

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall

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(Continued From Yesterday)

"Your gun is empty, Beatrice," he told her quietly. He heard her sob, and she smiled a little, reassuringly. "Never mind—and pray for a good voyage," he advised. "We're going through."

The craft and its occupants were out of sight by the time Jeffery Nelson reached the river bank with his rifle.

He made his way fast as he could toward the claim. Sensing the old man's distress, Ray straightened from his work at the sight of him.

The face before him was drawn and white; but there was no time for questions. Hard hands seized his arm.

"Ray do you know of a canoe anywhere—up or down this river?"

"No! There isn't one that you could even dream about shooting these rapids in. Tell me what's the matter, Ray?"

"Beatrice has gone down, that's all."

"You don't mean—she's run away?"

"Don't be a fool. The prospectors I told you about—Darryl—was the old man's partner. He's paying us back. Ray, I wish I had died before I ever saw this day."

Ray stared blankly. "Then he found out about the murder?" he gasped.

"Yes. Here's his letter."

Ray read the letter carefully, crumpling it at last in savage wrath. "He can't do much if the claim's recorded in our names!"

"He can make us plenty of trouble. If you want the girl, Ray—don't lose a minute. Put your things together as fast as you can."

They crossed the divide, thus reaching the headwaters of Poor Man's Creek; then took the trail down toward the settlements. But the two claim-jumpers had not yet learned all the day's ill news. Half-way to the mouth of the stream they met Chan Hominyway on his way back to the claim.

At the first sight of him, they could hardly believe their eyes. It was not to be credited that he had made the trip to Bradleyburg and back in the few days he had been absent.

"What are you coming back for?" Ray shouted, when Chan's identity became certain.

"Because the claim's recorded, that's why. Before old Hiram died he wrote a letter to an official in Bradleyburg and in it was a description of the claim. Whatever formalities were necessary were cut out because the old man had been too sick to make the trip—the recorder got special permission from Victoria."

"You see what that means, don't you?" he asked Neilson.

"It means we're lost!"

"The eyes before him narrowed and gleamed. 'So that's what it means to you! Well, I don't look at it just that way. It means to me that we've got to take these supplies and these pack horses and start out and find Ben Darryl.'"

"Of course, we've got to rescue Beatrice."

"Rescuing Beatrice isn't all of it now, by a long shot. Didn't old Hiram leave a will, giving this claim to his brother Ezra? And hasn't this Ben got a letter from Ezra leaving the claim to him?"

"You mean we've got to find him. We've got to; that's all."

"Neilson breathed heavily. 'It's all plain enough.'"

Beatrice Neilson was a mountain girl, with the strong thwags of Jael, yet she hid her face on the canoe shot into the crests of the rapids.

The wolf crouched on the heap of supplies, fearful of the depths of his wild heart of this mighty stream, yet still putting his faith in his master in the stern.

A sudden movement on the part of Beatrice, in the bow of the canoe, caught Ben's eye. She had leaned forward and was reaching among the supplies. She lifted into her hands a paper parcel, the same she had brought from her cabin early that morning.

His heart leaped; why he did not know. "What is it?" he asked.

"Ben—I called you that yesterday and there's no use going back to last names now—I've made an important decision."

"I hope it's a happy one," he ventured.

"It's as happy as it can be, under the circumstances. Ben, I come of

a line of frontiersmen—the forest thing is to make the best of any bad situation."

As she talked she was slowly unwrapping the little parcel she had brought. Presently she held it out to him.

It was just a box of home-made candy that she had brought for their day's picnic. But it was a peace offering not to be despised.

CHAPTER XI.
The Forest Stronghold.

WHEN the swirling waters carried the canoe down into the gorge of the Cuga both Ben and Beatrice were instinctively awed and still. Ever the walls of the gorge were more steep, until the sunlight was cut off and they rode as if in twilight.

In mid-afternoon Ben began to think of making his night's camp. In one of the more quiet stretches of water he saw the place—a small cove and a green, tree-clad bank, with the gorge rising behind. Hiding his canoe with greatest care he slanted toward it. A moment later he had caught the first glimpse of the water's edge, stepped off into shallow water, and was drawing the canoe up onto the bank.

"We're through for the day," he said happily, as he helped Beatrice out of the boat. "I'll confess I'm ready to rest."

"Here's where you sleep tonight, Beatrice," he informed her.

As twilight lowered they sat down to their simple meal, ten, sweetened with sugar, and vegetables and meat happily mingled in a stew.

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lugged into sight with incredible storm of sound.

Immediately the wolf sprang, ready to wage this unequal battle to the death. But his brave fight was tragically hopeless. Yet by the law of his wild heart he could not turn and flee. His master had given him orders, and he must obey them to the end.

The bear paused one instant; then lunged forth again.

But the breach in which the wolf had stayed the charge had given Ben his chance. With a swift motion of his arm he had projected the single rifle shell into the chamber of his weapon. The stock snapped, his eyes sought the sights.

His finger pressed back steadily against the trigger. The slightest flinching, the smallest motion might yet throw off his aim. The rifle spoke with a roar.

The grizzly was in his death agony, nothing more; yet in that final convulsion he could rip into shreds the powerful form that opposed him. Ben dropped the empty rifle and seized the axe that leaned against a log of spruce beside the fire.

Just in time Ben sprang aside, out of the reach of those terrible forearms; and his axe swung mightily in the air.

Ben's powers increased, rather than lessened. Ever he swung his terrible axe with greater power.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

THIEF GETS CHANGE, OVERLOOKS \$10,000

Breaks Into G. T. R. Station At Ingersoll and Robs Till.

Special to The Advertiser.

Ingersoll, Dec. 26.—Although there was more than \$10,000 in the till, all that a burglar who visited the Grand Trunk depot Sunday night obtained was \$25, which he took in change from the till.

The theft was evidently committed between 9:30 and 12 o'clock.

The office had been locked as usual, but an entrance was gained by forcing the door leading from the gentlemen's waiting room to the office, after which the till was pried open.

GERMANY HAS RIGHT TO PAY FRENCH DEBT

Press Declares France Will Take Guarantees If Payments Defaulted.

Paris, Dec. 26.—France has a right to reparations from Germany, and in default of payment she will take guarantees. This, in brief, sums up an editorial in yesterday's Temps.

The policy hitherto pursued has produced nothing at all.

"Even if we suppose that the seizure of guarantees produces very little—which in no way seems to us inevitable—nobody can deny that there is infinite distance between nothing and the smallest payment."

The French tend to put between themselves and bankruptcy.

Dog Saves Another Dog From Death Beneath Wheels of Passenger Train

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 26.—Fritz, an Alredale pup, rescued Major, a huge Llewellyn setter, from death under a Baltimore & Ohio passenger train at Colerain avenue.

Major and Fritz, both owned by Fred Thiel, a bookkeeper, are inseparable companions.

The two dogs were playing on the railroad track. A rumble and a warning whistle, a flyer heaves into view around a curve 200 feet down the track. Fritz leaps from the path of the train, then looks back.

Major has fallen between the rails and is lying with his feet rigid in the air. He has been stricken with a fit and is paralyzed temporarily.

Harry Schramm, a barber, and Charles M. Hart, a mail carrier, rushed to the tracks, intent on rescuing Major, but Fritz beats them to it. He rushes to the spot where

Major lies. Scramm and Hart are not twenty feet behind him.

Fritz grasps Major by the back of the neck and with a desperate pull hauls him over the rail a few seconds before the train crashes by Schramm and Hart, wonder struck, attempt to lift Major up, but a warning growl from Fritz stops them.

Pausing only the fraction of a minute, Fritz again takes Major by the scruff of the neck and drags him down a declivity, 75 feet to Thiel's saloon. There, standing guard over his companion, he licks Major's face and, in a few moments, Major comes out of his coma. Hart and Schramm report the incident to a disbelieving crowd.

Eugene Weatherly, night chief of detectives, a dog lover, heard the story. All of today he spent in locating Schramm and Hart, who reiterated the story of the rescue.

BY STANLEY

HOLD ER NEWT SHES AREARIN

ALL THY FIREMEN IN THE CITY WEAR THIS KID!

YOU SAY IT'S A ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT?

NO-NO-IT LOOKS LIKE A DOG AND GOAT!

HOLIDAY CLEANOUT SALE—ALL FLAT IRONS, KETTLES, AND WANDLES, HALF PRICE.

THE SUN GOT SO HOT BY NOON THAT BERTRAM BUZZARD WHO CAME OVER FROM HOOTSTOWN TO SHOW OFF HIS NEW CHRISTMAS FUR COAT WAS FORCED TO CARRY IT ON HIS ARM THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON.

STANLEY

NEA SERVICE

STANLEY

NEA SERVICE



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

PETER HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE.
By Thornton W. Burgess.

In loneliness and discontent Too many lives are sadly spent. —Peter Rabbit.

Winter had come to stay. The Smiling Pool was locked in ice. Snow covered the Green Meadows, the Old Orchard and the Old Pasture. It lay all through the Green Forest. All the trees were bare excepting those which, like the pines, the hemlocks, the spruces and cedars, hold their green leaves the year round. Johnny Chuck had been asleep for two months. So had Nimbleheels the Jumping Mouse. Striped Chipmunk had long since retired, although he would occasionally pop his head out for a look around. Buster Bear, Mrs. Bear and the twins, also Bobby Coon, had gone to bed for the winter as soon as things had frozen up so that they could no longer find food. Most of the birds were down in the Sunny South.

Peter Rabbit was a wee bit lonesome. He missed these friends and neighbors who had gone to sleep or gone away. There would be days at a time when he could find no one to talk.

"I don't see why they all go away just because of a little cold weather," grumbled Peter as he hunted for someone to talk to in the Green Forest one morning.

This wasn't quite true. Peter did know. He knew that it was a matter of food. He knew that he could sleep through the winter and those who go away to the Sunny South do so to keep from starving to death. But Peter can always find something

to eat, and sometimes it is hard for him to realize that these others cannot do the same thing.

He tried to find his big cousin, Jumper the Hare. But Jumper was not at home. He was out foraging. He looked for his old friend, Mrs. Grouse, but he couldn't find her. In fact, Peter couldn't find anybody, and he was just aching to talk to someone. So he wandered about aimlessly, growing more and more lonesome and discontented.

At last he came to a swampy part of the Green Forest where grew many cedar trees. It was dark and gloomy looking in there. It made Peter more than aching to talk to someone. So he wandered about aimlessly, growing more and more lonesome and discontented.

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imagined it. It certainly did sound like the voice of—

Just then Peter heard that sound again. It was a voice. Yes, sir, it was a voice. There was no doubt about that, and if Peter could trust his ears at all it was the voice of an old friend. He waited until he heard it a third time, and then he turned and scampered straight into that cedar swamp as fast as his legs would take him, for it was from there that that voice had come.

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Peter Hunts in Great Excitement."

TWO HELD FOR DEATH AT "CHRISTMAS PARTY"

Shelby, Ohio, Dec. 26.—Two men last night were being held on charges of murder in connection with the death Sunday of Ralph Longley, 32, after he drank moonshine whiskey at a "Christmas party."

Two other men were being held on charges of being blinded and a score made.

Cynthia Gray's MAIL BOX

I wish to thank Chirper, Mrs. Fatty, A Real Lancashire Lass and one other boxite, who did not sign her pen-name, but who lives in the city, for the Christmas cards.

CYNTHIA GRAY.

Father of 21.—If you are still in need of help, send your name and address and I will publish your letter.

Who is K. K. Katy?

Dear Miss Grey.—I saw in the Mail-Box where K. K. Katy was offering some recitations, and I would like some. I will include shyness for the Sick Children's Hospital, and would you please send the enclosed envelope to K. K. Katy?

WILD GRAPE.

I am sorry, but K. K. Katy's address is not on the family list, but I am sure when she sees this letter she will send it in, so that I can forward it to her. Many thanks, Wild Grape, for the enclosed "plaster" for our hospital fund.

A Plum Pudding.

Dear Miss Grey and Boxites.—I saw my last letter in print last evening, so thought I would write again. The last time