

THE RIVER of SKULLS

-by George Marsh-

• PENN PUBLISHING CO.

WNU SERVICE

found them at the camp. But to

had got all Alan held dear, but he

day after day, they followed his

sled-trail up the Koksoak. The gold

dead weight on his dogs and Alan

smiled grimly-smiled as he real-

ized that that 160 pounds of gold

would only the sooner bring Heath-

er back to him-nearer, day by day,

as the Ungavas traveled like wolves,

eating up the white miles on Mc-

ambushed McCord's automatic. Ev-

gold. Then, back in the spruce,

"Dat ees wan we see on de Talk-

ing Riviere! John do good job on

he must have been," said Alan,

last! They must have left him for

four men ahead of us, with Heather,

Noel. They won't dare to try for

Chimo with the gold. They'll head

Before they covered the body of

ders heavy enough to cheat the wol-

Noel reached across the body of

With their left hands they held

forced to leave behind, together with

her tent, they added to the sled al-

ready loaded with food and outfit,

their 400-mile race up the frozen

Koksoak. As they reached the riv-

er ice, Alan stopped and faced the

graves on the terrace above them.

Raising his mittened hand in fare-

"Good-by, John! We'll get her!

It was 400 up-hill miles to the

cache at the headwaters, and,

tempted as Alan was to risk starva-

tion and follow McQueen night and

day with a light sled until he over-

madness in a gameless country. For

Heather's sake as well as their own,

it was necessary to carry sufficient

food for men and dogs to reach the

high plateau. Gradually, the power-

ful Ungavas, well fed, would wear

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An ignorant woman may possess

it in a marked degree, while to a

well-bred, highly educated girl it

social set or village may be found

at least one man or woman dis-

tinctly gifted with magnetism. It

may be the quality of being lov-

able. At any rate, it will be found

frequently that such a one is a

First Incandescent Light

lamp of practical value was invent-

ed on October 21, 1879, by Thomas

Alva Edison. After 13 months of ex-

perimenting, says the Philadelphia

Inquirer, he discovered the carbon-

ized cotton filaments and produced

a lamp to burn 40 hours. The first

demonstration was held on Decem-

stration was held December 31,

1879, and the Pennsylvania railroad

invention were granted to him Jan. dress.

The first electric incandescent

Success on Stage, According to Expert

To succeed on the stage, one must | sions. It manifests itself in what is have temperament. There is a dis- called personal magnetism, a

tinction between this and intelli- charm that makes the audience feel.

her youth had to have the subtleties | may be wholly foreign. In every

leader.

Rough and Noel and I'll get her,

well, he called:

John! Good-by, partner!"

their friend and took Alan's hand.

"Now we've got three, maybe

through the body with a 45.

Queen's trail.

heem."

dead."

up the Koksoak."

"Your hand, Noel!"

CHAPTER XIV-Continued -21-

"How dey come up dis riviere?" the River of Skulls.

"He was good fr'en' of me," lathe canoe and, drawing his knife, raised it above the frozen body in the water. "For dis t'ing, Napayo, McQueen weel pay to me!" he said, and, for a space, held the knife handle against his forehead in consummation of the Montagnais oath.

They carried Napayo's battered body up among the spruces, and small boulders to protect it from the wolverines and the foxes. Kneeling. Heather said a prayer for the soul of the untutored boy who had given them his trust and devotion.

"The next few days," Alan announced when the four gathered for a council of war, "we spend in caching, somewhere back in the spruce, the gold and all our food and outfit for the trip home. We're being watched. Some night they may try to surprise us, but we'll keep the dogs on light leashes they can break, in a circle around the camp. They can't get by the dogs." John McCord ran his fingers

through his thick yellow hair as his face pictured the perplexity and amazement under which he labored.

"I can't realize it! McQueen getting past the Naskapi-and following us clear through to this gorge. How did he know we turned up this

"You're wasting your time, John," said Alan. "The fact is, he got by the Indians. He knows where we are and he's out to wipe us out and take our gold."

"Well, let's do a little hun ourselves. When the snow packs for sledding we'll go looking for Mr. McQueen."

"And leave Heather?" "No, take her with us. She'd be

safer that way."

Alan looked at the girl's courageous eyes, sad from brooding over Napayo's tragic fate. She met his glance and, as he argued, her face shone triumphantly.

"Above all things, John," Alan said, still holding her gaze, "Heather must be protected. Above all things! I'd throw this gold into the river now-to save her all this fear and anxiety. I'm telling you this now, I'd throw the gold at McQueen to have Heather safe at Fort George."

She buried her face in her hands, elbows on knees, as her father replied:

"You don't mean to say that you, Alan Cameron, are losing heart when we've got a fortune in our hands. Don't suppose I don't know what Heather's gone through—that I'm not thinking of her. But we've won, boy! We've got our gold and we're going back with it!"

Without a reply Alan rose, stretched and announced. "Noel takes the first watch tonight. I'll see it through to daylight."

For three weeks while the ice thickened on the rivers, those at the camp never relaxed their vigilance. The extra supplies were hidden, separated from the gold, deep in the spruce and the new snow had long since covered the trail to the caches. A fish cache for the team and the temporary supplies were also hidden near the camp. If McQueen should come, in the absence of the party, he would find little to steal or destroy. Daily the three men and the girl went out with the dogs and the long sled, loaded heavily, to harden the huskies for the long trail back.

Twice they traveled far up the river over the tundra, where an ambush was impossible, to search for tracks in the snow or signs of their enemies. They found none.

November came and the cold grew more intense while the snow became deeper, except where the wind scoured river ice and barren. Then, gradually, McCord and Alan became convinced that Napayo had met his death at the hands of Naskapi who had ambushed the Mc-Queen party and taken their rifles.

There was still a cache of dried caribou meat that Noel and Napayo had left far up the river and. one day, Alan and Noel decided to take the dogs and bring back the meat while they made a wide swing into the barrens toward the Koksoak to look for tracks in the snow. Because of the heavy load and the fact that the men intended to travel fast, staying out but one night, and a muffled moan answered from carnate the outline or sketch of uary 27, 1880. First public demon-Heather and her father were to re- the dusk-shrouded tents.

main at the camp.

scrub with the team drawing fire dusk was fast gathering in the valdemanded Noel, dazed with the ley. Before Heather's double tent, Cameron, groping in her tent to find marked. There the boys took the grim evidence of the presence of wind-breaked with a brush barrier her personal belongings strewn upon team and loaded the sled. McQueen McQueen somewhere above them on filled in with snow, and heated with the spruce boughs of the floor. He the portable folding stove, Alan and rushed outside to join Noel kneel- had not found the food that would "They must have crossed from the girl stood talking. Framed in ing beside the body of John McCord keep the great Ungavas strong as, the Koksoak and struck the migra- the wolf-hair rim of the hood of her in the men's tent. tion." Alan sadly surveyed the bro- caribou parka, her cheeks flushed by ken body of the Indian boy who had the exercise in the stinging air and done to you?" cried the shocked that McQueen carried would be a been their friend. "Poor Napayo! her violet eyes brilliant with health, Cameron, throwing off the skin robe He's with his people now. No more she drew Alan Cameron as a magfear of starvation for him. They net draws steel. Never since that ing heavily on the bough floor. shot him in cold blood, Noel! Shot | walk on the barren, when he had him in the back! And they'll pay for told her what she had come to mean ordered as he searched with tremto him, had Heather allowed Alan to talk to her alone, until this day mented Noel, his dark face distorted when they had gone back on the er! What have they done to you?" with grief. Suddenly he stood up in frozen tundra for ptarmigan. And through the two hours that their shoes etched their webbed trail on when he started to talk of what lay deep in his heart. So he had bered slug had entered his back. given it up and now stood looking

down into her anxious eyes. there they buried it under a pile of she said. "I can't throw it off. It got Heather, Noel! They've got haunts me!"

"There's nothing in dreams, Heather."

"But this one was so vivid. Poor Napayo came to warn me. He talked in his native tongue and I couldn't understand him. But he pointed to ago did this happen?"



"Nothing is going to happen to us, Heather! Nothing!"

his wounds, and his face-oh, I can't forget his poor battered face, just as you found him, Alan. There was such agony in it! He tried so hard to make me understand."

Deeply moved, the girl stood, her eyes starry with tears, as she talked there in the bitter air to the man who loved her. With a rush of tenderness that swept him off his feet, he took her, unresisting, into his

"You must not think of it-the dream!" he murmured, trembling. "Nothing is going to happen to us, Heather! Nothing! I love you! I love you!"

He kissed her cheek, her mouth. Sobbing she clung to him, madly returning his kisses. Then, as if waking from a dream, she broke from his arms.

"Oh, what am I doing? What am doing?" she cried. "You're only trying to forget her! You're lonely and trying to forget her!"

"I've long since forgotten her I've loved you, Heather, for months! Won't you believe me? Won't you?"

They heard the voices of the men you'll believe me! Some day you'll know!"

Two days later, when the early November dusk hung in the spruce that for some reason McCord had cache. forest of the terraces below the Moaning Gorge, the dog team pulling the sled load of frozen meat angled down off the tundra, and followed the ice-hard trail through the Temperament and Magnetism Keynote to scrub to the camp. The absence of two days had seemed long to Alan, companioned by the memory of Heather's kisses and her circling

As they approached the tents from the rear, the dogs broke into a trot and Alan called, "Hello there!" There was no response. No flicker of light from the supper fire in

front of the men's tent stabbed the murk of the circling spruce. "They must have been hunting back on the barren and are late reaching camp," suggested Alan.

As the team neared the tents, Noel's black brows knotted. His apprehensive eyes wandered back and forth, striving to pierce the gloom. Suddenly the dogs became disturbed, sniffing the air and whining.

"By gar, somet'ing happen here!" whispered the Indian. "Eet look define it. Perhaps it is nearer akin ver' strange!"

Tortured by fear of what ghastly discovery the dusk-filled camp concealed, Alan approached the tents. Again he called: "John!-Heather! Are you there?"

The sound of stertorous breathing the quality that enables one to in-

"God! Did you hear that? Some- ether, as it were, and draw there-The afternoon before the start, thing's happened! Heather! Heath- from a definite human being of flesh ran special trains for it to Menlo dency to wider flared skirts with John and Noel were back in the er!" he cried. "Where are you?" and blood, of emotions and pas- Park, N. J.

They reached the camp and stood | the secret cache and McQueen had wood. It was two o'clock but the staring around them in the gloom.

"Heather!" cried the agonized the food caches the snow lay un-

"John! John! What have they that covered the still shape breath-"Light a candle, Noel, quick!" he bling fingers for wounds, while his tortured heart was calling: "Heath-Noel held the candle while Cam-

eron pushed back McCord's hood. Across the giant's mop of yellow the snow, she had refused to listen hair ran the blood-caked sear of a grazing bullet, but a large cali-"Shot in the lungs with a 45!

That's McQueen, Noel, not the Nas-"I haven't told you, Alan, that kapi. They would have looted the I've had another terrible dream," camp-taken the tents! McQueen's Heather!" Alan sobbed.

"Dey got her!" sighed the Indian. "But we get her soon, nevaire fear!" "He crawled in here to die when

they left," said Alan. "How long

"Eet might be las' sleep, but eet look lak dis morning to me."

They cleaned and dressed the wounds in McCord's head and back, and carried him into Heather's tent where they started a fire in the folding stove. But they knew that John McCord would never again see John McCord with a cairn of boulhis daughter. While the life ebbed slowly from the man who had toiled verines, standing beside the dead so long only to find a grave on the man in his hooded parka, Alan said: shore of the River of Skulls, they made their plans for pursuit.

Shortly there was a moon and Noel went out and found the trail of a toboggan sled leading to the riv- the hafts of their knives against er, with the prints of snowshoes. They were not the bear-paw prints the ancient oath of the Montagnais of the Naskapi but the longer webs as, followed by Noel, Alan solemnly of the Cree shoe worn on the East | recited: Coast.

There was no doubt. At last Mc-Queen had struck!

Gradually the wound sapped the him face to face and make him pay. enormous strength and vitality of the man who lay unconscious. To- payo! Your friends will not forget!" ward dawn he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize Alan who knelt | Cord beside that of Napayo and covbeside him. "Heather, John! Was she hurt?"

Alan asked. The dying man's lips framed the longings that Heather had been word "No!"

"It was McQueen, John?" After a period of labored breathing came the gasped words: "Mc-Queen-got-Heather!"

Then a grimace of pain knotted the bearded white face. Shortly Mc-Cord again opened his lips and essayed to speak. Alan bent closer as he held the limp hand of his friend. "Shot me-but-I got-two!" Alan heard faintly. "Heather-she loves -you-Alan! Poor-Heather!"

"I love Heather, John! Do you hear me? I love her!"

For an instant McCord's strength returned. Again in his eyes flashed the blue of the washed bergs as his fingers closed on Alan's. "Hunt them! Hunt them!" he

gasped hoarsely. "They've got my took him, it would have been sheer girl-my girl! Hunt them-gold-Heather-yours!" "We'll hunt them, John! We'll get

her! I promise you we'll get her!" The bitter dawn streaked the leadhewed east when, numb with shock, returning with the dogs. "I love Alan left his friend, groped out of down the fleeing team ahead with you," he said, huskily. "Some day the tent and, like a man in a dream, its light load. For it was evident prepared to take McQueen's trail. When it grew light it became evi-

dent, from the newly broken trail in enough food to reach the head of the spruce and the empty gold cache | the river where he probably had a brought the eight bags of gold from

gence, says Daniel Frohman in En-

of some of her leading roles ex-

plained to her by her stage man-

ager. But when they were made

apparent she illustrated every nook

and cranny of the part she was

impersonating with her tremendous,

Temperament is like electricity.

Perhaps it is the same. We can

tell what it is like, what its manifes-

tations are, yet we cannot clearly

to the subtle quality called genius

than is intelligence. It seems to

be the faculty of knowing things

Crudely speaking, it is the power

to grasp, to sympathize, to respond,

the author's fancy, to reach out into

luminous dramatic nature.

without learning them.

To illustrate: The great Rachel in

Fashion Embarks on Wild Color Career in Fall Garb By CHERIE NICHOLAS

In the scrub they found the dogs howling dismally beside the body of a half-breed, Boyette, shot with the erywhere the snow was trampled down where the mortally wounded giant had fought for Heather and his the dogs found a Montagnais shot "Shot in the back and weak as proudly, "he fought it out to the

FASHION is about to go on a great color spree. For that matter the new clothes have already started out on a mad color career that | making special appeal with Ameripromises to outcolor even the most colorful seen for many a year.

Not that this color orgy writes finis to the simple black foundation dress that provides such dramatic setting for stunning costume jewelry and for accessories that splash color accents in vivid highlights. No indeed! The black dress with dashes of color is holding its own.

The intriguing thing about the colors exploited this season is that they are distinctively out of the ordinary.

their foreheads in consummation of The colors heard most about and seen dramatized throughout Paris collections are the purples and plums, the mauves and violets and "We, Alan Cameron and Noel Lefuchsia shades. In fact the entire loup, blood brothers, swear that we will follow McQueen until we meet gamut of violine shades is run. Comes next in the limelight the Sleep well, John McCord and Nablue and that rapturous blue made famous in the ever-beloved Blue Boy They placed the body of John Mcportrait painting. In fact, we are to enjoy a season of "blues" that ered it with the stones, for the are subtle and lovely beyond deground was frozen too hard to admit of digging. The personal bescription.

The suit of refined elegance which you see pictured to the right in the picture is made of an imported wool in an exquisite scarab blue tone. It lashed down the skin wrapper, and is trimmed with sheared beaver, a started the impatient Ungavas on fur which is very much in use this fall. Self bows tie at the collar and belt, which is significant for much emphasis is given to tie-fastenings throughout current costume design. Two wide bands of shirred, matching silk are set into the top part of the dress underneath.

Wine dregs is a shade that is

can women. There are also a number of fascinating greens in the present fashion spectrum, notably bronze, hunter, laurel and tapestry greens. Autumn rust and coppery tones are also going big.

surprising degree. Leading stores are devoting entire window displays to coats in purples and deep plum or wine-dreg tones. These are superbly colorful and with opulent furs present about the handsomest array of coats ere seen.

As to the gorgeous plaid or striped wool coats so outstanding in the new fashion picture, the only way to resist them is to close your eyes and flee their color glory. Better still, why not make up your mind to instriped (fashion favors both) wool coat at the very start? The striped coat centered in the group above reflects rich autumnal colors that take on an added note of luxury in a trim of luxuriant fur.

The swank jacket suit pictured to the left abounds in color intrigue. The color formula adopted is blue spruce and dark brown. The dress, the trimming on the coat and the hat are of lightweight woolen in the subtle blue spruce. The short swagger coat is brown in a new deep pile wool that looks velvety and soft. The velvety wool weaves are among the smartest shown this season and fashion is placing considerable emphasis on them.

@ Western Newspaper Union.

Coats are yielding to color to a

Fur Jacket Adds Chic to Costume

For ultra chic on an autumn day the smartest formula calls for a dress of an alluring wool weave topped with a youthful and jaunty fur jacket. No-end versatility is expressed in these voguish fur-jacket costumes. A likable model includes a con-

servative black dress of handsome dull-finished velvety surfaced deep from McQueen's trail that, together pile wool. With this milady wears with the gold, he was not carrying a swank short skunk jacket. There is a huge gold jewelry piece at the throat and the belt of the dress is detailed in gold. A gray tweed coat dress is topped

with a gray kidskin lumber jacket. A bolero of sheared beaver surmounts a dress of brown cloque weave and so on.

Even Trimmings

Turn to Jewels

The flair for jewelry display is reflected in the new jewelled trimmings that are worked about the necklines of many of the newest daytime dresses. The latest models are arriving, bedecked with necklace effects that are jewel-appliqued right on the very fabric itself. So realistically is this done to all appearance it seems like an actual necklace or perhaps huge pendant suspended from a chain.

The idea is clever and presents no-end opportunity for ingenious design. Not only jewels but metal cabochons and locket effects and leaf motifs combine to add a decorative note.

Femininity Note The feminine lingerie effect is not limited to blouses and vestees but ber 20, 1879. Patent papers on this frequently characterizes the whole

> Trends for Fall Day dresses for fall show a tenaccentuated hip lines.

Drape Technique



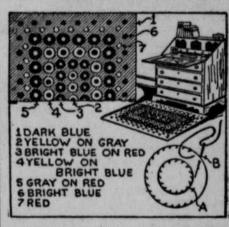
Much of costume design in the new fall fashions is based on a draped technique that is designed to slenderize the figure. Below in the picture is an example of adept draping in slate blue silk jersey which sort of intertwines the material in a manner much approved by designers. Illustrated at the top is an unusual draping of royal blue acetate jersey against the black sheer of a sheathlike frock done in the latest bi-color manner. In every dress collection the bi-color theme is widely exploited. The ostrich trimmed tricorne and the doeskin gloves are royal blue.

Rug From Old Coat And Scraps of Felt

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE directions for making the rug in my book-SEWING, for the Home Decorator, have brought many letters from readers describing rugs that are new to me and very interesting. The reader who shares with us this idea for using pieces of heavy woolen and scraps of felt, tacked her rug to the side of the house and took a snapshot of it which she sent me.

The finished rug is 34 by 23 inches. Half of it is shown here



at the upper left. The foundation (1) is made of the back width of a very heavy old coat. An allowance was made for a hem to add weight to the edge. The foundation may be pieced if a large section of heavy cloth is not available or felt purchased by the yard may be used for it.

Next, circles of felt in two colors, cut from old hats and discarded school pennants, are sewn together with heavy black thread as at A. These are then sewn in place as at B beginning at the center of the foundation. The large circles in the three center rows are two inches in diameter. Those in the next two rows are 21/2 inches. All the small circles are one inch.

You can make slipcovers, all types of curtains and many other things for the house with the help of Book 1-SEWING for the Home Decorator. Just follow the pictures. Step by step you learn to make the lovely things you have been wanting for your home. Book 2-Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery-illustrates 90 stitches; also dozens of things you can make in your spare time to use or to sell. Books are 25 cents each. If you order both books leaflet on crazypatch quilts will be included free. Address: Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

New Farm Program

Radio promotion of Goodyear products for farm use began September 26 over a huge Blue network of 48 broadcasting stations of the National Broadcasting company. Fifteen-minute daily sectional programs will be broadcast each Monday to Friday, inclusive, from 1:15 to 1:30 p. m. eastern standard time, 12:15 to 12:30 p. m. central standard time and 11:15 to 11:30 a. m. mountain standard time to farmers living between the Atlantic ocean and the Rocky mountains, and from Texas to Canada.

The new Goodyear broadcasts will supplement the National Farm and Home Hour, which for ten years has given American farmers up-to-the-minute news and expert counsel on rural problems. The new broadcast immediately follows the Farm and Home Hour program.

Information of vital local importance, including weather forecasts, shipping advice, commodity prices, sectional crop conditions and other such items will be featured in these regional broadcasts. Complete regional offices, competently staffed, and equipped to gather and make available the necessary regional news and information, will be set up and maintained. These will be in charge of farm experts who also will direct the program and see that they are keyed to local needs.—Adv.

Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lasy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach, acid indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy, and miserable. Adleriks gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It usually clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief.

Sold at all drug stores

For 25c Coin or Stamps I will mail you a recipe to prepare a simple tea at home from a vegetable rich in iron and potash at a cost of less than one cent per day that is giving relief to a multitude of sufferers. John Alden Standish, Monrovia, Calif.

·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.