

# The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

"You'll drink?" Joe asked Bill. The woodsmen's face was grave. "Wolfpaw, it's against the law of this province to give or receive liquor from Indians," he replied gravely. "I won't drink tonight."

Pete turned with a scowl. His thought had already flashed to the white blade at his belt. "You're damn particular—" he began.

But Joe shook his head, restraining him. The hour to strike had not yet come. They must enjoy their liquor first and engender fresh courage from its fire.

"Have a drink?" Joe asked Virginia.

She didn't like the tone of his voice. He was speaking with entire familiarity, and again she expected interference from Harold. Her fiancé, however, was fingering the bottle. She saw Bill straighten, ever so little, and beheld the first signs of rising anger in the set of his lips.

"No," the girl responded coldly. The others poured themselves mighty drinks—staggering portions that more than half emptied the first of the quart. Then they drew back their heads and drained the cups.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"A little toast—and everybody stand up," Harold, getting drunker, finally proposed.

"We're going to drink to Virginia! To my future wife, gentlemen—the lady who's promised me her hand! Look at her there, you breeds—the most beautiful woman that ever came to the North! Drink her down!"

The burning poison poured into their throats. Virginia glanced at her pistol. Her face was no longer merely anxious. Bill still sat, helpless and blind, against the wall.

She had not dared to resent aloud the bandying of her name, the insult of their searching eyes upon her beauty.

It seemed to her that she heard a half-muttered exclamation from Bill, but his face belied it. And in reality the man's thoughts were as busy as never before.

He opened his eyes, struggling for vision. But he could not make out the forms of the men at all, except when they crossed in front of the candles.

The candles themselves were mere points of yellow between his lids. The men drank another round, emptying the first quart and beginning upon the second.

"You're a pretty little witch," Harold addressed Virginia. "You're hard to kiss, but your kisses are worth having. What you think about that, Joe? Aren't I telling you the truth?"

Joe! Bill's first impression had been right, after all. Virginia heard the name, too, and her fears increased. "Joe?" she repeated. "You know him, then?"

"Of course I know Joe. He's an old friend. He's one that Bill told never to show his face in this part of Clearwater again—but you don't see anything happening to him, do you?"

He waited, hoping that Bill would make response. But the latter was holding hard.

"You see he hasn't anything to say," Harold gloated. "I asked you a question, Joe—about Virginia. Didn't I tell the truth?"

"I don't know," Joe replied. "She's pretty enough. But I've never kissed her."

The girl flinched, then caught herself with a half-sob. She resolved to make one more appeal.

"Oh, Harold—please—please be careful what you say," she pleaded. "You're drunk now—but don't forget you were a gentleman—once. Don't drink any more. Don't let those Indians drink any more, either."

"A gentleman once, eh? So you don't think I'm one any more. But Bill there—he's one, ain't he? It seems to me you've been getting kind of bossy around here, lately—and the

women of we northern men don't behave that way."

"I'm not your woman—and I ask you to be careful."

"So you're not my woman, eh?" "No, no, no! I never will be!" The girl's eyes were blazing, and she had forgotten her fear in her magnificent wrath.

There ensued a moment of strange and menacing silence. Pete chuckled, already receptive to Joe's thought. Harold turned to stare at him.

Joe put his pipe to his lips, then fumbled at his pocket. He seemed to search in vain. "Will you give me a match, please, lady?" he asked.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe; his evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was drawn, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had hovered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked. "One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back."

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete in turn, then pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

When Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing nearest the girl, or Harold across the room could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark lair. The advantage of vision of which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the blackness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms seized him. The woodman's muscles gave a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could loop his sinewy arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him; in a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

Bill wrenched him back and forth, and in an instant would have crushed the life out of him if it hadn't been for the interference of Pete.

The latter breed leaped on his back, and Bill had to neglect Harold an instant to stretch up his arms and hurl Pete to the floor.

They were both powerful men, the breed and Harold; and Bill was like a wild beast.

In the instant that he was free from Bill's arms and he knew that his confederate was out of range, Harold fired blindly with his pistol.

Their bodies crashed against the wall, broke the furniture into kindling at their feet; they snarled their hatred and their curses.

Bill fought like a giant, a might of battle upon him never known before.

But steadily Harold and Pete were learning to work together.

Once a lucky blow sent Pete spin-

ning to the floor, and Bill's strong arms hurled Harold after him.

All three contestants seemed to sweep to the fray with added fury. They clinched, staggered, reeled, then crashed to the floor.

Then—above the sound of their writhing bodies—Virginia heard Pete exclaim.

"Hold him—just a second!" Pete cried. The breed had remembered his knife. It was curious that he hadn't thought of it before.

He took it rather carefully from his holster. The two men were thrashing on the floor by now, Harold in a desperate effort to keep his enemy down. Pete's hand fumbled in his pocket.

He didn't want to run the risk of slaying his confederate. His hand found a match; he raised his knife high. The match cracked, then flamed in the darkness.

But it was not to be that that murderous blow should go home. Virginia had crawled out to find her pistol that Joe's hand had let fall, and just before Pete had lighted his match her hand had encountered it on the floor.

It seemed to leap in her hand as the match flamed.

The pistol shot rang in the silence. The knife dropped from Pete's hand. He turned with a look of ghastly surprise.

Then he went on his face, creeping like a legless thing toward the door. (To be continued.)

## Wales Will Erect Monument Where Amelia Earhart Landed

Burryport, Wales.—A monument will be erected on the spot where Miss Amelia Earhart, American flyer, landed in a seaplane on her transatlantic flight in June, 1928, the municipal authorities have decided. The monument will be a model of the seaplane.

Miss Earhart was the first woman to make the transatlantic flight, flying from Newfoundland to Wales. The plane was piloted by Lou Gordon and Wilmer Stultz.

## Deep Earthquakes Bring Lightning, Scientist Says

Washington.—If stories of thunder and lightning accompanying earthquakes are not simple coincidence, the explanation may lie in a report to the American Peophysical Society by Dr. Ross Gunn.

He holds that contraction of the earth may give rise to disturbing magnetic fields, and that "long period variations of the earth's magnetic field and pseudo-magnetic variations accompanying earthquakes must be related in some manner to the conducting regions inside the earth."

Dr. Gunn says that the usual earthquake is limited to the earth's crust, but that if the earth movement extends into deeper layers a local magnetic disturbance may be expected.

## Origin of Word "Rayon"

The word "rayon" was coined in 1924, to signify the textile, hitherto known as "artificial silk." It was thought that the use of the latter expression was an admission of inferiority, hence the necessity of giving to the world's first synthetic textile a suitable name.

## Segrave's Quest Not in Vain?

Public reaction in the Old Country to the death of Sir Henry Segrave while trying his speed boat on Lake Windermere included a number of protests to the effect that such tests were futile. "What was the use?" a good many correspondents wrote in the English papers. The complete answer was supplied by Sir Henry shortly before his death, when he wrote in a London daily these significant words:

"Speed will be the keynote of the world in the future, and this country has got to lead if it is going to live. Nor does speed always mean mere speed for speed's sake. It means, as any engineer appreciates, the discovery of all those factors which make better engines, more power for less weight, improved springing, cleaner body design, and all the hundred and one points which make mechanical development possible."

"So when an accident happens it is no use saying, 'What's the use?' There is a use. It has taught someone something and the lesson learned may be worth all the risk and all the loss."

If additional testimony were needed, it is supplied by the Air Minister, Lord Thompson, who says:

"As to the wisdom or otherwise of speed exploits, in my opinion they are necessary as tests of endurance of motor mechanism and the durability of metal requisite in all mechanically propelled vehicles, whether on land or water, or in the air."

In addition to the scientific knowledge to be gained, there is the inestimable value of a great example. The men who have done things in the world have never hesitated to brave fate, to challenge the unknown, to take a chance. Those who see in the accidental death of such a man nothing of importance do not understand the human race. So long as humanity itself endures, such men will command the admiration of the multitude and will furnish inspiration for those who come after them, that the splendid spirit of adventure may not perish from the earth.

## Aunties Are Dangerous!

Aunts, uncles, and other friends are more harmful to babies than beads, pins, buttons, tin-tacks, and other things commonly called "dangerous"; they work their evil by giving young mothers foolish advice. At least, so says an American research organization.

## Planes Sow Corn

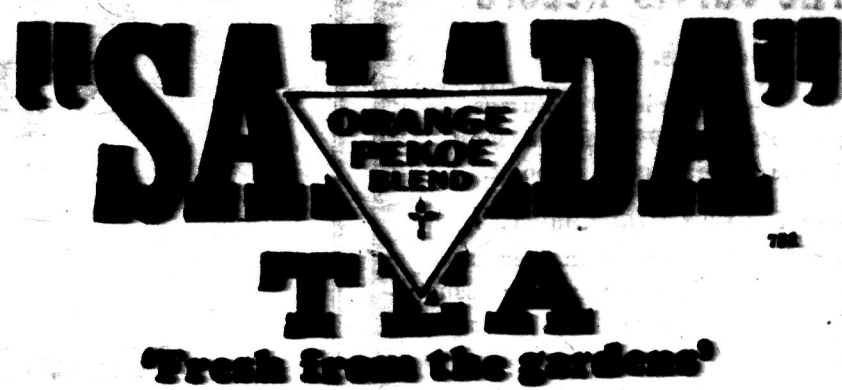
Aeroplanes are being called in to help farmers in North and South America to sow corn over large areas, scattering insecticides over orchards, drop smoke-clouds to protect crops from frost, and to bring herbs to commercial centres.

## The World's Costliest Book Is Said To Be a Copy of the Gutenberg Bible, Which Has Been in a Monastery in Corinthia for Centuries. When the Monks Were Asked a Little While Ago to Value It, They Gave the Possible Price as \$275,000.



Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with her baby son, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., the most talked-of baby in America, at the Morrow home at Englewood, N.J.

## Salada Orange Pokes Blood Gives greatest satisfaction



## Education in Russia Shows Improvement

### Returning Observer Tells Georgia Institute of His Impressions

Athens, Ga.—Efforts in Russia to curtail industrial waste through adoption of a plan whereby plants are in continuous use, with workers taking different days of the week for rest, were described by Dr. Paul Monroe, director of the school of education at Columbia University, in recent addresses before the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Georgia. Dr. Monroe recently visited the Soviet Republic.

Increased trade in general is effected by the plan and the business of recreational enterprises is augmented, Dr. Monroe continued. A new calendar was adopted to facilitate the changed industrial regime, in which there is no common day of rest for all, but a partial one through the week. Dr. Monroe also spoke favorably of the Russian five-year plan of productivity.

Pointing out that of the 180,000,000 people in Russia, only about 1,600,000 are members of the Communist Party, and that the Soviet regime consists of but a small group of the latter, Dr. Monroe said that control of the peasants by the Soviet minority will determine the success or failure of the Soviet regime, Stalin, after deposing the two opposition groups, is confronted with the necessity of handling the peasants, who raise most of the food.

Dr. Monroe said that his visit to Russia led him to believe that educational conditions there are better than they were in the old regime. He was especially impressed with the museums which form a part of the educational program.

## Former Bulgarian King May Return

### Carol's Success Fires Ferdinand and With Smouldering Hopes

Paris.—The success of King Carol's coup which carried him to the Rumanian throne without the firing of a single gun, has awakened the hopes of former King Ferdinand of Bulgaria to return to his homeland.

Ferdinand, who guessed wrong and stood on the losing side during the World War despite the protests of his people, has been wandering in recent years over the few friendly states of Europe in which he is admitted—Austria, Switzerland and Germany.

His friends believe that he will take advantage of the summer voyage of his son, King Boris, to the Scandinavian north, to return to Sofia. For half of his 10-year exile, he has been practically alone, all of his court friends having long since deserted him.

There is a persistent rumor all over Europe that Boris is going to Scandinavia particularly to hunt a wife and Princess Ingrid, 20-year old daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Gustave-Adolph is most mentioned.

It is known that Boris suffered many a headache after his budding romance with Princess Giovanni of Italy, 23 and brunette, was stepped on for religious reasons. Boris is 36 years old, Lonesome, and without an heir. Bulgaria hopes he finds a princess soon, so that the continuation of the Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha line is assured.

In case Boris fails in his quest, and passes from the picture, there is but one pretender in the whole Saxe-Cobourg family, Boris' own brother, Cyrille, an artilleryman by temperament and desire, who is entirely without kindling ambitions. He is a year younger than Boris.

## The Spruces of Canada

The spruces of Canada play an important part in the industrial life of the country and are an asset not fully appreciated by the general public. There are five spruces of commercial importance in Canada, the white, black, and red spruces of the East and Prairie Provinces; and the sitka and Engelmann spruces of British Columbia.

## WHEN CONGRESSMEN TRAVEL

"Check your bag, mister?" "Yes, and put it on ice." "Sixpence for that coat hanger? Too much! Haven't you something cheaper?" "How about a nail, sir?"

Minard's Liniment Checks Colds.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



The flared sleeves add new animation to a semi-sports type of printed crepe silk.

The moulded bodice wrapped about the figure with side-front closing is very slimming. The front shoulders are fitted with inverted pin tucks.

It simulates a hip yoke belted at the normal waistline. The curved seaming at the front detracts from breadth.

The skirt is circular with shaping that achieves the smart low-flared fulness.

Style No. 2556 may be had in sizes 16 1/2, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.

It's a splendid model for shantung linen, cotton or silk striped shirting, pastel washable flat crepe and printed dimity.

## 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.

"My goodness," exclaimed the stranger, who had dropped into the police court to pass away half an hour, they've caught a pretty tough lot this morning, haven't they?"

"You're looking at the wrong lot," said his neighbor. "Those aren't the prisoners. They're the lawyers!"

## Minard's Liniment for all Strains.

A writer complains that nowadays popular tunes get on the wireless, on the gramophone, and on the talkies. And, he might have added, on the nerves.

"These chickens were hatched in an incubator." "My word! They look just like real ones!"

## HEADACHES

Needless pains like headaches are quickly relieved by Aspirin tablets as millions of people know. And no matter how suddenly a headache may come upon you, you can always be prepared. Carry the pocket tin of Aspirin tablets with you. Keep the larger size at home. Read the proven directions for pain, headaches, neuralgia, etc.



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Alertness scores everywhere.

Wrigley's creates pep and energy and keeps you alert.

A 5¢ package may save you from going to sleep at the wheel of your car.

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