



# THE RIVER of SKULLS

—by George Marsh—

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WNU SERVICE

**SYNOPSIS**

Alan Cameron, young trapper, Noel, his Indian partner, and Rough, husky Ungava sled dog, look in vain for the Montagnais trappers' camp in the desolate Big River country of Northern Canada. Their supplies destroyed by Wolverines, they are forced to subsist on wolf meat until they come, amazed, to a substantial log house in the wilderness of Talking River, where they are greeted by a big blond man with a gun. Introducing himself as John McCord, hunter, the big man asks Alan if he dares go with him next year to the River of Skulls beyond the Sinking Lakes, where no man is said to have been before. Heather McCord, the daughter, who had come with him to the wilderness, wins the immediate devotion of Rough. On the eve of Alan's departure for Fort George, McCord suddenly tells him to bring him back some dogs, and to keep his mouth shut to a question. He gives the boy money, warning him not to show it at Fort George, and promises to explain all later. Returned to Fort George, Alan meets McQueen and Slade, Provincial police, with Arsene Rivard, clerk, and Alan's rival for Berthe Dessane, with whom he is in love. The two police are looking for a guide to the River of Skulls. Accidentally Alan drops one of McCord's bills and when questioned, insists he had got it from Neil Campbell, whose life he had saved at Whale River two years before. He realizes he must make good his lie by going north and seeing Campbell before anyone else has had a chance to talk to him. Berthe's father tells Alan the police are after a man wanted for murder, and have hired a boat to check Alan's story at Whale River.

**CHAPTER IV—Continued**

"Sneak away?" asked Berthe. "Why you will have plenty of chances to say good-by before you go north."

"I'm going tonight," Alan said, "when the moon is up. I've got to. I can't wait for the ice. You won't tell anyone?"

Her black brows met in a puzzled frown as she faced him. "Tell? Of course not, but I don't understand why you take such risks, Alan, and why you wish to hide your going."

He smiled down at her as her doubtful eyes searched his face.

"I'm afraid that the police will hold me up—order me to wait and go with them to Whale River." Then a wave of emotion drove him on as he bent over her dark face, at times half-masked by the wind-whipped strands of her unruly hair. "I can't wait—I've got to have a dog team, Berthe! I'm saving, trying to get ahead. Don't let your mother and Rivard turn you against me, Berthe!" he cried, and was away before the startled girl could voice her protest.

Deep in the night a 19-foot Peterboro canoe slipped from the shadow-packed shore below the darkened buildings of the Hudson's Bay post, rode the ebb tide down to the river mouth, and turned north up the coast.

As the northwest wind drove the ice-pack toward the bald buttresses of the Cape of the Four Winds and the canoe raced the broken floe-ice past its granite feet, the pursuing York boat appeared in the distance.

It was a three days' race. But the frail canoe, driven by its desperate crew, reached Whale River, while, high and dry, on a mud flat the York boat waited for the next tide to float it free.

Neil Campbell, the trader, was puzzled and worried by Alan's strange request which, Alan assured him could not be explained until later. Yet he staunchly agreed to corroborate Alan's story.

On up the coast, past the Little Whale and Richmond Gulf, went the canoe on its quest for dogs. At the Nastapokas, where the ice pack had brought in the walrus, seal and polar bear from the north, Alan met the first of the Kogaluk Eskimos. There he traded his canoe load of goods and groceries for three yearling Ungava puppies, bred from a pair of superb huskies which had crossed from Hope's Advance on Ungava Bay with their owners.

With his two slate-gray and white puppies, Powder and Shot, and their seal-brown and white brother, called Rogue, Alan started back down the treacherous coast for Fort George.

The spring trade was in full swing when the Peterboro turned into the river mouth at Fort George and rode the flood tide up to the Hudson's Bay settlement.

Soon Alan and Noel stood on the high shore, holding their nervous dogs by rawhide leashes to prevent a general fight with the post huskies. Noel suddenly pointed upstream to the settlement of the Northern Trading company, beyond the Revillon Freres, where a number of York boats and a small schooner lay at anchor far in the distance.

"Wat ees dat on de water, up dere? Dat's no boat," he said, his hand shading his squinting eyes. "You're right!" cried Alan. "That's a sea-plane—one of the Canadian Airways, I'll bet! The Northern Trading Company, you know, found a lot of iron and copper on the Nastapokas. Gabriel says what they're after is gold, though."

At the Hudson's Bay Company, when Alan had locked Rough and his priceless puppies in the small dog stockade behind his house, he was greeted by the sober faces of Duncan McNab and Andrew Christie, the factotum.

"Well, young man," snapped Christie, a look of disgust on his face, "you've made a fine mess of things! Your starting north the night after I told you the police had hired a York boat proves you wanted to see Neil before the police reached him."

Alan's face went stone hard. "Well, he told them where I got that money, didn't he?"

"Yes, but the police don't believe him!"

"Do you?" demanded Cameron, a glitter in his gray eyes. "I've got to believe Neil Campbell, I suppose, but he didn't help you at all with McQueen. The Sergeant's sure, now, you met this McCord and he's going back with you to the headwaters."

"You're a fool, Alan, to put yourself under suspicion of protecting a murderer!" added Duncan McNab. "The police can make it hot for you—take you down to the railroad and put you on trial."

Alan's good nature had returned. He smiled indulgently, displaying his strong white teeth. "It's 400 miles to the headwaters. Noel and I'll be glad to show the police the way, if that's all they want. Won't we, Noel? As for our meeting anybody up there last winter—that's nonsense!"

"Well, I wouldn't be in your shoes for a good deal!" snapped Christie.

"I may be. I never had much mind," he answered, drily. "You're playing a dangerous game," she became suddenly dramatic, "when you start to work against the Provincial Police."

He had once read of a woman detective in a book in the post library. Could this woman be a government detective?

"How have I worked against the police," he asked, disarmingly, "by telling the truth?"

She burst into a paroxysm of laughter that did not fail to display the whiteness and regularity of her teeth. Drying her eyes with a handkerchief that filled the air with a subtle perfume, she said, standing very close to the uncomfortable Alan: "Why, you poor boy, do you suppose they don't know you're lying?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Hanbury, I don't know who you are," he said, the blood darkening his bronzed face. "What right have you to ask me questions?"

She opened her large eyes with their long-lashed lids in amazement. "They didn't tell you—at the Hudson's Bay?"

"Not a word—except that you were here and wanted to see me."

"That's strange! I'm connected with the government, you know—special agent. I flew to Moose on another matter and wanted to have a look at the East Coast. Knowing

had aroused, Alan went over to the factor's house. Received coldly by Madame Dessane, he found Berthe waiting.

"You have found her very agreeable, to talk so long in the trade-room?" she asked, giving him a lifeless hand.

"Arsene told you that? So you think that woman—"

"I don't know what to think. Good-night, Alan!" And she left the room.

**CHAPTER V**

Sick at heart with Berthe's coldness, Alan sought his old friend Pierre to learn what had been the comment at the Revillon Freres on his sudden departure for the north coast.

"You mak' queek start, eh, dat night you leave for de nor?" laughed the big Frenchman when he and Julie had welcomed the wanderer. "Dose poleece, dey were ver' cross, w'en you beat dem to Whale Riviere."

"What did they say when they got back?"

"Wal, I hear dem talk wid de boss. Dey say you race dem to Whale so you can tell Neil Campbell about de monee."

"What did Gabriel say?"

"He say, no, you went for dog. Good old Gabriel, thought Alan, he's still my friend. Then he asked: "What has Rivard been saying? I know that he's done all he could to turn the Madame and Berthe against me. Berthe wouldn't talk to me tonight."

Pierre scowled and shook his head. "Ah, dat ees bad—ver' bad. Madame Dessane she lak' Arsene, yee, she lak' dat young feller. But Ma'm'selle Berthe she weel be all right. Eet ees dat woman, Hanbury, dat mak' all de troubl'. She turn Fort George on hees head, so w'en Arsene tell Berthe you talk to her tonight, poof! She get mad lak de odder woman."

"What do you make of Mrs. Hanbury?"

"I tink she ees huntin' lak' a fox, ver' hard for someting. Wat dat ees, I don' know, but she ees try hard to find eet all de tam."

"She stops with the Northern Trading people?"

"Ah-hahl And she make troubl' dere quick wid Madame Martin. De woman are all cross wid her. She weel not tell dem w'y she come to Fort George."

The moon was up when Alan took the river trail to the Hudson's Bay settlement. His thoughts brooded over the mood in which he had found Berthe. There remained but a short space, now, before he would have to start for the headwaters—probably with the police; only too brief an interval to win back Berthe. And then there would be months of absence, possibly a year or more in the interior with John McCord, while Rivard and Madame Dessane poisoned her mind. But McCord had promised him money and money he needed.

The following morning when Alan and Noel returned from their fish nets and were playing with the huge puppies inside the dog stockade, they had a caller.

"G'morning, Cameron!" Alan looked up to recognize the thick-set figure of Sergeant McQueen behind the slabs of the gate. "You got your dogs, I see. Beauties, too! Nothing like them at Whale River."

"I got the pups in the Nastapokas, from a Husky," he answered, as the slate-gray Powder, pursued by Shot and the brown-patched Rogue circled him in a mad race, while Rough lay near at hand, watching their childish antics through condescending, oblique eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I got the pups in the Nastapokas, from a Husky."

"By the by," he continued, after a period of silence, "a Canadian Airways plane came in a few days ago bringing the mail from Moose, and there's a passenger who is waiting to see you." He winked at Duncan McNab whose red face was widening in a grin.

"A passenger—to see me?" Alan stared at the speaker.

"Aye, and she's kicked up more rumpus in old Fort George than I've seen since the measles killed half our people."

"She?" what would a woman from the "outside" want with Alan Cameron? he wondered.

"Yes, a woman. She's thick as peas with the police."

On his way to Gabriel Dessane's house, Alan stopped to see his friend Pierre and learn if the Dessanes were still at supper. Opening the door of the trade-room, to his surprise he saw Arsene Rivard in close conversation with a woman whose Norfolk jacket, short skirt and high laced boots marked her as a stranger at Fort George. As he entered he caught her remark:

"He must have met—"

"Hello, Rivard!" said Alan, enjoying the embarrassment of the two. "Pierre's over at his house, I suppose?"

"Why, 'allo, Cameron!" The tone of the clerk was very cordial as he left the woman, who leaned gracefully against the trade-counter, calmly inspecting the handsome young voyageur, from his moccasins to the deep-set twinkling gray eyes.

"Mrs. Hanbury, I would make you acquainted with Alan Cameron," said the clerk turning to the woman.

So this is the woman who has upset Fort George, he thought. She seemed hardly more than thirty-five, with a tall, graceful figure set off by the whipcord suit. Her face, framed by wavy bronze hair, was the face of a girl, except for the hazel eyes, long lashed and large. The eyes were unmistakably those of a woman who had seen much.

"May I speak to Mr. Cameron alone?" she asked of Rivard.

"Certainly, Madame," replied the clerk with an insinuating smile as he left the trade-room.

Mrs. Hanbury lost no time in coming to the point.

"Mr. Cameron, are you out of your mind?" Alan laughed. Folding his muscular arms across his chest he calmly met the handsome eyes that searched his.

Sergeant McQueen and Corporal Slade, of course I was interested in their search for this McCord whom you met in the interior last winter."

"I did not meet McCord last winter!"

The cold glitter in the gray eyes had a decided effect on Mrs. Hanbury's manner. She suddenly dropped her air of easy confidence.

"When they get John McCord," she went on, dramatically, ignoring his flat denial, "do you realize that you will be tried for aiding an escaped murderer? Now, I promise you that if you'll tell me where you met this man and the girl—what you know about them, I'll square this whole thing with the police."

Again she approached too closely for Alan's comfort as her black-lashed hazel eyes narrowed. "It's going to go hard for you if you don't, for McCord will take you down to the Deputy Commissioner at the railroad for questioning."

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Gabriel Dessane from his supper. Harassed by the certainty of being compelled to accompany the police to the headwaters, by doubt and misgivings which the mysterious Mrs. Hanbury

## Famous Ferris Wheel, 1893 World's Fair Attraction, Invention of Illinois Man

Illinois gave the Ferris wheel to the world. According to information obtained by the federal writers' project, WPA, a native son of Galesburg invented the wheel and directed its construction.

It is still remembered by thousands of persons as a main attraction at the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago in 1893. George Washington Gale Ferris was a member of two pioneer families of Galesburg, descendants of which now reside in that city.

Notwithstanding the opinion of engineers who believed the wheel could not be operated even if it were built, Ferris found backers for his enterprise. The encouragement given by officials of steel companies who believed in the feasibility of the wheel was an important factor in carrying out the plan. It is said that officials of the fair were amazed both when the wheel did operate and when it returned a profit.

According to accounts the total cost of the wheel was \$300,000, of which \$25,000 was spent on planning and \$125,000 on the wooden false

work. The foundation, 40 feet deep, was laid in the winter months under serious handicaps.

Because of the size of the job and the necessary haste, several steel plants divided the iron work. The pieces were so carefully checked for uniformity that they seemed to be the products of but one company. The giant axle weighed 70 tons.

The wheel, 270 feet in diameter, consisted of two huge rims with supporting spokes. Between these were suspended 36 cars, with seats for 40 persons in each one. As the wheel revolved the cars reached a height of 258 feet, giving the passengers a fine view of the exposition grounds and a thrill to talk about when they returned to their homes.

**La Guaira, Famous Port**

La Guaira is the port for Caracas, the capital of Venezuela and for many years the home of Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America. In La Guaira there is a house of worship called "The Church of the Most Holy Damn" because it was built with fines imposed upon people who swore.

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Offers More Advice About Reducing

Describes the Perils of Unscientific Methods for Losing Weight

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

6 East 39th Street, New York City.

MY RECENT discussion of reducing in these columns brought many letters, indicating that the modern woman is, fortunately, weight conscious. This is an encouraging sign. For it shows that you are alert to the dangers of overweight, which not only destroys beauty but may indirectly contribute to heart disease, kidney disorders and diabetes, which take their greatest toll from among the heavyweights.

**Guard Against Unscientific Reducing Methods**

Some of these letters caused me great concern, however, because they indicate that in spite of my warning against unscientific methods of weight reduction, many women still cling to the idea that there is some magic in the various pills, powders, capsules, soaps, salts and mechanical devices that are sold at fancy prices and hold out alluring promises of speedy reducing without dieting or exercise.

It is bad enough that most of these fail to reduce. For they may delay the day when the victim of overweight will undertake a sound and scientific program of weight reduction that will effectively take off weight—thus improving appearance, benefiting health and increasing the chances of longevity. But what is far more serious is that some of these preparations may endanger health or cause lifelong physical impairment.

**Dangerous Drugs**

Drugging is particularly to be condemned, and no one should attempt to reduce by this method except under the advice and watchful eye of a physician. There are many invalids today who would be happy and healthy if they had not attempted to take some "reducing medicine" without consulting a physician. One preparation that is still bought by foolish women—in spite of repeated warnings against its use—may even result in permanent blindness. Almost equally objectionable are excessive purging—which may leave you a wobbly wreck—and fasting, which is even more dangerous to women than men.

**Don't Diet Without Direction**

A carefully regulated diet will not only maintain normal weight, but will banish overweight by forcing the body to burn its own excess fat as fuel. Having heard of this scientific principle, many women frantically and foolishly attempt to prescribe their own reducing diets—often with disastrous results.

There is always the possibility that one may omit calcium-bearing foods and thus impair the teeth, or leave out foods rich in iron and copper and interfere

with the formation of the hemoglobin or red pigment in the blood.

One of the most common and most serious errors is to omit all bread, potatoes and cereals, in the belief that carbohydrates are "fattening foods." Carbohydrates are required by the body in order to utilize the fats in the diet, and when reducing, they are also necessary to burn up excess fatty tissue.

Just as fire cannot burn without air, fat cannot be utilized in the body without the presence of starch or sugar. When the diet contains insufficient carbohydrates, fat burns incompletely, resulting in the dangerous acetone type of acidosis.

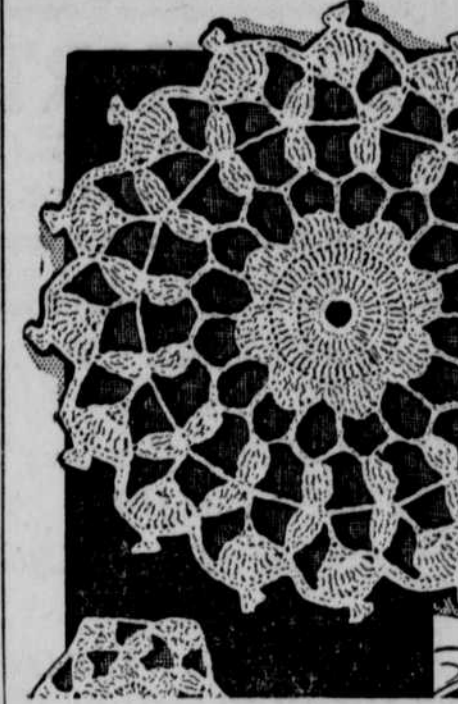
**Counting Calories the Easy Way to Reduce**

The one safe, sure and scientific method of getting rid of surplus weight and at the same time maintaining top health—is to consume a diet that is balanced in every respect, but to count your calories at every meal, making certain that you consume fewer calories each day than your body requires for its normal energy expenditure.

I will gladly send to every reader of this newspaper, a copy of my reducing bulletin. This includes a chart showing the caloric value of all the commonly used foods—plus a week's sample reducing menus. By following this scientific plan for weight reduction, you can easily lose from one to two pounds weekly. A more rapid reduction is not advisable. At that rate, you can lose from six to eight pounds in the course of a month—twenty-four pounds at the end of three months. That is a lot of weight to lose and will make a vast difference in your

**Doilies Soon Done In Jiffy Crochet**

You'll find yourself so fascinated by this jiffy crochet pattern that you'll turn these doilies out by the dozen in all three sizes. Use heavy perle cotton or four strands of mercerized string to achieve that heavy richness that



Pattern 1669.

you usually find only in rare old lace. Use as luncheon set or just as centerpieces. Pattern 1669 contains directions for making these doilies; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements; a photograph of a doily.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Are You Overweight? You can **REDUCE** Safely - Surely - Comfortably

Send for This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

Readers of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, at 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for his scientific Reducing Bulletin, which shows how to reduce by the safe and sane method of counting calories.

The bulletin is complete with a chart showing the caloric value of all the commonly used foods and contains sample menus that you can use as a guide to comfortable and beautiful weight reduction.

appearance and in the enthusiasm with which you greet your daily tasks.

**The Film Stars' Method**

This simple and scientific method of controlling the weight is the one used by film stars in Hollywood. It is essential that they keep slim and practically every important film player has a clause in her contract calling for a cancellation if she permits her weight to increase beyond a certain point. But at the same time, film stars must safeguard their health, for their work is the most strenuous of occupations!

**Counting Calories Is Fun**

In Hollywood they make a game of counting calories. You, too, will find it amusing, as well as beneficial to health and looks. And you will be rewarded by noting a drop in weight every time you step on the scales.

**If Your Weight Is Normal Keep It That Way**

It has been determined that the ideal weight—that is the weight that best promotes health and longevity—after thirty, is the normal weight for one's height at the age of thirty.

If you are approximately thirty and your weight is normal, you should send for my Calorie Chart and Reducing Bulletin and use it to help maintain your present weight!

If you are over thirty and overweight, you should not lose another day before sending for the bulletin so that you can begin at once to regain your normal weight by the safe, simple, scientific and comfortable method of counting calories.

As the pounds disappear you will feel as though you had stepped out of a prison of fat into a new world of physical freedom.

**Questions Answered**

Mrs. J. M. T.—It is impossible to generalize regarding the diet in asthma. This condition is due to allergy, and the symptoms are produced by different foods in different individuals. Almost all protein substances are capable of causing distress.

Miss L. T. B.—Though it lacks fat and vitamin A, skim milk is a rich source of calcium and phosphorus, and also furnishes high grade protein. A quart of skim milk, plus one and one-half ounces of butter is the equivalent of a quart of whole milk.

Miss A. G.—One tablespoon of cod-liver oil provides about 100 calories, which is equal in fuel value to one slice of bread, one medium potato, or three-fourths of a cup of cooked macaroni.

Mrs. G. B., Jr.—There is absolutely no truth in the false notion that aluminum cooking utensils may adversely affect health. Numerous experiments have demonstrated that they are perfectly safe.

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SEND FOR THIS FREE VITAMIN PRIMER OFFERED BY C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

Do you want to know where to find the different vitamins?

Just write to C. Houston Goudiss at 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for his new "VITAMIN PRIMER." It tells the facts that every homemaker needs to know about vitamins. In simple chart form, the functions of each vitamin are explained, and there is a list of foods to guide you in supplying your family with adequate amounts of each of these necessary substances.

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