



## BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Bill Bronson guides Virginia Tremont and her fiancé's uncle, Kenly Lonsbury, to their quest in the Clearwater of northern Canada for Virginia's fiancé, Harold Lonsbury, who vanished there six years previously. Bill also expects to look further for the lost mine of his father, who was murdered by a false partner. Bill saves Virginia from drowning in Grizzly river and takes her to his trapping cabin. Kenly Lonsbury and Vesper, the cook, left on the other side of the river, desert them. In the cabin Bill and Virginia find many comforts.

## GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Virginia smiled and fished in the pockets of the greater slicker coat she had worn the night of the disaster. She produced a little white roll, and with high glees opened it for him to see. Wrapped in a miniature face towel was her comb, a small brush, and a toothbrush. Bill then walked with some triumph to the bunk on which Virginia had slept the night before, and lifting it up, revealed a great box headdress—bags of rice and beans, dried apples, marmalade and canned goods, enough for some weeks at least.

"The one thing we haven't got is meat," Bill told her, "except a little fish. But there's plenty of that in the woods. If you can just find it. And I don't intend to delay about that. The snow gets much deeper, and we have to have snowshoes to hunt at all."

"You mean—no hunting today?" "As soon as we can stir up a trail." "Blessing warmly, they ventured into the snowy wastes. Bill took the front breaking trail. He tried the ancient rifle ready in his hand.

He earnestly hoped that they would not run into game at once. Later the moose would go to their winter feeding grounds, far down the mountains. Every day they delayed, their chance of procuring meat was less.

He led her over the ridge to the marshy shores of Grizzly Lake. They waited in the shadow of the spruce.

"Don't make any needless motions," he cautioned, "and don't speak aloud. They've got eyes, and ears like hawks."

It was not easy to stand still, in the snow and cold, waiting for game to appear. Virginia was uncomfortable after half an hour, shivering and tired.

"It was a long wait that they had made the lake." "Then the girl felt her hand on her arm. 'Be still,' he whispered. 'There he comes.'"

Although she had never seen such an animal before, at once she recognized his kind, the spreading horns, the swaying frame, the long, grooved nose, belonged only to the moose—the greatest of American wild animals.

At the foot of the ridge she cried out in excitement. The old bull had traversed the marshes for the last time.

The shoulder of a bull moose was never a load for a weak back. Bill knelt out the quarter with great care; then, stooping, worked it on his back. Virginia took his hand and led the way back over their snow trail.

Tonight had fallen again when they made the cabin. Bill showed her how to broil the steak in a wooden fork and he cooked that steaks and marmalade to go with it. No meat of his life had ever given her greater pleasure. Afterward he lighted his pipe.

"It's strange that I don't want to smoke myself," the girl told him. "You? Why should you?" "I smoke at home. I mean I did. It's getting to be the thing to do among the girls I know. Somehow, the more you smoke, the more interesting you are."

He had an impression that she was speaking very softly. But he understood when she paused. He was startled to find that the whole tone and key of the night had vaguely changed.

"The north wind," Bill said simply. "Virginia's eyes grew wide. 'What does it mean?' she asked. 'Nothing,' he answered.

Winter. The northern winter. I've seen it break too many times. There's no chance for doubt any more. Perhaps we can drown out the sound of it—with music."

He walked toward the battered instrument. Her heart was cold within her, and she nodded eagerly. "Yes—a little ragtime."

"I haven't any ragtime," the man explained humbly. "I could only bring up a few records, and so I took just this one. I liked best the simple things—I'm sorry I have any more."

He looked at this man with wonder on a record. She recognized melody at once. It was "Swing, swing, swing"—and the first time he stepped her into in-

avoid a truth that ever grew clearer and more manifest—his love for Virginia.

He had told himself he wouldn't give his love to her. He would hold that back, at least. He had reminded himself of the bridgeless gap that separated them. But there was no use of trying further. In the stress and passion of the melody he had found out the truth.

But if he couldn't keep his knowledge from himself, at least he could hold it from the girl. It would only bring her unhappiness. It would destroy the feeling of comradeship for him that he had begun to observe in her. It would put an insurmountable wall between them.

Virginia had no suspicion of his thoughts. She was still enthralled by the after-imagery of the music. But soon the noise of the storm began to force itself into her consciousness.

Vaguely she knew that this night was different from the others. The two previous nights she had been all and half-unconscious; her very helplessness appealed to Bill's chivalry. Tonight she stood on her own feet.

She was suddenly face to face with the fact that the night stretched before her—and she in a snow-swept cabin in the full power of a strange man.

But all at once she looked up to find Bill's eyes upon her, full of sympathy and understanding. "You'll want to turn in now," he told her. "You take the bunk upstairs, of course—I'll sleep on the floor. I'm comfortable there. And now I've got to fix your hoodlur."

He took one of the boxes that served as a chair and stood it up on the floor, just in front of her bunk. Then, holding one of the blankets in his arm and a few nails in his hand, he climbed upon the box. She understood in an instant. He was curtaining off the entire end of the cabin where Virginia slept.

"The girl's relief showed in her face. 'You can go in there now,' he told her. 'But there's one thing—I want to show you—before you turn in.'"

"Yes." "I want to show you this little pistol," he took a light arm of bluesteel from his belt—the small caliber and automatic weapon with which he had killed the grouse. "It's only a twenty-two," Bill went on, "but it shoots a long cartridge, and it shoots ten of 'em, fast as you pull the trigger. You could kill a caribou with it, if you hit him right."

"Yes," she said, wondering at this curious interlude in their moment of parting. "You see this little catch behind the trigger guard?" The girl nodded. "When you want to fire it, all you have to do is to push up the little catch with your thumb and pull the trigger. Tomorrow I'm going to teach you how to shoot with it—I mean shoot straight enough to take the head off a grouse at twenty feet. And so it will bring you luck. I want you to sleep with it—under your pillow."

Understanding flashed through her, and a slow, grateful smile played at her lips. "I don't want it, Bill," she told him.

"You'd feel safer with it," the man urged. He slipped it under her pillow. "And even here you learn to shoot it well—you could—if you had to—shoot and kill a man."

He smiled again and drew her curtain. Bill was true to his promise to teach Virginia to shoot. The next day they had target practice.

While Virginia cooked lunch, Bill cut young spruce trees and made a sled; and after the meal pushed out through the whirling snow to bring in the remainder of the moose meat.

It was the work of the whole afternoon to urge the sled up the ridge and then draw it home through the drifts.

Virginia was lonely and depressed all the time Bill was absent. "You can call me Virginia, if you want to," she told him. "Last names are silly out here."

Bill looked his gratitude, and she helped him prepare the meat. Some of it he hung just outside the cabin door; one of the great hams was suspended in a spruce tree, fifty feet in front of the cabin. The skin was flayed and hung up behind the stove to dry.

"It's going to furnish the web for our snowshoes," he explained. In their talk that evening she was surprised to learn how full had been his reading.

Other evenings he told her Nature lore; the ways of the living creatures that he observed, and in the daytime he illustrated his points from life.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Dish washing is a different job—with Blue Devil Cleanser—Adv.

CAREFUL  
"Aren't you going to kiss me? I'm under the mistletoe!"  
"Not without a witness to prove you're under it. You could swear afterwards you weren't under it and sue me for damages."

## HELLO, WOODY



WOODROW WILSON

LOCKPORT, Ill., Jan. 4.—"Get a hobby and stick to it." Take that advice from Woodrow Wilson. Not the former president. But from little Woodrow of this place, son of William Wilson.

With a nickel capital he went into the sheep raising industry. He paid the nickel on account for his first lamb.

Today at 9 he's the owner of one of the finest flocks of Shropshires in Illinois.

He entered his sheep in the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago Nov. 28.

Five hundred other of America's brightest farm boys and girls competed for prizes.

Little Woodrow claims relationship with former President Wilson. Family tradition of the Lockport Wilsons has it that far, far, back President Wilson's great grandfather were brothers in Ireland.

The Lockport Wilsons tell of a quarrel between the brothers over some property rights and of the eventual separation of the family tree later in America.

Little Woodrow says that some day he'll be president, too. "Sheep are my hobby," he says. "I don't play marbles much, nor fly kites nor play ball."

"I have to have something to do, so I raise sheep."

Realty Deeds Are Filed For Record  
The following deeds were filed with County Clerk Lee N. Satterfield yesterday for recording:

Charles W. Wadsworth to Paul Gripper a parcel of land on Coal Lick run in Marion county. Consideration \$750.

W. H. Talkington and wife to S. K. Thomas a parcel of land on Pyles Fork of Buffalo creek in Mannington district. Consideration \$2,950.

Irvine Dunnington and wife to West End Improvement Company a parcel of land in the West End addition to the city of Fairmont. Consideration \$500.

BENWOOD MAN DEAD  
WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 4.—Hugh Crookard 77, former superintendent of the Benwood plant of the National Tube Company, died at his home here yesterday after a prolonged illness. Frank Heavner Crookard, of Birmingham, Alabama, of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company is a son. He was a brother of the late John Crookard, for fifty years Wheeling Wharfmaster.

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Get well! Be free from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back, kidney and bladder troubles. Start NOW.

If you suffer from bladder weakness with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times at night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives. We will give you for your own use one 85-cent bottle (32 doses) FREE to convince you the Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism and all other ailments, no matter how chronic or stubborn, when caused by excessive uric acid. Send this notice with your letter to the Dr. D. A. Williams Co., Dept. V-4725, P. O. Block, East Hampton, Conn. Please send ten cents to help pay part cost of postage, packing, etc. We will mail to you by parcel post, delivery paid, a regular 85-cent bottle of The Williams Treatment (32 doses), without obligation or expense. Only one bottle to the same address or family. Established 1869.

## COURTNEYS' Half-Yearly STORE CLEARANCE

The Third Event of the Customary January Sales which brings for the extraordinary Price-Reductions

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

"WAIT until January" is the slogan of many an experienced shopper whose satisfactory purchases are the envy of her friends. Courtneys' January Sales have attained the importance of a marked date on the calendar and are unfailingly included in the plans of the majority of our vast patronage. Continuing until Saturday night, values far beyond the ordinary are featured in all departments.

One Special Table of Purses—Only 95c

All Other Purses—Also Duvelty and Silk Bags At One-Fourth Off

One Table of Sweaters

The Regular Values up to \$5.75 Special Only \$2.95

All Other Sweaters in Our Store Go in this Sale at Half Price

M. & F. and Society Maid Hosiery

Regular \$3.00 Values. Full fashioned—Silk Lisle—re-inforced heel and toe. Special Only \$1.95

20 Pct. Off on all our Van Raalte Hosiery Black, Cordovan, Russet, Grey and Castor

ALL DOLLS at HALF PRICE

20 Pct. Off on our entire Regular Stock of Henderson & Lady Ruth Corsets

An Assortment of Gloves In Grey, Brown and Black Kid—in a wide range of sizes. Special at 1-3 Off the Marked Price

Kimonos

In Silk Crepe, Satin, Cotton Crepe and Flannelette. Also including those of Corduroy. One-Fourth Off



Unrivalled Values! Final Offering of

ALL SUITS

at much less than

HALF-PRICE

All Courtneys' Suits placed in four groups, selling at—

\$10.00 \$19.75  
\$29.50 \$39.50

THESE prices represent the greatest sacrifices ever made in clearing away our suit stock. And not a suit is reserved—they all go at much less than half price for any one you choose.

Heavy Fleeced Lined Bathrobes Only a Few Left All at Half Price

Waist and Blouse Dept. ONE LOT OF WAISTS—Including Crepe de Chine and Georgette in White and Flesh

Wonderful Bargains at \$4.95

ONE TABLE OF VOILE WAISTS—Regular \$1.00 and \$1.50 Values. Special Only 89c

ONE TABLE OF WAISTS—Including Georgette, Batiste, Voile and Dimity—Regular Values up to \$5.75. Special at Only \$2.95

All of our Dark Georgette Crepe de Chine, Taffeta and Satin Blouses in Smart Suit Shades.

All Go in This Sale at Half Price

One Lot of Soiled Handkerchiefs Formerly 50c and 65c Special Only 39c

One Lot of Soiled Handkerchiefs Formerly 25c Special Only 18c

All Silk Petticoats and Bloomers

In Jersey, Taffeta and Satin One-Third Off

Half Price for your choice of all Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Furs

---our entire stock at this reduction!

WOOL Dresses and Silk Dresses—Fine Winter Coats, plain or richly fur-trimmed—Fur Coats and Fur Pieces—and Wool Skirts for immediate use or wearing during the coming spring. Everything in these departments—in fact—without exception or reservation goes into the final January Clearance at the drastic cut to one-half the former selling price. Standard Courtneys' merchandise, too. Every single item was chosen with the intention of selling it at its full price and as a reputable value at its full price. So if you have the slightest need for a Dress, Coat, Fur Piece or Scarf, or for a Skirt don't neglect to purchase it here before the end of this week.

All Silk and Cotton Undergarments continue on Sale until Saturday night at 1-3 Reduction

GOWNS, chemise, bloomers, camisoles—underthings of all sorts and styles and kinds (each the best value of its kind) during this event at the important reduction of a third. Can you think of anything more inviting—more helpful—more worthy of your prompt action? Buy all you need—buy for the rest of winter and for next spring while you can save so handsomely.

Undergarments on our regular 95c table are reduced to only 79c