

### CHAPTER IX -16-Murder.

In the morning Garth for the first time showed haste. The dawn was far too beautifully rose. He made sure that Lilith's blankets were back in her cockpit before he handed her aboard. He fitted the glass wind cowl to the cockpit rim, which came up almost level with her eyes.

"If we strike into a blizzard, get your cap over your ears, and blanket yourself, head and all," he warned. "You don't want to lose your ears and nose."

The constable was already snug under his own cowl. Garth swung into his pilot cockpit. Old Tobin gave the propeller a spin for him.

This time Garth needed no circling in order to trace the air route. Aboard the cabin monoplane he had watched Huxby's instruments and noted the landmarks from above. He now knew the way in by air. He did not even have to follow the zigzag course that he had been forced to grope along in guiding Huxby. His mental map of all those turns, bearings and distances enabled him to draw a direct air line to the lost valley. He headed along it as straight as the crow flies.

By the time the lovely rose dawn glared into an angry red sunrise, the roaring plane had flown all the way across that weary desolation of muskegs and broken-ridged lower mountains. Close ahead loomed the last range in front of the Selwyns. The summits that had reared up so bare and brown under the summer sun now gleamed with a white mantie. The only dark spots were precipices too steep to hold the snow.

Thickening clouds foretold another storm. But Garth had outraced it. Instead of swinging in around the outthrust mountain to the pass, he banked and drove past the east side of the mountain, on a long upslant.

A few miles north from the pass, he banked to the west and headed for the lowest notch in the jagged eastside wall of the valley. Above the great barrier the plane bumped like a boat in a choppy seat,

Garth paid no conscious heed to the rough passage. His hands and feet adjusted the controls with automatic precision, leaving his attention free to center upon what lay ahead.

His first glimpse into the valley

down from his cockpit with the moor- | ing line, the pontoon stems smashed like eggshells on a waterworn rock, across the narrow channel from the tail of the other plane.

Before the current could float the three-seater back into deep water, Garth leaped ashore. Lilith had opened the cowl of her cockpit and was starting to climb out. Garth glanced at the threatening sky.

"She has settled down hard and fast, Miss Ramill. Better stay snug aboard until we return."

The girl's reply was to scramble forward on the shoreward wing of the plane. Garth waded out in the icy water and had her hand down his rifle, the three pairs of snowshoes, and all the blankets. He tossed everything to Dillon, then took the girl on his shoulder.

The policeman had started upstream with the outfit. He walked across the now shallow ford without getting a drop of water over the tops of his heavily greased shoepacks. Garth slung Lillth on his shoulder like a sack of meal and splashed across after Dillon.

At the far bank Dillon stopped to put on a pair of snowshoes. Garth lowered the girl upon a bare rock, and ran down the left bank to swing aboard the cabin plane. With him he took the blankets. When he came ashore, he had on dry socks and moccasins. He frowned at Lillth. She was flop-

ping awkwardly along on snowshoes behind the policeman.

"Take off those webs and get into the cabin," he ordered.

"I will not," she refused. "I'm going with you. I came to see that beast arrested."

"Don't be a fool. We'll be there and back before you've more than got started. There's no time to wait for you. Blizzard may swoop down any minute."

He had slipped on the third pair of snowshoes. He took his rifle from Dillon and started off as guide. The constable followed at the same rapid gait, He was an experienced snowshoe runner. Lilith tried to imitate their deft swinging stride with the webs. She tripped and plunged face-down into a drift.

Instead of turning back at the girl's cry of appeal, Garth quickened his stride to a run. A severe blizzard would thicken the skim ice and close the water lane out from the stream outh. That would mean a wait until the stream ran dry with the freezeup of the glacier. Not until then would the lake ice become thick enough for the cabin plane's pontoons to be chopped free and pried up on the surface.

assault to murder. Any persons who | might already be circling to creep in interfere with his arrest will make from the rear.

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themselves liable." "Bah, you cock-capped red jay, you can't bluff me," Huxby gibed. "You're covered. Move, and you get a bullet through you. Drop that gun and shove up your hands."

A sideward jumping down-thrown would have put the constable back in cover. But he was a member of the Northwest mounted police. Retreat could no more be considered by him than surrender. Also, he had no authority to shoot his man. The warrant called only for the arrest of the accused. He had to do his duty at whatever risk,

"You will be well advised not to resist," he said.

With that, he raised his right snowshoe and slid it up a low cross-drift in a forward step. As he bent forward to bring up the other web, a rifle roared in the dense scrub.

Garth fired into the faint haze-puff of smokeless powder. Back came a bullet that clipped a branch at his left elbow. He shifted sideways towards the tree trunk, and rose to peer through a higher opening. A slight movement of a spruce spray in the scrub brought his rifle to his shoulder. He paused a moment to peer over the sights, his finger kissing the trigger. Another twitch of that spruce twig. His finger tightened on the trigger-Crash! He hurled down on his right side. The first thought that flashed into his mind was that his rifle had

burst. His right arm had gone numb as if broken by the shock. Luckily, he did not at once try to spring up. As he paused to feel at

the numb arm with his left hand, the bark flew from a limb close over his head. The scar of white wood showed that the bullet had been fired from off to his left.

He flattened down and crawled into the snowless hollow alongside the tree trunk. In the hollow lay his rifle. It



With his knife Garth slashed out the webs of Dillon's snowshoes. Then, worming his way backwards, he started to drag the body downslope. The tree put him under cover from the two killers near the fire. A drift enabled him to crawl to another tree without being seen by the man off to the left.

A sideward shift brought him to the shallow channel of the frozen spring rill. Down the channel a few yards, an up-jut of rock offered a complete cover. He swung the body of the constable across his shoulders, stepped into his snowshoes, and ran aslant downslope. Every few seconds that passed without the roar of a rifle behind him, meant a widened margin of safety. The pursuers must have failed to notice his broken rifle in under the spruce, or else they thought he was hiding in the rill channel, waiting for

them to come within range of the constable's service pistol. Whatever the cause of their delay, he had gained a long start before more yells told him they had cut his trail. At the outburst, Garth eased off a little on the desperate speed of his running.

His fast mushing had already covered three-fourths of the distance to the stream. It was now a simple matter of running on to increase his handicap over the killers. Only a little time would be needed to cast free the cabin plane. As she drifted out in the current, the cross-wind would swing her around. Then a quick run out the water lane, and the take-off-Close ahead, he caught sight of Lil-

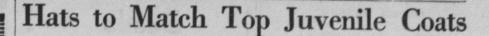
ith Ramill. She was sitting on her snowshoes. Her right foot was drawn up on her left knee, and she was rubbing hard at the ankle. At sight of the limp body on Garth's

shoulders, she started up, horrified. "Oh, oh, Alan! Is-is he-hurt?" "Murdered. And you-G-d!-you

here, all this way from the plane, Rifle gone. They're coming. Get up -go back."

"Coming !" she cried. "That murderer! He'll kill you too! Go on, Alan. Hurry. I'll fellow."

She turned around on her right foot without a wince or groan, and bent to slip her moccasins under the toe thongs of the snowshoes. Deceived into thinking her sprain not serious, Garth slued around her and ran on at his best gait. He would get the body of Constable Dillon aboard the plane, and mush back for the girl. If she followed even at an ordinary walking pace, there might yet be time to get away.



By CHERIE NICHOLAS

ter are looking too chic and charming for words this spring, in their new spic and span stylish tailleurs or their bolero costumes, if not a redingote outfit that contrasts print with plain, to which there has been added accessories utterly feminine and seductive as accessories must be that would go high-style this season.

However, we are not saying that voguishly attired adults are the whole show, not when a bevy of stylishly arrayed youngsters join the procession. Then does competition become keen and it is the tiny tots in their new spring outfits that will be getting the big applause, we venture to say. be their elders ever so beguilingly garbed. Which they should for children's fashions are as cunning and intriguing as fancy dare picture this season.

As a fashion "first" for spring it is the little coat-and-hat ensemble that is taking precedent at the immediate moment. It adds zest to the mode that children's coats are unusually versatile this season in the matter of styling. Then, too, a particularly wide choice of materials is offered. Tweeds in delectable colorings, camel's hair weaves, navy twills, novelty wool plaids and serge are all-important in the list of juvenile coatings,

in use this season. Pastels are also definitely favored in aqua, dusty and skipper blue in the order named. Many all-white coats will be worn.

Full length coats are more popular than the short jackets, although the ever beloved reefer type jacket of navy flannel continues to hold its own. The trio of models pictured were selected for illustration from among a collection of little folk's fashions displayed at a preview style event recently held at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago.

The clever little coat to the left is one of the new and very much admired Princess Elizabeth types. It carries that convincing air of distinction such as every fashion-alert mother covets for her child. Tweed in the popular dusty rose shade fashions it. Cunningingly flared lines, the double breast button fastening, and the



showed him a column of smoke above the black belt of spruce at the far end of the lake. Much thicker and darker than ordinary camp-fire smoke, it stood out distinct against the vivid white of the snow-sheeted tundra slepe.

As the plane drove clear above the saddle between the peaks, he shoved the stick forward and cut the gun. With the roar of the engine stilled, the plane swooped down at the lake like a monstrous bird of prey. Relatively speaking, it was driving at its quarry as noiselessly as a great horned owl of the North stoops to strike a rabbit, Also, by entering the valley over this distant saddle, instead of through the pass, Garth felt sure the plane would not be seen.

His next problem was to effect a landing without the roar of the restarted motor. He had already made out Huxby's big cabin plane, moored at the mouth of the glacier stream. That was the only safe mooring place.

The lake had already skimmed over with thin ice except where the outrushing glacier torrent kept a water lane free, well out from shore. Huxby undoubtedly had been shrewd enough to foresee a freeze-up if he moored his. plane below the foot of the placer trough.

Absence of any smoke near the plane told that the miners were camped at just beyond the fire, had ceased. the placer. The stream mouth was too far from the diggings for the hurried workers to tramp back and forth every night and morning. Besides, there would be snowdrifts to wade through.

From every indication, the claimjumper could be surprised and taken before he realized that any other party than his own had come to the valley. The one need was to avoid using the plane's engine. Its roar would be heard for miles.

Garth calculated the volplane angle with his utmost skill. If he hit the water too soon, the propeller would to the landing; if he held on too long, for her. there might be a crackup.

It was a matter of fractions of seconds. He allowed for the fact that the slight wind was abeam, instead of sucking down from the glacier. His one failure was to notice in time the shrunken volume of the glacier stream.

The plane took to the water smoothly, at almost the exact distance offshore that he had planned. The difficulty was that the outswirling current lacked the force he expected. Instead of slowing down or stopping short, the three-seater drove in hard at the cabin plane.

The stream mouth lacked width enough for the small plane to squeeze past the large one. Nor was there room to maneuver between the offshore rocks. Garth acted with instant decision. He swerved the three-seater to clear the tail of the cabin plane. As

Above the site of his old camp Garth halted and signed for his companion to listen. Down through the snowy stillness came a clear ring of metal on metal.

"They're drilling below the frost-line to blast a shaft," he said. "Richer gravel on bedreck, at the foot of the placer trough."

Dillon forged into the lead. "You'll trail me now, sir."

Without any protest, Garth fell in behind. The Law was now in command. A few strides brought them to the dyke of igneous rock that walled the lower end of the placer trough. From behind a stunted spruce, they peered across the treeless width of rock to where a large fire was flaming at the edge of the matted timberline scrub.

Over the fire hung three big iron kettles. Beside it stood a small cradle for rocking gravel. But there was no one working the rocker, nor was there anyone in sight. Even the ring of sledge on drill in the newly dug pit, "Not so good," Garth murmured. "I'm not so sure it's a surprise."

"You'll stay here, sir." "No."

Constable Dillon spoke with cool logic: "If it's a surprise, I need no assistance. If he is warned and prepared to resist, better for you to support me from cover."

"Well-perhaps."

"The only way, sir. You stood responsible for bringing the young lady."

That clinched the argument against Garth. Having brought the willful have to be used to pull the plane in girl with him, he now had to look out

"Very well, Dillon," he agreed. Wait till I take position." He shifted to the left side of the stunted spruce and crouched down where he could peer between the lower branches. At the other side, the constable stood up and stepped out into

the open. Hardly was he clear of cover when a harsh shout came from the scrub beside the fire: "Halt! Throw up your hands."

Garth caught the menace in Huxby's voice, and leveled his rifle. There was nothing of the four-flusher about the engineer. He was a coldblooded killer.

Constable Dillon paused. But he did not put up his hands. The Northwest police do not surrender. Dillon merely swung the barrel of his carbine backward under his arm, and made quiet

He Swung the Body of the Constable Across His Shoulders.

had not burst. But that was no consolation. The first shot from off to the left had struck square against the side of the breech and smashed the magazine.

One look at the weapon showed that it was ruined. He wormed past it to the far side of the tree trunk. During all the many seconds that had passed | and in 1808, New York ceded the island since the firing of the first shot, he to the federal government. It was had heard no call nor any sound whatever from Constable Dillon. He peered out under the low drooped spruce boughs on that side of the tree.

As he expected, the worst had happened. The policeman lay on his back. He had been shot through the heart. One glance told Garth the fact that his companion was beyond all aid.

He looked for the constable's carbine. It was nowhere in sight. The low drift behind which Dillon had fallen gave Garth enough cover to crawl out beside the body. But the carbine was not under its owner. Garth pulled the snowshoes from the feet of the dead man. On the heel of one web he perched the constable's cap. He reached out sideways and lifted the cap so that it peeped above the top of the drift. The cap flipped back off the snowshoe, plerced through by a bullet from the scrub beside the

fire. At the roar of the shot, Garth bobbed up, three feet to the left, to look for the missing carbine. It lay half buried in the snow, a long 10 feet away. When shot, Dillon must have flung out his In the midst of the convulsive jerk. death had loosened his grip on the carbine.

Huxby had proved he could shoot a rifle with deadly accuracy, and his men were nearly as expert. To make a dash for the carbine would be equivalent to committing suicide. To lie he stripped off his goggles and swung rest of Vivian Huxby for theft and meet their attack. The fourth man outbreak (incubation period).

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Ellis Island Once Gay, and Named Oyster Island

In the days when New York was a Dutch possession and known as New Amsterdam-in the Seventeenth century-Ellis island, the famous immigrant station, was called Oyster Island. and was a "gay and exclusive resort."

"For almost 150 years Oyster island continued to be New Amsterdam's favorite resort for picnics, oyster roasts, clam bakes, and fishing partles," says Edward Corsi, former United States commissioner of immigration at Ellis Island in his valuable book "In the Shadow of Liberty: The Chronicle of Eilis Island." "It passed

finally into the hands of Samuel Ellis, a farmer of Bergen county, New Jersey. "It later became the property of

the state of New York (how, not clear) then used as a powder magazine and arsenal and after various uses by the government, in 1890, it was designated as an immigrant station."

Mr. Corsi notes that during his administration-in 1932-"I was to witness the actual changing of the tide, the first in more than a hundred years, when more people had left our shores than were arriving. The changing tide of immigration was brought about by the depression."

In that year-1932-35,576 persons were admitted, while 103,295 left. In 1928 the figures were: admitted, 307,-255; left, 77,457.-Kansas City Star.

#### Nova Scotia Is Scottish

Nova Scotia, the land of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and popularly belleved because of that poem to be largely French and English, is largely Scotch. The opening of Nova Scotia's parliament is accompanied by the skirl of bagpipes, and several newspapers are printed partly in Gaelic. In the Nova Scotian county of Inverness, 72 per cent of the inhabitants speak Gaelic, while less than hands as he pitched over backwards. In Scotland can speak that ancient half of the similarly named county tongue.

Latent Rabies

The length of time during which the virus of rables may remain latent in the human body before manifesting itself is very remarkable, extreme in-"I have here a warrant for the ar-"I have here a warrant for the arstances showing a delay of a year.

Close attention is being paid to tailoring and styling, with the English trend dominating. Inverted pleats, crisp collars, velvet pipings as well as insets in tailored collars are high style details to consider. Most important to remember is that fashion decrees that every wee coat or suit is to be companioned by a matching hat. While grown-ups are going in for daring color to the limit, high colors are not so much in the children's wear

picture. As a matter of fact, it is the medium tones that are most generally

## MULTI-DUTY GARB URGED FOR SPRING

There's a lot of talk these days about the "basic wardrobe," which is a good idea for the spring budgeteer.

The idea is to select the spring suit, coat and printed frocks in one color theme, to be worn with interchangeable accessories. Suppose, for instance, you start with one of the smart new man-tailored sults with black jacket and striped skirt. With it, if you shop wisely, you will get an extra skirt to match the jacket.

Then you should choose a topcoat In tailored style, also black, which may be worn over the sult or with a printed slik frock.

Your printed silks should be bright, gay and simply made, so that you may wear various frilly lingerie accents with them, changing their mood with the jabot or collar you select. With these for a foundation, you may achieve endless variety by choice of contrasting accessories,

**Parasols and Fans Give** 

**Frivolous Touch to Garb** Parasols add a frivolous touch to many summer outfits. In bright printed cottons they appear with beach costumes and in polka-dotted silks they accompany summer suits. Some of them have long crook handles,

Folding fans made of field flowers, tulle or organdy and flat oval lacquer fans, only a little larger than a hand, lend a glamorous air to evening costumes.

Don't put on the gloves for the first time when in a hurry. Even if you do get them on without splitting they will never fit so well as when they are carefully put on, stretching the kid gently to conform with the lines of the hands. If this is done the first time, all other times will be easy.

deftly tailored details of collar, cuffs and pockets are all significant style items. The collar of natural linen is detachable.

The little girl walking hand-in-hand so chummily with her companion has on a very attractive long reefer coat in navy blue. White metal buttons and a white hand-embroldered lingerie collar add chic finishing touches. The perky matching hat is of cloth identical with that of the coat.

The adorable child in the foreground has on a coat of skipper blue novelty weave wool with the Princess Elizabeth lines given to it such as are regarded as exceedingly smart for the younger set this spring. Her matching Scotch cap repeats the trim of blue plaid silk used on the coat.

@ Western Newspaper Union.

WITH A VEIL By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A bit of straw, a brim of closely stitched net, a full-blown rose and a fragile, frivolous, flattering veil and presto! The milliner evolves as seductive a little cocktail hat as the world e'er gazed upon. As here pictured this intriguing headpiece is posed by Helen Chandler who wears it in her newest play. It carries a highly important style message in the tight brim that frames the head, namely, the use of many layers of net closely stitched. Milliners are making many widebrimmed hats as well as turbans and toques of stitched net this season.

#### Bowknot Motif

You can the yourself in knots, fashionably speaking, this spring. Chanel sponsors the bowknot, and the new jewelry proves just how smart they look on a costume. Hinge bracelets carved in a bow have bright metal knots for contrast, The clip pairs carry out the same motif in little half bows with the same metal knots. They come in bright green, red, blue, white and black.

New Gloves