



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

The Scotch-Canadian stood at the edge of a willow grove. His face was grim as the day of judgment. "Don't move," he ordered. Elliot laughed irritably. He was both annoyed and disgusted. "What do you want?" he snapped. "You."

"What's worrying you now? Do you think I'm jumping my bond?" "You're going back to Kuslak with me—to give a life for the one you took."

"What's that?" cried Gordon, surprised. "Just as I'm telling you. I've been on your heels ever since you left town. You and Holt are going back with me as my prisoners."

"But what for?" "For robbing the bank and killing Robert Milton, as you know well enough."

"Is this another plan arranged for me by you and Selfridge?" demanded Elliot.

Macdonald ignored the question and lifted his voice. "Come out of that tent, Holt—and come with your hands up unless you want your head blown off."

"Holt isn't in that tent, you idiot. If you want to know—"

"Come now, if you expect to come alive," cut in the Scotsman ominously. He raised the rifle to his shoulder and covered the shadow thrown by the sun on the figure within.

Gordon flung out a wild protest and threw the frozen slab of bacon at the head of Macdonald.

The sight of her paralyzed Macdonald and saved her lover's life. It distracted the mine-owner long enough for him to miss his chance. A bullet struck the stove and went off at a tangent through the tent canvas not two feet from where Sheba stood. A second went speeding toward the sun. For Gordon had followed the football player's in-

Bringing Up Father



THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER II

"The rooms are very pleasant, and I thank you for engaging them for me," Cynthia Long said to the elderly man who, with the boy carrying her suitcase and handbag, had escorted her to an upper floor of a large hotel in Chicago. "I am sure I shall be very comfortable."

Darius Blake handed the porter the tip for which he waited and dismissed him. Then he turned to the slender girl standing before him.

"Child," he said, "you know how glad my wife and I would have been if you had been willing to stay with us this last night before you go east. Our home is certainly less dreary than a hotel."

Cynthia Long smiled gratefully. "You are very dear and good, Mr. Blake. I do not believe that any other lonely girl ever had her affairs attended to by such a kind and unselfish lawyer as you are. You have made everything as easy as possible for me. And I have let you do it. But, much as I wanted to accept your kind suggestion that I go to your house to-night, I was sure it would be easier for me to start to-morrow morning from a hotel rather than from a home-like house such as yours."

"But," the man objected, "you are very young and—excuse me!—very attractive; and it is hardly the correct thing for a girl like you to spend a night unchaperoned in a great hotel."

Cynthia glanced down at her black dress. "My mourning would protect me, if I needed protection, and I do not," she reminded him. "Please do not worry, dear Mr. Blake. I will rest until dinnertime; then I will go into the diningroom and take a table near some respectable-looking middle-aged people, after which I will return to my rooms, read for a while and go to bed. And early in the morning I start on my eastward journey."

"I could perhaps come to-morrow to see you off," the man began. The girl interrupted him. "At the dismal hour of 7:30 a. m. Indeed you will not! Why should you? I have everything here in my bag—my tickets through to New York, my Pullman car reservation—everything. No, I would rather you let me tell you good-by now—and then," with an effort at a smile, "the last hard thing will be over."

"It must be as you wish, dear child," the lawyer acquiesced. "I hope you will not be too dreary."

"I will not," she assured him. "I am hoping that a letter from New York may come to me this evening. When I last wrote to my uncle I told him where I was to be to-night. Yet, since all arrangements have been made and agreed upon between us, he may scarcely write again."

"Good-by, dear," Darius Blake said, holding out his hands to her. She placed both her hands in his and smiled bravely.

"Good-by—and again thank you, I believe," with a little catch in her voice, "that where Dad is he knows how good you have been to me since—"

The man's eyes were suddenly misty. "God bless you!" he murmured. "Write to me when you care to. Remember I am always at your service. I was not only your father's lawyer, my dear—but his friend, and yours."

"I know it," the girl returned. "You have proved that."

At the door he paused and looked back. "You have the telephone number of my house if you should want to ask me any questions this evening, have you not?"

She nodded. At the moment she could not trust her voice to reply. Yet when the door had closed behind her the elderly friend, Cynthia Long did not cry. Throwing off her hat and coat, she began to walk rapidly up and down the room. The long mirror on the wall reflected her graceful figure, but she did not even glance into it. Her thoughts were too busy just now for her to concern herself about her appearance.

Mr. Blake had spoken truly when he said she was attractive. Her girl's figure was excellent and her black dress fitted her perfectly. It also cast into strong relief her auburn hair and fair complexion. Her eyes were of the shade of hazel-brown that sometimes accompanies auburn hair.

Until she smiled, she was not actually pretty. But Mr. Blake had seen her smile many times. Therefore he thought her uncommonly attractive.

She was not smiling now. Instead, the curved lips were set in a line that was too stern for such a girlish face.

Cynthia Long was but twenty-two. Until her father's death, six weeks ago, she had been petted and guarded for she was the only child of a lonely widow. Now her father was gone, and his daughter was going east to live with her mother's brother, Stephen Livingstone, of New York.

She had seen her uncle occasionally when he had come west on a business trip. She and her father lived in Lake Forest, a suburb of Chicago, and several times Stephen Livingstone had run out there to spend the night with the husband and child of his dead sister. He had always been kind and agreeable, but Cynthia did not feel that she knew him intimately.

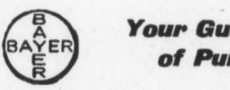
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All arrangements had been made for her by her father's friend and

Safety!

Safety lies in avoiding substitutes. The name "Bayer" is on every package and every tablet of genuine Aspirin. Look for



"The Bayer Cross" Your Guarantee of Purity. TABLETS in pocket boxes of 12. CAPSULES in sealed packages of 12 and 24.

WORK THAT PAYS

It is to the advantage of the workers at the Blough Manufacturing Co.'s factory that there are many kinds of desirable work to do.

The workers become proficient in several lines and when there is a certain line which is desired in preference to the others the worker usually devotes the entire time to that line.

You can get some

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Rheumatism's Pangs Multiply With Winter's Icy Blasts

Torture Is Worst in Severe Weather

Soon you will begin to reach for the liniment bottle, just as you did all last winter, and begin to rub the painful parts, seeking relief from the pangs of Rheumatism, which your own experience has taught you can only be temporary. Why not throw away your liniments and other external applications and get down to a sensible and rational treatment, which is bound to get results? Rheumatism is a disordered condition of the blood, and must be treated through the blood. And you cannot reach the blood by external applica-

distinct and dived for the knees of his enemy. They went down together. Each squirming for the upper place, they rolled over and over. The rifle was forgotten. Like save men they fought, crushing and twisting each other's muscles with the blind lust of primordialists to kill. As they clinched with one arm, they struck savagely with the other. The impact of smashing blows on naked flesh sounded horribly cruel to Sheba.

She ran forward, calling on each by name to stop. Probably neither knew she was there. Their whole attention was focused on each other. Not for an instant did their eyes wander, for life and death hung on the issue. Chance had lit the spark of their resentment, but long-banked passions were blazing fiercely now. They got to their feet and fought toe to toe. Sledge-hammer blows beat upon bleeding and disfigured faces, no thought of defense as yet was in the mind of either. The purpose of each was to bruise, maim, make helpless the other. But for

the impotent little cries of Sheba no sound broke the stillness save the crunch of their feet on the hard snow, the thud of heavy fists on flesh, and the throaty snarl of their deep, irregular breathing.

Gid Holt, watched the battle with shining eyes. He exulted in every blow of Gordon; he suffered with him when the smashing rights and left of Macdonald got home. He shouted jeers, adve, threats, encouragement. If he had had ten thousand dollars wagered on the outcome he could not have been more excited.

Swiftwater Peter, drawn by the cries of Sheba, came running from the stable. As he passed the window Holt caught him by the arm. "What are you aimin' to do, Pete? Let 'em alone. Let 'em go to it. They got to have it out. Stop 'em now and they'll get at it with guns."

Sheba ran up, wringing her hands. "Stop them, please. They're killing each other."

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



Bound edges make a notable feature of many of the latest suits. This one is made of gabardine with braid binding to be exceedingly attractive. Especial interest is attached to the ripple back and the high collar in military effect. The lines are all extremely attractive and generally becoming. The model is one that can be copied in any suiting material. You can make it of velvet if you are so minded, or you can make it of velveteen or you can make it of velours cloth or of duvetyne quite as well as of the gabardine illustrated. Broadcloth, too, makes handsome suits and, if you wish, you can put touches of fur on the collar and sleeves. The coat is one of the very new ones with a plain body portion falling in pretty ripples below the waistline at the back. The fronts may be made pointed or straight, as you prefer.

For the medium size the coat will require, 3 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 44, 2 yards 54, and the skirt, 2 3/8 yards 36, 44, 2 5/8 yards 54.

The pattern of the coat No. 9642 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and of the skirt No. 9631 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents each.

9642 Coat with Ripple Back. 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents. 9631 Three-Piece Skirt. 24 to 32 waist. Price 15 cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

Advice to the Lovelorn

A Quiet Man DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-four and engaged to a man four years my senior. My fiancé is very well situated and is all a woman could desire in a husband as far as wealth, personality and character are concerned.

My betrothed has always led a quiet life, and has never shown any desire to mingle with people.

I cannot decide whether I can rely on our love to bridge this gulf, or whether it will mar our happiness.

Do not for a moment think I am an unfeeling young woman, but, on the contrary, consider me a thoughtful and perhaps practical woman, who hesitates for fear of bringing unhappiness not only upon herself, but upon her future husband and children.

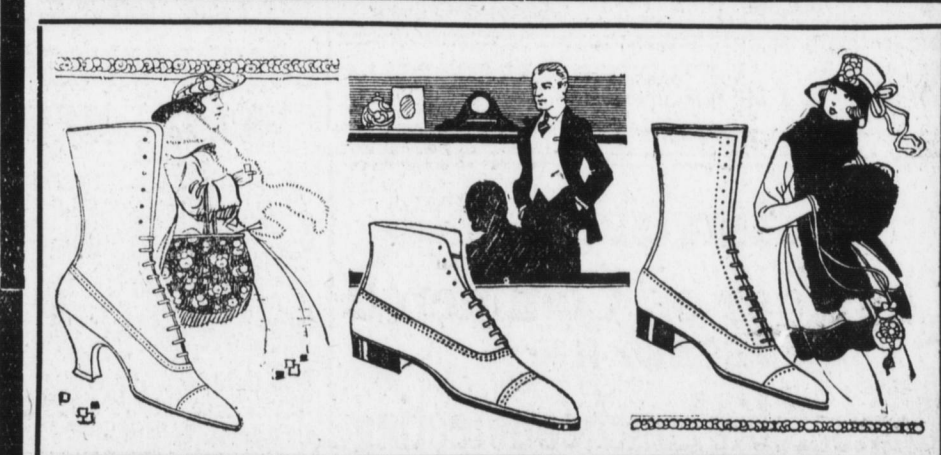
I would like to have your advice or opinion as to whether you would marry this man.

D. F. L. I think you are making trouble for yourself, nothing more. I would hardly advise a cultured and educated young woman to marry a man who was uncouth and ignorant and who would shame her among her friends, because for such a man she would lose respect, and, failing to respect the man she loved, she would probably in time cease also to care for him. You, however, have no such problem. You like society, the man you love prefers to lead a life of a simpler sort. Tact and real affection will make each of you concede something to the other and in that way you will work out your problem.

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Spring Shoes

at a great saving. This sale includes our own regular stock. All widths AAA to EEE, All sizes 1 1/2 to 9

Steckley's

1220 North Third Street During This Sale Open Evenings until 8 o'clock. See Our Window