



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine  
(Continued)  
CHAPTER XXIV

The news of Sheba's safety had been telephoned to Diane from the roadhouse, so that all the family from Peter down were on the porch to welcome her with mingled tears and kisses. Since Gordon had to push on to the hospital to have Holt taken care of, it was Macdonald who brought the girl home. The mine-owner declined rather brusquely an invitation to stay to dinner on the plea that he had business at the office which would not wait.

Impulsively Sheba held out both her hands to him. "Believe me, I am thinking you with the whole of my heart, my friend. And I'm praying for you the old Irish blessing. 'God save you kindly.'"

The deep-seated rapacious eyes of the Scotsman burned into hers for an instant. Without a word he released her hands and turned away.

Her eyes followed him a vital dynamic American who would do big, lawless things to the day of his death. She sighed. He had been a great figure in her life, and now he had passed out of it.

As soon as she was alone with Diane, her Irish cousin dropped the little bomb she had up her sleeve. "I'm going to be married Thursday, Di."

## Bringing Up Father

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AREN'T YOU ASHAMED TO COME HOME AT THIS HOUR—YOU KNOW I CAN'T SLEEP WHILE YOU'RE OUT—

WELL—I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO GIT THE COUNT TO GO HOME

WHAT? YOU LEFT HIM IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH—

I DID—I COULDN'T CONVINCE HIM IT WUZNT A TAXI CAB!

I CAN'T SLEEP WITH THAT SNORING—WAKE UP!!

ZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZ

WELL—NOW HOW AM I GOIN' TO GIT TO SLEEP?



Mrs. Paget embraced her for the tenth time within an hour. She was very fond of Sheba, and she had been on a great strain concerning her safety. That out of her danger Diane had resulted the engagement of good luck.

"You lucky, sensible girl." "I do think I'm sensible as well as lucky. It isn't every girl that knows the right man for her even when he wants her. But I know at last. He's the man for me out of ten million."

"I'm sure of it, dear. Oh, I am so glad." Diane hugged her again. She couldn't help it.

"One gets to know a man pretty well on a trip like that. I wouldn't change mine for any one that was ever made. I like everything about him, Di. I am the happiest girl."

"I'm so glad you see it that way at last." Diane passed to the practical aspect of the situation. "But Thursday. Will that give us time, my dear? And who are you going to have here?"

"Just the family. I've invited two guests, but neither of them can come. One has a broken leg and the other says he doesn't want to see me married to another man," Sheba explained with a smile.

"So Gordon won't come."

"Yes, he'll have to be here. We can't get along without the bridegroom. It wouldn't be a legal marriage without it."

Diane looked at her, for the moment dumb. "You little wretch!" she got out at last. "So it's Gordon, is it? Are you quite sure this time? Not likely to change your mind before Thursday?"

"I suppose, to an outsider, I do seem fickle," Miss O'Neill admitted smilingly. "But Gordon and I both understand that."

"And Colby Macdonald—does he understand it too?"

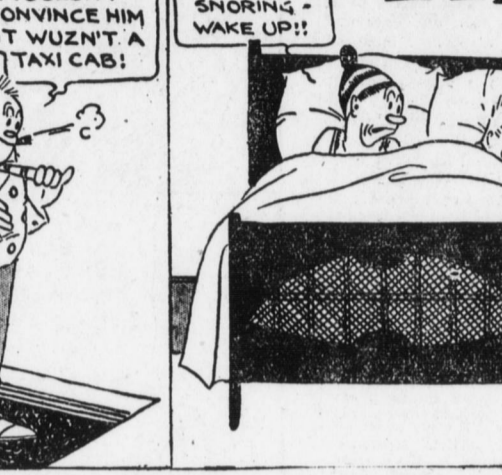
"Oh, yes." Her smile grew broader. "He told me that he didn't think I would quite suit him, after all. Not enough experience for the place."

Diane flashed a suspicious look of inquiry. "Of course that's nonsense. What did he tell you?"

"Something like that. He will marry Mrs. Mallory, I think, though he doesn't know it yet."

"You mean she will get him on the rebound," said Diane bluntly.

"That isn't a nice way to put it. He has always liked her very much."



He is fond of her for what she is. What attracted him in me were the things his imagination gave to me."

"And Gordon likes you, I suppose, for what you are?"

Sheba did not resent the little note of friendly sarcasm. "I suppose he has his fancies about me, too, but by the time he finds out what I am he'll have to put up with me."

The arrival of Elliot interrupted confidences. He had come, he said, to receive congratulations.

"What in the world have you been doing with your face?" demanded Diane. "As an afterthought she added: 'Mr. Macdonald is all cut up too.'"

"We've been taking massage treatment," Gordon passed to a subject of more immediate interest. "Do I get my congratulations, Di?"

She kissed him, too, for old sake's sake. "I do believe you'll suit Sheba better than Colby Macdonald would. He's a great man and you are not. But it isn't every body that is fit to be the wife of a great man."

"That's a double, left-handed compliment," laughed Gordon. "But you can't say anything that hurt my feelings to-day, Di. Isn't that your baby bearing crying? What a heartless mother you are!"

Diane gave him the few minutes alone with Sheba that his gay smile had asked for. "Get out with you," she said laughing. "Go to the top of the hill and look at the lovers' moon I've ordered there expressly for you; and while you are there forget that there are going to be crying babies and nursemaids with evenings out in that golden future of yours."

"One along Sheba. We'll start now on the golden trail," said Elliot.

She walked as if she loved it. Her long, slender legs moved rhythmically and her arms swung true as pendulums.

The moon was all that Diane had promised. Sheba drank it in happily.

"I believe I must be a pagan. I love the sun and the moon and I know it's all true about the little folk and the pied piper and—"

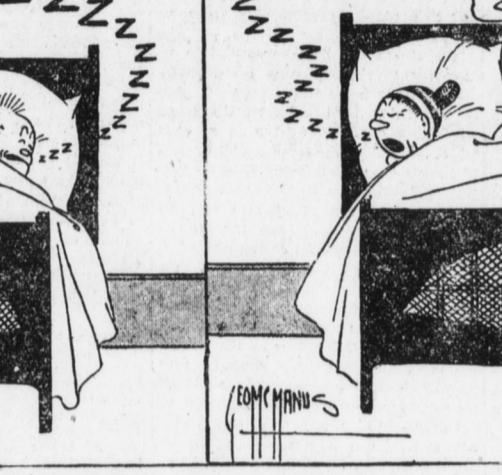
"If it's paganism to be in love with the world, you are a thirty-third degree pagan."

"Well, and was there ever a more beautiful night before?"

He thought not, but he had not his beauty largely in her presence. Her passionate love of things fine and brave transformed the universe for him. It was enough for laughter bubbling in her throat, to touch her crisp, blue-black hair as he adjusted the scarf about her head.

"God made the night," he replied. "So that's a Christian thought as well as a pagan one."

They were no exception to the rule that lovers are egotists. The world for them to-night divided itself into two classes. One included Sheba O'Neill and Gordon Elliot; the other took in the uninteresting remnant of humanity. No matter how far afield their talk began it always came back to themselves. They wanted to know about each other, to compare experiences and points of



view. But time fled too fast for words. They talked—as lovers will to the end of time—in exclamations and the meeting of eyes and little endearments.

When Diane and Peter found them on the hillside, Sheba protested, with her half-shy, half-audacious smile, that it could not be two hours since she and Gordon had left the living room. Peter grinned. He remembered a hilltop consecrated to his own courtship of Diane.

The only wedding present that Macdonald sent Sheba was a long envelope with two documents attached by a clip. One was from the Kuskiak Sun. It announced that the search party had found the body of Northrup with the rest of the stolen gold beside him. The other was a copy of a legal document. Its effect was that the district attorney had dismissed all charges pending against Gordon Elliot.

Although Macdonald lost the coal claims at Kamathah by reason of the report of Elliot, all Alaska still believes that he was right. In that country of strong men he stands head and shoulders above his fellows. He has the fortunate gift of commanding the admiration of friend and foe alike. The lady who is his wife is secretly the greatest of his slaves, but she tries not to let him know how much he has captured. She, however, cannot quite understand herself, how so elemental an emotion as love can have pierced the armor of her sophistication.

(THE END)

## By McManus

## THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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Helen and Warren had planned long before the holidays not to give presents to each other. This common agreement had come about through long discussion, and had finally been decided upon only because Helen had said that inasmuch as they had so many people to remember at that time of the year, they might save any amount they had planned to spend on each other, and spend it some time later when there was not such a demand upon the common pocketbook.

In spite of the fact that Helen had really meant this when she had suggested it, she had hoped against hope that Warren would ignore it when the time came. She had said to herself many times, "Warren will surprise me, I just know he will," and when Christmas had come and she had seen that Helen had been there from Warren, Helen had been terribly disappointed.

Then had come the unfortunate experience in the rain, and Helen had taken a terrific cold. All through that awful time Warren had been more than considerate. He usually irascible self had been temporarily buried, and his one thought had been to make Helen happy. Helen hardly knew when she determined that if ever she were able to once more face the world she would make it up to him. For Helen was really sensible and she had stayed in bed for the greater part of a week with a nasty fever, and with pains in every part of her body.

It was during her convalescence she tried to determine just what it would be, and she finally decided upon a gift brought out of some housekeeping money that she had saved.

There were about seventeen dollars put away in a postbox and which she saved beautifully as a bank, and she had saved in addition to that eleven dollars since her illness.

"That makes thirty-one," she said reflectively one warmish day when the sun was shining and Helen, with more than returned cheer, had planned to shop. "That much ought to buy something really nice. Why, I know what it will be, a set of full dress and cut in squares. He'll be sure to appreciate it."

All during her trip downtown, Helen imbued with the idea, could hardly wait to invest her money. When she finally found herself possessed with a pair of pearl and gold cuff links at eighteen dollars and a set of studs at eleven, she was utterly, blissfully happy.

"Warren, dear," she said that night at dinner, "there's a surprise at your plate."

"A surprise, what's all this?" said Warren, discovering, suddenly a tiny white box half hidden under his napkin.

"Open it and see if you like it," Helen said excitedly.

"Well, well," said Warren, taking up the box, "what does this mean? Why should I have a surprise?"

"Just because I wanted to give you one."

Warren had slipped the box out of its tissue wrappings and had

## Patriotic Dishes

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**COTTAGE PIE**

This is made with shoulder of mutton boiled with carrot and onion, then cut up, mixed with potatoes separately boiled and cut up and put into a baking dish. The crust is made by mixing smoothly mashed potatoes to which a tablespoonful of shortening has been added, with enough flour and water to make them roll out easily. A pie made of a pound of meat will require five or six small boiled potatoes, a cupful of mashed potatoes and eight or ten tablespoons of flour and should be baked twenty minutes in a hot oven. Salt, pepper and other seasoning, as onion and carrot, may be added to taste. A teaspoonful of baking powder makes the crust lighter.

necessary; but it sure is a peach of a set."

And Helen, who had expected Warren's arms about her and the money and I saved the something really nice with it."

"They certainly are beauties, and it was great of you to think of it, but you certainly were extravagant. I don't see how you ever happened to think of spending so much money on something so unnecessary; but it sure is a peach of a set."

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Come in To-morrow At Noon or Night

and try one of our novel, delicious combination luncheons.

20c to 35c

Our menu is extensive and varied, including soups, chowders, sandwiches, vegetables, puddings, pies, and all sorts of delicious drinks at the Golden Seal Luncheonette.

A la Carte Service also. Oysters in Season. Open from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M.

City Health Tests prove our Ice Cream the best in the city. Try some at the fountain—take some home.

Eddies Seal Drug Store 11 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE

USE POTATOES Let Wheatless Day Be Wheatless; A New Menu That is Both Tasty and Patriotic

The United States Food Administration urges you to use potatoes freely.

Breakfast: Cornmeal Muff with Dates, Potato and Meat Cakes (Very little chopped meat), Coffee, Milk for Children.

Dinner: Mutton Stew, Macedoine of Vegetables, Boiled Potatoes, Lettuce Salad, Rice Pudding.

Supper: Soup with Potato Croutons, Puffy Omelet with Tomatoes, Baked Potatoes, Scotch Fancies, Chilled Fruit.

Rice Pudding: 4 cups milk, 1-2 cup rice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup syrup, grated rind 1/2 lemon.

Wash rice; mix ingredients, and pour into oiled pudding dish; bake three hours in very slow oven, stirring three times during first hour of baking to prevent rice from setting.

Potato Croutons: To one cup of mashed potato add one egg yolk, and beat well together. Spread half an inch thick on a flat oiled platter, and when quite cool cut in two-inch squares, then each square diagonally across to form triangular pieces. When ready to use, brush over with milk and brown lightly in the oven or in very little fat in the frying pan.

Scotch Fancies: 2 cups rolled oats, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 cup molasses, 1/2 tablespoon cooking oil, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt.

Grind the oats, mix with the other materials. Roll into a thin sheet and cut in squares. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

ROYAL BECKLEY IN FRANCE Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Beckley, of 30 North Seventeenth street, were delighted to-day to receive a cablegram from their son, Royal H. Beckley, notifying them of his safe arrival "somewhere in France."

Mr. Beckley was one of the first young men to enlist from Harrisburg, when war was declared on Germany. He was at once assigned to the Twenty-fifth aer squadron and his since been in training at Kelly Field, South San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Beckley, previous to his enlistment was employed by the Bell Telephone Company as a draughtsman.

High Wind Velocity A wind of high velocity and persistence, along with the zero temperature, is responsible for demoralization in railway operation.

At 10 o'clock this morning the Harrisburg Railway Company could not handle any traffic to Riverside, Lockville, Penbrook, Linglestown or Hummelstown.

Lines of the Valley Railway Company were blown shut in every section and there was little traffic until late in the morning. James Senseman, traffic superintendent of the company, said that the New Cumberland line was open; White Hill line as far as Armstrong street.

Lemoyne, Camp Hill to Erlington, and Enola line as far as the round house.

Train Service Paralyzed Company officials were able to get sixty students at the Carlisle Indian School to shovel the Carlisle line out. They will start work at Carlisle and work toward Mechanicsburg. A string of men is working in this vicinity.

Mr. Senseman said the snow was very heavy and that the sweeper was of no use. It is necessary to shovel the snow, the official said.

The Philadelphia and Reading railway service was interrupted to some extent. One train was annulled, the Reading train which leaves at 6.15. The New York train which leaves here at 7.55 did not get away until 9.15, but after that the tracks began to open.

FIVE BELOW ZERO TIES UP TRAFFIC [Continued from First Page.]

16 below in Detroit. When this wave gets by warmer weather will prevail.

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The Pennsylvania railroad had three trains stalled last night and to-day the situation was not promising. The Harrisburg line to the Middle division than on the Philadelphia.

It was with difficulty that trains were operated at all on the Cumberland Valley. Deep drifts made it all but impossible for trains to get through and schedules virtually were abandoned.

The coldest day of the year was registered last month when the mercury went down to seven below.

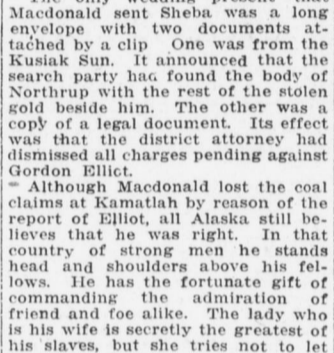
Pick and shovel were necessary to-day to dig out the stalled cars of the Harrisburg Traction Company. The big snow sweepers were practically useless. Heroic efforts were made to get the cars to get cars going. About thirty citizens were coaxed into service and three gangs simultaneously set to work. One crowd operated from Twentieth street and State to Progress; another pried out the stalled cars between Progress and Linglestown. A third gang shovelled near town. The heavy Commission has done a good deal in strengthening his lines in these directions."

Between Penbrook and Progress two were jammed. Not a car has reached Riverside since Sunday evening.

On the Hummelstown line two cars and a sweeper are in company between Paxtang and the Beaver subway. The line is open, however, to Paxtang.

On the Rockville circuit a car has been snowed under since yesterday morning and at Enola, on the

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

22 25 26 27 28

21 23 24 29

20 33 32 35

19 34 36

18 37 38

17 39 40

16 41 42

15 43 44

14 45 46

13 47 48

12 49 50

11 51 52

10 53 54

9 55 56

8 57 58

7 59 60

6 61 62

NEURALSIA AND ALL ACHES AND PAINS ARE BANISHED IN HALF THE TIME IT TAKES OTHER REMEDIES—ONE APPLICATION DOES THE WORK

Musterole Loosens Up Those Stiff Joints—Drives Out Pain

Get a jar at once from the nearest drug store. It is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Brings ease and comfort while it is being rubbed on!

Musterole is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Millions of jars are used annually for bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (if often prevented pneumonia). 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.

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# Astrich's

## Our This Week's Millinery Sale

### Will Be Held On Thursday, February 7th

On account of our store being closed on Monday and our windows lightless we decided in the interest of our customers to hold this week's

## Millinery Sale On Thursday

Hats advertised for this sale will be displayed all day Wednesday and Wednesday evening.

For Prices and Particulars See Tomorrow's Papers

## CORNS LIFT OUT! COSTS FEW CENTS

Drops of magic! Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little Freezone on a touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain! Try it!

Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of discovery of the Cincinnati genius.

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## Kills Pain in Half the Time

A Big 25 Cent Box of Marvelous Mustarine In What Every Home Should Have

Lumbago, Backache, Toothache, Neuralgia and All Aches and Pains Are Banished in Half the Time It Takes Other Remedies—One Application Does the Work

Grandmother's old fashioned mustard plaster did the work alright, but it blistered the skin and was a mighty unclean remedy.

Mustarine is the original mustard prescription that has made Grandmother's mustard plaster but a relic of bygone days.

It's ten times better, cleaner and will not blister; it made of true, honest yellow mustard combined with

other well known destroyers of pain and a 25c box does the work of fifty mustard plasters.

Why suffer day after day using plaster or continuous rubbing on liniment when one application of Mustarine will rid you of the pain? Mustarine is part of the body and will limber up stiff neck or rusty joints. It banishes backache, toothache, headache in ten minutes—many times in five.

If you want to get rid of sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, tonsillitis, pleurisy, inflammation in the feet, or rheumatic agony and swollen joints—rub Mustarine right away—it's the quickest pain killer in the world—and the cheapest. Get true Mustarine in the yellow box at any drugstore. —Advertisement.