

# THE RIVER of SKULLS

by George Marsh

PENN PUBLISHING CO.

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 questions. He gives the boy money, warning him for murder, and have hired a boat to check Alan's story at Whale River. Alan beats the police to Whale Island, en route to Richmond to get his dogs. Alan returns to Fort George, another government agent, a seductive Mrs. Hanbury, arrives by plane, tries to bargain with him to tell her the whereabouts of McCord and his daughter. The only outcome is Berthe's jealousy. Miserable over Berthe's coolness, Alan suspects Rivard of poisoning her mind. When McCord asks Alan when they start north, Alan agrees—saying they will leave as soon as they can be prepared. Alan says good-by to Berthe.

McQueen thrust out his big hand and gripped Alan's. "Now you're talking like a good citizen, my boy!" he cried, slapping the hunter on the back. "Shake with the boys, Tom. I knew they'd come through!"

So with much handshaking and patting of Alan's broad back the police left to cross to their camp. When they were well out of hearing on the river, Alan turned to Noel.

"It was our best chance," he said, "to send them into the Mad River. We'll take them into the Caribou Lake country and lose them, while one of us strikes across country to the Talking and warns John. I was afraid, Noel, they'd want to try the Talking first, so I threw up my hands to head them off."

"Ah-hah! We get dem een dose manee lettle lac, w'ere de water run bot' way, den dey not get out til de ice."

For a long space Alan sat staring into the fire. "It'll give John a chance to lose himself somewhere over the height-of-land before they

girl followed the shore, calling to him as he swam.

"Roughly, dear old Roughly! Where's Alan, boy?"

His feet touched bottom and, with a lunge, he was out. With a shake the great dog sent the water flying, then froze as if carved from stone, ears forward, nostrils working, as he studied her through oblique eyes.

"Roughly, don't you know Heather?"

He reached her with a bound, sniffed at her outstretched hands, then rearing, as he whined his recognition, beat her shoulders with his great paws while his red tongue sought her face.

Circling the wet neck of the wriggling dog with her arms, Heather kissed the white star on the massive skull, then with the yelping husky leaping beside her, she returned to the landing beach. There, leaving her, he quickly disappeared up the path to the cabin and as quickly returned.

"Where did you leave Alan, Rough? Where's Alan?" she demanded, seizing the dog by his jaws and looking into his brown eyes.

The husky sprang away from her and stood with nostrils working, gazing at the opposite shore; then, yelping, he plunged into the river.

"Who-hoo-o-o! Heather!" drifted across the water. There, on the stony beach stood a man, a tumble across his forehead supporting the pack on his back. Beside him romped three huge dogs.

Heather waved in return, her knees shaking with excitement and the joy of seeing him, "Who-hoo-o-o, Alan!"

Running to a canoe lying bottom up on the beach, she turned it and, lifting it by the gunwale, slid it into the stream and paddled hard in the wake of the swimming Rough.

"You—you kept your word! You didn't forget us!" she choked, winking back the tears as the boat grounded.

Alan dropped his pack and seized both the girl's hands as he swung her from the canoe. "Heather McCord," he laughed, his appraising eyes sweeping her strong, graceful figure from golden crown to moccasins. "What a big girl you've grown since I saw you!"

"Oh, dad'll be so glad, Alan! He was beginning to think—"

Cameron's bronzed features sobered as he thought of the police he had left over on the Mad headwaters. "But you, Heather, you knew I'd keep my word?"

She nodded: "Yes, I knew. What a shock Rough gave me, Alan! I thought he was a bear when I first saw him upstream."

"He knew you?"

"Knew me? He swam over when I called and almost smothered me, the old bear."

"That's more than I did, Heather," he laughed.

Heather's eyes fell before his. "Oh, you got your dogs and what beauties!" she cried as the three Ungavas thrashed in the water of the shore, yelping at the swimming Rough.

"Two slate-grays and a brown one! Dad'll be so glad! Why he's talked about nothing but your coming back."

"Here you, Shot, Powder!" he called. "Come here! Don't try to touch them now, Heather. You're shy of strangers, aren't you, Rogue, you old sinner!"

The dogs came in from the water and gathered around Alan.

"They're wonderful looking dogs, Alan," she agreed, with a swift glance at the Ungavas, but her eyes could not long leave the tall figure of the man; they lingered on the dark, crisp hair, the bold features and the laughing deep-set eyes.

"Better not try to get acquainted too quickly, eh, Shot?" He seized

an ear of the slate-gray who stopped in his romping to nuzzle Alan's head. "Where's John?"

"Chopping wood, he'll be back for lunch."

"Lunch? Say, Heather, I'm starved," said the traveler. "I ate a bite at daylight and have been crossing these hills all morning."

"You poor man! Come over and I'll feed you!"

Later as the savory odors of corn bread, caribou and tea filled the cabin, the fierce yelping of the Ungavas brought Alan on a run to the clearing.

"Call off your dogs! By the Lord Harry, Alan Cameron, you're a partner after my own heart! Look at those pups! Welcome back, my lad!" The great voice of John McCord boomed at Alan as he quieted the younger dogs.

"Alan, you're good for sore eyes, lad! I've been worried about you!" Holding the smiling Cameron at arms' length, the giant tested the other's arms and shoulders. "Fit to fight for a king's ransom, boy! Tough as a tamarack! My, but I'm glad to see you back!"

"There's your dogs," grinned Alan, "straight from the Nastapokas. Like 'em?"

"Like 'em?" cried the delighted McCord. "They're beauties! How old?"

"About fourteen months. They'll be full grown, almost, by spring."

"Coat and bone and size, they've got everything, Alan! Now you and I own the world!"

Alan searched the blue eyes of the older man. Could it be true that John McCord was a murderer—a man who would kill his wife? He could not believe it.

"You've forgotten one thing, John," he finally said.

"One thing—what d'you mean?"

"The police!"

McCord's brows knotted beneath the gashed forehead. "Police? What have the police to do with us?"

The big man looked hard at the other. "What's on your mind, boy? You haven't been followed from Fort George? They don't know I'm here?"

Alan nodded. "That's just it. The police know!"

McCord thrust his puzzled face close to Alan's. "The police? You mean police at Fort George?"

"Yes."

"What in thunder are they doing there?"

"Looking for—you."

"For me?" The blond giant threw back his head and roared as Alan watched with sober face. "You serious? What—what's all this mystery? I don't understand."

"John," said Alan, "when I was at the Revillon Freres I dropped a bill you gave me from my tobacco bag. I've—I've been a poor partner to put your trust in."

"Well, suppose you did, you didn't tell anyone where you got it?"

"No, but the police saw it."

The big man scratched his head, then turned an uncomprehending look on the other. "You say there are police at Fort George looking for me? What am I wanted for?"

"Murder."

Alan watched the other's eyes as a lynx watches a wood mouse. But a look of blank amazement was their sole expression. "Who've I murdered?"

"That's why I wanted to keep it from Heather. They say at Fort George that you killed your wife."

McCord's face suddenly flushed under the bronze. Then his eyes hardened to ice-blue as he sucked in a deep breath. "Murdered—my wife!" He took a step and turned, running his fingers through his thick hair. "She's dead—then—murdered?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Hindu Women Practice the Make-Up Art; Secrets Passed From Mother to Daughter

The women of India practice an art of make-up whose secrets have been handed down from mother to daughters for numberless generations, writes a correspondent in the New York Times.

Of dark brown complexion and plump, the Hindu woman subjects her body to a carefully prescribed course of anointments and massages. Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the stars are most propitious, her handmaidens pound, squeeze and rub her from head to foot with coconut, sesame or mustard oil. The ointments are washed off with the bark of the soapnut tree, which grows wild in the forests of India. The bark is shredded into thin flakes and serves both as soap and sponge.

The hair, too, is treated with oils—coconut oil imparting luster to the locks, sesame bringing curls, and mustard deepening the black color. The Hindu woman loves jet-black hair; platinum, auburn or blond, she knows, would not suit her swarthy skin. The modern type shortens her hair as her sister of the Western world does; the ortho-

dox prefers her locks long and gathered in a knot, according to caste, above or behind her head or plaited into a tail. Whatever the coiffure's shape, it is entwined with gay petals of rose, jasmine or screw-pine.

Miss America manicures her nails; Miss India uses henna after an ancient fashion. Once applied on fingers and toes, the dye leaves a reddish covering which lasts for two months, or until the nails have grown out. Instead of plucking eyebrows and lashes, the Hindu woman uses "soorma"—a black liquid polish prepared from the soot of a wick dipped in coconut oil. This gives a deep-set effect to the eyes—for Hindu eyes must be fathomless, like the sea.

Byron Wrote Speedily

Lord Byron, the English poet, was one of those fortunate beings to whom genius came easily, and was therefore little appreciated. He wrote the book, "The Corsair," in 10 days, the "Bride of Abydos" in four days, and another while undressing after balls and masquerades.

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Noted Food Authority

Explains What Is Meant by

## CORRECT NUTRITION

Describes How to Construct a Balanced Diet, So Essential to Maintain Optimal Health

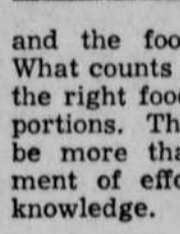
By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS  
6 East 39th St., New York City.

TO SOME families, a summons to the dinner table means nothing more than a chance to satisfy hunger. To others, it represents an opportunity to gratify the palate, sometimes to the extent of overtaxing the digestive system.

Neither of these extremes fulfills the true function of food, which is to provide adequately but not to excess, for growth, maintenance and repair of the body.

Food May Fail to Feed  
You can satisfy hunger without providing correct nutrition. You can partake of delicious-tasting foods to the point of over-indulgence—without meeting bodily requirements.

The mere spending of money will not insure good nutrition, for extremely poor diets can be found in households where the income is large and the food budget is ample. What counts is learning to provide the right foods in the correct proportions. The return in health will be more than worth the investment of effort in acquiring this knowledge.



### A Balanced Diet

Science has discovered what foods are necessary to help build top health and keep us 100 per cent fit. The amount of food required by a man for a day's work can be accurately determined. We know that a specific disease may be produced by one diet and cured by another; that growth can be influenced through changes in the quality of the dietary; that old age may be deferred by choosing the food with care.

We know that the body is a working machine which never stops but may slow down or get out of order unless the daily diet includes every element, every mineral, every vitamin needed to maintain health and avoid the deficiency diseases.

### Seven Essentials

There are seven factors to be considered in planning a balanced diet. Protein for building body tissue and repairing the millions of cells that are worn out daily. Carbohydrates to produce quick heat and energy. Fats—a more compact form of fuel, which are also essential in a satisfactory diet. Minerals which serve both as builders and regulators of body processes. The six vitamins, A, B, C, D, E and G, that also act as regulators and prevent a number of deficiency diseases. Water—which serves as a vehicle by which food is carried to the tissues. And cellulose or bulk—required for the normal functioning of the intestinal tract.

### Danger in Omitting One Food Substance

The homemaker who fails to take every one of these factors into consideration is depriving her husband of the opportunity to develop his greatest efficiency. Moreover, she may be robbing her children of their birthright. During every day of childhood, the body is being built, and defects in body structure are likely to arise if the child is improperly nourished. It is then that disease and disability make their appearance as a result of faulty nutrition. How tragic to deprive the young body of substances so necessary to its well being.

### How to Check Diet for Balance

Perhaps you are like the homemakers who tell me that they do not know a protein from a carbo-

## Send for this Free Blood-Building Diet

Including Lists of Foods Rich in Iron and Copper

READERS are invited to write for a free bulletin containing a list of foods rich in iron and a list of those rich in copper. Also included are sample menus showing how to plan a balanced diet containing generous amounts of foods rich in these blood-building minerals. Send your request—a postcard will do—to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

## Free Homemaker's Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance

PLANNING a balanced diet will cease to be a puzzle if you send for the Homemaker's Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance, offered free, by C. Houston Goudiss.

It lists the foods and the standard amounts that should be included in the daily diet, and includes skeleton menus for breakfast, dinner and lunch or supper, to guide you in selecting the proper foods in each classification.

A postcard is sufficient to bring you this valuable aid to good menu planning. Just ask for the Nutrition Chart. Address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th St., New York City

hydrate. Or it may be that while you understand the difference, you do not know what quantities should be included in the diet each day.

To simplify your task of serving balanced menus at every meal, I have prepared a Homemaker's Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance. In convenient chart form, it shows what foods should be included in the diet every day and gives the standard amount for each food. There are also skeleton menus outlined by food classifications, which enable you to plan balanced menus for every meal by making a choice from each group of required foods.

I urge every homemaker to write for this chart and use it daily. Then you won't make such common mistakes as serving a dried legume as a vegetable at a meal in which meat is used, which tends to concentrate too much protein in one meal; or choosing a too-heavy dessert following a main course that is overly rich in carbohydrates.

### The Protective Foods

It is essential that the diet should contain an abundance of minerals and vitamins which are furnished by the protective foods—milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables. Cellulose or bulk is obtained from fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals. Water comes from juicy fruits, succulent vegetables, milk and other beverages, as well as the water that is consumed as a beverage.

To provide adequate amounts of the seven food essentials at every meal—to avoid the mistake of serving too much of one type of food and too little of another—should be the worthy aim of every homemaker. You will find the task considerably easier if you send for the Homemaker's Chart. Tack it up in your kitchen or in the room where you plan your menus, and use it to check the nutritional balance of every meal you prepare.

If you faithfully follow the food program outlined in the chart, you will help to assure your family of correct nutrition. This is the most priceless gift you could bestow upon them. For nutrition is the architect that draws the plans of human destiny. In providing the right foods, you lay a firm foundation for health on which to rear a life of happiness and success.

ed at each meal. Meat, poultry, fish, eggs, cheese, milk and most nuts supply complete protein. Cereals and legumes furnish incomplete protein which may be supplemented by the complete protein of milk.

60 Per Cent Carbohydrates  
Carbohydrates should form at least 60 per cent of the supply of food fuel. Rarely are menus deficient in carbohydrates, because they are so widely distributed in such common foods as cereals, bread, potatoes, macaroni products, sweets, and sweet fruits and vegetables, such as oranges, grapes, apples and peas.

Fats should supply about 20 per cent of the caloric content of the diet. They are obtained from butter, margarine, cream, egg yolk, salad dressings, vegetable oils and the fat of meats.

A protein food should be provided

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## For Tea and For Tennis



Two of the most important things for midsummer are: a sleeveless dress of the most casual sort for sports and daytime, and a cool dress with cape or jacket, to wear on the street and for afternoons. The two here suggested represent the very best of these types. Make them yourself, in fabrics and colors of your own choosing, and rejoice in the knowledge that you have some very individual new clothes, and got them very economically! Each pattern includes a detailed sew chart.

### Sleeveless Sports Frock.

Even if you never take a tennis racquet in your hand, you'll enjoy having this cool, classic dress for summer daytimes. In pique, linen, seersucker or gingham, it will look and feel so cool and fresh! Perfectly straight and plain, it has darts at the waistline to make it fit with becoming slowness. This is a diagram pattern—practically nothing to make! In just a few hours you'll have it all ready to button on at your shoulders.

### Afternoon Cape Ensemble.

With or without the cape, this dress with lifted waistline to flatten the midriff, is a charming, slenderizing style. The cape is a darling—puffed high at the shoul-

ders, and made with arm slits so that it won't be always slipping off your shoulders. Make this design in georgette, chiffon, linen, or in a pretty combination of plain or printed silk, and you'll have a very distinguished, expensive, looking ensemble.

### The Patterns.

Pattern No. 1544 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material for the dress; 2 1/4 for the cape; to line cape, 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern No. 1546 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. 3 1/2 yards bias binding to trim as pictured.

### Success in Sewing.

Success in sewing, like in any other field, depends upon how you approach the task in hand. To help you turn out clothes professional looking in every detail, we have a book which plainly sets forth the simple rules of home dressmaking. The beginner will find every step in making a dress clearly outlined and illustrated within its covers. For the experienced sewer there are many helpful hints and suggestions for sewing short cuts. Send 15 cents (in coins) today for your copy of SUCCESS IN SEWING, a book every home dressmaker will find of value.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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## Your Town Your Stores

Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet all competition in both quality and prices.