NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

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By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

LURE OF HIDDEN GOLD CALLS "ROARING BILL" AND HAZEL INTO THE WILDERNESS.

Synopsis .- Miss Hazel Weir, a stenographer, living at Granville, Ontario, is placed under a cloud by circumstances for which she is entirely blameless. To escape from the groundless gossip that pursues her, 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. Soon after her arrival Hazel loses her way while walking in the woods. She wanders until night when she reaches "Roaring Bill's" camp fire in the woods. He promises to take her home in the morning, but she is compelled to spend the night in the woods. After wandering in the woods all the next day, "Roaring Bill" finally admits that he is taking Hazel to his cabin in the mountains. Hazel finds upon their arrival at the cabin that she cannot hope to escape from the wilderness before spring. During the long winter "Roaring Bill" treats Hazel with the greatest respect. He tells her he loves her and tries to induce her to marry him, but she refuses. In the spring he takes her to Bella Coola, where she can get a boat to Vancouver. At Vancouver Hazel takes a train for Granville, but on the way she realizes that she loves Wagstaff and decided to return to him. "Roaring Bill" is overloyed and together they travel to a Hudson bay post and are married.

CHAPTER IX-Continued.

"This is July the twenty-fifth, Mr. whenever we wanted to," he inter- down to rest from his labors. Roaring Bill Wagstaff," she announced. rupted. "That's the psychology of the "We've been married exactly one

"A whole month?" he echoed, in yesterday, little person."

closer to him, "if any two people were times." ever as happy as we've been?" Bill put his arm across her shoulders

and tilted her head back so that he joy things. We can do things together could smile down into her face.

"They have been a bunch of golden days, haven't they?" he whispered. "You won't forget this joy time if we ever do hit real hard going, will you,

"The bird of ill omen croaks again," she reproved. "Why should we come that. to hard going, as you call it?"

"We shouldn't," he declared. "But most people do. And we might. One never can tell what's ahead. By and by when the novelty wears off-maybe you'll get sick of seeing the same old Bill around and pobody else. You see, Tve always been on my good behavior with you. Do you like me a lot?"

His arm tightened with a quick and powerful pressure, then suddenly rehaxed to let her lenn back and stare up at him tenderly.

"I ought to punish you for saying things like that," she pouted. "Only I ean't think of any effective method. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof-and there is no evil in our

"Amen," he whispered softly-and they fell to silent the rose and gold that spread in a wonderful blazon over all the western

"Twenty-fifth of July, eh?" he mused presently. "Summer's half gone alrendy. I didn't realize it. We ought to be stirring pretty soon, lady. These northern seasons are so blessed short. We ought to try and do a little good for ourselves-make hay while the sun shines. We'll needs da mon'."

"Needa fiddlesticks," she laughed. "What do we need money for? It costs practically nothing to live up here. Why this sudden desire to pursue the dollar? Besides, how are you going to pursue it?"

"Go prospecting," he replied promptly. "Hit the trail for a place I know where there's oodles of coarse gold, if you can get to it at low water. How'd slong," you like to go into the Upper Nans country this fall, trap all winter, work the sandbars in the spring, and come out next fall with a sack of gold it would take a horse to pack?" Hazel clapped her hands.

"Oh, Bill, wouldn't that be fine?" she cried. "I'd love to."

"It won't be all smooth sailing," he warned. "It's a long trip and a hard one, and the winter will be longer and harder than the trip. Still, there's a chance for a good big stake, right in

that one trip. "But why the necessity for making a stake?" she inquired thoughtfully, money so long as you had enough to get along on? And we surely have that. We've over two thousand dollars in real money-and no place to spend

it-so we're compelled to save." Bill blew a smoke ring over his head and watched it vanish up toward the

dusky roof beams before he answered. "Well, little person," said he, "that's very true, and we can't truthfully say that stern necessity is treading on our heels. The possession of money has never been a crying need with me. But I hadn't many wants when I was playing a lone hand, and I generally let the future take care of itself. It was niwnys easy to dig up money enough to buy books and grub or anything I wanted. Now that I've assumed a certain responsibility, it has begun to dawn on me that we'd enjoy life better if 'we were assured of a competence. We won't stay here always. I'm pretty much contented just now. So are you. But I know from past experience that the outside will grow more alluring as time passes. You'll than any passing trapper. But I'm get lonesome for civilization. It's the most natural thing in the world. And formally stake a hundred and sixty when we go out to mix with our fellow neres of this and apply for its purhumans we want to meet them on chase. Then we'll have a cinch on our terms of worldly equality. Which is home, We'll always have a refuge to to say with good clothes on, and a fat fly to, no matter where we go." bank roll in our pocket. And last, but not least, old girl, while I love to loaf, cabin in the clearing stood for some I can only loaf about so long in contentment. Sabe? I've got to be doing large and unforgettable in every womsomething; whether it was profitable

"Of course I do. Only lazy people like to loaf all the time. I love this place, and we might stay here for years and sibility of that place being given over a brass instrument set on three legs, scription. "If some more uh these boys be satisfied. But-"

was action."

"But we'd be better satisfied to stay

human animal, all right. We don't like to be coerced, even by circumstances." "If you made a lot of money mining. mock astonishment, "You don't say we could travel-one could do lots of so? Seems like it was only day before things," she reflected. "I don't think I'd want to live in a city again. But "I wonder," she snuggled up a little it would be nice to go there, some-

> "Yes, dear girl, it would," Bill agreed. "With a chum to help you enthat I couldn't do alone, and you couldn't do alone. Remains only to get the wherewithal. And since I know how to manage that with a minimum amount of effort, I'd like to be about It before somebody else gets ahead of me. Though there's small chance of

"We'll be partners," said she. "How will we divide the profits, Billum?" "We'll split even," he declared. "That is, I'll make the money, and you'll spend It."

They chuckled over this conceit, and as the dusk closed in slowly they fell to planning the details. Hazel lit the lamp, and in its yellow glow pored over maps while Bill idly sketched their route on a sheet of paper. His objective lay east of the head of the Naas proper, where amid a wild tangle of mountains and mountain torrents three turbulent rivers, the Stikine, the Skeena and the Naas, took their rise, A God-forsaken region, he told her, where few white men had penetrated. The peaks flirted with the clouds, and their sides were scarred with glaciers. A lonesome, brooding land, the home of a vast and seldom-broken silence.

"But there's all kinds of game and fur in there," Bill remarked thought-"And gold. Still, It's a flerce fully. into. I don't know whether I ought to tackle It."

"We couldn't be more isolated than we are here," Hazel argued, "if we were in the Arctic. Look at that poor woman at Pelt House. Three bables born since she saw a doctor or another woman of her own color! What's a And she didn't think it so great a Mr. Bill. I think it will be fun. I'm real ploneer at heart. The wild places look good to me-when you're

She received her due reward for that, and then, the long twilight having brought the hour to a lateness that manifested itself by sundry yawns on their part, they went to bed.

With breakfast over, Bill put a compass in his pocket, after having ground his ax blade to a keen edge. "Come on," said he, then; "I'm going

to transact some important business." "What is it?" she promptly demanded with much curiosity.

"This domicile of ours, girl," he told her, while he led the way through the surrounding timber, "is ours only by grace of the wilderness. It's built on thought you didn't care anything about that I have no more legal claim to horses like dogs well broken to heel, You'll see."



Pored Over Maps While Bill Idly Sketched Their Route on a Sheet of

going to remedy that. I'm going to

She nodded appreciation of this. The of those moments that always loom an's experience. She had come there or not has never mattered, just so it once in hot, shamed anger, and she had come again as a bride. It was the "I sabe, as you call it," Hazel smiled. handiwork of a man she loved with a passion that sometimes startled her by its intensity. Just the mere pos-

Bill's, and, being a woman, she viewed its possession jealously.

So she watched with keen interest what he did. Which, in truth, was simple enough. He worked his way to a point southeast of the clearing till they gained a little rise whence through the treetops they could look back and see the cabin roof. There Bill cut off an eight-inch jack pine, leaving the stump approximately four feet high. This he hewed square, the four flat sides of the post facing respectively the cardinal points of the compass. On one smoothed surface Bill set to work with his pocketknife. Hazel sat down and watched while he busied himself at this. And when he had finished she rend, in deep-carved

W. WAGSTAFF'S S. E. CORNER.

Then he penned on a sheet of letter paper a brief notice to the effect that he, William Wagstaff, intended to apply for the purchase of the land embraced in an area a half mile square, of which the post was the southeast corner mark. This notice he fastened if we knew that we could leave it to the stump with a few tacks, and sat

"How long do you suppose that will stay there, and who is there to read it if it does?" Hazel observed.

"Search me. The moose and the deer and the timber wolves, I guess," Bill grinned. "The chances are the paper won't last long, with winds and rains. But it doesn't matter. It's simply a form prescribed by the land act of Eritish Columbia, and, so long as I go through the legal motions, that lets me out. Matter of form, you know."

"Then what else do you have to do?" "Nothing but furnish the money when the land department gets around to accept my application," he said. "I can get an agent to attend to all the details. Well, let's take a look at our estate from another corner."

This, roughly ascertained by sighting a line with the compass and stepping off 880 yards, brought them up on a knoll that commanded the small basin of which the clearing was practically in the center.

"Aha!" Bill exclaimed. "Look at our ranch, would you; our widespread acres basking in the sun. A quarter section is quite a chunk. Do you know I never thought much about it before, but there's a piece of the finest land that lies outdoors. If this country should get a railroad and settle up. that quarter section might produce all the income we'd need. Just out of hay and potatoes. How'd you like to be a farmer's wife, huh?"

"Fine," she smiled, "Look at the view-it isn't gorgeous. It's-it's simply perceful and quiet and soothing. I hate to leave it."

"Better be sorry to leave a place than glad to get away," he answered lightly, "Come on, let's pike home and the Fraser by Tete Juan Cache, country for a man to take his best girl get things in order for the long trail, through the pass, then down the Athwoman o' mine. I'll teach you how to be a woodland vagabond."

CHAPTER X.

En Route.

Long since Hazel had become aware that whatsoever her husband set about winter by ourselves compared to that. doing he did swiftly and with inflexible purpose. There was no malingerhardship. Don't you worry about me, ing or doubtful hesitation. Once his mind was made up, he acted. Thus, upon the third day from the land staking, they bore away eastward from the long." clearing, across a trackless area, travof the country.

through here by a paternal government," he laughed over his shoulder, fore we know it. We'll have neighfor the benefit of the public. But we don't need 'em, thank goodness."

The buckskin pony Hazel had bought for the trip in with Limping tance?" George ambled sedately under a pack patient under their heavy burdens, Off full of aromatic odors from plant and

makeshift raft of logs, as seemed said: most fit. Haps and mishaps alike they accepted with an equable spirit and the true philosophy of the trail-to take things as they come. When rain deluged them, there was always shelter to be found and fire to warm them. you, little person?" he bantered. "All artisan, whose blacksmith shop is in Each day was something more than a eager-eyed, lurked on the shoulder of cool canyon, or met them boldly in the open, naked and unafraid.

Bearing up to where the Nachaco Hadson's bay fur post and an Indian five miles beyond. mission on its eastern fringe, they came upon a blazed line in the scrub timber. Rearing Bill pulled up, and which men pursue gold and furs. fresh with ax marks.

"I'll bet a nickel," he arserted next, "that's a railroad survey." Half an hour of easy jogging set the seal of truth on his assertion. They deal. He knew Bill Wagstaff. came upon a man squinting through

sentment. It was theirs, hers and his outspread hands, certain activi-| country would do the same thing, ties of other men ahead of him.

"Well, I'll be-" he bit off the senastonishment at Hazel. Then he took the coast in a year. Better freeze ing," he greeted politely.

time. What all are you fellows doing the settlers is comin'." in the wilderness, anyway? Railroad?' "Cross-section work for the G. T. P.," the surveyor replied.

"Huh," Bill grunted. "Is it a dead cinch, or is it something that may possibly come to pass in the misty future?"

"As near a cinch as anything ever is," the surveyor answered. "Construction has begun-at both ends. thought the few white folks in this country kept tab on anything as important as a new railroad."

"We've heard a lot, but none of 'em has transpired yet; not in my time, anyway," Bill replied dryly. "However, the world keeps on moving. I've heard more or less talk of this, but I didn't know it had got past the talking stage. What's their Pacific terminal?"

"Prince Rupert-new town on a pesinsula north of the mouth of the Skeena," said the surveyor. "It's a



The Surveyor Lifted His Hat With a Swift Glance of Unconcealed Admiration at Hazel.

rush job all the way through, I believe. Three years to spike up the last rail. And that's going some for a transcontinental road. Both the Dominion and B. C. governments have guaranteed the company's bonds away up into mil-Hons."

"Be a great thing for this countrysny, where does it cross the Rockies? -what's the general route?" Bill asked abruptly,

"Goes over the range through Yellowhead pass. From here it follows the Nachaco to Fort George, then up abasca till it switches over to strike Edmonton." "Uh-huh," Bill nodded, "One of the

modern labors of Hercules, Well, we've got to peg. So long." "Our camp's about five miles ahead. Better stop in and noon," the surveyor invited. "if it's on your road."

"Thanks, Maybe we will," Bill returned. The surveyor lifted his hat, with swift glance of admiration at Hazel,

and they passed with a mutual "so "What do you think of that, old eling by the sun and Bill's knowledge girl?" Bill observed presently, "A and middle-class suburbs with their real, honest-to-goodness railroad going "Some day there'll be trails blazed by within a hundred miles of our shack. Three years, It'll be there be-

> bors to burn." "A hundred miles!" Hazel laughed. 'Is that your idea of a neighborly dis-

"What's a hundred miles?" he de containing bedding, clothes and a light | fended. "Two days' ride, that's all. shelter tent. The black horse, Nigger, And the kind of people that come to he of the cocked ear and the rolling settle in a country like this don't stick eye, carried in a pair of kyaks six in sight of the cars: They're like weeks' supply of food. Bill led the me-need lots of elbow room. There'll way, seconded by Hazel on easy-gaited be hardy souls looking for a location after a lanse of five minutes. "I unsurveyed government land - land Silk. Behind her trailed the pack up where we are before very long.

They passed other crews of men, in the east the sun was barely clear surveyors with transits, chainmen, of the towering Rockies, and the stake drivers, ax gangs widening the woods were still cool and shadowy, path through the timber. Most of them looked at Hazel in frank surprise, and stared long after she passed There was no monotony in the pass- by. And when an open bottom beside ing days. Rivers barred their way, a noisy little creek showed the scat-These they forded or swam, or ferried | tered tents of the survey camp, Hazel |

> "Let's not stop, Bill." He looked back over his shoulder

with a comprehending smile. "Getting shy? Make you uncom fortable to have all these boys look at

If the flies assailed too fiercely, a right, we won't stop. But all these smudge brought easement of that III. fellows probably haven't seen a white Cove, for in that little smithery 10,000 woman for months. You can't blame mere toll of so many miles traversed. them for admiring. You do look good for the United States government, The unexpected, for which both were to other men besides me, you know." So they rode through the camp with each mountain, in the hollow of every but a nod to the aproned cook, who to complete the order. By keeping his thrust out his head, and a gray-haired force working day and night he was man with glasses, who humped over able to ship the entire consignment to a drafting board under an awning, the government agents in New York debouches from Fraser lake, with a Their noon fire they built at a spring in little more than half the time called

At length they fared into Hazelton, which is the hub of a vast area over squinted away down the narrow lane | Some hundred odd souls were gathcivic importance. The mining recorder, the heart.—Burlington Hawkeye. who combined in himself many capacities besides his governmental function, undertook to put through Bill's land

"Wise man," he nodded, over the deto others roused in her a rang of re- directing, with alternate wavings of that have blazed trails through this half the number.

they'd be better off. A chunk of land anywhere in this country is a good tence, and stared a moment in frank bet now. We'll have rails here from off his hat and bowed. "Good morn- onto a couple uh lots here in Hazelton, while they're low. Be plumb to "Sure," Bill grinned. "We have the skies in ten years. Natural place mornings like this around here all the for a city, Bill. It's astonishin' how

> There was ocular evidence of this last, for they had followed in a road well rutted from loaded wagons. But Bill invested in no real estate, notwithstanding the positive assurance that Hazelton was on the ragged edge of a boom.

"Maybe, maybe," he admitted. "But I've got other fish to fry. That one piece up by Pine river will do me for a while.'

Here where folk talked only of gold and pelts and railroads and settlement and the coming boom that would make them all rich, Bill Wagstaff added two more ponies to his pack train. These he loaded down with food, staples only, flour, sugar, beans, salt, tea and cecfee, and a sack of dried fruit. Also he bestowed upon Nigger a further burden of six dozen steel traps.

And in the cool of a midsummer morning, before Hazelton had rubbed the sleep out of its collective eyes and taken up the day's work of discussing its future greatness, Roaring Bill and his wife draped the mosquito nets over their heads and turned their faces

They bore out upon a wagon road. For a brief distance only did this endure, then dwindled to a path. A turn in this hid sight of the clustered log houses and tents, and the two steamers that lay up against the bank. The river itself was soon lost in the far stretches of forest. Once more they rode alone in the wilderness. For the first time Hazel felt a quick shrinking from the North, an awe of its huge, silent spaces, which could so easily engulf thousands such as they and still emain a land untamed.

Hazel gets a terrifying glimpse of the ruthless way of the wilderness. She learns that the great wide spaces of the north are merciless to those who make mistakes. How she learns the lesson is told in the next install.

CTO BE CONTINUEDA

LONG ISLAND AND NEW YORK

Stretch of Breeze-Swept Sand Has Been Made to Meet the Demands of Every Class.

Long Island is the safety valve and salvation of New York. It is hard to see how the big city could get through a summer without this hundred miles of breeze-swept sand, which it can reach in a few minutes by bridge or tube or ferry, writes Niksah. It is a matter of endless admiration

how Long Island has been made to meet the needs of New Yorkers of every taste and income. It has cheap beaches, where anyone may get a swim for a quarter, and exclusive beaches where \$10,000 a year is regarded as poverty. It has sport beaches full of cafes and music, and quiet beaches, where old ladies knit on shady porches. It has millionaire suburbs from which the many are ingeniously excluded; nent little cottages, looking like advertisements out of paint catalogs stuck primly in the middle of correct little lawns; and suburbs' for those who have just enough money to get out of town in the summer. Most of these latter are situated in the lagoon district between Rockaway beach and the island proper. They stand on stilts in the shallow water, in the midst of wide green salt meadows. They are unpainted, for the most part, but tanned into soft grays and purples by the sea air. They are alive with children and stout fishermen with long poles decorate all the wharves, while the narrow channels between the houses are full of rowboats and little launches. There is more picture and color in this bit of Long Island than in all the rest of it put together.

Made 10,000 Shark Hooks.

The government is going in for shark fishing, but not as a sport, however. It is going after this aquatic monster that the skins of the sharks may be tanned and used as a substitute for leather. The experiment is now under way,

and the man who has given Uncle Sam a leg over the fence, as it were, is J. W. Fordham, a New London, Conn., the vicinity of picturesque Shaw's shark hooks were made in three sizes

Mr. Fordham signed the contract and was allowed thirty days in which for in the contract.-Marine News.

Keep Smiling.

Rest advice of all is contained in the last words of the chorus of a popered there, where the stern-wheel ular song: "Smile-smile-smile " "Well," said he, "I wonder what's steamers that ply the turgid Skeena However, you must smile from the coming off now? That looks like a reach the head of navigation. A land- heart, not merely twitching facial mussurvey line of some sort. It isn't a recording office and a mining recorder cles mechanically, but flashing a mestrail-too wide. Let's follow it a Hazelton boasted as proof of its sage of friendliness and joility from

Philippines Population.

Government officials recently estimated the population of the Philippines at slightly more than 9,500,000, the Island of Luzon having about one-

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"Is the new patient light-headed?"

"Do you mean if she is delirious of

in the pipe of life.

Taking No Chances. Broker-Would you like to look a he mine before investing?" Jones-"Hardly; I want to invest

Natural Exclamation. "What do you suppose the baby He cutes sald when he saw two huge up

"I suppose he cried out: "Grag snakes!" "

tiles advancing towards his cradic

Pen Extractor. A pen extractor installed in an offer will save all members of the force inky operation of removing an old s from the holder with the fingers. ' device consists of a metal loop whi can be pressed down upon the peafirmly that the pen is removed by

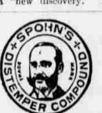
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