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The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

CHAPTER XX. REUNITED.

The simple words, so moving and mysterious in the half-light, lifted Dorothy to the skies, out of the storm and the night, the despair and the terror never to descend again; yet she knew no particular sense of amazement other than that of her own blindness in failing to guess Pete's identity long since.

There was not one fraction of an instant's doubt or question of the simple declaration. Before the unadulation of the deep tone was dead in the air, she knew, as well as she knew the fact of her own life, that the man spoke true. For all his face and form were utterly different, his hands and voice and carriage wholly changed, this was Peter Newhall, her husband, in the flesh.

There was no time to dwell upon the wonder of it. She saw a swift shadow at the edge of the fire's glow—something that moved like a stalking wolf toward Peter—and she cried sharply in warning. At the same instant she sprang from her own place in an instinctive effort to protect her husband from that stealthy, murderous assault.

Her cry reached Peter not an instant too soon. Because his nerves were sound, and the ravages of his youthful dissipations wholly repaired, he was able to act upon that warning in the twinkling of an eye. There was no time for thought; as if by instinct he leaped aside, his quick eye caught sight of the figure that was even now poised to strike, and his powerful muscles made swift and tremendous response. Pavlov, faithful to the last to his demigod, had drawn a knife that flashed in a shining arc and started to save the situation in his own way; but Peter's rifle struck in his arms and the heavy barrel struck the leaping figure with shattering force. He crumpled in the moss, for the time being impotent and unconscious.

It seemed to Pete that the Russian's hand moved toward his hip, and he wisely decided to take the offensive. The rifle leaped to his shoulder, and the long, strong finger curled about the trigger, ready to exert the little deadly ounce of pressure at the needed instant. Whatever murderous instincts had been awakened in Ivan were speedily repressed. Once before he had seen that rifle at that same shoulder—the day his life had been menaced by the charging she-bear—and he remembered the sureness of aim, the lightning swiftness of fire. That deadly combination could not fail at this close range.

"I don't trust this bunch," Peter said roughly. "Put up your hands, Ivan. I'm not going to take a chance." Ivan obeyed promptly; Peter was in a deadly mood. The Mongol was a brave man and a sportsman, yet he did not even attempt his old, grim smile of bravado. "You seem to hold the cards," he said simply.

"I'm going to continue to hold them, too." Peter gave a quick glance in search of Sarichef, finding him, ap-

palled and terrified, in the shadows beside the dugout. The latter had left his rifle and supplies in the dugout; and no shadow of opportunity remained in which to seize it and use it in his master's behalf. He threw up his hands at Peter's command.

Next Peter located Fortune Joe, also obscured in the shadows, and called him to his side. "Search all these fellows for weapons," he ordered simply, "and pile 'em up in front of me. Get Ivan's pistol first."

Joe obeyed promptly, and at Peter's command carried down the sacks of supplies that had been prepared for tomorrow's journey and loaded them in the dory. The weapons were similarly disposed of. Then, shielding Dorothy behind him, he backed down to the water's edge.

He helped the girl into the bow seat; then, while he stood guard, Joe shoved off. As the boat was lifted on the first, little wave he himself sprang in. Joe grasped his oars.

"Can we make it out?" Peter asked quietly of his oarsmen. There was a tremor in his voice now; but it was nothing to cost Joe his confidence in him, or Dorothy her faith. The native knew him as a strong leader, a worthy representative of a great race. To Dorothy came the certain knowledge that as long as her hand lay in his, no rough seas need appal her, no moaning darkness fill her with fear. With such companionship as they had, as existed everywhere between well-mated men and women of their race, what heathen hordes could conquer them, what lesser breeds despoil them of their dominance!

Joe dipped his oars. "It's a strong wind, but fair," he said laconically.

It was a strong wind, but fair, that



She saw a swift shadow at the edge of the fire.

blew them down the Peninsula. Many the time they were menaced by reefs and up-jutting sea crags; often they were harassed by storms and obliged to seek shelter in the deep-cut bays, and more than once it seemed beyond belief that they would not be instantly overwhelmed. But always Fortune Joe's good seamanship, assisted by Peter's good nerve and strong muscles, brought them safely through.

It was a long, difficult, dangerous journey; but these were voyagers not to be despised. Dorothy, the daughter of a strong breed, had always had a potential strength with which to meet such tests as this, and with Peter beside her, the old curse of fear was largely lifted. Even if they had to go the whole long way to the nearest settlement they would have overcome the dangers, won their race with winter, and come through. As it happened, the sea gods were favorable to their venture, and halfway out they encountered a sturdy launch sent from Unalaska to their rescue.

The Warrior had not gone down, after all. She had broken her wheel on the way to shelter that first day and, helpless against the storm, had been blown through the chain of islands and far out into the Pacific. Ultimately she had encountered a

ship, had been helped into port, and had arranged by wireless for a rescue party to go in search of her passengers marooned on the mainland.

Ivan and his two followers had already vanished into the interior, probably on their way to some of the Eskimo villages beyond the bays, when the rescue ship touched at the scene of the late camp. Peter's return home, his wife beside him, was accomplished in good time, and here both are hidden in the maze of human events. The straw that the guide Pete had cut for the wilderness beds was blown away on the winds, the cooking rack grew weather-beaten and was at last blown down, and the alder thickets spread and encompassed the camp. Soon there was little sign that human beings had ever passed that way. The caribou fed at the very mouth of the dugout, only occasionally stopping to sniff, in wonder, at the man-beat ashes of the fire; the wolverine hunted with unabated ferocity along the creek bed; and sometimes the great, surly Alaskan grizzly wandered through the camp, wondering, no doubt, what manner of his brethren had once had their lair on this lonely beach and why they had gone away. The waves still broke and rolled on the shore, but no one looked across them for a returning ship; and the wind blew, but no one was appalled by its raving. Only the white cross, seemingly spared by the forces of the elements, still endured—a white emblem of eternity, perhaps a landmark for natives beating down the coast in their skin boats.

Again the elements ruled supreme; the snow lay untraced by human footprints from sea to sea, the wind swept unchecked by any human habitation. Yet their victory would be short-lived. As Peter had prophesied, in time even this storm-swept, savage land would be drawn into man's dominions. Peter himself would return some time. There was one duty still unperformed.

The matter was called to his attention the second night after they had boarded the rescue ship from Unalaska. He had stood on the deck with Dorothy, watching the eerie trail where the churning propeller set the sea alight; and the girl seemed wandering in a dream-world of her own. "There's just one thing that isn't clear," she told him, in the low voice that haunted him throughout the years of his exile. "You remember the seance—I asked to speak to you. The message that came through was what made me decide to marry Ivan. It was 'Change the name'—just that: 'Change the name.' What do you make of it, Peter?"

He turned to her, and she saw that he was smiling cryptically. "The message was logical enough, Dorothy," he said, "if you want to believe."

"But you were there, in the circle—" "You didn't ask in so many words to speak to me. If you did, Fortune Joe didn't get it straight. Surely you remember how bewildered he was, how he seemed at a loss. He didn't get any results until you told him that you wanted to speak to the man who lay in that grave. And if you want to, you can believe the message came from him!"

He knew by the touch of her hand and the lustre in her eyes that she was deeply moved. "To change the name on the cross!" she exclaimed. "Of course. But perhaps it was just something telepathic, coming from me. Sometimes we've got to go back and do it; it's only decent. Besides we want to visit again the land that brought us our happiness—cruel and savage place though it is." Dorothy, what matters and what doesn't no one really knows; and who can say but that false inscription on the cross matters more than nations or worlds to the man who lies beneath? We'll rub out the name Peter Newhall, and write in Big Chris Larson. Then maybe he can sleep in peace." (The End.)

Minard's Liniment for cuts and bruises

At a conference on agriculture at the London School of Economics, Mr. C. K. Chesterton gave an address on "The Fallacy of Mass Production." Still, England has no cause to regret having produced Mr. Chesterton.

Bell metal is an alloy of copper and tin, with copper predominating.

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His Worse Half. "Yes, my dear, I heard him say he was going to buy a gold watch for his better half." "I know that man had two wives. I wonder where his worse half lives?"

Keep Minard's Liniment handy.

American Prosperity

Vancouver Province (Ind. Cons.): (Rumors persist that everything is not well with American economic conditions.) If it could happen without injury to the welfare of Canada, there are many people in this country who could cheerfully contemplate hard times in the United States. They argue that it would be good for the soul of America that her people should know something of the anxiety which the rest of the world has known through the demoralization and the depression of the Great War. They say it would be mighty good for the peace of the world that the people of the United States should cease to think themselves the economic supermen of the universe. But there is no comfort and little validity in this theory. It is hard to see how Canada could escape the contagion of hard times in the United States.

Many Changes In Advertising

Club Hears of Conditions Which Prevailed 150 Years Ago

Print used in newspaper advertising 150 years ago was much smaller than is generally used to-day, said Louis Carrier, French-Canadian writer and publisher, in describing newspaper advertising of former days to the members of the Advertising Club, of Montreal.

Advertising of the 18th century, the small amount that was carried in the newspapers, had no display lines and no large type. Advertisers contented themselves with stating the facts with little ostentation to catch the eye. As space in newspapers became more plentiful advertisers accustomed themselves to using more and more of it. At one time notices cost so much for each one regardless of the amount of the space they used, unless they were considered quite large, when the advertiser was asked to pay double the amount.

The scarcity of space in the early newspapers was mentioned by the speaker who said that it was often for this reason that news from Europe was at times printed 13 months late. If an event in Europe of ordinary importance was printed five months after it happened, it was then considered to be speedy work in chirography.

During his talk, Mr. Carrier traced the beginnings of newspapers on this continent. The first newspaper was established in Boston, and it was really from that city that journalism spread to Canada. The speaker made special reference to Benjamin Franklin, whom he styled as the patron saint of printing in North America. Dr. Franklin did much to influence public opinion in North America, and Mr. Carrier considered that Dr. Franklin, rather than Washington, should have been called the "Father of his country."

The speaker gave a short history of newspapers in Canada, mentioning the Halifax Gazette as the first to be established in 1752. The Quebec Gazette was begun in 1763, followed by the Montreal Gazette in 1778.

In these days a murderer is crazy if he doesn't plead insanity.



THERE is nothing quite equal to Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is Aspirin. The name Bayer should appear on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box when you buy it.



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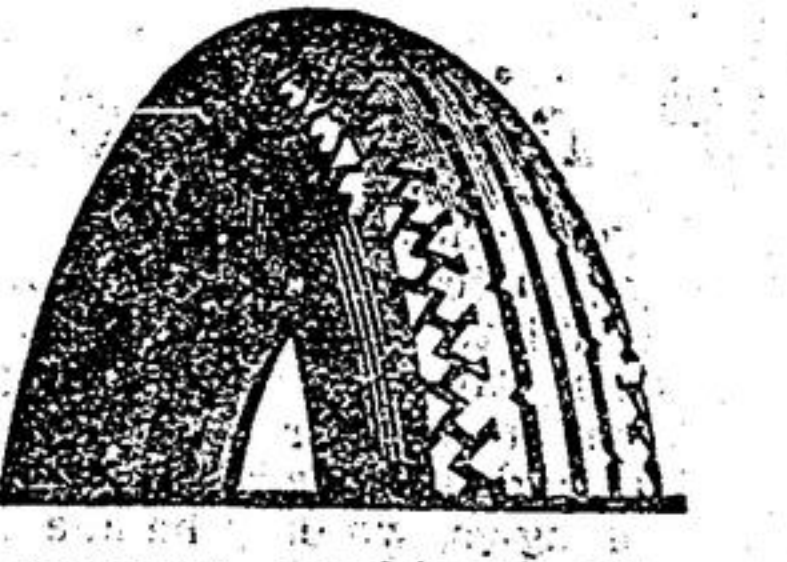
Wilbur Glenn Voliva's theory about the world being flat seems much more plausible during the income-tax-paying season.

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