



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

"How long since a dog team passed—seven huskies and two men?" was his first question. "No dog team has passed for four days," one of the men answered. "You mean you haven't seen one," Macdonald corrected. "I mean none has passed—unless it went by in the night while we slept. And even then our dogs would have warned us."

Macdonald flung his ice coated gloves to a table and stropped to take off his mukluks. His face was blue with the cold, but the blank look in the eyes came from within. He said nothing more until he was free of his wet clothes. Then he sat down heavily and passed a hand over his frozen eyebrows.

"Get me something to eat and take care of my dogs. There is food for them on the sled," he said.

While he ate he told them of the bank robbery and the murder. Their resentment against the men who had done it was quite genuine. There could be no doubt they told the truth when they said no sled had preceded his. They were honest and reliable prospectors. He knew them both well.

The weary man slept like a log. He opened his eyes next morning to find one of his hosts shaking him.

"Six o'clock, Mr. Macdonald. Your breakfast is ready. Jim is looking out for the huskies."

Half an hour later the Scotsman gave the order "Mush!" He was off again, this time on the back trail as far as the Narrows, from which point he meant to strike across to intersect the route of the road leading to the divide.

The storm had passed and when the late sun rose it was in a blue sky. Fine enough the day was over-head, but the slushy snow, where it was worn thin on the river by the sweep of the wind, made heavy travel for the dogs. Macdonald was glad enough to reach the Narrows, where he could turn from the river and cut across to hit the trail of the men he was following. He had five miles to go before he would reach the Smith Crossing road, and every foot of it he would have to break trail for the dogs. This was slow business, since he had no partner at the pole. Back and forth he went, the dogs trudging, beating down the loose snow for the runners. It was a hill trail, and the drifts were in most places not very deep. But the Scotsman was doing the work of two, and at a killing pace.

Over a ridge the team plunged down into a little park where the snow was deeper. Macdonald, breaking trail across the mountain valley, found his feet weighted with packed ice slush so that he could hardly move them. When at last he had beaten down a path for his dogs he stood breathing deep at the summit of the slope. Before them lay the main road to Smith's Crossing, scarce fifty yards away. He gave a deep whoop of triumph, for across it ran the wavering tracks left by a sled. He was on the heels of his enemy at last.

As he turned back to his Siberian hounds, the eyes of Macdonald came to abrupt attention. On the hillside, not ten yards from him, something stuck out of the snow like a signpost. It was the foot of a man, likely to be found in the wake of every widespread blizzard. Some unfortunate traveler, blinded by the white swirl, had wandered from the trail and had staggered up a draw to his death.

With a little digging the Alaskan uncovered a leg. The man had died where he had fallen, face down. Macdonald scooped away the snow and found a pack strapped to the back of the buried man. He cut the thongs and tried to ease it

Bringing Up Father

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"MRS. JIGGS WANTS ME TO PLAY FOR YOU—WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?"

"I'D LIKE TO HAVE A CLUB!"

"THIS IS SOMETHING I COMPOSED MYSELF!"

"IT SOUNDS AS IF IT WUZ DECOMPOSED!"

"WHY MR. JIGGS—THIS PIANO HAS SEVERAL KEYS THAT MAKE NO SOUND AT ALL!"

"I KNOW IT—"

"AND THERE ARE SOME OTHER GOOD FEATURES ABOUT IT—"

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

away. But the gunnysack had frozen to the para. When he pulled the rotten sacking apart, under the strain, the contents of the pack spilled out.

The eyes in the grim face of Macdonald grew hard and steely. He had found by some strange freak of chance, much more than he had expected to find. Using his snow-shoe as a shovel, he dug the body free and turned it over. At sight of the face he gave a cry of astonishment.

Gordon overslept. His plan had been to reach Kuslak at the end of a long day's travel, but that had meant getting on the trail with the first gleam of light. When he awoke, his eyes Mrs. Olson was calling him to rise.

He dressed and stepped out in the cold, crisp morning. From the hill crotch the sun was already pouring down a great, fanlike shaft of light across the snow. The Swiftwater Pete passed behind him on his way to the stable and called a cheerful good morning in his direction.

Mrs. Olson had put the stove outside the tent and Gordon lifted it to the spot where they did the cooking.

"Good morning, neighbor," he called to Sheba. "Sleep well?"

The little rustling sounds within the tent ceased. A face appeared in the doorway, the flaps drawn discreetly close beneath the chin.

"Never better. Is my breakfast ready yet?"

"Come and help me make it. Mrs. Olson is waiting on Holt."

"When I'm dressed," the smiling face disappeared. "Dublin Day" sounded in her fresh young voice from the tent. Gordon joined in the song as he lit the fire and sliced bacon from a frozen slab of it.

The howling of the huskies interrupted the song. They had evidently heard something that had excited them. Gordon listened. Was it in his fancy only that the breeze carried to him the faint jingle of sleigh bells? The sound, if it was one, died away. The cook turned to his job.

He stopped sawing at the meat, knife and bacon both suspended in the air. On the hard snow there had come to him the crunch of a foot behind him. Whose? Sheba was in the tent. Swiftwater at the stable. Mrs. Olson in the house. Slowly he turned his head.

What Elliot saw sent his starch through his body. He did not move an inch, still sat crouched by the fire, but every nerve was at tension, every muscle taut. For he was looking at a rifle lying negligently in brown, steady hands. They were very sure hands, very competent ones. He knew that because he had seen them in action. The owner of the hands was Colby Macdonald.

(To Be Continued)

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"No, you bet you don't. It isn't your funeral, is it? Well, you wait here and I'll see what I can do. I'll be hanged if I'm going to pay a tip to that boy, and haven't anything on that the rain can hurt."

Helen waited as Warren hurried down the steps and around the corner. A cutting wind blew some of the sleet into her face and she went back further into the doorway, shivering a little. What was the use of ever trying to have a pleasant evening anywhere. No matter what she did, there was always something happening to spoil things. Warren simply could not get through the evening without making things terribly unpleasant if the least little incident annoyed him.

Ten minutes went by, and Helen began to wonder where Warren was. She wondered if he had thought to telephone for a taxi. There was a drug store right down the way; she remembered passing it. Suddenly she saw his face as black as a thunder cloud.

"I told you there wasn't a chance of getting a taxi up in this neighborhood," he began.

"Did you think to telephone for one, dear?"

"No, I didn't. It's too bad you couldn't attend to everything, then we would have things perfect."

"Oh, Warren, what's the use of being so detestable?" Helen said in a flash of anger. He was not only disagreeable, and unreasonable, but rude.

"It wouldn't do any good to telephone for one up here at this time of night, anyway," Warren continued. "Come on, I got some newspapers from a cigar store; you can wrap them around your hat, and you'll be all right."

Helen took the papers and wrapped them about her head and shoulders, venturing out in the rain. It seemed to Helen as though the distance to the subway was interminable, and the rain was so heavy that she could feel it soaking through her shoes and the thin coat-suit she wore. By the time they reached the entrance to the subway she was wet through, and she shivered involuntarily.

Warren turned to her when they were seated. "If you take cold tonight it's your own fault," he said, eyeing her dripping shoulders. "Why didn't you wear your fur coat?"

"It's so heavy and I never dreamed it would rain!"

"I suppose your feet are wet through, too; the ridiculous shoes you women wear these days, with paper soles, wouldn't protect anything. Did you get your hat wet?"

Helen shook her head; she felt too miserable to be found fault with any longer. Her shirtwaist was clinging to her wet arms underneath her coat, and she was very uncomfortable. The minute they reached the apartment Helen hurried to turn on a hot bath. She could avoid it if possible.

"If you women would only believe a little bit in the old-fashioned theory about an ounce of prevention," growled Warren, "this could not have happened; but you modern women, who won't listen to a word of advice, let alone obey your husbands in anything—it serves you right if you do take cold!" Perhaps it will teach you a lesson."

(To Be Continued.)

By McManus



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(To Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

It is proper to visit a man in his apartment. In the case of a friend who is seriously sick, one wishes to be kind—so why not have either your mother, sister or some friend accompany you and thus go on your errand of mercy, managing

I make a point of not interfering between parents and child. But now I must break my own rule. I cannot understand the viewpoint which leads them to forbid your leaving anything to do with him. Patriotism makes us all proud to know the wearer of a uniform. There may be men of bad character in the army, as there are men of such character everywhere else in the world. But generally, when we say "an officer and a gentleman," we speak with real meaning, and I find most soldiers become in time real men. The discipline of the army makes fine men out of its recruits.

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THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

By Virginia Thelma Van De Water CHAPTER I. (Copyright, 1918, Star Co.)

Dora Livingstone, flushed and a little breathless from dancing, looked up laughing into the face of her escort.

"Do I appear any older than I did yesterday?" she asked. "And don't you think my combined coming-out and birthday party is a success?"

"Yes, indeed," he said heartily. "Which part of my question is that an answer to?" she challenged. "The first half, of course," the man replied, gazing with undisguised admiration down into the dark brown eyes raised to his.

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THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"Why, it's raining," said Helen in amazement. "When we went in, the stars were shining, Warren."

"Well, it's a cinch they're not shining now," Warren growled. "It looks as though it had just begun to. If you had come along when I wanted you to, we might have missed it altogether."

"Well, it wasn't my fault," Helen returned. "I couldn't be rude, when Mrs. Thurston insisted on my seeing her new gowns."

"Oh, you women," Warren said between his teeth.

They were standing in the doorway of the apartment house they had left, uncertain as to just how to proceed. It was a distance of three blocks to the subway station, and the rain was coming down pretty fast.

"Well, come on; it's going to rain all night and we might as well make a start."

Helen hesitated. Warren was always blaming her for saving money on taxis when they were necessary. She wondered why he did not suggest a taxi now that they really needed it.

"Come on, what are you waiting for?"

"I'll ruin my hat," Helen began.

"Did you wear that straw hat after all?" queried Warren, turning to her impatiently. "Well, if that wasn't a fool stunt. You know there isn't a chance of getting a taxi in this neighborhood. The idea of wearing straw hats in January!"

"You might go out and see if you can get a taxi, but see if the halibut will get one for us."

"Yes, and then give him a liberal tip."

"Well, I don't know anything else to do."

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

"Let me be more than that, please, Honey," he begged.

"All right," she murmured. "I will, Milton dear."

They did not linger long in the conservatory after the exchange of betrothal vows. Why should they? The matter was settled. The dance music was alluring, and Dora's card was full of names. So was Milton's. Don't you care for me a little, Dora darling?"

He dropped his voice to a whisper on the last word and the girl color rose deeply.

"I don't know," she said, slowly, her long lashes hiding her eyes. "I've known you always, so it's natural that I should like you better than any other chap. I care a lot for you, Milton. You are my very own most particular man friend, you see."

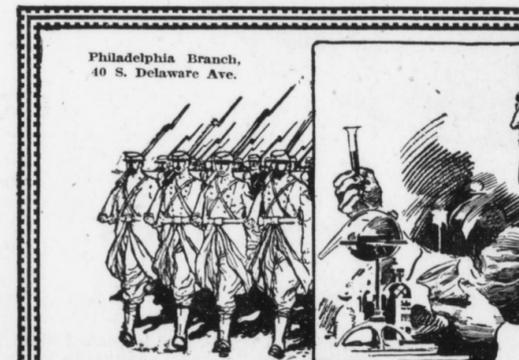
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Margarine was Discovered During the War of 1870

Conditions then were very similar to those of today. The war had forced food prices to such heights that the necessities of life were almost beyond reach of the great middle class.

The French Government offered a prize for a less expensive way of producing butter, and Mege Mouriès discovered this very simple fact—that the fat of the cow can be churned directly into a pure and wholesome food without waiting for the formation of milk in the animal and then churning it into butter.

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IN DARE GREEN JERSEY.

Jersey will be one of the fashionable materials for spring and in green it is exceedingly attractive. Used for the tulleur pictured here it needs no trimming save a few buttons of silk. The skirt is trimmed with plaits and has a panel front and back. The jacket is in single-breasted effect, the side front and side back terminating above the waistline with a circular pleatum below the waist. The deep collar may be of satin or silk. In medium size the costume requires 4 3/4 yards 54-inch material.

Pictorial Review Jacket No. 7609, Sizes, 16 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents. Skirt No. 6294. Sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist. Price, 20 cents.

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