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On the Edge of the Barrens

By Stephen Allen Reynolds

Continued from Last Week

But Walsh was alive to the possibilities of the fog and darkness. He realized that Whisky West and his crew might take it into their heads to come ashore, surround the barrack, and shoot it full of holes.

The galvanized iron walls of the barrack were little better than no protection against "high power" bullets that could drill their way thru the steel bit of an ax.

True, some of the men—if not West himself—were either killed or wounded. But in any event there were men enough left to make it extremely dangerous for the men and girl at Seal Point.

With these thoughts passing thru his mind, Buck ate his supper. When he

"Summer has come—with wings," laughed Napier as he slapped at the pests.

The settings strung along the bunks, Buck placed the loaded carbines ready for instant service. He wore still the shoulder-holster, from which peeped the black-rubber butt of the automatic, and on the table close at hand lay the loaded service pistol.

"You can't be on the job day and night," ventured Napier, as Buck sat smoking and brooding over the prospects.

"I know it," said the other shortly. He rose as he spoke and took down from a peg a coil of sled-lashings. From a sack he produced the dog harnesses, packed away since the last snow.



Distinguished Conduct Medal being pinned on Corp. Cassell, hero of Ypres, by Mrs. Lovell, wife of the commander of Cassell's old regiment, at Alexandra Park, Montreal, Canada. This is the first time that the D.C.M. has been conferred on anyone outside the British Isles. Cassell received the medal for distinguished gallantry in keeping communication lines open during the battle of Ypres. He is an engineer, and after repairing cut wire was wounded, lying beyond the British lines for two days before being rescued.

had swallowed the last mouthful of savory food he filled his three pipes and lit the first.

"We'll have to keep watch," said Napier suddenly, as if he had read Buck's thoughts.

"Right, lad! But don't you worry about that."

And then Oolah spoke up. "If I can watch and listen thru the night I will be glad. The men of our tribe will soon be here. Then they will guard."

Quietly, sweetly, the mission-bred girl expressed herself. Her face lit up at the prospect of being able to render the king's men substantial service.

But Buck shook his head. "No, Oolah," he said. "There's more ways of killing a pig without drowning it in buttermilk."

Oolah wrinkled her pretty brows at this remark, then she lit the bracket-lamp.

Almost instantly a swarm of gnats and mosquitoes flew in thru the open doorway. Oolah hastened to close the door, while Buck rummaged around for the bunk settings packed away since the last warm season.

The harness of the one-eyed leader was hung with bells—a dozen of them.

Buck cut the bells from the walrus-hide trappings of Dr. Cook, and strung them at intervals along the buckskin thongs. These he knotted together end to end.

A light dawned upon the man in the bunk. Oolah seemed to understand, and looked on in silent approval. Buck picked up the coil and left the room.

Ten minutes later he returned, brushing mosquitoes from his face and neck.

"What did you find to string it on?" asked Napier. He knew that there was no wood from which to fashion pegs, and was curious to learn what Buck had used as supports for his alarm-line.

"Don't you remember that pile o' carbon anthers this side o' the pond?" Napier nodded. Then he asked:

"Won't the dogs chew up the line?"

"No!" Buck growled. "They're too fat to be hungry enough to chew hide. Dr. Cook can hardly waddle—he's so full o' fresh salmon. That alarm rig is O.K."

WRIGLEYS

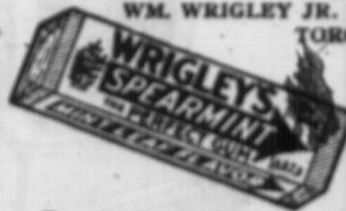


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