

# CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

WNU Service

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## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"I may if you don't fetch the blanket," he said. "A fire on the shore means nothing of itself. Just an Indian camp—John Buck and his squaw. We'll have to signal."

The word sent her bounding up the bank. She came flying back with the blanket. Garth ordered her to hold one corner. He took another. They stood in front of the fire, with the big blanket stretched between them. Mr. Ramill called irritably from the top of the bank. What did they mean, waking him and taking away his bedding? Lillith cried out the glad news. Garth gave her a curt order to pay attention. At his commands, she began to stoop and rise in unison with him, lowering the blanket to the sand and jerking it up again in front of the fire, at irregular intervals.

After some time he ordered a halt, with the blanket on the ground. He added an explanation: "Those were dots and dashes. We've given the SOS—and my name. They may not have made it out. That light is nearer, but it has not turned. Ready now. We'll repeat."

He went through another series of long and short liftings of the blanket. They again paused with the blanket down. Garth stepped out of the fire glow to peer over the water. Lillith followed.

Above the low-hung star another star flashed on and off. Across the silent, shimmering flood of the river came the hoarse blasts of a steamer's whistle, muffled by distance yet unmistakable.

"All right, Miss Ramill," Garth said. "Tell your maid to pack your luggage."

She asked in a low voice: "Haven't I tried to play up? Is it sporting of you to mock me?"

Her face was shadowed. He could not see the look that went with the questions. After a moment, he answered soberly: "It is not, and you have. Permit me to apologize."

"Is that all?"

"What else?" he replied. "You are of course relieved and pleased to be rid of a man you so thoroughly hate. You may rest assured I will not intrude, once you're aboard ship."

"Yes," she murmured, "when Dad and I no longer have any need of you to—"

Her father came staggering down the bank to thrust in between them. "I say, Garth—don't lie. Is it true the steamer is putting in for us?"

Doubtful of a safe night landing at this unused beach, the steamer captain lay off-shore and sent in a canoe. Garth steadied Mr. Ramill into the birchbark. At the same time Lillith stepped in ahead of her father. She repeated the maneuver when the two Indian paddlers drove the canoe out alongside the little river steamer.

Garth saw no more of the girl until after the steamer tied up at Fort Simpson, the trading post at the mouth of the Liard river. Taken into a stateroom by the wife of a missionary from Fort Norman, she remained in complete seclusion.

Her father kept almost equally close in the skipper's own room. The canny Scot had welcomed the American millionaire to his bunk—for a consideration. The cabin was jammed with fur traders and Fort Norman off-field officials, who were going outside for the winter. Garth messed and berthed forward with the crew. He kept to his worn buckskins. But a sleet-squall ended the pest of flies and mosquitoes. He was able to shave and cleanse his skin of dope, yet enjoy the fresh air on the unscreeled deck.

When the building-topped bluff of Fort Simpson was sighted in the distance, Mr. Ramill left the cabin and came forward. Though not yet fully recovered from his wound, he walked with the springy step of a lean-waisted middle-aged gentleman in healthy training. After the snagged and stained leather suit, the clothes loaned him by the skipper looked startlingly respectable. The same was true of his clean-shaven dope-free skin.

He stopped before Garth, bland-faced, shrewd-eyed.

"I've just heard, my boy, that you think of stopping off at this post. I trust it's not on account of any feeling against me or my daughter. You can't blame her for a bit of resentment. She's a woman, and you certainly put her through the mill. As for myself, I called it quits when you pulled me out of the hole this last time. What d'you say?"

He tossed his half-smoked cheap cigar outward and held out his one-fabby now firm-muscled hand. Garth gave it a hearty grip.

"All accounts squared, sir, and no hard feelings against either of you. Miss Ramill proved herself far more plucky and sporting than could have been expected. I wish you both bon voyage."

"But for you to be leaving the boat, my boy! There's no need of it. I can arrange for you to get into the cabin. In fact, I'd like the opportunity to talk over matters. We might still get together on those terms you offered."

"We might," Garth agreed; but then

his smile hardened. "That side of the matter will have to wait. I shall first settle with your friend Huxby."

The millionaire frowned.

"Don't call that murderous hound a friend of mine. His shooting you is understandable. My wounding was of course what he claimed—sheer accident. But for the scoundrel to abandon a helpless girl to starvation! If he was too cowardly to dare her frenzied threats and forcibly take her and me with him in the canoe, he could at least have had the plane come for us."

"If you care for my guess," Garth said, "he was more interested in your daughter as an heiress than as a woman."

"No guess about it. A cold-blooded rascal who would have murdered you for your claim! I'll run him down and make him pay in full for deserting Lillith and me, if it costs a million."

"His punishment will cost you nothing, Mr. Ramill. He has been trapped by his own greed."

"Trapped?"

"Before we came aboard, word was received by radio that a man named Huxby had recorded a platinum placer claim at Fort Smith; that he had bought a large airplane, and flown north with three miners."

Mr. Ramill looked his doubts. "I've heard nothing of it."

"Because I thought best for you not to."

"You! Do you mean to tell me that everyone on this steamer kept mum because you, a mere prospector—?"

The millionaire paused. "Have I been blind? You are not a common prospector. There's something about you . . . in spite of your vagabonding about this north country!"

Garth said: "We are talking about Huxby. I've radioed for a Northwest policeman to meet me at Simpson with a plane. The charges are robbery and assault to murder."

"Radioed? The skipper told me his transmitter was out of order."

"By my request, sir. I thought it as well to keep you out of the affair. It is possible Miss Ramill may have recovered from her resentment against him. I'll ask you to pardon my going to see if there are any more reports on Huxby's movements."

Though by no means curt, the dismissal was abrupt. Mr. Ramill stood pondering for several moments before he returned to the cabin and went to the door of the stateroom that the Fort Norman missionary's wife had shared with Lillith.

Some time before the steamer nosed in to the landing, Garth made out that the pontooned plane afloat at the waterfront was too small to be one of the regular Bellanca transports. It had no cabin, and only three seats. Foremost of the passengers ashore, he and once climbed the bluff to the post.

As he expected, a red-coated constable of the Northwest police was lounging in the old trading post store-room with one of the Airways pilots. The latter sprang to meet him.

"Hello, Lan—you d—n' lame duck! Helluva note, you squatter in the wet all these months. Could've cruised your frozen hell a hundred times in any old crate."

Garth gripped hands with him. "Lo, Kiwi! I didn't happen to be after airplanes. There are things you have to rub your nose against to see."

"And smell! I've heard of your Eskimo igloos. Count me out—completely outside, Indian huts are enough and to spare."

Garth sobered to business. "What news?"

"Your man set his bus down here three days ago. Hopped off PDQ, with all she could heave up under—gas and oil."

The constable had stood at attention. He met Garth's glance with a salute. "All ready, sir."

"Good work, Dillon. One question—those three miners?"

"Broke prospectors, sir. Records, far as known, not savory. But none of the bunch is wanted, and they're not newcomers from across the border. They'll know enough not to interfere when I take my prisoner."

The post factor came hastening in to shake hands. "Pardon my absence, Mr. Garth. Was up the Liard. It's a great pleasure to have you stop off with us. If you plan to take in dogs, I have a picked team that I'd be honored—"

"Thank you, no," Garth cut in. "But I would like a rifle, rabbit undersuit, winter moccasins, gloves, and three pairs of webs."

He turned to the pilot. "Season more advanced up there. Blizzards off the Selwyns; the lake probably starting to freeze. Enough stream-flow, though, to keep a clear runway for your pontoons, if we don't loiter all week."

He went into a bunkroom to put on the rabbit-fur suit under his buckskins. When he came out, a girl in a plain, ill-fitting gown stood talking to the pilot. The pilot glanced towards him. The girl turned quickly. He found himself face to face with Lillith Ramill.

Yet it was not the grease-and-pitch marked face of his canoe companion.

Nor was it that deep-lined rouged and powdered face with scarlet-smearred lips that had sneered at him on Tobin's wharf. It was a face smooth and firm, vivid with life and vitality. Only the blue eyes were hard.

"Alan Garth," she said, "I've learned all about it. You're going back there—after him!"

"Sorry, Miss Ramill. It's not revenge, if that's what you think. I tried to spare you. But, if you must have it, he is a thief."

The girl's eyes flashed. "Worse! He's a cowardly murderer. That is why I too am going to see him taken prisoner."

"You?"

"Yes. I am going to see him cringe, the sneaky beast! Do you think I've forgotten how he crept up and shot you when you weren't looking? And what if he didn't intend to shoot Dad? He left him to die. If that's not enough, must I tell you how he taunted me? He jeered that I'd be starved into welcoming him by the time he came back for me."

"Yet that's no reason why you—"

"It is! You shan't go without me. If you refuse, there's another plane just come. I'll make Dad charter it for me. I'll have the pilot tag after you!"

Garth studied her gravely. She stared back at him, hotly defiant. He pretended to accept her reasons for wanting to go:

"You most certainly are a good hater, Miss Ramill. One thing, though. The valley is about to freeze up. It will not be the summer paradise we left. We may land in a blizzard."

She looked around the store. "Where are those Eskimo suits you told me about?"

At that he smiled a bit grimly. "This is Indian country. You shall have rabbit and buckskins." He turned to the factor: "Add the lady's outfit to my

account." To the pilot: "Kiwi, this is where you are to fit your name. You're going to be a wingless ground bird."

"Oh, have a heart, Lan!"

"Three is a crowd, and she is it. Ask her father."

For the first time the girl betrayed a trace of doubt. "But we'll have to have a pilot."

Kiwi stared, then grinned at the joke. "Lady, what you don't know about our boy friend would appear to be quite a considerable.—All right, you lame duck, go hog the joystick. Do I stay planted or take the watercraft?"

"Steamer. Southbound planes are apt to be overcrowded, with everyone coming out," Garth replied, "Now, Miss Ramill, we'll go down and get your father's visa on your passport."

Constable Dillon put in a word: "It's not on the cards, sir, to take along a young lady. If this Huxby tries to act up—"

"He's your meat, Dillon. I'll stand responsible for Miss Ramill."

Down at the waterfront, Garth went over the plane with his pilot friend. There was a full load of gasoline and a change of oil. To the week's supply of provisions, he added the three pairs of snowshoes and the new rifle. With the rifle came enough cartridges to refill the belt that still held his knife and belt-ax.

Lillith had gone aboard the steamer. She returned with her father. He looked worried. She had put on her Indian-woman costume—buckskins, moccasins, fur cap and gloves. The millionaire chose to lay the blame on Garth.

"Have you gone insane? No more than get her out of that muskug hell, and you want to drag her back to your infernal hole in desolation!"

"The lady's choice, not mine."

"Well, you're taking her."

"How can I help it, sir? You are her father. Why not assert your paternal authority?"

Lillith brushed aside their trifling. "Which is my seat?"

"The rear.—Close her in, Kiwi."

She turned to fling her arms around her father and kiss him. It was the

only caress Garth had ever seen her give anyone.

As he put on his pilot friend's helmet and goggles, the constable mounted to the middle cockpit. Kiwi handed the girl into the rear one. He drew over her head the shatterless glass cowl that almost covered the opening.

Garth spoke a last word to her anxious father: "In all probability, sir, we'll overtake you within three or four days. May, however, have to lay over, in case of storm. If fog or snow makes us miss you on your way out, we'll probably meet at Fort McMurray."

Mr. Ramill came close. "Garth, there's something I can't understand. This crazy notion of Lillith's, I mean. It's not mere willfulness. She has something in mind."

"Wants to see the handcuffs slipped on Huxby," Garth replied. "Can you blame her? Mangled vanity. Had believed he loved her for herself at least as much as for her inheritance. 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'—all that, you know."

"Not all, Garth—no! There's something else. I can't make her out. Something different about her."

"Perhaps she'll tell you when we come out. I'll of course do what I can for her."

Garth shook hands, and swung aboard the small craft. At a sign from him, the displaced pilot gave the propeller a spin. The plane swung around, to taxi downstream.

There was no hurry. Had Huxby schemed to fly into the valley merely to stake the placer in his own name and hop out again, he would not have taken the three miners. He undoubtedly had planned to do his season's assessment work. That would mean a shaft sunk to bedrock, so that he could bring out a load of the platinum-gold alloy.

Midway of the down river flight, the three-seater ran into a sleek squall. Garth dropped to the water and tied up under the lee of a spruce-black point. When Lillith demanded to know the cause of the delay, he explained how sleet may put a plane into a spin by freezing on the wings.

The squall blew over, leaving everything sheathed with ice. Garth and Constable Dillon knocked clear the front edge of the wings. Another hop brought the party to the emergency refueling post, shortly before sundown.

This time Lillith Ramill did not refuse Tobin's crude hospitality. She troubled the old soursough far more by insisting upon watching his preparation of supper and breakfast.

He could not at first believe she was the painted lady who had scoffed at his "garbage." She not only refrained from scoffing, she ate his bacon and porridge as heartily as Garth and the policeman.

The moosehide canoe lay upturned on the bank beside Garth's old birchbark. Tobin had at once told Huxby's story. According to the engineer, the lady and her father were still marooned in the mountains. He had come out with Garth to fetch a plane for them. But Garth had been killed by a wounded she-grizzly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Gypsy Race Much Mixed; Fourteen Dialects Used

The gypsy race is now a very much mixed one, with elements of the blood of all of the countries in which they have resided; and gypsies from one part of the world may present characteristics and appearances quite different from those of another part, notes a correspondent in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The English word gypsy reflects the old belief of many countries that the gypsies were Egyptians. In other countries they were called Tartars. The old agreement of the traditions concerning them was that they had come to Europe out of the east.

Modern inquiry has revealed a good deal of their true history, however, and has established that the race is originally from northwestern India. Bands of the inhabitants of this region were driven away from their homes and set wandering by hordes of northern invaders which swept down upon them in the Ninth century.

These forerunners of the modern gypsy moved into Kabulistan and Persia, and ultimately filtered through Syria into Egypt and northern Africa and through Turkey into Europe. There are now 14 or more distinct dialects of their language in European countries—indicating their widespread distribution.

Languages and Tongues

Language is a term that is applicable to any mode of conveying ideas, whether by speech, writing, hieroglyphics or a system of gestures or pantomime. Even the deaf have several languages, but cannot be properly said to have "tongues." Tongue is an English term for the spoken language of a particular people, as the French tongue, the German tongue, and so on. Meillet and Cohn in "The Languages of the World" index 6,700 named tongues and systems of writings. That work classifies speech as of (1) country (2) town, (3) village, (4) island, (5) river, (6) tribe. Dialects are included.



## "TERRIBLE FIX"

Professor Highbrow was sleeping in a hotel when the fire alarm sounded about two o'clock in the morning. The excited professor jumped up and putting his pants and shirt on wrongside before, dashed out of his room door, and fell down the stairs from top to bottom.

"Did you get hurt?" asked a sympathizing friend. The professor glanced down at himself and replied:

"I don't seem to be hurt much, but blamed if it didn't twist me clean around."—Florida Times-Union.

## WHO'S NEXT?



Hubby—It seems to me that you come to the office a good deal more than there is any occasion for.

Wife—I cannot help it, dear. Your manners in the office are so much nicer than they are at home that I really enjoy the contrast.

## Dudes, No Doubt

It was a Wild West exhibition, and the dear old soul was enormously interested in a gaily-decked cowboy who was attracting attention by his dexterous swinging of a lasso.

"What long rope," she said, "What do you use it for?"

"Waal, lady," he replied, "when I'm on the ranch I use this here long rope for catching cows."

"Catching cows?" she said, wondering. "How very interesting. But, tell me, what do you use for bait?"—Kansas City Star.

## Answer That One

A farmer visited his son's college. Watching students in a chemistry class, he was told they were looking for a universal solvent.

"What's that?" asked the farmer. "A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

## Agreeable Laddie

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly on Wee Wullie.

"Round," said Wee Wullie. "How do you know it's round?" asked the teacher.

"Well," says Wullie, "it's square then; I dinna want any argument about it."—Dundas Star.

## Blackmail

Mother (on train)—If you don't stop running up and down the aisle, I'll smack you!

Daughter—You smack me and I'll tell the conductor my real age.

## MOST ANYTHING

Wife—Doctor said I needed something for my nerves.

Hubby—A new hat I suppose.

## Perturbation

"Don't you want to leave any footprints in the sands of time?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's so much sleuthing going on that a man gets shy of a thumb print, a footprint and even of leave to print."

## Lucky

"That man you sent to congress hasn't yet had a chance to speak and show off what he knows."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Farmer Corn-tassel. "That feller always was lucky."

## Not Insisting on His Own Way

"You can't hope to have your own way about everything."

"I don't," answered Senator Sorghum, "especially when I say I do not expect my friends to nominate me at the next convention."

## Temporary Arrangement

"Which political party do you belong to?"

"I doesn' actually belong to no party," replied Uncle Rasberry, "but 'casionally I hires out to ary one of 'em."

## Police Find Family Living in Unused Court Building

New Orleans police rushed to the third floor of the old Criminal Courts building, which isn't used much any more, and extinguished a fire. The police discovered a tenant, Irving Young, a printer, who said he and his wife had been light housekeeping in one of the courtrooms for 18 months. Cause of the fire was undetermined.

## What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



She could have reproached him for his faded temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "lagged out," "on edge" condition how the very trouble she herself had whipped.

Constipation! The very morning after taking N.R. (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful, N.R.—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable, laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c.—at drugists.

## Why Be Lonesome?

"One travels fastest who travels alone," but his traveling becomes a perfect fury of speed because he is so lonesome.

## FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE

"Though I have tried all good remedies, Capudine suits me best. It is quick and safe. Quick because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, aches—periodic pains."

## CAPUDINE

## ASHAMED OF PIMPLY SKIN

Victims of external skin outbreaks use Cuticura for blessed, quick relief. Read this sincere tribute:

"I was ashamed to show myself anywhere with the ugly pimples I had. They were caused by some surface condition and were very large and red, and also hard. The itching and burning made me scratch so that they bled."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. A few pimples disappeared and I bought some of the Soap and Ointment. It only took Cuticura a month to relieve me fully." Miss R. Zebrowski, 18 Alder St., Bristol, Conn.

Prove Cuticura today—and keep it always near you. Use for rashes, ringworms, burning and itching of eczema and other externally caused skin irritations. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Samples FREE. Write to "Cuticura," Dept. 17, Malden, Mass.—Adv.

## A TONIC AND BUILDER

Mrs. Grace Rhodes of 214 Spring St., Charleston, W. Va., said: "Dr. Fiero's Golden Medical Discovery certainly is a wonderful system builder. It gives one an appetite and helps to tone up the system so that after using it you have more energy and feel ever so much stronger. It is our family medicine."

Buy of your druggist today! New size, tablets 50c. Liquid \$1.00 and \$1.25. Write Dr. Fiero's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

## EPILEPSY—FITS

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Stop the treatment that is not helping you. Let us prove Fiero to you the great merit of this medicine.

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"I am very glad to report that I haven't had any attacks of epilepsy since the third day I began your medicine. I can't begin to express in words the sincere appreciation that I feel I owe the Towns Remedy Co."

(Signed) Mervyn Harris, Seven Quarters, N. C.

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## Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

## DOAN'S PILLS