



## THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue)

He fought like the wolf that was his blood brother—lunging, striking down, recoiling out of harm's way, and springing forward to strike again.

The old exhilaration and rapture of battle flashed through him as he swung his axe, sending home blow after blow.

He danced about the shaggy, bleeding form of the bear, escaping the smashing blows of the bear with miraculous agility. But at last the grizzly lunged too far. Ben sprang aside, just in time. He aimed a terrific blow just at the base of the skull.

The silence descended quickly thereafter. The blow had gone straight home, and the last flicker of waning life fled. Ben stood waiting to see if another blow was needed. Then the axe fell from his hands.

For a moment he stood as if dazed. But soon he remembered Fenris and walked unsteadily to his side.

The wolf, however, was already recovering from the blow. He had been merely stunned. Once more Ben turned to the mouth of the cavern.

Sobbing and white as the moonlight itself, Beatrice met him at the doorway.

### PART THREE

#### The Taming

#### CHAPTER XIII

#### Fenris Is Restless

Ben rose at daybreak, wonderfully refreshed by the night's sleep. His first work was to remove the skin of last night's invader—the huge grizzly that lay dead just outside the cavern opening.

The hour was already past 10, but Beatrice—worn out by the stress of the night before—did not waken until she heard the crack of her pistol. She lay a while, resting, watching through the cavern opening Ben's efforts to prepare breakfast.



"BEN—BEN—DON'T DRINK IT!" SHE CRIED. "GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL!"

Filling one of the two tin plates, he stole into the cavern.

Falling into his mood the girl pretended to be asleep.

"Wake up, Beatrice," he commanded, with pretended gruffness. "It's after 10, and you've got to cook my breakfast."

She stirred, pretending difficulty in opening her eyes.

She opened her eyes to find him regarding her with boyish glee. Then—as a surprise—he proffered the filled plate.

The days passed quickly for Ben and Beatrice. They found plenty of work and even of play to pass the time.

With his axe and hunting knife Ben prepared a complete set of furniture for their little abode. And for more than a week, Beatrice was forbidden to enter a certain covert lest she should prematurely discover an even greater wonder that Ben was preparing for a surprise.

But one morning she missed the familiar sounds of his fire-building. Presently she heard him muttering and grunting as he moved some heavy object to the door of the cavern.

She hurried into her outer garments and in a moment appeared. It was a hammock, suspended on a stout frame, to take the place of her tattered bed on the floor. He had used the grizzly skin, hanging it with unbreakable sinew, and fast-

## PHILLIPS SPENT MONEY IN VAIN

Declares Nothing Relieved Stomach Trouble Until He Took Tanlac — Now Well.

"Tanlac has put me back on the eating list and made me feel like a man made new," is the striking statement of L. H. Phillips, 1202 N. 2nd St., Vincennes, Ind., popular lunch-room proprietor.

"Before taking Tanlac I suffered from stomach trouble in its worst form, and was also bothered with kidney and bladder disorders. Sharp shooting pains ran all through my body, I had severe headaches, and was so nervous and weak I could hardly drag through a day's work. The very sight of food filled me up, and I was so troubled with gas pressure around my heart I thought I had heart trouble. I spent a small fortune trying to get relief but kept getting worse instead.

"Well, I never spent money to better advantage than when I bought Tanlac, for it has rid me of all my troubles and fixed me up to where I never felt better in my life. If anybody wants to know more about Tanlac just let them come and see me."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37-million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Adv.

ioning it in such a manner that folds of the hide could be turned over her on cold nights.

Reading the gratitude in her eyes, Ben's lips broke into a radiant smile. "I guess you've forgotten what day it is," he said.

"Of course, I hardly know the month. I've noted each day, you know. And maybe you've forgotten on the ride out from Snowy Gulch—we talked of birthdays. Today is yours."

He walked toward her and her eyes could not leave his. He bent soberly and brushed her lips with his own.

Lately Fenris had taken to wandering into the forest at night, and once his throat and jaws had been stained with dark blood.

"It's getting too tame for you here, old boy, isn't it?" Ben said to him one hushed, breathless night. "But wait just a little while more. It won't be tame then."

It was true: the hunting party, if they had started at once, must be nearing their death valley by now.

Matters reached a crisis between Fenris and himself one still, warm night in late July.

"Go ahead, if you like," Ben told him. "God knows it's your destiny."

The wolf seemed to understand, with a glad bark he sped away and almost instantly vanished into the gloom.

But Fenris had not broken all ties with the cave. The chain was too strong for that. Fenris had joined his fellows, to be sure, but he still kept watch over the cave.

The thought was with her, and she was desperate one long, warm afternoon as she searched for roots and berries in the forest. And all at once her hand reached toward a little vine of black berries, each with a green tuft at the end.

As if by instinct, hardly aware of the motion, she withdrew her hand. She knew this vine. It was the deadly nightshade, and a handful of the berries spelt death. She started to look elsewhere.

But presently she paused, arrested by an idea so engrossing and yet so terrible that her heart seemed to pause in her breast.

Her father's life was in imminent danger. Another day might find him stretched lifeless before her. Ben had not hesitated to use every weapon in his power; she should not hesitate now.

Eagerly her fingers plucked the black berries.

In one of the tin cups Beatrice pressed the juice from the nightshade, obtaining perhaps a tablespoonful of black liquor. To this she added considerable sugar.

Then she concealed the cup in a cluster of vines, ready for the moment of need.

Then she hastened up the ridge to meet Ben on his way to the cave.

She waited a few minutes, then spying his stalwart form at the edge of the beaver meadow, she tripped down to meet him.

She walked to the door of the cave, procuring a handful of dried red-root leaves that she used for tea. Through the cavern opening he saw her drop them into the bucket that served as their teapot.

Then she came back for the oiled, cloth bag that contained the last of their sugar. He began to eat his steak.

All that he had told her concerning his war with her father recurred to her in one vivid flash. Could it have been that he had told the truth—that her father and his followers had been the attackers in the beginning?

But even as these thoughts came to her, she had walked boldly to the fire and emptied the contents of the cup into the boiling water in the teapot.

Then she took the pot off the fire and poured the hot contents into the cup that had just held the potion.

She brought it steaming to Ben's side. "It's pretty strong, I'm afraid," she told him. "The leaves weren't very good, and I boiled them too long. I'm afraid you'll find it bitter."

"I'll drink it, if it's bitter as gall," he assured her.

His hand reached and seized the handle of the cup.

Then she seemed to writhe as in a convulsion. Her voice rose in a piercing scream. "Ben—Ben—don't drink it!" she cried. "God have mercy on my soul!"

She reached and knocked the cup from his hand; and its black contents, like dark blood, stained the sandy floor of the cavern.

"Never mind, Beatrice," the man was saying, his deep, rough voice gentle as a woman's. "Don't cry—just forget all about it. Let's go over to your hammock and rest awhile."

"But you don't understand—you don't know—what I tried to do—"

His rugged face lighted as he smiled, kindly and tolerantly. But her solemn voice arrested him.

"Wait, Ben. I want you to know—so you won't trust me again. The cup was poisoned."

The man looked at her, in infinite compassion, then came and sat beside her in the hammock. Rather quietly he took one of her hands. Then he pressed it to his lips.

"You'd kiss my hand—after what I did?"

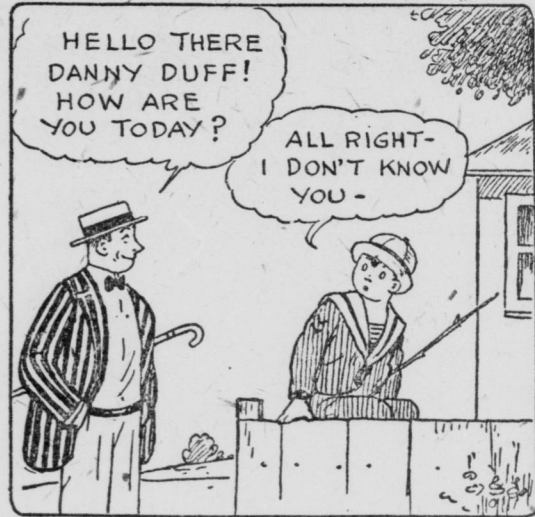
"After what you didn't do," he corrected.

They would need fuel in plenty to keep the fire bright tonight. Evidently rain was impending—one of those cold, steady downpours that are disliked so cordially.

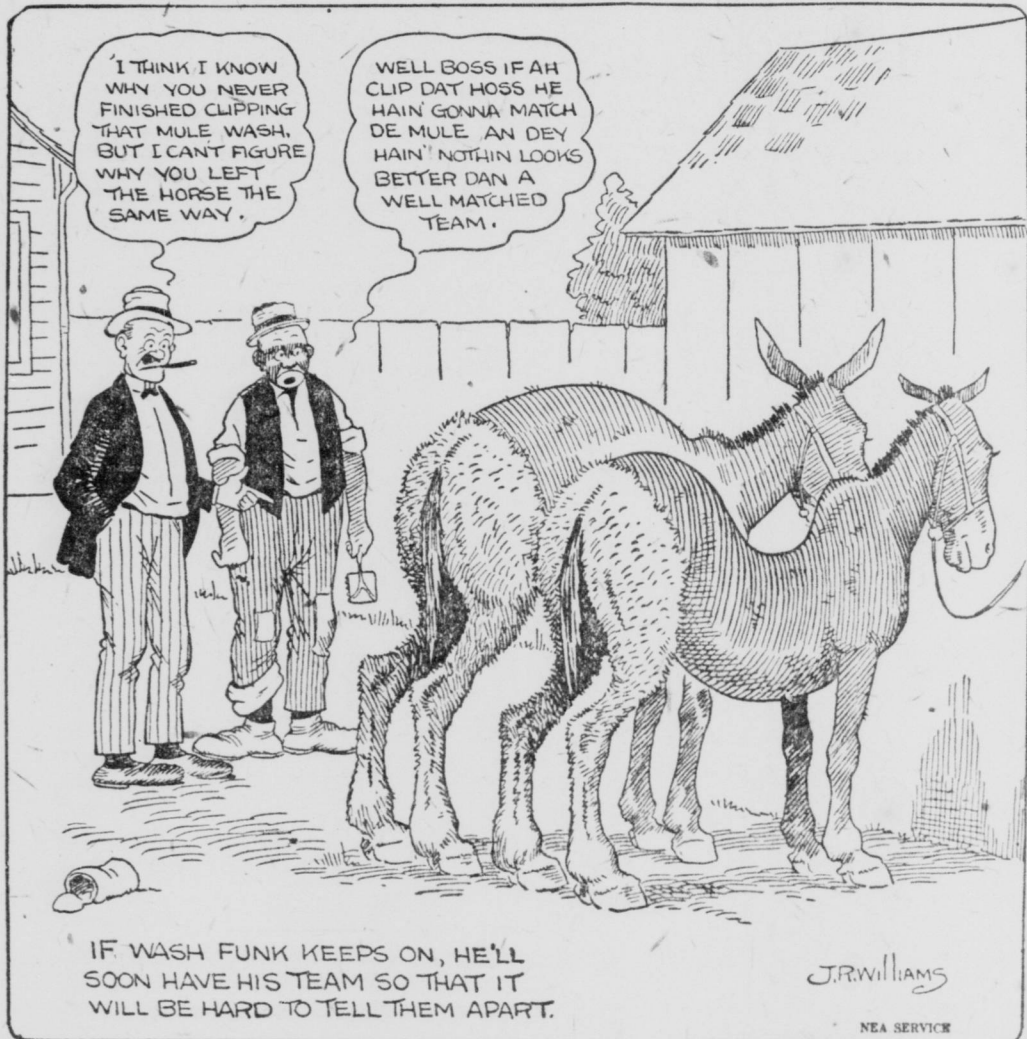
He went a full 200 yards before he found a tree to his liking. It was a tall, straight tree of medium height and just at the edge of the stream. He laid his rifle down, leaning it against a fallen log; then began his work.

His blows struck true from habit. Now the tree was half-severed; it was time to cut on the opposite side. Suddenly his axe crashed into yielding, rotten wood.

### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



### OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



### THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



### THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



Half of the tree had been rotten, changing the direction of its fall and crashing it down before its time.

Ben leaped for his life, instinctively aiming for the shelter of the log against which he had inclined his rifle; but the blow came too soon.

Ben's rifle catching the full might of the blow was broken like a match. Ben himself was crushed to earth as beneath a meteor. The rain clouds deepened and spread above his motionless form.

Approximately a third of the world's population is white.

## WHO? HOW? WHY? ARMY TESTS ASK

By Times Special  
WASHINGTON, June 18.—Is a street sweeper more important than a statesman? Why? Can you ex-

### Inside Dope



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



### Din This on Your Dishpan

### —By AL ROSEN



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



plain the difference, if any, between an Army and a mob? What is the Senate?

If you can handle these questions, you are well on the way to mastering a knowledge of citizenship as outlined by the United States Army in its new manual entitled "Studies in Citizenship."

Just to test your versatility, the Army throws in a few questions of the following type:

"What was the secret of the success of Centre College's football team?"

"Why was Rowan chosen to carry the message to Garcia?"

"Why is it a mistake to judge a man's worth by his size? A Nation?"

Not all the questions contained in the Army's little booklet are as easy as these. There are posers like the following, which the instructors stand ready to answer in case of need.

For instance, "Who won the war against Germany?"

And, "Where does freedom of speech end?"

Careful study of the course will reveal the majority of the desired answers. Good students will be ready to answer without a moment's delay that the time to prepare for war is in time of peace and that nineteen amendments to the Constitution have been adopted.

"How does a Constitution protect the liberties of a people?" is a question inserted for the purpose of testing the brighter students.