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Vanished Men By GEORGE MARSH

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau 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

When Blaise had given the Indians the details of the trip to Matagami, Wabistan said in Montagnais: "You are brave men but foolish to come back. Some night they will find you and you will die in your sleep. What can three do against so many?"

"Never in the Moon when the Birds fly after the Moutl" will Isadore have Montagnais at the post. It is a great secret, the coming of this canoe of the skies." "What do you think it brings?" demanded Finlay. "How can I tell? When it comes only Isadore and Tete-Blanche go to it in a canoe." "How many men come in this plane?" "Once we hid on the island and watched. One man comes and, in three sleeps, one man goes away south." Red's puzzled eyes met Finlay's. "Well, the only way we'll solve this mystery will be to board her when she shows up," said Garry.

CHAPTER XV

It was soon evident that the big lake, more than sixty miles in length, with its deep bays and countless islands, was being searched from the mouth of the Waswanipi River to the Quiet Water for the men who menaced Isadore's future.

Almost daily as they lay hidden in the willows and alders of some island or point of shore the man on guard sweeping the lake with his binoculars would pick up a canoe hunting for signs of the camp of the men Isadore and Tete-Blanche had sworn should never see August. Daring no longer to remain within reach of the post, with the chance of hearing from Lise, Finlay had left a letter under the quartz rock on the beach and moved up the lake.

By the time they returned from the medicine making, if they did return, Blondell would be at Isadore's. Brooding over the situation of the desperate girl Finlay drove his nails deep into his calloused hands. But he was helpless. One day in early August they were camped in a maze of islands at the mouth of a deep bay. Garry and Red were asleep in a stand of young spruce with Flame beside them while Blaise kept watch on the shore.

By day they always slept, for they knew if their camp was located any attack would come on a black night when it would be easy to approach by water. For hours through the long afternoon Blaise's binoculars had covered the lake beyond the islands but had picked up no tell-tale flash of a dripping paddle. At last he muttered, "I go back and see w'at dat lazy Red doin'." He got too much sleep, already.

Crawling back from the thick shore scrub Blaise found his friends snoring peacefully under their cheescloth canopy. But the dog was missing.

"By gar, dat dog chew dat leash and go somewhere and navare make a sound. Now why he do dat? He is smart chien, dat Flame. He smell or hear somet'ing for sure."

Blaise reached for his Lee-Enfield which stood against a tree, glanced at the .45 he carried in a belt holster and left his two sleeping friends. Circling the camp he managed to pick up the dog's trail, lose it, and find it again. At last he came out on a mud beach. Over it the unmistakable tracks of Flame led straight to the water. Two hundred yards away lay another island heavily timbered with scrub spruce, birch and poplar.

Concealed inside the shore brush Blaise stopped to consider the situation. "Dat dog swim straight to dat island," he ruminated. "De air it move from dere to here and he smell somet'ing, for sure."

The airdale had followed no game into the water for the beach was unmarked except by Flame's feet. Something had led him to chew the raw-hide thong and investigate, without warning the sleeping men. Therefore, reasoned Blaise, the dog could not have been excited or thought them in danger. If he had caught the wind of Montagnais on the other island he would have waked the sleeping men at once, for the airdale could wind an Indian at a half mile.

Now what was the dog doing over there all this time to keep so quiet? The problem was too deep for Blaise to solve offhand. And he was worried. Something strange had happened.

INSTALLMENT FIFTEEN

to investigate. Murder is suspected. It is thought that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out. On the way to the Hudson's Bay post they visit Isadore in his palatial home, meet his wife and

Something so unusual that it called for action. It might involve their lives.

Blaise Brassard determined to investigate. Retracing his steps he shouldered the Peterboro hidden near the camp and made his way through the scrub to the mud beach. Then with his rifle across a knee he paddled to the island and found the tracks of the airdale on a narrow beach. Caching the canoe in the brush Blaise started to follow the dog's trail into the heart of the timber.

He had traveled less than a hundred yards from the shore when he suddenly squatted while his narrowed eyes raved the thick forest growth about him. Lifting his head his nostrils caught a pungent odor in the air. Then his gaze fell to the birch shoots in front of him. Reaching, Blaise drew the shoots toward him and sniffed at the green, scalloped edged leaves which glistened as if smeared with oil.

"Beaver castor!" he muttered. "I bin smellin' dis all de way from de shore. Dat w'at make Flame swim to dis islan'—beaver castor." "Beaver castor!" he repeated, rubbing his square chin, his swart face wrinkled in thought. "No beaver on dis islan'!" Slowly the slits of eyes widened as a solution of the mystery began to crystallize in Blaise's active brain. He moved on through the undergrowth and, shortly, found more birch shoots with leaves smeared with the pungent



Blaise Brassard determined to investigate.

oil, from the glands of the beaver, widely used by Indians as a game lure at trap-sets and carrying an irresistible appeal to the furred and shaggy owners of fang and claw.

"De are here, on dis islan'!" he murmured. "De use dis castor to draw de dog ovaire here and kill him. Den dey come tonight. He navare get dere wind, w'en he come, becauz dey smear de beaver castor on demself. All poor Flame smell is de beaver."

Blaise Brassard was doing some hard thinking. Lured by the scent scattered over the low sprouts Flame was already somewhere in the center of the island and probably dead. He would not give him up until he went in there and had a look.

Silently following the trail of beaver castor smeared at intervals on low bush, like a fox stalking wood mice, Blaise worked through the timber into the heart of the island.

At length the timber began to thin out and Blaise reached the edge of a natural clearing. What had become of the dog? Hidden in a clump of seedling spruce which commanded a view of the opening Blaise waited. Where were the Montagnais who had enticed the dog to his doom?

Blaise had waited for some minutes in his "hide" when he chanced to glance at the sky and notice an eagle circling high above the break in the timber.

"W'at dat fallar see, down here?" Blaise muttered. "He got his eye on somet'ing. Is it de dog?"

Wings spread, the eagle drifted down in wide spirals while the man in the spruce watched, his heart sore with knowledge of what the bird's movements meant. So it was "a'voir" to poor Flame! The eagle was making his last circle preparatory to landing in the spagnum, when, with a thin whistle of fear, he wheeled in the air and flapped away over the spruce tops.

"Ah-hah!" The cocked Lee-Enfield covered the center of the clearing. "Somet'ing scare dat eagle from landin' out dere! W'at was it?"

Convinced that Flame lay stiff in death out there in that spagnum moss, crushed in a trap or dead-fall, Blaise started to circle the clearing. Shortly, as he crawled, he came upon the unmistakable trail of the dog leading into the moss, and moccasin tracks in soft soil leading away from it.

Lise, Isadore's stepdaughter. Answering an appeal from Lise, Finlay is ambushed. It develops that they are Mounted Police officers. When chief Wabistan tries to help the disguised Mounties, he is deserted by his tribe.

Reckless with wrath and grief for his friend Brassard rose and walked boldly from cover into the patches of moss and Labrador tea. Halfway across the open space he found what he had dreaded. Under the heavy drop-log of a dead-fall lay Flame's limp body.

Lured by the irresistible scent of the beaver castor the gallant airdale had followed its trail directly to the dead-fall. With a groan Blaise dropped to his knees beside the dog he had loved from puppyhood. "Flame!" he muttered "W'y you do dis, Flame? You poor chien! Blaise, he navare forget you. He navare—"

Brassard was lifting the drop-log of the dead-fall, easing the dog's body, when he suddenly caught his breath. "By gar! Dat dog is warm, yet!" His swiftly groping fingers sought the dog's breast ribs and explored his neck and spine. "Dat log not break his neck or back!" he gasped in his joy. "And his heart— it beat! He still live! De drop-log crack him on de head, by gar, and knock him out!" Blaise's ear pressed against the shaggy ribs. "For sure! For sure, Flame! Dat old heart, she go good!" Brassard's fingers touched the dog's skull. "Dere it is! Right on de head! Big lump dere! It hit you on head, not de back or neck, and de tick moss save you, by gar!"

Because the builders of the trap of logs had been careless in removing the thick carpet of moss on which it stood, the dog's neck and back had not been crushed by the release of the drop-log when he reached the bait of moose meat smeared with beaver castor. Instead he had taken a glancing blow on the skull which had knocked him out.

Reaching, Blaise took the inert body of his friend into his arms and laid it on a soft bed of moss. Then the overjoyed man rubbed and kneaded the circulation back into the iron frame. At length the dog's legs twitched and his blood-shot eyes met those of the man for an instant of recognition. The stub of a tail lifted and fell. Shortly the airdale struggled to get to his feet, but sank back on the moss where Blaise's hand restrained him.

"Quiet, now! Take your time, boy! By gar, it is good to see you alive! Bad crack you take on de head. Blaise stay wid you right here until you not so dizzy, eh?"

After a space Flame again insisted on getting to his feet. Blaise watched the dog slowly regain his equilibrium, shaking his head in an attempt to clear the mists from his brain. At last Flame's strength began to return, for he no longer reeled as he walked about Brassard whose roving eyes covered the edges of the clearing. When Flame began to show interest in the smeared bait of the trap and his nostrils quivered as they caught the seductive aroma Blaise felt that the dog could make the trip back to the canoe. He picked up his rifle and, followed by Flame, left the clearing.

As they entered the thick timber there was a warning rumble from Flame. He leaped past the surprised Brassard, fell, recovered and roared his airdale challenge as two bodies catapulted into Blaise's back hurling him headlong to the ground. As he fell and instinctively rolled from the weight of the men on his back the halfbreed tore the .45 from its holster. A hand gripping a knife drove past his neck and buried its blade in the leaves. Blaise caught the Indian's wrist and with a wrench had the writhing body beneath him. Clubbing the .45 he bludgeoned the Montagnais into unconsciousness. Leaping to his feet he saw the injured airdale drive at the second Indian's legs, dodge a knife thrust as the Indian backed away, then leap again as the Montagnais reached for the rifle which had slipped from Brassard's hands when he was struck from the rear.

Indian and airdale rolled over and over in the brush, the dog slashing with his long fangs as the other tried to use his knife. With a leap Blaise reached them and the clubbed .45 struck again. Holding the maddened dog off the stunned Indian Blaise swiftly bound his hands and feet with strips of his shirt, and repeated the operation on his companion lying unconscious a few yards away. A quick examination proved that the raging Flame had escaped with a surface cut. Picking up his rifle Blaise and the dog started for the canoe.

"You t'ink I am crazee not to shoot dose fallar, Flame?" the man said to the dog at his side. "If I shoot dat old .45 we have t'ree-four, mebbe ten-twenty on our heel before we reach de cano'. Dere are plenty Montagnais across de islan' waitin' for night. You and Blaise now go wake up Red and Garry and start up de lake, tout suite, w'en dark comes."

Crossing the strait with the dog Blaise carried the canoe to the camp and waked his sleeping friends. "Wal, you fallar sleep pretty hard w'ile Flame and me make a little trouble' for ourself." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Fashion Revives Long Pearl Necklaces and Gleaming Jet

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT MIGHT be aptly said that a woman is known by the jewelry she wears. Certain it is that jewelry accents have a way of showing either refinement of taste, or a love of display. It all depends on whether you belong to the spectacular costume-jewelry group or to the conservative one that holds on to the tradition of quiet elegance.

To women who have an inherited intuitive sense of dignified glamour pearls are ever the answer to their jewelry preferences. This season the style prestige of pearls has ascended to a new high.

The big news that is adding to the lure of pearls is the return to favor of long ropes of pearls with matching bracelets and earrings in the manner of the ensemble shown above to the left in the illustration. The fact that in this instance pearls are worn with a black wool knit evening sweater is also important news. Time was when jewelry worn with things knitted was taboo. Now it's the smart thing to do.

Speaking of the new ropes of pearls, some are unbelievably long and worn in tiers reaching below the waistline. With a siren-slim black satin formal they are the "last word" in smart jewelry. Grandmother's pearl choker is also worn by her smart and style-conscious granddaughter. Centered in the group illustrated above you see a modern girl wearing a three-strand matching bracelet and pearl earells. The ring is a little gold bow with a diamond knot.

What has been said of pearls may be said of jet. The revival of jet jewelry goes on record as a gesture of utmost style significance. Jet bead ensembles worn with winter

white evening sweaters, as pictured above to the right in the illustration, have proved especially popular with college girls.

Groups of clips (called "scatter clips") are being featured this season as an alternate with the single lapel piece. The idea is spreading like wildfire among those who like the new and the venturesome. Centered at the top in the group pictured above is a style-alert "modern" wearing adorable little bows of three different sizes, with bow earrings to match. They are usable also as companion clips for square or "sweet-heart" necklines.

Flattering and highly decorative for a plain dark dress are groups of small clips like those worn by the young woman posing below to the left in the picture. These rhinestone birds may also be fastened together in pairs to make a handsome brooch and there is all-purpose jewelry that can be taken apart to form different pins, clips and various other items. The earrings belonging to this ensemble are also of bird designs. Bird, bow and butterfly motifs are very much in the jewelry picture this year.

Amusing themes are worked into jewelry that "makes conversation" because of its novelty—for instance, the lapel pin worn by the young girl pictured below to the right. On her handknit tailored jacket, done in new stitch, she is wearing a lucite fish with fins of gold plate and rhinestones. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Winter-White



The sensation of the present season—winter-white wool! Wear it for informal dinners and cocktail parties with fine costume jewelry of rhinestone. A beautifully designed flower pin and a wide, important bracelet adds glamour to the picture. The movement to wear winter-white dresses under winter furs is gaining momentum right along. Tiny white hats are chic, also, for immediate wear, especially the new diminutive sailor types with their wing trimming and a whimsical veil.

Guest Scuffs

Take your boudoir slippers along if you want to when you go away to spend the week-end. But you probably don't need to. Your hostess may have learned the modern trick of making "guest scuffs" as they are called. These are part of the equipment of the guest room in many homes.

These Buttons Snap On And Are Simple to Use

It is most assuredly a button season. The newest use of large pretentious buttons is to ornament as well as provide fastenings for the dainty pastel wool jacket suits so popular for immediate wear under fur coats and later to wear without a wrap on a balmy spring day. You can get all sorts of buttons. The newest among them is the button with a snap-on base. You draw this portion up through the buttonhole and then clip to it a handsome over button that looks more like jewelry than a mere utilitarian fastening.

Wrap Around

Some new coats have sleeves cut all in one with the yoke or body of the garment. And they are so fashioned as to wrap around to one side. They concentrate on quality fabric, and when unfurred, as most of them are, they call for a stunning fur muff matched with a flattering fur hat.

Evening Capes

Capes that have a new look because of the embroidery lavished on them in the way of yokes or tuxedo panels down the front are the "last word" in evening wraps. They are, for the most part, made of velvet or fine cloth, and they may be either floor length or hip length.

Frothy White

Again we have with us, with more to follow as spring gets well under way, the little dark-toned or black dress that is enlivened with "oodles" of frothy white at the neckline and wrists. The new white neckwear is entrancing. Also pastel accessory items are coming out in new lingerie versions.

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SQUARED off with rows of ric rac which run down from each shoulder and outline the pockets, this coat style house dress presents such a bright, interesting front that you are going to love wearing it. The open collar has lapels to frame your neckline and side sashes achieve the neat trim fit at the waist which is as flattering as it is comfortable. The diagram shows you how easy it is to make this dress from our simplified pattern.

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