BLACK SHEEP'S GOLD

by

Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

—22—

"Is this road shorter?"

"Him say, suppose big rain no come, this road plenty short."

"If we left at sun-up, when could we arrive?"

"Him say, morning time nex' day."

"What happens if it rains?"

"Him say, altogether we die."

"How?"

"Plenty devil stop along this road, makem big rain come, breakem up you-me."

"Get ready to start at daylight," said Pia. "Tell him, if he shows the wrong road, and if we don't arrive as soon as he says, he'll be shot."

It was pure bluff, but she trusted to its carrying, with the aid of Sergeant Simol.

Papuans do not wink; Simol, however, gave the Sinabada a look that amounted to winking, as he described, in vivid language, the trouble that would await that murderer, should his guiding be poor.

The carriers settled down to rest. Simol rolled himself up in his blanket and lay down across the open end of the carriers' fly within sight of Pia's tent. The old sergeant had acquired the art of sleeping with one eye more or less open, on march. Suddenly he was broad awake. There was some one outside the Sinabada's tent.

Simol reached his arm softly down the barrel of his rifle, as it lay along his leg. He could see the person, standing in shadow; it was not a native. He rather thought it was the white man Simisson. What did he want, there at night? Still watching, the sergeant swung his legs over the end of the stick platform, and raised the rifle to his shoulder. . . . What! it was the other Sinabada, after all. Who could tell Taubadas from Sinabada, when they both wore trousers? He had been very near firing. . . .

Crouching inside the fly, Sergeant Simol kept watch. He did not approve of these late visitors, of whatever sex; he was here to protect his charge, and he would do it. What was the other Sinabada going into the tent for? What were they talking about?

Within the tent, Pia, in soldierly khaki, busy packing up her few belongings for the morrow's start, had been suddenly confronted by a vivid figure wearing silk pajamas, wild red-gold hair flying in curls about its face. Jinny, sobered; Jinny, in a new strange mood, was there.

"I come to hear," she said, hoarsely, "what you're going to do."

"But that's what I wanted to ask you," said Pia, looking, sadly, at the flawed beauty, the wasting youth, of her who was called "Gin-Sling." "I can't think you knew what you were doing—"

"I knew blasted well. I got him away, and kept him away. It was Spicer made me; you don't know that man—he's silly on top, but underneath, he can buy and sell all the wise men I always sort of liked him. You wouldn't understand. . . . I married him when he asked me; I think he's another wife or two knocking about somewhere, but I reckoned I'd get what I could out of him. A girl has got to live. You don't know. You don't know much—the like of you." The light woman's contempt for bread and butter innocence flashed out. "What are you going to do?"

"What are you?"

"I don't know as that matters much to anyone, but Smithson's cut and run. He wouldn't 'a' left me alone in the bush, not if there'd been nobody there—but when the drink was out of him, he got scared at what he done, and he says, says he, 'I'm off tonight; I'll take the outfit and go, and you can go to blazes or to Mrs. Philip Amory,' says he, 'for you got me into this trouble,' says he, 'and there isn't a miner in Papua will ever take a drink from me again, so I'd better go south and swing a blanky pick at Newcastle,' says he. And he went. And I got no carriers and no tent. And if you like to tell me to go to blazes, same as he done, you can do it; you've every right."

No carriers! Pia had learned her New Guinea by now; she understood as well as any miner or explorer, what "no carriers" in the far interior, meant. It meant death, death certain, and little delayed. If she had been inclined to cast this creature out, if she had hated her, as she well might have done, for the ruin Jinny was bringing on the man they both loved—even so, it would not have been possible to desert her. But Pia had no hate for Jinny; pity, rather held her.

"Of course you must come with us," she said. "We're trying to get through by a short cut, in time to save the claim. My carriers think it can be done. I'm afraid we'll have to hurry you."

"You're going to—but you can't. The time's up day after tomorrow midday. And Spicer, he's waitin' there with his eyes gogglin' out, ready to get in his pegs if some one else doesn't beat him. Smithson, he meant to go back with the boys and me, and see the fun; Spicer promised him half as much again as [illegible]—her [illegible] shook [illegible] was showin' him, to work [illegible] with [illegible]. And he promised [illegible] half of the whole thing. He [illegible] and [illegible] the minute [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] in it. I was [illegible]

when I'd sobered down a bit, I'd be off the whole thing. I'm like that. I'm on, and I'm off, and when I'm on there's nobody can put me off, and when I'm off the devil himself can't put me on. I'm through with Spicer and with Smithson and with the whole d—n crew, and I wish to God I'd never done it, only it's too late now."

"It's not too late. If we start just at dawn, and keep going hard, we can get there before midday the day after tomorrow. And we're going to do it."

"You're going to stop him?" cried Jinny, springing to her feet. "I'd give the heart out of my body to see him turned down proper. He's—he's made me hate meself. I've done things that all the pussy cats meow at, but I never done a dirty turn to anyone before, and it's owin' to Spicer that I've done it now. If you do know another way we can get back by, for God's sake take it, and I'll know what it is to sleep o'nights again. It was when I heard from Port that he'd married you—Phil, I mean—it was then I went off me nut, and Spicer, he took advantage of it. I'm with you, there's my hand on it." She struck her thin fingers almost painfully into Pia's. "Have you got anything to drink?" she finished with sudden pathos.

"I have one bottle of brandy in the medicine chest," answered Pia.

"I'll make it do," said Jinny, briefly. "We'll get there, or we'll die."

CHAPTER XIII

In the bottom of the river gorge it was extraordinarily still. The thin tinkle of the Romilly river among high boulders, parched with drought, seemed only to emphasize the absence of all other sound. Far away among the castellated heights that blackened the stars, rock wallabies may have moved with loping thump, winds stirred in wild grasses, the stately cassowary sounded his loud drum. But here at the bottom of all things, in the great crack that seemed to cleave the very bowels of earth, there was no life,

A Certain Obscure Instinct of Physical Repulsion Kept Her From the Joint Sleeping Place.

save that made for one night by the carriers, the camp fires, the moving forms and shouting voices of Pia's expedition. When these died down, when suppers were over, and hacking tomahawks silent; when the natives were sleeping under their flies, and the two white women had come out to sit for a few minutes under cool sky, before they got beneath their close mosquito nets and went to rest—then, the stillness of the deep valley came forth once more in a slow flood; wrapped all things, seemed to climb higher and higher up the bare stone walls, above the low, exhausted river that was breathing feebly in the heart of it, as life, leaving the body of a man, breathes ever more and more faintly through the rising tides of death.

It had been a hard day for both women, forced to drive strength to the utmost behind the greater and more enduring strength of the men; but—strangely—it had not been as hard as either had anticipated. Pia was almost puzzled to find the whole party so near, by all accounts, to Tatatata. They had traveled up the canyon without much trouble, and reached a good camp well before dusk. It was too easy, as roads went in that wilderness; and in consequence, it gave Pia to think. There was no going back; she had wanted that road, and taken it—but why was the carrier so strongly averse to using it, and why would Sergeant Simol, when questioned, say nothing about the matter? By all showing, this way saved a whole day of travel. And yet so far, it had been neglected by the makers of the track.

"I wish," said Pia suddenly, "I knew more about this country."

Jinny was sitting on a rock, near by. A long way off, among the peaks of the Pia Laurier range, distant thunder broke, grumbled, and was still.

In the silence that followed on the thunder peal, Jinny spoke.

"I know something about it," she said. "I've been once on the field. I reckon it's floods is the matter here."

"Floods?" said Pia, swinging round to look up and down the enormous gorge.

"You told me the carrier said the place was full of devils, and when it rained the devils came along and broke you up. That means you'd die."

"I suppose it might be very inconvenient," said Pia. "Sergeant Simol did mention something about it; but—die! I really don't see why one could not get out of the way, if a flood came. One has only to climb up the sides before it has risen too high."

"There's places you couldn't climb."

"Well, then, one could hurry along, and find another place."

"If you'd time."

"Why shouldn't you have time?"

"I've heard stories," she said presently. "Likely they wasn't true. I'm going to bed."

Pia sat a little longer, out there alone in the blackness of the canyon, looking up at the river of stars that ran so far above. A certain obscure instinct of physical repulsion kept her from the joint sleeping place; made her feel, as she had secretly felt last night, that a twelve by fourteen tent was too small for her and for Genevieve Treacher together. But her innate courtesy made her hide the feeling.

"I'll come presently," she called. "It's so cool out here."

Jinny made no answer: she was flinging her clothes recklessly about in the tent, and Pia could hear her muttering to herself.

"Has she been drinking again?" wondered the girl on the rock. "It's a terrible pity. She could be so fine . . . she might, even yet. But if that has got her, her time will be too short. How long," she wondered, with a certain fearful curiosity, "would it take a woman like her to reform, change entirely, make up for it all?"

Life had no answer ready to offer Pia Laurier . . . that night.

By and by, when Jinny's mutterings and flingings had given way to silence, the other entered the tent; sat down on the edge of her bed, and began to unwind puttees and unlace boots. She felt that sharp eyes were watching her from behind the mosquito net of the other bed, but she tried to remain, or look, unconscious of the fact.

Without warning Jinny burst out—"I hate you; I think I'm mad."

"She has not been drinking," thought Pia.

"I dono what I'm doing it for," went on Jinny, speaking more and more rapidly. "Why should I? Why should I hand you over to him, and fill the pockets of both of you, when I could knock you over any one of them precipices, or I could set the carriers on to take your head—oh, you don't know; there's nothing any man, black or white won't do for me—except one—except—" The threatened storm burst; she fell into frantic tears.

Pia acted by instinct now. Her repulsion, somehow, had died.

"Jinny," she said, "stop crying, dear. It hurts you to cry like that, and it hurts me to hear you."

"Why should I stop? Why shouldn't I get them to kill you and your sergeant, too? For two pins I would. You took Phil away from me."

"No," said Pia calmly. "I did not. That was done long before either of us met him. Can't we be generous to each other, Jinny, since we both care for him? Can't we want the best for him? I've thought, often, that you might have been the best, if—you and he had met earlier."

"Say it out. I know what you mean."

"If you know, I needn't say, Jinny. I can't give him quite what you might have given. It's a puzzling world; things don't ever fit neatly as they do in books. There's something about me that's not—not—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lake's Outflow Turned by Volcanic Upheaval

The history of Lake Nicaragua illustrates the geographical instability of area. The lake now discharges to the Atlantic through San Juan river, but its former outlet was the Pacific. The building up of the volcanic chain from Masaya to Orosi has cut off the original western outlet of Lake Nicaragua and diverted its drainage eastward to the Caribbean sea.

Cause for the uprise of the sea floor is the tilting of blocks of the earth's crust, which is like a pavement built of stone sets. If a water main bursts below a roadway the surface is upheaved and the blocks are tilted at various angles.

Similarly on the upheaval of the earth's surface, the crustal blocks are tilted, and the edge of one block may be raised while the other edge may sink.

The subsidence of the floor of the Pacific may force some of the underlying material to flow toward Central America and cause an upbulging of the coastal belt. There is conclusive evidence of the direct uplift of this region. Lakes Nicaragua and Managua both occupy the site of an old Pacific bay.

A relic of this condition is the occupation of Lake Nicaragua by species of shark and swordfish which are identical with those of the adjacent parts of the Pacific and are absent from the Caribbean sea. The fish were probably caught in the lake when the area was uplifted from sea-level to its present height of about 130 feet

Organisms of Sponge

Little is known of the life history of the commercial sponges. In some species, if not all, the sexes are distinct, the female preponderating. The young produced from the eggs are free-swimming organisms and are still of very small size when they settle and become permanently attached. This must be a critical stage in their life history, for they are so minute that a very thin stratum of silt would be sufficient to engulf and smother them. As much of the sea bottom is covered with soft or shifting deposits, the mortality at this period must be very high.

Original "Sweet Alice"?

Ghosts of a dead romance hover about the knoll near Tazewell, Va., where Olivia Wynne lies buried, for it is believed that she was the "Sweet Alice" of the immortal poem, "Ben Bolt," writes Joseph Leslie in a Norfolk (Va.) paper. There is no one living, of course, who remembers Olivia Wynne. She lived in the day of the pioneer, and her home was comparatively remote from the centers of population. There has been handed down a story which pictures her as tall and slender, brown-haired and dark eyed and beautiful. She lived her young life sheltered from the world.

Continued Next Month

Author—This is the plot of my story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They scale a wall and force open a window. As they enter the room, the clock strikes one—

Sweet Thing (breathlessly)—Which one?—Union Pacific Magazine.

TWIST OF THE TONGUE

Mr. Crowe was a devout church goer. The young minister of his church was also devout, but easily embarrassed.

Imagine the consternation of Mr Crowe and the delight of the congregation when the young divine solemnly said at a prayer meeting: "And now, will Brother Pray please crow for us?"

Film

"What's your latest?"

"A society picture of life in New York. I need the entire four hundred for supers."

And More to Come

He—What's the idea of inviting those horrid Jonses to our wedding?

She—Well, we need their presents don't we?

TO BE EXPECTED

"It served Van Bibber right. A man of his standing had no business marrying his cook."

"Why, what has happened to them?"

"She left him at the end of the first week."

A Word Only

"I am a Communist," said he.
"Oh, what is that?" said I.
"It hasn't been explained to me,"
He answered with a sigh.

Consolation

"My face is going to be my fortune."

"Never mind. The richest people aren't always the happiest."—Humorist.

Roads "Cloudy" in the Sky

"How did you get here, Zippers?"

"New biplane."

"How are the roads?"

"Cloudy."—Chicago Daily News

CAUGHT HIMSELF

Voice from upstairs)—William, are you just getting home?

"Why, of course not, dear! I just came down to let the cat out."

Popular Entertainment

An orator finds profits great
That listeners bestow,
And what we thought was a debate
Is only just a show.

Get Married, That's the Way

Single Clubwoman—What I want in life is just freedom and independence.

Married Clubwoman—Well, that is just what you should have! Why don't you get married?

Too Hot Headed

"Huh!" remarked Mr. Grouch, "I see they have installed a cooling system in the senate chamber."

"I'd like to find one I could install in your head," snapped his wife.

Wanted a Screen

Flapper Fan—Got a cigarette?

Sheiky Dan—But I thought you came out in the garden with me to give me a kiss?

Flapper Fan—Yeah, but I'd better lay down a smoke screen first so nobody will see us.

Unpleasant Expression

"I wish," said the girl, thoughtfully "that you wouldn't use that expression, 'launched upon the sea of matrimony.'"

"And why not?" asked the young man.

"Well, you know what kind of time I always have on a sea voyage."

What Mugs?

"What's become of all those mugs you used to see in the barber shops?"

"Oh, most of them are shaving themselves now, I guess."

But Ready to Please

"I say!" exclaimed a customer in a druggist's shop who thought he had been overcharged. "Have you any sense of humor?"

"I'm sorry," said the druggist from force of habit, "I have not, but I have something just as good!"

Looks That Way

Yznaga—So your engagement to Miss Loveless is broken?

Zweig—I presume so. Yesterday she married another fellow.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

To make a perfect salad there should be a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt and a mad cap to stir the ingredients, to mix them well together.—Spanish Proverb.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

Watercress is an excellent blood purifier, which we need to remind ourselves about each year.

Lettuce is a narcotic in effect, soothing to the nerves, and excellent for sufferers from insomnia. Shakespeare said, "did I eat any lettuce to supper last night that I am so sleepy?"

Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people.

Spinach is called the broom of the blood, good for constipation and excellent for kidney troubles.

Beets and potatoes put on fat.

Apples, carrots and brazil nuts are good for the complexion, and cure constipation.

Celery contains sulphur, is a nerve tonic and helps ward off rheumatism.

Dates are exceedingly nourishing and are good to prevent constipation.

Grapes a fine laxative and blood tonic.

Onions, a cure for nervous prostration and nervous disorders, excellent for cold and coughs, made into sirup with sugar; prevents insomnia, cures pneumonia when used as a poultice and prevents scurvy. A most valuable vegetable.

Parsley aids digestion, prevents dyspepsia when eaten with a hearty meal.

Cabbage more easily digested raw than cooked. Contains valuable mineral matters as well as the roughage which is so necessary for complete elimination of the contents of the alimentary tract.

Bananas are a food, both wholesome and nutritious when fully ripe. Bake them, when they are not well ripened.

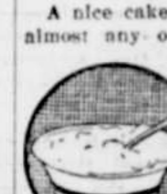
One of our famous beauty experts tells us to eat a dozen almonds a day for a good complexion.

Carrots and Cheese.—Mince a dozen medium-sized carrots and steam until tender. Put into a baking dish and sprinkle liberally with cheese and a little salt and pepper. Beat three eggs and stir into a pint of milk that has been heated, cook until it thickens, then pour over the carrots and cheese. Add more cheese for the top. Bake in a pan of water in the oven until brown.

New Cabbage Salad.—Shred a firm head of cabbage, blend with it plenty of freshly grated coconut and some blanched and shredded almonds. Add plenty of whipped cream to three or four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise, season well with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of sugar. Garnish with strips of red pepper and a few shreds of green pepper.

SUMMER FOODS

A nice cake or dessert to serve for almost any occasion, is:



Ice-Box Cake.—Put one-half pound of sweet chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third cupful of water into a double boiler. Cook until the mixture is well blended, then add gradually the yolks of three beaten eggs; cook three minutes, then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Line a baking dish with waxed paper, take 24 lady fingers, or strips of sponge cake will do equally well, line the dish with the cake and pour in half of the mixture, place some of the cake on this and add more chocolate mixture and the remaining cake. Cover with a waxed paper and place on it a flat dish to press it down. Keep 12 hours in the ice box, remove the paper and serve with whipped cream.

Another dainty pudding is prepared in the same way, using the cake or lady fingers.

Lady Finger Pudding.—Make a custard, using one pint of scalded milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs well beaten, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla; soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in three tablespoonfuls of hot water, cool, add to the custard, then proceed as for the ice-box cake.

Filled Cherry Jam Cookies.—Sift three cupfuls of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Sift twice to have a good blend. Cream two-thirds of a cupful of shortening, add one cupful of brown sugar, and when light add one well-beaten egg, a teaspoonful of vanilla, then add the flour and one-third of a cupful of milk alternately, beating well. Chill and roll, cut into rounds and place a spoonful of jam on one, cover with another. Bake until brown in a hot oven. Sprinkle with sugar before putting into the oven.

Bacon Peanut Sandwiches.—Take one-half pound of crisp fried bacon. Mix one-fourth pound of freshly roasted peanuts (ground), with salad dressing. Spread bread with butter, put a lettuce leaf on each slice and the sliced bacon, cover with a slice of buttered bread. These are good for any occasion.

Nellie Maxwell

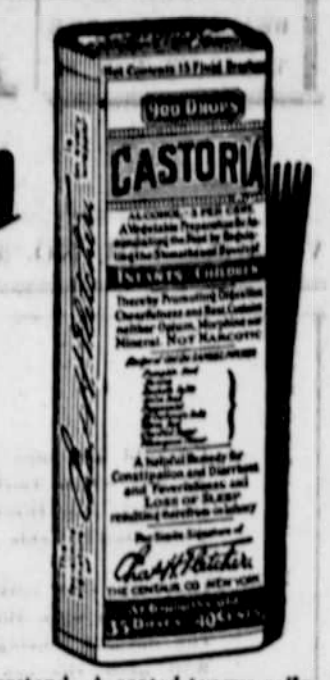
Proposition in Euclid

"Pons asinorum" is Latin, and means "asses' bridge." It is the name given to the fifth proposition of the first Book of Euclid, in which it is required to prove that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another.

Road Menace

The cling-vine type of girl is said to be scarce now, but she is frequently seen winding her tendrils around the automobile driver.—Newark (Ohio) Advocate.

Restless Children



Children will fret, often for no apparent reason. But there's always one sure way to comfort a restless, fretful child. Castoria! Harmless as the recipe on the wrapper; mild and bland as it tastes. But its gentle action soothes a youngster more surely than some powerful medicine that is meant for the stronger systems of adults.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given the tiniest infant—as often as there is any need. In cases of colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance, it is invaluable. But it has everyday uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue calls for a few drops to ward off constipation; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset—this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed to set everything to rights. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.

Tractor Cotton Picker Clears Field Quickly

The 1930 season may prove as epochal in the cotton industry as did the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, according to Wheeler McMillen, agricultural expert, writing in Country Home.

The new development, says McMillen, is the tractor cotton picker, which threatens to do away with negro labor in the fields, which has not been improved upon since the earliest days of cotton in America. In a test in Kentucky the fastest colored cotton picker known started down a long row and in 2 hours 21 minutes he had picked 45 pounds of cotton, a record in itself. Then the machine started and in two minutes it pulled out of the row to unload 54 pounds of cotton. The machine had gathered more cotton, 70 times as fast as hand labor.

Fifteen such machines will be used in experiments with this year's crop, and, if equal to the test, the whole cotton market may be revolutionized.

American Indian Painters

Perhaps the best known group of Indian painters today are the young Kiowa Indians of Ponca City, Okla. A number of their paintings were shown in Europe in 1928 in connection with the international congress on art education at Prague, and were received with great enthusiasm by Europeans. A group of Pueblo Indians also has created much interest with paintings.—Washington Star.

Music is the universal language.

Looks Young, Feels Fine

"Eight years ago before my last baby was born, I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I got such good results that I named her Catherine Lydia. I have six older children and five grandchildren, too. I am 44, but people tell me I look much younger. I am now taking the Vegetable Compound again because of my age. I eat and sleep better and I do all my housework, and my washing. I will do my best to answer letters."—Mrs. H. Dolhonde, 6318 York St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Paris May Honor Umbrella

Paris is discussing whether to commemorate next October, the one hundred and eightieth anniversary of the introduction of the umbrella into the western world. In October, 1750, Jonas Hanway gave the city a shock by carrying a rain protector brought from China.

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Census Results

Census returns indicate there are 2,000,000 inhabitants who can't speak English, not counting those who say, "Thassa lotto boloney."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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Cornstalks as Fuel

Experiments in making fuel gas from cornstalks indicate that 20 pounds of cornstalks would yield enough fuel for cooking and heating water to supply the average family each day.