

Scene in Algiers.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE long, sweeping curve of a crescent bay-the storied Bay of Algiers-here fringed with yellow sand, there, at one end, edged with gleaming black rocks, and everywhere backed by the steep slopes of a semi-circular chain of low hills rising abruptly from the water's edge and crowned with white villas in verdant gardens flaming with Bougainvillea and poinsettla.

Behind the hills lies the narrow, fertile plain of the Mitidja, in springtime blazing with the varied bues of wild flowers, the yellow of oranges, the green of cornfields and vineyard.

Towering above the plain in rugged grandeur the mighty chain of the Atlas mountains, seeming to support the heavens on their snow-clad shoulders. And the clouds gather round their peaks and leave the sky clear and blue, almost as blue as the waters of the Mediterranean below.

At one end of the bay are the spaclous harbor, the busy wharves, and the terraced houses of a white city climbing to the hilltop.

Alglers, the White City! Its story runs from Hercules and the Golden Apples to the Hesperides through the forgotten chronicles of Numidian. Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Arab and Turk to the last of the Bourbon kings, to Napoleon III, and the French republic. Not a century ago it was the haunt and headquarters of the cruelest, most bloodthirsty pirates that the world has ever seen; today it is a bright and beautiful city of modern

Alongside its quays lie great steamers being loaded with the produce of a bountiful land; its wharves are piled high with cask and case. Immediately over them rises a high, clifflike wall plerced with caves-merchants' warehouses and offices in

# Two Contrasting Quarters.

Along the summit of this wall stretches the beautiful Boulevard de la Republique, the beginning of a quarter that might rival the best bit of Parls between the Opera and the Solne, a quarter of well-hallt streets. where the broad sidewalks shelter under areades, of shady squares where white mosques front busy cofes and palm trees wave before the electrie trams that link the fown with the suburbs stretching around the curving

This is the quarter of theaters, hotels, and commercial offices, of attractive shops, of crowded streets where automobile and electric tram dispute the right-of-way with five-horsed carts. Well-dressed European men silk-stockinged short-sidrted, French girls pass velled women and stately Arabs in flowing burnooses,

But a short distance back from the seaward wall the level ceases and the gayly colored, crowded houses climb on each other's shoulders up the steep hillside, as if striving to look over their neighbors' heads out to sea.

Here is the native quarter, and in it dwelt the pirate population that lived by bloody crime on the face of the waters. Every being in it-man, oman and child. Moorish pasha and Christian slave-had a personal interest in watching each sall that lifeed above the distant horizon. It might be an Algerine rover loaded with plunder and chained captives, might be the hernid of a Frankish fleet coming to batter down the pirate stronghold and set free the slaves.

Upward and still upward, house tons house, until one comes to the Kasha, once the palace fortress of the Dey, the tyrant of Alglers, who claimed his share of the booty that each murderous seawolf brought home. whether it were plunder from sacked towns on European shores, or weeping women from Italy. France or Spain.

# Houses of the Natives.

The houses hemming the streets thrust out their upper stories, supported on inclined wooden struts, until they are not a yard apart. Often they are built completely across, so that the narrow lane must pass under

them in a dark tunnel. The few windows, small square openings, are barred with gratings bent outward; and here and there a painted face looks out from them and smiles down invitingly on the wayfarer.

But usually the houses present a blank front to the outer worldblank, that is, but for a carved door with a small, twisted column on either side and a stone crescent above it.

One of these doors opens and three tiny children toddle out, laughingone a boy in a red fez and a small shirt, the others little girls with flowered blouses, colored skirts, and gaudy handkerchiefs twisted around their

The open door gives a glimpse of a wee tiled hall with a dwarf staircase twisting out of sight.

Farther down another door stands invitingly ajar. Pass through it out of the dim alley and you are in another world. A bright courtyard opens to the blue sky above. Two, three tiers of galleries with gayly tilted parapet walls top carved stone or marble pillars; a vine swings across the vold; flowers in pots or Bougainvillens dash notes of glowing color into the court on which women look down and call shrilly to the servingmaids seated on the paving stones be low, cleaning great brass water jars

of old and graceful design. But the glory has departed; pashe and pirate have had their day, and their mansions, too, have fallen from their high estate. Instead of one rich man with his harem of silken-clad wives of many races peopling the chambers that open onto the tiled galleries and his wretched slaves filling the dark cellars and notsome dungeons below, a dozen or more poor families-Arabs, Jews, Maitese, Sponlards-now crowd into the ope-time palace. Often the beautiful courtyards are turned to utilitarian pur poses, and a carpenter's bench or a grocer's counter replaces the marble fountain that once sweetened the air with tinkle of falling

# Figures in the Streets.

Out again into the dark lanes and raulted tunnels. Stand aside and let this porter pass. Bent double, he lurches heavily up the steep ascent, a band around his forehead helping to support the weight of the immense burden on his back. With his red cap twisted about with a dirty kerchief, his torn shirt and baggy trousers, his bure feet thrust into beelless slippers, be resembles—and is like to bim in feature as in faith-a hamal, or porter, of Constantinople tolling up the equally steep streets of Stamboul.

Out of a dark alley come two whiterobed figures, veiled to the dark eyes that, lustrous and beautiful, shine under the black eyebrows and fair foreheads. Massive silver and gold necklaces hang on their bosoms, broad silver brucelets adorn their wrists and beavy ankleta surround the slik-stockinged ankles thrust into dainty slippers. Their benna-tipped fingers are

loaded with rings. With a lingering backward glance these two enter slowly a curved marble portal leading into a hall walled and floored with flower-designed porce inin tiles. Inscriptions in French and Arable tell us that this is the entrance to the Moorish boths, open to men unf til noon, to women in the afternoon, The fair ones flock to it, for it is their lounge, their club, their glimpse of social life, their gossip exchange-it and the Mohammedan cometerles on Fridays.

The narrow alley dives into another tunneled passage under the houses and emerges on a wider space, a market. Spread out on the ground or on rough stalls are meat, fruit, vegetables, brend.

Arab and negro dealers shout out their wares and prices in Arabic and in French, while tall men in white burnooses, shrouded Moorish women and dark-haired, bare-headed Maltese girls chaffer and bargain excitedly. Buyers and seller shake their hands in each other's face, scream with rage, call on Allah or the God of the Christians to bear witness, then quiet down and conclude the deal peaceably



#### SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Vellow-Leg on a winter's
bunt, journey Brock McCain and
Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Cree
comrade, with Flash Brock's
puppy and their dog team. Brock's
puppy and their dok from the Yeljow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and
Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers
race desperately to reach their
dostination before winter sets in,
Flash engages in a desperate
fight with a wolf and kills him,
Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed
his father. Tracks are discovered his father. Tracks are discovered his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for accuting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his cappard rescues him while his cappard for hilled his father and is presented from killed his father and is presented from killed his father and is presented. men killed his father and is pre-vented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an in-dian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines lird's is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out. His hopes are raised when he discovers a moose trail. He kills a moose and finds Gaspard's trail,

#### CHAPTER VIII—Continued -15-

In the morning, because of the better footing it gave the tolling husky, Brock took Gaspard's trail back to At the hend of the lake Brock's eyes widened in surprise as he stared at the tracks in front of him. Then, he moved swiftly into a clump of young spruce and walted, ears alert. A chickadee called, then the silence remained unbroken. Cautiously Brock walked down the trail to what had

stopped him. The story the snow told was easy to read. Some one had followed Gaspard's trail up to this point, where he had left it to travel a hundred gards

"What shall I do, Flash?" queried the puzzled youth. The trails were not fresh, that was evident. If Gaspard had been ambushed, it had been two days before. He was beyond belp. If they had captured him, it was too late to overtake them now. Finally Brock decided to take the meat to the cache, and return on Gas-pard's trail with Flash toose. He would never again travel without his

About five miles from the boys' camp, the tracks which overing Gaspard's trail had joined it, leading from Worried for his partner's safety, Brock reached the camp to find it undisturbed, and to meet a loud greeting from three ravenous dogs wired to trees.

in snow, Brock found a roll of the inner bark of a birch on which had been burned with a stick characters of the syllable writing used by the Crees.

Taught the phonetic symbols as a boy by an old Cree at the post, Brock had often made use of this Indian shorthand and easily read the mes-

"Twice I bunted far for your trail. Now I go to look for these people, I will come back in a few days, but if you are not here, then Gaspard Lecroix will go into the north to join

"Good old Gaspard!" exclaimed the youth, his eyes blurred by moisture. "He looked for me after the snow buried my trail, and has given me up. He's not going back to Hungry House; hes' going north to bunt them down,"

Starting a fire in the tent stove to cook his supper, Brock lost no time in deciding on his next move. Gaspard had been gone at least two days. In the morning he would take Flash and all the grub he could ensity carry in his pack and follow the trail. if they had captured his friend, the snow would tell the story-then what? He would wave a good-by toward the south and those he held dear, at Hungry House, and follow Gaspard as the half-breed had followed Brock and his captors. And at the end, the boy promised himself, Flash and Brock McCain would show these renegades how a white boy and his dog could Ught for his partner.

# CHAPTER IX

# The Return of the Lost

Thinking that Brock had decided to weather it out in his camp on the flank of the great barren, Gaspard waited for bis return at the end of the norther-but Brock dld not come. Puzzled, the half-breed went to the outlying camp of his friend, where, to his amazement, he found that Brock had not spent the two days of the wind and snow. Where had he gone?

Worried. Lecroix returned to camp. His partner had been caught, somewhere, while hunting. If he had ment. he would work his way bome. But three days passed and Brock did not return. Gaspard circled far to the south and west, but found no fresh trail of the boy and dog he sought, Brock was a good hunter; he would not starve, and he wouldn't stay lost. he'd work north and home. Then the thought of how his father had vanished into these pitilers white hills chilled Gaspard's heart. Was he to tose Brock, his friend, also? Brock, whom he loved as a brother?

Serrowfully, the half-breed returned to camp. The days went by and Brock did not return. At length, hope died, and Gaspard wrote the message which he felt the eyes of Brock would never read, and started on his man hunt.

To the rich catch of fur which they had hidden in their cache in the swamp, he gave no consideration. At Hungry House this fur would buy him much that he needed. But Hungry House bad seen the last of Gaspard Lecroix. Brock was gone, and he had promised them he would bring him safely home in the spring. The spirit of his father called him-the father whose bones had lain unburied, the sport of bird and beast-whose death was as yet unavenged.

So, with food for a few days in his pack, for he would return once more, then load his sled and take the team into the north, Gaspard started on a

circle beyond the head of the lake. He had parsed the inlet-ten miles from camp, when, in a thick stand of young sprace, be turned sharply to the right and from the cover of a clump of seedlings, watched his backtrack. What sixth cense had given him the uneasy feeling that he was being followed, he could not explain. The morning was still, without wind, but he had heard no click of the hows, no creak of shoes on the snow, dry as powder. But the stalker would have seen to that-he would have muffled the sound. No, if there was some one on bls trail, he was far back,

Shivering with the intense cold which cut through his caribou-skin capote, the half-breed was fast becoming convinced that his premonition was false, when he suddenly stiffened where he lay. The barret of his rifle slowly lifted as his right eye lined the sights. A hundred yards distant a hooded figure carrying a rifle, moved over the trail.

So they were bunting him again, were they-these people who had nunted his father? Well, before the snows faced in April he would give them their beliles full of this little game. The small eyes that followed the Indian trailer over the rifle sights glittered with hate. Slowly one closed. Again the right eye covered the approaching shape with the bend sight of the muzzle. A finger moved-and the soundless forest echoed with a splitting roar.

With a scream, the crouching shape on the trail lunged into the snow From the thicket above which drifted a wisp of gray smoke, clicked the action of a rifle as the lever tossed aside an empty shell and pumped a cartridge into the barrel. Again, stience settled on the spruce. Slowly the snow beneath a sprawled leg of the crumpled figure reddened.

Then, circling cautiously until he saw the gun of the would be assassin lying where it had fallen, out of reach, Gaspard walked boldly to the unconscious Indian,

"Ah-hah?" he muttered. Then, first drawing the knife slung to the Cree's sash and tossing it away, Gaspard examined the wound. His shot had gone home. He had struck the thigh as he had intended, and the Cree had fainted from shock and pain.

Quickly the half-breed fushioned a tourniquet of the Cree's sash and bound the leg. Then, shortly, he had a fire going. Carrying the groaning man to the fire he laid him on a bed of boughs. But in spite of the tight bandage above the wound, to Gaspard's surprise the hemorrhage continued.

As the Cree became conscious of his surroundings, Gaspard forced hot tea down his throat. The stimulant did

"You wish to live," rasped the youth, in the Cree language, "you talk with a single tongue."

Fear-shot eyes in the seamed fea tures of the stricken Indian searched the cold face of the man who had outwitted him. Again Gaspard held the black ten to the gray lips,

"What you track me for-to kill or take me?" began the inquisitor.

The Cree shut his eyes, but gave no

"Where is your camp?" The menacing face of Lécrolx appronched the other's.

"Far from here, in the north." "How many Crees and white men?" "Many-eight, ten."

"Who is the chief-the boss?" "A white man who came in a ship He has a red beard."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# An Ex-Soldier Tells

An ex-soldier tells that during the war he was billeted in a certain vilinge which had a charming river me andering by its outskirts. Here, in the bed of the stream, a stern-faced man cultivated a splendld crop of watercress.

The soldier, in anticipation of aft ernoon tea, sent his batman on Sunday to buy some watercress. He found the cultivator hard at work in the middle of the stream.

"I want sixpennyworth of water cress," said the betman. "No," said the cultivator, "I ain't open on Sundays."

# Sentenced

"So your father knows the exact moment he will die, does he-the exact year, month and day?"

"Yessuh, he ought to. The jedge told him."

### Mason and Dixon Line Only Divided States

The Mason and Dixon line was the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, as surveyed in 1707. and popularly accepted before the Civil war as the dividing line between the free and slave states. If that line were to be extended due west it would divide such northern states as Ohio, Indiana and Illine's and leave Kansas in the south. As a matter of fact, the states south of the Mason and Dixon line which are generally regarded as southern states are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Misaissippi, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland and Delaware. Cumberland, Maryland, is south of the line. The slave-holding states just before the Civil war included all those mentioned above except Oklahoma, which was not then a Slavery had been abolished state. in the northern states before that

## Laughs at Advancing Years and Blindness

A sixty-seven-year-old blind pastor, who must travel nearly 100 miles ench session day to serve, is chapiain of the Connecticut senate. Rev. Edward P. Ayer of Branford, now serving his third term in the office. Despite his years and affliction, Ayer is strong and active. In his youth-before excessive study robbed him of his sight, he was captain of the Amherst college from Yale Div-inity school. The blind chaplain heads an organization known as the Society for the Handicapped, a group which seeks to alleviate the misfor tune of the blind in Connecticut, During the World war he donned overalls and managed a sizable "war garden." In addition, be milked five cows, fed three yearlings, two calves and twenty-five bens and rulsed ninety-two chickens.-Indianapolis News.

### Philippine Coinage

Money coined for the Philippine is lands first arrived in the Philippines from the Philadelphia and San Francisco mints in June, 1903, and was first placed in circulation in July, 1903. This was done in accordance with the provisions of a tentative law passed in 1902. On June 23, 1906, an net was passed to establish the standard of value and to provide for a coining system in the Philippine is lands. From that time on the San Francisco mint, when requested to do so, has coined money for the Philippines. For the past few years the United States has not struck coins for the Philippines. The old dies are still

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to const,-Adv.

# What Do You Mean, "Aged?"

Speaking of Chief Red Fox, an article says, "Though nearing his sixtieth year he is wiry and active and able to engage in campaigns, were they necessary." Age is a relative matter. The young reporter in referring to any citizen past forty speaks of him as "aged." The other day we heard an elderly gentleman say, Youth has no time for age. I called to take my niece, fifty-eight years old out to lunch, but she told me she bad a luncheon engagement, so I was com-pelled to lunch alone."—Houston Post-Dispatch.

# Useless Attainments

First Explorer (indicating gesticulating native)-Can you understand what he's saying?

Second Ditto-Not a word. First-Durned lot o' good you are with your university education .-Passing Show.

There is no day without sorrow.

# HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

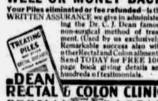
Woman Took Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound Denver, Colo,-"I have taken six



and I am telling many of my friends to take it as I found nothing before this to help me, I had so many bad so many bad so many bad seep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and recommend it."—Mis. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado. Adama Street, Denver, Colorado.



# WELL OR MONEY BACK



An NR - HATURE'S REMED! Tablet - will promptly start the needed bowel action, clear waste and poison from your system, and bring welcome relief at once. The mild, safe, all-vegetable laxa-tive. Try it—25c. /TO NIGHT

ALRIGHT For Sale at All Druggists

Cheerful Donation

Charity-Will you donate something to the Old Ladies' home?

Generosity-With pleasure. courself to my mother-in-law.-Dallas



breathe is often full of germs, if our vitality is low we're an easy mark for colds or pneumonia.

One who has used the "Discovery", or "G M D", writes thus:

or "G M 17", writes thus:

Spokane, Wash, "Whenever I get fired, weak
and all rendown, or my strength is all gone,
I take a lottle of the "Golden Metelloal Discovery" and it brings lask my strength, buildme up and inskes me feel like a new person.
It not only acts as a busic but envictes and
builds up the blood. I always recommend the
"Golden Medical Discovery" as a sonic and
blood enricher, "--Mrs. J. J. Krauss, 421 N.
Helens St. Fluid or tablets. All dealers.
Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 15-1929.

# Delicate Encouragement

"You have many times refused my marriage proposal," said the man, "Don't you like me?" "Very much," answered Miss Cay-

enne. "I enjoy your visits and I want you to feel perfectly safe."



# Kidneys Bother You?

Deal Promptly With Kidney Irregularities.

KIDNEY disorders are too serious to ignore. It pays to heed the early signals. Scanty, burning or too frequent kidney excretions; a drowsy, listless feeling; lameness, stiffness and constant backache are timely warnings.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Used and recommended the world over. Ask your neighbort

# 50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

J. F. Shaw, 967 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., says: "My ki were not acting properly. The secretions passed too frequently and this my rest at night. I felt tired and my back bothered me considerably. I Doan's Pills and it was only a short time before I felt all right again."

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys At all dealers, 75c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.