

# CAUGHT IN THE WILD

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WNU Service

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## CHAPTER XI—Continued

Garth put his fingers to his lips for silence, and held a fuse-wrapped stick of dynamite close to his match. The miner let go of his rifle and straightened upon his feet, his hands high above his head.

The match flickered out. Garth dropped the dynamite and darted forward. He was none too quick. The slight thud of the fallen rifle had wakened Huxby. As Garth paused behind the corner of the lean-to, the engineer peered out, with his pistol thrust forward.

As Garth jumped he struck with the butt of his belt-ax. It cracked down on Huxby's wrist. The engineer's pistol dropped. With a curse, Huxby grasped at the weapon, but Garth was quicker. As he caught it up, Huxby clutched at his throat. Garth felled him with a tap of the ax butt on the temple.

Wakened by the sudden flurry, the two miners in the lean-to were grasping at the pair of rifles on which Huxby had lain. Garth whirled the pistol to cover them.

"Hands up, and get out beside your mate," he ordered. "We want only the murderer. But we'll shoot you down like dogs if you interfere."

One of the pair jerked up his hands. The other man hesitated. The miner outside called warningly: "The jig's up, Laney. The other feller has got the drop on us too."

Laney lifted his hands and stared out after his bed-mate. Huxby was staggering up, still dazed from the blow that had felled him. Wild with desperate rage, he struck out furiously. Garth side-stepped and thrust in a tripping foot.

The engineer pitched face-down on the hard-crusted snow. Before he could spring up again, Garth jumped upon his back. The blow knocked him breathless. It was then as easy matter to click Constable Dillon's handcuffs on the wrists of the murderer.

"Stop that cursing, or I'll gag you," Garth said. "There's a lady present. All right, Miss Ramill. Join us."

Huxby fell silent, to gaze like the miners at the skin-clad form that came forward out of the black shadows into the firelight. The girl still carried the constable's pistol raised ready to shoot. Huxby saw enough of her face in its border of wolverine fur to make certain Garth had not been bantering him.

"Lilith! You?"

"Yes, it's me, you cowardly sneak killer! I came after you with Alan, and he has let me catch you."

The murderer twisted around with his back to her and the fire. His head sagged forward. With a sudden return of alertness, Lilith turned her gaze away from his shadowed profile to watch the three lined-up miners.

Garth did not smile at the girl's needless caution. She had earned the right to think herself an invaluable helper. He allowed her to stand guard while he gathered up the three rifles and unloaded them.

"Right-o, Miss Ramill," Garth said. "Sit down. It's all over now but the talking."

She lowered the pistol but drew back where she could watch Huxby as well as the miners. Garth looked soberly at the men.

"If you know Kipling, you'll bear in mind that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. I dare say, though, you can safely venture to lower your hands and sit down with us."

At the welcome permission, the three dropped their arms. Two of them at once squatted on a log. Laney lingered for a surly question, before following suit.

"What's the play?"

"All we came for was to arrest Huxby. Help with the cabin plane, and there will be no mention of any shooting other than his murder of the constable. What wages did he promise you?"

"Double the usual. Tole us he had to get in his assessment work before the freeze-up."

"The claim belongs to me," Garth replied. "I will pay you the double wages."

"Ugh," growled Laney. "You outplayed the d—n fourflusher. It's a deal. You're boss. We're working for you."

Garth walked back into the blackness of the spruce trees. He returned with the fursack packbag, his own and Lilith's buckskin suits, and a hind-quarter of fat caribou meat. At his invitation, the men eagerly went at the frozen meat with an ax, and put the big teapot, full of snow, on the fire.

Lilith and Garth had eaten before coming down from the igloo. They sat back, on a snowdrift, and watched while the others devoured the tender broiled meat and gulped down cups of hot tea. The flesh of the old she-bear had been as tough as leather and her fat very rank.

Huxby continued to sit in morose silence, with his back to the fire. The fenders paid no heed to him. After a time Lilith began to stir uneasily. At last she had to act. She handed

her pistol to Garth, and went to put a piece of meat on a spit. When it was broiled, she took it and a cup of tea to Huxby.

He started up at her as if dumfounded, then shook his head sullenly. She put down the cup and plate beside him, and returned to Garth. At his look of cool inquiry, her eyes flashed with defiance.

"I don't care! It's not right to starve anyone."

He replied in a noncommittal tone: "You're a woman."

The murderer took up his cup of hot tea in his manacled hands and drank. He began to eat the meat.

When daylight came, Garth ordered everyone out to the cabin plane. The hard-frozen slush ice gave solid footing over the bog. It also gave a solid foundation out at the plane upon which were based the engineer's lifting operations. The ice had been chopped from around the floats, and a crib built under the inner end of each wing. By hoisting first on the outer end of one wing and then the other, the cribs had been heightened until the floats were level with the top of the ice.

A glance inside the cabin showed Garth the body of Constable Dillon lying where he had left it. Laney explained, with a jerk of a mittened thumb to Huxby:

"He first says we'd chuck the stiff under the ice. Then he says, no, to wait an' heave it out when we was flying over the muskies."

"We'll wait still longer," Garth said. "That brave constable is going to receive an honorable burial. Now get to work with those sapling levers. Another pair of logs on the cribs will raise the floats high enough to roller her clear."

Garth showed the men how to skew the rollers for turning the plane. He went to shove sideways on the tail. The plane started to curve around.

A shriek from Lilith whirled Garth face about. Huxby was rushing at him, with an ax lifted high in his manacled hands. Lilith flew at the attacker as if frenzied. She sought to block his charge. He gave her his shoulder with the skill of a football player. It caught her on the chin and sent her spinning.

But the slight check allowed Garth time for a leap in under the ax before the blade could whirl down on his head. His left fist appeared to punch deep into the pit of Huxby's stomach. His right drove up under the chin of the gasping murderer. The uppercut lifted the killer off his feet and dropped him on his face, clean knocked out.

With no more than a glance at his fallen attacker, Garth sprang to help Lilith's dazed effort to sit up. "Well played," he said. "Not hurt, are you?"

"N-no—I—you—he didn't!" she cried, and burst into tears.

Garth gave her a pat on the head, and turned away, embarrassed. "No wonder you're overcome. It's been too much for a girl. We'll hop out of here at once."

He lashed the unconscious killer's wrists to his belt, tied his ankles together, and climbed into the cockpit of the plane. After replacing the breaker points, he had the men take turns spinning the propeller. He then tried the self-starter. The engine roared. Pulled by the whirling propeller, the plane slid forward off the log rollers.

After cutting the gun, Garth ordered two of the men to heave Huxby into the cabin. The third man he sent for the rifles. "I want the one with which he shot Constable Dillon. But you may as well bring the others—also a lot of that bear fat."

He himself went to pick up the still-sleeping girl and help her to the second seat in the cockpit. He made sure of the supply of gasoline, and climbed down again to see that the men gave the bottom of the floats a thorough greasing with the bear fat.

After that, when all were aboard, and the rifles in Lilith's keeping, he started the engine. The plane at first moved slowly. The floats dragged on the rough surface of the frozen slush. But when they glided out on the streak of glare ice, the friction became less than that of a water take-off.

Within a half mile the speed had so increased that an easy pull on the joystick sent the plane skimming up off the glassy surface. Garth banked in a long curve to the left, listening to the roar of the warmed motor. Every cylinder was hitting sweet.

He made a wide spiral over the valley for elevation, and dove out eastwards above a saddle in the jagged mountain barrier. When clear of the valley, he did not keep straight on across to the Mackenzie. He turned more to the south.

## CHAPTER XII

Squaw Lilith.

The cross-country flight brought the plane to the Mackenzie at the great bend below the Liard. But Garth did not come down at Fort Simpson. He flew on up the vast river to Great Slave lake, and east across the lake to Fort Resolution.

Some time before sunset, he set the

cabin plane down at the landing of the Airways base by the mouth of the Slave river. After handing Lilith ashore, he left her standing while he went to speak to the Airways superintendent. That courteous gentleman hastened to tell the girl that his wife would be delighted if the daughter of Mr. Burton Ramill would honor their hospitality.

Garth was not invited. He turned away to meet the red-coated sergeant of police for whom he had sent. Lilith did not see him again until the next morning.

Told by her hostess that Mr. Garth wished to speak with her, she made a hurried effort to adjust her borrowed dress. Though more stylish

He looked soberly past her shoulder at the amused face of her hostess. "Well, yes, I dare say you can. We're going first to Edmonton. Your father is there. I sent him a message that we are coming."

She plucked at the wolverine fringe of her parka hood. "You—you cheat!" He took her into his arms, regardless of the onlooking lady. "My girl, we are back in civilization. We are first going to be properly married."

"But these caribou suits?"

"Best of flying costumes. We're taking a two-seater. The suits will come in handy again this winter when I teach Mrs. Garth how to drive a dog team. Until that it's to be silks for my girl. I must first testify at the trial. After that we'll hop over to Victoria and take a steamer to Japan for our honeymoon."

"Oh, Alan, how—how delightful! But Japan? Why, I never dreamt a prospector like you would care to travel in the Orient. So, if you'd rather go back to the valley, dear—"

Her hostess could no longer keep silent.

"Prospector, Miss Ramill! Is that all you know about Mr. Garth? His father is one of the heads of the Hudson's Bay company. He himself is a member of our parliament, a fellow of the Royal Geographical society, a noted explorer—"

"And the winner of the gamest girl I ever knew," Garth cut in. "Come on, Squaw Lilith. You've proved yourself a mate woman. Now you're going to be my lady wife."

## Outlying Territories of U. S. Are Worth Millions

The outlying territories of the United States and the manner in which they were acquired are the following:

Alaska, purchased from Russia in 1867, for \$7,200,000.

Hawaii, annexed in 1898, at the request of the people of Hawaii.

Porto Rico, ceded by Spain at the conclusion of the Spanish-American war.

Virgin Islands of the United States, consisting of the more westerly of the Virgin island group in the West Indies, the other being British. These islands were formerly known as the British West Indies, and were purchased from Denmark in 1917 for \$25,000,000.

The Philippines, taken from Spain by the Spanish-American war, \$20,000,000 being paid in settlement.

Guam, an island of the Mariana archipelago in the Pacific, also ceded by Spain in 1898.

American Samoa, consisting of four islands of the Samoa group in the South Pacific. From 1889 to 1900 the United States, Germany and Great Britain exercised a kind of joint protectorate over Samoa. In 1900, following the overthrow of the native king, the islands were divided between this country and Germany, by agreement among the powers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## 65,000-Year-Old Monster

A 65,000-year-old prehistoric monster, a relic of the days when semi-tropical waters covered most of Manitoba with their ooze, is on exhibition at the Winnipeg museum. The skeleton of the reptile was found on the banks of the Assiniboine river near Treherne. It is 30 feet long and resembles a huge lizard. It took museum workers 18 months to assemble the bones.



He Kissed Her Red Lips and Scarlet Cheeks and Tightly Closed Eyelids.

than the one loaned to her on the steamer by the Fort Norman missionary's wife, it was not cut for her lithe figure. She went hesitatingly into the room where Garth waited alone for her.

Sight of him in his caribou parka brought her to a startled halt. Her eyes widened. "Oh, still in your skin suit! You—you're going back!"

"What difference does it make to you?" he asked. "You'll soon be in Edmonton—and civilization."

She stepped suddenly close to him, her hands held out in appeal. "No! I—Alan, take me back with you!"

"Back there? Don't tell me you like that squaw life. Those days in the valley and the trip out must have been a hell of torment to you—dirt, rags, mosquito dope, flies, starvation. And now ice, snow, bitter cold."

"Anything—anything just to be with you, Alan—dear!"

He put his arms about her. He kissed her red lips and scarlet cheeks and tightly closed eyelids.

"My girl," he said, "you are going with me wherever I go. Get on your parka."

Her arms were clasped tight about his neck. She lingered a moment to return his kiss. Then, her blue eyes aglow, she ran to obey him.

When she came hastening back, in her Eskimo costume, she ventured an appeal: "Can't I have a comb and brush and—soap, Alan?"

## UNCONFESSED

By Mary Hastings Bradley

While the houseparty proceeds gaily, the alluringly beautiful Nora Harriden disappears. She is found lying dead in the shrubbery beneath the window of her room. The insidious killer, loose among the guests, strikes again—slaying the only person able to throw light upon the mystery. Suspicion centers strongly upon a lovely young woman, a young woman who has just fallen desperately in love. But the sinister criminal has not reckoned how bravely this girl will fight her way out of the enclosing net of false clues.

With bated breath and a shudder of thrilled anticipation, we announce the beginning of Mary Hastings Bradley's newest mystery-romance

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## Cheese Rises in Popularity as Knowledge of Uses Grows

400 Different Kinds Offer Wide Range of Recipes.

"Will you please tell us cooks something about unusual ways of serving and cooking cheese dishes?" So writes a homemaker. Fortunately I have some rather interesting information on the subject, says a well-known food expert.

Evidently, the use of cheese which has been increasing very much in the last twenty years is going up in 1938.

Cheese is, of course, our very oldest manufactured food. It was discovered accidentally at first, no one knows how, many thousands of years ago. In the following centuries, all kinds of variations of the original pot cheese type had been developed in various parts of the world.

Alexander Todoroff, in his simple and accurate guide entitled "Food Buying Today," states that there are eighteen distinct types of cheese comprising some four hundred varieties. He goes on to say that these may be divided into two groups—hard cheese, such as American; Edam and Swiss and soft cheese, such as cream, cottage and Camembert.

The many varieties of cheese are due to the variation in the kind of milk used, the proportion of butter fat or cream retained or added to the milk, the methods followed in separating, preparing, seasoning and handling the curd and to the handling and ripening of the cheese.

**American Cheese Popular.** The type of cheese known as American, "store" or "rat trap" cheese, is used more than any kind in this country. It is also known as Cheddar, taking its name from the English cheese of the same type. It is made from sweet milk and varies in flavor according to the way it is cured and aged. The first American Cheddar cheese factory was established in the Mohawk valley of New York. New York state cheese is still famous. Wisconsin is now one of our chief sources of domestic cheese.

Many other kinds of cheese are made in this country, most of them bearing foreign names. When the Europeans came to this country, they naturally tried to duplicate the native cheese of the countries of their birth. Sometimes they were successful in duplicating it. Our domestic cheese has been greatly improved in the last few years, principally through the experiments of the federal bureau of dairy industry.

A cheese of individual flavor and texture which is purely American is Liederkranz, which ranks with the imported Camembert in the opinion of many experts. This cheese, with Camembert, Stilton, Roquefort, Pont L'Evêque, Port du Salut Bel Paese and Gorgonzola, is used with crackers or French bread as a dessert.

Pineapple, Edam, Munster and Neufchâtel are other popular dessert cheeses. Cottage cheese, known also as pot cheese, is usually used as a main course accessory.

**For Cooking Purposes.** For cooking we use in this country American cheese almost entirely, although grated Parmesan and Ro-

man cheese are used to some extent in using cheese for cookery remember that it needs either a short cooking or a low temperature. Over cooking gives a stringy texture which is neither pleasant to eat or easy to digest.

While our staple American cheese still comes in the traditional "flats" from which the grocer slices wedges it is also to be found in packages and in cans and in this case, of course, rind is lacking. Much of the packaged cheese is "processed" so that flavor and texture will be consistent. Cheese making today is a scientific art.

**Alsatian Fondue.**  
1 pound Swiss or American cheese  
¼ cup white wine  
2 tablespoons brandy or kirsch  
French bread

Slice cheese into a chafing dish, cover with wine and let stand several hours. Stir over fire until cheese is melted. Add brandy or kirsch and serve with pieces of French bread.

**Crème Fromage.**  
3 tablespoons coffee  
½ cup boiling water  
2 packages cream cheese  
2 tablespoons sugar  
2 egg whites

Add coffee to boiling water, cover and let stand five minutes. Beat cream cheese well with a fork. Stir in coffee, which has been strained, and mix well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Chill and serve with pineapple wedges, which are dipped into the mixture as eaten.

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**Colorful Applique for Tea Towels Fun to Do**

You'll find it the grandest sort of play—this embroidering of tea towels with gay applique, whether they're for your own spotless kitchen, or another's. Comb the scrap-bag for your choicest cotton scraps, as this poke bonnet miss demands a bright dress and bonnet every day in the week. If you prefer do her entirely in outline stitch. It's an easy and effective way of doing these amusing motifs.

In pattern 5522 you will find a transfer pattern of seven motifs (one for each day of the week) averaging 5½ by 7 inches and applique pattern pieces; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Department, 259 West Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

**PATTERN 5522**