The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks.

Dorothy receives word that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried in Alaska. She feels free to receive Ishmin's attentions. But Peter had been rescued by another ship. His appearance is completely changed and he is known as Limejuice Pete. He finds his identity completely covered and takes a job in a cannery. Larson's body occupies his grave.

A last letter sent Dorothy in Pete's effects puts him in a new light to her. She decides to carry his body back to Georgia for burial. Ishmin arranges with Peter's boss for guide and labor. Limejuice Pete is chosen as guide. Ishmin and Dorothy arrive but do not recognize him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE GRAVE.

The Warrior was loaded, not only with supplies for the journey but also with Pete's winter outfit, and the entire party put to sea.

At intervals the rolling shore line gave way to grim and lofty precipices, the high ranges dropping sheerly off into the sea, and here the waves broke in great, unreaching, shimmering clouds of spray. Beyond these many-hued cliffs was the supreme Aleutian Range, a wonderful divide of sharp, jagged, snow-swept peaks. There was no sign that man had gained a foothold here, never a village or roof, a trapper's hut or a camp fire. Thus had it lain unchanged since, in bygone ages, it had raised up from the sea.

Dorothy was aware as she stood at the deck railing that a few yards forward Pete the guide watched the shore line, too. He seemed lost in the brooding mood that it invoked. She found herself glancing, from time to time, at his homely, thoughtful face, the broad shoulders hunched over the railing; and by woman's secret ways she knew that he was deeply and poignantly aware of her presence, also. Suddenly he spoke to her and pointed toward the beach.

"Look just to the left of that big, white triangular rock," he told her. "Do you see something moving—"

Instantly she caught a spot of red. "Yes— what is it?"

"A fox. We'll see lots of 'em. If you keep your eyes open, we may see caribou, too—they roam here in enormous herds."

She moved nearer to him, and he pointed out things of interest. Once he showed her a flock of beach geese, lifting tall heads from the shore; often hair-seal rolled up with the combers, and once he showed her what he thought to be that most rare of marine animals, a sea otter, playing in a floating bed of kelp. Of sea life there was an abundance—porpoises playing beside the ship, a whale blowing far off, once the long, dark fin of a basking-shark, chasing salmon in the mouth of a long, deeply cut bay. "Maybe I'll get to show you a Kodiak bear, too," Pete told her. "Then you'll get the thrill of your life."

He showed her the high, glittering Pavlof volcano, and her towering sister peak, one of the most symmetrical mountains in the world.

She felt increasingly glad that Bradford had selected him for the head guide. She saw with pleasure that he was personally immaculate—his blonde beard trimmed until it was almost distinguished-looking, his rough garb well kept and clean. She had a feeling that, should one of the rolling waves rise up and overwhelm the boat, his would be a strong arm to rescue her. At present, however, the seas were comparatively placid, easily rolling, the sky blue overhead, the warm late September sun pouring genially down on the deck.

"I believe we're going to have the best of weather," she told him.

Pete hesitated. "I don't like the way the clouds lie on the hills," he told her soberly. "We're bound to have good weather for a day or two, I should say—likely time in plenty to get where we're going. Of course no one can tell in these uproarious waters. After a few days there's going to be a change in weather, and what that means, no one knows."

It was Pete who, later, brought fruit to her stateroom, oened a jammed window, and with the finest courtesy put himself at her service.

The Warrior rounded the Peninsula then turned northeast along the south shore of Bering Sea. For the first three days the good weather prevailed without a break, but the morning of the fourth brought a sharper wind, a more restless movement of the whitecaps on the dark waves.

The fifth morning found the sky overcast and lowering, and a decidedly keen edge to the wind. The water had darkened in hue, the tall cliffs frowned from the shore. But the Warrior progressed steadily, and at [illegible] the dawn of the sixth day dropped her anchor out from the reefs where the Jupiter and the Vigten had gone down.

The landing party was soon ready to disembark. Dorothy, deeply moved by the belief that this was the site of her husband's death, her brunet beauty accentuated by the wind on her cheeks, and the sea's blue deepening her violet eyes; Ivan, thrilled by the savage beauty of the land, dressed warmly in smart riding trousers, rubber-and-leather boots, and a sheep-lined coat, and the three guides outwardly stolid and businesslike, climbed into one of the ship's boats into which Pete had already packed a large part of his winter supplies and such duffle as Dorothy and Ivan had brought; and the word was given to lower away. "One thing more," Dorothy directed, as the crew stood at the davits. "Ivan, I want you to bring your violin."

"Of course." One of the crew immediately brought the precious instrument to his side, not the brilliant Stradivarius, but a beautiful Hornstiener of wonderful, mellow tone.

The boat was lowered, and the three Alaskans took the oars. They headed straight toward the gate between the reefs where the dory of the Dolly Bettis had rowed to rescue the battered, bleeding Remittance Man almost two years before.

Nearer view did not in the least alleviate the deep feeling that this land invoked in Dorothy. As she pushed through the deep moss, up the windswept hill, the haunting spirit of the waste places went home to her as never before.

Pete paused on the hill, then began a detailed study of the beach below through the binoculars. And almost at once he saw the weather-beaten white cross that marked the grave.

Dorothy, watching him, saw a queer look of strain steal into his homely countenance; and the glass trembled in his hand. But he spoke slowly, perfectly casually, when he turned.

"I've found it already," he said.

"The cross?" Ivan asked quickly.

"Yes. Not three hundred yards from the camp. We would have seen it from there if that big, gray boulder hadn't been in the way."

The three of them walked quietly down to the grave. The cross was a simple one of white board; yet the crew of the Norwood had done well by the man who slept below. They had printed simply:

PETER NEWHALL
November 24, 1920.
R. I. P.

The dignity of the simple inscription brought a soft lustre to Dorothy's eyes, but Pete stared down like a man in a dream. What a travesty it was! What a joke on Big Shris Larson lying inarticulate in the casket beneath.

Pete called the two camp helpers, and they came with their shovels. "You won't want to watch this, Mrs. Newhall," he said courteously. "Would you like to have me row you back to the boat?"

"I'll stay it out, Pete, thank you. I'm afraid it's going to rain, though—"

Pete's blue eyes studied the sky. In the emotional stress of the last few moments he had forgotten his old enemy, the Northern winter. The clouds had darkened and lowered; the cold, driving rain of the North Peninsula was certainly not far off. "I'm afraid so, too," he commented. "If we work fast, maybe we can get back to the ship before it breaks."

He took one of the three tools and turned his own big muscles to the task. It soon became increasingly evident, however, that they could not beat the storm; and in all likelihood would be obliged to spend the night ashore, after all. At least the casket could not be transported aboard till calm weather; this much was certain. For once in his life Pete blessed the gods of the storm.

He turned with a radiant smile that seemed to light his homely face. "Don't worry, Mrs. Newhall," he assured the girl. "We'll take care of you and make you comfortable if it blows the mountains over."

She was strangely, deeply grateful, and her warm color deepened as she answered his smile. "I'm not afraid, Pete. I know you'll look after us."

And now the squall at sea was beginning to resemble a real hurricane. The first few drops of cold rain, like fine shot, began to lash down at them before a race-horse wind; and Pete immediately took measures for his employer's comfort. He took his two men from the work, and sidling them with his own broad shoulders, he tipped the dory halfway over on the beach. Then he spread Dorothy's heavy, canvas-lined sleeping robe beneath it. "Get under there," he invited cordially.

Dorothy and Ivan both were glad [illegible] dissolved in drenching gusts of rain. The higher hills were at once obscured in mist; and the storm, dropping between, all but obscured the Warrior riding at anchor. [illegible] now, as the storm increased in violence, it became [illegible] doubtful whether or not the craft could stand out in her present exposed position.

They soon were answered on [illegible]. As all of them watched, spellbound, the dim ghost that was the ship began to fade into a shadow. The Warrior was floating away into the long-hooded Dorothy and her companions to the grim solitudes of the wild and the mercy of the storm.

(To be continued.)

Watched Too Long!

One of the best of many good stories told by Mr. Cyril Maude concerns his old friend and colleague, the late Sir Charles Wyndham.

Sir Charles used to bring a dog to rehearsals, and it was a stage fact that the dog acted as chaperone. Mr. Maude once told this story to Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Sir Herbert Tree.

They both laughed at the idea, and then Irene looked up sweetly in Sir Herbert's face, and said, "And do tell me, Sir Herbert, has Lady Tree trained a little dog to watch over your goings on?"

Tree gazed up at the rafters of the theatre and, stroking his locks, said: "Ah—it died for want of sleep!"

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

AN ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Exceedingly smart is this chic dress, suitable for all daytime wear. There is an inverted plait in each side seam to provide for the necessary skirt fullness, and the front is joined to side sections in an attractive manner, while the back is in one piece. Contrasting material may be effectively used for the becoming round collar, belt, and cuffs finishing the long tight-fitting sleeves. No. 1510 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 years requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material, or 2⅛ yards 54-inch, and ⅛ yard contrasting. Price 20c the pattern.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book, 10c the copy.

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Fortunes in Foxes!

Black Beauties Worth £300 a Pair—Such is the Head of an Article Appearing in Pearson's Weekly.

A GOOD MARKET

London—Some people in this country preserve foxes—the red variety—so that they may be hunted. Others preserve black foxes in order to sell their pelts at prices far exceeding their weight in gold.

Many fortunes have been made from the black beauties, known as silver foxes, on account of a touch of silver in the fur. On Prince Edward Island, for instance, fur-farming has proved an amazingly flourishing industry for some fifty years.

It is reckoned that on the American Continent the pelts of these foxes bring to those in the business ten millions of dollars annually.

While Prince Edward Island is the stronghold of fox-farming, fox-ranches now exist in every province of Canada, and of late years have been established in the States wherever the climate is suitable.

In the last few years at least five hundred ranchers have taken up what is called "the new star of farming." They have their own journal, their own association at Minneapolis, and hold championship shows.

From America, fur-farming has spread to Japan, and lately to France, the Scottish Highlands, Dartmoor, and a dozen other places in this country. Our pioneers believe that fur-farming will become an important industry, for they have proved that our climate will suit the foxes even better than their own.

The Pelts

The fur of the silver fox is long and silky, with a beautiful silvery sheen, and is always likely to be a favorite for the trimming of coats. An average pelt has a value of about fifty pounds, but an exceptional one may fetch pretty well ten times the price. A record was set up in London some few years ago when a single pelt was sold for £814.

It is an expensive business to stock a ranch with silver foxes of pedigree strain, "pedigree" indicating that they have been pure bred for six generations. A pedigree pair of the Prince Edward Island strain is worth three hundred pounds.

Visiting a ranch on Dartmoor, the writer found a score of foxes in their roomy runs, in a sheltered wood, supplied with comfortable houses.

The silver cubs—pups, the farmers calls them—see light in April, and are full-grown by late autumn. By the end of their first year they sport coats of ideal quality for the furrier. When the fatal day of pelting arrives, the end comes mercifully by way of chloroform.

Apart from the high value of the pelts, the farmer at present is sure of a good profit from selling his live-stock.

Climate Suitable

An important point about the fur of this fox is that it defies the faker. The hairs are black below, silver in the middle, and black at the tip. The faker may stick white hairs on to the fur of a red fox which has been dyed, but cannot imitate the genuine silvery sheen.

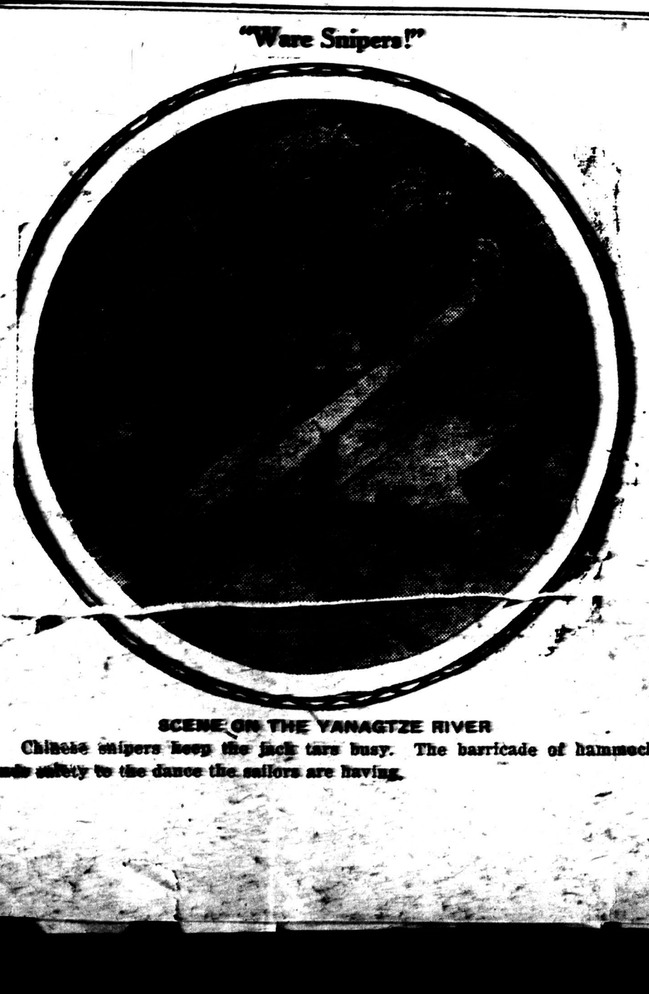
In this climate, the fox has proved remarkably hardy. It is a good garment, and it has been found that it will go on producing cubs for a dozen years.

The cost of keeping a pair works out at about eight pounds a year. They are fed on rabbit, meat, cereals, biscuit and milk.

A return of capital is not long delayed after the founding of a ranch, since the pups may be pelted in their first year.

Owing to the cost of buying or hiring suitable land, putting up wire and houses, and buying stock, ranches are often owned by syndicates. To found a ranch with twenty fine pairs of silver foxes demands a capital of something like ten thousand pounds.

"Ware Snipers!"



SCENE ON THE YANAGTZE RIVER

Chinese snipers keep the jack tars busy. The barricade of hammocks lends safety to the dance the sailors are having.

By Virtue of Merit "SALADA" TEA

is the outstanding leader in Canada.

T66

300 Years of Wireless

How the Ether Was Captured

From the drum-tap of the tribesmen on African hilltops to the practical realisation of television—that, in a sentence, is the scope of "Pioneers of Wireless."

It is a singularly fascinating story which Mr. Ellison Hawks has to tell. It links up Dr. Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, and his researches into the properties of the magnet, with Benjamin Franklin and his kite, with Thomas Young, who formulated the undulatory theory of light, with Galvani, Volta, Faraday, Ampere, and Henry; and so brings us to the first recorded experiment in signalling without intervening wires.

It can scarcely be said that any one man discovered wireless telegraphy as we know it to-day. It was the outcome of the accumulated experiments of the pioneers, and some of these originally were not even scientists.

There was William Sturgeon, for instance, who was first a cobbler, then a soldier, and then became a cobbler again because he could not live on his pension of a shilling a day.

Eve of Discovery

Sturgeon, however, pursuing scientific studies in his spare time, invented the electro-magnet, and in 1825 won the silver medal of the Society of Arts.

Henry, the famous American, died in 1878, after years of research without realizing that he was on the eve of the most wonderful discovery of his or any age.

Hertz and Morse took up his work, but it was not until the discovery by Hertz in 1888 of the electro-magnetic waves, foreshadowed in 1864 by Clerk-Maxwell, that wireless became more than a dream.

Much had been accomplished in the meanwhile by other experimenters, all travelling unconsciously towards the same end.

Alexander Graham Bell had invented the telephone and David Hughes the microphone, while Willoughby Smith had succeeded in transmitting signals by induction from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, to the Needles.

Branly, the French scientist, in 1891 produced his "coherer," and evolved the principle which made radio-telegraphy possible.

Then came the experiments of Marconi in 1895, the tuning system of Lodge, and in due course Fleming's thermionic valve. Radio-telegraphy was accomplished.

Fish With Three Hearts

One of the strangest fish known to science is the hagfish, found in Monterey Bay, California.

It is blind, and yet is so voracious that other fish are not found in the same waters.

How does it manage to find its food? To compensate it for the loss of sight, the hagfish has been given a keen sense of touch and an unknown chemical sense—or what seems to be an exaggerated sense of smell.

It has been noticed that when food is dropped into an aquarium where there is a hagfish, the fish instantly swims towards it. Although blind, it has rudimentary eye spots; they are not, however, in the least sensitive to light.

The hagfish, which is purplish-blue in color, varies in size from about 18 inches to 2 feet, and in general appearance it resembles an eel.

Another peculiarity is that it has three hearts. Besides the main heart, it has, like the eel, one in the tail, and in addition another special heart for the portal system of veins.

Hard Luck

It costs about a thousand pounds to become a doctor, and another thousand, at least, to buy a half-share in a practice.

Of course, the budding medico can put up his brass plate and try to make a connection, but it is uphill work, as witness the following story told recently by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who was, of course, a practising surgeon before "Sherlock Holmes" brought him fame and fortune.

A young doctor opened a brand-new surgery. He waited all day without a visitor. At last a breathless man came dunning up the drive.

"Sit down," said the doctor soothingly. "What can I do for you?"

"I must get on the telephone at once!" gasped the visitor. "My wife's ill, and I want to ring up my doctor."

Call the Junkman

"Do you think autos are ruining the younger generation?"

"No, I think the younger generation is ruining the autos."—New York Medley.

Immortal Jane

Three Love Affairs and a Sister's Friendship

The pious Austenite, than whom none—not even the lieges, Stuarts or the Bourbons—can be more faithful to their cause, will keep every anniversary bearing upon the goddess of his idolatry, and he will recollect that on December 16, 1775, Jane was born.

The country rectory at Steventon, near Basingstoke, was surrounded by sloping meadows well sprinkled with elm trees and with many hedgerows.

Her five brothers, James, Edward, Henry, Francis, and Charles, and her one sister Cassandra, made up her little world. Cassandra and she slept together and shared the same life until death. Mrs. Lefroy, Jane's aunt, describes the room where the first versions of "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice" were composed:

"I remember the common looking carpet, with its chocolate ground, and the painted press with shelves above for books, and Jane's piano, and an oval looking-glass that hung between the windows. But the charms of the room, with its scanty furniture, must have been, for those old enough to understand, the flow of natural wit with all the fun and nonsense of a large and clever family."

The Family Bond

At a very early age Jane and Cassandra were sent to spend a year at Oxford with the widow of a principal at Brazenose, who was a "very stiff mannered person," but school life was brief for Jane Austen; she came home at nineyears old. She had self-culture, and read French and knew Italian. There was much family discussion which had great influence over the writer of stories, but there was never disagreement.

Zoffany painted her at fifteen years old, a charming, dark-eyed lively child, with flowing ringlets. Though life her family loved her.

Of her love life there are few records. A pretty flirtation with Tom Lefroy at twenty, a proposal she rejected at twenty-seven, and an affair which came to nothing with a "Mr. H. B. of the Engineers," who died. We are denied many records of Jane Austen's life, for her private letters were destroyed by her sister Cassandra to save them from publication.

Publisher's Lack of Faith

Jane Austen's talent was of the most delicate—she knew her powers and her limitations, she speaks of "the little bit (two ins. wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labor." But she under-estimated the effect of "'Pride and Prejudice,' (which was sold for £10 in 1803, and the publisher did not venture to print it!), "Sense and Sensibility," "Northanger Abbey," "Emma," and "Mansfield Park,' on the generations to come after her.

She died in her sister's arms in Winchester, in 1817, and was buried in the Cathedral. There may not be much to record of startling passion and quick event in Jane Austen's life, but her books live on, and she proves that eccentricity and self-consciousness are not an essential part of genius.—Charles Brunswick.

See America First

"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"It ran largely to tooth paste and smoking tobacco." — Louisville Courier.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

Making Hiking a Luxury

Footbaths for pedestrians paralleling the motor highways of Ontario were advocated by Hon. George S. Henry, minister of highways. Bradford (Pa.) paper.

HOW LONG?

He (gathering information): How long does an engagement usually continue?

She (tiredly): Until the man accumulates courage enough to marry the girl, I should say.