

Reading for Women and all the Family

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

"Yet you turned down Arthur West, the best catch in your set, to marry Peter, who was the worst," he reminded her. "Have you ever seen sorry for it?"

She returned to the previous question. "Sheba knows more about Mr. Macdonald than you think. And about how he got her father's claim for instance—she has heard all that."

"You told her?"

"No. Colby Macdonald told her. He said he practically robbed her father, and he gave her a check for nearly two hundred thousand to cover the cleanup from the claim and interest."

"Fully for him." On the heel of this he flung a question at her. "Did Macdonald ask her to marry him the night of the dinner?"

A flash of whimsical amusement lit her dainty face. "You'd better ask him that. Here he comes now."

They were coming down the walk together, Macdonald and Sheba. The young woman was absorbed in his talk, and she did not know that her cousin and Elliot were on the porch until she was close upon them. But at sight of the young man her eyes became warm and kind.

"I'm sorry I was out yesterday when you called," she told him.

"And you were out again to-day. My luck isn't very good, is it?"

He laughed pleasantly, but his heart was bitter. He believed Macdonald had won.

"We've had such a good walk," Sheba went on quickly. "I wish you could have heard Mr. Macdonald telling me how he had a chance to save a small Eskimo tribe during a hard winter. He carried food five hundred miles to them. It was a thrilling experience."

"Mr. Macdonald has had a lot of very interesting experiences. You must get him to tell you about all of them," answered Gordon quietly.

The eyes of the two men met. The steel-gray ones of the older man answered the challenge of his rival with a long, steady look. There was in it something of triumph, something of scornful insolence. If this young fellow wanted war, he did not need to wait long for it.

"Time enough for that, man. Miss O'Neill and I have the whole Arctic winter before us for stories."

The muscles in the lean jaws of Gordon Elliot stood out like steel ropes. He turned to Sheba. "Am I to congratulate Mr. Macdonald?"

The color in her cheeks grew

Bringing Up Father



warmer, but her shy glance met his fairly. "I think it is I that am to be congratulated, Mr. Elliot."

Diane took her cousin in her arms. "My dear, I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said softly.

The Irish girl fled into the house as soon as she could, but not before making an announcement.

"We're to be married soon, very quietly. If you are still at Kuskak we want you to be one of the few friends present, Mr. Elliot."

"Play fair, Diane. Tell her the truth about this Indian woman and let your cousin decide for herself. You can't do less, can you?"

"Mrs. Paget was distinctly annoyed. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Gordon Elliot. You take all the gossip of a crack-brained old idiot for gospel truth just because you want to believe the worst about Mr. Macdonald. Colby Macdonald is too big and too aggressive not to have made hundreds of enemies. His life has been threatened dozens of times. But he pays no attention to it—goes right on building up this country. Yet you'd think he had a cloven hoof to hear some people talk. I've no patience with them.'"

"The woman's name is Meteste," Gordon said in an even voice, just as if he were answering a question. "She is young and good-looking for an Indian. Her boy is four or five years old. Colmac, they call him, and he looks just like Macdonald."

"He is always tracing resemblances. There's nothing to that. But suppose his life was irregular—years ago. This isn't Boston. It is the fringe of civilization. Men die as they pleased in the early days."

"This wasn't in the early days. It was five years ago, when Macdonald was examining the Kamatiah coal field. I'm told he sends a check down the river once a month for the woman."

"All the more credit to him if he does." Diane rose and looked stormily down at her friend. "You're about as broad as a clam, Gordon. Can't you see that even if it's true, all that is done with? It is a part of his past—and it's finished—trodden underfoot. It hasn't a thing to do with Sheba."

"I don't agree with you. A man can't cut loose entirely from his past. It is a part of him—and Macdonald's past isn't good enough for Sheba O'Neill."

Diane tapped her little foot impatiently on the floor. "Do you know many men whose pasts are as good enough for their wives? Colby Macdonald is good enough for any woman alive if he loves her enough."

"You don't know him."

"I know him far better than you do. He is the biggest man I know and new that he is in love with a good woman he'll rise to his chance."

"She ought to be told the truth about Meteste and her boy," he insisted doggedly.

[To be Continued.]

who has beaten him fairly for a woman's love."

"You beg the question. Has he won fairly?"

"Of course he has. Be a good sport, Gordon. Don't kick on the umpire's decision. Play the game."

"That's all very well. But what about her? Am I to sit quiet while she is sacrificed to a code of honor that seems to me rooted in dishonor?"

"She is not being sacrificed. I'm her cousin. I'm very fond of her. And I'd trust her with Colby Macdonald."

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[To be Continued.]

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to wake up so beautifully. Here it is 6:30, and suppose I should have slept till doomsday if something had not waked me up."

Ellen was wide awake in an instant. Warren, she exclaimed, penitently, "I'm so sorry, dear. I leapt out of bed as she spoke and shivered in the cool morning air."

"It's enough to make any one furious," said Warren angrily. "You always begged me not to get an alarm clock, and this morning, of all mornings, you can't keep your promise to me."

"But I'll get you there on time. I promise you I will, Warren."

"Will you wake Mary, or shall I?"

"It will take me only a few minutes to get something for you to eat, dear, and Mary is always slow when she is hurried."

Warren made no answer to this, and Ellen hurried into some clothes and slipped out into the kitchen to get the coffee. She felt heavy and dazed, as one is almost sure to feel on being hurriedly awakened. Her hands trembled as she measured out the coffee, but she resolutely kept her mind on what she was doing, got out the bread, put on the water for some eggs and slipped a pan of cereal into the oven. Before Warren was shaved she was back in the bedroom with a pleasant:

"Breakfast is ready, dear."

Helen, some coffee, mumbled under an "All right," and Helen went back to her fixing of the table and the last few touches. When Warren came out into the diningroom a few light turned on, a pot of coffee at his elbow, a tempting glass of orange juice, his favorite cereal, and everything that he could possibly desire. Helen was sitting by the table, her head in her hand, but she straightened up as he put in his appearance.

Helen poured the coffee and poured a cup for herself. After a few sips Warren vouchsafed a rather ungracious remark: "What on earth made you think you could possibly desire anything that he could possibly desire."

"Well, Warren, I always do; but I guess I was so wrought up about it that it kept me from sleeping. Oh, I guess I'll make it all right, but believe me, I won't trust to your psychological imagination next time. To-night I'll bring home a reliable alarm clock."

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Warren Almost Misses an Appointment Because Helen Insists She Can Awake at a Given Hour.

"Helen, I've got to get down town early to-morrow morning; do you think you can manage to get me up?"

"Certainly, dear. What time must you be down town?"

"Mrs. Paget ought to get up about 6 o'clock. This is a business deal, and it is important that I get down early in order to see to things."

"I'll get breakfast for you myself," said Helen, triumphantly.

"What's the matter with Mary?" queried Warren.

"Well, nothing, dear, but I thought I wouldn't bother to get Mary up so early."

"The idea! It won't hurt her for once. Well, nothing, dear, but I thought I wouldn't bother to get Mary up so early."

"Well, if you'd rather have Mary get breakfast, that's all right," said Helen, getting up and putting her knitting down on a chair.

"Wait a minute, Has Mary an alarm clock?"

"I don't think so, Warren."

"How are we going to wake up, then?"

"I'm sure I'll wake up, dear. You can trust me to see that you get down town in time."

Warren looked at her doubtfully. It didn't sound logical to him. "I don't see how you're going to manage it," he grumbled.

"Well, I always wake up if I have anything on my mind," Helen asserted.

"All right, I'll try you this once. You women have the strangest ideas! Imagine, now, waking up because you have something on your mind!"

"Well," said Helen, "it's a fact; ask anyone, dear."

"Just the same, I'd feel a lot safer if we had an alarm clock."

Helen resumed her seat. "There's no need of my telling Mary. I can wake her after I wake up, and she'd never wake up anyway unless she had something to get her started."

Warren yawned and stretched at about 9 o'clock. "Guess I'll turn in. But suppose you're sure you can turn the trick now?"

"Positive, dear; don't give another thought to it. I'll be there in about fifteen minutes, as usual. I'll run in and see if Winifred's all right."

Warren did not say anything, and he was sound asleep when Helen slipped into bed some time later. Helen found that she did not fall asleep, as easily as usual. It was probably due to the fact that she had something on her mind. Try as she would, however, sleep would not come, and she finally decided to get up and read awhile.

After half an hour's reading she crept into bed once more and dropped into a heavy sleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. She was aroused from this deep slumber rudely by some one shaking her arm, and as she slowly gained consciousness she realized that Warren was saying:

"You're a fine one! You were going

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Every woman needs a loose top coat in her wardrobe. This one is admirable for motoring and for traveling and for general service. It is so loose and simple that you can make it yourself without the least bit of trouble and you can let it hang in long, straight lines as it is shown on the figure, or you can make it shorter and belted as shown in the small view. The collar can be buttoned up about the throat or rolled open. There are really two models in one for none but the initiated would suspect the loose coat and the belted coat to be made from the same pattern. The skirt is the familiar straight one joined to a deep band or yoke, and you can plait it for heavy material and gather it for thin materials.

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Three Churches Join in Union Services This Week

A series of three union meetings will be held this week by the congregations of St. Matthew's Lutheran, St. John's Reformed and the Camp Curtin Memorial Methodist churches during the week of prayer. The first service will be held in Reformed Church this evening at which time the Rev. A. S. Williams, pastor of the Camp Curtin Church, will preach; on Thursday night the Rev. Mr. Snyder, pastor of the Lutheran Church, will have charge; the Rev. G. W. Hartman, of the Reformed Church, will preach on Friday night in the Lutheran Church.

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