

THE RIVER of SKULLS

-by George Marsh-

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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 greated by a high blood 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 deviction 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 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 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 Big River wilderness. 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. 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 susonly outcome is Berthe's jealousy. Miserable over Berthe's coolness, Alan suspects Rivard of poisoning her mind.
When McQueen 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.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Three days upstream, where the Big River roars down from the high plateau in a series of falls and chutes and the Indian trail, for a hundred miles, follows a chain of lakes, Alan brought McQueen and Slade to his camp.

"We're going to see a lot of each other in the next few months," began the older officer, "why can't we shake hands on this and be friend-

"What do you mean, friendly?" demanded Alan, studying the insin-"You're police. You can give me orders.'

Day after day, the men slaved at pole, paddle and tracking line as they ascended the great river. As the nights sharpened with frost the canoes reached the forks in the high tundra country. Northeast, three Outlaws!" days hard poling up the strong water of the Mad River, was Alan's hunting country.

Fifty miles to the east, on the Talking, stood a cabin in a clear- of the Talking River. The days of ing where a man waited with a girl the long twilights were over and, the south, the great lakes Nichicun and Patemisk emptied into the Con- September morning, a girl stood on juror, the largest of the three branches.

The night the canoes reached the forks, the police came to Alan's

"Well, Cameron, we're here," said you're going to stay stiff necked and later pay the penalty of the law, the elbow, was a bundle of washing. or will decide to be sensible and talk."

geant," demurred Alan, with an air and with a finger idly made tracter and gathered around Alan. of indifference which belied the anx- ings in the sand. After a while the iety that harassed him. "It's not swish of whipping wings caused her up to me. It's up to you. You to lift her eyes. Within a few yards say McCord is somewhere in this country. Now which river are you going to take to the height-of-land?"

ly. "We're going to cover all three passed.

rivers before the ice," he snapped. Alan glanced at Noel. There was not time to cover the wide head- up river. waters of even one river before the ice. His heart pulsed in his throat as he asked with seeming indiffer- posite shore downstream, appear-

ence: "Well, which first?" "Your country's on this north branch, you say;" McQueen leaned toward the other as he went on, insinuatingly: "Well, young man, I

McCord-in your own country." Alan. Here was his chance! Slowly it's-who-hoo! Roughy! Roughy! look of frustration-of defeat. His as she danced on the beach. eyes shifted before the fixed stare of the policeman as, expelling the breath from his lungs in a deep sigh, he horrified the listening Noel with: "What's the use! You're bound to get him before you're through-you police always do, they tell me. We met McCord last winter on the head-

water lakes of the Mad River." On the Indian's swart features there was a lightning swift transition from a look of pained surprise to one of stoic acquiescence. Gravely he nodded agreement with Alan's life. With a wild yelping he plunged startling admission, as he met into the swift river, his powerful she knows, would not suit her

Slade's sudden glance. "Ah-hah! So that's it, is it?" With

and gripped Alan's. "Now you're him as he swam. 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!"

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 up the Mad River. We'll take them into the Caribou Lake country and lose them, while one of us strikes cross 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



geant," demurred Alan.

come back here to the forks and start with their dogs to hunt for him on the first snow."

"W'at dey do wid us-dose pothe August days drew to a close and leece, w'en dey see we fool dem?" "This will make us outlaws, Noel

-helping a man wanted for murder.

The Montagnais "Moon of the Falling Leaves" was riding the sky above the tundra-sentinelled valley for the coming of a canoe. Far to earlier and earlier, the swarming stars stippled the violet sky. One the shore of the river beside a path leading back through the timber to a clearing. She wore heavy whipcord breeches, laced below the knee, high woolen socks and moccasins. At her belt of plaited caribou hide McQueen, with a sigh of satisfac- hung a small skinning knife in a tion, lighting his pipe with a red sheath ornamented with colored ember from the supper fire. "Now beads: In her strong, round arms, it's up to you to decide whether from which the sleeves of her gray, woolen shirt were rolled high above

The girl put the clothes to soak in a small pool dug in the sand "We've been all over this, ser- beach, then dropped to her knees of the shore three sheldrake skittered downstream. A Canada jay croaked from an aspen whose yel-For a space McQueen closely low leaves shivered in the breeze. studied the baffling features of the She looked at her tracings and man whose gray gaze did not wa- smiled as she read the name, Alan ver. Then his shaggy brows met | Cameron. Again there was a whipand his pale eyes glittered ominous- ping of wings and five sheldrake

"I wonder what's startled the ducks?" she said aloud, glancing

Far above her Heather made out a dark object moving along the oping, only to disappear again among the willows and alders.

"A bear!" she cried. Then her mouth opened slowly in surprise as she stared at the oppofigure that's just where you ran into site shore. "Why-there it is!" she gasped. "But it's not a bear! It's-Like a flash, inspiration came to it's a dog! It can't be! Yes, it is, over his bronzed features crept a she cried, delirious with excitement

> Like a statue, on the opposite shore stood a black husky with white face markings, chest and socks, intently watching her.

"Roughy! Roughy!" she called. frantically waving her arms at the shredded into thin flakes and serves sea. motionless animal, while tears both as soap and sponge. blurred her eyes. "Oh, they're back! Alan's back!" she repeated ecstatically, between sobs. "He didn'tforget us! Alan's-back!"

The watching dog went quick with legs driving him like piston rods. swarthy skin. The modern type four days, and another while un-Keeping abreast of him as the cura grunt of satisfaction the delighted rent carried him downstream, the the Western world does; the ortho- ades.

"Roughy, dear old Roughy! head. "Where's John?"

Where's Alan, boy?" His feet touched bottom and, with a lunge, he was out. With a shake

So with much handshaking and 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. "Roughy, don't you know Heath-

> 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 jowls 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 tumpline 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,

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 Mc-Cord," he laughed, his appraising figure from golden crown to mocca- here?" sins, "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 dear."

"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

"Two slate-grays and a brown one! Dad'll be so glad! Why he's for me? What am I wanted for?" talked about nothing but your coming back."

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

The dogs came in from the wa-

"They're wonderful looking dogs, Alan," she agreed, with a swift could not long leave the tall figure and the laughing deep-set eyes.

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

McQueen thrust out his big hand | girl followed the shore, calling to | an ear of the slate-gray who stopped in his romping to nuzzle Alan's

"Chopping wood, he'll be back for

"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

"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 Mc-Cord 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 eyes sweeping her strong, graceful Fort George? They don't know I'm

Alan nodded. "That's just it. The

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 "Murder."

Alan watched the other's eyes as a lynx watches a wood mouse. But a look of blank amazement was touch them now, Heather. You're 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 glance at the Ungavas, but her eyes hardened to ice-blue as he sucked in a deep breath. "Murdered-my of the man; they lingered on the wife!" He took a step and turned, dark, crisp hair, the bold features | running his fingers through his thick Hair. "She's dead - then - mur-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

tions, 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 | reddish covering which lasts for two and Fridays, when the stars are most propitious, her handmaidens pound, squeeze and rub her from and lashes, the Hindu woman uses head to foot with coconut, sesame or mustard oil. The ointments are washed off with the bark of the dipped in coconut oil. This gives a soapnut tree, which grows wild in deep-set effect to the eyes-for Hinthe forests of India. The bark is du eyes must be fathomless, like the

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, shortens her hair as her sister of dressing after balls and masquer

The women of India practice an dox prefers her locks long and gathart of make-up whose secrets have | ered in a knot, according to caste, been handed down from mother to above or behind her head or plaited daughters for numberless genera- into a tail. Whatever the coiffeur's shape, it us 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 months, or until the nails hve grown out. Instead of plucking eyebrows "soorma"-a black liquid polish prepared from the soot of a wick

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

WHAT to EAT and WHY

hydrate. Or it may be that while

have prepared a Homemaker's

Balance. In convenient chart

form, it shows what foods should

be included in the diet every day

tends to concentrate too much pro-

course that is overly rich in carbo-

they are so widely distributed in

such common foods as cereals,

bread, potatoes, macaroni prod-

ucts, sweets, and sweet fruits and

cent of the caloric content of the

diet. They are obtained from but-

the fat of meats.

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

O 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 overindulgence - without meeting bodily Chart for Checking Nutritional 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

group of required foods. 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

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.

out of order unless the daily diet includes every element, every ter, margarine, cream, egg yolk, mineral, every vitamin needed to salad dressings, vegetable oils and 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.

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 tandard 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 sufficent 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

ed at each meal. Meat, poultry, you understand the difference, you fish, eggs, cheese, milk and most do not know what quantities nuts supply complete protein. Ceshould be included in the diet each reals and legumes furnish incomplete protein which may be sup-To simplify your task of serving plemented by the complete probalanced menus at every meal, I tein of milk.

The Protective Foods

It is essential that the diet should contain an abundance of and gives the standard amount for minerals and vitamins which are each food. There are also skele- furnished by the protective foods-

ton menus outlined by food classi- milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables. Cellulose or bulk is obtained fications, which enable you to plan balanced menus for every meal from fruits, vegetables and whole by making a choice from each grain cereals. Water comes from juicy fruits, succulent vegetables, I urge every homemaker to milk and other beverages, as well write for this chart and use it as the water that is consumed as daily. Then you won't make such a beverage.

common mistakes as serving a To provide adequate amounts of dried legume as a vegetable at a the seven food essentials at every meal in which meat is used, which meal-to avoid the mistake of serving too much of one type of tein in one meal; or choosing a food and too little of anothertoo-heavy dessert following a main should be the worthy aim of every homemaker. You will find the task considerably easier if you. 60 Per Cent Carbohydrates
Carbohydrates should form at the room where you plan your menus, and use it to check the east 60 per cent of the supply of food fuel. Rarely are menus de- nutritional balance of every meal ficient in carbohydrates, because 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 We know that the body is a working machine which never stops but may slow down or get slo of human destiny. In providing the right foods, you lay a firm foundation for health on which to rear a life of happiness and suc-

A protein food should be provid- cess.

Cess.

WNU_C. Houston Goudiss_1938_18

For Tea and For Tennis



1544 'WO 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 (in coins) today for your copy of jacket, to wear on the street and SUCCESS IN SEWING, a book 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

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 slimness. This is a diagram pattern -practically nothing to make! In Your Town just a few hours you'll have it all ready to button on at your • Your Stores

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, expensivelooking ensemble.

The Patterns.

Pattern No. 1544 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3% yards of 39 inch material for the dress; 21/4 for the

cape; to line cape, 21/4 yards. Pattern No. 1546 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14 requires 3 yards of 35 inch material. 31/2 yards bias binding to trim as pictured.

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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 every home dressmaker will find of value.

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