



Reading for Women and the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

The tracks of the Selfridge party grew fainter after a night of rain. More rain fell, and they were obliterated altogether.

Gordon fished. He killed fresh game for his needs. Often he came in the tracks of moose and caribou. Sometimes, startled, they leaped into view quite close enough for a shot, but he used his rifle only to meet his wants.

The way led through valley and morass, across hills and mountains. It wandered in a short haphazard fashion through a sun-bathed wilderness washed clean of sordidness and uncleanliness.

It was the seventh night out that Elliot suspected he was off the trail. Rain sluiced down in torrents and next day continued to pour from a sun sky. His own tracks were blotted out and he searched for the trail in vain. Before he knew it he was entangled in fifty-mile. His horse showed him morass stretched for fifty miles to the south, but he knew that it had been charred hurriedly by a surveying party which had made no extensive explorations.

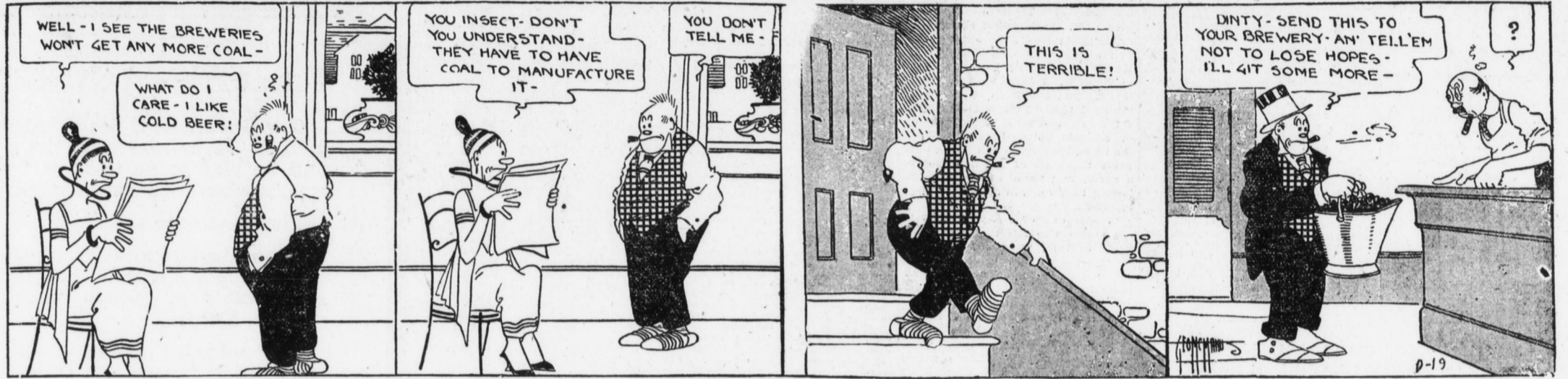
The going was heavy. Gordon set to pick his way through the mossy swamp, leading the pack-horse by the bridle. Sometimes he was ankle-deep in water of a greenish slime. Again he had to drag the animal from the bog to a hummock of grass which gave a spongy footing. This would end in another quagmire of peat through which they must plow with the mud sucking at their feet. It was hard, wearing toil. There was nothing to do but keep moving. The young man staggered forward till dusk. Utterly exhausted, he camped for the night on a hillock of moss that rose like an island in the swamp.

Elliot traveled next day by the compass. He had food for three days more, but he knew that no living man had the strength to travel for so long in such a morass. It was near midday when he lost his horse. The animal had bogged down several times and Gordon had wasted much time and spent a good deal of needed energy in dragging it to firmer footing. This time the pony refused to answer the whip. Its master unloaded pack and saddle. He tried coaxing; he tried the whip. "Come, Old-Timer. One plunge, and you'll make it yet," he urged.

The pack-horse turned upon him dumb eyes of reproach, struggled to free its limbs from the mud, and sank down helplessly. It had traveled its last yard on the long Alaska trail.

After the sound of the shot had died away, Gordon struggled with the pack to the nearest hummock. He cut holes in a gunny-sack to fit his shoulders and packed into it his blankets, a saucepan, the beans, the

Bringing Up Father



coffee, and the diminished handful of flour. Into it went, too, the three slices of bacon that were left. He hoisted the pack to his back and slipped his arms through the slits; he had made. Painfully he labored forward over the quivering peat. Sometimes he stumbled and went down into the oozing mud, rounded to stay there and be done with the struggle. But the urge of life drove him to his feet again. He carried him for weary miles after he despaired of ever covering another hundred yards.

He had wound his watch mechanically and it showed him four o'clock when he took up the trail once more. In Seattle and San Francisco people were still asleep and darkness was heavy over the land. Here it had been day for a long time, ever since the summer sun, hidden for a while behind the low, distant hills, had come blazing forth again in a saddle between two peaks. Gordon had reduced his pack by discarding a blanket, the frying-pan and all the clothing he was not wearing. His rifle lay behind him in the swamp. He had cut to a minimum of safety what he was carrying, according to his judgment. But before long his last blanket was flung aside. He could not afford to carry an extra pound, for he knew he was running a race, the stakes of which were life and death.

There is really no differentiation in troubles; whether your woe is in reason or out of it, it is still a woe. There is no hard and fast line between the real and the imaginary. If you have the blues for no cause under the sun, you still have the blues; and they are just as hard to bear as if there were a definite excuse for them. But why should we multiply our bothers and griefs, and then study them under a magnifying glass?

branch of the Red Cross chapter have been moved to the New Cumberland hosehouse in Fourth street. The rooms will be open each Thursday afternoon from 1 until 4 o'clock.

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Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"There, little girl, don't cry. You have broken your doll, I know." Five letters in one mail delivery and each one of them a sob.

"I didn't know I really looked cheerful until some time ago some one remarked, 'I believe nothing would be wrong if you were around. You're a regular gloom-chaser.'"

"Now, Mrs. Woodrow, when I often feel very blue and discouraged and still people think I am care-free, and when hot temper seems ready to burn me up and still I keep it within me and try to be sweet, am I not deceiving? Am I not false to everyone and to myself?"

"Fudge! my dear 'Conscious!' As the family doctor, I prescribe a little genuine sin for you. You are in danger of becoming too good. Stop always bottling up that hot temper. Give it a day out every now and then, and let it burn someone else. Why should you have all the scars? And chase that New England conscience of yours, and begin to try and make a size over you terribly. A New England conscience is like a little knowledge—a dangerous thing. You've got to keep it firmly in its place, or it'll lend by bossing you and all of your affairs."

And, please, if you would be loved and your companionship sought, do not be determinedly cheerful. Just be cheerful. A 'determinedly cheerful' person is certain to bring out the worst traits in everyone about.

It is your duty, a debt you owe to the world, to show it your smiling, pleasant, attractive side, and let your sadder, sadder characteristics die from atrophy and because you absolutely refuse to give them any attention. What right have you to clothe any one's else sunshine?

Daily Dot Puzzle

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Cuticura Healed Intense Itching

Of Pimples and Blackheads On Face. Scratched Causing Disfigurement. Could not Sleep. Lasted 5 Weeks. Healed at Cost of \$1.50.

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B. HANDLER

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