

main making pictures clear through the winter season.

Wilbur ran all the way to the railroad depot. He reached the great iron gate bearing the sign "Overland Express" just as the guard closed and locked it. Slowly, but steadily, gliding out upon the rails, he saw the last observation car of the disappearing train with its red lantern.

"One minute too late!" cried the breathless runner. Then he set his lips. A run, a leap. His flying feet just cleared the spiked top of the iron gate. With a thud they struck the planking beyond. A dash down the platform, and, almost exhausted, Wilbur caught at the railing of the last car of the train.

It was ten minutes later when he reached a section of a tourist car occupied by the moving picture party. It was one-half hour later, after a long, difficult conversation, that he got the original of the miner character to acknowledge that he was Oscar Durbin.

It was only when Wilbur chanced to remark that young Hope was dead that Oscar Durbin was willing to discuss a return home. Then he told his story.

It was a strange one. Hope, his closest chum, had married a woman secretly. He had done so wildly and recklessly under the name of Oscar Durbin. A week had convinced him that he had wedded a person far below his station. He had deserted her, shortly after meeting with the ac-

cident that caused his death. A few days later his wife had died from an overdose of a drug to the use of which she was addicted. Her brother had learned of the marriage. Believing that the husband had basely deserted his sister, he swore to kill him. He started out to find "Oscar Durbin." To save his friend, whose true identity must inevitably be disclosed, young Durbin had disappeared.

Now that Hope was dead, an explanation would satisfy the vengeful brother.

There was a happy reunion at the Durbin home. As upon the first evening she had met him, the beautiful Mabel again placed her hands within those of Adrian Wilbur to thank him. His glance reminded her of her promise, and she blushed sweetly as she, too, remembered, and in the lovelight of her beautiful eyes there was no shadow of another parting.

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#### Indian Pudding.

Pare and core a dozen apples. Have ready a quart of milk heated. Add a quart of Indian meal, mixing and cooking carefully a few minutes. Add salt to taste, a cup each of molasses and chopped suet. Pour over the apples. Place in baking dish and bake 2 hours. Some people prefer to boil it. Then it should be securely fastened in pudding cloth and boiled for 3 hours.

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She—Why didn't you trump that last trick? Partner—Really, I didn't have the heart to do it.