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The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bill Bronson and Virginia Tremont find themselves forest prisoners in Bill's cabin in the Clearwater of Canada. Bill was hired by Virginia to guide her in her search for her fiancé, Harold Lounsbury, who vanished in the Clearwater six years before. Her fiancé's uncle and a cook, Yonper, completed the party. Bill and Virginia were engulfed in the Grizzly river. Bill saved Virginia's life. The others left on the opposite shore, deserted. Bill hopes to look also for the lost mine of his father, murdered by a partner.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII.

Virginia found the days much happier than she had hoped.

She liked the hours of sober talk in the evenings. Sometimes they would play through the records, and so well had Bill made his selections that she never tired of them.

She had her lonesome hours, but not so many as she had expected. When time hung heavy on her hands she would take out one of the old magazines that Bill had brought up to read on the winter nights.

She had abundant health. The experience seemed to build her up, rather than injure her. Her muscles de-



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ISSUE No. 73-30

the moon near his keen eyes saw a wisp of smoke drifting through the trees, and his heart leaped in his breast. He pushed on, emerging all at once upon a human habitation.

It was a lean-to rather than a cabin. A fire smoldered in front. And his heart leaped with indescribable relief when he saw that neither of the two men that were squatting in the lean-to mouth was the stranger who had passed his camp six years before.

Bill had old acquaintance with the type of man that confronted him now. One of them was Joe Robinson—an Indian who had wintered in Bradleyburg a few years before.

His companion, Pete the Breed, a half-breed with a mixture of French, was a man unknown to Bill.

There are certain laws, among the northern men, as to trapping rights. Mostly they are unwritten; but their influence is felt clear beyond the Arctic Circle. They state quite clearly that when a man lays down a line of traps, for a certain distance on each side of him the district is his, and no one shall poach on his preserves. And these Indians had lately been partners in an undertaking to clear the whole region of its furs.

They had no idea but that Bill had discovered their trap lines and had come to make trouble.

So they were considerably amazed at Bill's first question. "Did one of you make those tracks out there?" he asked.

"No," Joe grunted. "Our partner made it. Follow it down—pretty soon find another cabin."

CHAPTER IX.

Bill only had to turn to see the snowy roof of the cabin, two hundred yards away down the glade.

It was a new cabin, just erected, and smoke drifted faintly from its chimney. Bill rapped on the door.

"Come along in," some one answered gruffly. Bill did not have to glance twice at the bearded face to know in whose presence he stood.

Changed as he was, there was no chance for a mistake. This was Harold Lounsbury, the same man who had passed his camp years before, the same lost lover that Virginia had come to find.

Bill saw that the man was frightened. His lips were loose, his eyes nervous and bright, his hands did not hold quite steady. Here was one that the wilderness had crushed in its brutal grasp.

This did not mean that his health was wasted. His body was strong and trim: except for a suspicious network of red lines in his cheeks and a yellow tinge to the whites of his eyes, he would have seemed in superb physical condition.

The evidence lay rather in the expression of his face, and most of all in the surroundings in which he lived.

He was utterly unkempt and slovenly. His coarse beard covered his lips, his matted hair was dull with dirt, his skin was scarcely less dark than that of the Indians themselves. The nails on his hands were foul; the floor of the house was cluttered with rubbish and filth.

Yet leaning through his degeneracy, his identity could not be mistaken. Here was the man Virginia had pierced the North to seek.

"What do you want?" he asked. "You're Lounsbury, of course," Bill answered.

"Sure; I ask you again—what do you want?" "You've been living on the Yuga. You came up here to trap my territory."

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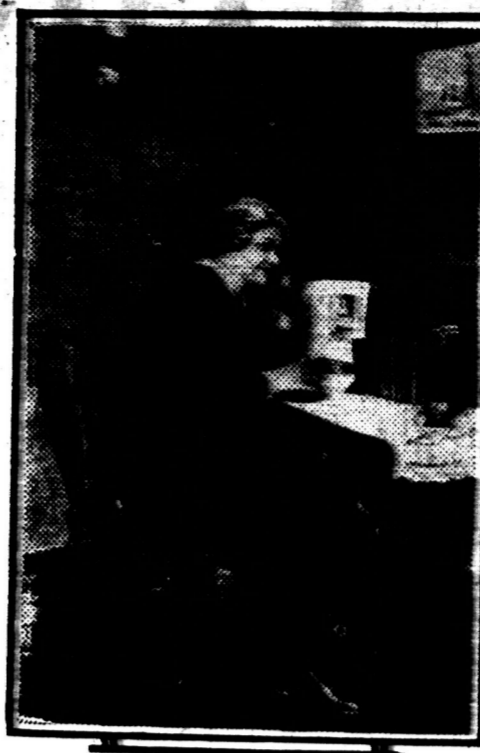
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BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION

A Visit With the Home Folks—1930 Method



"Have you been home for a visit this year yet, Mrs. Aitken?" asked her neighbor as they chatted across the back fence.

"No! and I'm not going," Mrs. Aitken replied. "That is, not in the way you are thinking of—the old way. It's like this," she continued. "Tom and I made a good many trips home during the year. Often we went without telling mother only to find either her or father indisposed. We could not stay and you can imagine what a pull it was to leave them to say nothing of the expense and trouble."

"Coming back from our last visit we decided that all things considered it would be far better for us all if we just had a little chat over the phone with Mother or Father once a week—then during our regular holidays, take a trip home and pay a real visit."

"We all look forward to the chats every week. They keep us in touch with one another all the time and are really so much more satisfactory than the hurried visit."

"Tom says it is the 1930 method of visiting the home folks."

Lounsbury remembered his stanch allies—Pete and Joe. "And what if I did?"

"You knew I trapped here. You brought up Joe Robinson and a breed with you. You meant to clean up this winter—all the furs in the country."

Harold's face drew in a scowl. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"The queer thing is—" and Bill spoke quietly, slowly, "I'm not going to do anything about it—now. I didn't come to see you about trapping. I came—about Virginia Tremont."

"Virginia!" he cried. "My God, what do you know about her?"

All at once he looked, with an annoyance and anxiety that at first Bill could not understand, toward the door of the cabin.

An Indian squaw—for a ill her filth and untidiness a fair representative of her breed—pushed through the door and came stolidly inside.

Bill's face was stern as the gray cliffs of the Selkirks when he turned again to Harold. "Is that your woman?" he asked simply.

Harold shrugged. "One doesn't marry squaws," he replied. "I came to find Harold Lounsbury, a gentleman," Bill went on in the same strange, at voice, "and I find a squaw man."

(To be continued.)

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"I say," cried the bright young

"I say," cried the bright young

thing as she dashed into the village store, "father's being chased by a bull!" "Good heavens! What shall I do, miss?" "Give me a roll of film for my pocket camera, quick!"

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