



THE RIVER of SKULLS

—by George Marsh—

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

With Rough as the leader, followed in turn by Powder, Rogue and Shot as wheel or sled dog, the big puppies were started in the school of collar, trace and trail. On the young snow of those keen October days, when the wind had the edge of a knife, it was a joy to Alan and Noel to train dogs with such spirit and power.

Rapidly the winter shut in and the frost strengthened. Farther and farther out the ice sheet reached in the lake and, near the shore, became so thick that they raised their nets. But the big cache was now piled high with frozen fish.

"Twice, when the river closed, they drove the dogs down to the cabin on the Talking to find all well with John and Heather and no news from McQueen.

And then, at last, came the Montagnais "Moon When the Snow Hangs in the Trees," and, in the middle of December, Alan and Noel started with the dogs to search for the headwater lakes of the Koksoak.

Over the barrens flanking the valley of the Sinking Lakes, they traveled into the northeast. But it was a long-faced Noel who trotted behind the eager dogs over the sparkling tundra.

"No one ever go into dis country and come back," he reminded Alan as they stood on a high barren and gazed over the undulating white waste to the north and east, seemingly as far as the sun slanted across its limitless expanse.

"Well," said Alan, dropping his mitten slung to his neck by a thong and wiping the rime from his face with a bare hand, "someone always has to be first, eh, Rough?"

For days they traveled north of the valley of the Sinking Lakes but, in that direction, beyond the dim blue hills they had often seen from the valley, they found no water courses flowing north; no headwater lakes.

One morning they headed into the southeast. In the sparsely wooded valleys, snow-white arctic hares, their long ears tipped with black, jumped from willow thickets to race away at the coming of the dog-team. Once, at a distance, three curious white foxes danced grotesquely on the snow, inspecting the approach of the team, until the excited dogs, getting their scent, set up a frenzied yelping which drove them away over the tundra, like wisps of white smoke.

Because of the wood, the boys had stopped in a small valley, where a stream headed, to boil their kettle. After eating, they continued south and came out of the fold in the hills to higher country. As Alan, who was leading the team, reached the lip of the valley and looked far into the east, he raised his hands with a shout.

"Noel!" he cried. "Look at that lake over there! We've found it!" Noel joined him and the two gazed in amazement across the tundra. There, miles away to the east, beyond the low hills of the foreground, reached the level, white shell of an enormous lake, until it was lost in the haze of the distance.

"Why, it's as big as Lake Bienville on the Great White, Noel!" exclaimed Alan excitedly. "This must be one of the lakes in the old men's tales."

The Indian stood in awe gazing at the white reaches of the distant lake. Far to the north and south stretched the shimmering floor of snow and wind-scoured ice, and into the east, until it merged with the horizon.

"Eet ees ver' beeg lak'," he said. "Big riviere flow out of dis."

"And that river must be a headwater of the Koksoak!" cried Alan. "We're over the Height-of-Land. The rivers all run north, here! We've found it, Noel! We've found it!"

That night the boys camped on the shore of the great lake in the wind break of a stand of black spruce. While the dogs lay curled in the sleep-holes, Alan and Noel talked beside a roaring fire.

"We'll travel right around this lake until we find the outlet, Noel. Then we'll hunt to find a way to get into with the canoes from the Sinking Lakes."

"Mebbe dis lak' not flow into de beeg riviere."

"Noel, this lake is surely the headwaters of the big river, or of one of its branches. It's got to be, flowing north as the river does. And we'll soon find out."

Snug in their caribou sleeping bags, the tired boys slept beside their fire. In the morning, they started along shore over the wind-blown ice in search of the outlet. All day they traveled rapidly north until, shortly after noon, when the light died, they were at the end of the lake, but as yet had found no outlet which would lead, as they hoped, into the north and the great Koksoak. The next morning they saw what appeared to be a long island lying off the shore. Cutting in beyond the island they found that

the lake reached to the north, like the fingers on a hand, in three separate bays. And from each of these ran an outlet.

"Look, Noel," said Alan, as they stood on a low hill and followed the channels of the three streams with the binoculars. "These outlets run right into the north through a flat valley and must join, later. I tell you we're on Koksoak water. To the east the ridges all run north and south—not a break in them. We've found it, boy! We're on the Koksoak!"

The Indian nodded his head in agreement.

"Now we'll follow the east shore and see if this is the main discharge. Some of these lakes have two. But I'm positive no water could run to the east, from the lay of the country, it's bound to travel north."

With the boys riding the toboggan, away galloped the dogs along the eastern shore. In an hour, looking across the wide expanse of ice into the southwest they could barely see the white hills from which they had discovered the great lake. In places, the hard snow, carved by the wind, rippled away for miles like white waves; in places the ice was scoured almost clean of its snow blanket, making sledding a delight. On, up the east shore, the eager dogs took them at a gallop. But at

riding the brown snow water, after the ice left the Talking, came Alan and Noel in the canoe they had taken to the Sinking Lakes on the sled. When John and Heather returned from the barren with bags filled with cranberries, they planned their start.

"It will be June before the ice leaves the big lake," said Alan, "but we can take our stuff in the two canoes to the head of it and be ready to start when it does."

"Yes," agreed McCord, "we've got no time to lose."

On the last day, as they sealed doors and windows of the cabin against the sure attacks of bear and wolverine, Heather turned wistfully to Alan: "Remember, Alan, that day last winter when I came back to find you and Noel with Dad?"

"Do I remember?" he laughed. "Your eyes were like saucers and your mouth opened like that." He indicated the extent of the opening with hands held wide apart. "You wondered what kind of animals had drifted in out of the bush."

"I know now," she said, "that two good friends drifted in."

Alan gazed curiously in the girl's sober face. "Brace up, Heather!" he said, with a laugh. "Just think, girl, what a great time we're going to have!"

Her fine brows contracted as she returned his gaze.

"Do you think, Alan, we're ever coming back?" she asked. "I've dreamed such terrible things, this winter. McQueen will surely ambush us when we start back with the gold—if we find it."

Its honey-combed ice flooded with pools of water, and entirely open in wide areas, from which rose clouds of vapor, the great lake reached, under the June sun, to the hills dim on the eastern horizon. For days the big Peterboro had waited while three men and a girl watched its frozen shell soften and break up.

"A few more days and we'll be able to start for the cache at the outlet," observed Alan, as he and McCord removed the gray kokomesh and silvery white-fish from their gill-net and returned to the hungry dogs who stood, breast-deep in the icy water clamoring to be fed.

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route to the big lake, by way of a chain of ponds lying on the Height-of-Land. The object of their exploring trip was accomplished.

The Montagnais' "Great Moon" of January with its searing winds and nights when the lake ice split with the boom of muffled artillery and the spruce snapped under the contraction of the frost, rode over the barrens, followed by the "Moon of the Eagle." Night after night the aurora lit the white tundra and streamers of pearly mist writhed across the heavens beneath stars that shone through with a spectral blue. "The Spirits of the Dead at Play," the Eskimos call the dancing lights of the polar heavens.

Often fearful for the safety of the man and girl wintering on the Talking. Alan and Noel rode the ice river trail behind their galloping dogs.

More than once during the winter, John had galloped the snowshoe trails. Some were the bear-paw prints of the Montagnais and some the long shape of the coast Cree. The cabin on the Talking was being watched. McQueen was bidding his time—waiting to follow the canoe that would start in the spring.

With May the high barrens began to wake from their winter's sleep. Shoulders of tundra thrust through their white blankets to expose lilac-green pastures of caribou moss.

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"Probably the ice at the foot of the lake is out by now," replied McCord, "and a good south wind will start these big rafts up here. I wonder how close behind us McQueen is."

"Not far, I'll bet. But he'll never get the two Conjuror River Indians to go down the river with him. We'll only have four to handle when the time comes. What are we going to do—let him dig us clear to the River of Skulls or—?"

"What d'you say?" interrupted the big man in the other end of the canoe.

"I say I don't want to slave all summer and then fight for our dust. I'd rather fight now!" Suddenly Alan's gray eyes softened, as he added: "But then, there's Heather."

"Yes, there's Heather. Their game is to trail us, then wipe us out to get that gold, and what would become of her?"

"I've been thinking of her. I didn't want her to come. Now she's with us, I've turned Indian."

"You mean?" The cold eyes glittered beneath the livid scar on McCord's forehead.

"I mean when I think of Heather in their hands, I forget all law. It's a finish fight, John, and no quarter. They're going to make it their lives or ours!"

McCord's big knuckled hands closed convulsively on his paddle. "A finish fight and no quarter, partner!" he repeated, huskily. "All law's off on the Koksoak! I know McQueen. He'd wipe us out without a qualm. Then they'd murder Heather, later, before they reached the coast—leave no witnesses, no evidence against them. And they'd have our gold."

"There's another thing, John—the Naskapi. Drummond got by without meeting them. But we're bound to run into them somewhere on the Koksoak. We're passing through their country. We'll need luck when we do."

The giant nodded. "Let's hope McQueen meets up with them first."

At last the south wind and the high June sun cleared the lake of its rotting raft-ice and the big Peterboro, in which they were to make the voyage, reached the hidden cache at the outlets. There the precious bags of flour, beans and pemmican which they were to leave with the extra canoe, were wrapped in tarpaulin and stored on the high platform. While the freshest water following the ice thundered down the three outlets into the flat valley to the north, the supplies for the summer were carefully overhauled and packed in bags. Spruce setting poles were cut and shod with irons. Every ounce of superfluous equipment was stored on the cache, for they could not guess what long portages awaited them on this unknown river that flowed hundreds of miles north to the sea; what churning white-waters, around which they would have to pack canoe and supplies. Only the Naskapi and the caribou in their migrations had looked upon the upper Koksoak.

The water dropped rapidly and Alan and Noel returned one night from an inspection of the central outlet, which they were to follow, with the news that the river was now passable for a canoe. Following their daily custom, when the boys had eaten, they climbed to the nearest high ground to sweep the lake with their glasses.

Miles to the south, Alan's glasses picked up something of interest.

"What you see?" demanded Noel. He handed the binoculars to Noel and waited for the Indian's verdict.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Interprets the Modern Conception of Meat

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains Why It Rates As a Top-Notch Food.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

6 East 30th Street, New York City

AMERICANS spend from one-fourth to one-third of their total food budget for meat. In order to discover whether this expenditure is justified, let us examine the nutritive value of meat, and consider its contribution to the diet.

Almost everybody likes the flavor of meat, from the man who considers that no meal is complete without it, to the child who

instinctively eats the meat on his plate before he touches the other foods. The desire for meat is one of the strongest human appetites.

For centuries, man accepted this craving for meat as an indication that it was essential to his well being. But with the advance in civilization, there was an increase in many diseases, and for a period of years, meat was blamed as being a contributing cause to kidney trouble, rheumatism, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries and gout.

In recent years, there has been a careful investigation of the possible association between meat and disease. In the light of our newer knowledge, the old notions have been discarded. And in many cases, meat now has a place in the treatment of the diseases that it was once believed to cause!

Composition of Meat

Meat is a protein food of the highest type. It is useful both for repairing the millions of cells that are worn out daily and for building the new tissues that are necessary for growth in childhood. The proportion of protein varies with the kind of meat, and the cut. In beef, lamb and veal, it comprises between 14 and 26 per cent of the edible portion.

The other constituents of meat are fats, water, minerals, extractives, enzymes and pigments.

The amount of fat present is an important factor in determining the fuel value of meat. And the more fat it contains, the less protein will be found in a given unit of weight. The different cuts of pork contain less protein than corresponding cuts of beef and lamb, with the exception of lean ham, lean pork chops and tenderloin.

Meat as a Blood Builder

Both glandular and muscle meats are rich in the blood-building mineral, iron, and meat also contains copper. The glandular organs, particularly the liver, have great value in the prevention and treatment of anemia. Pernicious anemia baffled physicians for many years until, in 1926, two noted American scientists discovered that liver contains a principle which stimulates red blood cell formation. This discovery has been ranked with the discovery of insulin as one of the greatest in our times.

Meat also contains a high percentage of phosphorus. It is poor in calcium, however, and this necessary substance must be obtained in adequate amounts from milk, cheese and green leafy vegetables.

The Vitamins of Meat

Lean muscle meats cannot be considered as an important source of any vitamin except G. This vitamin is necessary for the prevention of pellagra, and also helps to prolong the vigorous middle years and to ward off old age.

Beef, pork and lamb muscle contain approximately the same amounts of vitamin G, but liver has been found to contain approximately 10 times as much as muscle tissue.

Some vitamin A is found in fat meats, but liver is also much richer in this vitamin than muscle tissue. Vitamin B is present in lean meat, especially lean pork, which has a considerably higher content than lamb, mutton or beef.

Value of Meat Extractives

Meat contains small amounts of extractives. It is partly because

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BALANCE YOUR DIET

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There has been considerable discussion regarding the place of meat in the child's diet.

There are the same good reasons for using meat in the diet of the child as in the diet of the grown-up. Moreover, the child's protein requirement is greater than that of the adult, in proportion to his body weight.

At the beginning of the second year, many authorities advise that small servings of tender and finely minced beef, chicken, lamb or liver may be given about three times a week. As the child becomes older, he may have meat more often and as his ability to chew increases, he may be given larger pieces.

Digestibility of Meat

In considering the nutritive worth of any food it is necessary not only to analyze its contributions to the diet, but to determine how well its nutrients are utilized by the body. Meat has a high food value because its protein is digested rapidly and thoroughly. Tests show that 97 to 98 per cent of meat protein is digested and absorbed. The length of time meat remains in the stomach will depend upon various factors, such as the amount of fat present, the method of cooking and the degree of mastication. But there is no marked difference in the thoroughness with which the different kinds of meat are digested.

Someone with a gift for concise expression once remarked: "No meat—no man!" His point was well taken. For considering its delicious flavor, essential food values, and ease of preparation, it is easy to agree that THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.

Some Fallacies Regarding Meat

Many people believe that veal is less completely digested than other meats. But it has been demonstrated that even very young veal digests as rapidly and as completely as beef. It has also been held that red meats are less digestible and, therefore, less desirable than white meats. There is no evidence to support this point of view.

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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.

Beauty Is Mental

True beauty is in the mind; and the expression of the features depends more upon the moral nature than most persons are accustomed to think. — Frederic Saunders.

Day Frocks for Slim Figures.

This little dress is right at the top of new fashions, with its gored skirt and shaped square neckline. Notice that the skirt seams are extended above the waistline, to give a little bosom fullness, which makes the dress more becoming. The skirt has a charming flare. Make this in linen, dotted Swiss, dimity or organdie in a pretty flower print, and you'll love it.

Day Frocks for Large Figures.

You'll find this straight, well-cut dress one of the most becoming, most slenderizing, you ever put on. It has a deep v-neck and

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Most Widely Inscribed Palindrome

The most widely inscribed palindrome, or phrase spelled the same backward as forward, is a Greek motto of 25 letters which means "Wash my transgressions, not only my face" and which is carved on the fonts of many Christian churches throughout the world.—Collier's Weekly