

THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

Ere the daylight quite died out the squaw took the two men to the crown of a white hill. She looked out across the virgin carpet of towering pines below them and pointed with one blanket-covered arm outstretched. She was silent while she indicated several points in the vast panorama stretched out before her. Then she tried to tell them something.

But her language was the language of her tribe, and neither of the men could understand her. Then she spoke in the language of signs which all Indians speak so well.

She raised her hand, pointing eastward, till it poised directly overhead. Then she pointed to her feet, and her hand moved slowly in a northern direction, after which she made a running movement with her feet. Then she bent her body and appeared to be gazing about her, searching. Finally she pointed to two very large trees which stood out alone and apart. Then again came the motion of running, which finished quickly, and she pointed first to Nick's face and then to herself. After that she stood motionless, with arms folded over her bosom. And the two men read her meaning.

At daylight they were to start out northward and travel until mid-day. Then they were to halt and search the outskirts of the forest until they found two mammoth trees standing apart. The space between them was the mouth of a pathway into the heart of the forest. They were to traverse this path a short distance, and they would discover the White Squaw.

Ralph nodded his head slowly in token of comprehension. He waited to see if she had aught further to say. But the woman remained standing where she was, slightly aloof and with her arms folded. Her sleepy eyes were watching the last dying gleam of daylight away in the west. Suddenly out upon the still air, came a doleful cry. It was long-drawn-out and mournful, but it travelled as mountain cries will travel. It came waving upon the air with a certain rise and fall in it like the rippling surface of water. It rose up, up, and then reluctantly died out. The men listened and looked in the direction whence it came, and, as they looked, a feeling of awe swept over them. In a rush the old dread awoke, and their gaze was filled with the expression of it.

Out to the west the forest lay spreading far and wide; and within a few hundred yards of them stood the mighty sentry-trees which the squaw had pointed out. But now between them, breaking up the dead white carpet which covered the earth, the tall form of the Hooded Man stood silhouetted. Grim and ghostly he looked, as, motionless, he gazed upon the watchers.

Maddened with superstition and with the instinct of self-defence urging within his bosom, Nick unslung his rifle. And, ere Ralph could stay him, a shot rang out, echoing away into the distance over the tree-tops. The figure had disappeared; and the unblemished carpet of snow was as it had been before. Nick stood aghast, for he was a dead shot. Ralph gazed helplessly at the spot where the man had stood.

Suddenly Nick gasped. "It—it ain't human."

And Ralph had no answer to make. Then presently they turned to where the Moosefoot squaw had stood. She, too, had gone; vanished as completely as had the Hooded Man. There was the trail of her snow-shoes ruffling the snow, and the men ran following it as far as the forest edge; but here they stood. They could follow no further. Night was upon them. And slowly they returned to camp.

The next day they continued their journey with almost fanatical persistency. They found no sentry-trees such as the squaw had described. Forest, yes; but where in that region could they fail to find forest? But the abode of the White Squaw was nowhere to be found.

That night they decided upon their next move in the quiet, terse manner of men who cannot bring themselves to speak of the strange feelings which possess them; who are ashamed of their own weakness, and yet must acknowledge it to themselves.

"An'to-morrow—" said Nick, glancing apprehensively around beyond the fire over which they were sitting fighting the deadly cold of the night.

"To-morrow?" echoed Ralph. "Where?" asked Nick, looking away towards the south.

Ralph followed the direction of his brother's gaze. "Um." And he nodded. "What—south?" "South."

"An' the Wh—" Ralph shook his head and smoked on solemnly.

CHAPTER V.

Down the sharp incline Nick ran beside his dogs; Ralph was close behind. They were home once more in their own silent valley, and were pushing on to avoid the coming snowstorm which the leaden hue of the sky portended. So the dogs were rushed along at a great pace, for the dugout was beyond, a full hour distant.

It had been a weary journey, that return from the quest of the White Squaw. But the weariness had been mental. The excitement of their going had eaten up the spirit and left them with a feeling of distressing lassitude. They were sobered; and, as men recovering from drunkenness, they felt ashamed, and their tempers were uncertain. But as the string of huskies raced down into the valley they knew so well, yelping a joyful greeting to the familiar objects about them, the men began to feel better, and less like those who are detected in unworthy actions.

The dogs emerged upon their original outward-bound trail, and pursued it along the edge of the forest. They needed no urging, and even set a pace which taxed all their masters' speed. The sight of the familiar scenes had banished the "Dread of the Wild" from the minds of the two men, and they cheered visibly as they approached the frost-bound river below their home. There were no stealing glances into the gloomy shelter of the woods, no nervous backward turns of the head. They looked steadily ahead for the glad sight of their home; and the snap of the crisp snow under the heavy-footed dogs, and the eager, steady pull on the traces, brought a cheerful light to their eyes such as had not been there for days.

But although they had failed to discover the White Squaw, she was by no means forgotten. A certain sense of relief had followed their first moments of keen disappointment, but it was only a revulsion of their straining nerves; thoughts of her, which were perhaps less fiery, reckless, and consequently more enduring, still possessed them.

Ralph was especially calm. He had thought the whole thing over in his deliberate fashion, and finally admitted to himself that what had happened was for the best. Nick was less easy. His disappointment had slightly soured an already hasty but otherwise kindly disposition. He needed something of his brother's calm to balance him. But, however, in both cases, somewhere deep down in their hearts, the fateful flame of fascination for the creature of their imagination was still burning—a deep, strong, unquenchable fire.

They were almost home. Before them lay the frozen waterway. Beyond that, and above, the hill, on the face of which stood their shack. The lead dog plunged down the bank, and the rest followed, whilst Ralph and Nick steadied the laden sled. The brief passage was made, and Ralph's whip drove the willing beasts at the ascent beyond. Then, ere the sled had left the river, and while the dogs still struggled in their harness to lift its nose over what was almost a cut bank, and when the forceful driving of Nick was most needed, the whip suddenly became idle, and his stock of driving curses changed to a shout of alarmed surprise.

Down he dropped upon his knees, and with head bent low examined the disturbed surface of the snow. In an instant Ralph was at his side. The dogs had ceased to pull, and crouched down in their traces. A strange and wonderful thing happened. In their absence their valley had been invaded, and the indications were those of human agency.

Nick pointed, and his outstretched forefinger moved slowly over a footprint indicating the sharp, clear outline which the surface of the snow still retained. A moosassin-covered foot had trodden there; and the mark left was small, smaller than that of an ordinary man.

Presently Ralph raised his eyes and looked ahead. Step by step he traced the marks on up the hill in the direction of the dugout, and at last silent speculation gave place to tense, low-spoken words.

"Injun moosassin," he said. "Guess so, by the seamin'."

"Tain't a buck neche, neither,"

"No." There was an impressive pause, and the silence seemed weighted with an atmosphere of gloomy presage.

Nick broke it, and his voice had in it a harsh ring. The fire of passion was once more alight in his eyes.

"It's a squaw's," he cried. "Yes, sure; a squaw's." And Ralph swallowed a deep breath, as though his surroundings stifled him.

A thrill of emotion moved both men. There had leapt within them, in one great overwhelming tide, all the old reckless craze for the shadowy creation of Victor's story. At the mere suggestion of a squaw's presence in that valley their blood-tide surged through their veins like a torrent of fire, and pulses were set beating like sledge-hammers. A squaw! A squaw! That was their cry. Why not the White Squaw?

Whilst Ralph gazed on ahead, Nick still bent over the footprint. The delicate shape, the deep hollow of the ball of the foot, the round cup which marked the heel, and between them the narrow, shallow indentation which formed the high-arched instep. In fancy he built over the marks the tall, lithe, straight-limbed creature Victor had told them of. He saw the long flowing hair which fell in a shower upon her shoulders, and the beautiful eyes blue as the sky. In a moment his tanned face was transformed and became radiant.

And Ralph—Ralph the quiet, Ralph the thoughtful! He had turned from his brother hugging his own anticipations to himself, and concealing them behind a grim mask of impassivity. His eyes were bright, but he told himself that it was impossible. He told himself the She lived in the north, and not even the chase of the far-travelling moose could have brought her hither from her forest home. These things he said in his caution, but he did not listen to the voice, and his heart beat in greatly bounding pulsations.

Suddenly Nick sprang from the ground, and short and sharp came his words.

"Let's git on." "Ay," replied Ralph, and he turned back to the sled.

And again the dogs laid foot to the ground; and again the voice of Nick roused the hollow echoes of the shimmering peaks; again the song of the sled-runners rose and fell in cadence brisk and sharp by reason of the still, cold air. But all the world was changed to the men. The stillness was only the stillness which appeals to the physical senses. There was a sensation of life in the air; a feeling of living surroundings; a certain knowledge that they were no longer alone in their valley. A woman was present—the woman.

The widening break of the forest gave place to a broad sloping expanse of snow-land. It was the hill down which they had travelled many thousands of times. The dugout was not yet in view; there was a scored and riven crag, black and barren, impervious to the soft caresses of velvety snow, to be passed ere the home which was theirs would be sighted. Besides, as yet neither of the men had turned their eyes from the trailing footprints to look ahead. And so they came to the higher ground whence they could look down upon the world, upon all except those cold sentries of countless ages.

(To be continued.)

WANTED A SALUTE.

Czar's Boy Said He Would Not Tell His Father.

A good story of the six-year-old Czarevitch is now going the rounds of society in St. Petersburg. His Imperial Highness is, of course, greeted with a salute wherever he passes a sentry in the palace precincts. Recently, however, it became evident that the honor so much gratified the young Prince that many unnecessary excursions were being made past the box of a certain sentry, the customary salute being accorded every time. The matter reached the ears of his father, who, to give his son a lesson, issued orders that in future no notice should be taken of the Czarevitch's comings and goings by the sentries. The dismay of the heir was profound when, on passing his favorite sentry box the next morning he found that his presence was ignored. In childish indignation he went to the sentry and demanded the reason of the omission. "It is by the Czar's orders," was the reply. This seemed at first to settle the matter, but after a few moments cogitation the Royal youngster approached the sentry again and said, pleadingly: "Please just do it this once, and I promise you father shan't hear anything about it."

It is no use holding up the divine throne if you're treading on the children's toes to do it.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

SOME QUEER FISH IN THE SEA

SOME OF THEM ARE CERTAINLY STRANGE.

Lophius Piscatorius Lights Lamps and Lures Finny Tribe to Destruction.

It is well known that in various parts of the world, fish are caught at night by displaying lights. The fish come to gaze at this unusual sight and are then easily speared or netted; but it may not be so well known that there is a species of fish which uses this very device on its own account. "Lophius piscatorius" is the proper name of this very intelligent individual, but he answers readily to his more ordinary name of the angler. He would laugh at the notion of such a clumsy apparatus as artificial lights, boats, spears, nets, or indeed, any tools whatever but such as can be carried so to speak, in his own pocket. Like some other anglers, he is not at all active and prefers to spend his time in the mud at the bottom of the sea. This being so, he has little use for fins to swim with, and therefore uses them in other ways.

PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHTS.

His two side fins are very strong and large, but they look more like a short, clumsy leg and foot than real fins, and the fins on his back he has turned into long thin filaments; on one or two of these he hangs phosphorescent lights. Curiously shaped filaments grow out all round his sides, looking something like a seaweed. When he is hungry he lights his lamps, and foolish fish come to investigate this strange appearance, an enormous mouth opens beneath them, and in one huge gulp folly pays the price of foolishness. The angler then puts out his light. That these methods pay fairly well is shown by the fact that these fish sometimes grow to five feet in length and are proportionately broad and heavy. It can thus be seen that fins may be made to serve other purposes as well as swimming.

ODD MODE OF TRAVEL.

The sucking-fish, remora, is another case in point. He is exceedingly fond of travelling, and having no money to pay his fares has learned now to gratify his taste cheaply and satisfactorily. The fin which most fish wear about the middle of the back he prefers to have on the top of his head, and this fin he has turned into a most effective sucker; with this he fastens himself like a limpet to the underside of a whale, a shark or anything that represents in his mind an express train. So he is carried along at a far greater rate than he could achieve for himself and with no trouble or expense. Let it be said to his credit that he does no harm to his temporary locomotive, but honorably catches fish for himself; a free passage is all he wants and he never thinks of waiting for an invitation. As he only grows about two feet long and is very slim we daresay a dozen of him would not trouble a whale much.

STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL.

There is another family of fish which are certainly strange, but it is because they are strangely beautiful. Their family name is Chaetodont, and they are commonly called butterfly fish on account of their magnificent coloring. Those who are accustomed to see fish mostly in a shop, or as a small portion of food on a plate, would hardly believe the extraordinary brilliance of color which some of these butterflies of the deep can boast of. Before me is a small fish, about eight inches long. Its body seems made of burnished bronze, shading off into copper above and below, and into shining gold at the tail. Not satisfied with this, it wears narrow stripes of gold running from head to tail over the whole body. The fins are edged with a narrow ribbon of forget-me-not blue shading into white, and the head is decorated in the same way. A more gorgeous effect it would be difficult to imagine.

ANGEL FISH.

Closely related to him is the angel fish, whose coloring is equally splendid, though his taste differs. This beautiful creature is clothed in green, so dark on the back as to be almost black, and shading off into a pale apple green beneath. The tail and smaller fins resemble flames, growing from the tips into vivid orange, changing at the tips into faint gold. The larger fins exhibit the following colors in shaded bands—purple, green, yellow and crimson, surrounded by an edge of sky blue.

BOTH COMPATIBLE.

"I hear that Dickies has his business in a hole." "Why, I heard he was making money at it." "So he is. You see, his business is digging sewers."

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MOTORS FOR OCEAN LINERS.

Large Number of Craft Will be Utilizing Oil for Fuel.

So satisfactory are the developments in connection with motor-propelled vessels, that persons well competent to judge think that within the next five years a large number of boats without boilers or funnels will be crossing the Atlantic.

An 8,000 ton motor boat for the transport of cargo is being built at Hamburg, Germany, for the Hamburg-American Line, and a good deal is understood to depend on the result of this initial experiment.

A passenger and cargo liner of 5,000 tons, equipped with internal combustion engines, is about to be laid down by a Clyde, Scotland, firm. The vessel is intended for a Danish company, and in her case will be possible to start the engines in five minutes, as compared with the fifteen hours required to raise steam with boilers.

It is also estimated that 100 tons of oil will take a liner as far as three hundred tons of coal. At Middlesborough, England, orders have been booked for two Norwegian whalers, to be driven by Diesel motors, while at Wallsend, a large freighter similarly propelled is being completed for service on the Canadian canals and lakes.

"A GOOD-SEND TO HUMANITY." This is what the DOCTORS say about UTOR. Rev. Will Pugsley is the discoverer of UTOR. UTOR has cured barbed wire cuts, and blood-poisoning, dog bites, rope burns on horses without a scar. For caked udders and sore teats on cows it has no equal.

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Pills are to be avoided as much as possible. FAX-R-FAX are put up in Tabloid form and sold at only 25c a box. Put 25c in an envelope and send to UTOR REMEDY CO., 126 Yorkville Ave., Toronto, and we will send you a box of UTOR, also a free box of FAX-R-FAX and UTOR WONDER BOOK. Write to-day. Agents wanted.

FRENCH PENSION SCHEME.

Twelve Million Workers Affected if Legislation is Enacted.

In the compulsory old-age pension plan put forward by the French Government, which is designed to supplement the present voluntary system, it is held by M. Cheron of the Department of Labor, that no less than 12,000,000 workers would benefit under the new law.

The contributory principle is to be compulsory in the case of all wage-earners of both sexes who are employed either in industry, commerce, agriculture or domestic service, or by the State, the territorial departments, or the communes, who are at present without title to a pension, and who in these capacities earn less than \$600 a year. Pensions are to be payable at the age of sixty-five. Workers may claim payment of their pensions in consequence of permanent disablement.

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AIRSHIP HAS EIGHT TANKS.

Will Have a Storage Capacity of 2,000 Gallons of Petrol.

Some additional particulars from a reliable source are to hand respecting the British naval airship now under construction at Barrow. The envelope constructed of a silk similar in character to that used in the latest Zeppelin, is divided into seven sections. Its length is given as 510 feet, its diameter is 48 feet, and its gas capacity 706,336 cubic feet. To each of the two sets of eight-cylinder Wolsley engines—each engine being rated at about 200 horse-power—there are attached eight sheet metal tanks.

Each tank has a storage capacity for 2,000 gallons of petrol, so that the total storage capacity of the tanks when full is 32,000 gallons. The tanks are welded together in oil tight sections. Consequently, accident or injury to any section would involve the loss of a minute fraction of the supply, and would not destroy the buoyancy of the airship. In consequence of these features of her equipment the airship is fitted with some 300 yards of aluminum piping. Her lifting capacity is estimated at 21 tons, as against 16 1-2 tons, the lifting capacity of the Zeppelin VIII., and her computed speed is 45 miles an hour, obtained from the three propellers, designed to run at 4,500 revolutions per minute. In order to minimize the weight, the framework has been constructed of the new alloy of aluminum known as "duralium," which is stated to be both lighter and stronger than the pure aluminum used in the construction of the German airships. From these particulars it is evident that the new airship is designed to undertake long voyages and to maintain efficiency, even if struck during an attack. As the tests to which all parts are being subjected are very thorough, it is not likely that the ship will be ready for her trial flight before May next.

WILLIE'S HANDICAP.

Little Willie was detected by his teacher in the act of stealing from one of his playmates. Instead of inflicting punishment, she concluded to try a moral lecture.

"Bear in mind, Willie, that these temptations can be resisted if you turn a deaf ear to them."

Willie's lip trembled as he replied: "But, teacher, I ain't got a deaf ear."

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