

# RESURRECTION ROCK

by Edwin Palmer  
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## BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Had the voice of her father, dead on the battlefield in France, attempted to reach the ear of his daughter, ETHEL CAREW? She wondered and mystery piled on mystery. Bound to the home of her wealthy and grim old grandfather, LUCAS CULLEN, SENIOR, in St. Florentin, where he lived near the scene of his early struggle for the timber lands of northern Michigan, the girl had met the mysterious young stranger who called himself BARNEY LOUTRELLE. He had asked the way to Resurrection Rock, that island of mystery in Lake Huron, and then disclosed to Ethel a letter containing a message from Ethel's father. The letter was written at the time of the armistice. "But my father," cried Ethel, "was killed in June."

"Yes," he told me so," Loutrelle replied. "You don't mean father's alive and—?" Ethel began. "No," Loutrelle denied quickly. "No; no; you mustn't think of that." "Do you know Boyne across there?" he asked.

"You mean the little town? What's that to do with my father?" "If I knew, I'd tell you right out," he assured. "But as it is, the only way I see is to explain how that letter—and what followed—came to me; and that involves a good deal of talking about—"

"What?" "Myself," he said simply. She glanced up at him quickly. "I don't know where my own people lived, or what they were," Loutrelle continued. "But Boyne is much like this," he glanced about at the trees, "second growth woods, only a little older, and Indians like Asa Redbird."

"You mean—?" "I lived with them; yes, Miss Carew. Until I was seven years old. I thought I was an Indian myself. Some Chippewas—a good man, Azen Mabo and his wife—had me. He said this quite without bitterness, simply as a statement of a fact; but Ethel saw his lips press tightly together, involuntarily; his eyes gazed vacantly far away, and something within Ethel's breast seemed to tug and draw taut."

"I can tell me from another Indian—a man named Noah Jo, who had had a boat and moved around a good deal," Loutrelle went on. "He didn't find out much about me; for Noah Jo was sick when he sent for Azen and died about the time Azen got there. Azen took with me, Noah Jo's rifle and bow and arrow and some other things; one of them was a ring which Noah Jo said went with me. Azen showed it to me then, Miss Carew; and years later, he gave it to me. Would you like to see it?"

"Please," Ethel said, that strange tug pulling at her harder. What he was saying to her was not repeated or clearly told tale, she was sure. It was an old ring, not marked with a date, but of a fashion which suggested a century, or two centuries, gone.

"What did that mean to you?" she asked, holding it a moment longer before giving it back.

He considered it for a moment, holding it in the palm of his bare hand; they were proceeding slowly side by side. "Being a woman's ring," he said, "I supposed it was my mother's—whenever she was and however she happened to give it, and me, to Noah Jo. So I just kept the ring and tried not to think too much about her. Then the war came along, and I went."

"In 1917?" "I got in my own army then; but I had the luck to go just after the Marne, with the Canadians. I spent the winter of 1915-1916 in London. I was just a kid, temporarily on crutches, with a slight wound. "All England," Miss Carew—was full of people trying to get in touch with fellows who'd been reported killed, trying to reach their dead. You see 'Raymond' had recently been killed—"

"You mean—?" "Sir Oliver Lodge's son; yes, Miss Carew. His father and mother and friends were receiving messages which they published and which they were sure must be from him; and thousands of other people were getting communications which they believed must be from their men who'd been killed."

"Oh!" Ethel murmured again. She did not hear what he said during the next moments. They were still following, mechanically and without effort, the wide course of the old St. Florentin road. "I talked a lot about it," Loutrelle was saying when next she was conscious of hearing.

"Somebody that room seemed to know just about everything concerning me. And I found out that my father was dead, but my mother was living. The medium knew about my ring and Azen Mabo and Noah Jo; about my friends in Boyne high school—people I'd never mentioned to any one."

"How did she know?" "That's what gave me a jump. Of course, she might have learned those things, if she'd taken the trouble, or if Hus had sent a staff of detectives over here. Everything could have been learned naturally."

"Then why didn't you think it was?" "I haven't said it was learned unnaturally, but it was such a mixed lot of facts, Miss Carew. I'm normal, Miss Carew; I don't prefer weird explanations. But I admit I walked the streets of London that night."

"So you believed—?" "Nothing yet. The next day I had to go back to France. I was at the front; but Hus had stayed in London."

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don and kept trying to find out more for me, and on November seventh wrote me the letter I showed you. "About my father!"

"Yes. Then I got a special discharge. I wired Hus in London that I was coming. But he wired back not to come to England but to get passage to America; said he was writing in explanation. This letter came two days later."

He halted again and put his hand into his coat pocket, drawing out an envelope similar to the other and with English stamp and postmark. Ethel recognized the same vigorous handwriting.

Dear Barney: If you've never taken anything on trust before, take this from me, out top. Beat it for home—particularly to the town of St. Florentin in Northern Michigan. Do you know it?

Now I'll tell you why I'm ordering this. You'd say tosh and rot; but go! Particularly find a place named Resurrection or perhaps it's a house or a town near the water. Wait around. There'll be someone named Bagley there and Carew—not Philip Carew, I've mentioned before, unless there's another; maybe a relation. You're to tell Bagley you're Dick and you'll take things over. Now I don't know what this refers to, and neither will you, probably. But it's all I can find out. I don't think you'll learn more except by going. Only, believe me, if I were you, I'd go at once.

Hus. P. S.—You may have to look out when you get there. But you can see to yourself.

Ethel looked up. "Did anything follow this?"

"In explanation from Hus? No." He put his letter away and proceeded in silence. After a few minutes the trail left the road abruptly and vanished between the trees to the south.

"We're coming to an old lumber camp," Ethel said a little later. "No one's there now, but we keep one cabin sound and stocked with firewood."

Loutrelle pushed ahead and thrust open the weather-beaten door. He removed his skis and Ethel's also and stood them against the wall. Loutrelle closed the door, and a single, rudely glazed window lighted the interior. A telephone instrument was upon the wall. There was dry wood and brush under the chimney, and Loutrelle struck a match and started a blaze.

When vocal music was first broadcast by radio, the artists used to give the studio managers cause for worry. They would act while singing. This would lead them away from the microphone into whatever they were to send their voices and the result would be poor reception at the other end.

To forestall this acting, a clever manager hit upon the scheme of providing a miniature stage for the soloists. It is only a low wooden platform, but the singers feel more at home on it. At the same time the platform discourages them from moving about the room while singing.

**LONG-DISTANCE RECORD.** Summer static didn't bother the radio operator on the tug Onontia, which was anchored at Columbia River harbor, Astoria, Oregon, when he heard Atlanta recently. This is a distance of about 2,400 miles. It is considered a record in radio telephony and is the more interesting in that it was made during warm weather.

**1,000 RADIO PATENTS.** More than 1,000 patents have already been issued by the U. S. patent office, covering new designs of materials connected with radio. Between 2,000 and 3,000 patents are pending. With this work ahead of the officials for investigation and approval, the patent office is one of the busiest places in Washington.

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE.**

"WELL, MARTHA, M'DEAR—I CALLED ON MR. HOGAN TODAY ABOUT THAT POSITION IN THE RUG DEPARTMENT, AND IT WAS JUST MY LUCK THAT IT WAS TAKEN THIS MORNING!—REALLY, I FELT DISPIRITED AT NOT BEING PLACED, BECAUSE I HAD MY FANCY SET ON THAT PROJECT, Y'KNOW."

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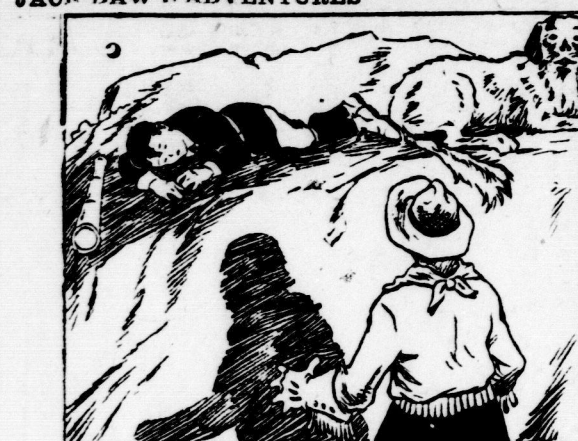
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## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



ALL NIGHT LONG JACK WAS KEPT ON WATCH. IT WAS A TRY-ING THING FOR HIM TO TRY AND KEEP HIS DOG AWAKE. THE HORSEMEN SUDDENLY APPEARED AND FOUND BOTH JACK AND FLIP SOUND ASLEEP.

After a few minutes, the bell rang. "Ah! Ethel!" her grandfather's voice recognized her with irritable welcome. "So you did come, did you?"

Ethel made the obvious response and inquired about him and about her grandmother, inquiries which he ignored.

"You're at the cabin at last, I suppose," he said.

"Bring him here with you," the old man ordered again and Ethel heard him hang up the receiver. Ethel crossed to the door and, opening it, looked for Loutrelle. He had tramped off through the snow, without putting on his skis, and evidently was exploring one of the old, dilapidated shacks on the other side of the road.

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"Wonder if he might be Bagley?" (To Be Continued.)

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BY AHERN.

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## FROSTING

A VERY simple frosting is made by mixing 4X confectioner's sugar with cream, hot water or fruit juice until of a consistency to spread. When fruit juice is not used add a few drops of vanilla or any preferred flavoring extract. Fresh strawberry or raspberry juice makes a very pretty colored frosting, and orange—a very good tasting one. If chocolate is desired, melt one ounce or one square and add confectioner's sugar until of the right consistency.

light, for Her Daddy Over There," also the old song, "Just as the Sun Went Down." I wonder if there were many Boxites very fond of music as I am. I am also a lover of flowers. I like every kind, and think all flowers are lovely.

Miss Grey, in my last letter, which was written over two months ago, you did not recognize me, because I changed my pen-name. Don't you know your old Boxite? I used to sign my name as Miss A. B. W. Do you remember now? I was just thinking I have joined your cosy corner over a year ago, so hope I am one of your friends now. Will close now, Miss Grey, so I will sign as before.

**PETROLEA READER, NO. 2.** Of course I remembered you as soon as you gave your former pen-name. How in the world did you expect me to remember you when you changed your pen-name and did not give your name and address? Did you think I would remember your writing? I wish the Boxites wouldn't change their names, unless it is a case of two persons taking the same name, as it is rather confusing some times. Thank you for sending in the songs, which may be asked for during the winter months.

**WHERE ARE THE LANCA-SHIRE FOLKS?**

Dear Miss Grey,—Now where are all the Lancashire folks just lately? I have been looking forward to another of those interesting hikes. Nobody took us around Boggart Hole Clough, as was requested. I wonder if any of the Lancashire folks came from any of the following districts: Denton, Gorton, Reddish, Longsight, and last, but not least, Black