

Black Sheep's Gold

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X—Continued

Not so the wretched Spicer. With some stage idea of himself as a mighty hero urging him on, he seized his rifle, and, before either of us could stop him, had pumped half a dozen bullets into the crowd.

The star-shell of profanity that Caxon touched off, upon this, would have done credit to Flanders—where, by the way, he had probably learned it. If Spicer couldn't hold himself, with firearms, Caxon could and did. But the time had passed for that. One man had fallen and the rest, hoo-hooing as headhunters do, were right on the top of us.

You could not blame them. They were defending their homes and their women from incredible white monsters, who had made the first attack; if we had avoided the village, there would have been no trouble, so I remember thinking at the time. But there was not much chance for thought; we had all we could do, in the next few minutes, to keep our skulls from being smashed by stone clubs, and our bodies spitted by the effective broad blade arrow used for infighting.

There can be only one end to such a fight. Spicer's carriers fairly ran amuck; mine followed them, and though Caxon and I tried our best to hold the brutes (as well as we could, while defending ourselves) they made a shambles of the village square in about six minutes. Almost all that were left of the tribe bolted into the bush, and the carriers pursued, hoo-hooing in triumph. There is nobody braver than your Papuan when upheld by superiority of arms.

I have said that almost all left. One remained: a huge, powerful fellow, with fiery sunken eyes like a gorilla's, and arms that could have bugged a bear. I didn't notice him until the carriers had charged out of the village. Then something happened, and happened so quickly that I hadn't time to realize it before it was done.

The big fellow, who had been bidding his time, made a leap half across the village square, caught Spicer in his gorilla-like arms, and sprang with him right over the precipice. Caxon, still sporting the eloquence of Flanders and Sari-Bair, followed as fast as he could, but wasn't fast enough. He stood hanging over the edge, alternately cursing Spicer and the chief. I gathered, from a few red-hot sentences, that the black gorilla was one of the party into which Spicer had foolishly fired, some days earlier; that the whole trouble which beset us was due to his earlier folly. This explained what had been puzzling me—the reason for an ambush that the tribe had sprung on us; it would have been more natural for them to clear out when they saw us coming. I hadn't time to think about that, however, nor time to think about anything save one fact which blazoned itself on my mind—that a white man, captured alive by a New Guinea tribe, is very much worse than dead. And as the savage had done, I jumped clear over the precipice.

I heard Caxon shout as I went; no doubt he thought I had suddenly gone mad. Perhaps there was a little madness in the act, because I could not be quite sure that I should light where I reckoned the chief had lighted—on some safe, unseen ledge. I saw the ledge as I leaped, managed to hit it, and then, having hoisted instead of bare prehensile feet to hold on with, I lost footing. It was touch and go but I did not get that time, I got one

went down with a yell that was like the long screech of a train going into a tunnel. I never heard his crash. I had seized Spicer's legs almost as I fired, but he went over the cliff, too, and if I had not dropped into a sitting position and, luckily, jammed one foot against a stone, I should have gone after. As it was, I had to hold up his entire weight until Caxon (who had been scrambling and cursing all this time, trying to get down the cliff face) managed to reach us, and take hold. I was pretty nearly done then.

Between us we got up, and bulled and shoved him, somehow, onto level ground. He was barely able to speak. We gave him whisky, and started collecting the carriers. We were off the line of the village by now; nothing more was seen of the tribe who had ambushed us. Two carriers had been clubbed, and a third damaged. We had to carry him, hoping he might recover.

Again Tatata had drawn blood. On the road once more, I forgot the whole business. It seemed that Caxon did not, however. When we were camped that night, he got me away from Spicer (who seemed to like me rather less than he had done before, on account of that morning's business) and spoke as I had not expected to hear him speak. He seemed to think, absurdly, that my hurried dive of the morning and my rescue of Spicer, were something to be praised; he seemed to want—inexplicably—to make up for it, reward me. "This was bonzer what you did," he said; looked for a word, and falling to find it, repeated, "Bonzer. I couldn't ave." Then he fell silent, and his hands dangled, loose at his sides; he looked at me as if they didn't belong to him before he went on, "I'll you. Clear out. You clear out."

"What?" "I can't go back on my mates. But—clear out." I looked at him, puzzled. Was he trying to win the race into Port Moresby, get first with an application to the "Mines"? Was it a trick? Caxon was notoriously tricky. Or—what was it?

He saw my doubt, seemed to lose his temper about it. "I've warned you," he snapped. "I'll say one more thing, because . . . it was bonzer. . . . Take another road. Get to Daru. Get across to the island. Clear there. There are countries—Yon's not believing me. Well, go your own way. Go to h—l." He added a few embroideries, and stalked off. He seemed to be annoyed with himself.

I gave the matter little thought. If I had considered it, had acted other-wise than I did, the course of two lives certainly, three or four possibly, would have been changed. But what is to be, will be. I went on.

So we came back to the Romilly river, we crashed through the last of the Lomas; we left the heat and heavy smell of the bush, and came into the fresh scents of flowing water and the sweep of the river wind. Before us showed the green, marshy bank, and on the bank a little group of tents, white, ridged, with separate flies—government tents.

There were white people near the tents; I did not look at them, or even wonder who they were, for, unbelieve-ably, I saw a woman's figure detach itself from the group, and more towards me; I heard it speak my name—and it was Pia.

CHAPTER XI

I suppose that the appearance of Pia, there on the Romilly river far from civilization, when I had thought her safe with her parents by this time, might well have astonished me. It did not at first. Nothing on earth seemed so natural and right as that she should be there, should be any where where I was. She was my mate, she only, out of all the women in the world, all whom I had known, all whom I had not known. This was as

plain to me as the swing of the sun from east to west. The rest of it followed.

Some way apart from the others she stood, on a clear space of marshy grass; it came to me that she had something private to say. I walked towards her; and stopped. I can recall the whirling sound of the Romilly waters against the anchored launch; smell the smoke of the camp fires, see the little group of white men standing



"Then, Phil, I Want You to Marry Me—Now."

ceremoniously apart. I remembered that I was just beginning to feel a certain uneasiness, that struggled for supremacy against the mastering joy of her presence; her face, when I saw it near, seemed unusually grave. Then I caught her hands, and held them for an endless minute and I was sure that the trouble did not matter, whatever it was, because I had left her alive, and myself alive, and both of us together.

"Phil," she said with curt directness, as if seconds, minutes, were counted. "Will you do something for me? I want you to make a blindfold promise, and you won't like that. I want you to promise you'll ask no questions."

I did not like it. Still, I answered—"I'll promise anything you choose, and ask nothing."

"Then, Phil, I want you to marry me—now."

The promise held—as a heel-ropo holds a horse, that would break away if only it dared. A hundred questions were in my eyes. I have no doubt; I have no doubt either that the whole hundred were drowned, swept out of sight, in the tide of fierce triumph that caught me when I realized that it was to be mine today.

She read me. "There's a misalliance with us," she said. "My dear girl, he's coming now. He'll marry us, but I can't go with you."

"Go with me? I've come back!" I had her hand; I held it as if never, in life or death, I meant to let it go again.

"Yes," she said, her eyes looking at me, and through me, to the same moment, as though she saw something very far beyond. "Yes, but it's good by, all the same. You promised, Phil!"

"I'll ask nothing," I told her. But I kept that slim brown hand in mine, and I never let it go until Rev. Mr. Gurney, and his two witnesses, one dead with her, and with me; until my seal ring was on her marriage finger and my name, the Black Sheep's name, was hers till death should part us. Then I let go, to place my arms about her, and before any and every creature who might be looking on, to kiss my wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

So-Called Middle Ages Imaginary, Says Writer

The Middle Ages never existed. The journalistic John Addison Symonds and others to the contrary, modern historians of scientific temper knock the content which the phrase commonly holds for the popular mind is a myth a phrase and a provocative too of that impinging superstition of the modern world—the superstition of Humanism.

When Flavio Blondo surveyed the world from 410 to 1410 and conventionally, laid it out in a series of "doz-ies," he was doing no more than to flatter the self-centering illusions of those of his contemporaries who were zealously devoted to the newly fashionable literate humanisms.

Hence the picture of a vast expanse of time, as mortal reckoning goes, extending from the wall of the Roman empire in the West in 476 to the fall of Constantinople in 1453, a dark and Jesu-dote waste peopled by the scholastic ghosts of thought, the innumerable and shivering. Read a popularizer like Symonds, and you will get this latter picture: A world

No Real National Anthem

Congress has never passed any act designating an official national anthem. "The Star Spangled Banner" has, however, received recognition in both the army and navy regulations. It is played at the time of flag lowering at army forts and on battleships, as well as on other ceremonial occasions. "My Country 'Tis of Thee" is also regarded by many as our national anthem of hymn.

Danube's "Iron Gate"

The famous Iron gate in the Danube is not a gate at all. That is merely the picturesque name originally given by the Turks to a narrow gorge or pass where the river has cut its way through a spur of the Transylvanian Alps a few miles below Orsova in Rumania. A real gate of iron could not have more effectively prevented the passage of Turkish fleets than the dangerous rapids and massive boulders which obstructed the channel for nearly two miles. In 1898 a Hungarian company began the removal of many of the obstructions by a series of blasting operations. The river through the iron gate or Irgates was declared open for navigation in 1906.—Exchange.

Use No Hooks

A chapter on etiquette gives the first rule: When in doubt use a fork. Would this suggest striking a fork to your table neighbor to find out whether he was done?—Los Angeles Times.

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES REQUIRED



Various Fruits and Vegetables That Supply Vitamin C.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Nutrition specialists urge constantly that the diet for all ages, but especially for children, should include an abundance of foods rich in vitamins. There are now recognized, however, at least six independent vitamins. As each has its own function to perform in growth and bodily well-being, it is necessary to know what each one does and what foods supply it. Otherwise a diet might supply some, but not all of the different vitamins.

For instance attention is often called to the necessity for vitamin C in the diet. Especially good sources of this vitamin are the citrus fruits, (oranges, grapefruit, and lemons), raw cabbage and turnips and tomatoes, raw, cooked, or canned. Other foods mentioned by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture as supplying this vitamin are apples, bananas, young carrots, cauliflower, guavas, onions, peas, pineapples, potatoes, raspberries, spinach, sprouted legumes and string beans.

One reason for insistence on supplying plenty of these foods is that the body has only a limited capacity to store vitamin C. Replenishment must go on continually. Another reason is that this vitamin is very easily destroyed by heat and oxidation. If vegetables are cooked too long they may lose their vitamin C. All recent

Instructions on vegetable cooking stress quick-cooked methods. Canning often destroys vitamin C. In the case of acid foods like tomatoes, destruction is not so extensive. Tomatoes seem to retain most of their vitamin content either cooked or canned.

On diets deficient but not entirely without vitamin C, children become irritable and lacking in stamina, do not grow normally, and are less resistant to infectious diseases. Shortage of vitamin C is thought to be an important factor in the prevalence of tooth decay and of much of the so-called rheumatism in children and adults. When vitamin C is entirely lacking, scurvy develops. This used to happen on long sea voyages before present knowledge of the preventive value of lemons and other portable foods containing vitamin C.

In testing foods for vitamin C in the laboratory, guinea pigs are fed a basal diet complete except for this vitamin, and then given measured amounts of the food in question. If the animal thrives and grows well, the food is probably a good source of vitamin C; if the animal develops symptoms of scurvy—sore, stiff joints, a tendency to hemorrhage, sore gums, loosening of the teeth, and fragile bones—the food under test probably is deficient in vitamin C. Similar symptoms are found in human beings whose diet has lacked the foods that supply this important vitamin.

CORRECT FIT OF WIDE SHOULDERS

Avoid Cutting So That It Adds to Width.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Very often in large-sized patterns and ready-made garments the width of the shoulders has been increased in the same proportion as the bust measure. Because the shoulders are a bony structure and the bust is a tissue structure, the shoulders do not necessarily increase in proportion to the



Unattractive Appearance of Shoulders That Are Too Wide.

bust. Therefore the garment is apt to be too long on the shoulder and the armhole not in its proper position. This long shoulder tends to give a broad effect to the figure. It is particularly unfortunate when a person has already rather broad shoulders, to cut a dress so that it adds to their apparent width, and makes the wear-er of the garment look short and squat.

To correct the trouble, says the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, in the bulletin on "Fitting Dresses and Blouses," fold a small lengthwise dart in the front and back of the pattern, through the center of the shoulder, taking out the necessary amount. This allows plenty of fullness in the bust and gets rid of it on the shoulder. Be sure to keep the back shoulder from the neck to the armhole one-half inch longer than the front shoulder. Rip the shoulder seam and recut the armhole on the altered pattern. This preserves the original size of the armhole and is safer than trimming it out. If fullness is desired, make tucks or shirring in the front shoulder to take up the extra width.

To alter a ready-made garment, make a small lengthwise dart or a group of tucks in the front shoulder and trim out the armhole in the back.

Don't Expect Too Much From Your Mouth Wash

The greatest virtue of an antiseptic mouth wash is to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth, say officials of the food, drug, and insecticide administration, United States Department of Agriculture, following a campaign during which more than 1,000 supposed antiseptic preparations found in import and interstate trade were tested by government chemists and bacteriologists. Less than 100 bore labels to which no exception was taken by the department.

Two preparations actually contained living bacteria, and tests revealed that many others would not kill or prevent germ growth. Of the effective antiseptics, some were found to claim unwarranted curative effect for such diseases as influenza, bronchitis, stomach ulcers, dysentery, tuberculosis, and appendicitis.

Endeavor to Establish Buying Specifications

The American Home Economics association and the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture are co-operating in an endeavor to establish specifications for all common household purchases. As a start they have prepared, for clubs and groups interested in dispensing purchasing problems, a series of reading references including many on the food and drugs act, meat inspection, and regulations or standards affecting other foods. This reference list will be sent to any groups desiring it. Write to the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

AROUND THE HOUSE

To keep the bright color in strawberry preserves, cook rapidly. . . . Loose, lightweight, porous clothing is most healthful for both adults and children. . . . When it is inconvenient to press silk dresses on the wrong side, tissue

SERVE ASPARAGUS WITH SPAGHETTI

Small Amount Will Give an Excellent Flavor.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many people seem to know only two ways of serving spaghetti—with cheese or with tomato sauce. The bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture suggests the following mixture of spaghetti and asparagus. A relatively small amount of asparagus will give an excellent flavor, so this is a good dish for the asparagus season.

1 1/2 cups spaghetti 1/2 lb. melted butter
1 cup small fat or other fat
1 cup rich milk 1 cup rich milk
1 pint canned or 1 or 4 drops tabasco sauce
1 cup asparagus 1/2 cup tomato sauce
and liquid 1/4 tsp. salt
2 lbs. flour 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Cook the spaghetti in salted boiling water for 20 minutes, and drain. Drain the liquid from the asparagus and cut the stalks in short pieces. Prepare a sauce of the flour, fat, milk, and asparagus water and add the tabasco and salt. In a greased baking dish put a layer of the cooked spaghetti, then one of asparagus, cover with the sauce and continue until all the ingredients are used. Cover the top with the buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes, or until the crumbs are golden brown.

Many Pleasing Servings From Leg of Roast Lamb

Many people always have a leg of lamb boned for roasting. They say it is surprising how many attractive servings can be made from either a hot or cold boned leg that can be sliced evenly from end to end. Any butcher can bone a leg of lamb for you, or you do it yourself. The United States Department of Agriculture tells how it is done:

"In boning, first take out the irregular alth or pelvic bone at the large end. Cut into the meat on the thinnest or 'stick' side and lay back a flap of meat deep enough to expose the leg bone and permit its removal. You will have a pocket here for stuffing or the leg may be sewed together and roasted without stuffing as desired. A good sharp knife is needed for boning."

Anybody can carve a roast prepared in this way and serve it much more quickly than the ordinary leg roast. For sliced cold cuts, the meat is much more shapely than when the leg is carved with the bones in.

Perils of Fame

"Some day a statue will be made in your honor."

"Maybe my family will feel better without it," answered Senator Sorghum. "They have been sufficiently agitated by political fact-finding without being worried by the art critics."

Yeah! One of the pleasures of conversation is to let a high-brow perceive that you know something, too.

Plants May Safely Be Left in Sleeping Rooms

The belief that plants should be removed from sleeping rooms at night is entirely without foundation, according to Dr. A. E. Woods, director of scientific work in the United States Department of Agriculture. In many hospitals it is a regular practice to remove flowers and plants from the rooms at night because it is thought that they are in some way injurious to the patients.

Instead of plants being harmful, they are beneficial, says Doctor Woods. During the day they give off oxygen and moisture and take up carbon dioxide. At night these processes slow down and small amounts of carbon dioxide are given off, but a whole greenhouse full of plants would not give off enough carbon dioxide to injuriously affect the composition of the air.

The only occasion for removing plants and flowers from sleeping rooms is in the case of poisonous plants and in cases of people who suffer from hay fever. In these cases, explains Doctor Woods, plants and flowers to which the patient is sensitive should not be in the room at any time.

A FAMILY DOCTOR'S LAXATIVE IS BEST



Your health is too important! You cannot afford to experiment with your delicate bowels when coated tongue, bad breath, headache, gas, nausea, feverishness, lack of appetite, no energy, etc., warn of constipation. This applies not only to grown people, but more particularly to children. That's why a family doctor's laxative is always the safe choice.

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Plenty There Although a successful motion picture expert for many years, it was only recently that Arthur Ripley made his first motor trip into the San Bernardino mountains. Not knowing about the steep grades and long climb in second gear, Arthur merely figured by mileage with the result that when he reached the Rim of the World road his gas began to get low. Spying a native, he shouted: "Hey, feller, where can I get some gas around here?" "Straight ahead," pointed the man, "the real estate office ain't more than two miles away."—Los Angeles Times.

And How!

Out in Ohio's rubber city, the Akron Beacon-Journal was asked to define a propagandist. The editor stretched a point in his reply. "A propagandist," said he, "is a person who can take a fragment of truth and make a large convincing lie."

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Don't Swat!

Here's the sure, quick, easy way to kill all mosquitoes indoors and keep 'em away outdoors!



Mother of Four Babies

"Although I am only 22 years old, I have four babies to care for. Before my first baby was born my mother urged me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was so terribly weak. I had to lie down four or five times a day. After three bottles I could feel a great improvement. I still take the Vegetable Compound whenever I need it for it gives me strength to be a good mother to my family."—Mrs. Vern L. Dennings, 510 Johnson Street, Saginaw, Michigan.

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Overheard

"Is he matrimonially inclined?" "Well, he's bending all his efforts in that direction."



Spicer wasn't insensible, I judged, but he was limp and powerless with sheer fright.

elbow round a stone, clasped a projecting root with the other hand, and managed to wriggle back to safety. The chief had disappeared. I made after him, round the corner of the cliff. I did not look down; the path was not as wide as a book cover. I came on the savage in a few moments. He was carrying Spicer, with due regard to the law of centrifugal force, well on the outside of the ledge, so that the luckless fellow's legs hung out over nothing at all. Spicer wasn't insensible, I judged, but he was limp and powerless with sheer fright.

There was no way of getting him unless one risked his life; so, remembering what was likely to happen to him if the savage got away with him, I topped that worthy over with a shot right into the back from my .45 Colt, and "atoud by" to grab. It was a near thing; so near that I used to wake up in the night and remember it, afterward. The chief