



Reading for Women and all the family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

Under the magic of the Northern stars they found themselves again in each other's arms for that brief moment of joyful surprise. Then, as it had been in the morning, Sheba drew herself shyly away.

"They are waiting supper for us," she told him irrelevantly.

He did not shout out his happiness and tell her to let them wait. For Gordon, too, felt awed at this wonderful adventure of love that had befallen them. It was enough for him that they were moving side by side alone in the deep snows and the biting cold, that waves of emotion crashed through his pulses when his swinging hand touched hers.

They were acutely conscious of each other. Excitement burned in the eyes that turned to swift, reluctant meetings. She was a woman, and he was her lover. Neither of them dared quite accept the fact yet, but it filled the background of all their thoughts with delight.

Sheba did not want to talk of this new, amazing thing that had come into her life. It was too sacred a subject to discuss just yet even with him. So she began to tell him old fancies from childhood that lingered in her Celtic heart; tales of the "little folk" that were half memories and half imaginings, started to life by some old association of sky and stars. She laughed softly at herself as she told them, but Gordon did not laugh at her.

Everything she did was for him divinely done. Even when his eyes were on the dark trail ahead he saw only the dusky loveliness of curved cheek, the face luminous with a radiance some women are never privileged to know, the rhythm of head and body and slender legs that was part of her

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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



individual heaven-sent charm.

The rest finished supper before Gordon and Sheba reached camp, but Mrs. Olson had a hot meal waiting for them.

"I fixed up the tent for the women folks—stove, sleeping bags, plenty of wood. Touch a match to the fire and it'll be snug as a bug in a rug," explained Swiftwater, to Gordon.

Elliot and Sheba were to start early for Kuskiak and later the rescue party would arrive to take care of Holt and Mrs. Olson.

"Time to turn in," Holt advised. "You better light that stove, Elliot."

The young man was still in the tent arranging the sleeping bags when Sheba entered. He tried to walk out without touching her. But he could not do it. There was something flamey about her tonight that went to his head. Her tender, tremulous little smile and the turn of her buoyant little head stirred in him a lover's rhapsody.

"It's to be a long trail to-morrow, Sheba. You must sleep, Good night."

"Good night—Gordon."

There was a little flash of audacity in the whimsical twist of her mouth. It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name.

Elliot threw away prudence and caught her by the hands.

"My dear—my dear!" he cried.

She trembled to his kiss, gave herself to his embrace with innocent passion. Tendrils of hair, fine as silk, brushed his cheeks and sent strange thrills through him.

They talked the incoherent language of lovers that is compounded of murmurs and silences and the touch of lips and the meetings of eyes. There were to be other nights in their lives as rich

memories as this but never another with quite the same delight.

Presently Sheba reminded him with a smile of the long trail he had mentioned. Mrs. Olson bustled into the tent and her presence stressed the point.

"Good night, neighbor," Gordon called back from outside the tent. Sheba's "Good night" echoed softly back to him.

The girl fell asleep to the sound of the light breeze slapping the tent and to the doleful howling of the huskies.

the winter? Or was it their purpose to cross the divide and go over the ice to the coast?

The pursuer knew that Gid Holt was wise as a weasel. He could follow blindfolded the paths that led to every creek in the gold-fields. It might be taken as a certainty that he had not plunged into such a desperate venture without having a plan well worked out beforehand. Elliot had a high grade of intelligence. Would they try to reach the coast and make their getaway to Seattle? Or would they dig themselves in till the heavy snows were past and come back to civilization with the story of a lucky strike to account for the gold they brought with them? Neither gold dust nor nuggets could be identified. There would be no way of proving the story false. The only evidence would be that they had left at Kuskiak and this was merely a corroborative kind. There would be no chance of convicting them upon it.

To strike for Seattle was to throw away all pretense of innocence. Fugitives from justice, they would have to disappear from sight in order to escape. The hunt for them would continue until at last they were unearthened.

One fork of the road led to comparative safety; the other went by devious windings to the penitentiary and perhaps the gallows. The Scotsman put himself in the place of the men he was trailing. Given the same conditions, he knew which path he would follow.

Macdonald took the trail that led down to the river, to the distant gold creeks which offered a refuge for man-hunters in many a deserted cabin marooned by the deep snows.

Even the iron frame and steel muscles of the Scotch-Canadian protested against the task he had set them that day. It was a time to sit snugly inside by a stove and listen to the howling of the wind as it hurried itself down from the divide. But from daylight till dark Colby Macdonald fought with drifts as he breasted the storm. He got into the harness with the dogs. He broke trail for them, cheered them, soothed and comforted, punished. Long after night had fallen he staggered into the hut of two prospectors, his parka so stiff with frozen snow that it had to be beaten with a hammer before the coat could be removed.

(To be Continued)

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow: I want to put my case before you and ask your advice. Several months ago my parents insisted on my breaking my engagement to a young man whom I dearly love, because his habits were not as good as they would wish. He sometimes drinks too much. Both he and I have been very unhappy ever since. He says that if I will marry him, he will never touch another drop, and his parents have promised to furnish an apartment for us and give us a good income if I do so. I believe what he says, for I really have a wonderful influence over him, and I would rather be with him and feel that we are winning the fight together than go on living without him. I think I am just the person to be with him; for I am strong and healthy, with a firm disposition, and I have a cheerful outlook on life. Don't you think my parents are unreasonable to be so obstinate about the matter as they are?"

Since you ask me, I do not, I think they would be very singular parents if they did not take just exactly the stand they do. Since the days of Eve, the notion of marrying a man to reform him has been a persistent microbe in the female brain. Ages roll by, but neither time nor the consensus of the world's experience seems to affect the efficiency of its bite.

Why should a man shove the burden of his reform onto a woman's shoulders? Why not put reform first, and marriage afterward? It is not so romantic, of course, and it does not give the opportunity for a perfectly useless self-sacrifice. But it's a vast deal safer and saner in the long run.

"He says he will never touch another drop if I will only marry him!"

And do you believe it? Oh, yes, oh, yes! I can see you indignantly affirming that you do, that you know he means it. Maybe he does, but—can he keep on meaning it?

If you feel that you wish to give your time and thought to caring for the afflicted, there is a vast opportunity at the present time. The need for nurses is urgent.

My dear girl, no man worth his salt would have urged you to marry him under the circumstances. A real man sets to work and reforms himself. He doesn't run whining to a woman and ask her to undertake a task which is beyond his powers.

There is another and very vital question, which apparently you have not considered—the children which might come to you.

I think probably you will bestow more thought upon this subject if you will make a visit to the blind asylums and homes for congenital cripples and defectives, before giving him your final answer.

Your parents are perfectly right. I hope, for your sake, they will continue to oppose this determination of yours, and that you, no matter what pain it may cause yourself and this young man, will be brave enough and reasonable enough to acquiesce in their judgment.

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Daily Fashion Hint



EARLY MODELS FOR SOUTHERN WEAR.

The designs intended for Southern wear are appearing in the smart shops and are delightful to see. A rather striking frock is shown, carried out in black satin with a white flower of conventional design. The narrow skirt widens slightly at the hips and is attached to a dart-fitted waist. A collar of white crêpe Georgette finishes the neck. Medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch material, with 1/2 yard Georgette.

The other dress is made of cream color cotton material with front and back panel of pink and white striped self-material. The broad belt fastens at one side with a large black velvet button, the velvet buttons also being used to fasten the high collar and front of the waist. Medium size calls for 4 yards 36-inch plain and 3/4 yards 36-inch striped material.

First Model: Pictorial Review Waist No. 7558. Sizes, 34 to 42 inches bust. Price, 20 cents. Skirt No. 7463. Sizes, 24 to 34 inches waist. Price, 20 cents.

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