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TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet, who is engaged to marry Leonie Harnsworth, is shipwrecked with her and they take refuge on an island. With them is Less Gilbert, a stowaway. The island is occupied by a brute named Doomsdorf, and his Indian wife.

The master of the island takes Ned and the girls prisoners and puts them bound in a cabin for themselves in an old stove. Lenore is allowed to remain with the squaw to help with the housework but Less and Ned are made to labor until they both fall unconscious.

When the cabin is completed Doomsdorf announces that he means to have both girls for his wives and is keeping Less and Ned are started on different routes. Ned has a rifle with a well

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII (Cont'd)

Ned did not wait to eat his full share of that blow. His powerful right arm, made iron hard in the latter weeks, drove him during an offensive assault. His long body seemed to meet that of the wolf full in the air.

The next instant they were rending, biting, tearing like mad. The flesh under the arms and the breath left long tufts caught in playing claws circled pinwheel-like in the air. The silence of the contesting wild was torn to bits by the noise of battle, the frantic snarling of the wolf, the wild shouts of the madman who would not mind his strength.

There was a moment, perhaps, of constant motion in the snow. The wolf lay like a great mound before the assault; its terrible fangs stretched in bright body at full length. Ned lay across the animal's body between his knees, one arm around his neck. He was thrusting back the great head. The whole scene of fight to death, victory or defeat, was over. It had only immensely complicated. It depended solely on whether or not Ned had the physical might to push back the shaggy head and shatter the windpipe.

Pure steel did it. A thin and half-closed fingers flew through Ned's mind. He felt the blood ceased to be clotting from his nose, and his heart was beating itself to pieces in his breast. But the wolf was quivering now. Its eyes were losing strange, unearthly fire. And then Ned gave a last jerk to the wrench.

A bone broke with a distinct crack in the bitter silence. And as he fell forward, spent, the great white form slacked down and went limp in his arms.

CHAPTER XXIII

In a little while Ned stripped the pelt from the warm body of the wolf and continued down his line of traps. He was able to think more coherently now and consider methods and details. And by the same token of clear thought, he was brought face to face with the fact of almost insuperable obstacles in his path.

Plans for freedom first of all seemingly had to include Doomsdorf's death. That was the first essential, and the last. Could they succeed in striking the life from their master, they could wait in the cabin until the trader Intrepid should touch their island in the spring.

The difficulty lay in finding an opening of attack. Doomsdorf's rifle was never loaded except when it was in his arms, and he wore his pistol in his belt, day and night. For all his hopelessness, Ned had noticed, half inadvertently, that he always took precautions against a night attack. The squaw slept on the outside of their cot and would be as difficult to pass without arousing as a sleeping dog. The cabin itself was bolted, not to be entered without waking both occupants; and the three prisoners of course slept in the newer cabin.

Ned was working that part of the line from his Twelve-mile cabin over the ridge toward the Forks cabin—his old rendezvous with Bess. He was somewhat late in crossing the range today. The blazed trail took him around the shoulder of the ridge, clear to the edge of a little, deeply seamed glacier such as crowns so many of the larger hills in the far North.

Few were the wild creatures that traversed this icy desolation, so his trap line had been laid out around the glacier, following the blazed trail in the scrub timber. But today the long way round was particularly grievous to his spirit. More than a mile could be saved by leaving the timber and climbing across the ice and only a few sets, none of which had ever proved specially productive, would be missed. Without an instant's hesitation he turned from the trail straight over the snowy summit beyond the cabin. The cut-off would save him the annoyance of making camp after dark. And since he had climbed it once before he scarcely felt the need of extra caution.

The crossing, however, was not quite the same as on the previous occasion. Before the ice had been covered completely across with a heavy snowfall, no harder to walk on that the open barrens. He soon found, however, that new snow prevailed only to the summit of the glacier and the descent beyond the summit had been swept clean by the winds.

Below him stretched a half-mile of glare-ice, ivory white like the tusks of some fabulous beast of prey. Here and there it was gashed with crevices—those deep glacier chasms into which a stone falls in silence. For

His long body seemed to meet that of the wolf full in the air.

moment Ned regarded it with considerable displeasure.

He decided to take a chance. He removed his snowshoes and ventured carefully out upon the ice.

It was easier than it looked. His moccasins clung very well. Steadily gaining confidence, he walked at a faster pace. The slope was not much on this side, the glacier ending in an abrupt cliff many hundred feet in height, so he felt little need of especial precaution. It was, in fact, the easiest walking that he had since his arrival upon the island, so he decided not to turn off clear until he reached the high ground just to one side of the ice cliff. He crawled down a series of shelves, picked his way about a jagged promontory, and fetched up at last at the edge of a dark crevice scarcely fifty feet from the edge of the snow.

The crevice was not much over five feet wide at this point, and looking along, he saw that a hundred yards to his right it ended in a shelving bank. But there was no need of following it down. He could leap it at a standing jump; with a running start he could bound ten feet beyond.

He was tired, eager to get to camp—and this was the zero hour. He drew back three paces, preparatory to making the leap.

All the wilderness world seemed to be straining listening. The man leaped forward.

At that instant the North gave him some sign of its power. His first running step was firm, but at the second his moccasin failed to hold, slipping straight back. He pitched forward on his hands and knees, grasping at the hard, slippery ice.

He slid rather slowly, with that sickening helplessness that so often charactrizes the events of a [illegible] dream; and the wilderness seemed still to be waiting, watching, in unutterable indifference. Then he pitched forward into the crevice.

He was not to die at once. There was still hope of life. He fetched up, as it by a miracle, on an icy shelf ten feet below the mouth of the crevice, with sheer walls rising on each side.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ned knew what fear was well enough, as he lay in the darkened chasm, staring up at the white line of the crevice above him.

The shelf on which he had fallen was scarcely wider than his body, and only because it projected at an upward incline from the sheer wall had he come to rest upon it. It was perhaps 50 feet long, practically on a level all the way. The wall was sheer for ten feet above him; beyond the shelf was only the impenetrable darkness of the crevice, extending apparently into the bowels of the earth.

Very cautiously, in imminent peril of pitching backward into the abyss, he climbed to his feet. He was a tall man, but his hands, reaching up, did not come within two feet of the ledge. And there was nothing whatever for his hands to cling to.

If only there were irregularities in the ice. With a surge of hope he thought of his axe.

This tool, however, had either fallen into the crevice, or had dropped from his shoulder and lay on the ice above. But there remained his clasp knife. He drew it carefully from his pocket.

Already he felt the icy chill of the glacier stealing through him, the cold fingers of death itself. He must lose no time in going to work. He began to cut, two feet above the ledge, a sharp-edged hole in the ice.

He finished the cut at last, then started on another a foot above. He hewed out a foothold with great care.

He did not forget that the handholds, to which his fingers must cling, yet to be made. They had to be finished with even greater skill than the foothods. Very wisely he turned to them next.

He made the first of them as high as he could reach. Then he put one in about a foot below. Three more footholds were put in at about 12-inch intervals between.

Placing the knife between his teeth, he put his moccasin into the first foothold and pulled himself up.

It did not take long, however, to convince him that the remaining work ordered practically on the impossible. These holes in the ice were not like irregularities in stone. The fingers slipped over them: It was almost impossible to cling on with both hands, much less one. But clinging with all his might, he tried to free his right hand to procure his knife.

He made it at last, and at a frightful cost of nervous energy succeeded in cutting some sort of a gash in the icy wall above his head. Standing so close he could not look up, it was impossible to do more than nick out a ragged hole. And because he lay this way and no other, he put the blade once more between his teeth, reached his right hand into the hole, and tried to pull himself up again.

But disaster, bitter and complete, followed that attempt. His numbing hand failed to hold under the train, and he lipped all the way back to his shelf. Something rang sharply against the ice wall, far below him.

(To be continued.)

Hay Sweetness

Mowers with keen-edged scythes a-row;
The wide, nine-acre meadow mow;—
(The scythes have a song of melody),
And the sweet grass its fragrance showers,
In scented swathes of a thousand flowers,
The waves of a rainbow sea.

The winds that ripple through the grass
Over the flower heads softly pass;—
(The wind has a voice of melody),
And the setting sun sinks rapidly down,
Crowned with a ruby and golden crown,
As night falls silently.

The moon a horn of silver shows,
A shining stream her clear light flows;—
(The moon has a light of radiancy),
And haycocks heaped on a lucent floor,
Seem huge sand castles along a shore,
Beside a luminous sea.

Mowers with burnished scythes a-row,
Have laid the flowers and grasses low;—
(The scythes have a song of melody),
But all the scent, and the sweetness there,
Flow out on the stillness of summer air,
The waves of a perfumed sea.

—F. Mildred Rickman.

Helped Him

"You know, Dad, he always said he'd never marry until the right girl came along."

"Well, how does he know you are the right one?"

In the "Talkie" World

Reporter—"What are your views on naval disarmament?"

Movie Director—"I'd prefer to give them on nasal disarmament."

Marquis Claims To Have Twin Portland Vase

Paris—A new controversy between French and English art experts appears possible because of a find made a few days ago in the south of France.

A "twin Portland vase," almost exactly like the famous amphora which the British Museum recently tried but failed to sell, is alleged to have been discovered in the town of Foix, Ariege Department. For years it has been kept in the house of the Marquis de Narbonne-Lara, and no archaeologist was aware of its existence.

Its owner declares now that he has the original Roman antique, found in the 17th century in the Bargerini Palace, and which once contained the ashes of Alexander Severus, while the urn given to the British Museum by the Duke of Portland is only a copy.

The Foix vase, which has not yet been examined by any French or British experts, is said to be exactly the same size and shape as its London brother. The decoration is almost identical, representing Peileas, Thetis and Poseidon. But while the Portland urn is made of precious cameo glass, its Foix replica is of vulgar clay.

However, it has the advantage of being intact, whereas the Portland amphora was broken into many pieces by its owners' secretary, William Lloyd, who served two months at hard labor for having committed such a sacrilege.

The discovery has aroused great interest among the curators of French museums, who are eager to see the Foix vase. They do not think that the Portland vase could have been copied from it, since copies are never made in a substance more precious than that used for the original. But some of them suggest that both vases were made in the same epoch—in Julius Caesar's time—and possibly by the same artist.

France and Britain

Springfield Republican: Continental alliances have always served a special purpose in British history and they have invariably collapsed when that purpose had been attained. No statesmen in Europe understand this fact better than French statesmen. It is incredible that the French foreign office has been taken by surprise by Mr. Snowden's conduct at The Hague. A significant incident in June proves that the French must have gone to The Hague fully prepared for the developments. For after the Labor ministry took office in June there was no formal exchange of congratulations or friendly sentiments between official Paris and official London, although an exchange of that sweetening character had not been omitted in 2 years when a new ministry had assumed power. The Labor and Liberal attacks on the pro-French policy of the Baldwin government in the parliamentary campaign had shown Paris which way the wind was blowing.

SCHOOL "HOWLERS"

The "University Correspondent," in announcing the winner of its annual prize for the best collection of school "howlers," gives a selection from the entries received. Here are some of them:

The chief work of the British in Egypt since 1880 has been the extermination of the sphinxes.

Sir W. Scott was called the Elixary of the North. He tried to reach the North Pole, but died in the attempt.

"Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter." Paraphrase: It is nice to hear music, but it is still nicer not to.

Correct the sentence. "It was me that has broken the window."—"It wasn't me that has broken the window."

Notre voisin est mort d'une congestion pulmonaire.—Our neighbor died of a crush in a Pulman car.

A focus is a thing that looks like a mushroom, but if you eat it, it feels different to a mushroom.

Nothing To It

Writer (who has just been turned down)—"But perhaps you could use this article if I were to boil it down."

Editor—"No good at all. If you were to take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, it would still be water."

The Substitute

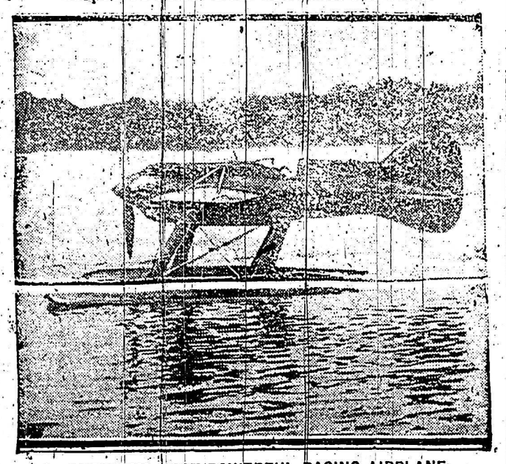
"Auntie, kin I have some strawberries?"

"Strawberries are out of season."

He hesitated for a moment, and then added: "Is cookies?"

Lambeth Wife—"I want to take out a summons for peace in the home.

Hopes To Make Over 400 Miles Per Hour



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Economy Corner

Gran Berry's Doughnuts

Put into your sifter three cups bread flour, add to that two rounding teaspoons cream of tartar, one rounding teaspoon soda, one of salt, one-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg, same of ginger and cinnamon. Sift all into your mixing dishes. Now add one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs (you may let a little of the whites go in) and one cup of milk. After this is beaten and stirred together add flour to make stiff enough to roll. Don't have them too soft. Roll about one-half inch in thickness, and please don't omit to shake the spider while they are rising. This makes them ever so much lighter. If sour milk is used, put an one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one of soda. You can use the whites of the eggs in many ways and if you don't wish to use them on the same day put them in a cool place, covered and they will keep a few days. I most always make a light cake or a Washington pie, using the whites, with one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two even teaspoons of cream of tartar, one even teaspoon of soda, any flavoring you like, and last, beat in a piece of butter the size of a large egg, melted

Apple Sauce With Lemon

Peel four large green cooking apples not too sour); cut up and put in to pan with the smallest amount of water possible, cover and cook. When cooked well take off and add, beating in about five good tablespoons of sugar. This depends on how sweet you care for it. Slice lemon thin, cut slices in halves and put on sauce (after you have put into serving dish and let cool). It is both decorative and tasty.

Creole Tomatoes

Four large tomatoes, 1 small onion, 2 chopped green peppers, 3 tablespoons butter or bacon drippings, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk.

Cut the tomatoes in halves and place in baking dish, cut side up, sprinkle with chopped onion and peppers, season with salt and pepper and a little of the butter or drippings on each tomato. Pour ½ pint water into pan and bake in quick oven until tomatoes are tender. Make a gravy of the remaining drippings, flour and mine, cook until thick. Place tomatoes on toast, and pour sauce around them. If gravy is too thick it can be thinned with the water in pan.

Fashion Nuggets

Hats to be smart must have a longer back line, which follows closely the contour of the gown. The front brim—should there be one—is turned severely upward, giving a decidedly elongated line to the sides and back.

The printed frock still maintains its popularity and will be included in the fall wardrobe as an under-the-coat dress. Such fabrics are also to be used in the early fall ensemble.

Various shades of red are much in evidence. Colors such as rouge, Goya and India-red are the most prominent. These shades when combined with black galyak make a very pleasing combination.

Velveteen is fast finding favor both for afternoon and evening wear. Afternoon suits combine the velveteen with panne satin blouses as the correct thing, the latter in most instances being sleeveless.

Furs of the short-haired variety such as galyak, ermine, broadtail and flat caracul are being used for coats molded into the new princess lines, some showing a decidedly uneven hemline. Where the coats are built on more tailored lines they should be shorter than the gown.

He—"I can't see why you should refuse to marry me just because I asked for just one kiss."

She—"Well, any modern fellow who would ask for a kiss isn't aggressive enough to make a good living."

To the solid ground of Nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.—Wordsworth.

Autumn Styles

While L. Pressing

While social activities are still largely in the open and entertaining is all fresco, evening dress is being shown in many original and artistic models from the well-known designers. The styles are distinctive and widely varied and expressed in the different fabrics and, all the new colors. The bizarre is lacking in all of these advance styles, and gowns are built on lines of the utmost sophistication without over-elaboration, their charm depending on the beauty of material.

Types are sharply contrasted and the long slim silhouette and the wide sweeping bouffant gown are equally fashionable. Skirts are long in places, and the irregular hemline continues to be a matter of points and scallops, dipping at the back, at the sides or both, and running up shorter in front. Black is popular at Paris, and some of the most chic evening gowns are made of all-black, usually chiffon or tulle. An intriguing example of this enduring favorite is shown by Drecoll-Deer, in which a black chiffon dinner gown is made with a soft slightly bloused sleeveless bodice the hips being fitted with a diagonal yoke, and circular floating panels of the chiffon balancing in deep points at the back and back. Lucien Lelong makes an evening gown of lemon-yellow chiffon with a long bodice that fits tightly like a bagpipe in the back and is shortened to an empire waistline in front. This gown has a skirt of three circular flounces increasing that is a few inches below the knees in front and ripple to the floor at the back.

Satin is exceedingly fashionable this season and is being used by all of the couturiers of authority to interpret their individual modes. Many brilliant costumes in all white are shown. One, the epitome of elegance, also from the house of the Garment Retailers of America, was made of heavy white satin. The décolletage, moderating low in front, was drawn to the normal waistline at the back where were fastened two straps of diamonds and pearls that were passed over the shoulders. A circular flounce of the satin, piped on the edge, fitted about the front of the skirt like an apron, and was drawn up to the waist behind, the skirt dropped to a pointed train. Premet makes a stunning and very formal evening gown of pale rose satin that sweeps in scalloping flutters downward at the back. The bodice is elongated, with wrinkling folds over the hips, a stiffened bow sash and satin shoulder straps. Callot Sesurs are making some sumptuous ensembles for evening of chiffon velvet and of satin, going in rather heavily, for the mellow shades of gold, maize, ivory and capucine. Nothing is more distinguished than the evening gowns of plain black satin of exquisite quality which Philip et Gaston are making. None of these are trimmed with anything other than a beautiful flower or shoulder straps, for which there is rajsond'etre. Black net, both plain and dotted, makes chic, youthful dance frocks which are expected to be worn a great deal this season. These have either the long bodice accenting the hips, or a simple shorter one to the normal waistline, with many layers of flouncing to flare briskly out at the bottom.

Color has great dignity in the new styles. Neither the intense primary colors nor the very pale shades are considered smart. For daytim dress the autumn-browns, reds and all the wood tints with biege, castor, green, and black and white will be worn. The light colors, known hitherto as evening shades are passed and, instead, the fashionable ones will be green, even very dark green—the dahlia and aster purples and pinks and all of the glowing capucine tones. Cyclamen, delphinium, violet and lilac are shown in taffetas, crepes and satins.

Japan and Manchuria

Philadelphia Ledger: Japan is keenly watching this Russo-Chinese imbroglio. Despite the Kellogg Pact and the League of Nations the Japanese still hold a key position in the Far Eastern area. They might even welcome hostilities between Russia and China, for they feel that they could guide and localize the conflict in such manner as to render the disturbance relatively innocuous. Even in the absence of hostilities, Japan might be able to supply the pressure necessary to end the present stalemate. Any move from Tokio, whether welcome or unwelcome to the other Powers, with or without their tacit consent, will be worthy of especial attention.

The Shrinking Audience

In a small northern town a company of barnstormers was playing to a meager audience. The villain dragged the shrieking heroine down the stage to the footlights, and in her ear he hissed, "Are we alone?" "No, guv'nor," interrupted the lone occupant of the gallery, "not to-night you ain't, but you will be to-morrow night."

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