

# THE SKYLINE OF SPRUCE

by Edson Marshall  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue)

"TELL me about it," he said at last, casually. "I was thinking of making a boat and going down on a prospecting trip. 'I'll tell you about it, and then I think you'll change your mind. The first cataract is the one just above where we first saw the river—coming in; then there's this mile of quiet water. From that point on the Yuga flows into a gorge. The walls are just about straight up on each side, and of course are absolutely impassable. For nearly two hundred miles the river is considered impassable for boats. Two hundred and fifty miles or so below there is an Indian village—but they never try to go down the river from here."

"And after you've once got into the rapids, there's no getting out—or landing?"

"Of course not. I suppose there are places where you might get on the bank, but the gorge above is impassable."

"You couldn't follow the river down—with horses?"

"Yes, in time. Of course it would be slow going, as there are no trails, the brush is heavy, and the country is absolutely unexplored. If any criminal—or any one like that—could take down this river in a canoe in high water—and get through into that great, virgin, trackless country a hundred miles below, it would be impossible to get him out."

"—are you going to make a boat to hold off and kill a dozen?" Ben's hands shook, and he looked them behind him. "They call that country—what?"

"Back there. That's all I've ever heard it called—'Back There.'"

"I must be going now," the girl said. "My father pretty near goes crazy when I stay away too long."



"IT'S MY LAST WARNING. TURN QUICK, OR I'LL FIRE," SHE SAID.

His mind seemed to leap and gather her words. She was the joy and the pride of the old man's life. And Ray Brent, the stronger of Neilson's two subordinates, loved her too.

"To strike at them indirectly—through some one they love—such had been his greatest wish."

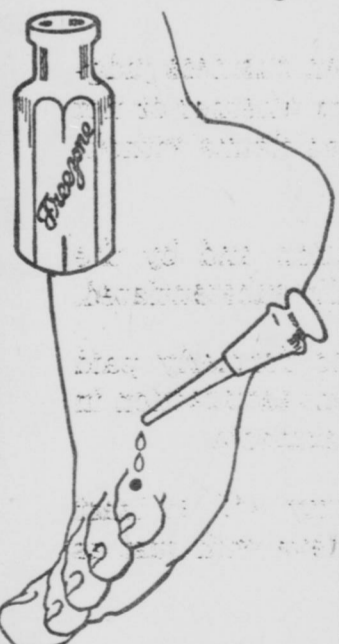
"Goodbye," the girl was saying. "I'll see you soon."

He turned toward her, a smile at his lips. His voice held steady when he spoke.

"It'll have to be soon, if at all," he replied. "I've got to really get to work in a few days. How about a

## CORNS

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## BETTER HEALTH FOR WOMEN

Any woman who will stop and consider the result of a questionnaire recently sent out by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., will in all fairness admit the value of the old-fashioned root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Fifty thousand replies were received, and 18 out of every 100 women stated they had been benefited or "restored to health by its use. This means better health for American women. It will surely pay any woman who suffers from any ailment or weakness peculiar to her sex to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.—Advertisement.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

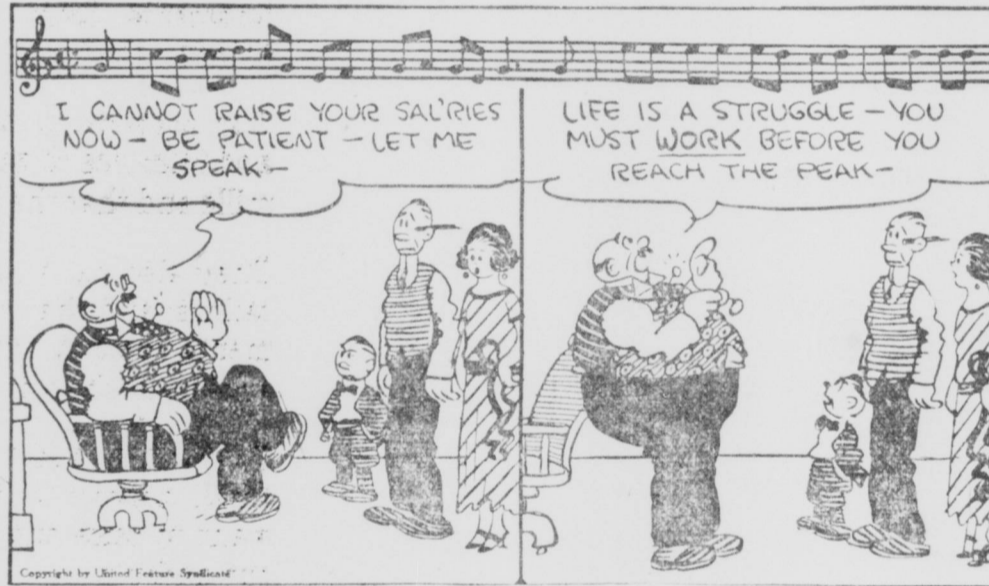


OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

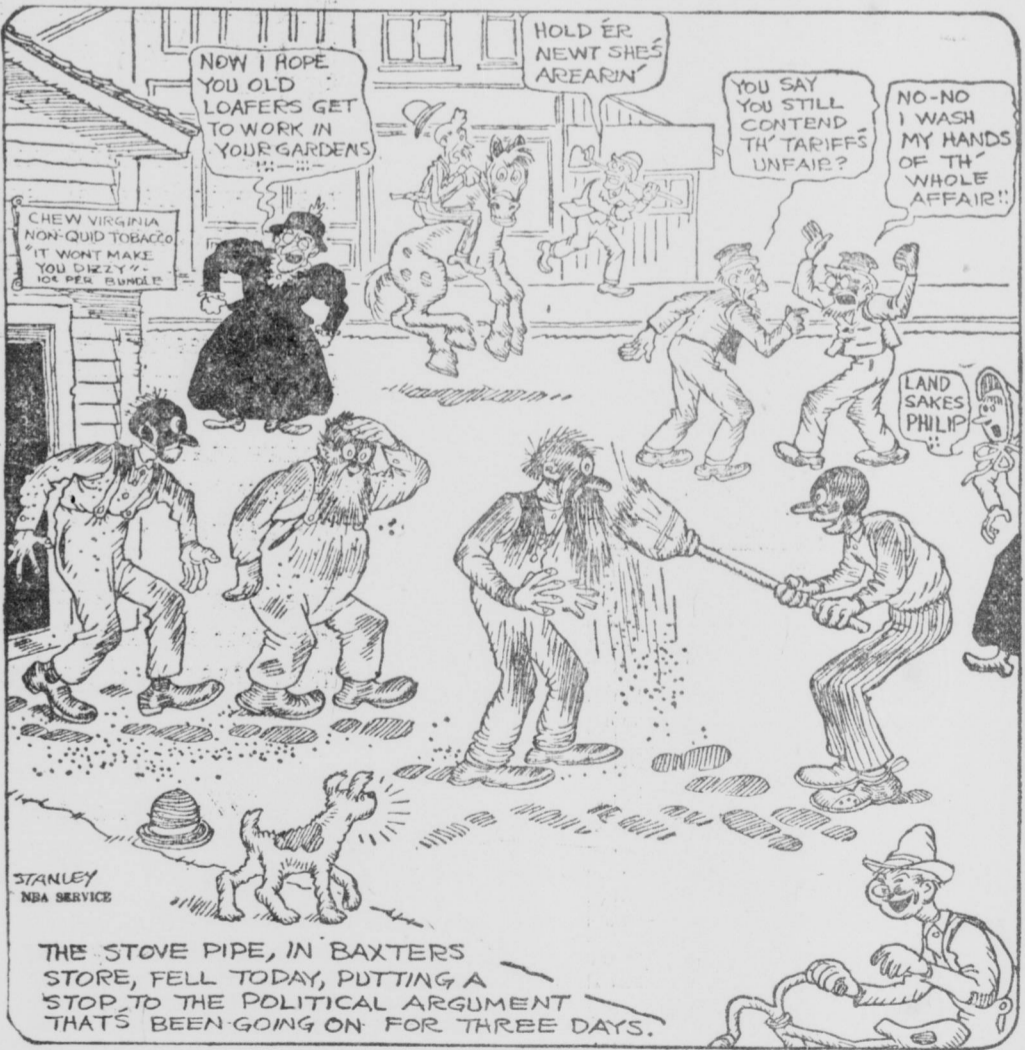


THEIR FIRST QUARREL. J. Williams

## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE STOVE PIPE, IN BAXTERS STORE, FELL TODAY, PUTTING A STOP TO THE POLITICAL ARGUMENT THATS BEEN GOING ON FOR THREE DAYS.

was farther distant now, and the bullet went wild. The pistol was empty. He turned back to his cabin for his rifle.

## CHAPTER X

### The Stream of Death

"We'd better keep on going to our landing place," Ben advised. "There's no place to land above it—I went all over the shore this morning. That will give him time to cool down. I only want to get around this curve

before he comes with his rifle."

"Turn into the shore," she told him, half-whispering. "You still have time to steer into shore. I'll jump overboard if you don't."

He shook his head. "Don't jump overboard, Beatrice," he answered. "It isn't my purpose to kill you—and to jump over into this stream only means to die."

The girl knew he spoke the truth. "What do you mean to do?" she

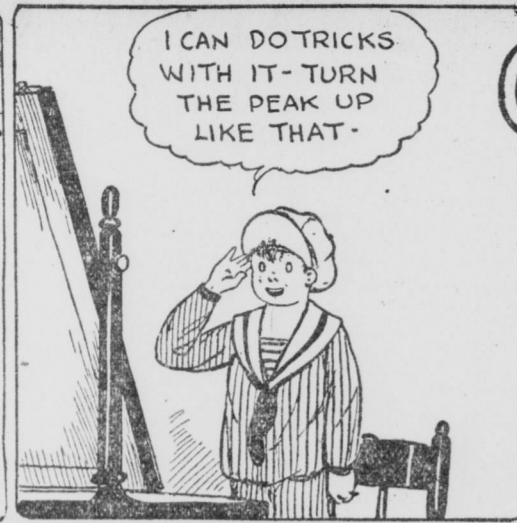
asked.

"It's just a little debt I owe your father—and his gun," Ben explained. "I'll tell you some time, in the days to come. It was a debt of blood."

The girl's dark eyes charged with red fire. "And you, a coward, take your payment on a woman. Turn the canoe into the bank."

"You're safe with me—the daughter of Jeff Neilson can't ever be any-

## A Suitable Present



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## Begin This on Your Banjo

## —By AL POSEN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



So, THAT'S THAT

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## To Develop Flanner House

Mrs. Ed Jackson has been elected president of the Flanner House board for the ensuing year. A colored community center is operated. Others elected: Dr. H. L. Hummons, vice president, Mrs. W. C. Smith, secretary, and

## Religious Attitude Urged

Loyalty to the fundamental ideals of patriotism, and love of God and country were urged by the Rev. Albert V. Deery, in addressing graduates at commencement exercises at St. Anthony's school Thursday night. Without religion there can be no education worthy of its name, Father Deery said.

U. Z. Wiley, treasurer. A five-year development plan was agreed on.