



THE RIVER of SKULLS

by George Marsh

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VII—Continued
 —11—
 "You're hungry?" Heather asked. The older of the two men nodded. "Enh-eh, yes! We're ees man!"
 "Three men," she quickly replied. "They come back tonight!"
 "Ah-hah!" the Indians exchanged significant glances. Men did not travel at night in the "bush," or on swift rivers.
 "You trade at Fort George?" she asked the elder man who had done all the talking.
 "Enh-eh, at For' Geor'. Were you cum?"
 "From Rupert House—Nichicun." Again the Indians squinted doubtfully into each other's dark faces.
 "Come inside and I'll give you some supper." The men were hungry.
 "Dat dog!" said the older Montagnais. "I see heem on For' Geor'."
 "No," replied Heather, starting to make tea and placing some cold caribou and bannock on the table, "he belongs to me."
 While the Indians ate ravenously Heather boldly met their furtive glances from where she sat on the bunk beside the fretting husky.
 When the Montagnais had emptied the tea kettle and cleared the table of food set before them, sucking his lips with a grunt of satisfaction, the older man turned to the girl watching him from the bunk.
 "Put de husky out. We sleep here!" he brazenly ordered.
 The fighting blood of her soldier father boiled in the girl's veins at the insolence as she rose to her feet.
 "You sleep at your camp!" Her heart pounded in her throat, her eyes went black with anger, as the grinning younger man leered into her tense face.
 "Our blanket ees wet. We sleep here!" insisted the other with a scowl. "Put husky out! He ees cross!"
 Then moving nearer to the girl, whose right hand stole to her hip pocket, the younger of the Indians reached, to touch her hair, as he said: "Eet ees lak' de sun."
 But as she drew back from the hand approaching her head there was a snarl from the bunk across the room and, launched by his iron-muscled legs, Rough's one hundred and forty pounds of bone and sinew catapulted into his collar, snapping the rawhide leash like paper. Again the dog leaped, carrying the young Indian screaming to the floor as the older man disappeared through the door. Again and again the infuriated husky struck with his great tusks at the defending arms of the panicking Indian. Then Heather threw herself upon the dog and with a desperate wrench on his collar fell with him sideways to the floor. Momentarily freed from the dog, with a leap the Indian shot through the half open door, pulling it shut behind him.
 Alan and McCord arrived with Noel and the two canoes and Heather told them of the Montagnais and their rout by the infuriated Rough. The indignant men stared at each other in disgust.
 "And to think," groaned McCord, "we staked that pair to grub when we met them on the river. I want to see them show up here again."
 That night, while Heather listened, the three men went into their plans for the winter. There was, indeed, much work to be done if Alan and Noel were to find a water trail to the Kokoak in the spring.
 "When are you leaving for the Sinking Lakes?" asked Heather of Alan who sat at the table poring over the much-handled sketch map of Aleck Drummond and comparing it with McCord's government map of Labrador.
 "Tomorrow," he answered, without lifting his eyes from the maps to the wistful-eyed girl who watched him. "We've got no time to lose. If Noel and I strike the last of the migration, we've got to cache all the meat we can get, then, later, build a cache on these Kokoak headwaters we're going to find and leave a supply of food. This will be our emergency cache, when we come up the river over the ice in the fall, with all that gold."
 "You seem pretty sure of finding the Kokoak headwaters and the gold," she replied, doubtfully.
 "Of course. We've got to be, Heather! Or—we'd never dare to make the try!"
 The girl gave a little shiver as her brows contracted in a frown.
 "Somehow I've got the feeling that we're never coming back—that we're going to starve or drown in the rapids, or the Naskapi will get us."
 "Here! here. what's all this talk?" John turned from the fireplace where he had been shaping birch ax-helves with a draw-knife.
 "Is this my big girl who sent the Indians about their business? Of course we're coming back! We're going to meet that deer migration and come up the Kokoak, next fall, with so much gold dust and meat on the sled that—"
 "Suppose de spirit scare away de

deer from Riviere ov Skull," interrupted Noel, who was plaiting dog harness, his dark face full of foreboding. "Wat we do den?"
 Alan looked up from his maps to grin at John. "Why then we'd have to eat the spirits in the Moaning Gorge, Noel."
CHAPTER VIII
 One morning, ten days after the boys had left for the Sinking Lakes, Heather, who had been hard at work gathering a supply of berries for the winter, took her pack bag, in which she carried them, and her rifle and started for the barren above the valley. It was a keen day in late September. The floor of the forest was yellow with the leaves of birch and aspen.
 Leaving the valley, for an hour she walked across the treeless tundra, gray with caribou moss, like velvet to the feet, and splashed with patches of low growing blueberries, bake-apple, moss and cranberries. But she did not stop until she came to a fold in the barren, a little valley or swale where, shielded from the wind, dwarf spruce, juniper and deer bush gallantly battled for existence. Here the berries grew in profusion and of a somewhat larger size than out on the open tundra.
 Heather had almost filled her bag and was seated, eating her lunch of

Trembling from the fright and strain of the last few moments, she gazed in awe at the great yellow tusks from which the berry-smears lips were lifted in a snarl.
 "Lucky Heather!" she gasped. "Too close for comfort, that one! I thought I was a goner! But I'm a bear hunter now. Wait 'til Alan hears of this. He won't tease me any more when he hears this story I'm a bear hunter, now!"
 It was freezing, every night, and the meat would not spoil. Her father could get it in the morning. So the happy girl went to her bag of berries and continued to pick. She had stopped for a moment at a dense patch of blueberries and was eating when the slight breeze carried a sound to her ears that straightened her where she sat, every muscle tense as wire. Again came the voice, louder now. It was men's voices!
 Searching along the rim of the valley where it sloped from the barren, she saw nothing; she crawled to some ground juniper and edged in under its spreading branches. Soon the sound came again to her ears.
 "Who can it be?" she said aloud. "McQueen or those Indians? And they're coming from the direction of the camp!"
 Watching both shoulders of the narrow valley, at last she saw two

men, carrying guns. They were walking along the rim of the swale, talking excitedly. She wondered if they had heard her shots—or they could see her. Nearer and nearer, they came until, hardly a stone's throw distant on the lip of the valley, above her, they stopped. Her heart faltered. Suppose they should see the dead bear?
 For a space a thick-set white man with a beard argued heatedly with his companion, an Indian.
 "The man Rough mauled, that night!" she thought, trembling where she lay, hugging the moss beneath the thick juniper. "But who is the other? What's a white man doing here on the Talking? Can it be McQueen's found his way back to the forks?"
 But the men noticed nothing so engrossed were they in their talk. Shortly they moved on, while the agitated girl lay for a long time after they had disappeared from sight. Then she made her way back home over the barren.
 Reaching the Sinking Lakes Alan and Noel worked to the limit of their strength against the coming of the "Freezing Moon" that, in October, would rise high over the barrens. As they sat in front of their tent before their fires on the frosty evenings, with the dogs lying around them, they made plans for the search for a water way to the Kokoak when the large lakes froze and the snow packed hard for sledding.
 "Our finding this River of Skulls is just a question of meat and fish, Noel, if the Indians leave us alone," said Alan.
 The Montagnais shook his head, doubtfully.
 "We're going to have a lot of pemmican, flour and beans in that emergency cache at the head of the river. Pemmican keeps all summer and we'll make plenty, for there are deer wintering in this valley."
 "Shish! Listen!"
 The two men sat with straining ears. Presently, far above them in the frosty air they heard the faint, clarinet-like, marching chorus of a flock of whistling swan. High up under the stars, that shone blue behind the pearly banners of the aurora that writhed across the heavens, they passed like ghosts on their long pilgrimage to the southern waters.
 "Guess that's about the last of those boys, this year," said Alan. "Straight from Baffin Land, I'll bet! Well, Noel, my lad, the long snows'll soon be with us, and then—the big jump off!"
 Day by day the platform fish-cache, mounted on high, peeled spruce saplings, ringed with inverted cod-hooks to baffle climbing wolverines, received the night's catch of the two gill-nets. Great lake trout, the Montagnais kokomesh, "the fish that swallows everything," some running to twenty pounds in weight, white-fish, Jack-fish or northern pike, red and gray suckers, and ling, came to the nets. It would require an enormous supply of fish to feed the hungry Ungavas through the winter months, and there were four humans besides.
 Deep in the spruce and tamarack swamps that circled some of the chain of Sinking Lakes and gave them their name, Alan and Noel were much relieved to find scattered bands of caribou that had lingered behind the migration to winter in the valley and feed on the moss, called "old man's beard," that draped the dry spruce.
 Before the October freeze - up closed the river and the large lake on which they were camped, the boys made a hurried visit to the McCords with a canoe load of trout and meat and the pie-bald skins of young caribou to be turned into hooded parkas and moccasins. There news of Heather's discovery awaited them. Warning McCord and Heather to be eternally vigilant, they returned North.
 The "Freezing Moon" had come. Each morning the boys had to break out their net buoys, for the film ice was reaching out far from the shore although the large lake on which they were camped was not as yet closed. Snowshoes, strung with caribou thongs, which, unlike moose and cow hide, shrink when wet rather than stretch, were ready, as well as a long toboggan sled. Noel, expert hide worker, had made hooded parkas and smoke tanned moccasins for snowshoeing, working with the strongest thread known, the split sinews from the back of a bull caribou.
 So soon as the snow was deep enough for sledding, the puppies, growing like colts, were given their first lessons in tandem harness, for their short experience of the previous spring with the single fanchitch of the Eskimos was of little value.
 (TO BE CONTINUED)



Again and again the infuriated husky struck with his great tusks.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses Cheese--Prince of Proteins

Keep Cool Improve Health

With this Free Bulletin on Planning a Correct Summer Diet

Noted Food Authority Tells Why You Should Eat More of the Food That Is So Rich in Protective Elements.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
 6 East 39th St., New York City.

FOR many years, men with an inventive turn of mind have dreamed of creating a product that would concentrate all the important food elements in a small tablet or capsule. They have been inspired by a desire to simplify meal preparation without sacrificing nutritive values.

No one has ever succeeded in making a synthetic food that would both satisfy hunger and properly nourish the body. But all the while, the researchers have overlooked the magnificent possibilities of cheese, one of the most concentrated, nourishing, satisfying and versatile of foods.

Cheese—The Body Builder
 Cheese is the most concentrated source of protein known. Moreover, the protein is of such high type that if it were the only body-building food in the diet, given in sufficient quantities, it would be adequate not only to maintain life, but to support normal growth.

One-half pound of American Cheddar cheese will supply all the protein required by an adult for an entire day.

Cheese—The Energy Food
 In addition to its rich store of protein, cheese is also a fine source of energy. A cube of Cheddar cheese one-and-one-eighth inches square provides 100 calories or the equivalent in energy value of the lean meat of one lamb chop or one medium-sized potato. One-half pound of Cheddar cheese furnishes 1,000 calories, about half the daily requirement of an adult leading a sedentary life.

Cheese for Mineral Salts
 Because milk is rich in minerals, it follows that cheese, which is made from milk, contains these precious substances in highly concentrated form. It is an excellent source of calcium, the mineral which is responsible for building strong bones and sound teeth, and for keeping the heart beating normally. A one-and-one-fourth inch cube of American Cheddar cheese contains as much calcium as an 8-ounce glass of milk.

The individual who does not care for milk as a beverage can easily obtain the necessary calcium from cheese. But it is practically impossible to get adequate amounts of this mineral without either milk or cheese.

In rennet cheese, phosphorus, as well as calcium, is present in the same proportions as in milk, but is much more highly concentrated. As in milk, these minerals are in a form that is most nearly perfect for easy assimilation. Rennet-curd cheese is always high in sulphur and fairly

Digestibility of Cheese
 The foregoing outline of its many food values should give a new conception of its place in the diet. As to its digestibility, studies by the United States Department of Agriculture have entirely disproved the fallacy that it is not completely digestible.

It was found that on an average about 95 per cent of the protein and over 95 per cent of the fat of cheese were digested and absorbed. The various kinds of cheese tested were found to compare favorably in digestibility with the food of an average mixed diet. It was also demonstrated experimentally "that there was practically no difference between cheese and meat with respect to ease of digestion, at least in such quantities as are commonly eaten."

There was also a notion that because it is so high in food value,

SEND for the free bulletin on "Keeping Cool with Food," offered by C. Houston Goudiss. It outlines the principles of planning a healthful summer diet, lists "cooling" and "heating" foods and is complete with menu suggestions.

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cheese should only be eaten in small quantities. But scientific tests have proven that cheese may be eaten by normal individuals in large quantities, as the principal source of protein, with entirely beneficial effects upon health.

Place of Cheese in the Diet
 There is a case on record of a young man who lived for two years on a daily diet consisting of one-half pound of cheese, a one-pound loaf of whole wheat bread and two pounds of fruit. While this limited diet might prove monotonous to some people, it is possible to utilize cheese as the easiest method of providing important food value, varying the diet, and simplifying meal preparation. For there are more than 200 distinctive varieties of cheese listed by the department of agriculture, ranging from the smooth, delicately flavored cream cheese, which may be given to very young children, to the sharp tangy cheese which is especially popular with men. Fortunately, almost every type can be purchased in package form, in sizes that are convenient for large and small families, making it possible to enjoy a wide variety.

Cheese can be used as a main dish; in salads or sandwiches; as a sauce for vegetables; as a dessert. It is desirable at the same time to serve bulky foods, such as fruits and vegetables. Cheese may also be combined advantageously with carbohydrate foods. This is because the balanced diet requires more carbohydrates than protein. And cheese is essentially a protein food, interchangeable with meats and fish.

Questions Answered
 Mrs. F. T. M.—Both orange juice and prune juice have their place in the child's diet. Orange juice is rich in vitamin C; prune juice is a fine natural laxative and is a good source of the blood-building minerals.
 Mrs. S. F.—All 20 of a child's first set of teeth are inside the jaw and almost completely calcified before birth, though the first tooth does not erupt for some months after birth. That is one reason why it is so important for the expectant mother to consume adequate amounts of calcium.
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Lichens Serve Both Man and Beast in Many Ways, Geologists, Botanists Say

The lowly lichen plays an important part in nature's scheme of things, reports the New York State College of Forestry. Ordinarily lichens, which are found on rocks, trees and stumps in many different forms and colors, are nothing to get excited about. We think of them as some sort of parasitic growth of no particular use and doing little harm, but geologists and botanists tell us that lichens serve both man and beast in many ways.
 From the college report, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News, we learn that lichens make their own food from water and air and are not detrimental to the plant life to which they become attached. "They take carbon dioxide from the air in the process of making food and give off oxygen in the same process," says the report. "Certain types cause the disintegration of rock mechanically by invading the smallest crevices, splitting off fragments, chemically secreting an acid which acts on the rock thus producing new soil."
 Lichens also supply food for many northern animals. It is the principal food of the reindeer. Michigan's experiment with reindeer,

conducted about 20 years ago, failed principally because we did not possess the proper type of lichens for food.
 Some types are used in the manufacture of medicines and dyes. The base for the litmus test for soils is a lichen that grows along the Pacific coast.
 We are told that these plants are extremely sensitive to air pollution and this is one reason why they are not found near communities where gas, smoke and dust permeate the atmosphere, but thrive in the clean environment of the woods.
Still Wines
 Still wines are the result of the fermentation of the juice of sound, ripe grapes. Fermentation is the conversion of grape sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. In natural (still) wines the fermentation is completed before bottling. Their alcoholic content varies from nine to fourteen per cent. Sparkling wines are produced in the same way, according to an authority, except that the last stage of fermentation takes place in the sealed bottle so that the carbonic acid gas is retained and produces effervescence.

Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

Get This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

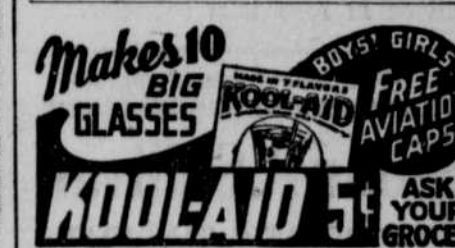
READERS of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for a free copy of his bulletin, "Helpful Hints on Planning a Laxative Diet."

The bulletin gives concrete suggestions for combating faulty elimination through correct eating and proper habits of hygiene. It gives a list of laxative foods and contains a full week's sample menus. A postcard is sufficient to carry your request.

Loveliness in Crochet Cloth



Pattern 6084 contains instructions for making the cloth; an illustration of it and of stitches; materials needed; photograph of section of the cloth. To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



He Answers
 "Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?"
 "Only in the winter."
 "In the winter? How do you mean?"
 "When the fire gets low, she says: 'Alexander, the grate!'"

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