

UNDER THE GREAT BEAR

An Adventure Romance of the Frozen North By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Tom Hedrick was told the story by one of the men who had been in the party...

CHAPTER XI

He didn't want to see if I made a move to comply with his demand. The words were barely out of his mouth when his nervous fingers were at my throat and I was being shaken and slammed against the wall...

I never learned where Sandy served his apprenticeship in the science of masticuffs, but he had Howe bleeding at the nose and mouth, had him staggering under a swift succession of straight right and left-hand punches...

"Did he hurt you much, Tommy?" she asked shakily. "Nothing to speak of," I equivocated. "I don't want to whine—especially to her."

Three days it snowed without cessation, and the drifts grew to our window sills. The fourth night it cleared, but it was only to be replaced by a steady rain...

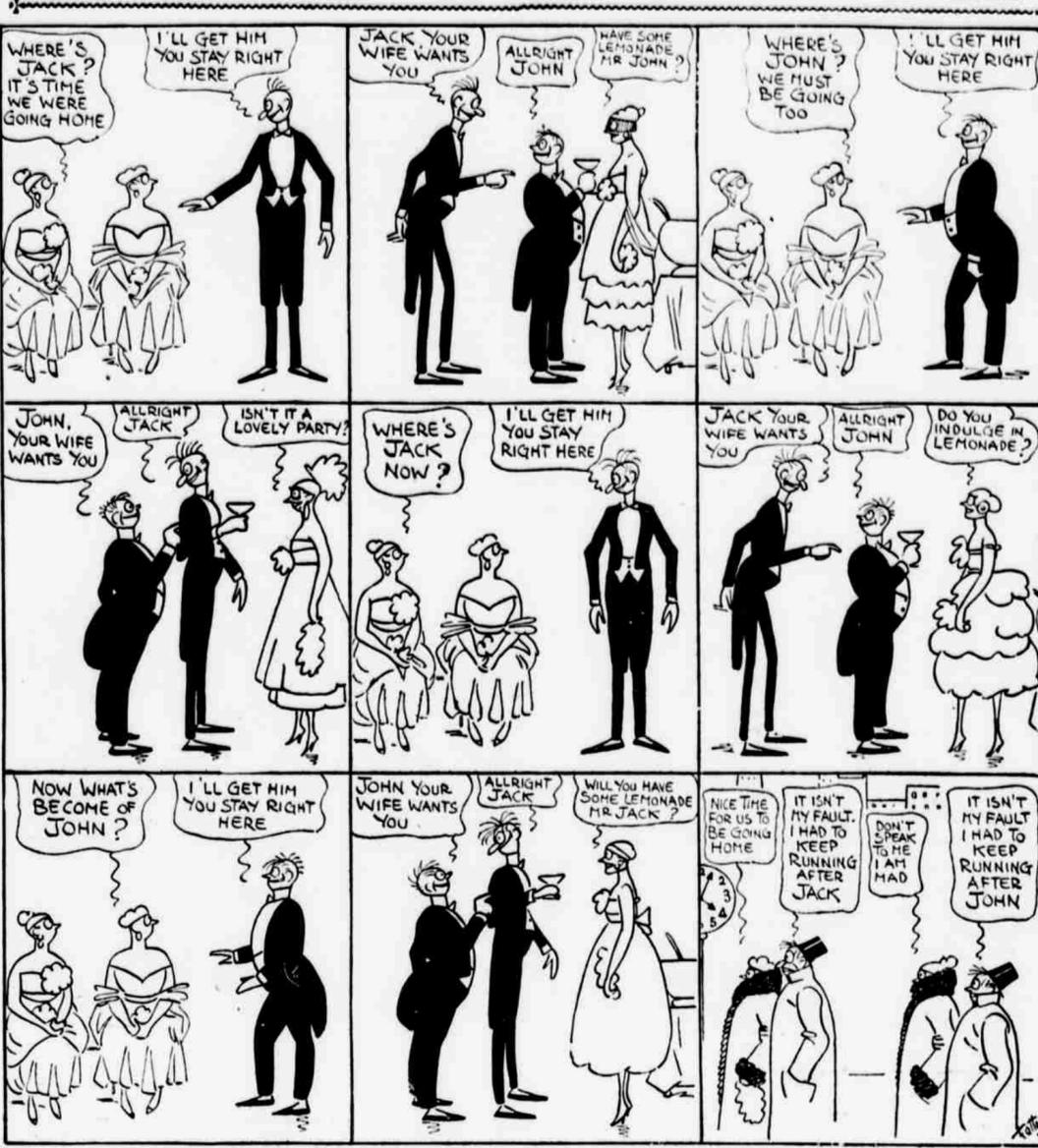
CHAPTER XII. Once in a decade, approximately, there descends upon the North a year that begins in early October and ends in late May...

CHAPTER XIII. I DON'T know how long we lay there like so many sacks of meal; it seemed an ungodly length of time that that deadly quiet.

CHAPTER XIV. CONSIDERING our burdens, we made good time that first lap, coming out on the lake and traversing some miles beyond the creek-mouth.

CHAPTER XV. It was well into the afternoon when we got to the point where the river crossed the trail. The snow was deep and the wind was howling...

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten

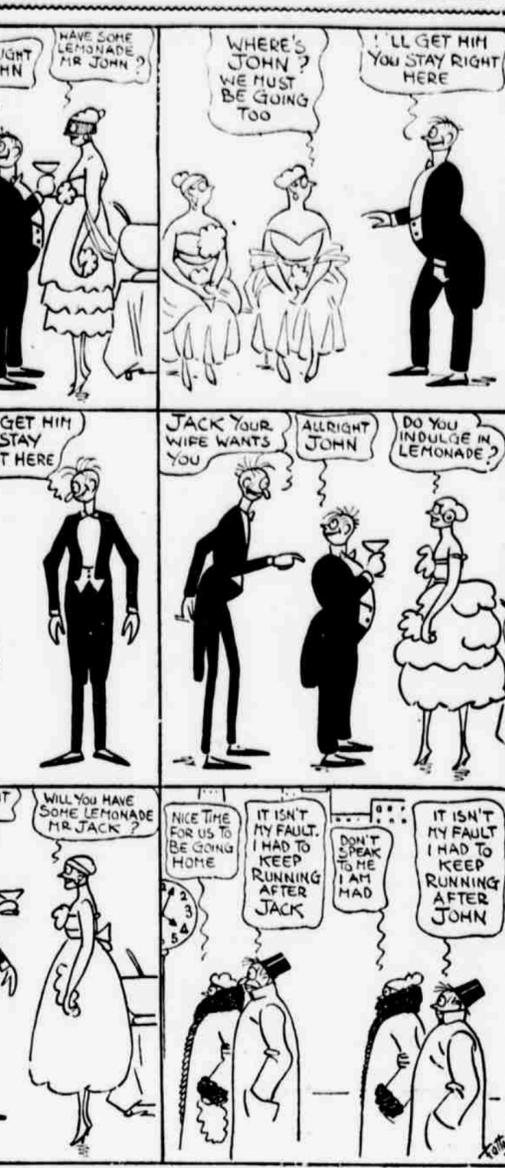


straight up-and-down creases between the eyes. Yet we decided to go on. It was the only thing to do. "Life's all a gamble, anyhow," Sandy commented philosophically...

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By Maurice Ketten



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Do you remember "Me, Smith" and "The Lady Doe"? They were among the most popular stories THE EVENING WORLD has published.

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beat off that bunch, it means grub and shelter, and care for them women alike. Among them ran the Frenchman, but why—he motioned up the river—"It's that for us. And yuh know what that means, with the slim outfit we got—even if the injuns are all dead, they'll suffer. I tell yuh, it'll be hell!"

CHAPTER XX. It was well into the afternoon when we got to the point where the river crossed the trail. The snow was deep and the wind was howling...

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