

Reading for Women and all the Family

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

CHAPTER I

Going "In" The midnight train had set, but in a crotch between two snow peaks it had kindled a vast cauldron from which rose a mist of jewels, garnet and turquoise, topaz and amethyst and opal, all swimming in a sea of molten gold. The glow of it still slung to the face of the broad Yukon, as a flush does to the soft, wrinkled cheek of a girl just roused from deep sleep.

Except for a faint murkiness in the air it was still day. There was light enough for the four men playing pinochle on the upper deck, though the women of their party, gossiping in chairs grouped near at hand, had at least put aside their embroidery. The girl who sat by herself at a little distance held a magazine still open in her lap.

Gordon Elliot had taken the boat at Pierre's Portage, fifty miles farther down the river. He had come direct from the creeks, and his impressions of the motley pioneer life at the gold diggings were so vivid that he had found an isolated corner of the deck where he could scribble them in a notebook while still fresh.

But he had not been too busy to see that the girl in the wicker chair was as much of an outsider as he was. Plainly this was her first trip in. Gordon was a stranger in the Yukon country, one not likely to be overcome when it became known what his mission was.

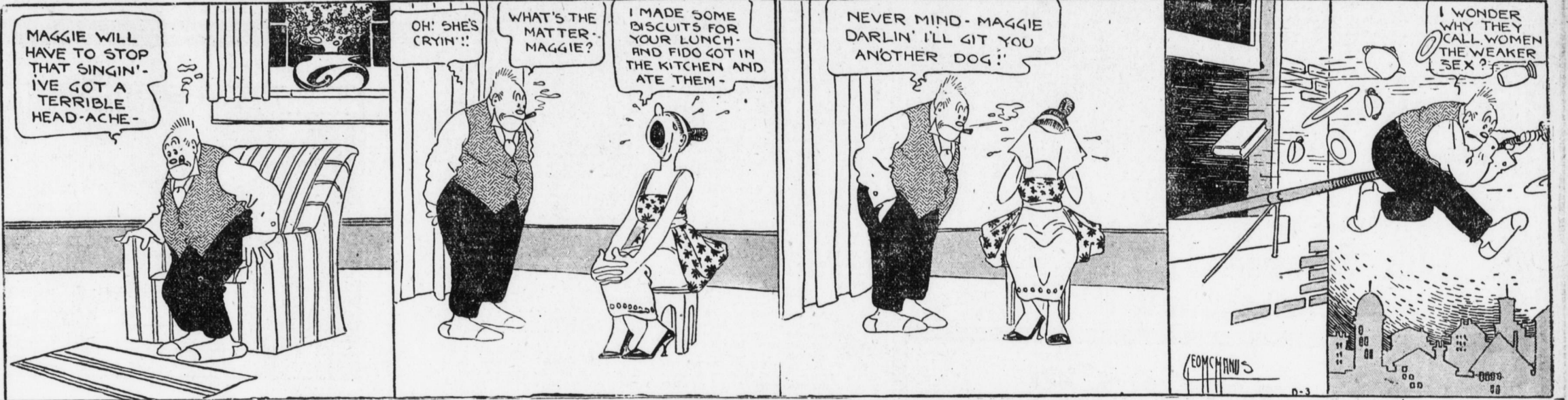
From where he was leaning against the deckhouse Elliot could see only a fine, chiseled profile shining into a mass of crisp, black hair, but some quality in the detachment of her personality stimulated gently his imagination. He wondered who she could be.

A short, thickest man who had ridden down on the stage with Elliot to Pierre's Portage drifted along the deck toward him. He wore the

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



careless garb of a mining man in a country which looks first to comfort.

"Bound for Kuslak?" he asked, by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," answered Gordon.

The miner nodded toward the group under the awning. "That bunch lives at Kuslak. They've got over with talk about the Selfridge and his wife; they've been out. Guess you can tell that from hearing her talk—the little woman in red with the snappy black eyes. She's spillin' the news."

"That sort of thing gets my goat," the miner went on sourly. "Those women over there have elected themselves Society with a capital S. They put on all the airs the Four Hundred do in New York. And who are they anyway?—wives to a bunch of grafting politicians mostly."

"That's the way of the world, isn't it? Our civilization is built on the group system," suggested Elliot.

"Maybe so," grumbled the miner. "But I hate to see Alaska come to it. Me, I saw this country first in ninety-seven—packed an outfit in my own hind legs then. He got there if he was strong—mebbe; he bogged down on the trail good and plenty if he was weak. We didn't have any of the artificial stuff then. A man had to have the guts to stand the gaff."

"I suppose it was a wild country, Mr. Strong."

"The little miner's eyes gleamed. "Best country in the world. We didn't stand for anything that wasn't on the level. It was a poor man's country—wages fifteen dollars a day and plenty of work. Everybody had a chance. Anybody could stake a claim and gamble on his luck. Now the big corporations have slipped in and grabbed the best. It ain't a prospector's proposition anymore. Instead of faro banks we've got savings banks. The wide-open dance hall has quit business in favor of moving pictures. And, as I said before, we've got Society."

"All frontier countries have to come to it."

"In the days I'm telling you about that crowd there couldn't 'a' hustled meat to fill their bellies three meals. Parasites, that's what they are. They're living off that bunch of roughnecks down there and folks like 'em."

With a wave of his hand Strong pointed to a group of miners who had boarded the boat with them at Pierre's Portage. There were about a dozen of the men, for the most part husky, heavy-set foreigners. Elliot gathered from their talk that they had tried to organize an inchoate strike in the Frozen Gulch district.

"Roughnecks and booze fighters—that's all they are. But they earn their way. Not that I blame Macdonald for firing them, mind you," continued the miner. "His superintendent up there was too soft. These here Swedes got gay. Mac hit the trail for Frozen Gulch. He hammered his big fist into the bread to the end."

basket of the ringleader and said, "Git! That fellow's running yet, I'll bet. Then Mac called the men together and read the riot act to them. He fired this bunch on the boat and was out of the camp before you could put an eye. It was the cleanest hurry-up job I ever did see."

"From what I've heard about him, he must be a remarkable man."

"Both. He's the biggest man in Alaska, bar none."

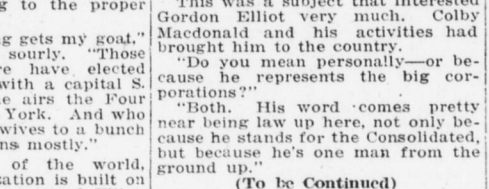
"This was a subject that interested Gordon Elliot very much. Colby Macdonald and his activities had brought him to the country."

"Do you mean personally—or because he represents the big corporations?"

"Both. His word comes pretty near being law up here, not only because he stands for the Consolidated, but because he's one man from the ground up."

(To be Continued)

Daily Dot Puzzle



Where, oh, where, is Uncle Jim? Trace each dot to two and so on to the end.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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When Warren came into the apartment after telling Helen that he intended to remain downtown for the evening, Helen was astounded. But when he told her that he had been simply trying her out to see whether or not she would pout and be angry if he took an evening off with the boys, she felt hurt and humiliated.

"She wanted to tell Warren that it had not been the fact that he wanted to take an evening off, but it had been the way he had announced the fact off hand, and at a moment's notice, she did feel that it was thoughtless and inconsiderate, but she knew that if she began to protest as to the reason for her voice sounding so cold over the telephone, Warren would not believe her."

For a few moments she hardly knew what to do, her sudden resolve to go downtown and have dinner with Frances and Carp had given way to her nervousness. But suddenly she decided to go through with it all.

"Well, Warren," she began, her voice trembling with nervousness, but gaining confidence as she went on. "I took you at your word, and made an engagement for the evening. I'm sorry."

Warren looked at her as though he could not quite believe his ears, but Helen masked her nervousness well and looked perfectly calm and unruffled.

"You made an engagement for dinner?"

"Why, yes; I didn't see any reason why I should remain here alone all evening."

"Where are you going?"

"Down town with some friends."

Now that Helen had begun this actually untruthful thing she was rapidly beginning to enjoy herself.

Warren stared at her, incredulous and startled.

"You see, there was nothing that would not save until tomorrow, so I told Mary that she might go out for the evening. 'She's dressing now.'"

"Well, she won't go out," said Warren, said Helen evenly. "If you do, Mary will probably leave."

"She has no grounds for leaving. This isn't her evening off."

"I know, but I gave her this evening off. It won't make you ridiculous if you interfered."

"Well," sputtered Warren, "this is a fine mix-up. A man comes home and his wife tells him that she has a household regime even enough to have the maid cook his dinner."

"Well, it's your own fault, you Helen was eager to get out of the way that you were staying downtown with the crowd, and you are simply taking the consequences."

Warren, who had intended to plans at all for the evening, did not at all relish the prospect of a dreary dinner alone. He was on the point of asking Helen to go with him out somewhere, when Helen turned abruptly toward the door.

"You had better go out somewhere," she suggested. "Why not have the evening you had planned on. You can probably get someone on the telephone if you try."

Helen was eager to get out of the apartment before she gave way. Her self confidence was melting, and she was beginning to realize that nothing in the world mattered excepting her love for Warren. She wanted more than anything to throw her arms around Warren's neck and tell him that she had no plans, and then suggest going out somewhere for a cozy dinner at home which she would cook.

But now all of this seemed important, but she was certain that

Helen wondered where Warren was and what he was thinking and whether she had done right. But it was too late now to go back, and she might just as well enjoy herself.

or Frances would suspect that something was wrong. She simply could not let that happen.

(Watch for the next installment of this truly interesting series.)



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Nerves Cry Out for Phosphorous Like Muscles Call for Food

Says Doctor Who Prescribes Phosphorated Malt to Steady the Nerves, Clear the Brain and Bring Back the Joys of Life

Boston, Mass.—"Your nerves need phosphorus. Your muscles need phosphorus," says Dr. Reid, "and the trouble with most of us is that we get so tired that they have exhausted their natural supply of phosphorus and find themselves running down and unable to do their usual work. Often they look strong and robust as if they could do a full day's work, but while they may have strength of a certain kind, and often do, they lack the endurance that comes of healthy nerves under perfect control. They lack decision and find it difficult to concentrate on one thing and finish it, and often show a disposition to take life with easy indifference; they are nervous, irritable and easily startled at any sudden noise or unusual occurrence."

"But generally a lack of phosphorus shows itself in a lack of general interest, apathy, indifference, past such an extent that people are often thought to be lazy whereas the condition never comes on suddenly, though it may gradually grow worse. It is the reason for months or years constantly consuming more phosphorus than the system secretes and that is the reason it is so often unnoticed till the crisis is reached and a complete nervous breakdown is close at hand. Both mind and body are affected. Mentally you are less alert. You see less and feel less. Your pleasure is actually less because your nerves are less alive. It is dangerous and useless to run into such conditions, or if taken in time the nerves can be supplied with phosphorus and restored to perfect health. The remedy for this condition is the following: Walk around a block and then sit down and write out what you saw, people, show windows, street traffic, trees—everything. Date this list. Then take two five-grain tablets of phosphorated malt after each meal for ten days. Take the same walk again at the same hour of the day and write out what you see. You will be astonished at the second list. In all probability you will have from two to ten times as long a list as the first one."

"I have seen phosphorated malt produce astonishing results in a very short time. Recently a patient came to me with a nervous breakdown, the verge of a mental collapse. His daily work had become drudgery and he got neither rest nor recreation from his sports or holidays. He could neither sleep nor concentrate his mind on his work. I advised him to eat less and take two five-grain tablets of phosphorated malt after each meal. In less than ten days he was walking into my office full of vim and vigor—his eyes bright, his step firm and in his manner that of a man of twenty-five though he was well past that age."

"The value of malt is well known to all physicians. It is a remarkable tonic and tissue builder. Combined with phosphorus and phosphates as in phosphorated malt it increases mental stamina, balances the blood and aids the system to convert food into living tissue. The old liquid forms of malt are not pleasant or convenient to take and most of them contain alcohol, which produces needless stimulation always followed by a dangerous and depressing reaction. Phosphorated malt has the tissue building properties of malt without the evil of alcohol. It is a life stream flowing freely laden with other ingredients as to produce a fine exhilaration and noticeable feeling of well-being. After a few of it you will wake in the morning vigorous and refreshed, ready to rise and begin the day's work with double confidence, optimism and courage."

Note: The feeling of exhilaration often noticeable after a few weeks' use of phosphorated malt is not the result of stimulation. It is the buoyancy that comes of perfect health—a life stream flowing freely laden with the nourishment the body needs and flushing out through the elimination of the poisons of which the body needs to be rid. The fine exhilaration of perfect health is not the result of stimulation. It is the buoyancy that comes of perfect health—a life stream flowing freely laden with the nourishment the body needs and flushing out through the elimination of the poisons of which the body needs to be rid. The fine exhilaration of perfect health is not the result of stimulation. It is the buoyancy that comes of perfect health—a life stream flowing freely laden with the nourishment the body needs and flushing out through the elimination of the poisons of which the body needs to be rid.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Box plaited skirts are exceedingly fashionable this season and this little frock shows one with a long waisted, plain bodice portion that is absolutely new and eminently attractive. As you see it here, it is made of a light weight broadcloth with collar and cuffs of satin, but you could copy the idea in a charmeuse satin if you want a more dressy costume or in a serge if you want a more useful one, and for the collar, you can use any contrasting material, or you can use the same material and braid it or embroider it. A simple braiding design couched over with heavy worsted thread makes a smart effect and a novel trimming that is much liked. A pretty girlish costume, adapted to every-day uses could be made from navy blue serge with collar and cuffs of buff broadcloth. That combination is well liked and always pretty and attractive. The skirt is perforated for a shorter length, therefore, if you like the tunic effect, you can use it over any plain, two-piece skirt.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 5 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 44, 4 yards 54, with 1/2 yard 36 for the collar and cuffs.

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