



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

Slowly the light of reason came back into his eyes. Sheba was standing before him, his rifle in her hand. She had struck him with the butt of it.

"Don't touch him! Don't you dare touch him!" she challenged.

He looked at her long, then let his eyes fall to the battered face of his enemy. Drunkenly he got to his feet and leaned against a willow. His forces were spent, his muscles weighted as with lead. But it was not this alone that made his breath come short and raggedly.

Sheba had flung herself down beside her lover. She had caught him tightly in her arms so that his disfigured face lay against her warm bosom. In the excitement of those of the mine-owner was an unconquerable defiance.

"He's mine—mine, you murderer!" she panted fiercely. "If you kill him, you must kill me first."

The man she had once promised to marry was looking at a different woman from the girl he had known. She was a forest mother of the wilds ready to fight for her young, a wife ready to go to the stake for the husband of her choice. An emotion primitive and poignant had transformed her.

His eyes burned at her the question his parched lips and throat could scarcely utter. "So you love him?"

But though it was in form a question he knew already the answer. For the first time in his life he began to taste the bitterness of defeat. Always he had won what he coveted by brutal force or his stark will. But it was beyond him to compel the love of a girl who had given her heart to another.

"Yes," she answered.

Her hair in two thick braids was flung across her shoulders, her dark head thrown back proudly from the rounded throat.

Macdonald smiled, but there was no mirth in his savage eyes. "Do you know what I want with him—why I know what to get him?"

"No."

"I've come to take him back to Kuskia to be hanged because he murdered Milton, the bank cashier."

The eyes of the woman blazed at him. "Are you mad?"

"It's the truth," Macdonald's

## DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of this Hamburg tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoonful at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once.

It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless.

## Bringing Up Father



Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

voice was curt and harsh. "He and Holt were robbing the bank when Milton came back from the dance at the club. The cowards shot down the old man like a dog. They'll hang for it if it costs me my last penny, so help me God."

"You say it's the truth," she retorted scornfully. "Do you think I don't know you now—how you twist and distort facts to suit your ends? How long is it since your jackal had him arrested for assaulting you—when Wally Selfridge knew—and you knew—that he had risked his life for you and had saved yours by bringing you to Diane's after he had bandaged your wounds?"

"That was different. It was part of the game of politics we were playing."

"You admit that you and your friends lied then. Is it likely you could persuade me that you're telling the truth now?"

The big Alaskan shrugged. "Believe it or not as you like. Anyhow, he's going back with me to Kuskia—and Holt, too, if he's here."

An excited cackle cut into the conversation, followed by a drawing announcement from the window. "Your old tittlecum is right here, Mac. What's the use of waiting? Why don't you have your hanging-bee now?"

### CHAPTER XXIII

**Holt Frees His Mind**

Macdonald whirled in his tracks. Old Gid Holt was leaning on his elbow with his head out of the window. "You better come and beat me up first, Mac," he jeered. "I'm all stove up with a busted lair, so you can wallop me good. I'd come out there, but I'm too crippled to move."

"You're not too crippled to go back to Kuskia with me. If you can't walk, you'll ride. But back you go."

"Fine. I been worrying about how to get there. It's right good of you to bring one of these here

taxis for me, as the old sayin' is."

"Where have you cached the gold you stole?"

"I ain't seen the latest papers, Mac. What is this stuff about robbin' a bank and shootin' Milton?"

"You're under arrest for robbery and murder."

"Am I? Unload the particulars. When did I do it all?"

"You know when. Just before you left town."

Holt shook his head slowly. "No sir. I can't seem to remember it. Sure it ain't some one else you're thinking about? How come you to fix on me as one of the bold, bad bandits?"

"Because you had not sense enough to cover your tracks. You might just as well have left a note saying you did it. First, you come to town and buy one of the fastest dog teams in Alaska. Why?"

"That's an easy one. I bought that team to win the Alaska sweepstakes from you. And I'm going to do it. The team wasn't handled right or it would have won last time. I got to mulin' it over and figured that old Gid Holt was the dog puncher that could land those hussies in front. See?"

"You bought it to make your getaway after the robbery," retorted Macdonald.

"It's a difference of opinion makes horse races. What else have you got against us?"

"We found in your room one of the sacks that had held the gold you took from the bank."

"That's right. I took it from the bank in the afternoon, where I had had it on deposit, to pay for the team I bought. Milton's books will show that. But you didn't find any sack I took when your bank was robbed—if it was robbed," added the old man significantly.

(To Be Continued)

## THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

### CHAPTER III

Gerald Stewart had dismissed the matter of his friend's love affair from his mind, but it recurred to him soon after leaving the dining-room. The two men were standing together in the hotel lobby when a low exclamation from Milton Van Saun made his companion turn around.

"Great Scott!" Van Saun muttered. "That's a stunner all right!"

He was looking at a girl who had walked to the desk and asked a question of the clerk. Stewart recognized her at once as the young woman of whom he had spoken in the dining-room a little while ago.

"That's the person I called your

attention to, Van," Gerald reminded him. "I said she was the sort to dance well, and your only comment was that she had a figure something like Miss Livingstone's."

"Well, she has," Van Saun replied. "But I did not see her face until now. I say, old man, I wish we knew who she is."

"She's dressed in mourning—perhaps she's a widow," Gerald suggested.

"Nonsense," his companion scoffed at the idea. "All women in mourning aren't widows, are they? And that girl's too young to have had a husband. There are lots of other relatives that one may lose besides a husband. Why, that girl's not twenty, I bet."

"I decline to take you up on that," Gerald Stewart laughed. "Where are you going?"

For his companion had started to walk away.

"Let's wander over and get a nearer view," Milton proposed.

The pair strolled slowly, and with apparent indifference, toward the desk. As they drew near the girl received a letter from the clerk, and, turning abruptly, came slowly across the office, her eyes fixed on the envelope she held.

With a sudden decision, Milton Van Saun stepped in front of her so quickly that the girl, starting violently to avoid running into him, dropped the letter. Before she could pick it up Milton Van Saun had lifted it from the floor, and, with a hurried glance, he saw that he hoped was a casual manner:

"Do you know, there was something about that girl—that Miss Long you know whom we saw to-night—that reminded me a bit of

room. You can meet me there after you've satisfied your curiosity."

Five minutes later Milton Van Saun rejoined his friend.

"I found her name registered in a big, masculine hand," he announced. "Probably her father wrote it. She's a Miss Long, of Lake Forest. That's a fashionable place near here, isn't it?"

"Yes, a suburb of Chicago."

"Well, if her father's here, why didn't he register? And I don't see why she's stopping at a hotel if she has a home so near. I asked the clerk who she was before looking for her name in the register. But he's an uncommunicative old owl."

His companion laughed, derisively. "Well, you are hard hit!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what Miss Dora would say if she knew how you've worked to find out the name and pedigree of a fair stranger whom you never saw before and whom you will probably never see again."

"Dora wouldn't mind," Milton asserted, confidently. "She's not that kind. She's no more silly about such matters than I am. That's one reason we get along so well together. Now, let's look in at some show for a while. What do you say?"

"Too Late For the Theater"

"All right. But it's too late for any theater. We might take in some musical show or something of that sort."

At this point, further discussion of Miss Dora Livingstone or of Miss Cynthia Long was dropped for the time.

But late that night, when the two parted at the door of the hotel—Milton Van Saun to go to his room here, Gerald to his bachelor quarters a few blocks away—the New Yorker remarked with what he hoped was a casual manner:

"Do you know, there was something about that girl—that Miss Long you know whom we saw to-night—that reminded me a bit of

Dora. She did not look like her—and yet there was something that did remind me of her. I guess they're about the same size."

"Which, of course, accounts for your yearning to make Miss Long's acquaintance, eh?" Stewart teased. "Well, it's too bad you're going back to New York in a few days. Perhaps you would like me to tarry here longer, packing and moving from my bachelor quarters—and enlist your help? Then you might take a run out to Lake Forest sometime when the girl and her father get back there and pretend to be a book agent or something of that kind and thus make the fair one's acquaintance. You're an ass, Van."

"You're another," Van Saun laughed. "Good-night!"

And with a handclasp and a nod, the friends parted for the night.

(To Be Continued.)

young fellows with one of whom you are probably going to be really in love some day. You are not the first girl who has over-idealized a feminine friendship and been absurdly sentimental about it. But it is an attitude that does nobody any good and that must be conquered. Go out and have a good time and forget your own foolish and high-strung fancies.

**DON'T**

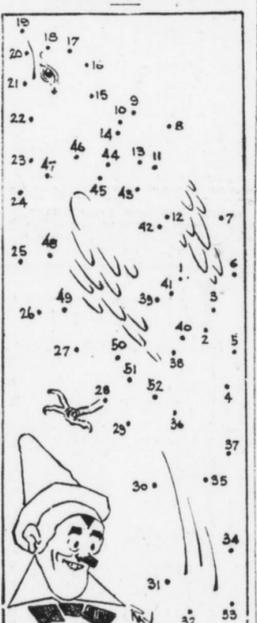
**DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:**

I am in love with a soldier of twenty-one who expects to leave for the front shortly. He is continually asking me to marry him secretly before he leaves, but I am in doubt as to whether to do so, as I am sure that my parents would not approve.

LILLIAN L. M.

You are much too young to think of marriage. And in any event secret marriages are most undesirable. Of course your parents would disapprove. But when it comes to marrying a man who must leave her at once, then surely a girl must not be allowed to take so important a step without telling her parents.

### Daily Dot Puzzle



An Oriole is here for you By tracing dots to fifty-two. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

### Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Women who are contemplating a trip to the South will find this design of especial interest while it also is available for the stay-at-homes because it can be copied in a variety of materials. Here, it is made of a fine, sheer cotton voile with trimming of flet lace and it is exceedingly dainty and charming. You could copy it in crepe de chine or in Georgetowne crepe or you could copy it in a soft satin or other silk, or you could copy it in a foulard. It will be pretty in all these materials. There is really just a straight skirt and a simple blouse, but the trimming gives the tablier effect. You have a choice of bell-shaped sleeves or those that are cut to form their own cuffs. Trimming can be found adapted to any material and you can use either a band trimming or a contrasting material or embroidery or braid outlining a simple braiding design.

For the medium size will be needed, 9 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 3/4 yards 36, 5 1/2 yards 44, with 13 yards of banding. The skirt is 2 1/4 yards in width at the lower edge.

The pattern No. 9640 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.

9643 Dress with Tablier Effect, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents.

**"An automobile to its owner is a private railroad without scheduled limitations"**

John N. Willys

**9 Models for your Inspection At the Show**

**Nine Wonderful Cars**

**Overland**

**The Thrift Car**

Built to Give Lasting Satisfaction In Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service, Price.

**THE OVERLAND-HARRISBURG CO.**

212-214 North Second Street

**The Much Looked-For Event**

**Goldsmith's February Furniture Sale**

**Starts Tomorrow Morning at 9 O'clock**

Every piece of Furniture in our store has been REDUCED for this semi-annual event.

We do not offer "cheaply made leaders" to lure you here to buy regular stocks at REGULAR PRICES. GOLDSMITH FURNITURE is Furniture of Known quality.

You may have been here and admired certain individual pieces or complete suites—come in NOW and note the SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS on those very SAME PIECES.

GOLDSMITH VALUES will be greater than ever—the stocks of high grade Furniture are here to back up this statement.

Come in to-day—look around — compare qualities and values before buying.

**Selections Can Be Made Now — Delivery Later**

**GOLDSMITH'S**

North Market Square

AN EXAMPLE — This 4-piece Mahogany Bedroom Suite (as illustrated) FEBRUARY SALE PRICE, \$97.50. Regular value \$125.00.