## FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Copyright.)

THE STORY THUS PAR "Far North." finds himself opthe s provisional license granted by the tanadian Government. He learns too late fast his partner, Brokaw, has sold stock on the strength of his letters, and the tempany has made a million dellars by Johns the very thing he was fighting— selling stock on which the promoters never aspect any return. He has difficulty in preparating Brokaw that the enterprise in The one key to the mystery is a addressed to Lord Fitzhugh Lee, to

## CHAPTER V

DOZEN steps beyond the deer Philip paused in the shadow of a dense spruce, half persuaded to return. From where he stood he could see Gregson bending over the table. already at work on the pleture. He onfessed that the sketch had startion him. He knew that it had sent the hot blood rushing to his face, and that unly through a fortunate circumstance had Gregson ascribed its effect upon him to something that was wide of the truth. Miss Brokaw was a thousand or more miles away. At this moment she was somewhere in the North Atantic, if their ship had left Hallfax. She had never been in the north. More than that, he knew that Gregson has never seen Miss Brokaw, and had heard of her only through himself and the society columns of the newspaners. How could be explain his possession of the sketch?

He drew a step or two nearer to the open door, and stopped again. If he returned to question Gregeon it would draw him perilously near to explains tions which he did not care to mous. to the one secret which he wished to guard from his friend's knowledge. After all, the picture was only a tesemblance. It could be nothing but a resemblance, even though it was so striking and unusual that it had thrown him off his guard at tirst. (When he returned later and looked at Jagain he would no doubt be able to e his error.

we and up a narrow trail that his way with his thrut have lst shut out the light of the stars and the moon until at last he stood out strong and clear under the glow of the skies, with the world sweep the out in black and may mystery

soft, gray eyes would read to the bet lightly of the wounds she had made for him a journey. He had heard that hearts the whiters of life. And there the next complete notelette—"Via som of him as they had fatherned Behind the eyes which gazet up at Roscoe had gone up into Delvish Co- were women door women was had Correspondence. kim once before upon a time which seemed years and years ago. Thoughts like these troubled him. Twice that day he had found stealing over him a feeling that was almost physical pain, and yet he knew that this pain was but the gnawing of a great loneliness in his heart. In these ments he had been sorry that he had brought Gregson back into his life. And with Gregson he was bringing back Elleen Brokaw. He was ore than sorry for that, The ught of it made him grow warm and uncomfortable, though the night

air from off the bay was filled with the chill tang of the northern icebergs. Again his thoughts brought him face to face with the old pictures, the old life. With them came haunting memories of a Philip Whittemore who had once lived, and who had died; and with these ghosts of the past there surged upon him the oneliness which seemed to crush and tiffe him. Like one in a dream he was swept buck. Over the black spruce at life feet, far into the gray,

them, in the opening up of a new world. It was such men as these, and such women as these, that Philip loved, and he walked with bared head and swiftly beating heart over the un-

By LAIRS OLVER CURPOOL

WHAT CHARGE STORMS AND THE CURPOOL

WHAT CHARGE STORMS AND THE C

was not sure. In future, however, I will the hor sie was nothing and stared,

Er-Miss Blair, he began awilward"You need a model; maybe I will
be Finid thought she detected a twindle of haughter through his diffidence, and

sputh and west there swent the gran, and women as he had bet measured like here eyes. It was his her hope—starlit distances which her between them before, and there eyes in him the emptiones of his life. He had been up since dawn, and yet and spurised him with cold professional calm white he is provided in the envised him the emptiones of his life. He had been up since dawn, and yet and appraised him with cold professional calm white he is provided in a low voice to a companion:

"Let me see," she said, deliberately, "Let me see," she said, deliberately, "Let me see," she said, deliberately regarded him with cold professional calm white he is provided in a low voice to a companion:

"Let me see," she said, deliberately, "Let me see," she said, deliberately, being and appraised him with cold professional calm white he is provided in a low voice to a companion:

"Let me see," she said, deliberately, "Let me see," she said, deliberately, being and appraised him with cold professional calm white he is provided in a low voice to a companion:

"Let me see," she said, deliberately, "Let me see," she said, the mean see, she said, she companion:

"Let me see," she said, she companion:

"L

could, tolk by Public Lodger Co

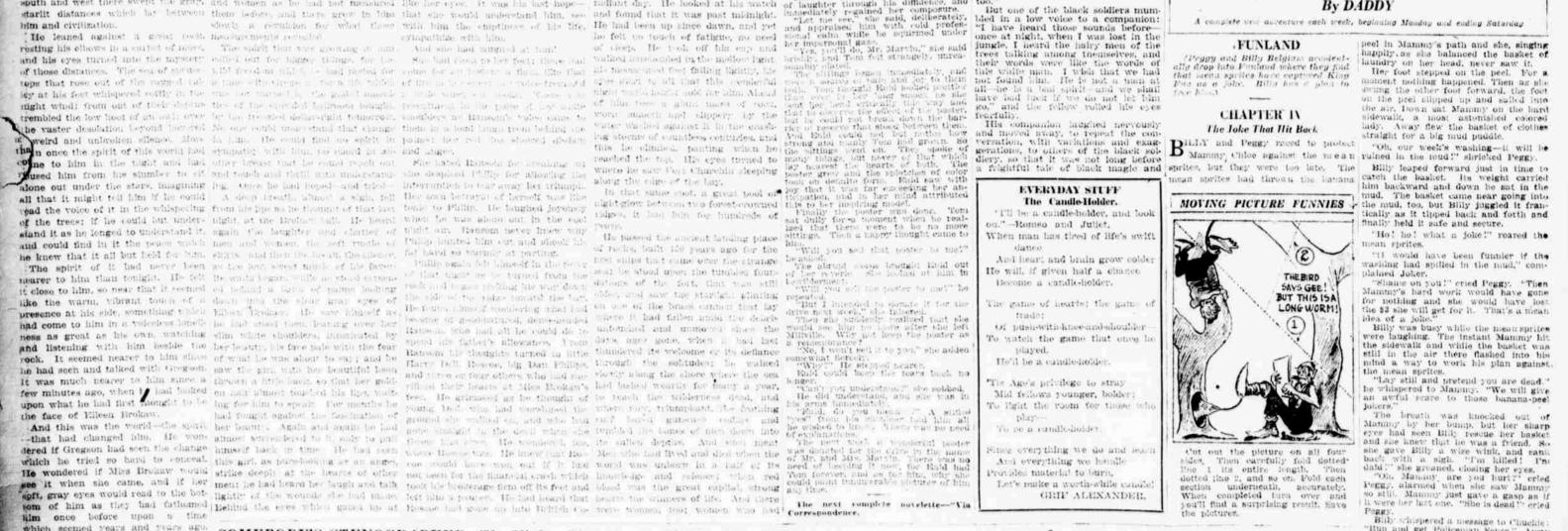
LO COUNTESS! DO

# Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY

A complete new accenture each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday



you'll find a surprising result. Save

A LITTLE SERVICE

"Oh, Mannny are you hurt? cried Peggy, alarmed when she saw Mammy so still. Mannny just gave a gasp as if it were her lart one. "She is dead?" cried Peggy.

Peggy.

Buly whispered a message to Chuckle:

Buly whispered a message to Chuckle:

Away

Run and get Policeman Sense." Away tooted Chuckle at top speed. A look of horror came over the faces By HAYWARD the agreeable sprites heard Peggy's ery. The mean sprites sult laughing in a burry. They thought they had billed Manny with their menn joke and were badly scared.

mean joke and were badly scared.

"Tun! Here comes Policeman Sense," shouted Wit, as a burly sprite in uniform came hurrying down the street.

"Where? Oh, where can we hide?" cried the mean sprites in a panic.

"I know a place! Policy me!" shouted Billy.

"Quick! Show us quick?" yelled Joher.

Joker.

Billy ran toward the tar heater and all the mean sprites ran after him, with Joker, Mocker and Wit so eager to hide they almost pushed him along. They were all seared out of their wits and never stopped to think that Billy. and never stopped to think that Billy might be tricking them to pay them back for their treatment of him and

Peggy.
It took but a minute to get to the tar heater. Billy lifted off the heavy iron cover of the melting pot and pointed to the space within.
"Hop in there—quick, before Police-

SIMPLE, AND LESS YOU KNOW YOU GOT COMMENT A TWO DOLLAR PAISE THIS WEEK ? YOUTHFUL! CASHIER

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER-The Higher They Go the Harder They Fall

GOOD MORNING CHARLIE!

DOWN MISTER IS NOT AT ALL SEEMLY FOR YOU TO ADDRESS YOUR | SMITH ? SUPERIORS IN THIS OFFICE WITH SUCH-ER-IMPERTINENCE!

WORE SUCH DULL CLOTHES! I SAYS SN'T IT A SHAME . A HANDSOME MAN LIKE MISTER SMITH NOT TO DRESS MORE

SO I OFTEN WONDERED WHY YOU