

# THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall  
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**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**

BEN DARRY, a prisoner, is paroled to an old friend of the Darry family because it is proven by a noted alienist that Ben is a victim of amnesia. The old friend, EZRA MELVILLE, takes Ben on a journey to the Yuba River to locate on a rich claim left by Ezra's dying brother, HIRAM MELVILLE. In Seattle lives Jeffrey Neilson, leader of Ray Brent and CHAN HEMINWAY, notorious crooks. They plan to steal the claim left by Melville and locate there before his brother can arrive. Brent is in love with Neilson's beautiful daughter, BEATRICE. When Ezra and Ben arrive at the north woods, the latter's memory suddenly returns. On the road to Snowy Gulch, where they were to procure supplies and call for FENRIS, pet of the deceased Hiram, Ben and Ezra meet a frontiersman. While Ben is otherwise engaged, Ezra learns from the traveler that Neilson and his gang have started toward Hiram's claim. Not wanting to endanger Ben's life, Ezra suggests that Darry go alone to Snowy Gulch, leaving Ezra to travel toward their destination. At Snowy Gulch Ben finds Fenris to be a wolf that has just broken loose and stands ready to destroy a beautiful girl.

**GO ON WITH THE STORY**

THE fangs were bared, gleaming in foam, the hair stood erect on the powerful shoulders; and instantly Ben recognized its breed. It was a magnificent specimen of that huge, gaunt runner of the forest, the Northern wolf.

He knew this breed—this savage, blood-mad, fierce-eyed creature that turned, snarling, at his approach. Fenris was only a fellow wilderness creature, a pack brother of the dark forests, and he had no further cause for fear.

"Fenris!" he ordered sharply. "Come here!" His voice was commanding and clear above the animal's snarl.

There followed a curious, long instant of utter silence and infinite suspense.

"Down, Fenris," Ben said again. "Down!"



"THERE'S NOTHING I CAN SAY—TO THANK YOU!" THE GIRL WAS MURMURING.

Then slowly, steadily, Ben moved toward him. Watching unbelieving, Morris saw the fierce eyes begin to lose their fire. The stiff hair on the shoulders fell into place, tense muscles relaxed.

Ben stood beside him now, his hand reaching. "Down, down," he cautioned quietly. Suddenly the wolf crouched, covering, at his feet.

Ben straightened to find himself

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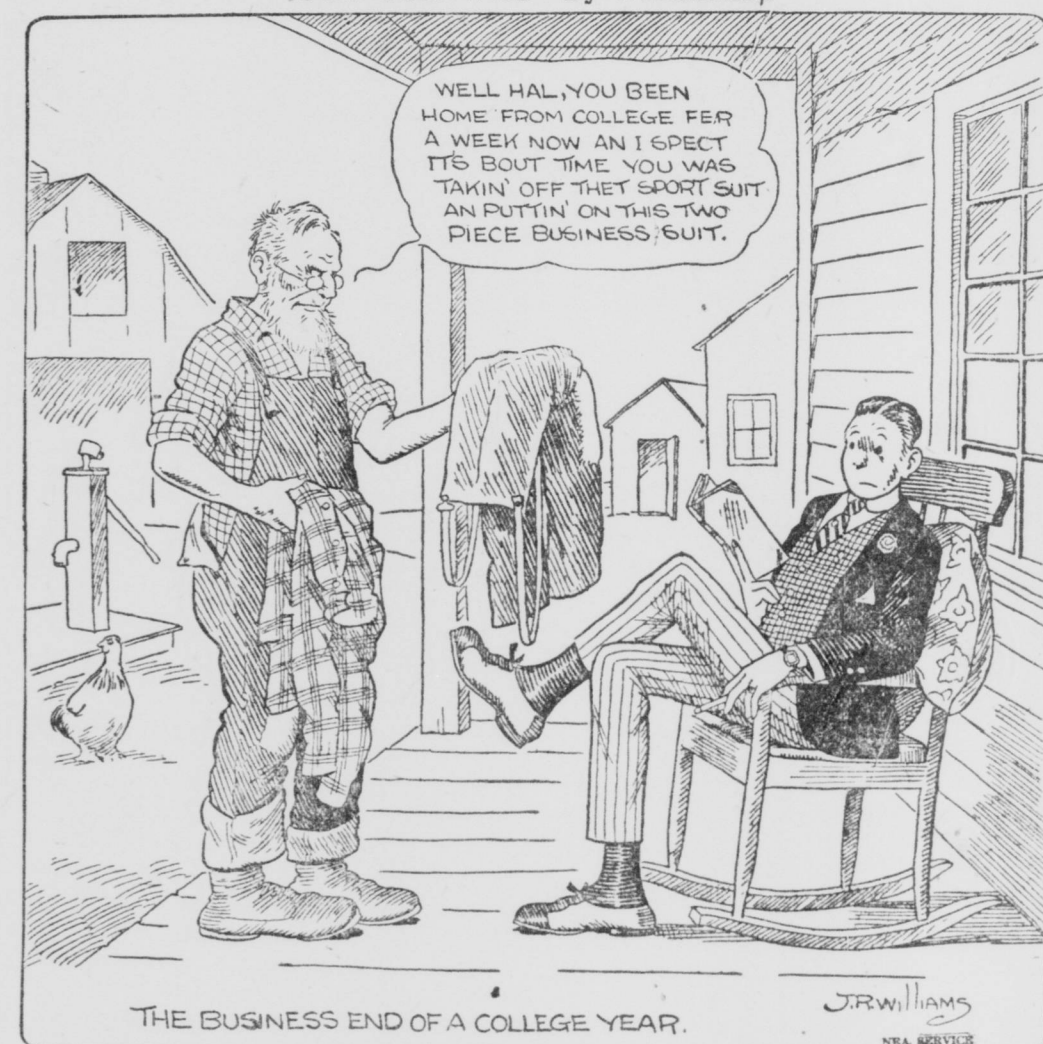
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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



## THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



knew perfectly that at that moment he was occupying one of Hiram Melville's cabins.

"He hasn't come up this way?" Ben asked casually.

"He hasn't come through here that I know of. Of course I'm working at my claim—with my partners—and he might have gone through without our seeing him. It seems rather unlikely."

"He told me, in a few minutes

## Fifty-Fifty



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

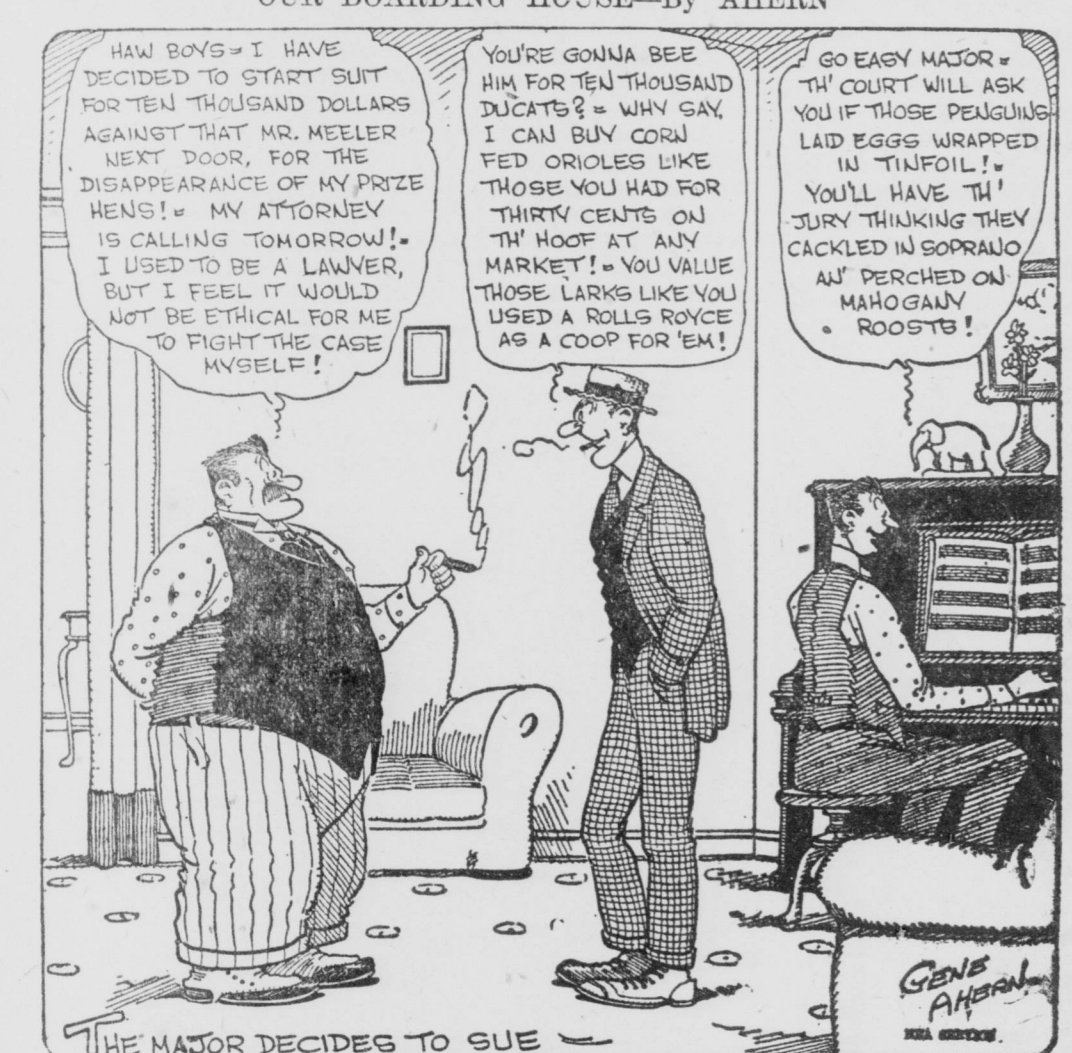


## Scrape This on Your Stradivarius

## —By AL POSEN



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



When the night had come down in full, and as he sat about the glowing coals of his supper fire, he had time to devote serious thought to the fate of Izram.

Impelled by an urge within himself Ben suddenly knelt beside his lupine friend. He could not understand the flood of emotion, the vague sense of impending and dramatic events that stirred him to the quick. He only knew, with a knowledge akin

**Buils Pocket Nest**

LONDON, June 13.—A wren has made her nest in a pocket of an old army blouse. An ex-soldier had left the tunic hanging in a sawmill at Linslade Bucks.

Spring-cleaning the Leviathan recently employed more than 1,000 men for five weeks, and two miles of new carpets were laid.