CAUGHT in the WILD

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CHAPTER X—Continued

—18—

Midway to the stream channel he stopped where, through separate vistas, he could see both planes. The gray dawn had brightened enough to make them visible at a distance. He sat down on a log to wait. In the Eskimo suit, the cold was negligible.

A look at the constable's pistol showed it to be fully loaded. He took off the belt and buckled it on again up under the loose fullness of his parka. Holstered between the caribou skin and his rabbit-fur undersuit, the oil in the pistol mechanism would become warm. Cold oil is apt to jam a gun.

After making sure of the pistol, he had nothing to do except give his face an occasional rub to prevent frostbite. He sat restfully relaxed, as patient as an Eskimo hunter beside a seal hole. Very slowly the gray dawn brightened. It at last began to mellow into gold.

From across the lake came the crack of rifles—three shots in quick succession. Garth told himself that Huxby or his men were hunting moose. He surmised why. The engineer planned to cover the shattered ends of the three-seater plane's floats with rawhide.

The sun glared over the jagged barrier mountains into the frost-gripped valley. Quite a while later, Garth saw one of his four enemies come out of the trees near the lake shore, on the far side of the frozen glacier stream. The man carried a big folded hide on his left shoulder.

A shout turned the man's steps up towards the ford. Other shouts came from the slope above. Garth smiled. It was as he had foreseen. In coming to repair the floats of the three-seater plane, Huxby and his men had formed a line from the lake shore to timberline and searched the spruce woods.

But the hunters had found no trace of their quarry all the way to the bank of the frozen glacier stream. There, however, the snowshoe tracks coming down from the tundra made plain sign even for chechahcos. Huxby came running along the trail, followed by the man with the moosehide.

Near the plane the engineer stopped for the miner to overtake him. They approached the stranded aircraft warily, with rifles raised, ready to shoot. When nothing happened, Huxby signed for his companion to drop the hide and climb aboard. As the man obeyed, another of the miners came running down the trail.

Huxby was looking at the tracks that led on along the lake shore. The man on the plane peered into the three cockpits. Huxby sighted the cabin plane across the corner of the lake. He shouted and pointed to it, but waited for the second miner to come up before starting on along the trail. The fourth man of the party appeared up the stream bank.

Garth slipped back behind thick cover and swung into a fast pace. He struck the stream bank above the ford. Trees cut off all view of the four trackers. Garth crossed the ice in the open stream bed and found cover again on the west bank. But instead of heading up the gulch, he kept straight on, parallel with the lake shore.

The thought of Lilith amused him. She had been seen only by the miner who had fired down from timberline. At the distance she must have been mistaken for a man. Only a degenerate criminal would knowingly shoot at a woman. But her short snowshoe trail following his own and Dillon's must have shown the trailers that the third member of his party was as helpless as the dead or wounded constable.

They would be perplexed to guess what had become of his two companions. No man could make off with two persons on his back. Even if Huxby had guessed the truth that Dillon was dead and his body aboard the cabin plane, he would be mystified by the puzzle of the third person who, with the snowshoe-runner, had been kept from boarding the plane.

Still smiling, Garth came to the placer camp. The big fire under the gravel-thawing kettles had died down to a bed of coals. The forelegs and hindquarters of the newly killed moose lay in the snow beside the brush lean-to. On the floor mat of spruce sprays, along with the bedding, was a pile of food—bacon, flour, sugar, dried fruit, tea. Back of the food were tight-lidded cans filled with dynamite, coils of fuse, and caps.

Garth jerked up the blankets. Under one set lay the strong canvas bag for which he was looking. He had hoped to find the constable's rifle. But one of the miners must have come to the valley without a gun. The carbine had not been left in camp.

The failure to find the weapon did not alter Garth's plans. Working fast, he filled the three-gallon teapot with packages of tea, salt and sugar. The pot went into an empty floursack, along with a little dried fruit, some dynamite, and a pair each of tin cups, plates and spoons.

On the big stack of fuel beside the leanto, he piled all the rest of the food and dynamite, the blankets, and the quarters of moose. With a shovel that was leaning against the rocker cradle he tossed coals from the fire into the base of the stack. The wood soon blazed up in several places.

With the floursack pack and the bag of platinum alloy slung over his shoulder, he went downslope.

Garth lugged the sack across the open space and past the stunted spruce beside which Constable Dillon had been murdered. In a drift on the north side of the next tree, he dug a hole, dropped in the sack of alloy, and covered it over.

A backward look at the camp showed the bonfire flaming high. At any moment the frozen dynamite was apt to thaw enough to explode. From off to the left came angry shouts. The direction of Garth's trail had at last warned the pursuers of his raid on their camp. They were heading for it as fast as they could flounder through the drifts.

Instead of circling to double past them again, Garth slanted off downslope towards the west side of the lake. There was no need to warn them about the dynamite. Before he had taken a dozen strides, the frosty air crashed with a thundering explosion. He bent forward and went pounding downhill through the soft snow as if breaking trail for a fast driven dog team.

When he neared the border of the muskeg he glimpsed a gray shape in the outer fringe of willows. No wolf could bulk so large. The she-grizzly had been first of the flesh eaters to find what was left of the newly killed moose.

Close looking and listening showed that the cubs of the great bear were not with her. Garth went straight towards the hoggishly feeding beast until she caught his scent. She reared up to gape her bloody jaws and roared as she had roared at him and Huxby and Mr. Ramill.

Garth very quietly turned to the left and angled off away from her. He was the two-legged creature who had several times shied respectfully around her and her cubs during the summer. She watched him go, then returned to her greedy gorging.

He skirted along the border of the muskeg to where a narrow neck of the swamp extended up a little valley to a gulch in the side of the west mountain.

At the far bank he shifted sideways and crouched down behind a clump of willows. He did not have long to wait. Enraged by the destruction of their food and camp outfit and the taking of the platinum alloy, Huxby and his men must have rushed fast down the trail of their bedeviler.

From over across the corner of the muskeg came the warning roar of the disturbed grizzly. A quick shot followed. Close upon the report dinned an outburst of terrific snarling roars and a whole fusillade of shots. The roars suddenly ceased. But the firing kept up for four or five seconds.

"Scared. Wasting cartridges," Garth told himself. "Hopping mad at me, and, atop that, flurried by her charge. Hope she didn't get any of them."

His wish was soon fulfilled. All four trailers came plodding along the border of the muskeg. Huxby was in the lead. But the bearded man next behind shoved forward beside him as he came striding out on the bog. Both

A Quick Crawl Took Him In Through the Low Narrow Passage.

happened to step two or three times on niggerheads. Then the miner hit the snow between tussocks.

The bearded man's curse as he plunged down into the quagmire jerked Huxby's glance around. He saw the trap a split second too late to keep on the tussocks. Like the miner, he shot down through the frozen crust into the deep slime and mud. The third man followed suit. But he was near shore, where the bog was only kneedeep. The fourth, lagging behind, halted on solid ground.

At Huxby's shouted orders, the last man ran to fetch poles of down timber. The two leaders were in almost to their armpits before the dead aspen trunks could be brought and shoved out to them.

Set on niggerheads, the poles gave support for the trapped men to pull themselves up out of the treacherously sucking quagmire. Other poles made a bridge for them, back to solid ground. But the bearded miner left his rifle down in the ooze.

Garth chuckled and looked to see Huxby backtrail with his men. Instead, the engineer headed up the bog valley towards the gulch. That added to Garth's mirth. By a quick return, the hunters could have stripped off the grizzly's hide before it froze. They were walking away from a rug that would have gone far towards replacing their burnt blankets. He had so tantalized and enraged them that they could think only of revenge.

To add insult to injury, he tramped a heavy trail up into a spruce thicket and built a small fire. Beside the fire, he scattered a handful of dried apricots and prunes. After that he skirted along the edge of the muskeg to its north end.

Here he came to where in ancient times, before it started to recede, the glacier had piled a big terminal moraine. This was the immense natural dam that held the lake in its bed.

Among the rocks of the rapids, on the slope of the lower valley below the falls, Garth made out the wreckage of Mr. Ramill's custom-built monoplane.

He worked his way down alongside the rapids to look closer at the wreck. What little had been left of the costly aircraft was not worth salvaging. But the tattered cover of one broken wing thrust up out of the white water within reach from the bank.

Garth started a fire of small sticks. He quenched it with damp moss, and used the charred stick ends to write on the wing fabric:

$5,000 reward for
V. HUXBY
Thief and
Murderer."

CHAPTER XI

Female of the Species.

Shortly before noon, the four trailers appeared on the moraine. The man who had not been bogged led the way down. Another miner followed, then Huxby. The man who had lost his rifle lagged behind. The two leaders reached the broken monoplane wing. Garth saw them read the writing.

Huxby jumped down beside the miners, to stare at the offer of reward that branded him for what he was. With a curse, he ripped the tattered piece of fabric from the wing frame and flung it down into the foaming rapid.

The two men glanced furtively at each other. Huxby pointed to the trail on the opposite bank and signed for them to lead the way across. Neither moved. The first man cursed, and shouted his refusal:

"Jump them boulders? I ain't no lynx. I'm through trailing that devil."

"Me too," declared the second man. "I won't break my neck for nobody."

A second look at the crossing forced Huxby to shout his agreement: "Curse the devil! We'll chase back. He's going on around to our plane. That's where he must have left both of his disabled companions."

Along with the angry statement, the engineer signed for his miners to start back ahead of him. Garth smiled. The two who had seen that offer of reward would not forget it, and Huxby was keenly aware of the fact.

When all four disappeared up on the moraine, Garth recrossed the boulders.

There was no sign of Lilith when he came down from the moraine. He called into the entrance tunnel. Back came a quavering cry of relief. A quick crawl took him in through the low narrow passage.

Lilith was breathing hard, almost gasping. "Oh! oh, thank God! I looked and looked, but I could not see you. I thought you must be—lying there—like that poor policeman—dead!"

"Hardly. Look here—and here." He showed the pistol, then dumped his floursack pack. "How about salt on our meat, and a cup of tea with sugar?"

"Alan!" she cried. "You made them give you all this!"

"In a way—yes. Set a pot of snow on the lamp stone, and slice some meat."

Lilith gazed at him in speechless wonderment, her blue eyes wide and very lustrous. He pretended not to notice. He salted and started to eat the first hot fat caribou steak that she served him on one of the looted tin plates.

But after he had told about the bear scare and the luring of the men into the bog, her surprise found utterance.

"Why didn't you kill the beasts while you had the chance?"

Garth answered with sudden gravity: "For several reasons, my girl. The main ones are because I am not a killer and because I intend that Vivian Huxby shall be tried and hung for murder."

She gasped: "You—hung! But he has all those men to help him. You're alone—worse than alone. I'm only a hindrance."

He smiled banteringly. "Well, I wouldn't say that. A handy cook isn't altogether a nuisance. The pot is beginning to simmer. You might drop in a pinch of tea. How's your ankle."

"Ever so much better. I've exercised it a little every time I went outside. And I've half finished my parka. But how—" she interrupted herself—"how can you win if you don't kill them?"

"Why, for a starter, Miss Cook, we'll let them stew in their own juice for a few days. That will tend to soften their bonds of mutual aid. No bedding and a diet of saltless meat will help those three placer jacks to consider the desirability of that five thousand dollar reward I offered for their boss."

"Alan Garth, you're marvelous!"

"Not at all. It just happens I know this game, and I told you before that Huxby is only a commonplace wolf. If he were a wolverine, I'd have to look sharp. As it is, we'll stay up here snug and cosy, and enjoy their tea and sugar while you're learning to use your snowshoes."

By noon the next day Lilith's Eskimo suit was finished. Her ankle, though weak, was no longer sore or swollen. Garth bandaged it firmly with a strip of skin, and had her begin practicing on her webs.

Not being hurried or excited, she soon caught the knack of the snowshoe stride. As her ankle became stronger and her feet hardened she developed into a fairly fast snowshoe runner.

Their last climb took them up around the bend in the great cleft. Before they turned back, Garth had the girl fire the pistol. She neither shut her aiming eye nor flinched as she pulled the trigger. Each time the bullet struck within a foot of the nearby mark that Garth set up.

"Not half bad," he approved. "I'll let you go down with me tomorrow morning."

Though the temperature had become milder, it remained below freezing point. As on the other occasion, Garth started downgulch two hours before dawn. This time Lilith trailed with him.

Huxby had moved his camp to the lake shore opposite the stranded cabin plane. A big fire of birch logs threw its welcome heat into the front of the three-sided leanto. The engineer and two of his miners lay asleep, huddled in nests of spruce sprays and dry moss.

The fourth man sat on a log beside the fire, his rifle between his knees. He yawned drowsily.

The first slight tinge of dawn had begun to gray the east. But among the trees the night was still black. A sudden flicker of light in the darkness behind the leanto brought the sleepy watcher's head up with a jerk. Beside the skin-clad man with the lighted match, he saw a second man squinting at him along the barrel of a pistol.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mexico's Calendar Stone Carved by Aztec Indians

Among the sights of Mexico City is the famous Calendar stone. It was cut from volcanic rock by Aztec Indians, and the work was done more than four centuries ago, during the reign of the Aztec ruler, Montezuma II, says a writer in the Detroit News.

Aztec tribes were in control of Mexico when it was invaded by the Spaniards. The present name of the country is believed to have come from an old Aztec war-god who was called "Mexitle" or "Mexitli." It is easy to see how his name could have been changed to "Mexico."

The Calendar stone is on view in a museum in Mexico City. On it is carved a great circular figure in the shape of the sun; and the width of the figure is 12 feet.

The stone is composed of volcanic rock, and weighs 20 tons as it exists today. The rock appears to have been obtained from a quarry several miles from Mexico City; and it is estimated that before the carving was done, the rough block weighed from 40 to 50 tons.

It may be that the block was cut down before it was moved from the quarry; but, in any case, it was too heavy for people to lift. There were no oxen or other large beasts of burden in Mexico before the white men came, so it must have been moved with the help of rollers.

At the center of the Calendar stone is a picture or symbol of the sun god and with the rest of the carving, it tells the Aztec story of "the world's history."

The Aztecs declared that four suns had existed before the one they saw in the sky. The first sun was supposed to have been destroyed by a jaguar, the second by a whirlwind, the third by a rain of fire, and the fourth by a flood. It was believed that the fifth sun would be destroyed by an earthquake.

Just a Little Smile

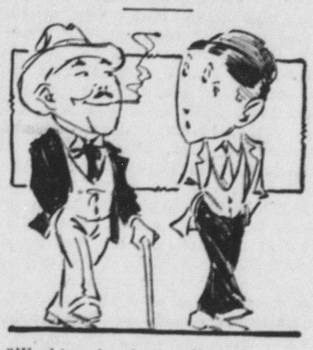
CO-OPERATION

A man stood for several minutes watching a brawny truckman tugging at a heavy box almost as wide as the doorway through which he was trying to move it. Presently the onlooker asked: "Like a lift?"

"Thanks, I would," the other replied, and for the next five minutes the two men, on opposite sides of the box, worked, lifted, puffed and wheezed, but the object of their attentions did not move an inch. Finally the helper straightened up and said between puffs: "I don't believe—we can—ever get—it out."

"Get it out?" the truckman roared. "Why, I'm trying to get it in!"—Tit-Bits.

COLLEGIATE



"Working hard at college?"

"Not yet. The ground is too wet and slippery. We begin regular training next week."

The Wrong Sort

Brown arrived at the office on Monday morning with his arm in a bandage and a shield over one eye.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his friend. "What have you been doing?"

"This is what comes of taking the doctor's advice," Brown replied, with deep feeling.

"Doctor's advice," echoed the other. "But I don't understand."

"Well," Brown explained, "my doctor told me to go for a tramp every day. I came off best the first three days, but the blighter I tackled yesterday was an ex-pugilist."

One Advantage

He was proud of the fine sons he possessed, but found their education expensive; and this, with other financial troubles, had put him into a bad temper. But he managed to answer a farmer civilly when asked to admire a fine litter of pigs.

When he was told how expensive it was to keep them he again lost his temper.

"Keep them!" he roared. "Keep them! Be thankful you haven't got to educate them."

Fight Ahead

"No, Henry, I don't think a manicurist should marry a dentist."

"And why not?"

"If we fought it would be tooth and nail."—Windsor Star.

REASONABLE

Father—You admit Tom is perfect, still you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—I notice ma has to throw some of your imperfections up to you occasionally in order to get money. What could I do in a case like that?

Combination Rates

Customer—I want to see some diamond rings, platinum if you please.

Jeweler—Certainly, sir. Let me show you our combination three-ring sets—engagement, wedding and teething at 10 per cent discount.

Laying a Foundation

"What is the first step toward remedying the discontent of the masses?"

"The first step," replied the energetic campaigner, "is to get out and make speeches to prove to them how discontented they are."

Traveling Fast

"You were at a disadvantage when you met that bear without your gun," suggested the sweet young thing.

"Yes," conceded the famous hunter. "I was a stranger in the country and hadn't any road maps."

No Complaint

Mother—What subject do you like best in school?

Helen—Psychology.

Mother—Why, they don't teach that in your school.

Helen—I know. That's why I like it.

Seeress Reports Tent Theft; Saw Thugs in Crystal Glass

Madame Lula Pula of Auburn, Calif., gypsy fortune teller, told the sheriff her tent had been stolen.

"Why didn't you look in the crystal ball and learn who took it?" she was asked.

"I did," she replied. "It was taken about 3 a. m. by 15 men whose names I didn't get. I was angry and put the Romany curse on them, but out of kindness of heart removed it and decided to report the case to the sheriff."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Best Treatment

The medicine for disaster is even-mindedness.

Simple

When you read a man like a book, he may be in words of one syllable.

PAINFUL CONDITION RELIEVED BY CARDUI

"I was very weak and nervous when a young girl at home," writes Mrs. J. H. Daniel, of Biloxi, Miss. "My mother was so uneasy about me, she did not ask me to help with the work. My mother decided to give me Cardui and she didn't want me to miss a dose, after she found it was helping me. I gained and it was splendid how I responded to the treatment. After six bottles of Cardui I was regular and the pain and trouble stopped. I grew strong."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Peace, But—

Most of us are pacifists until we are attacked.

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Sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors, any place where ants come and go. Peterman's *kills* them — red ants, black ants, others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get Peterman's Ant Food now. 25c, 35c and 60c packages at your druggist's.

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Cuticura Ointment relieves skin irritation—and more! It aids healing action—promotes return of smooth, natural skin. For burning and itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, eruptions and skin conditions due to external causes. Also Cuticura Soap for properly cleansing and comforting the skin. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Buy BOTH at your druggist's TODAY.

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10¢ Calotabs 25¢

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Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 60 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

DO YOU HAVE STOMACH UPSETS?

Mrs. Malinda E. Coffman of 224 Norway Ave., Hagerstown, Md., said: "I was under weight and thin. I never cared to eat. At times my stomach caused me no end of discomfort. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery toned up my digestive system, my appetite improved, I gained weight and had very little stomach distress."

Buy now! New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid $1.00 & $1.35. At all drug stores.

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