

and horses in your pigsty. Quickly—quickly! I never saw such a slowness!”

He linked arms with Valdez and stalked away, and Bardoso waddled ahead to make preparations. Bardoso was already figuring how he could add to Señor Palma's score and get the *capitán* in a friendly mood, so he would allow Bardoso the dead man's horse and effects for payment.

Don Ricardo, recovered now from the shock of sudden danger and equally sudden reprieve, stood between Don Valen-

tino and Fray José, with the other *caballeros* crowding toward him.

“I must go to the chapel and purge myself of the blood stain,” Don Ricardo said once again. “But race you home, Valentino, and tell señora Dorotea that I'll be there soon, and send word to my father also.”

He smiled then at the thought of the *señora* awaiting his return, and turned to pass beneath the arch with Fray José, on the way to the chapel.

THE END



Never Say Die

SOMETIME catch a fly. Drown it, holding it under water with a pair of tweezers. Then catch another fly, and drown it. Cover one of the drowned pests with table salt, and you will soon perceive that you have performed a miracle—you have brought the dead back to life. The salt on the saturated body of the fly ionizes it, setting up minute electrical currents. Presently the fly, resurrected, will stumble blindly out of the salt, shake his wings and merrily buzz away. His fellow corpse, who did not receive the salt, will be as dead as anything you ever hit with a fly swatter.

If you have experimented with a fly you can better sympathize with the Russian experimenter, Dr. I. P. Petrov whose motto might well be, “Never say die!”

Petrov's first method in bringing the dead to life was to jolt the sciatic nerve; this restored breathing to animals that had been killed by strangulation. A smart tap on the sciatic nerve (back of the hip) also proved the key to life for animals that had been chloroformed—some of them for as long as forty-five minutes.

Encouraged by this success, Petrov has bled, asphyxiated and anesthetized animals. Then, after waiting—often as long as twenty minutes—he has injected adrenalin into the heart, or, when this has failed to give the animal life, has massaged the heart itself.

But Dr. Petrov is not the only scientist who is refusing to say die. Professor W. T. McNiff and Dr. Leonard Piccoli of Fordham University are experimenting in reviving animals who have been electrocuted. They have found that by restoring “ventricular fibrillation” by an electrical *counter* shock, life may often be restored. They say, however, that candidates for the electric chair need not get optimistic. *That* shock, as it destroys the nerve centers, is final, and there is no road back for its recipients. But for the rest of us there is a possibility that some day we may be discussing our latest *death* just as we now discuss our latest operation.

—Albert George



By C. F. KEARNS

Men Without Dogs

THE wind began at dawn. It started at the Pole and, cruising south across the seas of eternal ice, gathered speed and bitter spite with every league of its frigid course. Its hollow murmur swelled to a sullen howl on the fringe of the tundra and its wrath rose in a feral scream as it blasted the gaunt vastness of the sparsely timbered sub-Arctic with woeful presage of destruction.

Blizzard!

No living thing moved, yet there was abundant life in the frozen world. There was life in a fragile teepee pitched in the heart of a ten-acre spruce clump, and high hope in the two harsh men within, who were moderately comfortable with a meager store of possession, crouching across a fire that warmed their snow banked canvas-and-moosehide wickiup to shoulder height. Above, the wind—hampered and checked as it was by the timber—tore smoke and heat abruptly away in fierce, gyrating updrafts.

Handsled Burke lifted the black tea

pail from its cooking stick and sucked in a gulping draught before handing it to his partner, Two-horse Swen. Swen grinned through yellow and gray tangled whiskers, holding the can by its wire handle to cool. "Whooping it up good now. Dat wind is yust made to order for us—hey, Burke? We don't leave no tracks."

"Drink before it freezes," Burke bade him roughly, lifting another black pail from the flames. "This meat ought to be done. Forty below, Swen. How about a little walk?"

"Ya," assented Swen placidly. They were both big, alike in width of shoulder and depth of chest; lean hard men clad in moccasins and heavy woolens and grimy canvas parkas, the hoods fringed with wolverine fur. But Burke's violent, brooding eyes behind his reddish mask of combed face-hair, his even unstained teeth, unconsciously patronized the unkempt, thicker-bodied, older man. Nor was Burke young. Yet there was on him a stamp of personal fastidiousness, a certain