from me, as carriers have done times without number. It was all Port Moresby to a mango that nobody on the coast would ever catch sight of or sound of Black Sheep's party, and they were dependent, utterly, on each other.

I asked myself, wondering, if she, the white-rose maiden, had been here. I tried to picture it. The sporting spirit in her would have made her a charming companion; I could fancy her, in exactly the right dress, the right boots, shooting, fishing, eyestraining generally. But—I had never seriously contemplated such an outrage on pr-hability, as I should place the daughter of the Lauriers in a New Guinea stink house with a headhunter for cook, and go on with my recruiting and trading. I knew now—and little pleasure the knowledge gave me—that there was only one girl who would be content, at home, in the Papuan wilds, and that girl was not my rose-maiden, but Georgette Tremcher—Wyn Sling.

Dreams dreamer! It was not dreams that lay before me now. If I meant to be fit next day, it was time for sleep.

I could, if I would, write the tale of every hour of that journey; relate in their order each blow of Nature and of Fate, and every counter that I made; tell of hunger and of thirst, of weariness macerating mind and body into one insensative pulp. On a midday when I and my boys, resting, were leaped on from the forest behind, and surrounded before you could have drawn two breaths, by tall brown

devils whirling clubs and spears, and yelping the headhunter's horrible dog-show yelp. Of how we fought them, one to five, and I, firing low, shot one through the belly, and another through the chest, before they closed; almost ashamed I was, a trained soldier against these creatures with their savage weapons; and yet numbers are numbers, and since they did not fear our strength, they had to learn. Of how they drew off and came again, charging in line, pluckier than you would believe, so that I'd have spared them if I could; but they brained my two best carriers, and the other carriers rushed in behind me, clubbing with rifle butts where they could not fire; and so in five minutes it was over, and the tribe off into the bush again, with a head they'd taken from one of the corpses while the fighting was too hot for me to notice.

Yes, I could tell much of a volume. But I will pass over that journey, in retrospect, more easily than I passed in fact, and come to the crucial day, the morning when I made Tatata.

We were climbing a ridge, just like a hundred ridges that we had climbed since the start. The ground was steep beneath our feet, as it had been for days; the air was thinning; nights had been colder. Yet I did not think that we were very near; did not guess that the lane of our long journey was reaching its turn at last.

In front of us the sky began to show pale through thinning tree-tops. "I'll halt there," I decided "and fall a look-out."

"Come on," I said to the carriers. "Double ration tonight." I had been holding back a little; I could afford that spur.

They raised a shout, and I shouted with them, for encouragement. And so shouting, plugging upward and forward, like the men of Xenophon when they came upon the sea, we topped the ridge, found empty air before us, and saw—The Pit.

By Heaven, it was a wonderful sight. I was to see it often after, but never once did I come upon it, without something of the first thrill that seized me when I broke out of the forest, and viewed, lying far below me, the enormous slopes and scarps of the nameless basin. In the fading of which two white lives, and many dark, had already been lost. Others yet were to be sucked down by that strange earth-maelstrom before it was done with. Some undercurrent, of prophetic feeling may have hinted that to me, or else I was simply worn out. I looked at the rocks, marked the life of the hills, the nature of the whole place, remembered all I had heard of mining lore, and struck my hand, violently, upon the nearest tree.

"Found," I shouted. "I'm made—I'm made forever!"

Then, across the visions of gold, gold and more gold, that blazed on my inner sight, came wonderfully slowly, as some lovely things, a picture that outshone all other glories. From the horizon the clouds of early afternoon were shredding away. Slowly, steadily, the veils were withdrawn, making bare to my slight the far, high, ice-blue peaks of the Pia Laurier range.

"I've seen it," I thought, and as if a sacrament had been celebrated, splendidly, before me. "It's here," I

thought; and in the same moment "It's herself."

The sun was westerling; it was impossible to descend into the pit that day. With pity I remembered how Grace and Jackson, starving, sick, at the end of their resources, had stood where I stood now, locking, like Moses, over a Promised Land on which they never were to set foot. If it was hard for me to wait till next morning only, what must it have been to them to see all this, know what it meant, and leave it behind? Yet they had done right. The descent was all of two thousand feet, the country rocky and difficult; Greece and Jackson and the wretched remnant of their boys, even if they had succeeded in getting down to that distant hole, would certainly never have found strength to climb up again. The route through the limestone country had been their destruction. No one, as surely, would ever go that way again—now that I had shown another.

On this, I remembered what, for the moment, had entirely escaped my mind—the Spicer expedition. I had thought much of it in the last few days, and wondered where it was. Traces of a party ahead had vanished some time before; but that was no serious puzzle; a very little deviation from the route I followed might explain it, had been sure, however, that I should see or hear something of them when I arrived at the Pit.

It seemed they were not there. From end to end, there was no sign of life.

I could not understand this; it looked like trouble of some kind, I thought—but even so, what business of mine was any trouble of Spicer's? He and his friend had made their own bed; let them lie on it. For me, there the signs of gold—wealth, too, wealth such as no one in Papua had ever dreamed of, maybe; for no one in Papua had ever seen such a formation in gold-bearing country.

You may be sure there was no lying late ahead for anyone next morning. I had the boys up at four o'clock; their food cooked and eaten, camp struck, and every one ready to start before the first mysterious gray began to show above the basin's farther rim. Progress was incredibly slow; still we kept on at it, determined to reach the bottom of the pit before dark. No midway halt was even thought of; through the heat of the day, foodless, without rest, we plunged and struggled on. And we had our reward. It was not more than half past four, by my watch, when we topped a ridge of strangely heaped, wild rocks that for a while had barred our view, and saw, so near that we could almost have taken a long leap into it, the Pit.

I left the carriers there on the rim of the little flat, and plunged downward. We had done a hard day's work, but I took those rocks, those streets of sloping sand and gravel, as a fair-ly-treasure of seven-league boots might have done; it was diving rather than descending. I took a toss at the very last, and came down with hands and feet outspread like a starfish, on a bed of gravel that cut my palms, and tore the knees of my trousers. I raised myself up; I wasn't hurt, scratched merely, but my hands and my knees were all over blood and gravel.

The thing was done and won, the long fight over. Two handfuls of golden gravel had changed my world. "I am Black Sheep no more," was the first thought I can remember. It was not entirely pleasurable. There are sweet pastures far, black, wild sheep, and for them only. . . . This gold discovery—I did not doubt or minimize its value; I knew too much for that—meant no small fortune, no quiet, comfortable sufficiency; it meant riches, millions, and what millions brought with them. Black Sheep no more. Wanderer no more. The wild places no more. How could a man of millions live in what Gin-Sling had termed "a hole in the bush?"

I went to supper, and to rest. First, however, I washed my hands the dirt and blood and gold—that symbolic, inseparable three—examined the gold with care, as it seemed to the bottom of the nameless basin, and found its amount, and quality, surprising. "There's been nothing like it—there never will be, again," I thought. "And it's that pinch of yellow, not anything I am or might be, that has made me worthy of the most splendid girl on earth. A mad world, my mas ters!"

The peaks of the Pia Laurier range far, fairy-blue in the mountain moon, looked down on me as I slept.



I Was a Trained Soldier Against These Creatures With Their Savage Weapons.

## SHOULDER OF LAMB IS EASILY BONED

Sharp Knife With Narrow Blade Is Requisite.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A shoulder of lamb is one of the most tender and juicy cuts, but it is sometimes passed by because the housewife believes it will be difficult to carve. All of the bones can be easily removed, however, and the meat is then sliced without any trouble. The Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture likes a boned shoulder to be stuffed and sewed up for baking in the form of a "cushion roast" rather than a rolled roast. Directions for taking the bones out properly are given by the Bureau of Animal Industry.

The first requisite is a sharp knife with a narrow blade about 4 or 5 inches long and half an inch wide. Do not keep this knife in a kitchen drawer among other kitchen tools, or where it is likely to be picked up for odd uses, like peeling potatoes or whitening.

Lamb shoulder, as cut for the retail trade, is almost as square and plump as a cushion. It contains four or five ribs, the shoulder blade, the round arm bone, and part of the neck. To



Boning a Shoulder of Lamb.

bone it, lay the shoulder flat on the table with the fat side down and the rib side up. First, slip the knife under the edges of the ribs and follow down along them to the neck bone, leaving just as much meat as possible on the shoulder. Cut the ribs and the neck bones from the meat. Inside the shoulder there still remain the blade bone and the short end of the arm. The flat blade and the round arm bone form a sort of V that extends through the center of the shoulder. The side of the blade bone can be seen on the rear of the shoulder, and the arm bone on the side toward the one who is cutting. Slip the knife deep into the meat along the top or smooth side of the shoulder blade. Continue the cut around the corner to the arm bone, raising a flap of lean meat that can be laid back far enough to expose the full length of the bones. Peel out the shoulder blade and arm bone. You now have a cushion of meat open on two adjacent sides with a fine large pocket to hold a tasty stuffing. Whether roasted with or without stuffing, the edges of the pocket should be sewed together before cooking.

## Tomato Cocktail Makes Excellent Appetizer

It is customary at most formal dinners to serve an appetizer of some sort before the main course. Soup is sometimes the appetizer course. A fruit such as grapefruit, canteloupe, honeydew melon or watermelon, in season, or a fruit mixture or "cocktail," may be used as an appetizer for either formal or informal occasions, also other "cocktails" of sea food, such as oysters, crab flakes, shrimp or clams, in chili sauce, as well as a great variety of small "hors d'oeuvres" as the French call them. One of the most tasty and pungently flavored appetizers is a tomato cocktail, made from canned tomatoes cooked with vegetables and seasonings, strained and chilled. As tomato

cocktails should be prepared early in the day, they are a good choice for the housewife who wants to have part of her dinner tasks finished well ahead of time. The recipe is given by the Bureau of Home Economics.

1 quart canned to- 1 1/2 tsp. salt  
matoes 1 tsp. onion pulp  
1 stalks, celery, 1 tsp. horseradish  
1/2 green pepper, 1/2 tomato cat-  
chopped

Boil the tomatoes, celery, pepper, and salt for about 5 minutes, and rub through a sieve fine enough to keep the seeds. To the tomato juice add pulp and the catsup, onion, and horseradish, stir well, and put in a cold place to chill. Beat before serving, pour into small glasses, and use as the first course at dinner or a hearty luncheon.

## Okra Gaining Popularity All Over United States

Okra is one of the vegetables which, after being used chiefly in a limited locality, suddenly began to find its way all over the United States, due to better marketing and storage facilities. One result has been that many people are not quite sure how to cook it when they see it offered for sale. In the South, there are numerous ways for okra, and various methods of preparing it. Here is one of the best. The recipe is furnished by the Bureau of Home Economics:

2 quarts okra Salt to taste  
1/2 lbs. fat

Select young okra, wash it well, and cut crosswise in pieces about 1/2 inch thick. Heat the fat in a heavy skillet, add the okra, cover, cook for 10 minutes, and stir frequently to prevent burning. Remove the cover, continue to cook until the okra is tender and lightly brown, and serve at once.

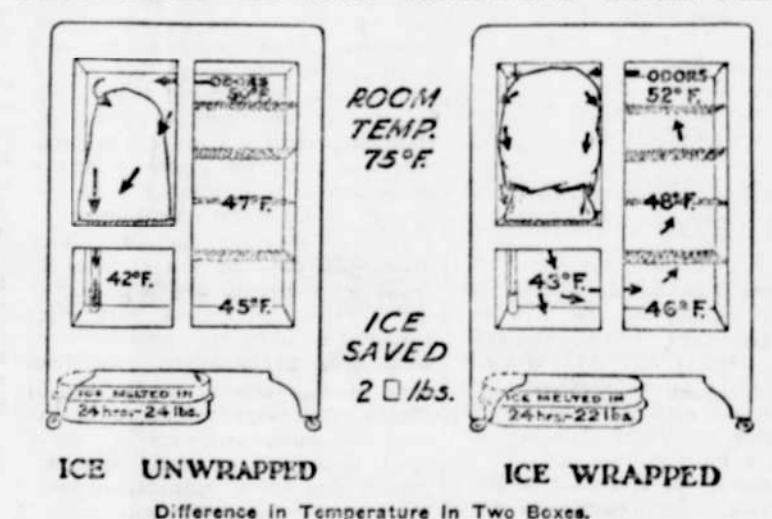
## Asparagus

Asparagus, freshly cut and immediately served is a wholesome and appetizing product of the garden. As it is one of the earliest green vegetables it is especially enjoyed.

Wild asparagus, which is often found growing on the farm, may be used by the housewife. It furnishes nourishment for the family which would otherwise be used by the plant in the growth of its stalk and leaves.

For green asparagus the shoots are cut near the surface of the soil, while for white asparagus the shoots are cut several inches below the surface as soon as the tops appear.

## SAVE FOOD BY NOT WRAPPING YOUR ICE



Wrapping may save ice, (a cent a day), but it does not save food. Unwrapped ice melts slightly faster, therefore gives lower temperatures and furnishes surfaces for condensation of odors.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A better understanding of what goes on when we put ice and food into a refrigerator has led to an absolute repudiation of "ice blankets," or any sort of paper or cloth covering that retards the melting of the ice. It is true that wrapped ice does not melt as fast as unwrapped, but for that very reason it does not give as low temperatures in the refrigerator as unwrapped ice. In a good refrigerator the faster ice melts the lower the temperature of the air around it. More surface is also furnished by melting ice for the absorption of odors. The important thing in using a refrigerator is that it shall be possible to maintain temperatures low enough to safeguard milk and meat, especially since bacterial increase goes on very rapidly in these foods above certain temperatures. Below forty-five degrees is now considered proper for a 24-hour storage of milk and meat.

The diagram prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture shows the difference in temperature in two boxes, one with unwrapped ice and the other with wrapped ice. Currents of cold air move downward from the melting ice so that the place just below the ice on the floor of the refrigerator is the coldest spot. In the first case it is 42 degrees Fahrenheit in this part of the box and in the second, 43 degrees Fahrenheit.

In laboratory tests made by the Bureau the total amount of ice saved in 24 hours by wrapping was two pounds, worth about one cent a day, but to save this small amount the housekeeper runs the risk of insufficient refrigeration and failure to have odors absorbed. These shortcomings defeat the entire purpose of refrigeration.

## AROUND THE HOUSE

Blankets should be hung for drying so the stripes are vertical. This prevents the brighter colors from running into the ground color.

To cut butter without having it stick to the knife, rinse the knife off with hot water first, or fold a piece of waxed paper over the sharp edge.

Cheese is an excellent meat substitute because it is rich in protein and fat and contains calcium, phosphorus and vitamin A.

The miles she walks in her work, not to her work, are what make the housewife weary. Rearranging equipment will often reduce the distances.

No room can be really comfortable unless it is attractive. Badly-selected furniture poorly arranged means actual discomfort, conscious or otherwise, for the persons who use the room.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(65, 1225, Western Newspaper Union.)

"If you think you are beaten you are!"  
"If you think you dare not, you don't!"  
"If you like to win, but you won't, it's almost a cinch you won't!"

## APPETIZING DISHES

In the spring and early summer green foods—fresh vegetables and fruit—are more appealing than more complicated foods. There are some roughage foods that are needed all the year around and an occasional use of bran

in food, or taken in water as a drink, will keep the elimination good. For the children the bran may be given in small cakes, cookies and macarons.

**Bran Date Muffins.**—Break two eggs into a mixing bowl and beat with an egg beater for two minutes; add two-thirds of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of softened shortening. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder to one cupful of flour, add one cupful of bran, one-half cupful each of dates cut fine, and one-half cupful of nutmeats cut fine. Mix all as usual and beat well. Bake in well greased muffin pans for twenty-five minutes.

**Liver Sandwiches.**—Rub cooked liver or white hot through a sieve, season with salt and pepper and mix with three-fourths of the amount of thinly sliced olives. Spread on buttered rye bread.

**California Liver Sandwich Spread.**—Rub cooked liver with hard-cooked eggs through a sieve, using one pound of liver three hard cooked eggs. Add one grated onion, salt and pepper to season. Mix well and spread on buttered bread. A layer of thinly sliced sour pickle will add to the sandwich.

**Chicken Liver and Jelly Sandwich.**—Boil two chicken livers until tender; chop fine. Add salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a tablespoonful of currant jelly. Butter is not needed with this filling.

**Shrimp and Liver Sandwiches.**—Take one cupful of cooked shrimps, one cupful of cooked chicken livers, one Bermuda onion and one green pepper. Remove the seeds from the pepper and grind with all the other ingredients; mix with a little mayonnaise or chili sauce. Use on buttered white bread for filling.

**Savory Liver Sandwich.**—Chop a cooked chicken liver fine. Soften a package of cream cheese with heavy cream or mayonnaise. Add the liver, a teaspoonful of finely minced celery leaves, pepper, salt to taste, one-half teaspoonful of curry powder and one small green finely chopped. Mix to a paste and spread on unbuttered bread. If too stiff add more cream or mayonnaise.

Broiled bacon and chicken liver put through a food chopper and mixed with mayonnaise makes a good filling for sandwiches.

## TASTY SANDWICHES

This is the season for the sandwich. The following will be helpful in preparing your lunch baskets or sandwiches for the porch or garden parties:

**Emergency Sandwich.**—Put six sweet pickles through the food chopper, also five hard-cooked eggs. Cream two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter with one of prepared mustard and add the pickle and eggs with salt and pepper to taste. Add a dash of vinegar to thin the mixture and a bit of paprika for added seasoning. Spread on whole wheat or rye bread.

**Sardine Sandwich.**—Take one cupful of minced sardines, one-half cupful of stuffed olives chopped, one tablespoonful of scraped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix and spread on buttered brown bread.

**Lobster and Celery Sandwich.**—Mince fine the meat of a fresh boiled lobster. Moisten with heavy mayonnaise, add a dash of cayenne and two teaspoonfuls of minced white celery leaves. Spread on rounds of bread and decorate with a stuffed olive. These are served open, or they may be covered with another slice of bread and use the stuffed olives minced.

**Egg and Chutney Sandwich.**—Mash as many hard-cooked egg yolks as desired and chop the whites fine. Mix enough chutney to coat the yolks to make a spreading paste and spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Sprinkle with the finely chopped whites and lay a very tender lettuce leaf on all. Cover with another slice of buttered bread.

**Pineapple and Tuna Fish Sandwich.**—Take one can of tuna, drain and flake, add salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickle, add French dressing to soften and then add three-fourths of a cupful of drained crushed pineapple. Spread on buttered bread.

Salmon with lemon juice mixed to a paste and spread on bread, or flaked salmon with a good boiled salad dressing spread on buttered rye bread make most satisfying sandwiches.

## Nellie Maxwell

**A Bit Difficult**  
A snake expert says if you see a snake with nine scales on its head, let it alone. It's poisonous. Yeah, but what's the snake gonna be doing while you are counting the scales on its head?—Macon (Mo.) Telegraph.

**Springfield's Meanest Man**  
The meanest man in town called a girl by telephone, proposed and was accepted and then told her he had gotten the wrong number.—Springfield Union.

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**Victory for Eagles**

After two years of warfare against a representative of Uncle Sam two bald eagles stand victorious with Uncle Sam's agent in full retreat. The latter, a telegraph operator, has been stationed atop a 40-foot pole to register the shots fired from the naval station at Dahlgren, Va. Upon this perch the eagles built their nest and a conflict has been raging for possession, with the operator forbidden from shooting the birds under a penalty of a \$50 fine. So he retreated to a new pole, conceding victory to the eagles.

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Costed tongue, bad breath, constipation, indigestion, nausea, indigestion, distention, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid nervous illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves promptly—sweetens stomach, lives liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything.

**AUGUST FLOWER**

Course Marker Successful

Tests of the "Dromograph," an apparatus invented by a French naval officer for automatically marking the true course of a ship on the vessel's chart, are reported to have been successful. The device indicates the ship's exact geographical position at any time and also its precise course in arriving at the location. A stylus marks not only main changes in the course, but also smaller variations resulting from the helmsman's operation of the rudder.

A man content with himself is usually contented with other people.

**"I Feel Like a New Person"**

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was tired, nervous and rundown. I saw the advertisement and decided to try it because I was hardly able to do my housework. It has helped me in every way. My nerves are better, I have a good appetite, I sleep well and I do not tire so easily. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to other women for it gives me so much strength and makes me feel like a new person."—Mrs. Lena Young, R. # 1, Ellsworth, Maine.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

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