

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued.)

Her fascinated eyes followed him while he moved out from the plateau across the face of the precipice. He had none of the tools for climbing—no rope, no hatchet, none of the support of numbers. All the allies he could summon were his bare hands and feet, his resilient muscles, and his stout heart. To make it worse, the ice film from the rain coated every jutting inch of quartz with danger.

But he worked steadily forward, moving with the infinite caution of one who knows that there will be no chance to remedy later any mistake. A slight error in judgment, the failure in response of any one of fifty muscles would send him plunging down.

Her eye left him for an instant to sweep the gulf below. She gave a little cry, ran to his coat, and began to wave it. For the first time since Elliot had begun to traverse she took the initiative in speech, from the left, Mr. Elliot. I'm going to call to them. Her voice throbbled with hope.

But it was not her shouts or his, which would not have carried one-tenth the distance, that reached the group in the valley. One of them caught a glimpse of the wildly waving coat. There was a consultation and two or three fluttered handkerchiefs in response. Presently they moved on.

Sheba could not believe her eyes. "They're not leaving us surely," she gasped.

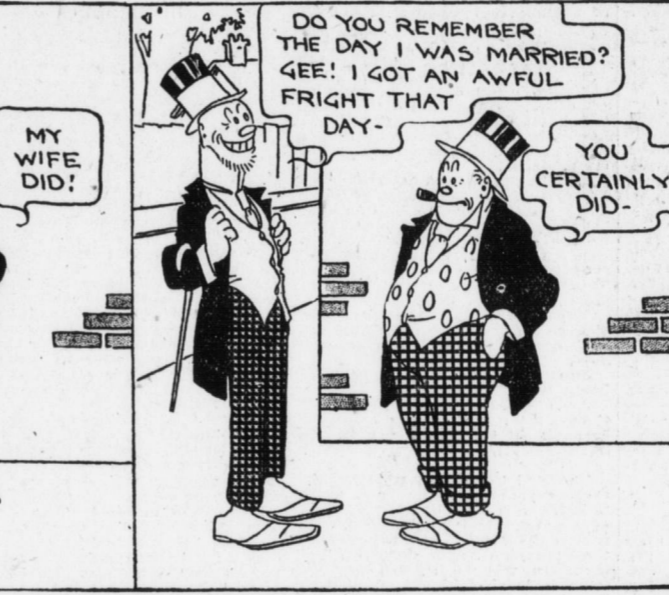
"That's what they're doing," answered Gordon grimly. "They think we're calling to them out of vanity to show them where we climbed."

"Oh!" She strangled a sob.

"I'm going to make it. I think I see my way from here," her companion called across to her. "A fault runs to the foot of the stairway, if I can only do the next yard or two."

He did them, by throwing caution to the winds. An icy, rounded boulder projected above him out of reach. He unfastened his belt again and put the shoes, tied by the laces, around his neck. There was one way to get across the ledge of the fault. He took hold of the two ends of the belt, crouched and leaned forward on tiptoes toward the knob. The loop of the belt slid over the ice-coated moss. There was no chance to draw back now, to test the hold he had gained. If the leather slipped he was lost. His body swung across the abyss and his feet landed on the little ledge beyond.

## Bringing Up Father



His shout of success came perhaps ten minutes later. "I've reached the stairway, Miss O'Neil. I'll try not to be long, but you'd better exercise to keep up the circulation. Don't worry, please. I'll be back before night."

"I'm so glad," she cried joyfully. "I was afraid for you. And I'll not worry a bit. Good-by."

Elliot made his way up to the summit and ran along a footpath which brought him to a bridge across the mountain stream just above the falls. Before he had specialized on the short distances Gordon had been a cross-country runner. He was in fair condition and he covered the ground fast.

About a mile below the falls he met two men. One of them was Colby Macdonald. He carried a coil of rope over one shoulder. The big Alaskan explained that he had not been able to get it out of his head that perhaps the climbers who had waved at his party had been in difficulties. So he had got a rope from the cabin of an old miner and was on his way back to the falls. The three climbed to the top of the cliff, crossed the bridge and reached the top of the cliff.

"You know the lay of the land down there, Mr. Elliot. We'll lower

you," decided Macdonald, who took command as a matter of course.

Gordon presently stood beside Sheba on the little plateau. She had quite recovered from the touch of hysteria that had attacked her courage. "You weren't long," was all she said.

"I met them coming," he answered as he dropped the loop of the rope over her head and arranged it under her shoulders.

He showed her how to relieve part of the strain of the rope on her flesh by using her hands to lift. "All ready?" Macdonald called from above.

"All ready," Elliot answered. To Sheba he said, "Hold tight."

The girl was swung from the ledge and rose jerkily in the air. She laughed gayly down at her friend below.

"It's fun."

Gordon followed her a couple of minutes later. She was waiting to give him a hand over the edge of the cliff.

"Miss O'Neil, this is Mr. Macdonald," he said, the boy as he had freed himself from the rope. "You are fellow passengers on the Han-nah."

Macdonald was looking at her straight and hard. "Your father's name—was it Farrell O'Neill?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"I knew him." "I'm glad, Mr. Macdonald. That's one reason I wanted to come to Alaska—to hear about my father's life here. Will you tell me?"

"Some time. We must be going now to catch the boat—after I've had a look at the cliff this young man crawled across."

He turned away, abruptly, it struck Elliot, and climbed down the natural stairway up which the young man had come. Presently he rejoined those above. Macdonald looked at Elliot with a new respect.

"You're in luck, my friend, that we're not carrying you from the foot of the cliff," he said dryly. "I wouldn't cross that rock wall for a hundred thousand dollars in cold cash."

"Nor I again," admitted Gordon with a laugh. "But we had either to homestead that plateau or vacate it. I preferred the latter."

Miss O'Neill's deep eyes looked at him. She was about to speak, then changed her mind.

## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen was too proud to let Mrs. Stevens suspect the real trend of her feelings. But the snub that Laura Richards had seen fit to bestow rankled deep in Helen's heart. Why Laura had done such a thing Helen could not imagine, but the fact that she had done it remained, and Helen was indignant one moment and hurt the next. She remembered as though it were yesterday the days when Laura had been a stenographer, lonely and without friends, living in a co-operative apartment, cooking for herself and eating alone.

Helen had been more than kind to Laura in those days. She had asked her to dinner time and again, and Warren had taken them to the theatre when he had felt tired and worn out. Then had come the time when Laura, just the reverse of anything romantic had married her employer. Helen could not help but sympathize over a luncheon table Laura had waxed enthusiastic and Helen had for the first time seen the possibilities that were in Laura, giving her first the proper setting.

Then had come fairly tame days, when Laura, with plenty of money,

a beautiful home on Madison avenue, a little step daughter who adored her, had become a really beautiful woman. Dressed in her severe office clothes with her hair fixed unbecomingly, Laura had been just like hundreds of other uninteresting business women.

Given a maid and beautiful clothes Laura had become an exotic looking woman. She had developed personality, and much to Helen's disgust she had dropped her business independence and relapsed into the helplessness that characterized her weaker moments.

This and a frivolous existence had changed Laura almost beyond recognition. But still Helen clung to her. Twice she had come to her aid in domestic difficulties, and although Warren had taken an intense dislike to her Helen had given a sincere friendship to Laura and would not go back on her.

All these things Helen pondered for several days. She could not tell Warren all about it and to tell him that at last she agreed with him and that he had been right from the first, and finally she decided to tell him.

"O, Warren, I've had the most unpleasant experience."

Warren looked up. "Anything wrong with Laura Richards?" Helen stared at him. "Why, how on earth," she began.

"She just called up here," Warren vouchsafed.

"She did," said Helen, two spots of red showing up on her cheeks. "Well, I was at tea the other afternoon with Mrs. Stevens and Laura came into the room with some boy. I went over to her table to speak to her, and Warren she insulted me."

"There must have been some reason for it."

Helen stared at him. She had expected to be sympathized with, to be met with something like understanding, and Warren suggested a possible reason for it.

"A reason for cutting me dead?" Helen queried angrily. "I thought you didn't like Laura, Warren. I thought you always said that there was something queer about her."

"I think she's a fool," said Warren bluntly, "but that's no reason why I shouldn't be fair to her."

"Against me, I suppose. What did she say over the telephone that charmed you this way?"

"Don't be an idiot," Warren said loftily.

"Get, Warren," Helen expostulated wildly. "I can't understand your taking this attitude. It's bad enough to have Laura humiliate me as she did without having you take her part when I tell you about it."

"Well, if you'll just wait till I explain before you get so excited," Warren said calmly. "She called up a few minutes ago and asked for you. I told her you hadn't come in yet. She was crying."

"She always cries," said Helen, impatiently.

"I said that once, and you told me I was hard on her," Warren remarked. "She asked me to have you ring her up as soon as you came in."

"Well, I'm not going to ring her up."

"I would, if I were you; you know Laura, Helen, she probably is in trouble of some kind and wants to explain."

"If she's in trouble she'll have to get out of it without any help from me," Helen returned. "I couldn't take a chance of being mortified again as I was this afternoon, no matter how good a reason Laura had." Helen was on the verge of tears, and even Warren could see that she was terribly upset.

"You might as well call her up," he advised. "If you don't she'll call you again, and you'll be forced to talk with her anyway."

"I won't talk with her," Helen said, a note of finality in her voice. "If you won't answer it for me, Warren, I'll get Mary to do it. There isn't a single thing Laura could say that would serve to excuse her treatment that afternoon. I tell you,

Warren, I don't intend to overlook it." (Watch for the next instalment in this always interesting series).

**He Prefers Trenches to Wife's "Dish Fire"**  
Chicago—"I'd rather go back and

face the fire in the trenches than face the fire of crockery my wife turns loose on me," William Overberg, pensioned British soldier, No. 1022 Hollywood avenue, declared in court. Mrs. Overberg said he had not supported her since he returned from the front in 1915. He was ordered to pay her \$7 a week.

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CHAPTER V

Sheba Sings—and Two Men Listen

Elliot did not see Miss O'Neill next morning until she appeared in the dining room for breakfast. He timed himself to get through so as to join her when she left. He strolled out to the deck together.

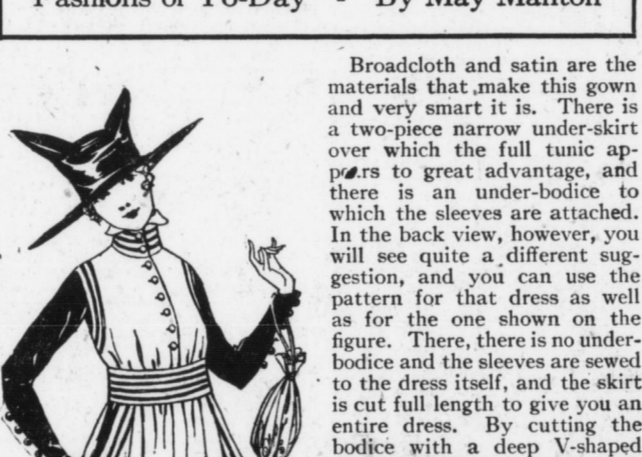
He came abruptly to what was on his mind. "I have an apology to make, Miss O'Neill. If I made light of your danger yesterday, it was because I was afraid you might break down. I had to seem unsympathetic rather than risk that."

(To Be Continued)

**Daily Dot Puzzle**

11	12	13	14
9	10	16	15
8	7	3	17
6	5	4	18
39	6	23	22
38	24	27	25
37	30	36	33
35	34	32	

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Broadcloth and satin are the materials that make this gown and very smart it is. There is a two-piece narrow under-skirt over which the full tunic appears to great advantage, and there is an under-bodice to which the sleeves are attached. In the back view, however, you will see quite a different suggestion, and you can use the pattern for that dress as well as for the one shown on the figure. There, there is no under-bodice and the sleeves are sewed to the dress itself, and the skirt is cut full length to give you an entire dress. By cutting the bodice with a deep V-shaped neck, as indicated in the back view, and using short sleeves sewed to the under-bodice, you can convert the design to evening use. The straight rows of braid that are sewed on make a very smart trimming and a simple one, but you could use stitching or you could use a design in soutache braid.

For the medium size the dress will require, 3 3/4 yards of material 44 inches wide with 1 yard 3/8 for the sleeves and facings of the under-bodice to make in the tunic length illustrated, or, 5 yards 44 for the dress shown in the back view, for the under-skirt will be needed, 2 1/2 yards 36 or 44.

The pattern of the dress No. 9575 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9539 in sizes from 24 to 36 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

9575 Empire Dress, 34 to 40 bust. Price 15 cents.

9539 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 36 waist. Price 15 cents.

## Ill Health Often Due to Neglect of Kidneys and Liver

Many organs take part in assimilation of food, and a number are active in eliminating those portions of the food which are not taken into the blood for the rebuilding of the body. Of the eliminative organs, the liver and the kidneys are of major importance, and are most likely to be overworked and become diseased. When such is the case, various troubles of a digestive and eliminative character occur, and such troubles are so frequent and so common that it is absolutely necessary to find some relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy was compounded over 40 years ago to help equalize the work of both kidneys and liver. How successful it has been is evidenced by its widespread sale and its value is attested by an immense number of appreciative users who through these many years have put it to the severest tests with the most satisfactory results.

The experience of multitudes is sometimes worth more than the wisdom even of the brightest physicians. Hence, if you have liver or kidney troubles, you cannot do better than call upon your druggist for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy.

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Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy contains no harmful ingredients and should be used when the kidneys need attention.

Sold by druggists everywhere. Sample sent on receipt of ten cents. Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Dept. 266, Rochester, N. Y.

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