

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

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He made the plane in short order and got the dead policeman to the cabin by way of the wing. Leaping off, he rushed back at top speed to meet Lillith. He had to go all the way to where he had left her.

She had slung the showshoes on her back, floundered through the first drift, and collapsed. When he came up, she was rubbing snow on her bared ankle. She looked up at him, white-faced with pain and despair.

"I tried, Alan. I can't even walk," she said. "Go back. It's all my fault. Hurry and save yourself. Maybe I can—delay him."

For reply, Garth swung her up across his shoulders and headed again for the plane. There still might be time. He put all his strength into another burst of speed.

They came to the glacier stream, with no sight or sound of the pursuers behind them. Garth lifted the girl from his shoulder and set her on the front edge of the monoplane wing. He grasped hold to vault up beside her.

A bullet fanned the girl's pain-whitened cheek. Another bullet struck the wing edge between her and Garth. He jerked her down off the wing. The firing ceased. But the angle of the shot in the wing edge told Garth the direction from which it had come.

After murdering Constable Dillon but before starting to trail Garth, Huxby must have sent one of his men running along the foot of the tundra slope to take possession of the planes. Garth had outrun the miner. But the man had come within easy rifle range and clear view of the plane—at least of its upper parts.

Garth did not hesitate a split second. He carried Lillith to the mooring tree and slashed the line with his knife. Then, taking the girl pickaback, he set off up the stream bank.

His one backward glance showed him that the plane was drifting out into the lake. But, the cross-wind had died down. The lessened stream current could be counted upon to carry the plane out beyond reach before it was stopped by the skim ice.

The rifleman up on the edge of the tundra was off to the right of the stream. Garth knew he had a thick screen of spruce trees and scrub all the way to timberline. As he climbed, the man above began to yell and halloo. Garth had no doubt that the fellow was shouting about the outrift of the cabin plane.

Before long, other yells came from the lake shore. They were followed by rifle shots. It was easy to guess that one or more of the pursuers had sighted the plane and opened fire, on the supposition that Garth was hidden in the cockpit. The shouts of the man above told that he was running downhill, probably to let the others know he had kept the fugitives from getting aboard.

Garth moderated his rush. Even so, his steady uphill slogging brought him near timberline before the four men got together down at the lake shore. From the sudden stoppage of the firing, he knew the fourth man had explained the situation. Yet he did not quicken his climbing pace.

For the first time since leaving the plane, he spoke to Lillith: "Try holding out farther from my neck, Miss Ram-fil. We're safe enough now. We're climbing faster than they can wade the drifts."

With less than a hundred paces, Garth saw a whitish pall surge out from the down-rolling clouds on the western mountain side. A snow-spitting wind-gust whooshed against the tundra slope. He turned sharp to the left and headed uphill towards the foot of the glacier. Before he had covered another hundred paces, the air was thick with snow.

Fortunately for Lillith, the storm was only an early autumn blizzard, not a 30 or 40 below zero gale of the subarctic winter. The rabbit-fur undersuit inside the buckskins saved her. Though greatly chilled, she was only slightly frostbitten when Garth reached the brink of the lateral moraine, a little below the foot of the glacier.

He went out across the rock-strewn gulch bed. Within a few moments Lillith suddenly found herself out of the wind and snow and the white gloom of the storm. She could not see. Her elbow rasped along a smooth wall. Then she was placed upon a ledge.

A match flared in Garth's upraised hand. The light glinted and sparkled on ice walls. She was in the mouth of the cave, up inside the glacier-stream tunnel. The rock floor was heaped with the caribou meat. At the side of the entrance lay the pothole stone that Garth had made into an Eskimo lamp.

He pointed to an outspread caribou skin. "Crawl in on that. Then rub your face and pound yourself."

She scrambled to the skin mat, her teeth clenched on her lip to keep from crying out from the pain of her ankle. Garth had struck another match and held it to the moss-wick of the stone lamp. A third match was necessary before enough of the frozen fat was thawed and melted to feed the wick. But, once started, the flame heated more and more of the fat.

Lillith had already rubbed her frost-whitened cheeks and nose into a glow.

He laid his belt-ax on a hind-quarter of caribou, and smiled at her in the growing light of the wick.

"Chop off a shank or two. We'll need bone spits," he said. "But first warm some of the other skins and wrap them around you. Also put more fat in the lamp. I'll be gone two or three hours."

Over near the far end of the glacier front, he found a drift with a four-inch crust packed by the drive of the wind during the previous snowstorm. He went at it like an Eskimo, slashing out big domino-shaped blocks with his knife.

After he had gathered a high pile of the blocks on a fairly level spot just beyond the drift, he started to cut others and lay them edgewise in a circular wall around the pile. Two feet up he began to lean the blocks inward.

By the end of three hours, he stood in the blackness of a snow beehive,



For the First Time Since Leaving the Plane, He spoke to Lillith.

half a foot higher than his head and over seven feet across at the floor level.

Low down in the wall he cut a hole. There was little more than space enough between the igloo and the glacier front for him to crawl out. He circled around the snow dome and the big drift, through the thick swirl of snow, and recrossed the stream.

In the cave he found Lillith fur-bundled and hovering over the lamp, as she broiled thawed caribou steaks on a shank-bone spit. He picked the girl up in her skin wrappings, and carried her out and around to the igloo. A second trip fetched the rest of the skins, the lamp, and enough meat for a starter.

While she went on with her cooking, over the re-lighted lamp, he cut more blocks and built a low entrance tunnel from the door to part way around the curve of the igloo wall. When he backed in, he blocked the mouth of the tunnel with a snow slab.

The inside of the igloo was already so warm from the lamp heat that the inside of the dome roof was beginning to soften. But Garth knew there was no slightest danger of it falling in. As fast as the snow melted, the moisture was sucked outwards. It met the cold of the outside air and froze hard.

In a little while the igloo would be a dome of solid ice strong enough to hold the weight of a bear. The interior was both warmer and drier than any tent, or any hut of wood or stone. The caribou skins made even the snow floor comfortable.

The girl had a stack of caribou steaks broiled for him. He sat down, without a word, and began to eat. In the midst of the meal the smoke and heat became so stifling that he had to cut a two-inch ventilation hole in the roof.

All the time he gave no sign that he perceived the look of misery in Lillith's eyes. But when he had eaten his fill, he spoke a sudden order: "Bare your foot."

She obeyed, tensely silent. He looked close at the swollen ankle in the lamp-light and felt it with his finger tips. Easy as was his touch, Lillith gasped with pain. But he smiled his relief.

"No broken bone or dislocation; only a sprain. You'll soon be all right. Start packing it with softened snow. Keep it as cold as you can without freezing."

At that, all her pent-up emotion burst out: "Oh, how you must despise me! Get you into this frightful danger—then go lame! A helpless, useless drag on you! That beastly coward—he'll hunt you out . . . murder you like the poor policeman. And all my fault!"

Garth shook his head. "You take too much of the credit, Miss Ramfil. So far as regards Constable Dillon, the result would have been the same if you had stayed at Fort Simpson."

"But—let you can't get away!" Garth's smile hardened. "Neither can they. Now tend to your ankle. I'm going for meat."

He dressed and crawled out into the

storm. When at last he came back in, he had brought nearly half of the caribou meat from the ice cave and stacked it around the igloo. He had also set up blocks of snow-crust to shape a drift of new snow in a certain way.

He unrolled the thawed wolverine pelt and showed a big hank of catgut. With his knife he started to shape caribou skins for parkas and trousers. Lillith's eyes brightened. She softened a length of catgut in the melted lamp-fat, and asked for a needle.

All the remainder of that day of death and storm, both of them piled awl and buckskin needle and catgut thread. Neither was an Eskimo seamstress. But their stitches, though coarse, were strong. By nightfall they finished the first caribou-skin suit—waistlong sock-leggings, and parka with hood-front fringed with wolverine fur.

After another meal of broiled meat, Garth went out and climbed the lateral moraine to gather a quantity of caribou moss from between the snow-drifts on the wind-swept tundra.

When he returned, Lillith lay asleep on one of the uncut skins. She had sunk down, completely tired out. Garth covered her over, blocked the roof hole with a chunk of soft snow, and spread his own skin mat on the other side of the lamp from the girl. He lay down on it and snuffed out the light.

CHAPTER X

The Bedeviling.

Lillith opened her eyes as Garth finished his hasty meal of lamp-seared meat and fat. He explained about the plane. Her hands clutched together till they whitened.

"You—you'll be careful?"

"Never fear. I'll come back to look out for you. The storm has blown over. Clear sky, and about 10 below zero. Keep treating your ankle, and work on your suit."

"But—how long?"

He handed her the knife, but took the belt-ax. "If I'm not back soon, it will not be till late afternoon or after dark. They may turn out early, like myself, to have a look at their plane. In that case, I'll have to hide-out all day."

"You'll freeze!"

That won a smile from him. "This is an Eskimo rig. I've sat in one for hours beside a seal hole, at 40 below zero. Finish your own suit, and crawl out to enjoy the frost. Only be careful of that ankle. When outside, keep close to the igloo, and duck inside if you see anyone else than myself."

She flung out her hands. "Oh, if only I could go along to help! I'm so afraid he'll find you. All those guns—he and his men—you, empty-handed!"

Garth met the almost frantic outburst with a look of cool irony. "Do you take me for a chechahco? Mark this—that scoundrel Huxby is the man who's in danger."

With the assurance, Garth crept out through the tunnel, shoving his snowshoes ahead of him. Snow had continued to fall after the wind had died down. That meant easy tracking. In the dim starlight, he had to guess at the covering of his trail to the stream channel.

During the night, the last dwindling flow had choked the channel with anchor ice, had flooded over the snow, and frozen solid. Garth took off his snowshoes and crept across the glare ice without leaving any marks.

On the other bank, he plowed a heavy trail up into the ice tunnel, and brought from the storage cave one of the remaining legs of caribou. He left the meat atop the moraine, and started down the tundra as fast as he could travel by starlight.

Dawn was gray over the east mountain wall of the valley when he neared the lake. He crossed over the frozen ford and went to peer at the three-seater plane in the growing twilight. It stood much higher than he had left it.

A close view showed that the engineer and his men had managed to raise the craft above water by cribbing logs under the shattered pontoons. The top logs of the crib brought the bottom of the floats level with the thickening skim ice. Long poles had been set to brace the wings against the wind gusts.

Garth swung aboard. As he expected, all the food had been taken away. So also had been the breaker points from the magneto. Huxby no doubt had figured that the canoe builder might repair the floats with rawhide, and run away with the three-seater. To balk the engineer, in turn, Garth helped himself to the breaker cam.

He jumped back on the bank, and munched eastwards along the shore in the dim grayness. At first, thickets of alders and willows cut off all view of the lake. He did not trouble to seek an opening until he had covered a half mile. There he came to a remembered stretch of partly open bank.

Though the gray dawn had grown a little less faint, he peered for several moments without sighting the cabin plane. It seemed as if his pontoons must have been saved through by the

sharp-edged sheet of ice, so that the aircraft had floundered in deep water. But then he made out vaguely a white shape against the white of the snow-covered ice. A short dash brought him close to the grounded plane. It lay in shallow water, surrounded by freezing slush. The blizzard had hit the lake hard enough to break up the sheet ice and crack it into pieces too small to grind through the sides of the pontoons.

The plane had been driven across into this corner of the lake, along with the sludge. The shoreward-slung tail was only a biscuit toss out from the solid bank. Garth hastened to fetch small trunks and pieces of rotted logs from the down timber under the nearest trees. By tossing out chunks of log on the snow-covered sludge and bog, he was able to make a slender footbridge with pairs of trunks.

The last extension proved touch and go. Cross pieces and stringers drove down under his weight into the sludge-filled water and the mud beneath. But he had made a dash of it. His hands clutched hold of the rudder before he could sink.

He climbed upon the tall, ran forward to the cabin, and swung inboard. The frozen body of Constable Dillon lay on the floor where he had placed it. He buckled the cartridge belt with its bolstered pistol about his own waist, took the keys and handcuffs from Dillon's pocket, and climbed out to scramble forward into the cockpit.

The side of the cockpit had been pierced by several bullets. But when Huxby fired at the drifting plane, in his attempt to kill the fugitives, he had aimed with great care to avoid damage to the instruments and controls and the motor.

After removing the breaker points from the magneto, Garth ran back to the tail of the plane. Here came the greatest of his risks. The bridge poles had risen to the surface again, but the outermost cross logs remained embedded in the mud under the water.

He let himself down sideways. As his moccasins touched the slender trunks, he let go of the rudder and leaped. Though the ends of the poles shot downwards, his swift dash carried him up their sharp slant to the next pair of trunks.

The rest of the improvised bridge was fairly firm. A single misstep anywhere along it would have landed him in deep bog; but he had done far too much canoeing and rough-ground running to lack balance or sure-footedness.

Safe back on solid ground, he at once stepped into his snowshoes and headed straight away from the shore into a dense growth of spruce. There he circled to the right towards the glacier gulch, keeping well back from the lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Mountain of Hellfire"

Emits Ammoniacal Gases

Over a great area on the frontier between Baluchistan and Persia everything is dead. Not a bird, beast, or reptile, not even an insect, survives. They have been gassed by the "Mountain of Hellfire"—as the Persians call the volcano of Koh-i-Tafatan. The crater pours out dense clouds of ammoniacal gas which destroy every living thing and even burn up all plant life, says Tit-Bits Magazine.

This is the only mountain which produces this particular gas, but not the only one which exudes poison gas. In 1912 the volcano of Katmai in Alaska exploded, producing the biggest crater in the world, which is now known as the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Here sulphurous gas streams out from rifts, and it is death to approach one of these deadly vents.

The Sakura Shima volcano in Japan blew up in 1914 and overwhelmed the city of Kagoshima. The loss of life was over 70,000, and a great number of these people were suffocated by pestilent gases which rushed up from earthquake fissures a long way from the mountain itself.

Before the great Chilean earthquake of 1857 poison gas rose in the floor of the Bay of Payta and killed enormous quantities of fish and crabs. They floated on the surface and were washed up on the beach, forming a wall-like line three to four feet high and twelve miles long.

The most ghastly disaster of recent times was the destruction of the beautiful city of St. Pierre by a cloud of gas and dust flung out by Mont Pelee. Within a matter of moments 40,000 people were blotted out.

Deckside Slang

"Lufers," "scurfs," and "tosher" are among the quaint nicknames given to the workers in London's dockland. A "luter" is a man who clears mud from the beds of barges, a "scurfer" is one who scrapes away the crust from the insides of ships' boilers, and a "tosher" is a waterman who searches for stray bits of floating timber or dredges for a wet haul of coal. A coal boat that ducks her funnel when she passes beneath the bridges is known as a "flat-iron," a vessel belonging to the Steam Navigation company is called a "Navy," and the river police are humorously dubbed "Lord Trenchard's Navy."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Print or Plain, Just So It's Linen

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WEAR linen in the morning, at noon, during the afternoon hours, and when "the shades of night are falling fast," then wear linen formally. This spring and summer is destined to go down in history as a banner linen season.

The beauty about modern linens is that through ingenious processing they are being made practically crush resistant.

The glory of this season's monotone linens is their remarkably handsome colorings. For the tailored jacket suit and sports and travel costumes, emphasis is on plain, firm, medium weight linens in such deep rich tones as Dubonnet and oxblood reds, dark blue, navy, also skipper blue, Biarritz green, the voguish spice brown, popular violet shades and other equally as attractive colors. Shrimp pink and coral hues are especially noted. As to white and natural tones they will lead in the summer parade.

Prints, perhaps, provide even more exciting news. Printed linens are making a bid for the formal as well as the daytime hours. Imagine an exquisitely sheer handkerchief linen (sheers in linen are latest word) in rust, brown and white done in an authentic paisley patterning. It is linens like this that are providing new thrills in the way of media for smart evening gowns.

If your fancy happens to run to modernistic florals in vivid colorings, we suggest that you select for your next party dress one of the very new gorgeous printed linens carried out in daring orange red and green on a navy background. Speaking generally in regard to printed linens, whether for day or evening wear, a liking is ex-

pressed for widely spaced bouquet arrangements, for bizarre peasant patterns, also motifs of Chinese character as well as mystic far-east figures and hieroglyphics. Scroll designs that meander in linework all over the background are particularly good style.

The illustration demonstrates how smartly and effectively monotone linens combine with linen prints. To the left you see the suit, a new Creed model, as it looks with the jacket worn. This stunning ensemble is made of a dark green canvas type of linen for the classically tailored jacket and skirt, using crisp white linen for the blouse patterned in a green and tangerine linework crossbar print design. The linen is the finest possible quality, coming as it does from Moyasabel, Ireland, noted for its beautiful high grade linens. Observe the slight fullness at top of jacket sleeve, giving the new broadened shoulder line. The skirt has a single knife pleat at its left front to give necessary fullness.

Removing the jacket of the suit, there comes to view, as pictured in the foreground, the smart chanel print Moyasabel linen blouse. Its tangerine and green tones complement the monotone of the linen suit most pleasingly. The waistline of the blouse is slightly fitted. Two outstanding style details are the short puffed sleeves and the fact that instead of buttoning it is laced up the front, tiny cord lacing in and out through hand-embroidered eyelets.

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JEWELRY FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE DAY

Jewelry for every hour in the day is now in vogue.

Collecting precious, real jewelry has become the fad of ladies of fashion. Women who already own fine collections of jewels are having them re-set. Now that gold settings are again smart, many colored stones enhanced by this treatment are being remodeled.

The suit is the perfect setting for a fine fob watch—a beautiful wrist watch, or a brooch or a clip watch. Brooches, worn at the neck of the new frilly blouses are smart and if they support a fine and distinguished jewel, they give tone and elegance to the street tailor.

Pearls are worn with all types of blouses. Pearl earrings are rapidly gaining in popularity. No jewel or decoration of any kind is as uniformly becoming and flattering to the wearer as pearls.

Fluffy Bow at Neck Gives Ingenue Air to Wearer

A new trick of the moment is to fasten a fluffy bow made of dozens of layers of pleated net, with a little nosegay of spring flowers in the middle, at the neckline of your new spring print. You'd be surprised at the gay ingenue air it gives you.

Or you may choose one of the new "lace paper dolly" collar and cuff sets to give a last minute air to that long suffering black crepe daytime dress.

The new neckwear is shown in all the accessory colors of the moment, such as violet, tulip pink, rust, London tan, mimosa and, of course, white.

Sports Perfume

In time to scent your spring tweeds knitted and your smartest riding habit appropriately and glamorously comes a new sports perfume created by one of the greatest French couturiers. It's named after one of the choicest kinds of leather, yet it is delicate and unmistakably feminine too.

SMART FOR SPORTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The divided skirt costume is recognized as eminently practical for active sports wear. This simply cut dress is tailored to perfection of quality kind linen imported from Moyasabel, the finest flax producing section of the north of Ireland. It buttons up under the collar like a pinafore, with buttons running down under the arm. Its divided skirt means all the action you want on the golf links or tennis court.

New Shades

Spring's top ranking colors include imperial blue, aurora, Formosa blue, spinner's red, the stonia shades, peonia and Devon green.