

Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

(Continued)

Shivers ran down the spine of Milton and up the back of his head to the roots of his hair. Somebody was in the bank—at two o'clock in

was in the bank—at two o'clock in the morning—with tools for burg-lary. He was a scholarly old fellow, brought up in New England and cast out to the uttermost frontier by the malign tragedy of poverty. Adventure offered no appeal to him.

But though his knees trembled beneath him and the sickness of fear was gripping his heart, Robert Milton had in him the dynamic spark that makes a man. He tiptoed to his desk and with shaking fingers gripped the revolver that lay in a drawer.

The cashier braced himself for

The cashier braced himself for the plunge, then slowly trod across the room to the inner locked door. The palsied fingers of his left hand could scarce turn the key.

It seemed to him that the night was alive with the noise he made in turning the lock and opening the door. The hinges grated and the floor squeaked beneath the fall of his foot as he stood at the thres-

Bringing Up Father



I DON'T KNOW IF OF COURSE YOU KNOW MY SHE CAN BUT DAUGHTER PLAYS-



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