Reading for Women and all the Family

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

CHAPTER XI

Sheba Says "Perhaps"

Obeying the orders of the general in command, Peter took himself to his den with the excuse that he had blue-prints to work over. Presently Diane said she thought she heard one of the children crying and left to investigate.

The Scotsman strode to the fireplace and stood looking down into the glowing coals. He seemed in no hurry to break the silence and Sheba glanced at his strong brooding face a little apprehensively. She knew of only one subject that would call for so formal a private talk between her and Macdonald, and any discussion of this she would very much have liked to postpone.

He turned from the fire to Sheba. It was characteristic of him that he plunged straight at what he wanted to say.

"I've asked to see you alone, Miss O'Neill, because I want to make a confession and restitution—to begin with," he told her abruptly.

She had a sense of suddenly stilled pulses. "That sounds very serious." The young woman smiled faintly.

His face of chiseled granite masked all emotion. It kept under lock and key the insurgent impulses that moved him when he looked into the sloe eyes charged with reserve. Back of them, he felt, was the mystery of purity, of maidenhood. He longed to know her better, to find out and to appropriate for himself the woman that lay behind the fine veil of flesh. She seemed to him delicate as a flame and as vivid. There would come a day when her innocent, passional nature would respond to the love of a man as a waiting harp does to skillful fingers.

"My story goes away back to the Klondike days. I told you that I knew your father on Frenchman creek, but I didn't say much about knowing him on Bonanza."

"Mr. Strong has told me something about the days on Bonanza, and I knew you would tell me more some day—when you wanted to speak about it."

"Your father was among the first of those who stampeded to Bonanza. He and Strong took a claim together. I bought out the interest of your father."

"You told me that."

His masterful eyes fastened to hers. "I didn't tell you that I took advantage of him. He was—not well. I used that against him in the bargaining. He wanted ready money, and I tempted him.

"Do you mean that you—wronged him?"

"Yes. I cheated him." He resolved to gloss over nothing, to offer no excuses. "I didn't know there was gold in the claim, but I had what we call a hunch. I took the claim without giving value received."

"But—I don't understand." Her brave, steady eyes looked directly into those of Macdonald. "If he felt you had—done him a wrong—why did he come to you when he was ill?"

"He was coming to demand, justice of me. On the way he suffered exposure and caught pneumonia. The word reached us, and Strong and I brought him to our cabin."

"You faced a blizzard to bring him in. Mr. Strong told me how you risked your life by carrying him through the storm — how you wouldn't give up and leave him, though you were weak and staggering yourself. He says it was a miracle you ever got through."

"I'm not heartless," said Macdonald impatiently. "Of course I did that. I had to do it. I couldn't do less."

"Nor more," she suggested. "You may have made a hard bargain with him, but you wiped that out later.

"That's just what I didn't do. Don't think my conscience is troubling me. I'm not such a mush-brained fool. It it had not been for you I would never have thought of it again. But you are his daughter. What I cheated him out of belongs to you—and you are my friend."

"Don't use that word about what you did, please. He wasn't a child. If you got the best of him in a bargain, I don't think father would think of it that way."

The difficulty was that he could not tell her the truth about her father's weakness for drink and how he had played upon it. He bridged all explanations and passed to the thing he meant to do in reparation.

"The money I cleaned up from that claim belongs to you, Miss O'Neill. You will oblige me by taking it."

From his pocket he took a folded paper and handed it to her. Sheba opened it doubtfully. The paper contained a typewritten statement and to it was attached a check by means of a clip. The check was made out to her and signed by Colby Macdonald. The amount it called for was $183,431.

"Oh, I couldn't take this, Mr. Macdonald—I couldn't. It doesn't belong to me," she cried.

"It belongs to you—and you're going to take it."

"I wouldn't know what to do with so much."

"The bank will take care of it for you until you decide. So that's settled." He passed definitely from the subject. "There's something else I want to say to you, Miss O'Neill."

Some change in his voice warned her. The girl slanted a quick, shy glance at him.

"I want to know if you'll marry me, Miss O'Neill," he shot at her abruptly. Then, without giving her time to answer, he pushed on: "I'm older than you—by twenty-five years. Always I've lived on the frontiers. I've had to take the world by the throat and shake from it what I wanted. So I've grown hard and willful. All the sweet, fine things of life I've missed. But with you beside me, I'm not too old to find them yet—if you'll show me the way, Sheba."

A wave of color swept into her face, but her eyes never faltered from his. "Im not quite sure," she said in a low voice.

"You mean—whether you love me?"

She nodded. "I—admire you more than any man I ever met. You are a great man, strong and powerful—and I am so insignificant beside you. I—am drawn to you—so much. But—I am not sure."

[To be Continued.]

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"I hope you don't play with her," whispered Louise to Helen.

"Why, what's the matter?

"Well, my dear, this is the first time I have really been out to a social function since the baby came, and actually I feel as though I ought to go right back into the hospital and be treated for all kinds of ailments."

Helen could not help smiling. She was not a nervous woman herself, and could not imagine that anything a stranger might say would affect her in the least.

"All right, smile! Just for a punishment, I hope you have to play at the table with her all afternoon."

"Very well, I'll tell you on the way home if I am at all nervous." And Helen left Louise with a laugh.

Helen Is Curious

Helen and Louise and several other women they knew were at a bridge given for charity. The woman in question, whom Louise had pointed out to Helen and told her to beware of, was a simple, unostentatious-looking creature dressed rather badly in a mussy frock that looked as if it had come out of the ark.

Helen could not imagine herself being frightened by anything a woman like that could say, not even when she discovered, much to her amusement, that the woman was to play opposite her at the next table. Helen was frankly curious about her, however. If there were anyone else to share the joke with her, she might enjoy the entire thing, she thought to herself. But the other two women were also strangers, or strangers to Helen, although they seemed to know Mrs. Sanford rather well.

"Go on with what you were telling us," said one, as Helen began to shuffle the cards.

The woman looked across at Helen, who smiled.

"Oh, pease don't mind me," Helen said agreeably.

"I was just telling Mrs. Williams about a rather unpleasant experience I had this fall," she explained. "If you are at all interested, it might be well for you to hear it, too."

"By all means," Helen agreed.

"You see, I followed the advice of my friends, who kept telling me that all physicians find something wrong the minute you go to them for an examination of any kind."

"And you were so miserable, too," said the woman called Mrs. Williams, indignantly.

"Well, you see, they didn't think so. They all thought I imagined half of it."

"Don't you think we often do that very thing?" queried Helen.

An Argument

Two of the other women looked at her coldly; the third looked half frightened.

"I don't agree with you," said one.

Helen began to deal the cards and said nothing.

Mrs. Sanford went on with her story. "Well, as I was saying," she remarked, "they all thought I imagined these symptoms, and I felt ashamed to really consult a doctor about matters, because of being ridiculed. It just goes to show how wrong my friends were and how foolish I was to have anything to do with them, or to listen to anything they might tell me."

"You did wait, then?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"Yes, I did wait. I waited until it was almost too late, and I nearly died when I was finally operated upon."

"How awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, who seemed to be intensely interested. Helen, who was only moderately interested in morbid women who liked to discuss their ailments in public, made no remark. She looked instead at the third woman, who had said little or nothing. She looked rather white and pale. Helen smiled at her reassuringly. "Can you make it anything?" she asked kindly.

The woman started. "Oh, yes, it is my bid," she remarked hurriedly. "One heart."

The bid went around and nothing more was said until the hand was played. Then, while the cards were being dealt, Mrs. Sanford turned to Helen quickly.

"You said that women often do imagine ailments, Mrs. Curtis," she remarked.

"Why, yes, I do think so," Helen returned. "I know I often do. I think we all are apt to magnify little things."

"That's what my friends said to me," Mrs. Sanford returned. "I used to imagine things were the matter with me for so long that when the time came and I really was ill I coudn't convince anyone."

"Well, there you are," said Helen. "You see your remark proves just what I said."

"Imagination certainly can do a great deal," said the quiet little woman on Helen's left. "I have worried myself almost into a fit of illness often."

"That's all right," said Mrs. Sanford ,angry at the fact that her information had made no impression on Helen. "There may come a time when something is really wrong, and you won't have it attended to until too late."

Helen saw the little woman pale suddenly, and her hands trembled. "You're frightening this lady," Helen said quickly. "Let's not talk any more about illnesses and operations just now."

The little woman looked at Helen gratefully, and the game went on. Helen wondered why women liked to talk of these things, but they did, and each liked to go the other one better in gruesome experiences, too. It certainly did the woman with a nervous temperament a great deal of unnecessary harm.

(To Be Continued)

NEW YEAR'S MASQUERADE

Tower City, Pa., Dec. 29.—The P. O. of A. will hold a masquerade party for its members on New Year's night.—Watch night services will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, starting at 10.15 o'clock Monday evening. The Women's Missionary Society will render a program and take up their thank offering collection previous to the watch night services.—Many members have been added to the Red Cross Auxiliary.—Lester Updegrave, of Philadelphia, is visiting his sister here.—Thomas Walsh has returned to his home in Philadelphia after visiting his parents here.—Miss Edith English, of Eddystone, is spending her vacation here.—Edward Kline is visiting his father at the Pottsville Hospital. — Rene Koutz and family have returned from Philadelphia for the holidays. Mr. Houtz has gone back to his employment in the city.—Helen Reiser and her brother are visiting relatives at Hickory Corner.—Clarence Thompson, of Pottsville, spent several days in town.—Robert Ludwig and Clark Kantner, of South Bethlehem, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Landis Have Many Guests Tuesday

Union Deposit, Pa., Dec. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hershey, of Elizabethtown; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stover, of Stoverdale; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stauffer and Miss Lizzie Landis, of Harrisburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Landis on Tuesday.—Mr. and Mrs. Enos Fackler and children, of Elizabethtown, visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Fackler, on Sunday.—Preaching services will be held in the Reformed Church to-morrow morning at 10.30 o'clock by the pastor, the Rev. Arthur R. King.—Roy Landis, of State Colege, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Landis.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Groff and children spent Tuesday at Palmyra, visiting Mrs. Groff's mother, Mrs. John Batdorf.—Preaching services will be held in the United Brethren Church to-morrow evening at 7.30 o'clock by the pastor, the Rev. J. R. McDonald.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Feidt and the former's mother, Mrs. P. F. Feidt, of Steelton, were the guests of Mrs. Feidt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Landis, on Tuesday.—Mr. and Mrs. James Brunner and daughter, Arlene, spent part of the week at Schaefferstown, visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Brunner.—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cannon, of York, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Hammaker.—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ebersole, of Palmyra, visited the former's brother, Isaac Ebersole, and family on Tuesday.—The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Patrick and left as a Christmas gift a bouncing baby.

SOCIAL FOR RED CROSS

Thompsontown, Pa., Dec. 29.—Misses Mary Meiser's and Kathryn Keplar's Sunday school classes will hold a social in the borough school building on Monday evening for the benefit of the Red Cross.—Mrs. J. G. Haldeman and Miss Pearl Haldeman spent the Christmas season with J. E. Haldeman and family at Harrisburg.—Mrs. Joshua Gross is spending the week with Harrisburg friends.—George Smee, of Lewistown, was in town on Monday.—Miss Isabelle Allen is spending the holiday season at home.—Miss Helen Ward is spending this week with her parents at Pennsylvania Furnace.—Earl Ward and Leo Burns, soldiers at Camp Meade, Md., spent Christmas with their parents here.—Miss Della Knight, who has been at a Government hospital in New Mexico for the past year, recently visited her sister, Mrs. John Baxtress.—Miss Kate Moore, of Germantown, is a guest of Mrs. Edward Shippen Thompson.

Twig Frozen in Icicle Lodges in Child's Throat

Florin, Pa., Dec. 29.—A daughter of Harold Buller had a peculiar mishap. She ate an icicle into which a small twig was frozen, and it lodged in the child's throat. After some difficulty it was removed by a physician, who had to be called in.—Misses Mary and Ethel Dunkel, of Middletown, visited friends here.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence spent several days at Harrisburg.—Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Hertzler, visited relatives at Palmyra.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stoll are spending several days with relatives at Ephrata.—Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Young spent Christmas with their son, Oscar Young, at Lancaster, Pa.—The Rev. O. G. Romig, pastor of the United Brethren Church, attended the special session of conference at Harrisburg on Thursday.—Jacob D. Easton slaughtered a hog that dressed 401 pounds and produced three cans of lard.—Walter and Lloyd Nissley, of Philadelphia, spent the week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Nissley.

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"After eating had pains in stomach and became so dizzy I could hardly see. I was nervous and irritable, had headaches and pains in back of neck. I worried so much that I could not sleep at night, this sapped my strength and I was hardly able to work.

"I took all kinds of medicine but it was like throwing money away. I read a Sanpan testimonial and it appeared so convincing to me that I started to take it and it did for me just what it has been doing for others. My stomach is right, nerves have settled, sleep well, aches and pains have gone, I feel strong and better than for years."

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But fight intelligently. Don't fight without weapons that can win the day, for without the intelligent use of effective weapons the pallor spreads and weakness grows and a seemingly strong man or woman oftentimes becomes a prey to ills after all.

You will not find this class of persons in the hypoferrin ranks. No unhealthy, dull, draggy, droopy persons in that line. It is a hale, hearty, robust aggregation of quick-steppers who view life in a joyous frame of mind and are mentally and physically equal to any emergency. Hypoferrin stands for sound body and sound mind—it is the invigorating tonic of the times—powerful and unsurpassed as a health restorer, vitalizer and health preserver. Fight to hold the vigor of a sound body with hypoferrin or to stay the process of decay and restore health and strength—you win. This tonic of amazing, wonder-working properties has been approved by physicians as a restorer and safeguard of health. It is a thoroughly scientific preparation of the very elements necessary to tone up the stomach and nerves, to build strong, vital tissue, make pure blood, firm flesh and solid, active, tireless muscles.

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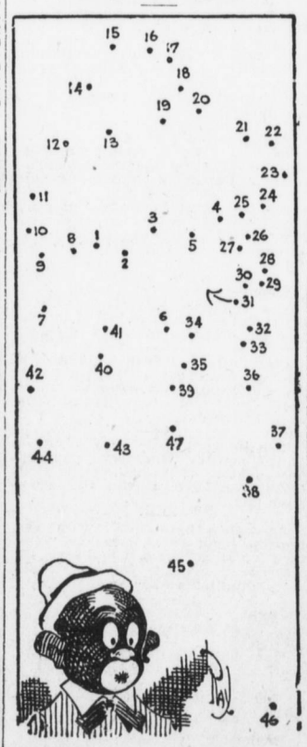

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Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

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