

to become distinguishable. A horse snuffed, a bit jangled; somewhere a man tripped, fell and cursed when his rifle clattered among the stones on the invisible further shore. Otherwise, the stillness of impending doom ruled over the ford.

Mike realized that sweat was standing out on the backs of his hands; he could feel it prickle. Andy, too, was a great believer in early attacks. Were his brother's blue-clad légionnaires creeping down to the ford, along with their mounted Mexican allies?

He strained his eyes at the writhing, fleecy mist which clung tenaciously to the swift dark water of the river, as though loath to move away. A guarded voice was heard, but in what language it spoke Mike could in no wise tell, from his vantage point among the water smoothed boulders.

He glanced sidewise, to glimpse the dark-faced Republican riflemen craning their necks where they crouched

behind stones. They were pulling cartridges from their boxes and laying them conveniently to hand on the earth. Spurr, busy on his inevitable cud of "chawing," lay comfortably sprawled out on a flat rock fiddling with the sights of the Winchester which in his hands was as deadly as the thunderbolts of an Olympian god. Young Escandón, too, was feeling the strain. His lips kept moving, and he raised a dark green cuff to wipe away the sweat which had gathered on his well-shaped forehead.

Soon the noises grew very loud. Pebbles clicked against each other, and all at once Mike made out an indistinct black mass of mingled horsemen and infantry, pouring down over the other bank. One after another, the horses stiffened their front legs, and slid down to that sandy beach in a cloud of dust and gravel, their riders leaning back in their saddles and balancing themselves with their carbines.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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Hot Ice

ANY ONE who burned himself by touching a piece of ice would have reason to be surprised, yet hot ice was one of the queer results obtained by Professor P. W. Bridgman of Harvard a number of years ago when studying the behavior of different materials under extremely high pressures. In his apparatus he used pressures up to 200,000 and 300,000 pounds per square inch and sometimes higher.

Since these pressures are several times greater than those in heavy, long-range guns, the apparatus was set up behind boiler plate as a precaution. When subjected to pressure, ice behaved rather queerly. At first its melting point fell to lower and lower temperatures until at 30,000 pounds per square inch it melted at four degrees below zero. At higher pressures the ice changed to denser forms that remained solid until much higher temperatures were reached. Thus, at a pressure of 300,000 pounds, the ice inside the steel pressure cylinder remained solid up to about 180 degrees Fahrenheit. This is still ice, yet it is quite hot enough to give a bad burn if one were able to touch it.

John H. Spicer.



Titans of the North

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

That bomb Ross Ames tried to intercept on a far Northern island was to splatter molten seeds of hatred and start a fierce lumber war

Novelette—Complete

CHAPTER I.

TREACHERY.

THAT was a night to make any sensible man want to hug the stove in the lumberjacks' bunk house; a night of gale and sleet and driving rain, such as only that far northern island of Temouskami could produce.

"Just my confounded luck to be on shift at the loading-towers to-night!" thought Ross Ames as, head bent and fists jammed into the pockets of his heavy oilskins, he plodded down the long pier. Despite turned up collar and

hunched shoulders, the storm cut him like a whip. Now or then in the darkness he stumbled over railroad ties. "A devil of a night!"

Hungry waves bombarded the pier from the great river, flinging spindrift clean over into the retaining basin. In that basin a sullen grinding of logs told that heavy swells were running even there. The pressure on the main boom that, anchored to immense cribs across the basin mouth, held all these half-million cords of pulpwood, must have been incalculable. Five million dollars worth of wood, held in leash only by a boom!