



THE RIVER of SKULLS

—by George Marsh—

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER X—Continued
—15—

"Alan's bringing in a heavy load of meat, I'll bet," said McCord. "Deer liver'll go good, eh, Noel? I'm hungry for red meat after so much fish."

"He's coming! Look at the dogs!" cried Heather. Powder, Shot and Rouge had suddenly risen to face the timber, ears pricked, their black nostrils eagerly testing the air. Then, with a yelp, Powder plunged into the scrub, followed by his brothers. From somewhere back in the spruce came the familiar yelp of the lead dog.

Heather's brown face dimpled in a smile of relief. She glanced down at her torn whippoorwill and heavy woolen stockings. Bending over she smoothed the stockings, then went to her tent and ran a comb through her siffling hair. As she came out, Noel was watching her. She smiled. The Indian returned the smile. Heather liked Noel and knew that he shared her secret.

"Well, what in the devil's happened to you two?" demanded McCord, as the frisking puppies followed by the badly limping Rough, and Alan with his back load of deer meat, came out of the scrub.

Alan waved his hand, walked to the beach and dropped his pack. His eyes were swollen almost shut and his head, neck and hands smeared with blood from insect stings. From his forehead rose a great red welt, where the flesh had been broken. One side of his face was smudged with a powder burn and his shirt around the bullet hole peppered with powder.

"Alan! Alan!" Heather choked, running to the tired hunter who stood grinning at his startled friends. "Alan Cameron, you've been hurt! Your head! It's all swollen and bloody and your eyes are almost shut! You've been bitten to death by mosquitoes and black flies! Oh, Alan, what's happened to you?"

"Good lord, you're a sight, man!" cried McCord. "And look at Rough! Did you two run into a bear?"

"Four bears," said Alan, with a grimace.

Noel squinted at Cameron's tattered shirt.

"Ah-hah! You got shot at close to, dere," he exclaimed, pointing at the bullet hole and powder stains.

"Shot at!" cried McCord. "You met the Naskapi?"

Alan nodded. "The last of the migration is passing to the east! I got two. On my way back with the meat, they cracked me on the head—ambushed me—were going to burn me, but Rough chewed his leash and found us in time."

"Burn you!" McCord exclaimed. "God, that's awful!"

"Burn you!" gasped Heather, then with a sob, cried, "I knew something was wrong today! I knew it! I'll heat some water for your head, and get soda for your poor face. And oh, see Rough's shoulder!"

While he and his hungry dog ate, and Heather and Noel bathed their wounds, Alan told the story.

The following morning, with Rough in the boat because of his stiff shoulder, the Peterboro continued down the desolate river valley. Packing with infinite toil around impassable reaches of rapids and white falls leaping headlong over towering ledges to plunge into wide basins beneath; passing cliffs that lifted a sheer thousand feet of granite wall above the timbered floor of the valley, where golden eagles soared above inviolate nests and gyalcons flashed through the air like winged arrows, they pushed on toward the goal that beckoned their paddles.

Then, one day the rocky ramparts of the valley began to fall away. The country flattened out and they entered a long lake filled with islands.

"How far have we come, John?" asked Alan as the canoe nosed a wide ripple across the windless surface of the lake.

"According to my record," said McCord, "we've made good time, on 14 days, and been held up on portages, or rested, on six. We must have come over 300 miles. Aleck claimed he traveled 200 miles upstream. I believe we're not far from the River of Skulls. All day the valley's been changing and back there a ways, before we hit the lake, I saw a lot of cliff faces that were reddish, due to the oxide of iron in the rock. This is what the geologists call Cambrian strata. We've left the granite and entered a region of shale and limestone."

"That's where you find quartz veins and gold, eh?"

"Sometimes you do—if you're lucky. According to Drummond, the River of Skulls cuts through granite and limestone to make that gorge. See? It's the quartz veins in the granite that carry pyrites and galena, from which the river, once upon a time, washed the gold into those sands."

"There's the old miner for you, Alan!" laughed Heather. "Give him

a squint at a rock and he's lost for all day."

"I believe we'll see the mouth of John's river in three or four days," went on McCord. "Then we'll give Heather and Noel a job sewing up moccasins and patching old clothes while we locate those sands."

"Yes, but I'm going to pan gold, too," she insisted, "and I'm going to hunt deer."

For hours they paddled down the long lake. Red throated loons dove at their approach to scold them from a distance with their wailing; gulls rose from their nesting rocks to flap lazily off, the liquid mirror that pictured sky and forest; shel-drake skittered along the shores, flaying the surface with their short wings.

When the sun plunged behind the low western hills, rimming the tundra with fire, the lake still reached before them, mile after mile, into the north. They made camp on one of a group of islands edged with the young green of sand-bar willows and alders where, back from the pebbly shore, the thick spruce and tamarack would mask their fire from the sharp eyes of the Naskapi.

Soon the hardy puppies, who had been following the lake shore in sight of the canoe, came swimming out to the island. They were now two years old and full grown. When



"I'm hungry for red meat after so much fish."

they had fed the ravenous dogs and eaten their own supper of white-fish and lake trout, Alan and Heather sat on the shore in the long twilight. Suddenly Alan's roving eyes focused on a point of the shore two miles up the lake.

"That looks mighty like a canoe to me, Heather," he said, rising, his eyes still watching the distant shore.

"A canoe? You don't think it's Indians?" she asked, her voice husky with apprehension.

"I'm going for the glasses."

"Something that looks like a canoe moving along the shore," Alan announced to the two men at the tents.

All three hurried to the beach and joined Heather. Focusing his glasses, Alan gazed for a space without comment, then handed them to McCord. "It's hard to make it out, John, against the green of the shore, but it looks like a canoe."

For a long time McCord studied the object in the distance. Then he handed the glasses to Noel.

"What do you think, Noel?"

The Indian was occupied with the glasses and did not answer.

Heather's violet eyes grew dark with dread. "What will happen to the dogs if they run into the Naskapi on the shore?" she cried. "Oh, I don't want anything to happen to the dogs!"

Alan smiled at her. She loved the Ungavas as he did and the dogs loved her. What, indeed, would happen, he wondered, if they ran into the Naskapi while they followed the canoe along the shore?

At last, after a long observation, Noel turned to the others with a twinkle in his small eyes.

"Dat cano' ees deer!"

"Ah-hah! They are out in de lak' now. You see?" and he handed the glasses to McCord.

"Noel, you're right!" said the big man, after an interval. "They were all bunched together and looked just like a boat."

"We need that meat," insisted Alan. "Let's get it!"

They launched the Peterboro and the four blades lifted the empty craft through the water, for Heather paddled with the skill of a man. Caribou have poor eyesight but when, at last, they saw the canoe behind them cutting off their retreat to the shore, they became panic-stricken. Lifting themselves almost out of the water, with heads, backs and white sterns exposed, they churned the still surface of the lake with the drive of their pistonic legs and splay hooves. But the unloaced canoe with its four blades was too fast for the swimming deer and they were finally driven in to the shore of the island where the

dogs got what the masters could not use of the meat. When it was dark and the smoke could not be seen, a fire was built and they started smoking the venison to preserve it for future use.

In the morning the Peterboro continued down the lake. It was deep in July and John McCord and Alan were growing anxious. Already less than two months of summer remained in which to accomplish their purpose. Every day was precious and must be put to good use if they were to succeed. And beyond this was the danger of meeting the Naskapi. Of McQueen they talked little. They knew they would have to reckon with the four men somewhere behind them, when they had their gold and started back over the ice for the cache at the head of the river.

The canoe traveled past boulder-strewn points and scrub covered islands down the long lake. They were about to turn inshore to boil the kettle for a midday meal, when the bowman, trailing his paddle in one hand, looked fixedly toward a point of boulders thrusting out into the lake ahead.

"What d'you see, Noel?" asked McCord.

Noel reached back his hand without removing his eyes from the far

as the canoe cautiously approached with two rifles levelled on him.

When the boat was within calling distance, cupping his hands, Noel shouted in Montagnais: "Kekway! Kekway! Why do you build the fire? What do you want? If you have people hidden behind the rocks, we will shoot you when they fire. Our guns have great magic. They shoot straight and far!"

The Indian understood the Montagnais for back came the reply in a shrill voice: "I trade at the big Fort Chimo. I am alone and starving. I have no gun!"

"He says he's starving and alone, John!" explained Alan. "He trades at Chimo!"

Noel was giving the Indian on the beach a careful inspection with the binoculars. Shortly he grunted as he handed them to McCord. "He so weak he not stan' up. He lean on rock, and he ees ver' poor een de face. Where is your gun and canoe?" demanded Noel in Montagnais.

From the shore came the answer which Noel interpreted: "He say not to shoot, he run away from de Caribou People. Dey keel all hees feller."

"There's no doubt about that Indian being starved, Alan," said McCord with the glasses at his eyes. "He's thin as a spruce. I can almost see his knees shake. And he knows if he's got an ambush behind him in those rocks, he's a dead man, himself, at this range, whatever happens."

"Shall we go in and look him over, Noel?" asked Alan.

"Ah-hah, dat man ees starve for sure."

So, under cover of three rifles, Alan pushed the canoe in to within a hundred feet of the point of boulders. As the canoe approached the Indian, it was evident to those who watched him that he was in a starving condition. His dark face was pitifully thin and he was apparently so weak that he leaned against a boulder while he talked with Noel.

He was dressed from head to foot in deerskin, coat, shirt, leggings and moccasins, and he wore his hair in the Naskapi manner, chopped off at the shoulders.

"He's sure wild looking with that long hair," said McCord. "Not much more than a boy, too."

"He does look starved, Dad," sympathized Heather as Noel conversed with the Indian. "My! what queer hair!"

"Notice how bright his eyes are? That's a sure sign," said John.

Alan, understanding most of the conversation, listened closely to Noel's talk with the Naskapi. Then Noel turned to the others in the canoe while the stranger stared in undisguised amazement at the golden haired girl in the clothes of a man.

"He say beed band of Naskapi ees toward de rising sun, east of here, on de barren. Dey spear deer at cross-ovair on lak'."

"What is he doing here, alone?" demanded McCord. "Why is he starving when the lake is full of fish?"

"Dis ees not hees countree. He hunt de Quiet Water down de Koksoak. Dees Caribou People keel all hees familee. He run away from dem."

"That explains it then. He wants to get down river, does he?"

"Ah-hah."

They took the young Indian in the canoe and crossed to the island where they had left the dogs. There, while Noel made some caribou broth and fed him sparingly, the Indian told his story.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Apple Trees of the Future May Grow on Their Own Roots, Nursery Expert Says

Apple trees of the future may grow on their own roots. In the past the apple tree was an assembled article with the fruit-producing part grafted to a common root stock such as the French crab variety. This was necessary because seedlings do not produce true to variety, and because cuttings of stem tissues would not take root.

Now scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture have developed a method by which stem cuttings of apple varieties are induced to form root initials or points of origin on the stem that promptly develop into roots when the cuttings are taken from the tree and set in the soil, thus doing away with grafting.

The process is described by Dr. F. E. Gardner, in charge of nursery stock investigations for the bureau of plant industry, as "etiolation." The growing shoot is wrapped in black tape when it starts to put out leaves in the spring. A piece 2 1/2 to 3 inches long is sufficient to wrap four or five times spirally around the young shoot as near the growing tip as possible. Another method is to place a small black paper tube over the shoot. All growth is made in complete, or nearly complete, absence of light.

When the cuttings are made in the fall it is only necessary to remove the shoot, strip off the tape or paper tube, make the basal cut in the etiolated area, and set it out. Why etiolation should favor the production of roots on stem tissue is as much "in the dark" as the process itself, says Doctor Gardner.

Several practical advantages are seen for the process, mainly in that it is easier and cheaper to make a cutting than a graft. One man can wrap several thousand shoots in one day. Too, there is a possibility of avoiding variability common in root stocks of grafted apple trees.

In many cases, however, it is more desirable to grow apple trees on roots other than their own. Some varieties have root systems that lack cold hardiness and are susceptible to disease and insect attacks. The propagation of such varieties on their own roots would not be desirable.

Invented Automaton
Archytos, who lived 400 years B. C., is the first known inventor of the automaton. His was the flying dove. Almost a thousand years later Friar Bacon is said to have constructed a brazen head that could speak.

As to Knitting a Chic Fall Sweater

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S time to knit! Or do you happen to be a crocheter instead of a knitter? Either way you do it, it's time to make one of the perfectly charming sweaters here pictured.

We'll wager that at sight of these ultra chic and fascinating sweater fashions your fingers will begin to tingle, your heart action quicken as a sudden urge sweeps o'er you to clickety click those knitting needles of yours faster than they ever clicked before. Or, if perchance, it's a crocheted needle you wield, we've an idea it's going to go at rapid pace to complete a "darling" sweater like the crocheted model shown above to the right in the illustration, for of course you will be wanting to have it ready to wear with the new fall suit. The other two sweaters in the picture are knitted.

We agree with you, this trio of hand-made sweaters certainly have a chic and charm about them that is far beyond the ordinary. Not that there is anything complicated about the knitting and crocheting of 'em, for each of the models is really very simple to make.

"Sweaters this year," comes word from Paris, "will be new because of their departure from the conventional." Short, just over the hip-bone is the foreword that reaches us in regard to the new fall sweaters. Many are slide fastened for most everything is being zippered among the new fashions that can be zipped. The majority of new sweaters have low necks.

The band-and-bow trim that gives such dainty feminine appeal to the sweater pictured above to the right in the group is definitely new. It affords a grand opportunity to carry out a two-color scheme which is something to take note of, considering that bicolor treatments are highly important in the current stylizing program. The three bands of contrasting color are fastened with bows made of tufts of fringe formed of the identical mercerized

crochet cotton used to make the sweater. You'll love this band-and-bow trimming the more you wear your sweater.

The jacket-like sweater blouse above to the left has that air of sophisticated simplicity about it that every woman versed in the art of smart costume covets. It is knit of knit-cro-shewn in an openwork stitch interspersed with solid blocks that give a sort of plaided effect. This sweater is the type that looks just as well when you remove your jacket as it does with the jacket on. Make it up in one of the lovely new muted colors and you will find it an indispensable and flattering accessory. The square neck line is a high-style feature. So also are the crocheted buttons up the front. Most fashion reports have much to say in regard to the flair for buttons running to larger rather than small this season.

With word emanating from Paris that "it's a year for sweaters in versatile styles," cardigans get headline attention. Variety in cardigan styles is the new mandate, but it must be "variety without fussiness." A cardigan type that embodies all of Paris' sweater dictates is the short-sleeved one shown below. It is knit and crocheted of lustrous mercerized cotton. Work it up in a contrast of your two favorite colors.

Success in sewing, like success 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.

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PART FABRIC, PART KNIT NEW FORMULA

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

SUMMER ERMINE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



College girl, here's your cue to smartness in dress this fall. Which is to the effect that the sweater and the cloth skirt in accurate color match is a fashion "must" this coming season. So there's lots of fun ahead matching a sweater knit of shetland, cashmere or angora wool to the skirt of patterned tweed, or if you prefer, a monotone wool of plain or novelty weave. Your choice runs from rich dark autumn tones to the now-so-fashionable pastel colors.

Then there are those amazing three-piece ensembles that employ the identical yarn employed in knitting the sweater, as is used for weaving the cloth for jacket and skirt. There's no-end chic in the costumes of cloth that have short fur jackets with sleeves and borders, knit of yarn in colors that tune to the scheme of things.

Brushed-Up Coiffures Now Go With Doll-Sized Hats
It seems as if the idea of brushed-up hair is gaining, whether we like it or no. At any rate buyers returning from midsummer trips report that they will show the new tiny doll-sized hats launched by Schiaparelli, worn atop higher hairdress that brings curls up off the ears. It remains to be seen how well the fashion will "take." You never can tell, fickle fashion, fickle public are apt to go to any extreme.

Cerise Added to Popular Pinks by Paris Stylist
Cerise is a new step on the ladder of pinks. A pleasant variation of the more purplish fuchsia shade, the cerise is used by Lelong for a flowing sash tying around a deep blue evening gown with a halter neck.

And the same vivid shade is the background for a dainty white-dotted Swiss, which forms the bodice for a bouffant white tulle skirt. The bodice is draped up and over the right shoulder but comes under the left arm, thus leaving the left shoulder strapless, while the right is well covered.

Adding Bright Touch
Flowers on the bodice of an evening frock matched by flowers in the hair supply all the decoration that one could want for festive occasions.

Moldy Colors
Moldy colors are being proudly displayed at the moment as being high style.