

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

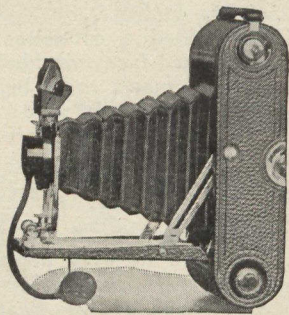
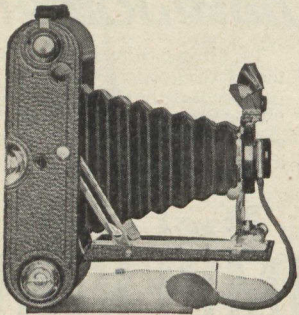
Put "KODAK" on that Christmas List

There's nothing, unless it be the after-delight in the pictures themselves, that more universally appeals to young and old than picture taking. And it's inexpensive now, for Kodak has made it so. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes—but none more popular than the simple and compact

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Box form Kodaks at \$5.00 to \$12.00 and Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) at \$1.00 to \$12.00 and high speed Kodaks with anastigmat lenses at \$40.00 to upwards of \$100.00 offer an infinite variety, but in none of them have we omitted the principle that has made the Kodak success—simplicity.

Kodak means Photography with the bother left out

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within sight of the abandoned settlement; the burned church and the store—and sure enough, crisp as fine-weather clouds over by the rim of the lake they saw the cones of tepees; the rust-brown lodges of Big Bear!

But why had the redskins gone back to Frog Lake? Here again was no reason. Impossible to get near enough for a close reconnoitre. In the shadow of a poplar bluff they waited and listened over the hard, untamed hills of the prairie land as yet untouched by the breath of spring; the huge, unconscionable silence with never a smoke from those tepees. And they said it was a trick. But what—and why?

They turned and rode back; the troopers three; something at least to tell Dickens and the garrison at Fort Pitt.

IT was crawling towards dusk when the three redcoats got close to the woods directly above the fort. It may be that one of them knew that something unusual would happen. But before any of them had time to think it out—they slammed by a shortcut in the creep of dusk, through the neck of woods that lay in a slight ravine not far from the old camp.

They were going a clip; and suddenly the poplars barked and spit and seemed to rise like living things. They were riding fair through the camp of Big Bear, cached up there in the bush—for the tepees at Frog Lake were only a blind, and the redskins scented that the redcoats, the *shomogonish*, would go snooping over that way; so they had, and they had seen them go in the morning; waited for them all day—three out of thirty.

Snap! went the guns. One horse went down. The head trooper got past, down the bank. Loasby fell from his horse, wounded; lay flat on the bank within sight of the glimmering fort.

Young Cowan's horse was shot under him, and he was fair in the lap of a hundred savages; just a boy of eighteen, and not time to swing his gun, before he was seized as a rabbit is clawed by a lynx—and by the ungentle hands of a pack of squaws he was lugged away into the glimmering shadow of the camp where the little twig fires were smudging, not much bigger than the eyes of a thousand redskins that glared through the brushwood.

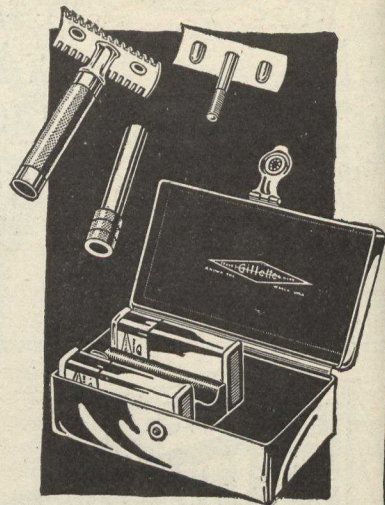
They did to the young recruit quite all they had intended to do to the thirty redcoats. While he was still alive he was cut to pieces. His tunic they tore it off; and his heart—

But why describe it; when weeks later the scouts of Col. Steele found the dried heart of young Cowan spitted on a stick beside what the coyotes had left of his body?

As for Loasby, he shammed clean death when the Indians came nosing about him, there in the dangerous open raked by the guns from the fort. When they went away he crawled down to the fort.

So Dickens and his garrison understood that night—that what had just happened to Cowan would soon come to all of them. There was but one way; the factor and the traders urged it on the unwilling police. The way was—for the police to get out, down the river, leaving the fort in the hands of the traders and their families; for it was as much of a certainty that Big Bear's crew would hurt not the hair of a trader's head, as it was certain that they would scalp and disembowel every hated redcoat they might find in the fort.

There never have been cowards among the mounted police. These men at Fort Pitt were as good as any. They had the traditions of the force to maintain. But they were in a jackpot. The certainty was that by staying and fighting like a trapped



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