

CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

He smiled with cool irony. "Why so theatrical? Hysterics are not in your line, my dear Lillith."

That lowered her voice, but not the knife and ax. She began to edge towards him, with the blades raised ready to strike. Her voice came from her stiffened lips, low and hoarse and deathly calm:

"If you do not go, I will kill you, unless you first kill me."

The smile left his lips. His eyes narrowed. He replied no less quietly: "You are stark crazy. I'm going. It may be two or three weeks before I can get back. That should be long enough for you to starve into sanity. You'll be glad to welcome me then. Only, how about your father? Does it not sober you to realize it will be your fault if he dies?"

For answer, she took a full step nearer. The look in her eyes daunted him. He stanted sideways, caught up Garth's rifle, and ran across to the bank above the canoe. When, more slowly, she came to the top of the bank, he had the canoe launched and was heaving in the wofskin knapsack.

He jumped aboard with the rifle and one paddle. As he backed offshore, she ran down to the water's edge and flung his engagement ring at his face. It struck his upturned forehead and glanced outward. The ash-cleaned diamond flashed like a bit of blue-white lightning that was instantly quenched in the water.

The canoe swung around and went yawning out upon the mighty expanse of the Mackenzie.

CHAPTER VIII

Woodcraft.

Out of the pit of blackness, Garth's first dimly conscious thoughts were of water. He was still in swimming. . . . No, the water was only on his face. Not rain, nor poured water—something wet sopping his forehead.

He opened his eyes, blinked the daze from them, and found himself gazing up into a pair of sunken blue eyes. They were clouded and dark with misery. Yet with strange suddenness they brightened. At that he realized they were the eyes of Lillith Ramill.

"What's—happened?" he murmured. Even as his lips moved, he remembered. "Huxby—his pistol. Must have—shot me."

"Yes, Dad also." Garth sought to tense his flaccid muscles, ready to bound up. She laid a restraining hand on his forehead. "Lie still. He went—"

"Went?" "Right after it. Be quiet, else you may go unconscious again. The bullet cut across the back of your head. All these two days you've lain there in that frightful stupor. I could not wake you up. I felt sure you'd die."

"Stupor—two days?" he muttered. "Concussion—brain."

He made deliberate trial, and found he could move his legs and arms. "Luck—no paralysis. Soon be all right. But—your father? You said, 'father also.' Can't see why. Wolf was rabid only for my claim—not blood mad."

"Of course! The cowardly beast meant only to murder you. But when he fired again, Dad jumped up between."

"Bad?" "Not if there was a doctor. It's through the shoulder. The coward—to run off with the canoe, instead of shooting himself like a man!"

"Ran off, did he? Thought he had killed your father?" "No, he said it wasn't serious. All we needed was to take Dad in the canoe and get that man Tobin's medical kit."

"Yet he ran off without you?" "I made him go. I drove him off, the beastly sneaking coward!"

Garth stared, perplexed. "You did that? Yet he wanted to take your father where he could receive treatment."

She frowned. "He thought you dead. But after I nearly fainted, I pushed against you to get up. I felt you were still alive. I was afraid you'd come to—would move. He would have—fished you. So I—drove him off."

"Leaving yourself and your father marooned here?" "The girl stiffened. Her mouth went hard. 'Don't fancy I did it for you! It was—it was because I was not going to let him finish his sneak murder. It would have been the same if I'd gone off and let you die. You can see that. You must!'"

He smiled up at her frown. "All the more sporting of you. Not half bad, I'd say."

"Oh, but it is bad—frightfully bad! No food—not a thing to give Dad all this time. No chance of getting any for either of you. And now his fever, too. No medicine for it!"

A sudden thought jerked Garth up to a sitting position. He swayed from dizziness. Then his head cleared. He was only rather weak from blood-loss and sore about the back of his head. An exploring hand found a wad of moss, tied upon his wound with a band of platted grass. He heard the girl murmur:

"I fixed Dad's the same way—ashes and the moss to hold it on. Ashes or soot—I once heard about something like that for cuts."

He pointed to the scattered ashes of the dead fires. "Be quick. Build a big blaze and throw on green wood. That southbound plane! Must signal it. Even if he's aboard, he can't keep the pilot from coming down."

Lillith Ramill's head dropped dependently. "I saw it this morning—way out across the sky. First there was the drone of the motor. Then I saw it—way off. Only, I could do nothing. Yesterday I used your last match. I wanted to boil for Dad the one pinch of tea that's left. A puff of wind blew out the flame. Now there's no hope. He took your rifle too. No fire or food or gun, or any chance of rescue!"

Garth looked around and saw her father tossing in feverish sleep under the shade of a slight brush canopy. He gave the overwrought girl a bantering smile.

"What, merely a matter of fire, medicine, food, and escape? If only you were a boy scout! How about becoming a Campfire Girl? Fetch me a two-foot willow branch the size of your forefinger, a thong, one straight dry stick, and that chunk of dead birch trunk."

A little sand increased the friction of the fire-drill point at the bottom of the shallow hole he made in the block of wood. The dry birch soon began to smoke. Lillith had gathered tinder of dead inner bark. In wide-eyed wonderment, she watched the simple primitive method of fire making.

When Garth stood up beside the crackling flames of the new fire, he found himself stronger than he expected. All shock from his wound had passed during his two days' unconsciousness, and his healthy tissues had already begun to heal.

"Now we're under way," he said. "Next comes medicine. By using the ashes, you gave our wounds sterile dressings. Your father was tuned up to the pink of condition. His wound will heal as rapidly as mine. What little fever he has means nothing. To cool it, crush in his drinking water some of the cranberries from over there along the edge of the muskeg. You might boil willow bark and add a little of the bitter decoction to the cranberry juice."

"Oh, it's good to know he's not sick. But to starve to death!"

Garth pointed to the wild fowl out in the swamp. They were beginning to flock together with the approach of autumn. "How would you like canvas-back or mallard for dinner?"

Her eyes brightened, only to cloud again. "You have no gun."

After looping some thongs to his belt, he went to stack a hollow pile of brush on a forked stub that had broken off from a fallen beech tree. Out in the water, he bobbed under and came up with his head between the forks of the float. The leaves and twigs made a blind from which he could see out without being seen.

He waded, neck deep, up the muskeg stream so slowly that the stub and branches appeared to be an ordinary branch of driftwood. He allowed a flock of teal to swim by. They were too small to bother with.

When he stepped off over his depth, he began to tread water. By a quiet movement of his hands under the surface, he glided the blind into the midst of a mallard flock. The trick was to grasp a duck's feet and jerk the bird under before it could squawk. He waded back to shore with five dead mallards tied to his belt.

After the meal on roast duck, he set some rabbit snares. He then showed Lillith how to make cords by splitting off strands from peeled spruce roots. While she worked at this, he collected more ducks and hung them over a smudge for smoke curing.

Next came the carving of Eskimo hooks from duck bones. With bait, a catgut leader and a spruce-root line, he began to catch Mackenzie whitefish. Lillith had never seen so beautiful a fresh-water fish, all mother-of-pearl below and frosted silver above.

The newly caught fish proved far better eating than even the best of trout. Mr. Ramill's slight fever gave him a distaste for duck meat and the rabbits that were snared. But he ate his full share and more of the delicious fish.

Besides the cranberries, Lillith gathered black currants and blueberries and mushrooms. More fish were caught than could be eaten fresh. A number were soon on the smoke rack, along with ducks and rabbits. For the present and near future, the question of food had been met. But the subarctic summer had about reached its end. Still more rapidly than before, the nights were becoming longer and blacker.

A cold sleety rainstorm drenched the camp. It brought only temporary discomfort, for Garth kept the fire alive under a slanted heap of spruce boughs. None the less, the storm spurred him to redoubled activity. He knew it to be the forerunner of the autumn blizzards that might now howl down on the snowclad Selwyn at any time.

While Mr. Ramill's slight fever re-

mained, he said little and seemed to take everything as a matter of course. He had fully recovered from the effects of shock even before the fifth day, when the bullet wound through his upper chest began to heal. But with the passing of his feverish condition, the irritability of convalescence jabbed him out of his placid contentment.

"Why are you loafing around here, Garth?" he rasped. "Instead of wasting all this time piling up food, you could have made a canoe and run us down across to that refueling post days ago."

Garth swept his right hand edgewise out across his upturned empty left palm. "No gun—no hides. Dead birch—no bark. No hides, no bark—no canoe."

"Huh! Do you mean to say we'll have to stick here and freeze in your d—d Arctic winter?" "Growl away, sir," Garth approved. "Sounds good. It means you'll soon be in shape for rafting. As for your question, perhaps you imagine Miss Ramill and I have been heaving that down timber over the bank just for sport."

The millionaire staggered to his feet unaided for the first time since Huxby had shot him down. "A raft! How the devil can you make one if you can't make a canoe? No rope or rawhide thongs to tie the logs together."

Garth supported him over through the spruce thicket to the drop-off of the bank. The wobbly invalid squatted on the brink and stared in surprise. Down the beach, close beside the water, his daughter sat plaiting a great pile of willow twigs into a thick line. Before her floated a partly built raft of dead birch tree trunks. The shorter, smaller cross logs were lashed on with spruce root and platted-willow ties.

Mr. Ramill's gaze passed over the raft, to peer out across the immense lake-like expanse of the great river.



"You'll Not Have Much Longer to Insult Me."

The water was covered with whitecaps, whipped up by the chill northerly wind.

"Raft! Ugh! It's worse out there than the white water when we shot those rapids."

"There'll be plenty of free bathing for us, but no danger of drowning," Garth replied. "Only trouble, this wild wood blow us upstream. We'll have to wait for a shift. The only other change is that one of the boats may be coming out."

"Boats?" "The supply steamers of the Hudson's Bay company and other traders, taking out the season's cargoes of furs."

The millionaire granted his relief: "Ugh—steamers! Almost good as a plane."

"If one comes along, and if we see it in time," Garth qualified. "You are rather farsighted. You might watch for smoke downriver."

"I'll do that. D—n your dithering with any raft! Ten to one, you've already let every steamer slip past. All this time with your nose rubbing those d—d logs!"

Garth went down to tell Lillith that her father was by way of being a well man. He sent her to move the camp to a small opening in the thicket, close behind the grubber. Fuel for a bonfire had already been heaped up on the beach.

But Garth did not count strongly on sighting any steamer. The boats might have lingered at the far-away Arctic trading posts. Delay meant danger of an early blizzard. He rushed his work on the raft. When dusk came, Lillith went on watch, in place of her father. Garth relieved her at midnight. But neither of them saw any light out on the vast expanse of ghostly gleaming whitecaps.

By another sunset Garth had the raft completed to his satisfaction. He had built a superstructure that raised the footing well above the waterline. Rails guarded against the risk of

squall waves washing the still weak millionaire overboard. For sweeps, Garth lashed the paddles to poles made of spruce saplings. He rigged other saplings for mast and yardarm, ready to hoist the blanket as a sail in case of a favorable change in the wind.

"Shift or calm, we'll put off at sunrise," he announced. "Though Mr. Ramill grumbled, he ate his fill of broiled whitefish, and rolled up for the night to fall into the healthy heavy sleep of a convalescent. Lillith again took the first watch."

In the midst of his first sleep, Garth opened his eyes with the instant alert wakefulness of a hunter. The girl's hand was on his forehead.

"Yes?" he asked. "I—I'm not sure," she murmured. "The wind has gone down. . . . It looks like a star. But it's so low on the water, I think I'd better call you."

He rolled from the bed of spruce tips and dry moss. A single glance downriver was enough. He jumped to light the prepared bundle of brush at the smudge-fire and leap with it down the bank.

As the heap of fuel on the beach burst into flame he heard the girl's gasping murmur, close behind his shoulder: "It can't—be a—mistake? You're certain—certain that it's really—"

"A steamer," he replied. "But what if—if they don't—see us? It's night."

"Darker the better, if no fog. They can't miss seeing this fire."

Assured of rescue, she sighed her relief. With that, woman-like, her feminine vanity came suddenly to life. "Oh, but to go among people like this! Such a sight!"

Garth turned to eye her in the glare of the upflaring fire. He looked at her worn moccasins and lynxskin leggings, at the crude skirt of moose-calf skin and the tattered upper part of the sports dress. He looked at her doleful face, and at the tight pig-tails of the semi-bobbed hair that had once been so frozen in that modish permanent wave. His gray eyes twinkled in the firelight.

"Well, I'd say you're less a sight than when I first met you."

Her eyes did not twinkle. They flashed. "You'll not have much longer to insult me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Acadian Villages

Live On in Nova Scotia
Although the Acadians were driven from the famous Land of Evangeline in 1745 their traditions and culture still live on in many a little French village in Nova Scotia that even now is not unlike the Grand Pre of the days when France ruled the new land. Many of them found their way back to their beloved Acadia and others fled to settle in remote parts of what was then a wild country.

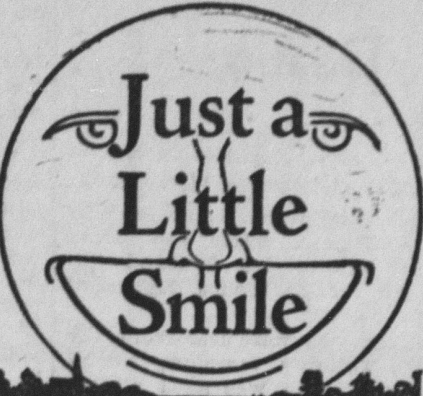
Of these French villages one of the quaintest is the little town of Clare where words written a century ago by a traveler still hold true today. This foreign visitor to Clare in 1835 wrote, "The moment a traveler enters Clare the houses, the implements of husbandry, the foreign language, and uniform but peculiar dress of the inhabitants excite his surprise that any township in Nova Scotia should possess such a distinctive character."

A later visitor to Clare found that these French Acadians, in the words of the earlier traveler, "still preserve their language and their customs with peculiar attachments and though their traffic naturally leads them to an intercourse with the English, they never intermarry with them, adopt their manners or move into their villages. This does not arise from an aversion to the English government, but is ascribable rather to habit, national character and their system of education."

Few debts haunt these descendants of the original French settlers of Acadia. Their more progressive English or Scotch neighbors may use the tractor and automobile, but for them the ox drawn plow and the horse suffic. The aura of the romantic land Longfellow wrote about still hangs over their villages.

Fuel Waste Cited
For years owners of industrial plants have known that an uncovered steam pipe or boiler means dollars wasted in fuel bills. The same method of insulation used in such large plants is needed in the home, for an uncovered furnace in the cellar with unprotected pipes leading from it will mean just the same percentage of waste as would occur in a giant foundry or coke factory. Insulation used for such purposes is easy and economical to apply and is just as important in having an effective heating system.

Sanitary Science
Sanitary science is the science of sanitary conditions and of preserving health, and is accordingly synonymous with hygiene. The term is usually restricted, however, to the methods and apparatus for making and maintaining houses healthy, for removing waste and nuisance by drainage and otherwise, for securing abundance of fresh air and for the exclusion of poisonous gases, such as sewer gas.



"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

"Junior's three and a half and he hasn't said anything worth repeating. He's ugly as a mud fence, too; he must get it from my side of the family."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't sell any more tickets now. The feature picture has been on ten minutes and there may not be any seats for some time."

"Well, I promised the wife I'd be home at midnight and it's just 11:45. Here's the \$50 I lost. Good night, fellows."

"How are you feeling today, George?" "You really want to know, Frank?" "No.—Saturday Evening Post."

TELLING HER



"Pa always has the last word in an argument with me."

"That so? What does he say?" "Yes, my dear, you're absolutely right."

Losing No Time

"Now, suppose," said the teacher, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife knows his peril and, hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

Whereupon a boy exclaimed, "To draw his insurance money."—Santa Fe Magazine.

Big Job, Too

Judge (to amateur yegg)—So they caught you with this bundle of silverware. Whom did you plunder?

Yegg—Two fraternity houses, your honor.

Judge (to sergeant)—Call up the downtown hotels and distribute this stuff.—Montana Banker.

Home Budgeting

Wife (at breakfast)—Could I have a little money for shopping today, dear?

Husband—Certainly. Would you rather have an old five or a new one? Wife—A new one, of course.

Husband—Here's the one—and I'm \$4 to the good.

How Long?

Tommy was listening to some of his sailor uncle's adventures.

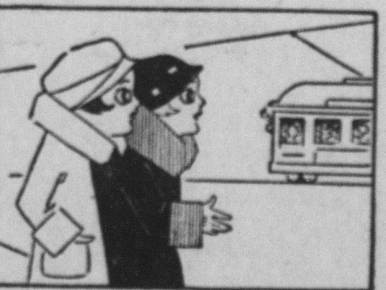
"You see, sonny, I always believe in fighting an enemy with his own weapons," said his uncle.

"Really?" gasped Tommy. "How long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

She Pitied Him

Cuthbert—Honey-bunch, when did you first realize that you loved me? Honey-Bunch—When I got annoyed because people said you were an idiot.

GOING SOME!



"There is Tom waving from that car; is he always polite?"

"Very. He even says thank you to a street car conductor."

It Always Happens

"Do you think it possible to meet all one's friends at one time?" asked Flora.

"Certainly," replied Dora. "Just go out in your oldest frock and hat with a run in both your stockings and your nose unpowdered. You'll meet them all."—Northwestern Banker.

A Fall Guy

"Does horseback riding increase your weight?"

"No, I've been falling off ever since I started."

Mary's Fancy Costume

Little Mary was going to a fancy dress party and could not decide what to wear. Then suddenly she had an idea. "May I go as a milkmaid?" "But you are too small, Mary!" "Oh, but I can go as a condensed milkmaid, can't I, mother?"

Old Stuff

"Well, Willie, your sister and I are going to be married. How's that for news?"

"Shucks! You just finding that out now?"

Week's Supply of Postum Free
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

The Machine Age

How to permit the human race to enjoy the benefits of machinery without depriving men of their employment is a hard nut to crack; and it is not yet cracked.

HOW CARDUI HELPS MONTH AFTER MONTH

Where there have been severe pains every month from functional disturbances resulting from poor nourishment, Cardui has helped thousands of women to obtain relief. "I suffered a great deal with pain in my side and a weakness in my back," writes Mrs. Walter Page, of Evansville, Ind.

"Each month I would suffer all over and would have to go to bed. One of my neighbors told me how Cardui helped her, so I took it and it helped me. After taking eight bottles, I was better. I surely can recommend Cardui for weakness and pain." Of course, if Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Public Speaking

Good public speaking is a form of dramatic art—partly a gift and partly training.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN

"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle. Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, or muscle aches."



CAPUDINE

On "Flirting Men who don't like to get acquainted" never flirt.

"Black Leaf 40"

KILLS INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

Pain in Back and Head

Mrs. L. V. Ellis of 856 Washington St., Durham, N. C., said: "I was very weak, suffered from annoying pains in the small of my back and would get headaches that made me miserable. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it helped me wonderfully. I enjoyed eating, felt so much stronger and, best of all, I was relieved of the headache and backache." New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid \$1.00 and \$1.35.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset. . . use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-4 16-36

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by *alcalis*—such as magnesia.

Why Physicians Recommend MILNESA Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Milnesa Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them. Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today!

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The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers