



# THE RIVER of SKULLS

by George Marsh

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WNU SERVICE

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

"Smoke hanging over that spruce point all right but whose smoke? McQueen's or the Naskapi's?"

"De Naskapi hunt deer on de barren. Dat ees McQueen."

Back at camp McCord listened to the news.

"Right on our heels, like wolves after deer, eh! Well, they won't find much deer in us!"

But Heather sat gazing into the fire, her brown face grave with foreboding. Noel, too, was silent as he worked on a paddle with his draw-knife, for the tales he had heard since childhood of the spirit-haunted rivers and the fierce nomads who roamed the interior following the caribou herds harassed him.

Shortly after daylight, the Peterboro slid into the slant of the first drop of the outlet on its long voyage north. Past shores rimmed with red willows and alders behind which the young leaves of the aspen shivered in the breeze, apple-green against the olive of the spruce, they rode the strong water. Farther on, past bold, boulder-strewn shores and through lake expansions, they traveled beyond the sunset and into the afterglow.

In the morning, when they raised their net, Alan took from among the red-bellied square-tails and the whitefish, a graceful, dark-backed, silvery fish and held it up for John's inspection.

"It must be a winnish, John, as sure as you're born. No sea salmon can get up here above all these falls and it's too early, anyway. We don't have these fellows on the coast—only the Herne's salmon, with red spots, in the Bay. This proves we're on Koksoak waters."

McCord's brown face widened in a grin as he examined the fish.

"Land-locked salmon, boy. I've caught them often in Quebec! Notice that line of black spots along the side! By glory, I'm going to have some fun, nights on this river, for I've got a rod and some flies—flies, lad! My Scotch blood wouldn't let me come without them."

To Alan's amusement McCord produced from a stout skin case, a jointed steel rod, a reel with oiled silk line and a small leader and fly-book.

Good river men though they were, the next few days taxed the skill and strength of the crew. Chutes and white-water and flumes followed each other endlessly. Past boulder-choked shores where great cakes of ice left by the high water still melted in the sun, with terraces of stratified sand rising above them, the Peterboro lunged. Packing around roaring falls and rock-scarred reaches, they labored day after day, while always beyond the valley reached the tundra, its white moss slopes stippled with flowers and mapped with caribou paths.

It was the last month of the northern movement of the great central herd that winters in the forests. Already does and fawns had preceded the bucks to the cool wind-whipped barrens where the mosquito pest and bot flies are less troublesome. But the canoe bound for the River of Skulls did not linger in the high plateau country. They had ample provisions, with the river fish, and their goal was too far and the summer too short.

Then, one day, the country ahead began to fall away, the valley narrowed, and a muffled roar reached their ears from below, where the river entered a long, rocky gorge. Landing, Alan and Noel went ahead over the boulders and gravel at the head of the gorge to inspect the water. Hours later they returned. For five miles they had followed the shores of the gorge jammed with boulders piled high by the ice and found the river impassable to a canoe. For three days they slaved with the canoe and outfit over rocks and boulders, Heather insisting on doing her share of the portaging with the tump-line strap over her blonde head. Below the canyon the canoe was again put in and shortly the river widened into a lake where they camped for a day's rest.

There is no spring on the high Ungava plateau. Winter dies hard with occasional snow flurries and frosty nights in June, then summer, the magician, touches the land of the tundra overnight with its wand. Myriad flowers spring to life. The rolling barrens between the innumerable lakes and rivers become gray-green carpets of caribou moss, velvet to the feet, splashed with the white blooms of the bake-apple and service berries, the pale rose of the fragrant twin-flower and the pink patches of the Irok.

And now summer had come to the wild valley of the Koksoak, and almost daily, rainbows arched the river, for Ungava is the land of rainbows.

"When are we going back to look for caribou on the barrens, Alan?" asked Heather as the tired voyagers lay on the warm sand beach before the two small traveling tents

with cheese-cloth mosquito linings. "I'd like to see the country up there."

Alan opened his eyes where he drowsed in the sun to consider the graceful figure of the girl near him. How many women could have come through the days of hardship behind them and hardly look tired. He thought of the girl back at Fort George, so lovely in her dark, feminine way. But compared with this tall girl who lay near him on the warm beach, Berthe was frail, too soft for hardship.

"Were ees de glass?" asked Noel who had been staring for some minutes at the hills to the north. "In the tent on my clothes pack."

Noel got the glasses and sitting down on the beach began to sweep the distant ridges below the lake. After an interval he announced, excitedly:

"Smoke sign—down de riviere!"

"If that's smoke and not haze, then it's Indians," replied Alan, getting to his feet.

"No haze—dis!" insisted Noel, his eyes frozen to the glasses while

downstream with their poles and picked him up.

"It look bad but we can run dem!" was the report.

"We've got to run them!" insisted Alan. "They can shoot us out of the boat from the shore, here. We've got to get out of this country!"

"That's right, Alan!" agreed McCord, a soothing arm circling the shoulders of the girl who stood gripping her rifle, her frightened eyes patrolling the opposite shore.

"Ah-hah! We go!"

The Peterboro caught the suck of the first drop and was into the maw of the white water where the river boiled and churned and lashed itself into a frenzy of foam and flung spume until hidden by a rocky bend. Following black water channels past boulders over which the driven water mounded high to burst into cascades of spray; missing, by the width of a paddle, upthrusts and splinters of rock where the river thrashed itself into white fury; dodging knife-edged ledges that would rip the bottom from nose to

Alan as he came up beside the filling boat. "Are you all right, Heather?" he called to the girl who had been thrown wide and was swimming back to the canoe pivoting on its caught bow with the current.

"All right!" answered the girl, who swam like a fish.

"Get her bow off, quick, before we lose our loose stuff!"

"I've got it!" yelled the giant, standing on the submerged rock as he heaved and freed the bow.

Frantically the crew worked, in water like ice, to bring the half-filled craft ashore. They were shortly in shoal water where they freed the precious pemmican, flour, and provision bags from their lashings and put them on the beach, then emptied the canoe.

"Any paddle gone?" cried Alan.

"Mine and Heather's," answered McCord.

"Come on, Noel, they'll drift ashore in that bend!" And the two boys, leaping into the canoe in the fast fading light, hurried away and



"Ah-hah!" grunted Noel. "Camp smoke!"

Heather and Alan stood beside him. "Dere eet go again! T'ree puff, I tell you," he cried excitedly. "De Injun signal wid a blanket!"

"Let me have a look!"

Noel handed the binoculars to Alan.

From a blue ridge down the river valley Alan shortly saw a column of smoke rise, to be cut short off. Presently this was followed by another column and this, later, by another. There was no mistaking it. This was no haze. This was smoke signalling by alternately holding a blanket over the fire and removing it, to separate the puffs.

"Where's John?"

"Over at the outlet fishing for salmon," replied Heather.

"There! There's the answer from the farthest blue hill, on this side of the valley! See it, Noel?"

Noel took the glasses. "Ah-hah," he said. "I see eet."

"We'll do a little signalling ourselves." And Alan tied Heather's white sweater to a paddle and waved it back and forth to the man a mile away in the canoe. When the canoe was seen to head towards camp, the two men and the girl started hurriedly to roll their tents and get the outfit ready for the canoe.

"What's the matter?" demanded the curious McCord, reaching them.

"There are Indians signalling from a hill below here. They may be hunters who have found deer and are telling someone across the valley. Then again they may have seen us and are starting to head us off. We've got to get downstream, past them!"

"How about McQueen?"

"If I know anything about canoe-men McQueen's fifty miles behind us, John. This is Naskapi!"

Calling the dogs who were hunting back in the scrub, they loaded the canoe and started for the outlet. For a few miles below the lake there was good canoe water; then, when the Peterboro was abreast of the ridge where they had seen the first smoke signals, the river fell off in a long rapids.

Taking his rifle Noel leaped ashore and ran ahead to inspect the water while Alan and McCord remained at the boat with Heather watching the shores for a possible ambush. Shortly Noel waved them on and they "snubbed" the boat

stern; the Peterboro raced and plunged past the menacing shores where hidden Naskapi could pour upon them a withering fire.

On down the river they pushed through the day and into the long twilight, putting mile after mile between the canoe and the hills of the signal smoke. The dusk was beginning to pack the spruce of the shores when the tired canoe-men began to look for a place to camp. At a widening where the river bed was strewn with boulders but the water not strong, the bowman swung the nose of the canoe toward the beach. But, within a hundred feet of the shore, the Peterboro with its heavy load rode upon a submerged boulder and, before the crew could save it, rolled and they were in the river.

"Save the flour and pemmican! Don't let the pemmican sink!" cried

were back shortly with the lost paddles.

Then while a fire was kindled the flour bags were carefully examined.

"The water got to two bags," mourned Alan, "but we'll save some of it if we work quick enough! The pemmican's all right!"

They opened the wet bags and removing what flour had not been reached by water, placed it in spare bags, then spread their outfit out to dry by the fire. Owing to the fact that everything of value in the canoe was lashed to the thwarts they had lost nothing except the flour. Half of that was ruined.

While the steam rose from their wet clothes and their socks hung on a thong suspended by sticks, they stood in their bare feet drying out beside the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Men Excel in Fishing; Outclass Women by Two to One, According to Michigan Expert

Women are not as good at trout fishing as are men, three years of research on Michigan trout streams by the Institute for Fisheries Research of the state department of conservation and the University of Michigan reveals, says the Detroit News.

Creel censuses taken on a random selection of Michigan lakes and streams for the last three years show that, while women do just about as well as men in lake fishing, they catch only about half as many trout in streams. Over the three-year period, said Dr. R. William Eschmeyer, of the institute, men have caught almost one trout per hour of fishing, while women have had an average catch of only 0.5 of a trout per hour. The average catch for all fishermen, he added, was 0.8 of a trout per hour of fishing.

There are a number of reasons for women's ill-luck when it comes to stream fishing, said Dr. Eschmeyer, and these do not include any mention of ability. In the first place, he pointed out, stream fishing may be compared to solitaire, while lake fishing is more comparable to bridge; the former is non-social, the latter, social. Women, he said, prefer the company of oth-

ers, a condition that is supplied by lake fishing, which is generally done from a boat containing several persons. Then, too, he continued, some of the best fishing is near or after dark, at which time most women have probably left the stream.

Another reason, he said, is to be found in the fact that trout fishing, particularly in rapid streams, demands considerable careful wading and always offers the possibility of getting wet in relatively cold water. In the last place, he concluded, "according to those addicted to the pipe (chiefly men), pipe smoking while fishing permits one to give more attention to trout and less to mosquitoes."

### The Crocodile

The crocodile has a family reputation to uphold. He is about the last close relative of the dinosaur. He will even leave the water to attack a man. Nor does he worry about digestion, eating food, bones and all, says a writer in the Washington Post. The weak spot in a crocodile is jaw-opening. He fields terrific power in closing his mouth, can crush a dog in two. But an average man, clamping his hands on the crocodile's snout, can keep it closed.

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Analyzes

## The Cereal Grains

Well Known Food Authority Describes Their Place in the Diet

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

6 East 39th Street, New York City.

TO ME, there is no more inspiring sight in the world than a field of nodding golden grain. It not only pleases the eye with its grace and profound beauty, but it attests to Nature's bounty. For down through the ages, grains have sustained and comforted man.

In every quarter of the globe, foods made from grain constitute the largest single item in the food supply. This is as it should be, for no other foodstuff affords such a rich store of fuel value at such little cost. It has been estimated that during one day's labor, an American farmer, growing wheat by up-to-date American methods, can produce enough protein and calories to sustain a man for a year.

### A Source of Power and Pep

Every nation depends upon some form of cereal to furnish

motive power for the body machinery — to provide necessary energy to keep body and brain functioning efficiently. In the Western world, wheat is supreme. But in Oriental countries, rice takes the lead and it is the chief article of food for half of the world's people. Rye, oats, barley, maize and buckwheat are likewise important crops.

### Energy Values Compared

All uncooked cereal foods show great similarity in their chemical composition and therefore have very nearly the same energy value—that is about 1,650 calories per pound. The weight of a 100-calorie portion is about an ounce. But there is a wide variation in bulk, depending upon the degree to which the cereal has been refined. For example, three tablespoons of patent wheat flour weigh one ounce; one and one-fourth cups of a puffed wheat cereal likewise weigh one ounce. After cooking, there is a big variation in weight, as well as measure, owing to the varying amounts of water absorbed. Thus a cup of cooked oatmeal mush supplies the same number of calories as three tablespoons of a puffy dry cereal with a nut-like taste.

### The Cereal Proteins

From 8 to 12 per cent of the calories in cereal foods are obtained from protein and two noted investigators have estimated that grain products contribute 38 per cent of the total calories and 37 per cent of the protein in the typical American dietary.

Laboratory experiments indicate that the proteins of wheat, oats, maize, rye and barley are about equally efficient in promoting and supporting growth. None of them compares with an equivalent weight of the complete proteins of milk, eggs or meat, but when combined with small amounts of milk, the cereal proteins become highly efficient.

### Iron and Copper

The mineral elements of grains are concentrated largely in the outer layers and in the germ. For this reason, there is considerable difference in the yield of minerals from whole grain and highly refined cereal foods.

The mineral content of bran is from 10 to 20 times greater than that of patent flour, and whole wheat contains from three to five times as much iron, calcium and phosphorus. Bran, oatmeal and whole grain cereals are a good source of copper as well as iron.

### Rich in Vitamin B

The different cereal grains are quite similar in their vitamin values, but as the vitamins are very unevenly distributed throughout

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constitute the mainstay of the diet. Fortunately, there is such a wide variety from which to choose that there is little likelihood of monotony. Furthermore, because of their bland flavor, one does not readily tire of cereal foods.

In addition to the wide variety of breads, rolls, muffins, biscuits and griddle cakes that can be made from refined and whole grain flours, there are an astonishing number of cooked and uncooked cereals from which to choose. When served with milk, bread or cereals make an ideal and economical food combination.

### Macaroni for a Main Dish

Besides serving as the main feature at breakfast and for the child's supper, cereal foods are useful as the chief attraction at dinner or supper when served in the form of macaroni, spaghetti or egg noodles. They are a fine source of energy and also furnish about 12 per cent protein. When combined with cheese, which adds protein, minerals and vitamins, they constitute a balanced main dish.

Cereal products of all kinds deserve a ranking place among FOODS THAT KEEP US FIT.

### Questions Answered

Miss R. M.—There is no evidence to indicate any relation between thunderstorms and the souring of milk. Thunderstorms are more likely to occur during the summer when temperatures are high. Hot weather also induces bacterial growth in milk.

Mrs. J. McK.—Though the food value of meat extracts is low, they have a tempting flavor, due to the presence of the savory extractives which stimulate appetite. Their content of potash salts causes a quickened and stronger heart beat. In fact, it has been said that their effect is more like a stimulant than a food. That is why they are often used as a restorative for invalids.

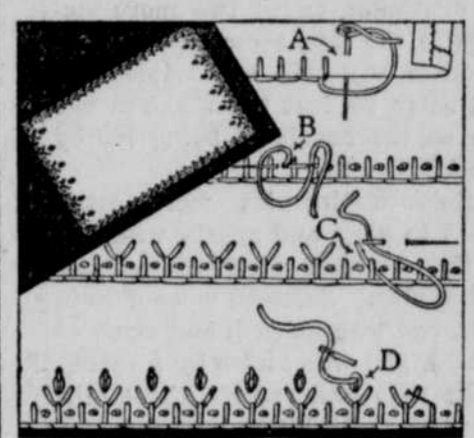
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# HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears

WE SAY luncheon mats yet, more and more, mats are being used three times a day. This change from the traditional table cloth saves time and laundry; the color and variety of mats add interest to table settings.

A set of sheerest organdie is used with dainty china. The mat shown here is the other extreme. It is made of soft blue denim and is embroidered in heavy white cotton. Napkins may be made to



match, or plain white napkins may be used. Here are all the directions you will need for the embroidery.

Cut the mats the desired size, pulling a thread of the fabric to guide you in cutting the edge straight. Hem the edges by hand with 3/8-inch hems, using matching cotton sewing thread or raveled threads of the fabric if they are strong enough. Now, blanket stitch over the hems with the embroidery thread as shown here at A. Next, make tiny chain stitches between the blanket stitches as at B.

### Condemn Your Faults

Many men are angry with them that tell them of their faults, when they should be angry only with the faults that are told them.—Venning.

This completes the embroidery for the long sides of the mats. The short ends are embroidered more elaborately. Make a V stitch at the top of every other blanket stitch as shown at C. Chain stitches are then made as at D.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' latest book gives complete directions for many novelties, gifts and things for yourself and the children. It also fully illustrates 90 embroidery stitches with interesting variations. You will use these again and again for reference. Ask for Book 2, enclosing 25 cents. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago.

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