

Reading for Women and all the Family



By McManus

The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Rains

(Continued)

"I hope this trip isn't very far off the trail," she said quietly. "I'm just a wee bit tired."

"It's not far," the mine-owner said curtly.

He was busy unpacking his sled. Presently he found the dog moccasins for which he had been looking. He repacked his sled, and fitted the shoes to the bleeding feet of the team leader. Elliot, suspicious and uncertain what to do, watched him work, but at a signal from Sheba turned reluctantly away and drove down to the cutoff.

Macdonald turned his dogs out of the trail and followed a little ridge for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Sheba trudged behind him. She was full of wonder at what he meant to do, but she asked no questions. Some were instinctive, was telling her to do exactly as he said.

From the sled he took a shovel and gave it to the young woman. "Just this side of the big rock," he said, "is the root of the tree."

Sheba dug, and at the second stroke of the spade struck something hard. He stooped and pulled out a sack.

"Open it," he said. "Rip it with this knife."

She ran the knife along the coarse veins of the cloth. Fifteen or twenty smaller sacks lay exposed. Sheba looked up at Macdonald, a startled question in her eyes.

He nodded. "You guessed it. This is a part of the gold for which Robert Miller was murdered."

"But—how did it get here?"

"I buried it there yesterday."

He led her around the rock. Back of it lay something over which was spread a long bit of canvas. The heart of Sheba was beating wildly. The Scotsman looked at her from a rock-bound face. "Underneath this canvas is the body of one of the men who murdered Milton. He died miserably that the man he loved is in that gunnysack you have dug up. If you'll tell me who the other half, I'll tell you who killed him."

"This man—who is he?" asked Sheba almost in a whisper. She was trembling with excitement and nervousness.

Macdonald drew back the cloth and showed the rough, hard face of a crickerman.

"His name was Trelawney. I buried him out of our camp because he was a troublemaker."

"He was one of the men that killed your later?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. And now he has tried to dig me again and has paid for it with his life."

Her mind flashed back over the past. "Then his partner in this last time must have been the same man—what's his name?" that was with him last time.

"Northrup," he nodded slowly. "I hate to believe it, but it is probable."

Bringing Up Father

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THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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Warren, I think it was very nice of you to think of this, said Mrs. Stevens, as they entered the dining room.

"Wasn't it nice?" said Helen happily.

"Nothing nice about it. You folks were good enough to ask us to the theater and I thought it would be nice for the four of us to have dinner here."

"Never knew they had a grill in this place," said Mr. Stevens, looking around, "cute little place, isn't it?"

"Warren thinks they have about the best table d'hôte in town," said Helen, as the waiter came to their table.

"Well, we ought to have a wonderful evening," said Mrs. Stevens, "I hope the play is as good as they tell us it will be. They say it made a great hit out of town."

"Glad it's a comedy," said Warren, looking down at the menu. "None of these tearful dramas for me."

"You're right," agreed Mr. Stevens, and then Warren began to give his order to the waiter.

Helen was anxious for everything to go off all right that evening, and as the Stevenses were easy-going people and did not rile Warren unless he was playing bridge with Mrs. Stevens, who was not a good bridge player, there was really no reason why the evening should not bring forth a lot of fun.

"Good food, eh?" queried Warren, as the first course was brought.

"Yes, it's a fine humor this evening," said Helen, "and I'm sure you'll be playing first-class bridge."

"As they were about to begin on the soup course, Helen noticed an acid odor which seemed to come out of the radiator back of her. She raised her eyes to see if Warren noticed it and met those of Mrs. Stevens. Instead of the usual "Smells like ammonia," Mrs. Stevens returned, "The smell was getting stronger every moment and I can hardly notice it now," interposed Mrs. Stevens. "It's almost gone."

Warren raised his head from his soup and sniffed suspiciously.

"What on earth is that smell?" he said sharply.

"It seems to come out of the radiator," said Helen; "it's ammonia, I think."

Warren was signalling the waiter.

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER VI
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The room to which Dora conducted Cynthia was large and tastefully furnished. A combined dressing room and bathroom opened out of it on one side. On the other was the small room, connecting with Dora's apartments beyond.

"Your room and mine are just alike in size and arrangements," the young hostess explained. "Yours has been a guest chamber until now."

"Then I am depriving your mother of a guest chamber," Cynthia objected.

"Indeed, it is not!" Dora insisted. "There is another spare bedroom on this floor, even bigger than this, and still another on the floor above. It sometimes wish we had no extra rooms, for that would preclude mother's terribly correct relatives descending upon us. I hope you like your room. It is blue, you see; mine is all pink."

"Everything's lovely," Cynthia declared.

"Well, take off your things and rest a bit," Dora commanded. "Do you want to be alone, or shall I come back here when I have taken off my wraps?"

"I want you to come back," Cynthia replied.

When Dora had gone to her room Cynthia took off her dress, drew a wrapper from her suitcase and put it on. Then, as her cousin returned and bade her lie down, she stretched herself on the divan. Dora seated herself in a big chair close by her cousin and drew a long breath of contentment.

"Now this is what I call satisfactory," she exclaimed. "Are you certain you don't want to sleep?"

"Very certain," Cynthia assured her. "I could not sleep if I would. And I would rather hear you talk."

Her desire was gratified, for Dora chatted vigorously, interspersing bits of information with questions about Cynthia's life since they had met as very young girls.

An Affectionate Heart

As Cynthia watched the glowing face and sparkling eyes she became more and more impressed with the fact that her cousin was very pretty. She was also convinced that behind the girl's merriment was a warm and affectionate heart.

"I'm planning lots of good times for us to have together," Dora said at last. "There are quantities of wonderful music in New York this winter and as this is my first winter out, there are piles of invitations arriving all the time. But I kept this evening free just for you, for I knew you would be too tired to go anywhere, anyway."

Cynthia laid a gentle hand on her cousin's arm. "Dear," she said, "forgive me for reminding you of it, but you know I am not going into society just now. Wait—don't in-

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

LASTING LOVE
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Five years ago I announced my engagement to a highly intellectual young man five years my senior. Our marriage was not far off when we had a dispute and parted. I have had several offers of marriage since that time, but never took them seriously. He has resided in my neighborhood all these years, and yet has never made an attempt to see me.

Do you believe in lasting affection, as I feel I could never be interested in any other else, and am satisfied to go along this way for the rest of my life; or should I, as a very material way, smother the finer feeling within me, and simply marry the next man who asks me just to escape that sour term "old maid" in later life? B. L. G.

No, of course you won't do anything so foolish as to marry the next man who asks you in order to avoid being called old maid later. The term is no longer in use anyway! Dignified, self-respecting women have far more respect for themselves when they do work than like that they could possibly have for themselves were they to marry cold-bloodedly in order to be supported by a man. If you really care deeply for this man who no longer shows any interest in you, perhaps you will not mind sacrificing your pride in order either to recover his friendship or to assure yourself once for all that he can never have it. Your disagreement was serious. Perhaps the man feels that there is a wide gulf of misunderstanding or of unfair treatment between you. To bridge it you must make a big effort to find out if that one quarrel has killed forever the possibilities for friendship between you. Either do that or accept the fact that the man is out of your life forever. If he is out of it then get something else to fill the "empty chair," worked for a worthy emotion.

NOT FAIR
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A friend has been married six months and is still at business. He is going away to camp shortly and to let her work. He was likely to be called to serve Uncle Sam. Now he is going away to camp shortly and in settling up some affairs the following little misunderstanding arose. She thought it best to pay both his and her insurance for a year in advance, to which he agreed very willingly. Now she has all of her insurance signed over to her husband and he, in return, said, as he had made his well-to-do parents the beneficiaries, he did not want to ask them for the insurance.

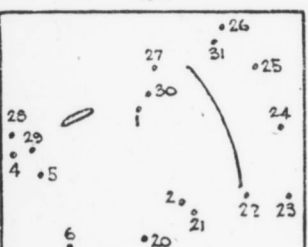
FATHER WAS WRONG

By FRANCES J.

This was most unjust of your father. On the invitation of a young man's mother and with the permission of her own mother, of course a girl may make a visit such as yours. The fact that his sister is your father's complete propriety of the situation. In all questions of propriety there are often differences of opinion. Now your father was worried over the fact that his daughter had made this visit to a young man's home. It was his love for you that led to his attitude. There oughtn't to be any family quarrel. I can explain to your father that you see how it was that he worried a bit, being, as all men are, conservative about their daughters, but that what you did is considered perfectly proper and that you don't want him to quarrel for a moment that you would ever do anything that was fair.

FATHER DERANGED BY COLD
Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 4.—Temporarily deranged by the severe cold of Saturday, John Leib, a veteran attendant of the Carlisle market, became violent for a short period here and the efforts of several men were required to prevent him from injuring himself until medical aid could be summoned. He had shovelled snow on the roads all day Friday, was unable to become warm at his home for lack of fuel and was chilled again on his drive here. He fully recovered after a few hours and returned to his home.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD FOR THE REV. IRVIN C. YEAKEL

Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 4.—A special memorial service in which pastors and members of other churches joined was held at the Biddle Presbyterian Church yesterday afternoon in honor of the Rev. Irvin C. Yeakel, pastor of the church who died Friday evening following a long illness.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Cozy comfort will always be provided by this garment. It wraps about one in the most attractive, pleasing manner and it has such smart and distinctive touches that it makes an especial appeal. As you see it here, it is made of bath robe flannel, but you could copy it in corduroy or in terry cloth or in any material that is adapted to the bath robe. If you like, you can omit the pockets and use a belt, but there is a certain smartness and distinction in the pockets that are buttoned up over the girdle that most girls will like. The terry cloths are being shown in singularly attractive colors and are charming for such garments. The robe that is made of corduroy serves as a negligee as well as a bath robe. A rose color or a blue would be pretty lined throughout with white China silk. The bath robe flannels include both wool and cotton, but the cottons are amply warm and just now, when there is a shortage of wool, it is wise to give the cotton preference.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 6 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 yards 36 or 44. The pattern No. 9636 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.



"I know something that will clear your skin"

"When my complexion was red, rough and pimply, I was so ashamed that I never had any fun. I imagined that people avoided me—perhaps they did! But the regular use of Resinol Soap—with a little Resinol Ointment—just at first—has given me back my clear, healthy skin. I wish you'd try it!"

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also clear away dandruff and keep the hair healthy and attractive. For trial free, write to Dept. 2-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



TETLEY'S

India TEA Ceylon

Tea Drinkers Depend on It Because It Is Dependable Tea

ONE LITTLE TEASPOONFUL MAKES TWO CUPS

STEADY WORK

There's a great satisfaction in working where the work is steady. One becomes acquainted with the best ways to accomplish the most and in time becomes so proficient that splendid remuneration is earned.

The picture shows one of the large operating rooms of the Blough Manufacturing Co.'s factory, where 400 happy and contented workers are busily engaged.

Blough Manufacturing Co.

Reily and Fulton Streets
The place where everybody is well cared for and well paid