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"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEASE BLEND

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., goes to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, giving Larson his sea jacket. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Dorothy and Ishmin go to Alaska, to return Peter's body. They do not recognize Peter in their head guide. A storm strands them at the grave. Ishmin goes for supplies. Peter falls in a gully on a hunting trip. Dorothy finds her greatest happiness in rescuing him. Ishmin returns and Dorothy accepts his proposal for immediate marriage by a native priest. Ishmin plays their wedding music.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
At that instant he was whole world and centuries apart from her. She saw him as the Mongol, his slanted eyes slight, devoured by his Oriental passion, lost in an alien ecstasy. She felt estranged, unspeakably terrified. Yet even now, as the music faded, she must stand beside him at this crucial cross so white in the dusk. She must go to him, like a maiden sacrifice to some unearthly, beauteous god. It mystified her, filled her with a poignant sense of imponderable prophecy, that the cross that marked the grave should be the only whiteness left in the spreading dusk.

She was hardly aware when the music stopped. The wind and the softer noises of the sea and the night continued its refrain. Ivan stepped beside her, then they walked together until they stood in the place where they would plight their vows.

In that moment Pavlov had become a figure of unmistakable dignity. He was no longer merely a packer, a degenerate descendant of many crossed breeds. He was the Priest, the high ambassador of the church. He stood erect, his voice low and full of feeling, and it was plain that he considered this a holy rite, sacred to his heathen gods.

Ivan had not been mistaken in thinking that the ceremony would be impressive. Here were the eternal realities—the sea and the sky and the storm-swept shore—and the weird tone and quality of the night added to it an effect of dignity. The worship that throbbled in Pavlov's tone was real, even if it were mistaken, even though he had long turned away from the Light to bow before graven images. It was exactly the kind of marriage that Ivan, in particular, would have preferred. It appealed to his eternal sense of fitness, the attribute of his genius; and it lifted him out of himself like the passion of his own great music.

Very soon the vows were spoken, and ignoring the presence of the priest and the two witnesses, Ivan took his bride in his arms. Pavlov shook hands with them both, himself carried away by exultation, and Fortune Joe came up clumsily to offer his good wishes. "We owe a lot to you," Ivan told him happily. "That message to 'change the name' that you brought through helped more than any other thing to make up Mrs. Ishmin's mind."

Dorothy turned, her heart leaping, to receive Peter's congratulations, but the head guide still lolloped in the dusk. In the same instant he was almost carried away by a half-mad impulse to take the girl in his arms for one kiss that by an old custom at weddings he might rightly claim. It would mean more to him than mere beauty and loveliness; it would be a memory to harbor in the days to come and it would some way exalt him in ways beyond his ken. It was not just a whim, a delusion; all his longing and his loss had some way centred, for the instant, in this; and it was suddenly a veritable need. Some way that kiss would be an enduring token of what he had been and what he had given, and it would help sustain him in the darkening future. But he recalled the impulse with an iron will, wondering, for the instant, if even to dwell upon it signified the first wandering of insanity. Such an act would only put him to needless trial, open old wounds. She would know his lips of old and feel the love that poured through them; he might, by one selfish act, risk the inviolacy of his disguise. Even yet it might cost her her happiness.

"Aren't you going to wish us well, Pete?" he heard the girl say in the dusk. Her tremulous voice brought him to himself. "In just a minute," he answered as casually as he could. "I've got to get the camp ready for you first. After that I'll give you all the good wishes that I know."

He turned, groping, into the gloom, and lifted his face to the doubtful mercy of the wind. It swept by him, chanting, into the fastnesses of the night; and he wondered if it would not blow out the wan flame of his own life. He had a feeling that oblivion was near; that somehow, because the need of him was done, the curtain would soon fall over his own existence. Surely it was futile henceforth; the drama was concluded, the game was through and the counters put away.

He felt that the will to fight on—without which he could not survive in this hostile land—had departed for good and all. Already he could glimpse this stormy shore without him, the wind shrieking by, unheard by human ears, the snow lying untraced, the storm venting itself in vain fury on the desolate hillsides. His four companions would sail away on the morrow; and these might be a time of waiting—perhaps long years, possibly only months—for the final wind-up of his destiny, but the ultimate conquest of the raw powers of the wild was certain as the rising sun. The camp fire would burn out, smothered at last by the far-spread blanket of snow, and the last wisp of smoke blow away in the gust. Then the joke would be complete.

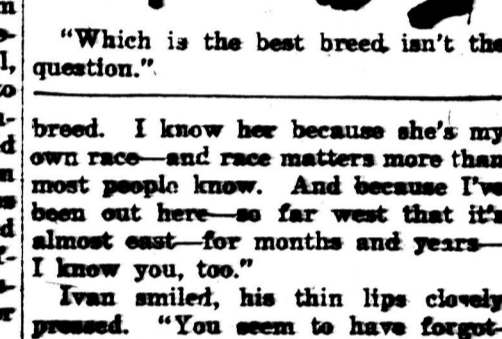
The game was played and finished. This now was only the epilogue of a drama that was done.

It was an ironic thing that the performance of his camp duties—not even now to be forgotten—must include the widening of the bed in Dorothy's tent where the wedded pair would lie. He knelt and cut long grass, heaped it into a pile, and then loaded it into his great arms. Strangely dulled—partly from the events of the past hour and partly, perhaps, from the effects of yesterday's injury—he made his way to the door of Dorothy's tent through which Ivan and the girl had just passed. "Can I come in?" he called. "I've got more hay for your bunk."

with the air of a prophet to Ivan. "We've talked intimately before," he began quietly. "You," Ivan agreed. "Perhaps too intimately." He studied Peter's set face, and his brows lowered. "That doesn't necessarily mean we will talk intimately again."

"We will talk intimately again." There was nothing in his straight-forward gaze and firm lips to suggest the underlying. "This is the last chance—you are going away tomorrow in the day—I stay here. I've come in here to wish you happiness, particularly to wish her happiness, but I've got something else to say, too."

His voice was deep and moving, and Ivan knew that he could not help but hear. "Your wife didn't ask me to say this, but there's no one else to do it—no one of her own kin who would have the right to say it. My right is that the girl is my own race, and I am here—and there's no one else here who is her own race. I understand her because she's an Anglo-Saxon, and I can speak for her. We talked once before about race—which is the best breed isn't the question to-night. The point is—that they are a different



breed. I know her because she's my own race—and race matters more than most people know. And because I've been out here—so far west that it's almost east—for months and years—I know you, too."

Ivan smiled, his thin lips closely pressed. "You seem to have forgotten you're the guide—not a family adviser." Please give Mrs. Ishmin your best wishes and get out."

"I am the guide—I am here to tell you that I've been her guide and protector for some weeks now; and it's come to me that I want to continue to be, even after she goes home," Pete replied. "Just why this is so I don't feel the need of explaining, even if I could explain—it's enough that it is so. I want to be something more, too. To-night I'm no longer under

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All Iceland Parties Favor Seveing Union With Denmark
Copenhagen.—All parties in the Iceland Parliament have agreed to the desirability of cancelling the present treaty of personal union with Denmark, thereby obtaining complete independence. The movement for cancellation of the treaty, which is not revocable until 1940, is partly due to Iceland's wish to have her representation abroad in her own hands. Iceland is united with Denmark by a personal bond of union under the Government of King Christian X. As far back as 1381 Iceland, together with Norway, came under the rule of Danish Kings, but when Norway was separated from Denmark in 1864 Iceland remained under the rule of Denmark. Since Dec. 1, 1917, it has been acknowledged as a sovereign State and is united with Denmark only through the identity of the sovereign.

your employ, and I want you to imagine that I'm her real brother—instead of just a race brother. Ishmin, I know your breed, part by instinct, part by acquaintance, and I know you individually, and this is in the nature of a warning. Remember she's finer clay than you. I know your attitude toward women, but I want to say in this case you've married above you, forever and ever, and I want you to hear it in mind. Worship her, and thank God for her, and be kind to her, every minute of every hour."

The girl tried to speak, but the words choked her, and Ivan's eyes glittered under his brows. "I heard what you said. You've gone insane. Now get out."

"One thing more. I'm not only her protector. This may sound insane, as you say, but both of you know it's true. Who gave the word that this marriage should take place?"
(To be continued.)

"Have you heard the last story about my boy, aged five?" "No, old man. Nobody has."
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Lady (having seen maid out with well-known but now elderly tenor): "Mina, who was the gentleman you were with last night?" Maid: "He was my brother, madam." Mistress: "Yes, he was my brother ten years ago."—Der Wah.

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