

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

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INSTALLMENT TEN

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibongamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

Malone flashed his pocket torch on the face of his friend, swollen beyond recognition. "By the father of all the moose, Blaise, look at him!"

"By gar, boss, were you get dem bite?"

"You mean to say you two didn't hear the .45 a few hours back?" demanded Garry.

"Not a shot! I saw through the glasses that you and Lise were sitting pretty cozy on the beach and everything looked all right, so Blaise and I took a paddle up the lake. We came back around five, couldn't find you, so turned Flame loose. Then we lost him."

"Yes," laughed Garry, "everything was all right except that Tete-Blanche and his mob jumped me after she left. But I got three or four before they cracked me from behind with a club. I came to, lashed to a tree in a small bog back in the bush. Flame, bless 'im! took their trail and found me. Then chewed the thongs on my wrists."

"I told you, Garry!" burst out Red, flourishing his long arms in his anger. "Blaise and I warned you! The little, doublecrossing—"

"Wait till you hear the story, Red. It's a queer one!"

As they paddled back to camp, Finlay told the story in detail.

"Well, what do you think, Constable Malone?"

"It looks like wolf eat wolf, now, Sergeant Finlay. If we don't get this Tete-Blanche, he's bound to get us! After today it'll be no quarter."

"Well, what's your idea, Blaise?" asked Finlay.

"We get dat white-head, quick, or we navage leave de lake. Dey goin' to hunt us like starve wolf. Some night we go straight to Isadore's place, I put a knife into Tete-Blanche in hees bed and we take Isadore to de railroad."

"Steady! Not so bloodthirsty!" objected Finlay, splashing water on his tortured face and chest.

"We happen to be police, you know. My orders are to investigate the disappearance of six men."

"Until we can show that Isadore has a vital reason for keeping white men out of this country we've got no motive for his having them shot."

"I thought, of course, it was placer gold, somewhere on the river, Isadore was coveting," said Red, "but Wabastan's never seen them working the bars."

"That's just it. We can't show a plausible motive for murdering these men. Until we find one we're licked. We haven't scratched the surface of this case yet, Red."

"You're right, chief. And if he succeeds in turning the Montagnais against us, we'll never get out of this country."

"They'll swarm on us. If we have to disclose the fact that we're police, Isadore will blame the Indians, stand pat and we're licked."

"Exactly, and he'll bring charges against me for firing on his men without cause."

Red snorted in disgust. "Why, you had to fight 'em, Garry! You knew they'd wipe you out if they took you and there'd be no proof of what happened. Of course, it's regulations but, after what we know and what they tried to do to you, what are you going to call it when Blaise and I meet up with this Tete-Blanche?"

"Self-defense, Red!" Garry chuckled.

"Thanks, Sergeant Finlay! Do you know this is the toughest assignment you and I ever had? You asked for it and got it because you were a trained surveyor before you joined the force."

CHAPTER XI

The returning Peterboro was met at the camp by Wabastan and his two sons. Beneath his thatch of grizzled hair and seamed forehead the old man's eyes were beady with excitement. "Ver' bad time at head of lake!" he announced. "Kinebik geeve de Montagnais whiskey an' tell dem white man make de ch'il' sick, an' more will die if de 'Evil Eye on Three Leg' stay on Waswanipi." The startled Indian peered into Garry's caricature of a face as he took his hand. "How you come dis way?" he demanded.

Finlay attempted a twisted smile. "Your friend, Tete-Blanche, tied me up and left me to the bugs."

The muscles in Blaise Brassard's jaw bulged. "When we leave Waswanipi," he rasped in Cree, "we leave Tete-Blanche in the ground and take Isadore with us! He has broken the law and given the Montagnais whiskey!"

"Take Isadore with you? Are you police sent by the Fathers at Ottawa?" excitedly demanded the old man.

Blaise shook his head. "No, but we are sent by the Fathers to make a picture of the lakes." He repeated his talk with Wabastan to his friends.

"He's right, Blaise," said Garry. "They've shown their hand. After today they've got to get rid of us to save their skins. And they'll use Kinebik and this evil eye numbo-jumbo to do it."

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three

"Well, what's our next move, chief?" demanded Red, fidgeting like a bear on a chain. "After what they tried today I'm not sleeping sound until I get my hooks on this white head."

"Don't underestimate that bird, Red," warned Garry as he sat stripped to the waist by the fire, rubbing his tormented body with the soda solution. "He's quick as an otter. I was sure I had him today. He wasn't ten yards away and coming in, head on, when I threw the gun on him! I never made a worse miss."

"You don't make many, Garry. Now what are the orders?"

"I'm going to Matagami to have a report for headquarters relayed by canoe to the railroad. It's my alibi and last will and testament," said the blinded man, nursing his puffed face. "With these wild Montagnais crazy with Isadore's whiskey and fed up with the idea that we've sickened their children, we've got the chance a rabbit has with a snowy owl."

Malone stopped his pacing, bent and peered anxiously into the fire-lit face of his friend. Then he faltered: "You're—you're not sending—for help?"

An effigy of a smile touched Finlay's distorted features.

"Do you think I am, Red?"

"Not the Sergeant Garrett Finlay I wintered on the Liard River with—not the man I saw bluff those miners at Fort McLeod!"

"No, we'll play this through, the four of us, as we started," said Finlay.

"That night Labelle rushed in and called Jules from the table. When he returned, I knew by his face something awful had happened. 'You met Finlay this afternoon, damn you!' he roared. 'Now three men are dead and another hurt! But this fake surveyor paid for it tonight! Then he struck me in the face!'"

"It was all so sudden—so ghastly. He wouldn't tell us what had happened. I didn't know whether you were alive or dead. He accused me of trying to betray him. When I asked him what there was to betray he started towards me and I ran to my room to get my pistol. He'll never strike me again—never!"

"Oh, I beg you to believe me! I knew nothing—nothing about those men! They saw my canoe leave for the swimming beach and followed. They never had done it before. I was sick not knowing what I had done to you. And I was so terribly alone—so helpless! I didn't dare trust Corinne. She talks too much. Finally I found Louis Miklis, my messenger, and he listened outside Tete-Blanche's cabin and learned that you had been left to die in a swamp. If I had known where you were, Garry Finlay, I would have found you, that night. But I could only suffer and pray."

"In the morning I saw Tete-Blanche and Tetu returning in a canoe to the post. Jules met them on the shore and acted like a wild man. Later Louis told me that you had escaped. I went to my room and cried. You were alive—alive and freed!"

"Last night Jules was in the trade-room with Tete-Blanche, Tetu and Labelle. I listened at the open window. They are going to set a guard at the outlet of the lake, the Quiet Water. They'll try to ambush you."

"Your lives depend on your leaving at once!"

"I implore you, Garry Finlay, trust me and send an answer by Louis. If you wish to reach me, later, leave a note under the big rock on the bathing beach. Louis will get it. Please, oh, please believe that I was honest that day, that I—that you're my only hope."

"Lise..."

Finlay's brown hands were unsteady as he finished the letter. As wind driven surf pounds a beach, wave on wave of emotion had beaten through him as he read. He read the letter again while the waiting Malone and Blaise scowled.

Finlay handed the letter to the disturbed Malone. "We were wrong, Red. This letter is honest and explains the whole thing. It couldn't have been faked and, besides, they know it wouldn't work the second time. There's news here that'll interest you. When you read it, you'll agree that Isadore couldn't have had a hand in this. It's too damned straight!"

Malone slowly wagged his head as he took the letter. "What the women will do to a good man!" he sighed. But, gradually, as he read, the sneer on his incredulous face smoothed out.

"Well, I'll be shot at sunrise if I don't think the kid is on the level!" exploded Malone, returning the letter to Garry. "I've handed her some pretty raw compliments, Garry, but I'm goin' to take them all back right here and now. Isadore'd never play it this way if he was behind this. That girl can sure write a letter, and boy! Is she weak on Sergeant Garrett Finlay? Some medicine man, chief!"

The blood drifted up over Finlay's brown neck and cheeks as he met Malone's grin. "Red, we're going to take care of her!" he said quietly.

Malone thrust out a big-wristed hand and gripped Garry's. "We are, chief, and so is Blaise! Aren't you, Blaise, you old sour face?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Don't underestimate that bird, Red."



It's Up to You Whether Your Cape Will Be Long or Short

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



EVENING wraps are so refreshingly "different" looking this season they thrill one with their newness of theme and technique. The fact that many of the smartest evening wraps are now made of handsome wool weaves is a departure from the beaten path that is attended with excitingly new fashion interest.

Add to these richly colorful wools a sumptuous embellishment of glittering embroidery or applique, as designers delight in doing this winter, and the after-five fashion parade becomes a pageantry of resplendent beauty.

In this new movement of embroidered evening wraps, capes either long or short are the big sensation. Made of bright wool or of velvet they are given an air of newness with richly embroidered yokes that extend down over the shoulders and sometimes down each side of the front closing.

Regal looking, indeed, are the full length velvet capes that fashionable women are wearing this season. A striking version of this type is shown to the right in the illustration. This model holds a particular note of interest in that it was displayed at a fashion show staged at Copacabana Palace, Rio Janeiro, recently under the auspices of the British Fashion Tour. Over a hundred beautiful costumes, designed by couturiers who fled from Paris to London, were shown.

For this striking evening ensemble Norman Hartnell, the designer, uses rose-colored moire for the lovely gown, with black velvet for the stunning floor-length cape. Rich

colored jewels embroider the cape and the low décolletage. A draped velvet bow-touque and long black gloves make it correct for all formal wear. Capes of this type are to be seen in increasing numbers as the midwinter season advances.

It is well worth keeping in touch with this new cape movement for it is rapidly developing into a widespread vogue. In the young set as well as among the more mature, capes made of bright wool mark "last word" chic with utmost emphasis. Hip-length capes are as fashionable as the full-length types. The colors of the wools that make them are gorgeous and daring, such as, for instance, the new and lovely cerise, the deep plum tones, the fire reds and the Kelly greens. Black with gold is also a favorite and the younger generation is reveling in white wool capes that are gaily embroidered in peasant colored yarns.

Typical of the long wool evening coats worn this season is the dramatic full-length black wool coat pictured to the left in the group. On the yoke and all the way down the front opening there is an applique of gold cloth encrusted with jewels.

Centered in the picture is a coat that is marvelous for holiday parties. Persian influence is reflected throughout the styling of this coat, which is of rich black wool, the zipper closing assuring a smooth unbroken line and extra warmth. An extravagant gold bouillon and bright bead embroidery stresses Persian color and technique.

So outstanding is embroidery in the scheme of things this season that even fur capes are showing embroidery done in yoke fashion. Mink with sparkling brown sequins is very effective, while jet on black broadtail or Persian lamb is in perfect tune with the new mode which calls for black on black.

Slender Princess Coat Has Capelet and Bows

An interesting new coat silhouette looms on the current style horizon. It is a slenderizing cloth coat cut along princess lines, and it has a pert little capelet to give it youth. The capelet itself makes big fashion news, but it adds to its newness by taking on novel trimming such as hand-tied yarn fringe to finish it off, or a pleating of velvet ribbon, or maybe a flat velvet bordering. As to fur edgings and bandings, these jaunty little capes revel in them. An interesting future is in promise for the cape-coat.

New Lingerie Neckwear For Plain Black Dress

The lingerie neckwear vogue is taking a new lease on life. Very attractive are the simple black frocks with which are worn exquisite large pleated sheer white or lace-trimmed collars. It adds allure to black-and-white to fasten the dress with sparkling rhinestone buttons.

Fleece Coats

Fleece is not only a major factor in medium price sports coats, but there is a definite trend toward luxury fleece coats with fur collars. Dyed in high, vivid shades of gold, green or fuchsia, the new fleeces are ideal to wear with gay print frocks at winter resorts. There will also be a great deal of white fleece seen, along with those tinted in off-white shades.

Twinkle Toes

Your evening slippers must glitter with rhinestone embroidery or with sparkling beadwork. Bows on your evening pumps are set with rhinestones or scintillating jet beads. Newest of all are the nail-head-studded shoes that are worn for less formal occasions.

A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY

By Elizabeth Alden
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

DAVIE stood at the camp window and looked out over the great frozen lake. "Do you think he'll come right across the ice?"

"He?" Mother answered from the kitchen. "Oh, Santa Claus? Why, perhaps, darling. But not this morning, funny boy; not before evening."

Such unquestioning five-year-old faith, and she must watch its betrayal. Because there weren't going to be any presents. There wasn't any money.

Suddenly Davie screamed with excitement and his mother went running to look out too.

"Why, it's a deer, Davie."

"Reindeer," said Davie, without any question at all.

"One of Santa's, you think? Maybe the sleigh tipped over and all the presents spilled! Isn't that too bad?"

They watched the graceful creature until it disappeared into the woods on the other side. Then mother returned to her baking and Davie followed.

"It's a shame for it to happen just the day before Christmas when there won't be time to make any more. How disappointed all the children in the world will be! But you



Two small blobs appeared far out against the snow.

won't mind so much, will you, Davie darling, because you'll know what happened. Just think, you saw the deer! And wasn't he beautiful?"

"Yes," Davie drew a long sigh of rapturous memory. He fell silent, then: "May I go out and play?"

The eleven o'clock sun was warm and she bundled him out.

Suddenly it was one o'clock and time for lunch. And she had heard no sound from Davie for an hour!

No answer when she called from the door. Davie wasn't in the yard. Of course he had gone to find the sleigh, the tipped-over sleigh and the presents. How could she have failed to consider the way a child's mind would work?

She dared not leave the baby, who had a slight cold, nor start out with her on a search which might last for hours. Nothing to do, then, but wait for Jock to come in midafternoon.

It was three o'clock before a small blob appeared far out against the snow. Two small blobs, in fact. She waited, sobbing with relief.

"I didn't find Santa Claus' sleigh, Mama," he explained as soon as he could speak for her kisses, "but I found his house. She lives there—and that was one of his reindeer. The tracks went right into the yard. Santa Claus was gone. There was just a man asleep in the kitchen. I think he's one of the toy-makers."

"No, that was Ned," said Goldilocks.

"What's your name, dear?"

"Phyllis."

As the afternoon wore on something familiar about the contour of the little face kept tickling her memory until realization struck.

Golden curls and a blue zipper suit! Phyllis! Ned—Ned Cozzetti? Of course. This was the Bentley child. Phyllis Bentley, kidnapped Thanksgiving day and given up for dead!

Jock, bending to unlace his snowshoes, was met by a whirlwind bundled to its ears in shawls and surrounded by three miniature whirlwinds similarly wrapped.

"Crank up the car right away. We've got to get into town before the telegraph office closes. Do you know who this child is?" The whirlwind gave a bounce and grasped his arm. "Phyllis Bentley, that's all. And her mother thinks she's dead and this is Christmas eve. Oh, hurry! Davie was gone three hours today and I know just how she must feel. And if we get hauled up for driving without a license, there'll be ten thousand dollars to pay the fine!"

Toys for Little Tots Can Be 'Noise-Makers'

Children from one to four years of age like noise-makers. For them we might suggest a set of half a dozen baking powder tins, each with something in it to make a noise, as buttons, nails, paper clips, pebbles or screws. Since some of the contents might be easily swallowed, the tops should be firmly cemented on before the tins are given two or three coats of enamel paint, each can a different bright color.

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Household Hints

Remove the little black line in shrimps before using them. The line is the intestinal tract.

To toast nuts, sprinkle them in thin layer in shallow pan. Heat slowly and cook until nuts are light brown in color, stir frequently with fork.

Avoid over-cooking vegetables. The one great fault in cooking them is over-cooking.

A drop of perfume on an electric light bulb will scent the whole room.

Toasted nuts are very good served on ice-cream sundaes, puddings or frozen desserts. Try toasted almonds or cashews with chocolate mint sauce on vanilla ice cream.

Potatoes bake more quickly if placed on the broiler instead of the floor of the gas oven, and the flavor will be much improved by quick baking.

Dry atmosphere and high temperature are the two biggest difficulties in growing house plants. Unless you have a good heating system, which gives you air-conditioning, it's necessary to put evaporating pans on the radiators to increase the humidity in the house, so that plants will do their best.

Two small blobs appeared far out against the snow.

WON'T MIND SO MUCH, WILL YOU, DAVIE DARLING, BECAUSE YOU'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. JUST THINK, YOU SAW THE DEER! AND WASN'T HE BEAUTIFUL?"

"YES," DAVIE DREW A LONG SIGH OF RAPTURED MEMORY. HE FELL SILENT, THEN: "MAY I GO OUT AND PLAY?"

THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK SUN WAS WARM AND SHE BUNDLED HIM OUT.

SUDDENLY IT WAS ONE O'CLOCK AND TIME FOR LUNCH. AND SHE HAD HEARD NO SOUND FROM DAVIE FOR AN HOUR!

NO ANSWER WHEN SHE CALLED FROM THE DOOR. DAVIE WASN'T IN THE YARD. OF COURSE HE HAD GONE TO FIND THE SLEIGH, THE TIPPED-OVER SLEIGH AND THE PRESENTS. HOW COULD SHE HAVE FAILED TO CONSIDER THE WAY A CHILD'S MIND WOULD WORK?

SHE DARED NOT LEAVE THE BABY, WHO HAD A SLIGHT COLD, NOR START OUT WITH HER ON A SEARCH WHICH MIGHT LAST FOR HOURS. NOTHING TO DO, THEN, BUT WAIT FOR JOCK TO COME IN MIDAFTERNOON.

IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK BEFORE A SMALL BLOB APPEARED FAR OUT AGAINST THE SNOW. TWO SMALL BLOBS, IN FACT. SHE WAITED, SOBBING WITH RELIEF.

"I DIDN'T FIND SANTA CLAUS' SLEIGH, MAMA," HE EXPLAINED AS SOON AS HE COULD SPEAK FOR HER KISSES, "BUT I FOUND HIS HOUSE. SHE LIVES THERE—AND THAT WAS ONE OF HIS REINDEER. THE TRACKS WENT RIGHT INTO THE YARD. SANTA CLAUS WAS GONE. THERE WAS JUST A MAN ASLEEP IN THE KITCHEN. I THINK HE'S ONE OF THE TOY-MAKERS."

"NO, THAT WAS NED," SAID GOLDILOCKS.

"WHAT'S YOUR NAME, DEAR?"

"PHYLIS."

AS THE AFTERNOON WORE ON SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THE CONTOUR OF THE LITTLE FACE KEPT TICKLING HER MEMORY UNTIL REALIZATION STRUCK.

GOLDEN CURLS AND A BLUE ZIPPER SUIT! PHYLIS! NED—NED COZZETTI? OF COURSE. THIS WAS THE BENTLEY CHILD. PHYLIS BENTLEY, KIDNAPED THANKSGIVING DAY AND GIVEN UP FOR DEAD!

JOCK, BENDING TO UNLACE HIS SNOWSHOES, WAS MET BY A WHIRLWIND BUNDLED TO ITS EARS IN SHAWLS AND SURROUNDED BY THREE MINIATURE WHIRLWINDS SIMILARLY WRAPPED.

"CRANK UP THE CAR RIGHT AWAY. WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO TOWN BEFORE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE CLOSES. DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS CHILD IS?"

THE WHIRLWIND GAVE A BOUNCE AND GRASPED HIS ARM. "PHYLIS BENTLEY, THAT'S ALL. AND HER MOTHER THINKS SHE'S DEAD AND THIS IS CHRISTMAS EVE. OH, HURRY! DAVIE WAS GONE THREE HOURS TODAY AND I KNOW JUST HOW SHE MUST FEEL. AND IF WE GET HAUL UP FOR DRIVING WITHOUT A LICENSE, THERE'LL BE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PAY THE FINE!"

CHILDREN FROM ONE TO FOUR YEARS OF AGE LIKE NOISE-MAKERS. FOR THEM WE MIGHT SUGGEST A SET OF HALF A DOZEN BAKING POWDER TINS, EACH WITH SOMETHING IN IT TO MAKE A NOISE, AS BUTTONS, NAILS, PAPER CLIPS, PEBBLES OR SCREWS. SINCE SOME OF THE CONTENTS MIGHT BE EASILY SWALLOWED, THE TAPS SHOULD BE FIRMLY CEMENTED ON BEFORE THE TINS ARE GIVEN TWO OR THREE COATS OF ENAMEL PAINT, EACH CAN A DIFFERENT BRIGHT COLOR.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52 yrs. old) NEED THIS ADVICE!!

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