

# The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

Bill's bullet went straight home, ripping through the lungs, tearing the great arteries about the heart, shivering even a portion of the heart itself. And yet the grizzly sprang like a demon through the deep snow, straight toward him.

Virginia's horrified eyes saw his fingers race as he worked the lever action of the gun. The bear seemed almost upon him. And she screamed when she heard the impotent click of the hammer against the breech. Bill had fired the single shot that was in the gun.

Before ever he heard the sound Harold remembered. In one wave of horror he recalled that he had forgotten to refill the magazine with shells. Yet leaping fast—red and deadly upon the heels of his remorse—there came an emotion that seared him like a wall of fire. He saw Bill's fate.

Here was his enemy, the man he hated above all living creatures, and the blood lust surged through him like a madness. In one wave of ecstasy he felt that he was about to see the gratification of his hatred.

In the hands of a brave and loyal man, the rifle Harold carried might yet have been Bill's salvation. Yet Harold didn't lift it to his shoulder.

But at that instant aid came from an unexpected quarter. Virginia remembered the pistol at her belt, and she drew it in a flash of blue steel. True and straight she aimed toward the glowing eyes of the grizzly.

At the angle that they struck, her bullets did not penetrate the brain; but they did give Bill an instant's reprieve. The bear struck at the wounds they made, then halted, bawling, in the snow. His roving eye caught sight of Virginia's form. With a roar he bounded toward her.

The next instant was one of drama, of incredible stress and movement. For all his mortal wounds, the short distance between the bear and the girl seemed to recede with tragic swiftness.

Virginia stood her ground, firing shot after shot into the animal's head. Because it was an automatic, she was able to send home the loads in rapid succession.

But Bill by now had found one of the extra shells Harold had given him. The grizzly was upon them.

He dropped the shell into the gun. There was no time to raise the weapon to his shoulder. He pointed it instinctively toward the gray throat. And the end of the barrel was against the bear's flesh as he pressed the trigger.

No human eye could follow the lightning events of the next fraction of a second. One instant, and the three figures seemed all together; Bill crouched with rifle held pointed in his arms, Virginia behind him, the grizzly full upon them both.

The next, and Harold stood alone in the snow and the silence—awed, terrified, and estranged as if in a dream.

Except for three forms that lay still, half-buried and concealed in the drifts, it was as if the adventure had never occurred.

The bullet had gone true. It had pierced the animal's neck, breaking the vertebrae of the spinal column, and life had gone out of him as a flame goes out in the wind.

Bill was first to move. He had received only a glancing blow; the drifts into which he had fallen were soft as pillows. He crawled over to Virginia's side.

He seized her shoulders and shook her gently.

Instantly her eyes opened. Her full consciousness returned to her with a rush. She was not scratched, not even shocked by the fall, and she reached up quickly for Bill's hands. And instantly, with a laugh on her lips, she sprang to her feet.

"You killed him?" she asked.

"Bear's all dead," he answered cheerfully.

The thing he had seen was a naked skeleton, flesh and garments having dropped away in the years, and the grizzly had simply made his lair in the old shaft of his father's mine. Bill had found his father's sepulchre at last!

"I believe I understand," she said. "You've found your mine—and your father's body."

"Yes. Just a skeleton."

"I'm not afraid. Don't you want me to stay?"

"I'd love to have you, if you will. Some way—it takes away a lot of my bitterness—to have you here."

He made another light.

They stood together, looking down at the skeleton. But she wasn't quite prepared for what she saw. A little cry of horror rang strangely in the dark shaft.

This had been no natural death. Undoubtedly the elder Bronson had been struck down from behind, as he worked, and he lay just as he fell. There was one wound in the skull, round and ghastly, and in a moment they saw the weapon that made it. A rusted pick, such as miners use, lay beside the body.

"I won't try to do much today," the man told her, "except to set up one of

## CHAPTER XIV.

In the weeks they had been together Bill had always been careful never to try to show Harold in a bad light. It was simply an expression of the inherent decency of the man: he knew that Virginia loved him, that she had plighted her troth to him, and as long as that love endured and the engagement stood, he would never try to shatter her ideals in regard to him.

But Harold had a sickening and ghastly fear of the sober query in Bill's eyes.

"Why did you give me an unloaded gun and tell me it was full?" Bill demanded. "Except for a good deal of luck there'd been a smile on the face of the grizzly—but no Bill!"

"And by the way," he went on, as he waited for his reply. "I don't remember hearing your gun go off during the fray. You might explain that, too."

"I didn't shoot because I couldn't," Harold replied, earnestly. "At first you were between me and the bear—and then Virginia was. It all happened so quickly that there was nothing I could do. I can't imagine why I forgot to reload the rifle. A can't always remember everything. Thank God that it didn't turn out any worse than it did."

Bill nodded; the girl's face showed unspeakable relief. They gathered about the gray grizzled form in the snow.

"Does this—help our food problem any?" Virginia asked.

"Except in an emergency—no. He's an old, tough brute. Strong as mink and hard as rock. If we don't pick up some more game during the day, I'll hike over to my Twenty-three Mile cabin and get the supplies I've left over there. There's a smoked caribou ham, among other things. I'll bring back a backload, anyway."

Bill then announced he'd like to find the grizzly's den. He felt sure it was near.

But Harold had very special and particular reasons why such a course appealed to him not at all. "Yes—and maybe find a couple of other bears in there, in the dark and no chance to fight. I'm not interested, anyway. Go and look if you like."

"I will, if you don't mind. Do you want to come, too, Virginia? There's no danger—really there isn't. If this had been an old she-bear we might have found some cubs, but these old males travel around by themselves."

"We'll be back in a minute, Harold. And if you don't mind—I'll take my own gun."

They exchanged rifles, and Virginia and Bill started back toward the fallen grizzly.

They back-tracked the bear through the snow and came upon the cavern mouth.

Back five feet from the opening the interior was dark as night; the cavern walls, gray at the mouth, slowly faded and were obliterated in the gloom. Bill was puzzled.

"This cave—I've never seen a cave just like this, Virginia."

The man stepped forward and scratched a match on the stone. It flared; the shadows raced away. Then Bill's breath caught in a half-sob.

Instantly he smothered the match. The darkness dropped around them like a curtain. But in that instant of light Bill beheld a scene that tore at his heart.

Against the cavern wall, long lost in the irremediable darkness, he had seen a strange, white shape—a ghostly thing that lay still and caught the match's gleam—a grim relic of dead years.

He turned to the girl, and his voice was almost steady when he spoke. "You'd better go out, Virginia—into the light," he advised.

"Why? Is it—danger?"

"Not danger." His voice in the silence thrilled her and moved her. "Only wickedness. But it isn't anything you'd like to see."

The single match-flare had revealed him the truth.

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"I won't try to do much today," the man told her, "except to set up one of

my compasses and erect a claim notice."

He held the light close, studying the rear wall of the cave. It was simply a grizzly bear, verifying his guess that here lay an old bed of the creek. In the first handful of stone he scraped out he found a half-ounce nugget.

"Is it rich?" she asked.

"Beyond what I ever dreamed. But there's nothing more we can do now. I've made my find at last—but it doesn't seem to make me—as happy as it ought to. Of course, that night—there against the wall—would naturally keep a man from being very happy. Oh, if I could only find and kill the devil who did it!"

He was setting his claim marks when Harold came musing toward them.

So intent were they upon their work that they didn't notice him until he was almost upon them.

"You've found a mine?" he guessed.

Virginia looked up, joyful at Bill's good fortune. "We've found his father's mine—the old shaft where the bear had been sleeping. But there's a dreadful side of it, too."

"Show me where it is. I want to see it. Take me into it, Virginia—right away—"

They started together.

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



The youthful animation of hem makes this dusty-pink washable flat crepe silk especially attractive. It is equally suited for sports or spectator sports.

The cap sleeves of the yoked bodice are outstandingly chic in their unique pointed treatment.

It is nipped in at normal waistline by narrow belt of self-fabric.

Style No. 2846 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. In the 16-year size, 3 yards of 39-inch material with 1/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting is sufficient.

Other very charming ideas for its development are pastel handkerchief lawn, printed dimity, men's cotton or silk shirting, shantung, printed chiffon voile and plain or printed chiffon.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

## Cancer Specialists Make Diagnosis

Baltimore.—Fifty cancer specialists each were given five minutes to make a life-and-death diagnosis in a unique medical class at John Hopkins recently.

They were studying a method of cancer diagnosis whereby it is hoped to save more lives in operations. Each had a microscope and under it a small frozen section from a human growth that might, or might not, be cancer.

The samples were real and the "histories" of the human sufferers real.

Each specialist was told to imagine that his sample came from a person on the operating table, the operation just starting, its extent to depend on his decision whether the sample was cancer. A negative answer meant cancer from a mutilating, possibly dangerous operation, but a mistake meant failure to remove a cancer and probably death.

No lives were at stake because the samples were from the Johns Hopkins preserved collections.

Minard's for insect bites.

## Aluminum Invades The Land of Steel

Within a Lifetime it has become a Metal of Great Importance to Many Industries

Aluminum, little used commercially until forty years ago, has since that time made its way into one after another of the fields previously dominated by its older rivals, and is now seen as coming into competition with steel. Developments of recent years have included the building of great mills where this metal, commonly thought of as the soft, easily bent stuff of kitchen utensils and novelties, is worked into 'huge' shapes, which, by reason of their strength and light weight, are hailed as an indication of advances with perhaps far-reaching consequences in the structural field.

The enabling factor in this change has been the discovery that by treatment with heat and when alloyed, chiefly with copper, aluminum takes on tensile strength that fits it for uses entirely beyond the possibilities of pure aluminum. The work that has been done on aluminum alloys in the last two decades has been of particular value to aviation, leading to new and ever better adaptation of materials for the construction of aircraft. Aluminum alloys form the frames of dirigibles and, in at least one instance, the outer covering for a dirigible, in place of fabric; aluminum alloys are also used in most of the best airplane propellers.

Aluminum alloy at the same time has been proving themselves in more general industrial fields and notably in railroad transportation. The big structural aluminum mills at Massena N.Y. now turn out slab type ingots, fifteen by twenty-eight by seventy-two inches, which weigh 3,000 pounds. These are rolled into heavy plates for making tank cars to carry acetic acid and other corrosives. Already our railroad tracks bear loads almost as heavy as they are capable of carrying; and so the future, it is said, must look toward the use of lighter materials if engines and cars increase in bulk.

As yet aluminum has entered little into building operations except in a decorative capacity, but the time is foreseen when girders and I-beams will be made of it. Alloys to ease the load of skyscraper foundations. Motor trucks and street cars suggest further extensions of its usefulness.

When in 1886, Charles Martin Hall, through his experiments in electrolysis, found out how aluminum, common enough in compounds, might be commercially extracted from its oxide, he may have had some vision of its many and diversified future uses; but scarcely any one else had. A public that had heard of aluminum, as something made into a helmet for a king, a rattle for an infant prince or a cap for the Washington Monument, looked on the metal as of little practical use. Not easily was aluminum introduced into table and kitchen utensils, its first fabricated forms. Seemingly insignificant novelties, however did much to make it more familiar.

## Simple Creeds

If this were our creed, it were creed enough  
To keep us thoughtful and make us brave,  
On this sad journey o'er pathways rough,  
That leads us steadily on to the grave;

Speak no evil, and cause no ache;  
Utter no just that can pain awake;  
Guard your actions and bridle your tongue;  
Words are adders when hearts are stung.

If this were our aim, it were all in  
Sooth  
That any soul needs to climb to heaven,  
And we would not cumber the way of truth

With dreary dogmas or rites priest-given;  
Help whoever, whenever you can;  
Man for ever needs aid from man;  
Let never a day die in the west  
That you have not comforted some sad breast.

Were this our belief we need not brood  
O'er intricateisms or modes of faith,  
For this embodies the highest good  
For the life we are living, or after death:

We meet no trials we do not need;  
Well-borne sorrow is holy seed  
That shall rise in a harvest of golden grain;  
And a wise soul ever thanks God for pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Rah for the Can-Opener  
"If you think you have wed a cook,"  
The bride declared, "quite wrong you're guess'r;  
Our wedding simply means, my dear,  
More business for the delicatessen."

Use Minard's for Rheumatism.

Inquiring Irene—"Mommie, why do they shut off the aisles with ribbons at a church wedding?" Morose Daddy—"Don't bother your mother, Irene. They do it to keep the bridegroom from dodging through the pews and getting away."

# 236,529 pounds increase in Canada alone in last five weeks

## "SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the Gardens'

## Art of Bleaching and Dyeing Changes Coarse Fibers Into Things of Beauty

Ancient Egypt Centre of Textile Manufactures Phoenicia Skilled in Use of Dyes

Manchester, Eng.—How the races of the ancient world and the peoples of medieval times have shared in the history of the developing of bleaching and dyeing textiles was revealed in a paper that was written by H. Johnson, and read before a meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society. As none of the fiber used for textiles was beautiful in itself, processes of bleaching and dyeing had been considered from the earliest times, the paper showed.

Ancient Egypt was a great center of textile manufacturers and the Egyptians were fairly proficient in bleaching, though the Phoenicians, with their great knowledge of their famous purple dye, were more proficient. The art of bleaching had also been traced to ancient Greece and Rome. References to different plants and the ashes of plants used for bleaching were made by Pliny; and the Romans, who had learned the uses of soap from Gaul, were efficient in the application of bleaches.

With the ending of the Crusades fine textiles were brought from the East and the bleaching industry was established in the Netherlands and in North Germany. Early bleaching works in Lancashire are traceable to 1322, when there were four bleaching grounds at Crumpsall. There were also fulling mills at Colne in 1311.

Bleaching was essentially a laundress' process during Elizabethan times,

but as the manufacture of cotton goods became centralized in Manchester and district bleaching works were developed, the trade spread to Whitefield, Radcliffe, Bury and Bolton, probably owing to better water supplies, as well as growing business.

The revolutionary introduction into the trade came when Charles Tennant, in 1799, patented his bleaching powder so that chemical bleaching was brought into commercial use. This enabled the bleacher to ply his calling the year round and keep up with the developing supplies of textiles. Incidentally, it released many acres of land for agriculture that had hitherto been given over to bleaching.

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## WRIGLEY'S

When you need new energy, when you are hot and mouth is dry—pep up with Wrigley's—it moistens mouth and throat.

The increased flow of saliva feeds new strength to the blood, you can do more—you feel better.

### WIGLEY JUICY FRUIT

Keep awake with Wrigley's

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