

North of Fifty-Three by Bertrand W. Sinclair

HAZEL, LOST IN WOODS, STUMBLES ON CAMP OF "ROARING BILL" AFTER WANDERING FOR HOURS IN THE DARK

Synopsis.—Miss Hazel Weir is employed as a stenographer in the office of Harrington & Bush at Granville, Ontario. She is engaged to Jack Barrow, a young real estate agent. Mr. Bush, Hazel's employer, suddenly notices her attractiveness and at once makes her his private stenographer. After three months Bush proposes marriage. Hazel refuses, and after a stormy scene, in which Bush warns her he will make her sorry for her action, Hazel leaves the office, never to return. Shortly after this Bush is thrown from his horse and killed. Publication of his will discloses that he left Hazel \$5,000 in "reparation for any wrong I may have done her." Jack Barrow, in a jealous rage, demands an explanation, and Hazel, her pride hurt, refuses. Hazel's engagement is broken and, to escape from her surroundings, she secures a position as schoolteacher at Cariboo Meadows, in a wild part of British Columbia. There, at a boarding house, she first sees "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, a well-known character of that country.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Roarin' Bill's goin' to get himself killed one of these days." Hazel started, but it was only Jim Briggs in the doorway beside her. "I guess you ain't much used to seein' that sort of exhibition where you come from, Miss Weir," Briggs' wife put in over his shoulder. "My land, it's disgustin'—men fightin' in a way that everybody can see 'em. Thank goodness, it don't happen very often. Specially when Bill Wagstaff ain't around. You ain't shocked, are you, honey?"

ing in the northwest, hoping thus to cross the wagon road that ran from Soda Creek to the Meadows—it lay west, and she had gone northeast from town. And as she hurried, a fear began to tug at her that she had passed the Meadows unknowingly. Presently it was dark, and darkness in the woods is the darkness of the pit itself. She found a fallen tree, and climbed on it to rest and think. After what seemed an age she fancied she saw a gleam far distant in the timber. She watched the spot fixedly, and thought she saw the faint reflection of a light. That heartened her. She advanced toward it, hoping that it might be the gleam of a ranch window. Her progress was slow. She blundered over the litter of a forest floor, tripping over unseen obstacles. But ten minutes established beyond peradventure the fact that it was indeed a light. She kept on. The wavering gleam came from behind a thicket—an open fire, she saw at length. Beyond the fire she heard a horse sneeze. Within a few yards of the thicket through which wavered the yellow gleam she halted, smitten with a sudden panic. This endured but a few seconds. All that she knew or had been told of frontier men reassured her. She had found them to a man courteous, awkwardly considerate. And she could not wander about all night.

She moved cautiously, however, to the edge of the thicket, to a point where she could see the fire. A man sat humped over the glowing embers, whereon sizzled a piece of meat. His head was bent forward, as if he were listening. Suddenly he looked up, and she gasped—for the frolic showed the features of Roaring Bill Wagstaff. She was afraid of him. Why, she did not know nor stop to reason. She turned to retreat. In the same instant Roaring Bill reached to his rifle and stood up. "Hold on there!" he said coolly. "You're had a look at me—I want a

What Are You Doing Wandering Around the Woods at Night?

look at you, old feller, whenever you are. Come on—show yourself." He stepped sidewise out of the light as he spoke. Hazel started to run. The crack of a branch underfoot betrayed her, and he closed in before she took three steps. He caught her rudely by the arm and yanked her bodily into the firelight. "Well—for the love of—Mike!" Wagstaff drawled the exclamation out in a rising crescendo of astonishment. Then he laid his gun down across a roll of bedding, and stood looking at her in speechless wonder. "For the love of Mike!" Roaring Bill said again. "What are you doing wandering around in the woods at night? Good Lord! Your teeth are chattering. Sit down here and get warm. It is sort of chilly."

that it lay on two green sticks, like a steak on a gridiron. It was quite simple, but she would never have thought of that. The meat exhaled savory odors. Also, the warmth of the fire seemed good. But—"I'd rather be home," she confessed. "Sure! I guess you would—naturally. I'll see that you get there, though it won't be easy. It's no snap to travel these woods in the dark. You couldn't have been so far from the Meadows. How did it come you didn't yell once in a while?" Hazel admitted, "until it began to get dark. And then I didn't like to." He dug some utensils out of his pack layout—two plates, knife, fork and spoons, and laid them by the fire. Opposite the meat a pot of water bubbled. Roaring Bill produced a small tin bucket, black with the smoke of many an open fire, and a package, and made coffee. Then he spread a canvas sheet, and laid on that bread, butter, salt, a jar of preserved fruit. "How far is it to Cariboo Meadows?" Hazel asked. "Bill looked up from his supper preparations. "You've got me," he returned carelessly. "Probably four or five miles. I'm not positive; I've been running in circles myself this afternoon." "Good heavens!" Hazel exclaimed. "But you know the way?" "Like a book—in the daytime," he replied. "But night in the timber is another story, as you've just been finding out for yourself." "I thought men accustomed to the wilderness could always find their way about, day or night," Hazel observed tartly. "They can—in stories," Bill answered dryly. She had to be satisfied with his assurance that he would see her to Cariboo Meadows. And, accepting the situation with what philosophy she could command, Hazel proceeded to fall to—and soon discovered herself relishing the food more than any meal she had eaten for a long time. Hunger is the king of appetizers, and food cooked in the open has a flavor of its own which no aproned chef can duplicate. Roaring Bill put half the piece of meat on her plate, sliced bread for her, and set the butter handy. Also, he poured her a cup of coffee. He had a small sack of sugar, and his pack boxes yielded condensed milk. "What sort of meat is that?" Hazel asked after a few minutes of silence. It was fine-grained and of a rich flavor strange to her mouth. She liked it, but it was neither beef, pork nor mutton, nor any meat she knew. "Venison. Didn't you ever eat any before?" he smiled. "Never tasted it," she answered. "Isn't it nice? No, I've read of hunters cooking venison over an open fire, but this is my first taste. Indeed, I've never seen a real camp fire before."

"Lord—what a lot you've missed!" There was real pity in his tone. "I killed that deer today. Have some more coffee." He refilled her tin cup, and devoted himself to his food. Before long they had satisfied their hunger. Bill laid a few dry sticks on the fire. The flames laid hold of them and shot up in bright, wavering tongues. It seemed to Hazel that she had stepped utterly out of her world. Cariboo Meadows, the schoolhouse and her classes seemed remote. She found herself wishing she were a man, so that she could fare into the wilds with horses and a gun in this capable man fashion, where routine went by the board and the unexpected hovered always close at hand. She looked up suddenly, to find him regarding her with a whimsical smile. "In a few minutes," said he, "I'll pack up and try to deliver you as per contract. Meantime, I'm going to smoke."

He did not ask her permission, but filled his pipe and lighted it with a coal. And for the succeeding fifteen minutes Roaring Bill Wagstaff sat staring into the dancing blaze. Hazel watched him uneasily after a time. He seemed to have forgotten her. His pipe died, and he sat holding it in his hand. She was uneasy, but not afraid. There was nothing about him or his actions to make her fear. On the contrary, Roaring Bill at close quarters inspired confidence. In the midst of her reflections he got up. "Well, we'll make a move," he said, and disappeared abruptly into the darkness.

She heard him moving around at some distance. Presently he was back, leading three horses. One he saddled. The other two he rigged with his pack outfit, storing his varied belongings in the two pair of kyaks, and leading kyaks and bedding on the horses with a deft speed that bespoke long practice. He was too busy to talk, and Hazel sat beside the fire, watching in silence. When he had tucked up the last rope end, he turned to her. "There," he said; "we're ready to hit the trail. Can you ride?" "I don't know," Hazel answered dubiously. "I have never ridden a horse."

"My, my!" he smiled. "Your education has been sadly neglected—and you a schoolma'am, too!" "My walking education hasn't been neglected," Hazel retorted. "I don't need to ride, thank you." "Yes, and stub your toe and fall down every ten feet," Bill observed. "No, Miss Weir, your first lesson in horsemanship is now due—if you aren't afraid of horses."

"I'm not afraid of horses at all," Hazel declared. "But I don't think it's a very good place to take riding lessons. I can just as well walk, for I'm not in the least afraid." And then she added as an afterthought: "How do you happen to know my name?" "In the same way that you know mine," Bill replied, "even if you haven't mentioned it yet. Lord bless you, do you suppose Cariboo Meadows could import a lady school teacher from the civilized East without everybody in fifty miles knowing who she was, and where she came from, and what she looked like? I guess you don't realize what old granny gossips we wild Westerners are. Especially where girls are concerned."

Hazel stiffened a trifle. She did not like the idea of Cariboo Meadows discussing her with freedom. "Well," said she, "we won't argue the point." He disappeared into the dark again. This time he came back with the crown of his hat full of water, which he sprinkled over the dwindling fire. As the red glow of the embers faded in a sputter of steam and ashes, Hazel realized more profoundly the blackness of a cloudy night in the woods. "It's going to be nasty traveling, Miss Weir," Roaring Bill spoke at her elbow. "I'll walk and lead the packs. You ride Silk. He's gentle. All you have to do is sit still, and he'll stay right behind the packs. I'll help you mount." If Hazel had still been inclined to insist on walking, she had no chance to debate the question. Bill took her by the arm and led her up beside the horse. It was a unique experience for her, this being compelled to do things. No man had ever issued ultimatums to her. But here was Roaring Bill Wagstaff telling her how to put her foot in the stirrup, putting her for the first time in her life astride a horse, warning her to duck low branches. In his mind there seemed to be no question as to whether or not she would ride. He had settled that. Unused to mounting, she blundered at the first attempt, and flushed in the dark at Bill's amused chuckle. The

"There," he said; "you can turn in whenever you feel like it." For himself he took the saddle blankets and laid them close by the fire within reaching distance of the woodpile, taking for cover a pack canvas. He stretched himself full length, filled his pipe, lit it, and fell to staring into the fire while he smoked. Half an hour later he raised his head and looked across the fire at Hazel. "Why don't you go to bed?" he asked. "I'm not sleepy," she declared, which was a palpable falsehood, for her eyelids were even then drooping. "Maybe not, but you need rest," Bill said quietly. "Quit thinking things. I'll be all the same a hundred years from now. Go on to bed. You'll be more comfortable."

Thus peremptorily commanded, Hazel found herself granting instant obedience. She got into the blankets just as she stood, even to her shoes, and drew the canvas sheet up so that it hid her face—but did not prevent her from seeing. In spite of herself she slept fitfully. Now and then she would wake with a start to a half-frightened realization of her surroundings and plight, and whenever she did wake and look past the fire it was to see Roaring Bill Wagstaff stretched out in the red glow, his brown head pillowed on one folded arm. Then all at once she awakened out of sound slumber with a violent start. Roaring Bill was shaking the tarpaulin over her and laughing. "Arise, Miss Sleeping Beauty!" he said boisterously. "Breakfast's ready." He went back to the fire. Hazel sat up, putting her tousled hair into some semblance of order. Off in the east a reddish streak spread skyward into somber gray. In the west, black night gave ground slowly. "Well, it's another day," she whispered, as she had whispered to herself once before. "I wonder if there will ever be any more like it?"

"Roaring Bill" finally admits he is taking Hazel to his cabin in the mountains. Hazel protests indignantly, but is helpless and is compelled to accompany him. The next installment has to do with this startling development.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAKING A MAN OF THE BOY

Schoolmaster Has the Great Task in Hand, and on Him Depends the Final Important Outcome. The sum of all admonitions is that the schoolboy must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing, writes S. M. Crothers, in the Atlantic. He is paying attention to a variety of things that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the schoolroom he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going on out-of-doors; he sees the weak points of his fellow pupils against whom he is planning punitive expeditions; and he is delightfully conscious of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute joy to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around. But the schoolmaster says sternly: "My boy, you must learn to pay attention; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but you must pay attention to one thing, namely the second declension." Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, but unless he confines his attention to it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency. A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant or real estate man or chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses taken himself for better or for worse, he must, forsaking all others, cleave to that alone. The consequence is that by the time he is forty he has become one kind of a man and is able to do one kind of work.

Taxation in Rome.

During a certain period the republic of Rome did not pay taxes. The third Macedonian war resulted in victory for the Romans and brought to an end the ancient kingdom of Macedonia in 168 B. C. In describing the triumph accorded the victorious Roman general it is related that the celebration continued for three days. On the first day 250 wagons carried the statues and paintings which had been plundered from Macedonian cities. On the next day there passed many wagons, carrying Macedonian standards and armor, followed by 3,000 men loaded with the silver money and silver plate which had been secured in the booty. On the third day came a procession of men carrying gold spoil, followed by the conqueror in a splendid chariot. Rome so filled her coffers with treasure by this plunder that the republic never thereafter taxed her citizens. Thus, while the statement is historically true, the fact that there was no taxation in the ancient Roman republic for a period of several years is not at all creditable to the Romans, for the condition was the result of plunder instead of the economical administration of public affairs.

Climbers Imprisoned Aft Fujii.

The wisdom of erecting huts on Fujii for refuge in case of sudden storms of snow and rain was proved recently when a violent fall of snow and hail burst upon the crest of the sacred mountain. During two days more than 10,000 climbed the mountain and sudden arrival of the storm caught several hundred of them upon the hilltop. They sought safety in the numerous refuges. When the storm burst the police compelled all excursionists to wait for better weather at Gotemba and Taroko. Relief parties were sent out but were unable to get through the drifts. Anxiety was felt for the food supply, but the adventurers came down safely. For two days the people in the snow were incommunicado, owing to the destruction of the telephone wires. These will be buried before next season.

One of the most attractive booklets issued recently is the year book put out by Swift & Company, covering the activities of the big packing concern during the year 1917. Serving as an introduction is the address of the vice president, E. F. Swift, to the stockholders, in which he tells of the abnormally high prices paid for live stock in Chicago and of the prices obtained for meats of the investigation by the federal trade commission, and the licensing by the government of food distributing agencies and the limiting of profits on slaughtering and meat packing to 8 per cent on money expended. Mr. Swift also told with pride of the 2,800 employees who had entered the various branches of the United States service, and concluded with the statement that Swift & Company would do their utmost to help win the war. An interesting and illuminative section of the booklet is that devoted to statistics of live stock prices and production, and another is given up to telling "the packer's service to producer and consumer." Figures are given showing that the net profit of the company per head, 1912 to 1916, averaged \$1.22 for cattle, less than 15 cents for sheep and less than 58 cents for hogs. It is explained that the large aggregate profits are due to the immense volume of business done. The booklet is handsomely illustrated with photographs and color prints and the cover illustration, made from a photograph of a corn farm in Ohio, is especially attractive.

\$100 Reward, \$100 Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$50.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists sell. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Glory is of little consequence to the man with a large family of starving children. Any man who goes to law may be sure that his lawyer will get justice. "Strength is largely a matter of discovering allies."

NERVES GAVE OUT Serious Kidney Trouble Had Made Life Miserable, But Doan's Removed All the Trouble. Hasn't Suffered Since. "I had such severe pains in my back," says Mrs. Albert Akroyd, 304 W. Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. "that they almost drove me up. Many a day I could not do my housework and at every move it seemed as if my back would break in two. My feet and ankles swelled until I had to wear large-sized slippers and sometimes I couldn't stand up. I had dizzy spells and dreadful headaches and every flash passed before my eyes. Had a heavy weight been resting on my head, the pain could not have been more distressing. The least noise started me. I was so nervous, I couldn't control the kidney secretions and the pain in passage was awful. "It began to look as though my case was beyond the reach of medicine until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box benefited me, and four boxes cured all the troubles. I have had no further cause for complaint." Sworn to before me, Thos. H. Walters, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Rheumacide Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout? This RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system. "EFFECTIVE ON THE INSIDE" PUTS ABRIDGES ON THE OUTSIDE. Jas. Bailly & Son, Wholesale Distributors, Baltimore, Md.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps restore color and beauty to gray or faded hair. See and Read Druggists.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms. 900 DROPS. ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest, Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in infancy. Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CONSTIPATION IS HUMANITY'S GREATEST FOE. It is always a terror to old people and a menace at some time or another to every human being, young or old. It is the forerunner of more ill and suffering than almost any of NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS and should never be allowed to go unheeded. At the very first indication of constipation get DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS which for 72 years has been successfully used for this most prevalent of all disorders. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere. Dr. Tut's Liver Pills. Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops. Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY. The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply. Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist. Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation. Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels. To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there. Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests. Western Canada's help will be required not later than May 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging. Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return. For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to: U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR