

#### **SYNOPSIS**

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to men offer to make an air tip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly "worthless." Lillth Ram-ill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Domili offer making several tests Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a-chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the mo-tor of the plane. Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth, but their tone soon changes when they try to start the plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane adrift and the current carries it over the falls. He points out that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie. Garth experiences difficulties in getting his companions into line. An experience with a bear helps.

## CHAPTER V-Continued

Garth laid down his rifle and came forward. He ignored the wary hostile look of the mining engineer, nodded to Mr. Ramill, and took off his battered hat to bend low before Miss Ramill in a polite bow.

"You are too kind, my dear lady. I could not deprive any of you of your, sweets. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow-' You may recall the rest of the quotation."

Mr. Ramill went red. What if Lilith did happen to find these things you were hogging for private use? We need them as much as you."

"Far more so," Garth amended the statement. "I don't need them at all. Go right ahead and waste what's left. You of course are certain there'll be no emergencies on the way out-no occasions when a pinch of tea or sugar may make the difference between life and death for you."

ness and efficiency.

Garth lifted one of the moose quarters from the smoke rack and began to cut off large thin slices. These he laid on the poles for quicker smoke curing and drying. He paid no attention to Miss Ramill.

When the girl saw he did not intend to speak to her, she picked up the salt and ten pouches and went sweats out of my placer. The laborer into the leanto. Garth thought she meant to go to bed. Instead, she crawled out again, put one of the freshly cut slices of meat on a willow spit, and held it over the end of Let me suggest that you build a large the fire where the muffle had simmered.

As soon as the steak was brolled, the cook sullenly offered it to Garth. He took it with no betrayal of his surprise, and sat down to eat. "Thank you, sister."

She frowned. "I never hated anyone so much in all my life as I hate you. But that was a mean trick, stealing your sugar."

"All the more reason for you to hate me. Not that it matters a penny -the sugar or your hate. I'll admit, though, it's very interesting to watch the reactions of yourself and your father. Huxby is just a commonplace wolf. But your father and you-the lady of leisure and the millionaire acquirer-tossed from the lap of luxury into the raw wild. You'll have to acknowledge it's high comedy."

"If it is, then you're the clown," was the best she could counter.

He agreed : "That's it, the jesterthe fool of the play-the loon who was to have been gulled and bilked. Who knows? He may be yet. But he will have had the fun of the game."

Miss Ramill turned her back on him and went to crawl into the leanto. Her father and Huxby came with still more wood to pile on the already high heap of fuel. The engineer went to lie down at his sleeping place on the lee side of the fire. During the day he had gathered a much thicker bed of spruce tips and dry moss.

The long hours of twilight slowly faded to the semi-dusk of midnight and as slowly brightened towards full day. Sunrise found the three visitors



about gathering firewood with quick- | cent I'll be able to jingle in my | pocket." That sent the engineer off with a

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crease between his hard eyes. Mr. Ramill studied Garth's amused face. "What is the idea?" he inquired. "Do we infer you still stand by the terms you offered?"

"Well, I may at least allow you fourtenths of what your Man Friday is worthy of his hire .-- I'm going for a dip. You and Miss Ramill might get your moose bones to roasting. The marrow goes well with the steaks. fire in the regular cook hole. When it burns low, rake out the coals and lay in one of the forelegs, thickly smeared with mud. Then rake on dirt, embers and ashes, build a small fire on top, and keep it going four or five hours." Miss Ramill looked down at her slender hands. They were already roughened and grimed, and two of the highly manicured nails had been broken. The large diamond of her engagement ring flashed blue-white fire up into her angrily flashing blue eyes. She jerked her head up to flare out at Garth. He was already disappearing in the brush on his way to the

rock pool. When he returned from his plunge, a fire was flaming high in the cook hole. Well away from it, the heiress to millions was smearing one of the moose legs with mud brought up from the lake shore by her father in his expensive soft hat.

Garth raked the thigh bones from the smudge-fire and set back the spits of the partly burnt steaks. He then already held two or three gills of

spruce pitch. The mud-daubers washed their hands in the rill and came for their overcooked breakfast. While Mr. Ramill

cracked open the marrow bones with the belt-ax, Garth stirred his dope hat before starting to smear the dope on his face. Miss Ramill gazed at

him. Garth offered his dope. "Best cosmetic in the North. You may as well go the limit."

"I'll die first!"

Her father dipped his fingers in the party. Huxby had also admitted the

yourself. Boll the cup two-thirds full of water, and put in enough of that sweet tea to cool it for drinking." "The tea is hot already. I've kept back Dad's share. I'll give it to him straight."

"You'll warm that water." The mining engineer stood up. "I've told you to speak respectfully to Miss Ramill.'

Garth paid no more attention to him than to the buzz of a mosquito. The girl looked expectantly at her fiance. He stood waiting for Garth to apologize. When Garth neither replied nor so much as glanced around at him, the engineer's cold assurance gave way to doubt. He turned and went down to the lake.

Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She glanced from his stiff back to the buckskin clad shoulders that had so lightly toted her father into camp. All this had been a matter of seconds. In another moment she was darting over to the rill with the tin cup.

When she came to the leanto with the almost scalding hot mixture of boiled water and tea, her father muttered, between groans, that he did not want it. "No-no! Uh-oh-h! Let me die-in peace!"

Garth heaved up the lax head and shoulders, and held the cup to the quivering lips. "Drink, or I'll pour it down your throat."

A few minutes later the "dying" millionaire began to eat. He bolted down the juicy tender meat until sleep overtook him in the midst of a bite.

"Roll the blanket over him and let him sweat," Garth directed. "He'll wake up a new man. I'll wager he dripped melting moose fat into a has worked off ten pounds of fat, to small twist-cup of birchbark that he say nothing of the toxins he's burned had brought back with him. The cup up. Next climb he'll make the foot of the glacier."

Though spolled, Lilith was far from being a fool. She had begun to realize that to get what she wanted, something more than wishing was necessary. Her father had gone over to Garth. Even Huxby had failed her. together with a twig. He took off his She could not believe her flance a coward. He was undoubtedly brave in his way. Garth had admitted as much. He had called the engineer a wolf, not a fox.

The rub was over for Garth. Miss Ramill's surrender meant that he was now the acknowledged master of the



Schwab Still Smiles **Steam Turbine Planes** Will this troubled world ever calm down, supply work to those willing to

work and live happily, and enable superior ability to

show what it can do? Spain, waking from long lethargy, is swept by riots, jails stormed and set afire. Rioting and rebellion in South America; will our friendly feeling compel us

to attempt straightening that out? Rioting in Paris Arthur Brisbane and sabotage on

English men-o'-war.

Nations fight, classes fight, labor unions fight, and even men of the same religion fight.

Washington wonders what TVA will do with the Supreme court letting government enter the business of producing and selling power.

Some suggest putting power on every farm, regardless of distance or cost, as rural mail delivery is put on every farm

If every home is entitled to government mail delivery, every farm should be entitled to government power delivery on the same basis. That would mean business for copper companies, more running water in cow barns, more irrigated garden patches, more electric light after sundown in chicken coops.

Charles M. Schwab, seventy-four, still specializes in optimism, like the man who went to the race track, lost every cent, but escaped death in the railroad wreck. Mr. Schwab says labor conditions are the best in 56 years. He should know; he began as a laborer and did not get \$5, or \$3, or \$2 a day. Industry he calls a "three-legged stool." Capital, labor, management are the three legs.

Put Charles M. Schwab back where he was 56 years ago, the same as then. in age and energy, and he would soon be at the head of a great industry. Who does not believe it does not know Schwab,

Russia, trying everything, experiments with a steam-propelled turbine plane for stratosphere flights. At such heights water bolls at half the temperature necessary at sea level. The exhaust steam after heating the r 308 would be recovered 90 per cent. Two years ago William and George Bessler, in Los Angeles, built and flew a plane with a steam engine. There is still much to learn about flying.

## Blood Donors Unsought in

**Russia**; Life Fluid Canned In Russia, hospitals are dispensing with the need of summoning a voluntary blood donor when cases of urgent blood transfusion arise. Instead, the patient is given a dose of this vital effusion out of a tin! Supplies of blood of all grades are stocked in glass containers, kept under refrigeration. Ruthless analysis ensures the purity of each can, so there is no danger, as in the case of direct man-to-man transfusions, of noxious germs being transferred in the process.

Doctors in outlying districts requiring a transfusion have now only to communicate the specific qualities of their patient's blood to a hospital, and a tin of the same caliber is dispatched immediately. In winter, some consignments have been landed over snow-bound areas by parachute. -Tit Bits.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

In Young and Old Hamburger steak is a concession to the growing infirmity of teeth,



It always works

Just do what hospitals do, and the doctors insist on. Use a good liquid laxative, and aid Nature to restore clocklike regularity without strain or ill effect.

A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the real secret of relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular Dr. Cald-well's Syrup Pepsin has become. It gives the right kind of help, and right amount of help. Taking a little less each time, gives the bowels a chance to act of their own accord, until they are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin con-tains compa and coscara \_ both patient

tains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit. The action is gentle, but sure. It will relieve any sluggishness or bilious condition due to constipation without upset.

Clever and Wise

to argue with than a wise one.

"How frightful." said Huxby. "Quite so. While you're about it, you may as well make a clean sweep. Here." Garth tossed the gold-mounted cigar case to its owner.

"Oh, so that's how Dad lost his smokes," exclaimed Miss Ramill. "Who's the real sneak around here? Steal all those cigars, and the gold case, too. Then come whining because we've kept you from cheating us out of our share of these things you hid. Hand over the cigars, Dad. My throat's still rasped from the vile smoke of that willow bark Vivian dried for our cigarettes." Ramill handed the case back to

Garth.

"Wa-wait!" cried his daughter. He waved her away. "No. The joke is on us. He knows what is ahead. We do not. We've emptied the sugarbowl and half the teabag. Tie up that bag and the salt, Vivian, and hand them to him."

Garth shook his head, and bowed to the angry-eyed girl.

"Thank you, no. Miss Ramill has taken charge. As I recall my Anglo-Saxon, 'lady' originally meant breadcutter. She was the one who rationed out the food. I figure upon at least five weeks before we reach the Mackenzie. Miss Ramill will keep charge of the salt and tea-do with them whatever she thinks best."

She flared. "I will not! I'll do no such thing."

"As you please. It's a matter of utter indifference to me. More than once I've gone for two months on meat alone. You're quite welcome to throw these pouches into the fire."

He glanced around, taking stock of the camp,

"Everything in keeping, I see, No sewing done on the moccasins, muffle all eaten, woodpile nearly used up. You'd better cook and eat all the meat you can before the rest of the wood is burnt. When the fire goes out, we'll have plenty of four-footed visitors to relieve us of those moose legs-wolves. foxes, wolverines. Also ravens and moosebirds. Even Mamma Grizzly and her children may turn up."

There followed a silence, broken at last by Miss Ramill. She repeated her first question, but in a very different tone: "Mr. Garth, may I pour you a cup of the tea?"

Thank you, I do not need it. The rest of you will. I suggest keeping it for breakfast. You'll have no other taste of sweets for over a month, unless we find a bumblebee nest."

The girl silently covered the top of the pot with the inverted tin cup. Her father heaved up his soft bulk. He beckoned to Huxby.

"Come, Vivian. The agreement was that Garth should be skipper. That wood pile will not last another hour. We can't permit any bear raids on our bull market."





"You Are Too Kind, My Dear Lady. I Could Not Deprive Any of You of Your Sweets."

from the cities still asleep. Along with the tea and sugar, they had gorged on the muffle gelatine and the the portly millionaire on again as soon tender lynx meat. Garth did not waken them. He looked speculatively kept plodding up the tundra slope at the smoke rack. All the lynx meat | until at last Mr. Ramill's legs gave had been eaten. But the wide spread of moose hindquarter slices made a great showing around the two uncut moose forelegs. He decided to let the tongues and the remaining muffle keep on smoke curing.

Two hours or so later the crack of moose bones under the blows of the belt-ax wakened Huxby. He sat up to turn hungrily in the direction from which came a savory oder. Garth had drawn a thigh bone from the fire and was buttering a piece of broiled meat with hot marrow.

The engineer came around and laid one of the thigh bones on the fire. Above it he slanted a steak on a splt. Neither he nor Garth spoke. He started to eat his steak and marrow before either was more than half cooked.

Garth finished his own breakfast and began to sew a moccasin. As soon as Huxby had bolted down his food, he picked up the emptied gold pan. Miss Ramill had sat up in the front of the leanto to lace her boots. Her father crept out past her.

"Morning, Vivian," he greeted. "I see you're going to set the pan on the fire again. Good idea. That muffle aspic is all Garth told us it would be." curt. "We've lost too much time already. I am going to make a complete | His daughter turned upon Garth, test of that placer deposit."

He looked with cold wariness at the rightful claimant of the placer. The engineer met the quip with a Garth smiled. "Go to it. The more after all, you're capable of feeling a rather thin smile. However, he set you pan out, the more of my 60 per little concern for someone else than man.

dope and smeared the stuff on his face and neck as Garth had done. Garth said: "Eat your fill. Miss Ramill will stay to tend the fires. You and I are to climb. You'll wear Huxby's leather trousers outside your

own. "But they're too small for me around the belt."

"They'll not be after a few days. You'll wear the jacket also." A taste of hot marrow roused the girl's appetite. Hunger overcame her other cravings. She said nothing even when, at the end of the meal, her father drew on Huxby's flying suit over his clothes and started off with Garth.

Though Garth had spoken of a climb, he first led along the lake shore to the beginning of the muskeg swamp. Then turned and slanted gradually up through the belt of spruce trees until the west side of the trough was reached at timberline. He stopped to look at Huxby while Mr. Ramill caught his second wind. The mining engineer gave no heed to them. He was hard at work panning out gravel, midway up to the discovery stake.

Garth led across to the east side of the trough. After every halt he started as he could draw a deep breath. They. out. He staggered and collapsed. He lay, purple-faced and quivering, spent. When able to speak, he gasped an appeal: "Ka-quit! 'U'll kill-me!" "No such luck," Garth bantered him. "It's only the fat. If it was you:" heart, you'd have died long before this.

Open your coats and let the sun soak in." The exhausted man turned flat on his back and basked. Within a few

minutes he drowsed off. Garth let him nap a long two hours, then started him on up the long climb. Three hours later found them still

below the lower end of the glacier. Garth at last called a balt to the climb. He headed back. Midway down to timberline, Bamill

collapsed, so utterly spent that he could not get up even after a long rest. Garth took him on his back and packed him on down to the camp, without a halt.

Huxby and Miss Ramill were feasting. They had pried the moose/leg out of the fire hole and broken off the clay shell. The meat had baked to juicy tenderness. Even the gristle was

melted into gelatine. When Garth laid her father in the leanto, the girl brought a big chunk "No." Huxby's tone was almost of the best meat. But the millionaire climber was too exhausted even to eat.

> "Another of your damnable jokes! He's dying! You've killed him!" Garth smiled approvingly. "So.

fact by going off. .nstead of following up his implied threat of attack. He, however, would require watching. (TO BE CONTINUED)

No Evidence That Ships

Founder in Sargasso Sea

Sargasso sea is the name given to a region between the Azores and West Indies where seaweed is kept in a slow swirl by the action of the Gulf stream and the equatorial current. The weed collects much in the same way that floating debris collects on the surface of a river back eddy or wash. On his first voyage, notes a writer in the In-

dianapolis News, Columbus noted this sea. The name comes from the Spanish word sargazo, meaning seaweed. In the days of small sailing craft. navigation was hindered by the seaweed, and mariners sought to avoid the region. In this way was encouraged the legend that the sea is a grave-

yard of ships. A scientific survey of the region was made in 1925 by William Beebe, who headed an expedition sent out by the New York Zoological society. He reported that only at certain seasons do the weeds collect in the "floating

meadows" referred to by some observers, and that these surface mats of seaweed are soon scattered by the wind. Beebe cruised for a month in the Sargasso sea and found no rafts of seaweed sufficiently heavy to impede his progress, or even to excite attention. There is no evidence that the storybook references to lost ships floating about in the sea are based on fact.

#### Naming "Greenwich Village"

Two hundred years and more ago. when New York was only the tip of Manhattan island and the rest was given to pleasant farms, there lay to the north of the city a suburban community which the late Dutch owners had called the Bossen Bouerie. But the English, who had taken over the Dutch colony and renamed New Amsterdam New York, were beginning to call the Bossen Bouerie by the name of the London suburb Greenwich. It is not known exactly when this name was first applied, but a deed of 1721 speaks of "the Bossen Bouerle, alias Greenwich." In subsequent years "Greenwich Village" became a favorite suburban place of residence, until It was finally absorbed by its growing neighbor. But a good many old fam-

illes still kept their homes within its precincts, and in one way or another it has always maintained sufficient distinctiveness to keep its name alive.

### **Castle Is Famed**

The tiny city of Eisenach, Germany, famed for historic Wartburg catle, is also the place where Martin Luther retired under the pseudonym of "Junker Georg" to translate the Bible into Ger-

Uncle Sam, convinced that he is his brother's keeper, after all, wants a peace agreement among all American republics.

Beautiful. But if any republic decides to fight, anyhow, it is to be hoped this country will not become arbitrator.

"Judge not that ye be not judged." is sound advice.

We can no more decide the right and wrong of a row between Mussolini and England, or Chile and the Argentine, than we could between the two Kilkenny cats.

It is pleasing to learn from George Washington university of a new and "refreshing" preparation that makes possible childbirth, "during sound sleep," without pain.

More and better children, bigger population, is what the world needs, with gradual elimination of the hopelessly inferior race by absorption, or voluntary extermination.

Poor Halle Selassie of Ethlopia, waiting for the rainy season to expel the Italians, suddenly found his army of \$0,000 driven hither and thither, and two other armies, under two of his ablest "rases," sent scattering into the jungle.

Seventy thousand Italians seizing a mountain fort that Ethiopia thought impregnable started the Mussolini kind of "rainy season" with bombs from the sky. This time Mussolini used his own white, Italian soldlers, not his native, troops from Eritrea.

Russia and Japan seem to be approaching war. Recently Russia closed its consulate general at Mukden, in Japanese Manchukuo: no reason given. Japanese and Manchukuoan air forces are reported prepared for instant action. Japan protests against Russia's huge army in Siberia. Something may happen.

Chancellor Hitler announces: "We have solved the problem of producing synthetic gasoline and rubber.

How good are the synthetic fuel and rubber; how cheap? These things will come, for science in the material world can do everything better than nature can do it.

Fuel will be created, and flying ma chines, too, as far above today's products as electric light is above whale oil, and the airplane above the ox-cart.

New Jersey high schools will give courses in "safe automobile driving" a good idea. All school boys should learn about automobiles and airplanes.

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But Always High The wages of sin are never agreed on beforehand.

# **Black-Draught Relief**

**Prompt and Refreshing** It's a good idea that so many people have-to keep Black-Draught handy so they can take a dose for prompt relief at the first sign of constipation.

Mr. Sherman Sneed, of Evensville, Tenn, writes: "I take Black-Draught for constipation which causes headache, a bad, tired feeling and for biliousness, bad taste in the mouth and sluggish feeling. Black-Draught, taken about two nights, clears up this trouble and I get all right." Men and women like Black-Draught so well because of the refreshing relief it brings in constipation troubles.





