

Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE
HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

The Ojibwa leered. "You tak' de woman. You kick Joe Mokoman. What you do wid de woman?"

"She is dead," said Garth, quietly. "You tak' de woman to Albenes. You give Joe Mokoman mooch debt? The face of the speaker knotted with hate of the man who was measuring the distance which separated them and—wondering.

"What do you want—how much trade goods?" temporized the white man as he covertly edged a foot forward in the snow.

"You geeve sled-load; flour, tea, blanket, gun?" The face of the Indian lighted with the thought of the spoil which awaited him at the post.

"You want a four-dog sled-load?" Garth scratched his knotted forehead, as if debating the value of the goods. It was twenty feet—he couldn't make it. He must get nearer, somehow, he thought.

The Indian nodded. "Four-dog team—flour, blanket, all de—" With a quick movement he brought the gun to his shoulder as the white man slid a moccasin nearer. "Beka! Stop!" he cried, his swart face purple with rage. You move, I keel you!"

It was no use. There was no chance of getting close enough for a lunge. Garth changed his tactics as the evil eyes of the other narrowly watched him. Turning his back, Guthrie calmly proceeded to finish the dressing of the caribou.

For a space the Ojibwa stood holding the gun on the back of the white man, his face picturing amazement and doubt. Then he said: "You give me dis stuff?"

"Sure," replied the man, busy with his knife, as he mentally groped for a way out of his predicament—puzzled as to whether the Indian would shoot if he rushed him.

"You lie—I feex you!" warned Mokoman.

For a space there was no answer from the man using the skinning knife; then suddenly getting to his feet and facing the Indian, who warily covered him with his rifle, Garth said good naturedly: "You'll get the sled-load," but the eyes of the man who smiled had seen something which had started his heart pounding in his throat. His fingers, blue with cold, shut on the handle of his knife, turning the knuckles white. "Oh, yes! I'll give you the stuff," said Garth, jerkily, his muscles stiffening like clamped springs as he waited. "You come to Elkwan—and I'll give you—all the stuff—you can—"

"Get 'em Shot!" roared Garth, lunging forward to one side, while a blur of black and tan catapulted into the

Indian's back, carrying him headlong to the snow, as the rifle exploded. With a snap of powerful jaws, the hood of the Ojibwa was torn from his head—a lunge and the long fangs met in the flesh of the shoulder; then Guthrie dragged the maddened dog from the shrieking man who writhed in the snow, arms shielding his face.

With a grip on the collar of the struggling dog, Garth picked up the rifle on the snow and regained his own, while the Indian whined over his lacerated shoulder.

"Well, how about it now?" rasped Guthrie with a hard laugh, stroking the neck of the excited airedale.

"Hold dat dog!" cried the Ojibwa, getting to his feet and backing away from the black and tan fury who strained toward him, hot with lust of battle.

"I'll hold the dog. He won't bother you. And you stay where you are. You're going to tell your story to Saul Souci!"

The evil eyes of the Ojibwa widened in surprise. "Souci?" he muttered.

"Yes! Souci is going to Akimiski to watch you people. He'll put devils into some of you before the winter is over. Now what did you throw that gun on me for? I ought to give you a good hammering."

The Indian essayed a smile but his face showed fear. "I not shoot—I—" Then he asked weakly: "You lie w'en you say you geeve de trade good?"

"I lied," was the dry reply. "Now we'll start for the lake. Mush!"

When Etienne and Saul returned from the Muskeg, Garth told his story.

"By gar, dat good dog, Shot!" And Etienne rubbed the dog's ears.

"Yes," and Guthrie took the hairy head into his hands as he smiled into the dog's worshiping eyes. "He did the trick for Garth, didn't he?" he said as he bent and rested his face against the airedales' neck.

"Dis man, I tink cum up riviere for McDonald Ha! Ha!" said Saul.

"You think he is working to get the up-river trade away from us, too?"

Saul nodded. "He was here before de ice, some hunter tell me."

Garth turned to Etienne. "So McDonald is out to swamp us—hog all the fur this year? Well, we'll give him a fight for it, Etienne," he said, savagely, smarting with stung pride at the cool attempt of the free-trader to steal the river trade from under his nose.

"Wat you do wid dis skunk?" And Etienne nodded toward the prisoner, sitting dejectedly on the opposite side of the fire.

Saul looked hard at the white man, who did not answer, then said in Cree to Etienne: "This weasel of an Ojibwa only makes trouble. It is better to send him back to McDonald Ha! Ha! under the ice," and the Cree drew a shrewy hand suggestively across his throat.

At the words and gesture, Joe Mokoman slowly changed color. His hands shook with fear. Drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. The small eyes of Etienne twinkled with amusement as he repeated the remark to his chief.

"It would serve him right, Saul, but I want him to take a message to McDonald."

That morning, with sleds heavy with caribou meat, the three started for Elkwan with the agent of McDonald Ha! Ha!

CHAPTER SIX

When the last ice cap, which imprisoned the north, receded, leaving in its wake the great inland sea of Hudson's bay with its long arm piercing the hinterlands to the south, among the many islands scattered in its track, by far the largest was Akimiski. And through the centuries Akimiski came to be known as the favorite haunt of the black, the black-cross, and the silver-gray foxes. And each winter, the Hudson's Bay Company sent hunters there to seek the precious pelts. Then came the Revillon Freres, and they also sent men to winter on the island, for the spoil of its wind-harried tundra, which paralleled the west coast for sixty miles, was priceless.

And now to this land of the little foxes of the glossy black and silver pelts, for which fair women would pay fabulous prices in the markets of the world, had sailed a schooner of the stranger seeking the loot of the Akimiski barrens—a man of daring, who had sailed straight to the course, and whose little schooner already lay locked in the shore ice of Seal cove.

Here, while the tides, freighted with broken ice, still patroled the strait, barring the birchbarks of daring hunters, cutting off the shore posts from all trade, McDonald Ha! Ha! was prepared to welcome the trappers of Akimiski with his flour and sugar and tea, his tobacco and cloth and gew-gaws.

Garth Guthrie sat in his trade-room with old Saul and Etienne, in council of war. For days after their return from up river, the wind had made the strait impassable to the York boat, which had been left at its summer anchorage in the channel for this use. The tide had kept the lower river open and with the right wind the thing could be done, Garth had reasoned. It was sure madness not to wait for the cold, which would set the ice far out from each shore. Then they might hazard it with the canoe on the sled.

As for Joe Mokoman, he had spent the days in whimpering over the sudden death which awaited him in the attempted crossing. But Guthrie had a message for McDonald, which Mokoman was to carry. It was the penalty, Garth told him, with a twinkle of the eye, for throwing a gun on a Hudson's Bay factor.

But the severe frost might hang off for weeks, until after Christmas, in fact; and the hunters would take their fur to the schooner, Guthrie argued, and the man who had lived for four years with risk in each breath he inhaled, in every measured minute, insisted that the attempt be made to cross the strait at once. So one morning they put out with a westerly wind and by much rowing and battering and dodging of drifting ice, landed Saul with his dogs, and Mokoman, on the shore ice of Akimiski, ten miles across the strait from Elkwan point.

Saul set out with his dog team for the camp of his sons, while the Ojibwa started down the coast with Guthrie's letter to McDonald, which ran:

To Be Continued.

MUSSOLINI CENSORS HIS OWN PICTURES

Rome, May 9—Mussolini is his own censor on news photographs of himself. Whenever he appears in public it is arranged beforehand that none but reliable Fascist photographers will do the picture making. Once they "shoot" they are in honor bound to submit the proofs to the Duce before sending them to the papers.

THE OLD WALLS SOMETIMES REVEAL WHIMSICAL TRAILS PRESERVED IN HALL OF RECORDS

(New York Sun)

One of the most interesting museums in New York is to be found in the records of the Surrogates' Court, preserved in the Hall of Records. There are to be found the wills of many men who rose to eminence in this city in the last three hundred years, all the way from Minuit to Mitchell.

In and among those musty, dusty testaments, written, some of them, when Louis XIV. was on the throne in France and when Charles II. ruled in England, are curious instances of the customs of the times and odd sidelights of the testators.

Preserved among the records are the wills of Alexander Hamilton and his slayer, Aaron Burr; of Peter Minuit and of Thomas Willett. Most of the old Knickerbocker families are represented there—the De Peysters, Van Cortlandts, Van Rensselaers, Bayards, Bleeckers, and Warrens, among others. The names speak of their social or commercial prominence, but their wills speak of themselves, of their personal traits—benevolence, consideration for old servants, whimsical idea.

Sometimes even grudges were paid off in the wills of these old-time leaders of New York. One woman, daughter of a prominent New York clan, wrote this provision into her last will and testament.

"I leave to my faithful lawyer—that he was not—a lock of my hair."

Many old-time New Yorkers, cutting off their son or daughter without

a cent, justified their action by the phrase: "For reasons that he (or she) well knows." And often, when wife of husband was disinherited, the phrase appears: "Because I have been unhappy with him or (her)."

Curious bequests are found among these ancient wills. A woman left her house of six rooms to a son and a daughter, and the will provided that the daughter was to have four rooms and the son to have two. But the will did not direct which rooms were to go to the son and which rooms the daughter, or what was to be done if either desired to sell the house.

Many persons have left trust funds for the care of birds and animals and the total of such funds would make a surprising sum. Dogs and cats were the favored animals, but many other kinds of pets have been provided for in these old wills.

Lawyers and searchers in titles frequently apply for permission to scrutinize old wills in some case of mortmain—some cases where the influence of the dead hand is still felt. Often they play a part in resolving title to a piece of property that may have been originally secured from the first Indian residents of Manhattan or granted later by the Dutch or by King Charles or King James.

There are two surrogates at present. James A. Foley and John P. O'Brien, who are not only judges of the Surrogates' Court, but who act as advisers and protectors of the widow and the orphan. The right hand of the surrogates is Chief Clerk Cum-

LOTS OF EGGS HENS WORK OVERTIME

Roermond, Holland, May 9—Dutch hens are working overtime this brilliant spring season and poultry farmers are at their wit's end what to do with the over-supply of eggs.

At the Egg Bourse here, which is the most important market in Holland, no fewer than 5,000,000 eggs were offered in one week with 6,000,000 more "visible supplies." In northern Holland, poultry farmers are changing over from chickens to ducks, because ducks' eggs are bought by confectioners in any quantity and at remunerative prices, whereas the hen product these days is a drug in the market.

EXPLORER TO WAIT FOR GOOD WEATHER

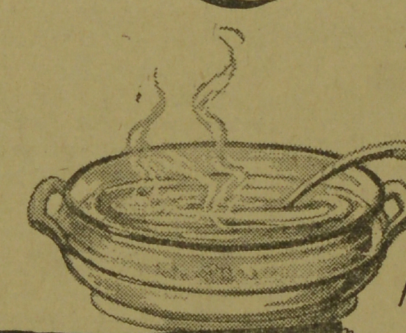
Special cable to the Daily
British United Press

Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, May 9—General Humberto Nobile intends to remain at Kings' Bay for a month, during which he will tour the polar regions in his dirigible, Italia, whenever the weather permits, he announced today.

mins and immediately under him is Administration Clerk Moore, who first receives applications for power to handle the estate of a person who has died without making a will, and Probate Clerk Kiloran, who takes charge of all the wills when they are brought in for filing.

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CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP

1 bunch or can asparagus; 4 cups cold water; 2 slices onion; ½ tspn. sugar; blade of mace; 2 tbspsn. butter; 2 tbspsn. flour; 1 tspn. salt; 1-8 tspn. pepper; 2 cups Borden's St. Charles Milk; 1 egg yolk; dash of paprika.

If fresh asparagus used, remove tips and cook them in a little boiling salted water until tender; if canned, cut off tips and lay aside. Cut up stalks. Cover with cold water. Add onion, sugar, and mace. Cook until tender. Strain through sieve, pressing asparagus well to extract flavor. Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour. Add salt, pepper, and asparagus puree. Continue stirring until thickened. Add one-and-a-half cups St. Charles Milk and the asparagus tips. Bring to boiling point, and simmer five minutes. Combine beaten egg yolk with the remaining milk and add to mixture. Let come to boil. Serve each portion with a dash of paprika over top.

POP-OVERS

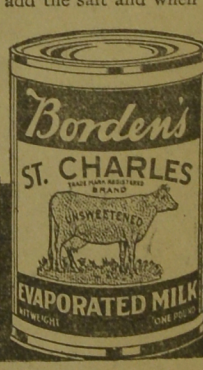
3 eggs; 1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk; 2 cups flour; ½ small tspn. salt; 1 cup water.

Beat the eggs ten minutes and then add the milk. Gradually add the flour, sifted, and the salt. Beat until absolutely smooth. Turn into hissing-hot, well-oiled gem pans and bake quickly.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

¾ cup Borden's St. Charles Milk; ¾ cup hot water; 1½ cups sugar; 4½ tbspsn. corn starch; 1 tspn. butter; 2 eggs; juice 2 lemons; grated rind 1 lemon; few grains salt; 1 cooked pastry shell.

Combine the milk and water in a double boiler top, add the sugar and cornstarch, thoroughly mixed together, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks light, combine them with a little of the hot milk, stir into the thickened mixture and cook five minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Then add the salt and when somewhat cooled stir in the lemon juice and rind, pour into the pastry shell, heap with a meringue made of two egg whites, and a third cup of powdered sugar, and cook in a slow oven for ten minutes until the meringue is firm and delicately browned.



Borden's

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