



Men Marooned

by George Marsh

A THRILLING TALE OF THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

"Well! I'll say he's a cool one," Skene! Now we've got to fight for laughed McDonald. "He comes right inside our wire to our trenches and wants to bargain. The Hudson's Bay probably haven't offered him much. But he's trying to sell us what we'll get anyway."

"What's his price?" demanded Skene.

The interpreter talked rapidly with Souci, then replied with a grin: "He say he wan' tree rifle, tree goose-gun, and trade-good' for ten prime black fox. Hees own fur he trade, also."

"Ten black fox—two thousand dollars in trade-goods? Nonsense!" McDonald scowled fiercely into the bony face of the old shaman with its leather-like skin, mapped with lines. The beady eyes of Souci, unwavering, gave look for look. For a space the cold blue eyes probed the black inscrutability of the Cree's stare. Slowly the caliber of Saul Souci rose in appraisal of the white man. Here was an Indian of parts—nerve, brains, power. As a medicine man, of use, if his service were needed. But his price was ridiculous—his help not necessary. They had Joe Mokoman. It was enough.

"Suppose, by chance, the strait should close this year?" threw out Skene.

"It never has, so early," McDonald thought a space, then turned to the interpreter. "Offer him the guns and the value of five black fox."

The face of old Souci darkened as the interpreter communicated the offer. He shook his head in anger.

"Well, that's our limit," said McDonald rising. "Tell him we don't need him, but we'll pay him a good price for his fur if he'll bring it in at once."

Silent in his disappointment, Souci went on deck, followed by the others. Freeing his impatient dogs, the old chief turned to the men watching from the rail and said quietly in English: "Bo-jo! Tomorrow I tak' de fox to Elkwan."

"Goin' to fly or swim?" laughed Skene, joined loudly by the group on deck.

The lean face of the dog-driver framed in its fur hood was wooden in its placidity, as he coolly said: "De strait freeze hard two sleeps back!" And cracking his long whip, he leaped on the tail of his toboggan and was off.

"What! The strait is closed?" gasped McDonald, seeing Skene by the shoulder. "Frozen solid, he said! Hallo, there, Souci!" cried the excited trader to the fast-traveling dog-team. "You, Pierre! Get him we'll give him his price. Strait frozen! H—!

drove their five-dog team, hitched to a runner sled for ice-work, out of the closed delta of the Elkwan and down the coast. Inland, the wide marshes reached the ripples of drift, like a white sea, to the outguards of the space, or lay, parti-colored, patches of dead grass brushed of snow, splashing the white levels with ochre and dun. Splitting the frozen shell of the strait broken by pressure ridges and heaps of shattered ice, a streak of black to the east marked the open channel. Beyond, the hidden sun, breaking from the bay, rimmed the barrens of Akimiski with fire.

But it was to the south, where the great point of the island pushed its bulk into the strait that Garth hoped to find that the abnormal December cold had built a bridge of ice to Akimiski. Over the easy going of wind-hammered snow and shore ice, the dogs romped past the frozen beaches. At a sandpit strewn with boulders Garth stopped. With a hand from Etienne, he reached the top of a large rock and taking his binoculars from their case, studied the miles ice-sheathed shoals which followed the thrust of Big point toward the mainland. As he looked, his lips moved in a mutter note of surprise. Could it be that luck had come to Elkwan—to Garth Guthrie, in the shape of a road of ice from Akimiski before Christmas?

"Come up here quick!" he called to the man at the sled. The half-breed scrambled to the top of the boulder. "I can't make out open water over there," said Garth exultantly. "You take a look. It was a mile wide the day before the blow."

Dropping his mittens, Etienne took the proffered glasses. Until his hands reddened with cold, he stood as if hewn from a boulder. Then, when the column of his frosted breath misted the lenses, he handed the glasses to Garth, his eyes snapping with excitement. "De ice set ovair dem bar; we cross today and hunt for Souci!" he cried, sliding from the boulder and running to the impatient dogs.

To Be Continued.

Strawberry stains look prettier on a white tablecloth than tomato stains.

MEMORY

You came one morning when the sun was new,
And every blade of grass wore beads of dew,
And you were shy and warm and young and gay,
And you had walked a long and sandy way,
And you were tired. "I am not tired a bit,"

You told me "but it would be nice to sit
A little while". I said the grass was wet,
And you sat down and said: "Well, I should fret."

You had a white dress on and tennis shoes,
And you kept humming some forgotten Blues.
The wind with gentle fingers played among
Your little yellow curls, and there was song,

Of birds around us, and a smell of thyme.
I asked: "Why won't you tell?"
"Another time,"

You said, and laughed a little chuckling laugh
That made my heart feel somehow cut in half,
And then you went. I watched you as you went,
I watched you till the narrow pathway bent,
Down by the oaks, where bluebells used to grow

And this was very, very long ago
So long ago, so fleeting and so small
A memory that I can't see at all
Why it should choose this hushed and wintry night

To come again, so poignant and so bright.
—HOLGER LUNDBERGH in Herald Tribune.

As soon as the scientists get a name for the new sixth vitamin the crossword puzzle composers will have a new lease on life.

The doctors say sleep is a great aid to beauty and no doubt that is why the Sleeping Beauty was.

HOW TO CUT A DIAMOND WAS DISCOVERED IN YEAR 1473

With the exception of the few stones cut in Antwerp, all the rough diamonds of the world are cut in Amsterdam. There the diamond-cutting business is carried on among seventy to eighty establishments, which give employment to 12,000 cutters.

The first cutting of a diamond, says "The Washington Star," was accomplished 455 years ago. The ancients knew nothing of the hidden beauty of the stone. But, even in the rough, the diamond won the favor of princes; and very gradually experiments revealed some of its fires. Until the fourteenth century enameled buttons were the chief articles of jewelry.

In the beginning of that century, when the price of enamels fell so low as to bring the decorated buttons within the reach of all purses, enameling lost the favor of the fine world, and buttons of gold and silver, ornamented with pearls, diamonds and colored stones, took the places of the enamels. The finest of the stones then known was a diamond—a formless mass the size of a pigeon's egg, a gem worn on great occasions by the king of Portugal.

In 1470, when Bruges was a residence city, the court lived a life of extravagant luxury. Men and women went about in garments stiff with gold and silver ornaments, and sewed over with pearls and precious stones. But the stones were uncut and shapeless. Charles, son of the Duke of Normandy, owned a great diamond with which he amused himself by exhibiting to his "chaperon," but as he declared its virtues he bewailed its shape and lack of light.

At that time one of the important jewel merchants of Bruges was served by a clerk who was a native of Flanders, a young man named Louis de Berquem, who was deep in hopeless love of his master's daughter. Young Berquem was on the verge of

despair when, one night, as he was hanging up his apron and preparing to go home in his attic, he saw the master bending above his bench, groaning about the uselessness of his labor.

When Berquem asked: "Can I do something for you before I go?" the master sneered. "You bring me a tool that will cut these cursed stones! I will give a fortune to the man who does it!"

From that hour on the boy thought of nothing but to find the means of conquering the hardness of the diamond. All day he did the bidding of his master; all night he sat at a rough bench in his attic; trying in vain to make some impression on a stone stolen from the workroom. One night he fell asleep at his bench and dreamed that an angel said to him: "Iron is the master cutter; steel is iron purified. Take the file, get powder; take thy steel and powder, then cut."

Berquem awoke. He fixed two diamonds in a vise, filed like mad, and collected the fallen dust. That done, he made a set of little wheels and, with wheels well powdered with diamond dust, set to work to win a fortune. Some days later he stood before his master and in outstretched palm lay a brilliant whose facets gleamed with light.

History states that Berquem kept the secret of his invention until he won his fortune and his bride. His first customer was Charles the Bold, whose great rough diamond was the first royal jewel cut.

SCRUBWOMAN THRIFTY

New York, May 12—In 22 years at scrubbing floors, Mrs. Margaret Coppersmith, 59, has saved \$11,000. It was revealed in \$10 and \$20 bills when she took a package with her to a hospital. After she was cured of sciatica, she was indignant at such meddling.

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