

The Red Line Trail

CHAPTER XIII—Continued
—16—

By Crittenden Marriott
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"I forgot," Mrs. Archman struggled up heroically. "Come on. I'll go."
"No hurry!" Miss Denslow pressed the older lady back. "We'll make better time if we rest a while and eat something. Besides, the moon will be up soon and walking will be easier."
Bess laughed. It was a rather weak laugh, but it was a laugh. "We'd better get at our sumptuous repast," she said, "unless we want to eat in the dark. Here goes the last piece of firewood, and the men say they can't find any more. And an electric torch, though useful, will not illuminate a whole dinner table. Besides, we'll need it later."

Bess was right. The fire was dying, and long before the supper, simple as it was, could be finished, darkness had again descended upon the scene. When the last red ember winked out, several of the party drew long breaths. But nobody said anything. Their feelings were too deep for words. Each, however, undoubtedly took some comfort from hearing the others munching away at their hardtack in the darkness.

At last Lord George got up. "The moon is up," he said, pointing to the top of the canyon, where the tree tops had begun to silver against the sky. It's time to move."

"Wait!" Miss Denslow's voice came hissing in the gloom. "Listen!"

Out on the water of the inlet sounded the steady beat of oars, coming nearer and nearer. Mrs. Archman started up thankfully. "They've come for us. Oh! They've come for us," she murmured. "I knew they couldn't desert us. Call to them, Bess. Call to them!"

"Wait!" Miss Denslow and Lord George spoke together. "Wait and see who they are first."

"But—"

"For God's sake be still!" breathed Lord George. "Silence! Keep well back under the ledge, for your life's sake."

Awed by his tones, all shrank back, flattening themselves against the rocks, and waited, listening.

The sound of the oars against the oarlocks had ceased. Another instant and a low order, followed by a concerted rattling, showed that the crew of the boat had shipped oars with man-of-war regularity. Other orders followed, and other movements. The trained ears of Lord George and Collins made out that most of the men had landed, but that one or more had put off in the boat to lie away from the shore. A shuffling of feet and a low click of metal on metal showed that those on land had formed into a rough column and that they carried rifles. As they moved up the cleft, more than one of them growled out a curse as he barked his shins on an unseen rock. Only one of the listeners recognized the language. "Danish!" breathed Lord George, as the steps of the last one died away.

The next moment Lord George stepped out. "Follow me, quickly and silently," he breathed. "Don't lose an instant." He waited while the others emerged from beneath the ledge, and then he set off up the path, following hard on the trail of the mysterious column.

Ten minutes later he paused by the side of the break in the wall, which was plainly perceptible in the greater light that had come from the shallowing of the gully. Silently he deflected each of his companions up it. When the last one had passed he drew a deep breath. "Checkmate," he murmured, as he followed.

The trail around the mountain proved to be easy to follow despite the difficulties of night travel. It was, in fact, a real trail and not, like the first they had followed, merely the rock-strewn bed of a torrent, which had happened to coincide more or less closely with a fanciful red line that Price had drawn upon the forged map. The party made excellent time along it and would have done even better had it not been for Mrs. Archman, who was utterly exhausted and positively refused to consider even a suggestion from Collins that he and Lord George should push ahead on a reconnoitering expedition and leave the others to rest and follow later.

As it turned out, however, the party did not have very far to go. About midnight, just as the men figured out that they must be very near the intersecting red line that ran up the mountain, the trail began to slant steeply downward, so steeply that Lord George, who was leading, stopped and peered doubtfully downward into the pool of blackness that yawned before him. The moon, though probably above the horizon, was behind the mountain and threw only a reflected light over the spot where the party had halted.

"Stop here till we can find out where we are going," directed his lordship authoritatively, but in a low tone, when the others came up. "This path seems to go far down, and I've got to reconnoiter before I take you along it." He peered to the right, whence came the murmur of the sea. "We're near the water," he added. "Maybe the path goes down to it. We're only guessing that the map is right, you know. Mr. Collins, you'd better go inland, I fancy, and see whether you can get around the head of the ravine. Maybe the red-line trail comes out at its head and you can find it. Mr. Archman, you'll stay here with the ladies till we come back or call to you."
No one seemed to resent Lord

George's direction. The others seemed to have instinctively recognized that he was the best fitted of the party to lead. Even Collins, who might have claimed the right to control, made no objection. With a nod of comprehension he turned off to the left and tramped away; while Lord George almost as quickly took the road downward and disappeared.

Dependently the four who had been left behind waited. Mrs. Archman sat down on the bare ground and went to sleep almost instantly, with her head pillowed on Bess's lap. Miss Denslow walked to the very edge of the ravine and tried to peer down; and after a moment Harry joined her.

Suddenly a low call sounded from dead ahead. "Hello! Hello! Mr. Archman." It came cautiously.

Harry straightened up. "Hello!" he called. "Who's that?"

"It's me—Collins," came the answer. "I thought I saw you."

Simultaneously Miss Denslow clutched Harry's arms. "There he is," she murmured. "On the other side of the ravine, a little higher than we are. He's gotten completely around it. Yes, Mr. Collins?"

"Nothing doing over here! No path! Have you heard from Lord George?"

"Not yet."

"All right. I'm coming back." The almost invisible figure rustled into the deeper shadows that lay behind it.

It was growing decidedly lighter. The moon was climbing behind the mountain and its rays were pulsing overhead, making the sky faintly luminous. Suddenly a confused noise from seaward broke on the night and the two turned to look. But the edge of the cliffs cut off all view of the sea.

"I'll go—" began Harry.

But Miss Denslow stopped him. "No!" she said. "Stay here. We must be ready if Lord George calls. Listen. Don't you hear oars?"

"Yes! I—"

Below in the darkness of the ravine a stone rattled downward, followed by another and another. Someone was climbing the rocks recklessly.



"That's Me!" The Newcomer Hurried Across the Room and Began to Untie the Cords That Bound Nellie to Her Chair.

While the two waited, a form sprang into view and Lord George's voice, cautious yet vibrant with excitement, rang out. "Quick!" he called. "Come quick, all of you! Danger! Come quick!"

CHAPTER XIV

A Little Surprise

As the door closed behind Price, Nellie turned to Captain Bunker with a sob. "What shall we do?" she cried. "What shall we do?"

Bunker shrugged his mighty shoulders. "Don't you fret," he said cheerfully. "I've been in tougher places than this and I'm here to tell it. It's mighty hard on you, but—"

"Oh!" Nellie uttered a cry. "Can we trust him?" she quavered.

Captain Bunker sniffed. "You can trust him just as far as you can trust a rattlesnake, and no farther," he grunted. "He needs that map and he's trying to get it. I guess he doesn't remember it as well as he makes out. And he's worried about what he's got to face and wants to find out; and he'll promise anything to get you to tell. But you were right in what you said. Once he gets what he wants, it's all up with you and me—and with your mother and the rest, too. He can't let us go to set the dogs on him later. He just can't. And his men wouldn't let him if he wanted to. By the way, I don't want to be inquisitive, but how about those forty millions he's talking about. Are they there?"

The girl shook her head. "I don't know," she answered hesitatingly. "Father—Mr. Archman—spoke once or twice of a lot of money, but I didn't pay much attention. Forty millions is a lot."

Bunker nodded. "Rather!" he agreed. "By the way, where is Mr. Archman? How did you happen to come on board alone?"

"Because I was a fool. When word came that you were lying off the shore father was busy with—with some one. So I sent him word that I would come out to welcome you. I sent the man with me back to tell father and I jumped into my boat and rowed out. I was going back for father almost at once—as soon as I got the mail."

"But why didn't he follow?"

"There's only the one boat. That is, there's but one available until the tide goes out. So he can't come out for hours and he—look!"

A section of the paneling between two of the dead eyes that lighted the cabin was swinging outward and a man's foot was appearing beneath it. The next moment it was followed by the rest of his body.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "It's only me."

"Mr. Carr!" The words sprang from Nellie's lips, mingled with something suspiciously like a profane exclamation from Captain Bunker.

"That's me!" The newcomer hurried across the room and began to untie the cords that bound Nellie to her chair. "Gee! I thought that fellow never would go," he declared, "and I wasn't sure he had gone at first. It was close quarters, waiting. Still—"

He broke off, for Nellie had dropped her head and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Carr dropped the cords and bent over her. "Nellie! Nellie!" he cried. "Please don't. Oh, please don't! Oh, I'm such a flat-footed idiot! I was talking like a fool because I thought it would startle you less; and here I've frightened you so! What is it, dear?"

The girl was muttering something through her tears. The young man bent down to listen, and she spoke again. This time the words came clearer.

"I'm not startled or frightened nor—nor anything," she sobbed. "I'm crying because I—I'm so glad to see you again."

Carr jumped. Then he dropped on his knee beside the girl and threw his arms around her—and the chair.

Captain Bunker was watching the scene in profound disgust. "Belay there!" he roared. "This isn't any pink-tea party. Break away and cut me loose quick. D—n it all, do you know that b—l is likely to pop around here any minute?"

Carr jumped up. "Right-o, captain!" he cried. "Right-o! I'll be with you in just a minute."

Nellie's loosened bonds fell at her feet; and Carr turned to the captain and quickly set him at liberty. Then he turned back to Nellie and held out his arms.

The girl walked into them and had her weeping face on his shoulder. It was a very dusty and unromantic shoulder, too, but neither of them thought of that.

Captain Bunker thought of it, however. He was stretching his limbs and feeling his cramped muscles, meanwhile contemplating the proceedings with profound disfavor.

Carr caught his expression and laughed happily. "Captain Bunker," he cried. "If this pains you, kindly turn your back and scrutinize the second porthole on the starboard quarter. We'll call you later."

But it was Nellie and not Bunker who acted. Half laughing and half sobbing, she pushed Carr from her, and turned a rosy face toward the captain. "Never mind, captain," she said. "You may look all you like."

"Never mind!" roared the captain. "But I do mind, miss. Where do you think you are? Stand back, Carr, or I'll put you in irons. What the devil are you doing on my ship, anyhow?"

Carr laughed. "That's a long story, captain," he said. "And I'm afraid I haven't time to tell it now. Your friend Price may be back any minute. I'll just say that when I found out that you were coming to meet Nellie and her father I determined to come along—the more especially as I wasn't altogether satisfied with some of your prospective passengers. So I came—"

"But how the devil did you come? And—who made that opening into my cabin?"

"I did, captain—I and my men. A dozen men can do a lot in seven days when they work overtime, even if they have to dodge a sharp-eyed captain and mate who never seem to want to go ashore. But come. We're taking chances."

The young man drew Nellie toward the slit in the bulkhead. "Come along, captain," he called over his shoulder.

Nellie went willingly. She seemed almost gay again. "Show me!" she ordered. "Oh-h-h! I'm so glad you came. I was so frightened. But now—"

"Now it's all right. Good Lord! If you knew how hard it was for me to keep still while that blackguard was talking— But here we are! Peek in!" He stood aside, and pointed through an aperture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Must Cultivate Food

The common impression that the food of Samoa Islanders "falls in their laps" is quite wrong, says Prof. W. A. Setchell of the University of California. There are few edible plant products obtained there without regular attention. Every native village has its plantation where the famous bread fruit, bananas and coconuts are raised. The plantations are generally in forest clearings and are allowed to grow up in all sorts of weeds.

MARY SUCCEEDS ON MAIN STREET

By LAURA MILLER

NATIONAL HONORS AND LOCAL SALES

Would you ever think of being hugely interested in corsets, other people's corsets at that? And if you had discovered that all the fascinating art and science of salesmanship could be wrapped up in couth and whalebone, would you think you had any chance of carrying off a record, way out in Idaho? Well, Sophie Boellert was and did. That is to say, she found herself a saleswoman in a Boise store. She set herself to "work, and hard work, with tireless ambition to go on and on." She took one course of study after another, for "we never have enough learning."

That she won the national prize in corset selling not long ago is just one milestone on her way. She's buyer and department manager in the Boise Mode. That means that she has come to know intimately the buying public of Idaho, and the manufacturers of America and the world as they are translated to the retail trade through the clever, complicated, ever changing, ever interesting New York market. She's a director of the store, which means that she's managed to learn how to work with other people day in and day out, to get her own way when it's based on good hard knowledge without irritating the other person, and to yield her opinion as gracefully when other judgment is the better.

Her position means work with much overtime, but Miss Boellert finds opportunity for outside interests. "I've always been interested in helping girls up in their work," she says. "My own experience is that the best foundations for the average girl are laid in smaller towns. People seem to have more time. But in any place the study of human nature is the most interesting one. This many-sided study is a great help in any work. One of the most interesting studies today is selling. We are all doing that. It has many angles and the whole world enters it at some angle."

Miss Boellert's own life seems to bear out her statement about the wide angle vision possible to the good saleswoman wherever she is. The war brought more than one honor to this Idaho woman who had been so conscientiously preparing herself. And when, just after the war, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women was started, the women of Idaho chose Miss Boellert to be their representative in the national council. Each year they have re-elected her. This year she has mothered two new clubs into being, and has two more on the point of organization. "So," she comments, "I'm busy most of the time."

"KINDLY WATCH JANE"

If a woman really wants to have fun in this modern world, said woman gets into a niche where she can watch, report upon and, on occasion, manipulate some of the currents of feminism. There's a woman out in Topeka doing that very thing. Wherefore there has grown up a tradition in Kansas, particularly in Kansas politics, "Kindly watch Jane!" Now Jane is merely a nickname for a newspaper known officially as the Kansas Woman's Journal. It is the initials of the paper plus the necessities of the case that worded the slogan quoted.

Who and what are behind Jane? There's an advisory board that covers all one side of a sheet of paper. There's a motto, "Devoted to the interests of women, children and home," that is honestly lived up to. There was during the last political campaign, the Republican state central committee, which made the paper official organ of the Republican women of Kansas. There are the subscribers, both men and women. And there is Lilla Day Monroe, editor, who describes herself as "chiefly responsible except when the printers of my most capable publishing company commit some kind of crime, mayhem possibly, on some pet article."

It was July when Mrs. Monroe wrote, "Ha! mercy! I have the rheumatism. I've one wrist trussed up in a red flannel bandage. (Dr. said hot applications, and I'll leave it to you if there's anything more torrid than a red flannel bandage.)"

"I was born into a family that was crazy to have a girl. As the only girl in a bunch of boys, I had many privileges, but I had to learn to be a good sport. My father died. I became a school teacher, read law, grew up and married a lawyer politician. When I first went away to school I boarded at the same place with a newspaper man and his wife, who were mighty nice to the lonesome little stranger. The editor took the most inconvenient times to become drunk. With his wife I used to get up in the middle of the night to get out the Courier. To keep awake I learned to set type."

"I only advise a girl to go to a big city for a bit of post graduate work, for a sojourn that will make her appreciate the wide spaces more when she comes back. One of the greatest boons for women is the feeling that they have a sort of proprietary interest in the home town, such as I have for Topeka."



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Paper Makers Complain of Scarcity of Rags

It seems like harking back to early days that the manufacturers of high-grade papers have called on Secretary Hoover of the Commerce department to aid them in procuring a reserve stock of rags. Some of the mills had less than a week's supply on hand when they made the request, and none of them had any considerable stock.

In the days following the Revolution paper manufacturers advertised in the newspapers urging housewives to save their rags that they might have a sufficient supply for their use.

This was before the discovery that paper could be made from wood pulp, says the Brockton Times.

In the early days of paper making tombs were rifled and the wrappings of mummies were converted into paper. For many years most of the rag stock for paper mills had come from across the sea. Smyrna was the great shipping point, and thousands of tons were sent here every year.

Due perhaps to the prevailing poverty, Europe is sending less than half the usual amount of rags. Probably the people are still wearing them.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined

local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Altitude and the Blood

Dr. Joseph Barcroft of the physiological laboratory of Cambridge university, England, has found that hemoglobin, the red pigment of the blood, increases in quantity as one ascends to higher altitudes. He tells of an English scientist, the hemoglobin content of whose blood was slightly below normal at sea level. He ascended to Cerro de Pasco in the Andes, 14,200 feet above sea level. Four days later it had increased more than 2 per cent. Fourteen days later it had gone up more than 18 per cent.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement.

Perfectly Normal

"Is there any cure for absent-mindedness?" asked a man of his doctor friend.

"Why, are you absent-minded?" the physician asked, laughing at the question.

"No," sighed his friend; "it's my wife. The poor dear makes the strangest mistakes. I gave her a \$20 bill the other day with which to buy some shirts and B. V. Ds for myself, and she came home with a hat and shoes for herself."

Contentment is wisdom.

Substitute for Glass

A chemical product which resembles glass and can be used for many of the same purposes has been produced in Germany. It can be rolled, bored, polished or cut and does not have the tendency of glass to splinter. Because of this quality it has been recommended for the glass panes of automobiles, optical instruments, ornaments, and toilet articles. Fritz Pollak, the inventor, arrived at this product by condensing carbamide and theocarbamide with formaldehyde. Amides are simple, nitrogenous substances related to proteins.

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Mayor Hylan, of New York, said at a dinner in New York:—

"Our new-rich multimillionaires are very amusing. The naive way they display their wealth reminds me of little Willie."

"Little Willie was wearing his first pair of pants for the first time. As he played in his father's law office another lawyer dropped in. The two lawyers talked away together, but not a word about the new pants was said: "Willie stood this as long as he could. Then he said in a careless and indifferent way:—

"There's three pairs o' pants in this room."

Are You Weak? Appetite Gone?

Tacoma, Wash.—"I was suffering from feminine weakness and had a bad cough. I got so weak that I could not do my work, lost flesh and had no desire for food. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery acted upon my entire system in such a way that I began to mend and was soon on my feet again."—Mrs. Bessie B. Ronald, 3726 East G St. All dealers. Tablets and liquid.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg.

Adobe Bricks

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