moon here.'

upon her.

living here!"

into his arms.

In his exuberance he failed to per-

They had only just arrived in time

"Well, you were right," said Lee.

"It's lucky we're going to have a roof

over us tonight. Look, here's fire-

wood piled! Now I wonder who's been

The girl did not answer him. She

was staring about her with the same

look of bewilderment, and Lee saw

that she was trembling. He drew her

trouble you," he said. "All will come

right. And what can anything matter,

"It makes me afraid, Lee," she an-

swered in a low tone. "Oh, Lee, I-I

ever before. There ought to be-there

used to be a table here, and-a woman

than herself, with iron-gray hair, who

to smile at a child playing beside her.

dearest, you should be happy here."

"If you were, if this was your home,

Was I that child, Lee?"

thing terrible-'

clutched at Lee's arm.

"Lee! Did you see that? That

She was half hysterical, and her

across the room beyond, through the

Instantly he darted after it, but

They Passed the Ridge, the Trail Ran

there was nothing to be seen. He

"It wasn't anything. We're getting

"I'm sure there was-was something,

"Stay here, and I'll search the

"No, don't leave me! Let me go

They went together, looking into all

went to the back door to look for foot-

prints, but if any had been made, they

would have been obliterated in a mo-

ment by the wind that was driving the

"It was imagination," said Lee.

She assented, and, going into the

the kettle down to the stream and

ing in Front of Them.

came back.

whirling clouds.

Around the Bend of the Lake-and

Suddenly They Saw the Log Build-

dark.

shadow?"

open door.

so long as we have each other?"

"Dearest, you musn't let things

to escape the storm, for already the

flakes were whirling down outside.

ceive the depression that had settled

"I'M JOYCE PELLY!"

SYNOPSIS -- Lee Anderson, Roy-

al Canadian Mounted Police sergeant, is sent to Stony Range to arrest a man named Pelly for murder. He is also instructed to look after Jim Rathway, reputed head of the "Free Traders," illicit liquor runners. At Little Falls he finds Pelly is credited with having found a gold mine, and is missing. At the hotel appears a girl, obviously out of place in the rough surroundings. A halfbreed, Pierre, and a companion, "Shorty," annoy the girl. Anderson interferes in her behalf. The girl sets out for Siston Lake, which is also Anderson's objec-tive. He overtakes her and the two men with whom he had trou-ble the night before. She is suspicious of him and the two men are hostile. Pierre and Shorty ride on, Anderson and the girl following. In the hills the road is blown up, before and behind the two. Anderson, with his horse, is hurled down the mountain side, senseless. Recovering consciousness, Anderson finds the girl has disappeared, but he concludes she is alive and prob-ably in the power of Pferre and Shorty. On foot he makes his way to Siston Lake. There he finds his companion of the day before, and Rathway, with a girl, Estelle, a former sweetheart of Anderson's, who had abused his confidence and almost wrecked his life. Rathway strikes Estelle, and after a fight Anderson, with Estelle's help, escapes with the girl. Anderson's companion's mind is clouded and she is suffering with a dislocated knee. Anderson sets the knee and makes the girl as comfortable as possible. He has a broken rib. The two plan to make their way to a Moravian mission, of which Father McGrath has charge. Their acquaintance ripens into

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Lee did not push his inquiries. On the whole he felt it would be preferable that her memory should return to her while she was at the mission.

The next morning broke cloudy, the snow was frozen hard, and banks of heavy snow clouds were piling up in the north. The girl's knee had still not troubled her, and they made even faster progress. Early in the afternoon the prospects of a storm became so threatening that Lee proposed they should encamp on a ridge of land some half a mile in front of them.

"We can find a safe nook in there," he suggested.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, "there's a large log house about half a mile beyond that, and we'll be much more comfortable there."

As Lee looked at her, he realized that she had been speaking without realizing what she had been saying. Suddenly she realized it too.

"Now what made me say that?" she asked. "But I'm sure somehow that there is a cabin there. I know this place quite well, only it's as if I'd seen it in a dream. Oh, Lee, what if I should remember? I don't want tonever, never! I want our new life and our love!"

He put his arm about her and tried to comfort her, but the look of sadness lingered on her face, and every now and then, covertly watching her, Lee would see that same perplexed knitting of her brows.

They passed the ridge, the trail ran around the bend of the lake-and suddenly they saw the log building in front of them.

Lee looked at the house in surprise, for it was built in the most substantial way, and contained apparently five or six rooms. The settler who had constructed it must have meant to make it his permanent home, for the ground around it had been cleared for an acre or more; but it seemed to have been uncared for for several years, for the land was overgrown with brambles and spindly birch, into the thick of which serried cohorts of young spruce trees were advancing in ranks, like the vanguard of an army.

The door was unbolted, and when they went in they were startled at the aspect of the interior. The rooms were Lee." She clung to him. filled with furniture, nearly all of it made by the settler, but extraordinar- place." fly well done. There were mildewed and faded but substantial carpets on with you!" the floors. There were fungous growths on the walls; but in spite of all the evidences of decay, the interior looked there was no sign of anyone. Lee the habitation of a prosperous settler.

They went from room to room. The contents of the kitchen had been scrupulously respected, in accordance with trappers' law. There were por- dry snow about the doorsill in little celain plates, cups and saucers, cooking utensils, a large sheet-iron stove half full of charred logs.

Lee went all over the place, calling kitchen, began to make the preparato the girl with the enthusiasm of a tions for their meal, while Lee took

"It's just the place for us!" he filled it with water. cried. "We'll find out who owns it and | But when he returned she had |

ceased to work and was sitting on a chair, her head bent down, her hands clasped on her knees, staring desolately in front of her.

Lee stood beside her. "Dearest, if could do anything to help you-" "You can't help me. I-I don't

cnow what to do.' Her voice was strained, hard, alost unrecognizable. Lee knelt at her eet conscious of a sense of utter helplessness. He took her hands in his. and found that they were as cold as ice. Her body was strained into unnatural rigidity. It was almost as if she were a prisoner on some torture table, so set were all her muscles, as though she were bracing herself against some unendurable pain.

"Yes, you can help me!" The words came quickly from her ips, and, raising her head, she gave -you haven't been frank with me,

"You know all that there is to know about me. But what do I know about you? You say you love me, you won my love-my love, that of the nameless woman; and you have my poor little two weeks' life story in your possession. You know everything that there is of me-oh, you know it so intimately. Can you not see how it humiliates me, to think that I have no personality of my own at all, nothing to myself, no life, hardly a thought, even, that is not yours?"

"Dearest--" But she went on implacably: "What do I know of you? Who are you? Lee Anderson? That's only a name. You have your life, your past. How many women has it contained, women you perhaps think of regretfully, some-

times even with tenderness-? "I'd have told you that when the time came. I loved one woman-1 thought I did. She was-well, I gave her my love foolishly, that's all. And it wasn't love. There is only you, seem to be nearer to remembering than has only been you-"

"How do I know you are telling me the truth, Lee Anderson?"

sat here sewing, a woman with fair "You don't mean that, dear. We've hair, and her face bent over her work, given our love to each other, with trust and looking up sometimes to smile at and faith. It's just the loneliness and a man-a tall man, several years older the dread and the fear of remembering the past that makes you doubt never smiled, but was always kind to everything. Look into my eyes and her. And then she would look down see if you can doubt them.'

The hardness of her laugh surprised him. "I don't trust men, Lee Ander-

Lee felt stupefied. But deeper than "I don't know. Lee. I wish now that the hurt was his pity for her, a soul we'd camped on the ridge. I wish I'd cut off from the past, with only himnever come here. I've the feeling that self to guide her. He could under--that it means the end." She began stand that the desire for a personality to cry softly. "It's not-not just the of her own might well inspire her fear of remembering this place, but bitterness.

it's what is associated with it-some-"I think the best way I can prove my love for you," he answered, "is just to say nothing till your mood has She ceased and looked out at the fast falling snow. It was still passed."

only the middle of the afternoon, but "No, Lee, there is a better way than the wind was rising, whistling about that, a much better way. Be frank the cabin, and everything was a deso- with me. Let me share your life. Who For stronger even than conscience are you? Lee Anderson? That's only a name to me. Tell me why you came so proud to serve. Inside the log house it was half into the range, and how you found Suddenly the girl uttered a cry and me.

He began to tell her; but, because it was impossible to speak of their experiences at Siston lake, he made it appear that he had saved her-as Lee, for he had had the confused im- carried her into the woods. He pression that a shadow had glided omitted much, but he distorted nothing. "What were you doing in the range? with dishonor.

What are you here for?" Her voice was breathless, her eyes seemed to Lee weighed these possibilities as he burn into his face.

someone. You are a member of the Joyce to the Moravian mission as he police. Whom have you come to find?" had planned, there hand her over to continued:

"It wasn't a man named Pelly, was who had been betrayed, sold by some- externals as the icy flakes whipped his one he trusted? A man who had done no wrong to anyone, but who, a whole | clearing far behind him; he could no generation before, had killed the scoun- longer discern the cabin in the disdrel who tried to ruin his wife? Hadn't tance through the whirling snow. He he atoned for that by a lifetime of had been traveling across the ridges exile?"

"He is my father! This is our home! Yes, I'm Joyce Pelly, his daughter, as take cover. you have always suspected. And I suspected you from the beginning. And you-you forced your presence upon me under the guise of protecting me from my friends."

"That is not so!" betraying her. And you dared-yes, you dared-"

"I never dreamed who you were. Won't you believe my word of honor that I am incapable-?"

But she went on, still implacable: "You dared to pretend you loved me, in that and other regions, where the you traitor, in order to discover my father's hiding place when I-I was granite by volcanic action at some precoming up to him-but why-why? I historic time, and then abraded by rain can't remember all. I only know that or torrent, left strange hollows and I remember I'm his daughter. And I gullies. tell you I hate you with a hate ten times as great as the love I thought I felt for you!"

Lee stood up before her. "I only ask you to believe me," he began, winding chasm, extending indefinitely "when I say that I didn't know, guess, dream who you were. How should I be merely a lip or crack in the rugged have known he had a daughter-this nian I'd never seen? I knew noth-

the rooms and about the house, but ing-But suddenly her icy coldness emed to dissolve in helpless misery. "Oh, leave me! Leave me for a little while, or I shall go mad!" she cried. And she put her hands over her face and began weeping wildly.

CHAPTER X

The Tunnel Under the Rock Lee stumbled out of the cabin.

lazed, stupefled by Joyce's revelation.

woman he loved. Never, if he had any which inclined inward toward the sumpower to read the human heart, could | mit was less than half that of the base. Joyce Pelly look on him again with anything but hate and horror, death.

Beneath her gentle nature there lay, he knew, a soul of steel, calm and reolved. He could now look upon her only as a relentless enemy as long as her father lived. His little spell of happiness was ended forever.

And he groaned as he strode through the blasts, and beat his fists into the whirling snow.

Then to the man there came temptation flercer than any he had known as he perceived the one way out, the only way.

It was only necessary to find Pelly, to warn him out of the district forever, to return to Manistree, making a report that Pelly was dead, in order him a strange, penetrating look. "You to win Joyce, taking her away with him, earning her gratitude, her love-But would she love him then? Could their happiness be based on that

> Perhaps he could win her. And then? Resign from the police, of course, and bear the burden of the

dishonor?



"To Gain Your Wretched Ends by Winning a Woman's Confidence and Then Betraying Her, and You Dared -Yes. You Dared-"

shame for the rest of his days, reading it in Joyce's eyes, their children reading it in their parents' eyes. No, even that was not possible.

There was no escape for him. And he thanked God that he did not have to weigh those possibilities, tion again, and nothing was visible. though he would never have yielded. was the thought of the force he was

Those dauntless guardians of the law had endured the icy blasts of the treeless tundras, they had looked un- third. flinchingly into the face of death, death by violence, by cold, by hunger, and on the battlefield; it was all part nervousness communicated itself to he had said before-after the fall, and of the game whether one faced a moral

> And it was only for a moment that me the truth. You came here to find threw off the burden. He would take And as Lee remained silent, she the priest, and-leave her to go to his

task, the apprehension of her father. The storm was growing flercer. face, discovered that he had left the of the broken ground, apparently "What do you know of him?" cried making unconsciously for the shelter of the friendly forest behind it, with

the instinct of a wounded beast to

Well, he must go back, and they two must face that night together, and the next day. There was no help for it. As he strode on, suddenly instinct pulled him up sharply. He had been trampling through a mass of withered "To gain your wretched ends by win- undergrowth and bramble; and now, ning a woman's confidence and then directly in front of him, he perceived a great gorge, so concealed in this growth that he had all but stepped

> over the edge. He advanced cautiously and peered down into it. It was an extraordinary formation. He had seen such before, limestone, pushed up through molten

> But he had never seen one on such a scale as this.

> He was looking into a natural fissure in the ground, a long, irregular, into the distance, but so narrow as to surface of the ground.

It had not been worn by rains or water; it was too deep for that. Probably the limestone, thrust up originally from the earth's inner core, had been sucked down again in some final convulsion, while the granite was still half molten, leaving the granite shell about the chasm.

And in spite of its depth the chasm was so narrow that it almost looked as if a man could have leaped across

This was undoubtedly incorrect, the distance between cliff and cliff being only apparently reduced by the dense The man he sought stood, an invin- underbrush that fringed the orifice; trons,"-Literary Digest.

lible I rrier, between bimself and the but the distance between the walls, It was just such a chasm as a man might step into in a storm, to certain

> On the floor of this gorge Lee could see a few scrub birches standing primly erect, seeming to be hardly larger than tree seedlings in a horticultural nursery.

> The fissure extended diagonally of the cabin. Lee began to retrace his steps, following it along its edge, until he came to a place where it terminated suddenly in a pile of great rocks of granite outcrop.

Two of these rocks stood up, one on each side of the end of the chasm, like monoliths, although it was clear that they had not been fashloned by human hands. Between them was a third, like a monolith that had been flung down.

Resting on this was an enormous rock and Lee, who had been walking into the face of the wind, stopped and leaned against this stone for a few moments, in order to catch his breath. To his astonishment the massive

poulder seemed about to topple backward under his weight. He felt himself slipping. He turned 'round, clutched at the stone, and saw it heaving under his gaze like a ship at sea. And then he realized what had hap-

pened. The stone was not collapsing, but the pressure of his body had set it in motion. It came slowly to a standstill. Lee

pressed his hand against the boulder, and immediately it was in movement again.

It was a rocking stone, and probably ne of the largest in the world. The least touch started it, so delicately was it poised, but a team of

horses could not have shifted it from its position. As the huge, overhanging side tilted, at Lee's touch, he saw a narrow opening underneath it. His first thought was that it was that of some burrowing animal. Then he perceived that

doubtedly been made by a spade. Human hands had made it. Lee stared at it until the stone, returning,

the sharp edges of the hole had un-

hid the opening from view. He swung the boulder again, and, as it tilted, revealing the hole once more, he flattened himself, face downward. upon the ground underneath. The stone, in its return, just grazed his shoulders.

Lee came to the conclusion that the hole extended downward beneath the base of the great stone, and, lying flat on his face, he pushed it up with his shoulders. The light that came in as it rocked backward showed him a foothold in the granite beneath the strip of mould that covered it-a rock edge, with gaping blackness below. Then the stone came back into posi-

Clinging in the darkness to the edges of the hole, Lee extended a foot downward. The toe of his boot struck a ledge of rock. Crawling down, Lee lowered himself until he felt a second foothold beneath. Below that was a

He found himself descending a lad-

der of rock. And very carefully he began working his way downward. The granite enemy or a physical one. Even in wall was polished as smooth as glass, thought there could be no tempering each foothold was precariously slippery, and he clung like a bat with hands and knees as he descended. But in a few minutes a dim light began to strode through the storm. Then he filter upward from below. Lee's head "I-think-I-know. You must tell squared his shoulders resolutely and scraped against rock. The light grew stronger. Flakes of snow whirled in.

Then he emerged into daylight, to find himself clinging to the interior lining of the great chasm, like a fly on a wall, three-fourths of the way down. The snow was whirling about it? An old man, an old friendless man, Lee, awakening to the realization of him, but the wind had ceased, cut off by the precipitous walls of the chasm.

Then Lee understood. He had found an entrance, probably the only one. into the gorge; but someone had preceded him, patiently assisting nature in the creation and enlargement of the steps of that rocky ladder, which had been eroded, during the course of millenniums, by the action of a now dried-up waterfall.

Only water could have hollowed out that course by the play of the leaping torrent on the projections of the granite.

Looking down from where he clung, Lee saw that a thin stream trickled over a sandy bed in the middle of the gorge below, issuing from one end, where it burst out of the granite, carrying with it the debris of the alluvial land above-mud, gravel, and sand.

And suddenly the idea occurred to him that in all probability he had stumbled upon old Pelly's gold mine. In which event, what more natural than that Pelly was hiding in that inaccessible spot, where he would be absolutely secure against discovery-unless he had incautiously permitted some one to share his secret?

And perhaps Joyce knew, and had come up in order to be with him and to procure food supplies for him. Lee gnashed his teeth at the thought of it. Fortune had played into his hands,

The course of true love never did run smooth. Is the break past mending?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Supplice"

The meaning of the word supplice is "punishment; torture; pain and torment." As far back as 1656 the word was used by Blount to express the same meaning. There is also a passage in one of Mrs. Oliphant's works which reads: "It is easier to play the victim under the supplice inflicted by a pretty girl, than by two mature ma-

HOW TO KEEP

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN Editor of "HEALTH"

MAKING MILK SAFE

MILK is a perfect food, especially for the young. Unfortunately, the very qualities which make it so also make it a perfect medium on which to grow disease germs. The cow, either through natural susceptibility or centuries of domestication and breeding, is unusually susceptible to a number of human diseases, especially tuberculosis; also diarrhea, sore throat, diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fever. So the same qualities which make milk an unequaled food when it is pure, also make it a serious danger when it is not pure.

The whole problem in the milk question is how to produce and deliver safe milk to the consumer. This can no longer be left to the individual producer. If the dairyman himself wants to take a chance on the purity of his milk, that may be his own affair, but when he sells it to others, then the authorities, either city, county or state, demand that he must sell only milk that will not cause disease among his customers.

There are two kinds of milk soldraw milk and pasteurized milk. If raw milk is to be pure, it must be taken from healthy cows, in clean barns, by clean milkmen, put into clean bottles or cans and delivered to the consumer without any danger of becoming contaminated on the way. This means that the cows must be tuberculin tested, that the surroundings must be clean, that the milkers must be tested to rule out human carriers and that the manner of handling the milk at every stage must be free from any danger of infection. Such milk is called certified milk, because its purity is certified to by some responsible body, usually the local health authorities or milk commission.

Milk which is not produced under such conditions as to insure its purity is made safe by pasteurization. This means that it is heated to a temperature of not less than 145 degrees F. or more than 148 degrees F. for not less than thirty minutes. This is enough to destroy all the disease germs present, without actually cooking the milk. While pasteurizing milk in quantities in dairies requires special apparatus, it can easily be done at home by using a double boiler and regulating the temperature.

Although these conditions are new enforced in most large cities, in the smaller towns and country districts milk is still generally used raw and with few precautions. This accounts for the fact that tubercular glands, especially of the neck, are about as common among country children as ever, although this condition has practically disappeared among city children, even in the slums.

Raw milk is dangerous, unless given by tuberculin-tested cows under carefully supervised conditions. All milk especially for children, should be pasteurized before using.

VENTILATION

EVERY one must have air to breathe in order to live. We can live without food for from twenty to forty days, without water from seven to eight days, but we cannot live three minutes without air.

In order to be well, we must not only have air but it must be reasonably pure, sufficiently moist and cool. Under ordinary conditions, we get all these things outdoors and don't have to bother about them. It's when we go indoors that the trouble begins.

So long as primitive man lived outdoors he had no ventilation problem. As soon as he built his first house, he had to think about ventilation. Although the first houses were probably so loosely and imperfectly built that it wasn't much of a problem.

But we live today in weather-tight, water-tight and almost air-tight houses. As soon as we go into a house, be it residence, store, office or workshop, we find ourselves in a limited supply of air, which we at once begin to pollute by our own breathing. With each breath we are taking oxygen out of the air and putting carbon dioxide into it. The smaller the space and the more people, the faster the process goes on,

Oxygen is one-fifth of the air. With each breath we draw into our lungs we absorb one-half the oxygen in each lung full and breathe out the other

A man weighing 160 pounds needs 2.400 cubic feet of fresh air every hour if he is resting, 3,200 an hour if he is doing light work and 6,100 an hour if doing heavy work. A woman weighing 120 pounds needs five-sixths as much and a child weighing 80 pounds needs seven-twelfths as much.

Although many costly and elaborate ventilating devices have been mace, the easiest, simplest and best way to get fresh air into a room is to open a window. A screen or a glass or wooden strip in front of the opening will prevent direct draft and throw the

cold air up to the ceiling. Have plenty of fresh air in your workrooms and living rooms. It doesn't cost anything and it's the be'

tonic you can take.