

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER V .- (Continued.) E GAVE his warning to Gray Wolf, I and they were off like the wind, side by side. And then came the sound-and Kazan's hatred of men burst forth in a enarl as he leaped. There was a queer humming over their heads. The sound from behind came again, and this time from behind came again, and this time Gray Wolf gave a yelp of pain and rolled ever and over in the snow. She was on her feet again in an instant, and Kazan dropped schind her, and ran there until they reached the shelter of the timber. Gray Wolf lay down, and began licking the wound in her shoulder. Kazan faced the ridge. The man was taking up their trail. He stopped where Gray Wolf had fallen, and examined the snow. Then he came on. he came on. Kazan urged Gray Wolf to her feet, and

they made for the thick swamp close to the lake. All that day they kept in the face of the wind, and when Gray Wolf lay down Kazan stole back over their lay down Kazan stole back over their trail, watching and sniffing the air.

For days after that Gray Wolf ran lame, and when once they came upon the remains of an old camp, Kazan's teeth were bared in snarling hatred o the man-scent that had been left behind.
Growing in him there was a desire for vengeance—vengeance for his own hurts nd for Gray Wolf's. He tried to nose out the man-trail under the cover of fresh snow, and Gray Wolf circled around him

into the forest. At last he followed her sullenly. There was a savage redness in his eyes. his eyes.

Three days later the new moon came. And on the fifth night Kazan struck a trail. It was fresh — so fresh that he stopped as suddenly as though struck by a bullet when he ran upon it, and stood with every muscle in his body quivering and his hair on end. It was a man-trail. There were the marks of the sledge, the dogs' feet and the snow-shoe prints of his enemy.

Then he threw up his head to the stars Then he threw up his head to the stars and from his throat there rolled out over the wide plains the hunt-cry—the wild and savage call for the pack. Never had he put the savagery in it that was there tonight. Again and again he sent forth that call, and then there came an answer and another and still another, until Gray Wolf besself as a back on her haunches Wolf herself sat back on her haunches and added her voice to Kazan's, and far out on the plain a white and haggard-faced man halted his exhausted dogs to listen, while a voice said faintly from the

The wolves, father. Are they coming-

The man was silent. He was not young. The moon shone in his long, white heard The moon shone in his long, white beard and added grotesquely to the height of his tall, gaunt figure. A girl had raised her head from a bearskin pillow on the sleigh. Her dark eyes were filled beautifully with the starlight. She was pale. Her hair fell in a thick, shining braid over her ilder, and she was hugging something

at the breech of his rifle. "Don't worry, Jo. We'll stop at the next bit of scrub and see if we can't find enough dry stuff for a fire.—Wee-ah-h-h-b, boys! Koosh-

koosh—" and he anapped his whip over the backs of his tearn. From the bundle at the girl's breast

there came a small walling ery. And far back in the plain there answered it the scattered voice of the pack.

At last Kazan was on the trail of vengeance. He ran slowly at first, with Gray Wolf close beside him, pausing every three or four hundred veries to sand three or four hundred yards to send forth the cry. A gray lenging form joined them from behind, Another followed. Two came in from the side and Kazan's solitary howl gave place to the wild tongue of the pack. Numbers grew, and with increasing number the pace became Four-six-seven-ten-fourteen by the time the more open and wind-swept part of the plain was reached. It was a strong pack, filled with old

and fearless hunters. Gray Wolf was the youngest, and she kept close to Kazan's shoulders. She could see nothing of his red-shot eyes and dripping jaws, and would not have understood if she had seen. But she could feel and she was thrilled by the spirit of that strange and mysterious savagery that had made Kazan forget all things but hurt and death.



Kazan heard the hissing song of the death-bee over his head.

The pack made no sound. There was only the panting of breath and the soft fall of many feet. They ran swiftly and And always Kazan was a leap ahead, with Gray Wolf nosing his shoul-

the desire in him to kill new. For the first time he had no fear of man, no fear of the club, of the whip or of the thing that blazed forth fire and death. He ran more swiftly, in order to overtake them and give them battle sooner. All of the pent-up madness of four years of slavery and abuse at the hands of men broke loose in thin red streams of fire in his veins, and when at last he saw a moving blotch far out on the plain ahead of him, the cry that came out of his throat was one that Gray Wolf did not understand. Three hundred yards beyond that mov-

ing blotch was the thin line of timber, stopped and became a black and motionstopped and became a black and motion-less shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he heard the blasing song of the death-bee over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelped sharply, and the wolves raced in until four of them were

neck-and-neck with him.

A second flash—and the death-bee drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third—a fourth— a fifth spurt of that fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift passing of a red-hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet

shaved off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under
the fire of the rifle, and half of the others
were swinging to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faith-fully Gray Wolf followed him. The sledge dogs had been freed from their traces, and before he could reach the man, whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He

fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gnashing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Two of the wolves rushed in, and Kazan heard the terrific back-breaking thud of the rifle. To him it was the club. thud of the rifle. To him it was the club. He wanted to reach it. He wanted to reach the man who held it, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the does and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He burled his jaws deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice! It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice! The bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-reddened eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which she was clutching to her breast, and there came from it a strange, thrilling cryand he knew that here on the sledge he had found not amply any death, but that had found not enmity and death, but that

from which he had been driven away in the other world beyond the ridge. In a flash he turned. He snapped at Gray Wolf's flank, and she dropped away with a startled yelp.

It had all happened in a moment, but the man was almost down. Kazan leaned the man was almost down. Kazan leaped under his clubbed rifle and drove into the face of what was left of the pack. His fangs cut like knives. His fangs cut like knives. If he had fought like a demon against the dogs, he fought like ten demons now, and the man-bleeding and ready to fall-singgered back to the sledge, marveling at what was happening. For in Gray Wolf there was now the instinct of matehood, and seeing Koren tearing and fighting. and seeing Kazan tearing and fighting the pack she joined him in the struggle which she could not understand. When it was over, Kazan and Gray

Wolf were alone out on the plain. The pack had slunk away into the night, and the same moon and stars that had given o Kazan the first knowledge of his birthight told him now that no longer would hose wild brothers of the plains respond to his call when he howled into the sky. He was hurt. And Gray Wolf was burt, but no so badly as Kazan. He was torn but no so badly as kazan. He was torn and bleeding. One of his legs was terribly bitten. After a time he saw a fire in the edge of the forest. The old call was strong upon him. He wanted to crawl in to it, and feel the girl's hand on his head, as he had felt that other hand in the world beyond the ridge. He would have gone—and would have groe—and would have groen—and wou Never had he wanted to kill as he felt the desire in him to kill new. For the desire in him to kill new. For the dirst time he had no fear of man, no fear time he had no fear of man, no fear time he had no fear of man, no fear times her warm muzzle against his neck. Kazan could not go far. He could still smell the camp when he lay down. Gray Wolf snugsled close to him. Gently she soothed with her soft tongue Kazan's bleeding wounds. And Kazan, lifting his head, whined softly to the stars.

CHAPTER VI.

N THE edge of the cedar and spruce O forest old Pierre Radisson built the fire. He was bleeding from a dozen and Kazan and his followers bore down and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Half-way to the timber they wounds, where the fangs of the wolves were almost upon it, and suddenly it had reached to his flesh, and he felt in his breast that old and terrible pain, of which no one knew the meaning but himself. He dragged in log after log piled them on the fire until the flames leaped up to the crisping needles of the limbs above, and

heaped a supply close at hand for use later in the night.

From the sledge Jo... watched him, still wild-eyed and fearful, still trembling. She was holding her baby close to her breast. Her long, heavy hair smothered her shoulders and arms in a dark lustrous veil that glistened and rippled in the firelight when she moved. Her young face was scarcely a woman's tonight, though she was a mother. She looked like a chill. Old Pierre laughed as he threw down the last armful of fuel, and stood breath-

ing hard.
"It was close, ma cheri," he panted through his white beard. "We were nearer to death out there on the plain than we will ever be again, I hope. But we are comfortable now, and warm. Eh? You are no longer afraid?

He sat down beside his daughter, and

rently pulled bac the soft for that enveloped the bundle she held in her arms. He could see one pink cheek of baby Joan.

The eyes of Joan, the mother, were like

"It was the baby who saved us," she whispered. "The dogs were being torn to pleces by the wolves, and I saw them leaping upon you, when one of them sprang to the sledge. At first I thought it was one of the dogs. But it was a wolf. He tore once at us, and the bear-skin saved us. He was glmost at my throat when baby cried, and then he stood there, his red eyes a foot from us, and I could have sworn again that he was a dog. In an instant he turned, and was

dog. In an instant he turned, and was a dog. In an instant he turned, and was sighting the wolves. I saw him leap upon one that was almost at your throat."
"He was a dog," said old Pierre, holding out his hands to the warmth. "They often wander away from the posts and join the wolves. I have had dogs do that.

Ma chert a dog is a dog all his life. Ma cheri, a dog is a dog all his life, Kicks, abuse, even the woives cannot change him—for long. He was one of the pack. He came with them—to kill. But when he found us-"

"He fought for us," breathed the girl. She gave him the bundle and stood up straight and tall and slim in the firelight. "He fought for us—and he was terribly hurt," she said. "I saw him drag himself away. Father, if he is out there-

Pierre Radisson stood up. He coughed In a studdering way, trying to stiffe the sound under his beard. The fleck of crimson that came to his lips with the cough Joan did not see. She had seen nothing of it during the six days they had been traveling up from the edge of civilization "I have been thinking of that," he said.
"He was badly hurt and I do not think
he went far. Here, take little Joan and

sit close to the fire until I come back."

The moon and the stars were brilliant in the sky when he went out in the plain. A short distance from the edge of the timber-line he stood for a moment upon the spot where the wolves had overtaken them an hour before. Not one of his four dogs had lived. The snow was red with their 1100d, and their bodies lay stiff where they had failen under the pack. Pierre shuddered as he looked at them. If the wolves had not turned their first ad attack upon the degs what would ave become of himself, Joan and the aby? He turned away, with another of those hollow coughs that brought the blood to his lips.

A few yards to one side he found in the snow the trail of the strange dog that had come with the wolves and had turned against them in that moment when all seemed lost. It was not a clean running trail. It was more of a furrow in the snow, and Pierre Radisson followed it, expecting to find the dog dend at the end of it.

In the sheltered spot to which he had dragged himself in the edge of the forest Kazan lay for a long time after the fight, alert and watchful. He felt no very great pain. But he had lost the power to stand upon his legs. His flanks seemed paralyzed. Gray Wolf crouched close at his side, sniffing the air. They could smell the camp, and Kazan could detect the two things that were there-man and woman. He knew that the girl was there, where he could see the glow of the fredight through the spruce and the firelight through the spruce and the frelight through the spruce and the cedars. He wanted to go to her. He wanted to drag himself close in to the fire and take Gray Wolf with him, and listen to her voice, and feel the touch of her hand. But the man was there, and to him man had always meant the club, the whip, pain, death.

Gray Wolf crouched close to his side,

and whined softly as she urged Kazan to flee deeper with her into the forest. Inst she understood that he could move, and she ran nervously out into the plain and back again, until her foot-prints were thick in the trail she made. The instincts of matchood were strong in It was she who first saw Pierre Radisson coming over their trail, and she swiftly back to Kazan and gave the

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

OF POVERTY SHOWN AT CHARITY EXHIBIT

Methods of Social Workers to Be Explained in Demonstrations at Widener Building

TRAINED SOCIAL SERVICE

The most elaborate exhibit ever held in this city to demonstrate the indispen-sable service rendered to the community at large by the modern charity organiza-tion, and to illustrate the position taken by organized charity in bringing together the charitably inclined persons and those who are in real need of help, will be opened to the public tomorrow, when the educational exhibit or the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity will open its doors in the Widener Building, Juniper and Chestnut streets,

With the growth of the modern social and industrial system, the old-fashioned kindly neighborliness has almost entirely disappeared and it is a function of the Society for Organizing Charity to supply in a large measure the lock of this in

The exhibit is intended chiefly to bring before citizens of the city the extent to which poverty and failure through sickness, accidents, diseases and unemployment among thousands of their fellow-citizens, and to illustrate the value of trained, efficient service which is being ndered with the help of trained volunteer social workers.

"The charity exhibit," said Stevens Heckscher, president of the society, "will bring vividly before the public the tragedy n the lives of thousands of our neighbors who live at our very doors. It will show not merely this cry of human need, but not merely this cry of human need, but what is being done to help, the value of trained and sympathetic social service, along with the work of volunteer citizens, who freely give of their time any money to become their brother's keeper. It will show, we hope, that the nearest solution of the problem of poverty is first to help the poor in a humane and kindly way, and then to help them out of their poverty, not in it-to make them self-sup-porting and self-respecting.

"The increasingly large number of peo-ple who are looking to the society for help and guldance; the difficulties and plexities of its problems, and the commendable results of its constructive work are matters of vital consequences to the Their better understanding whole city. through the exhibit should result in removing some misunderstandings and crit-icisms, and in establishing a greater degree of confidence and support for the ociety's work."

The exhibit, which will be free to the public and at which there will be no sellc-itation for funds, will remain open from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. daily, from January

"The aim of the exhibit," said R. M. Little, general secretary, "is to make known the personal and helpful power of organized charity, to try to show that the movement is based upon sympathy and understanding, and while the prin-ciples are fixed, the methods are as varled as the conditions of life.

"The work is not lied up with red tape, but is as flexible in its adaptation as rub-ber bands. Besides helping individuals and single families, the movement aims to furnish a sound basis for social reconstruc-tion and better customs for society. "We are trying to make graphic a broad human service which is sustained by pow-erful heart throbs of sympathy, and which

Is as tender in dealing with the poor as a mother is with her children, as a teacher is with her pupile, as a missionary is with her people. Only the bravest hearts and the finest spirits can remain year after year in the hard baffling fight against poverty and social misery. The poor people, apart from beggars and impostors, are our strongest friends, because we have been their steadfast friends. They know that they can depend upon us, that we will not take them up one day

They know that they can depend upon us, that we will not take them up one day and drop them the next, but will see them through their difficulties."

Every day addresses will be made at the rooms in the Widener Building. Tomorrow Mr. Heckscher will speak at 12:30 o'clock and Mr. Little at 4 p. m. On Thursday the speakers will be Mrs. Louis C. Madeira, Rey Smith Wallace, Edwin D. Solenberger, Dr. John P. Garber, Henry J. Gldeon and Miss Jessie C. Evans.

POLICEMAN WED 51 YEARS

Peter D. Jones Keeps Day Surrounded by Large Family Peter D. Jones, 41 years a member of

the Philadelphia police force, celebrated the 51st anniversary of his marriage to-day at his home, 856 East Thompson Jones became a policeman exactly 10

years after the day he was married. For the last five years he has been turnkey at the East Girard avenue police station. Six children, Il grandchildren and one great-grandchild attended the reception

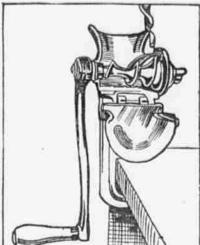
Dr. Anna H. Shaw the suffragist leader has been ill at her home in Moylan for nore than two weeks with pneumonia, inapparently over, according to her physi-

Dr. Shaw Has Pneumonia, Not Grip

Sanitary Meat Chopper Christmas and New Year's may bring a festive board londed down with tur-keys, but to the economical housekeeper the thought of turkey hash to follow is also present. A new meat chopper is on the market, which is worth notice for its remarkable sanitary qualities. It opens

like a book, allowing easy access to all the minute parts of the affair, which may

be scalded in boiling water and kept per-



feetly fresh. Your old-style grinder always had traces of grease about it, be-cause the parts were so difficult to reach The hopper looks like the ordinary style, but it splits directly in half, allowing one side to drop down when unlocked. This is closed by a lock, operated by the cook.—Popular Science

HAVE HIGH STANDARD FOR THEIR GUIDANCE

Object of Organization Includes Many Forms of Usefulness and Help for Themselves and Others

MAIDS HOLD COUNCIL FIRE

Can you market one week for if per

person?
Can you swim 100 yards?
Can you tramp 40 miles in any 10 days?
Can you tramp 40 miles in any 10 days?
Can you take photographs and develop and print them?
Can you trim a hat?
Can you trim a hat?
Can you save 10 per cent. of your allowance for three months?
If you could answer "yes" to the above questions and "yes" to 233 others put forth by the Campfire Girls you would stand among the highest, and that means you would be a torch bearer in the organization.

you would be a torch bearer in the organization.

The Campfire Girls of Philadelphia hold a grand council fire in the Teller Memorial, Broad and Jefferson streets, today. One hundred eamps, with an average of is girls in each camp, will fill the hall. The regular ceremony of the council meeting will be carried out by all the groups. Each group will be represented by three of its members. These representatives will lish the three candles of each group, the candles symbolical of work, health and love. Indian folk songs, bow and arrow drills and dances will be a part of the program.

"The Campfire Girls is not a military organization," said Mrs. Horacs W. Rolston, president of the Philadelphia Campfire Guardian Association. "Its object is to develop home spirit and to show that romance, beauty and adventure do exist.

to develop home spirit and to show that romance, beauty and adventure do exist in what is usually thought of as daily drudgers. Our honors are given mainly for the doing of homely tasks, such as taking care of a room for one month, sweeping, duating and washing of windows and the care of plants.

"We try to develop a love of nature. Last summer we had a camp and simost every girl who attended paid her own expenses. Some gave block parties, others made candy, still others put up preserves and made jellies, and a great majority earned their camp money by doing everyday tasks around the house."

Mrs. Rolston is a very young woman to

day tasks around the house."

Mrs. Rolaton is a very young woman to be the head of an organization of 1500 girls and the president of the Guardians' Association, but she explained how her interest in the Camp Fire Girls began. "My husband has always been actively interested in the Boy Scout movement, so when the time came to start a Camp Fire provement for side I was returnly mile.

movement for girls, I was naturally quite interested in the plans, Usually a mother of one of the girls is suggested as the or one of the girls is suggested as the best guardian for the group. Each group has a meeting once a week and a general council fire ence a month, for the awarding of honors and conferring of ranks. The girls range from 12 to 18 years of age, and girls from the same neighborhood are usually grouped together. Little girls under 6 may join a nest of Blue lives and belong to a group of Camp Fire. Birds and belong to a group of Camp Fire Girls and their guardian.

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Barrel muff. animal scarf.

94.50

animal scarf.

Red Fox Sets 44.50

Barrel muff. Solid

PURCHASING AGENT'S ORDERS ACCEPTED

nember friends.

anxious to save, has been lost. If any of my little friends happened to save the paper and would send it to me, I confield, N. J. She has written us would be very grateful." Who can mean." many pretty little notes and we are help this little girl? We will furnish

Addison street, of the club in his own particular coring letter: "Dear | stories and poems. We are very anx-In the club news your thinking-cap and don't keep us sometime ago waiting! Esther Rosen, Washington there was a story avenue, made us acquainted with 35 written by my young ladies who were "delighted to self, published belong to the Rainbow Club." Wel-my mother was come, welcome everybodyl delphia?

Mr. Rooster's Surprise

worms, blades of grass and little

thought was a stick high up in the

low up in the air. "What do you mean by turning your back on me when I am talking

wind shifted again and the weathercock turned his head once more toward the fellow who was talking to

cock. "It would be very impolite to turn

"I wish you would attend to your own scratching and let me attend to my business," said the weather-cock. "What IS your business?" asked

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Rooster. "Then why are you always changing?" "I don't change," said the weather-

Do You Know This?

2. A farmer received an order for 15-1-20-19. What did he send? (Five

delphia? (Five credits.)

RAINBOW CLUB

FARMER SMITH'S

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children-Here we are back to work again in earnest. Everybody mays this was the happiest Christmas and New Year's in many years. And why? Everybody thought so. That was all.

We are all influenced by those around us. Willie Jones says that Tommy own's nose is crooked and Tommy is so INFLUENCED BY IT that he goes and looks at his nose in the looking-glass and it is the first time he has ever had a good look at that queer little turned-up nose of his. Perhaps he discovers that it IS a wee bit crooked. And what then? He never forgets it. All through life Tommy carries that THOUGHT around in his head that he

We are influenced by our SURROUNDINGS, by the air we breathe and he kind of room we are in. Suppose you were sitting all day in a room which had red wall paper. Wouldn't you get tired of it?

We must learn to be INFLUENCED FOR GOOD and not influenced for evil and WE must be the sole judge of what is BEST for us to do. And so we see that everybody said that Christmas, 1915, would be a happy time. AND IT WAS, simply because everybody THOUGHT SO. In 1914 good people said to one another: "Isn't it terrible-simply terrible! War in Europe" and so forth. This year, dear children, the war is going on just the same, BUT everybody decided that it was going to be a HAPPY

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor, The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name Address

Age

School I attend..... Our Postoffice Box This is little Susanna Kessler, Had-

Christmas. And IT WAS.

very happy to introduce her to her her address. sends the follow-Rainbow Club-

Arthur Weiss, Penbryn, N. J., announces that he will found a branch

ner. He promises to write some ious to see them, Arthur, so put on

All Mr. Rooster's life he had kept his eyes on the ground looking for

grains. One day he suddenly thought he would look up in the sky, and to his great surprise he discovered a rooster sitting on the top of what Mr. Rooster

"Ahem! Ahem!" he went, thinking to attract the attention of the fellow up on the barn. Just then the weathercock turned round with his tail toward Mr. Rooster, who could not understand the behavior of the strange fel-

to you?" asked Mr. Rooster. The

"I didn't turn my back on you and what if I did?" asked the weather-

your back on me," replied Mr. Rooster, meekly. "What are you doing up there, anyway?"

Mr. Rooster. "My business is to tell how the wind blowing-in what direction,

cock, softly. "The wind changes."

1. What is the matter with this sentence: "It's me"? (Five credits.)

3. What is the oldest street in Phila-

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