



(Continued From Our Last Issue)
SHE sat dry-eyed, incoherent pray-
ers at her trembling lips. Mostly
she did not touch the man, only
sat at his bedside in the crude chair
Ben had fashioned for her.

The hours dragged by, the night
sloped down to the forest; and the
dawn followed the night. Ben's life
still flickered, like a flame in the wind,
in the twilight land between life and
death.

Yet little could she do for him
in these first few days, except, in her
simple faith, to pray.

But in the morning of the fourth
day he opened his eyes vividly, mut-
tered, and fell immediately to sleep.

In the days that followed he was
conscious to the degree that he could
drink broth, yet never realizing Bea-
trice nor seeming to know where he
was.

It would be long weeks before Ben
could hope for sufficient strength to
start the journey down to the settle-
ments, even if the way were open.
As it was, their only chance lay in
the fall rains that would flood the
Yuga and enable them to journey
down to the native village in their
canoe.

Yet she still waged the fight,
struggling with high courage and the-
reless resolution against the frightful
odds that opposed her.

But now the real hour of crisis was
at hand—not from his illness, but from
the depletion of their food supplies.

She walked to the mouth of the
cave, and Famine itself stood close,
waiting in the shadows. She gazed
out into the gathering gloom.



BEATRICE'S LAST DEFENSE
HAD FALLEN SERIOUSLY
WOUNDED.

The forest was silent tonight. Not
a twig cracked or a branch rustled.
It was hushed, breathless, darkly
sinister. All at once her eyes peered
and strained into the dusk.

Far across the valley, beyond the
beaver marsh and on the farther shore
of the lake she saw a little glimmer
of light through the rift in the trees.
A glimmer of hope in the darkness of
despair.

She hastened into the cave, drew
the blankets higher about Ben's
shoulders, then crept out into the
dusk. Half running, she hastened toward
the distant camp fire.

CHAPTER XVI The Shot That Warned

Impelled by the excitement under
which she advanced, her old agility of
motion had for the moment returned
to her; and she crept softly as a fawn
toward the young trees. One mis-
step, a rustling branch or crack-
ling twig, might give her away; but
she took each step with consum-
mate care, gently thrusting the tree
branches from her path.

One of the three men looked up

NR
TONIGHT
TOMORROW
Alright
A mild vegetable laxative to
relieve Constipation and Bill-
iousness and to digest and
eliminative functions normal.
Used for over
30 years
Nature's Remedy
NR
JUNIORS
LITTLE NRs
One-third the regular
dose. Made of
same ingredients
as the adult
version, but
candy coated.
For children and adults.

HAAG'S

FOR EXCESSIVE
URIC ACID
TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT
85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses)
FREE

Just because you start the day worried
and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles,
an aching head, burning and bearing down
pains in the back—worn out before the day
begins. Don't think you have to stay in
that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore
muscles, rheumatic pains aching back or
knees, trouble caused by body made acids.
If you're tired from bladders, weakness with
burning, aching pains, or if you are in an
out of bed half a dozen times a night, you
will appreciate the rest, comfort and
strength you get without愁.

To prove The Williams Treatment con-
quers kidney and bladder diseases, rheuma-
tism and all other ailments when due to ex-
cessive uric acid. If you are stubborn,
if you have never tried The Williams
Treatment, we will give one \$2.00
bottle free if you will cut out this
notice and send it with your name and
address. Please send 10 cents to help pay
postage, money order or money order
from Williams Company, Dept. AA-224, P. O. Bul-
lins, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and
no delay. We receive by parcel post. A regular
\$2.00 bottle costs 25 cents and without愁
curing any obligation. Only one bottle to
each address or family.—Advertisement.

He fell again and again as he tried

and she saw his face plainly through
the low spruce boughs. It was with a
distinct foreboding of disaster that
she saw that the man was Ray Brent.

At one side, quite to the edge of the
firelight, she saw a kyack—one of
those square boxes that are hung
on a pack saddle—which seemed to
be heaped with jerked caribou or
moose flesh. For the time of a breath
she could not take her eyes from it.
Chan and Neilson were seemingly
asleep and now Ray was knocking the
ashes from his pipe.

He got up, and removing his outer
coat, rolled in his blankets. The
night hours began their mystic march
across the face of the wilderness.

The fire was a heap of gray ashes
except for its red-hot center; the
kyack was in gloom. Very softly
Beatrice crept through the thickets,
meanwhile encircling the dying fire,
and came up behind it.

Now it was almost in reach; now
her hands were at its loops. She
started to lift it in her arms.

But disaster still dogged her trail.
Ray Brent had been too wary of at-
tack, tonight, to sink easily into deep
slumber. He heard the soft steps
meanwhile and with a startled oath sprang
to his feet.

Still trying to hold the kyack of
food that meant life to Ben, she
turned and darted into the shadows.

Like a wolf Ray sped after her.
The moonlight showing her fleeing
figure in the trees, and shouting aloud
she sprang through the cover to intercept
her flight. Emburdened by
the heavy box she could not watch
her step. She was hurled with stun-
ning force to the ground.

Desperate and intent, but in real-
ization of impending triumph, Ray's
strong arms went about her.

Nelson and Chan were on their feet
now, and they regarded her in the
utter silence of amazement. Breathing
fast, Ray came behind her.

"Build up the fire, Chan," he said
in a strange, grim voice. "We want
to see what we've caught."

Obediently Chan kicked the coals
from under the ashes, and began to
hep on broken pieces of wood.

Slowly the fire's glow crept out to
her, revealing her wide, frightened
eyes and the dark, speculative faces
of the men. Then Ray spoke sharply:

"Well, why don't you question
her?" he demanded of Neilson. "I
suppose you know what she was doing.
She was trying to steal food. It
looks to me like she's gone over to the
opposite camp."

Her father sighed. "Is that so,
daughter?" he asked simply.

"I was trying to take some of your
food—to Ben," Beatrice replied softly.
"He's in need of it."

"You see, they're on intimate
terms," Ray suggested viciously. "Ben
was in need of food—so she came
here to steal it."

But Neilson acted as if he had not
heard. "Why didn't you speak to
us—and tell us you were safe?" he
asked. "We've come all the way here
to find Ben. They intend to kill
him when they find him. I—I didn't
want him killed."

"Perhaps you did. If you had been
here alone, I would have told you
so. But Ray and Chan came all the way
here to find Ben. They intend to kill
him when they find him. I—I didn't
want him killed."

Slowly her father shook his head.
"But I can't save him now. He
brought this on himself."

"Remember, he was in the right,"
the girl pleaded brokenly. "You won't
—you couldn't be a partner to mur-
der."

Nelson straightened, his eyes steady
and bright under his grizzled brows.
Only too well he knew that this was
the test. Affairs were at their crisis
at last.

"If one of you dares to lay a hand
on Beatrice, I'll kill him where he
stands."

Even as he spoke his thought went
to his rifle, leaning against a dead
log ten feet away. The jealousy and
rivalry and hatred between himself
and Ray had reached the crisis.

Ray leered, his muscles bunching.
"And I say to you, you're a dirty
traitor," he answered.

Nelson leaped forward with all his
power and if his blow had gone
home, Ray would have been shat-
tered beneath it like a tree in the
lightning blast. But Ray's arms
were incredibly swift, and his rifle
leaped in his hands.

The barrel gleamed. The roar re-
echoed in the silence. Nelson's
head bowed strangely; and for a mo-
ment he stood swaying, then pitched
forward in the dew-wet grass.

Beatrice's last defense had fallen,
seriously wounded; and Ray's arm
seized her as, screaming, she tried to
flee.

The shot that wounded Jeffery
Nelson carried far through the forest
aisles. It came clear as a voice to
the cavern where Ben lay.

The man started violently in his
cot. His entire nervous system
seemed to react.

The truth was that the sound acted
much as a powerful stimulant to his
retarded nervous forces. His mind
gave a great leap and remembered
its familiar world.

The only possible explanation for
the shot was that a rifle had been
fired by some invader in their valley
—in all probability Neilson or one of
his men.

He looked out of the door of the
cavern, trying to get some idea
of the lateness of the hour. The very
quality of the darkness indicated that
the night was far advanced.

Instantly his keen eyes saw the
far-off gleam of the camp fire on the
distant margin of the lake. His
straining ear caught the faintest,
almost imperceptible vibration in the
air—but Ben recognized it in a flash.

In the sullen light of that distant
camp fire, Beatrice had screamed for
aid.

Swiftly he started down the glade
toward her.

Yet in a moment he knew that unless
he conserves his strength he could not hope to make a fourth of
the distance. At the first steps he
staggered, half staggering.

Likely he would come too late to
change the girl's fate. Yet even now
he knew he must not turn back. The
penalty were death, there must be
no hesitancy in him; he must not with-
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