



Men Marooned by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

There Garth and Etienne found them, the airedale lying beside his kill. Etienne bent to stare, with an oath, into the features, knotted in their death grimace, of—Joe Mokoman.

"Ambush us, eh?" snarled the half-breed. "You do fine job, Joe Mokoman." And he spurned the body with the bow of his shoeshoe.

"So he meant to get the fur if he had to bury us in the snow?" said Garth, turning from the ugly picture to his dog, still whining with the heat of battle. "Good old Shottiel!" And the man hugged the hairy shoulders of his friend. "You tracked him down for Garth, didn't you, old comrade of mine?"

"He dam good dog, Shot, eh?" cried Etienne, slapping the shaggy back. He knew more than some men; he knew Joe, he hunt us."

"He thought Joe was a German sharpshooter, didn't you, Shot?" And seated on the snow, Garth rocked to and fro, rubbing the ears of his dog, soothing his excitement in the low notes of a language none but the wriggling airedale understood.

"Wal, we buree dis skunk een de snow and let m'sien fox deeg him out?"

"That's all we can do. He must have heard from the traveling Indians we were bound for the Canoe and decided to stop us. Do you suppose that McDonald knows we are here and sicked him on us?"

Etienne shook his head. "He bin up dis end de islan', so de hunter say."

"I'm sorry this happened," said Garth. "There's no telling what kind of a tale they'll make of it. I wish a sled would show up so we could show our evidence."

"Eef we stay on islan' after McDonald hear hees man ees dead, we have to fight for sure."

"I'm not afraid of McDonald," laughed Garth, "but I don't want the Indians drawn into the fight. We're here for fur, not trouble, and I'll have to answer to my superiors for what happens. That's why I want you to be careful when we meet Souci. No fighting—understand?"

Savanne nodded. "De hunter know Etienne Savanne," said the half-breed with finality. "Dey weel not start troubl' with heem."

"All right! Now let's make tracks for the Canoe and that medicine lodge of Souci's."

With their snowshoes, they heaped a mound of snow over the body of the skulker in the spruce, to be found by the lynx and the foxes, and started. At noon the team turned down into the valley of the Canoe.

In the windbreak of the spruce on

the shore of the frozen river, the men from Elkwan found the tips of the hunters. From north and east and south had come the fox trappers with their families for the great medicine making of Souci, the shaman. The wigwams hummed with gossip of the crossing of the strait by the tall factor at Elkwan to fight for the trade with McDonald! Ha! Ha! From valley to valley Mokoman had traveled, urging the hunters to go to the schooner. Black Breault, too, and Skene had visited many of the camps, but as yet the wily hunters had sold little fur, hoping by their seeming reluctance to obtain better prices. Also, in the last few days, rumors, vague terrifying, had been adrift. A hunter from the Ptarmigan claimed he had been down to the hills above Seal cove and seen fire dancing on the masts of the boat at night; that black magic was being made by the man with the face of a mad wolverine. Another swore that his cousin, trapping on the Calling river, had been to the schooner and heard devil music from a box. An old squaw had already planted panic among the women with a story that bewitched hunters would leave McDonald's ship to desert their wives and children.

All this and more the industrious Etienne gathered from the gossiping Crees from the Elkwan while Garth made camp and fed and chained the dogs. His seeds, planted with such care in the camps of the Ptarmigan and Rabbit, had indeed sprouted, were in fact already bearing fruit. The Crees were ill at ease—suspicious of these strangers who had come to the island with their smiles and trade goods, and in the conjury of old Saul, that night, they hoped and waited for the advice and assurance that it would be safe as well as wise for them to carry their fox pelts to the schooner at Seal cove.

As for the old shaman, Etienne learned that he was camped downstream, beside his medicine lodge, alone, preparing himself for communion with his confreres, the spirits which, that night beneath the stars, he would summon with his magic to speak to the Crees, and remove from their hearts the doubts and fears which harassed them.

"Ah-hah!" mused Etienne as he returned to Garth, busy cooking supper. "Old Saul, he keep away; he not see Etienne Savanne." But, gratifying as was the news he had picked up among the gossiping hunters, Savanne knew his Indians, and feared what the night would bring forth. For the old wizard was past master in the art of playing on the superstitions of the Crees, and with his incantations and

mumbo-jumbo would doubtless persuade them into starting at once for Seal cove.

But Etienne had no intention of giving Souci a free hand. Secretly, before the ceremony, and openly, when Souci from the tent delivered the ad-



He Returned to Garth, Busy Cooking Supper.

monitions of the spirits, he would brand the old man as the hiring of McDonald, friend of the devils. If the outraged Saul dared to start trouble, this might be dangerous with the Crees in a high state of excitement, but the arm of the company was long, its hand heavy, and Etienne Savanne, its servant, feared as a fighter the length of the coast. So the prospect of trouble gave Etienne little concern, but the loss of twenty thousand dollars in fur, which the Crees had with them, would be little short of a calamity. On his return to his tent, his active mind groped for the best method of, that night, hanging the shaman with his own rope.

"Well, what did you hear?" asked Garth. "Did you see Saul?"

"No, he keep ver' quiet. De Cree have mooch fur, and manee of de men would go to McDonald, but de squaw have fear of devil. A feller by de name of Savanne, he tell de squaw

down on the Ptarmigan some bad story, also up on de Rabbit, an' eet mak' dem squaw ver' nervous." Etienne smiled at the success of his efforts.

"That was certainly a good bit of strategy, Etienne, but you say the men are now wabbling in favor of the schooner?"

"Ah-hah. I t'ink dat Souci, wid hees spirit, weel beat us tonight."

"We've got to think of something to do—we can't let him get away with all the fox in this camp, man!" urged Garth, handing his friend a heaping plate of beans and bacon.

As Etienne ate his swarthy face was grave with the problem confronting him. What could be done? He even considered secreting himself in the medicine tent downstream, binding and gagging the old man as he entered, and playing shaman himself. But the danger of discovery by the outraged Crees would be too great. Failure would make matters even worse.

The medicine rite was to take place under the moon, which was late, so deep in council of war lingered white man and half-breed, until the silver disk rose above the white tundra already lit by low-swinging stars. Then Etienne returned from a short reconnaissance to report the hunters and squaws already moving to the rendezvous downstream where a fire glowed in the spruce. Small and cylindrical in shape, its tanned caribou-hide walls painted in red and black with the shapes of animals, the sun, and grinning faces of the spirit friends of the conjurer, the medicine lodge stood a short distance from the fire. Gathered in the warmth of the blazing logs, shawled women, and hooded hunters, heads together, conversed in low tones.

Higher over the tundra above the valley, the moon swung through the star-incrusted heavens. It was a night for magic, and as his curious eyes shifted from the awed Crees to the medicine tent, Guthrie despaired of the efforts of Etienne, in such a setting to nullify the necromancy of old Saul. Moon and stars and the aurora joined with the purple shadows to lend invincible enchantment to the

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



Here is beauty and the beast, but in this instance beauty is represented by Miss Ione Carle, famous wild animal subjugator, and the beast honors go to "Bombay" and "Cleopatra," two tiger cubs that are recent additions to the menagerie of John Robinson's Circus.

John Robinson will bring his famous circus to this vicinity within a few days and spectators will see a performance that is all new from beginning to end. A massive and gorgeous spectacle, "King Solomon and Queen of Sheba," will open the program, which contains many new and novel features from all portions of the universe.

You don't hear of any tire manufacturers retiring.

BROKE RECORD

arts of the sorcerer. These simple children of the snows, bewitched by the mystery and magic of the night, would fall willing victims to the voices of the spirits.

The muttered exclamation of Etienne at his side aroused him. "Dere he go."

Faintly, to the measured tapping of a caribou-hide drum, from the tent lifted low wailing. Seizing the arms of their men, the women at the fire stiffened. Swart faces went gray, (to be continued)

East Lansing, Mich., May 22—Fred Alderman, crack Illinois A. C. sprinter broke the world's 175-yard dash record of Charlie Paddock in a special event at the Michigan inter-collegiate track meet here yesterday when he stepped the distance in 17.3 seconds. The time was one tenth of a second faster than Paddock's time. The event was witnessed by Charles Brennan, president of the Michigan A. A. U.

Simile: As cheerful as a saxophone player with the toothache.

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