

The Snow Altar

By Nellie Elvira Anderson

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The snow topped Alaska mountain ranges showed far as the eye could reach, with a solitary indication of human proximity, a mere shack, screened over with giant pines. Within its single room, sparsely furnished, a girl of eighteen sat crouched over a spluttering wood fire, gazing dazedly into its depths, shivering anon, a picture of desolate resignation.

On the other side of the rude fireplace a young man, bronzed, unshaven, wearing clothes more noticeable as to thickness than taste, sat mending a torn buckskin leggings.

"You've said it, my girl," he spoke, as he took clumsy, crooked stitches in the object which time and use had made frill and ragged, "this dreary district is but a vast cemetery for hope and comfort."

"Mother would come," voiced the girl in a dull, cheerless tone. "The sold beckoned my stepfather and disappointment and her death drove him to drink. Oh! how I have begged of him to go back to where there are houses, and people, and light and life. But he has become sullen and surly. I even think he has ceased to care for me."

Two great tears stole down the wan cheeks of the speaker. She shivered and drew her rag of a shawl closer over her shoulders. Then abruptly she arose, went to a cupboard and brought to the table a plate of cold dried meat and one of hard, coarse bread.

"You are welcome, if you are hungry," she began, but with ineffable pity and sadness in his fine health-hued face, the invited guest waved a forcible dissent.

"I can do better than that," he declared and picked up his pack and be-



Went to a Cupboard.

gan searching it. "My way of thinking, you need about all you've got in the way of food. I am well provided," and he produced a can of salted beef and a package of crackers. "Come join me. I just dropped in on you to get warmed up and mended up a bit. It's a long tramp to Vasca, but I think I can make it before the big snow breaks."

Companionship, the chatty, cheering talk of the stranger lifted the cloud momentarily from the mind of the young girl. He noted her prettiness, the pure intelligence of her eye, as she brightened up and smiled over his quaint recital of his life for a year in the camps and settlements along the Yukon.

"I'll be glad to get back to my old work, clay modeling," he told her. "No more lure of gold for me. Nature resents the raiding of her precious treasure house and winter comes to her rescue, a powerful ally. Where is your stepfather, miss? Maybe I could induce him to give up the unequal fight in this wilderness and take you back among your friends."

"I have no friends," mournfully spoke Marta Klynon. "They are scattered and lost. I will have to become humanized all over again when I go back to civilization. My stepfather picked up a few nuggets trekking for a week, and is over at the settlement gambling and drinking it up."

"He is no blood kin of yours," abruptly and almost severely declared Rigby Dale. "Why should you sacrifice your young life for a man who neglects and forgets you?"

"I promised my dead mother to hold to him amid his weakness and sin. At heart he is not bad. He truly loved my mother. It is poor luck and cruel drink that have made him what he is."

There was a tinkle of sleighbells. Marta went to the window. The post carrier was outside. He beckoned to her and she went to the door.

"You're wanted at Danby's," he shouted. "We got your father that far, but he was so had we had to leave him there. He's dead gone with drink and

the fever, and is calling for you all the time."

"I must go to him at once," quavered Marta.

"Get your traps," spoke Dale. "I've got my sled and the four dogs and we can whisk you there in a jiffy, if it isn't too far."

"It is half way between the settlement and here," said Marta. "It is out of your way. I have tramped it before."

"You won't this time," declared Dale staunchly. "Poor little snowbird!" he added sorrowfully. "My heart feels for you."

He placed Marta as carefully among the sleigh robes as though she were some grand lady. It took five hours to reach Danby's. In a double hut belonging to an old, decrepit Indian they found the old man, dying, indeed. The Indian had partitioned off one corner of the dreary, shedlike structure with skins, kept a smoky oil lamp going for heat and was dispensing to his doomed patient a decoction of herbs.

"Um—good medicine," he told the newcomers, "but him not live. Fire-water poison him think," and he solemnly tapped his head.

Lew Klynon was nearing the collapse of the faculties he had weakened with liquor. He recognized his stepdaughter, but raved and raved, his mental agony superseding his physical pain and convulsions. All his thoughts seemed to be on the life he had wasted. Some wild idea had filled his mind that if he could get to a church and at its holy altar pray, that his sins might be forgiven and he could pass away peacefully amid the holy calm of the sacred place.

"He will not live," Dale told Marta, who tried to do all she could for the sufferer in busy ministrations. "I shall not leave you."

Her wistful, longing eyes silently thanked him. Her stepfather never ceased amid his shrieking delirium to cry out for forgiveness for his wasted life. The altar of mercy alone should save his soul! He pictured out mentally a church scene in the far past, where he had made new resolutions at the altar, alas! only to break them. The anguish of remorse was consuming him.

"I have something to do," spoke Dale, after pityingly watching the sufferer for some time. He beckoned to the Indian, and, leaving Marta alone at the side of her stepfather, went past the hanging skins into the cheerless untenanted portion of the big hut. Dale searched among his traps. He had always kept them with him. He paid the Indian some money, who assisted him in bringing into the hut from the outside half a hundred baskets full of snow. Then, on this mere fringe of civilization the artist piled his calling for a strange purpose.

At length he had the snow altar completed, a perfect replica of one he had seen in marble, even to the two angel sentinels at its side, and skilled work showed the perfection of a genius. He placed half a score of thick candles provided by the Indian about the altar and lighted them.

They lifted Lew Klynon on his rude couch past the skin curtains and in front of the altar. In a moment the wild ravings ceased. Across the worn face there stole a smile of ineffable relief.

His fevered hand rested reposefully in that of Marta, and, babbling of green fields and the happy past, he passed away in peace.

"Will you come with me—friend, sister?" asked Rigby Dale gently the next day, after they had buried her stepfather. "It is many miles, there are dangers, perils, but we must reach another world than this."

Marta broke down utterly. She sank to a snow hummock, and he beside her held her in his arms, soothing her, patient, pitying, until she had cried out her grief. Then, strong, reliant, as became a daughter of the far North, she placed both hands confidently in his own.

He led her along the slant to where the dogs and sledge were waiting. Together they went down the steep incline, hand in hand—went down to face the thousand miles of wilderness, comrades true as steel, one to the other, went down to fight the battle of the ice trail together, hopeful, true children of the heart.

One month later, at the final verge of civilization, man and wife, made strong through an abiding love, those two faced a new world, unafraid of its cares and ups and downs, while they were together to battle the same.

Even Yellow Root.

Even yellow root, that good, old family remedy for a lot of ills, has advanced in price, due, of course, to the war, says the Indianapolis News. Prices on everything else have gone up, so why not the price of yellow root?

An East end man called at a neighborhood drug store the other day and asked the druggist for two cents worth of yellow root. Two cents' worth should be enough, in ordinary times, to answer all practical purposes.

The druggist took a bottle of yellow root from the shelf. He removed the stopper and placed the bottle to the nose of the customer. The latter took a good "whiff."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "Give me two cents' worth."

"Well, you've had it," the druggist replied. "A smell is all you get now for two cents."

The customer increased the purchase to a dime's worth, which, by the way, was not much.

His Experience.

"Don't you think it is easier to coax a woman than it is to drive her?"

"Can't say, but I know it's a great deal safer."

Chancery Notice—Circuit Court of Lake County

STATE OF ILLINOIS, Circuit Court of Lake County

December Term, A. D., 1917

Ross C. Fletcher, Complainant

Myrtle Fletcher, Defendant

The requisite affidavit having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Myrtle Fletcher that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake County, on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1917, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

Lewis O. Brockway, Clerk, Waukegan, Illinois, October 15, A. D. 1917.

Geo. E. Phillips, Complainant's Solicitor, 34-37

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Special Warrant Number 236

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County, Illinois, has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement: Constructing of a one hundred and twenty (120) foot reinforced concrete bridge including abutments and retaining walls in Linden Avenue spanning the ravine which exists in Linden Avenue between Ravine Avenue and Sheridan Road, all in the City of Highland Park, in the County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from the certified copy of the judgment on file in the office. That the warrant for collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the Collector's Office, City Hall, corner Green Bay Road and Central Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois, within thirty (30) days from the date thereof.

Notice is further given that the said assessment is divided into five (5) installments. That the amount of the first installment is \$1627.00 and that each of the remaining installments is \$1299.00. That all installments draw interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum from October 15th, A. D. 1917. The first installment is payable on the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

The second installment one year thereafter and so on annually until all installments are paid.

Fred W. Rubly, City Collector, Dated at Highland Park, Illinois, this 8th day of November, 1917.

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SUNDOWN

When the wounded in hospital come to die, says a British officer, their last request, in the great number of cases, is for the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

When my sun of life is low, When the dewy shadows creep, Say for me before I go, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end, I have sown and I must reap; There are no more ways to mend— Now I lay me down to sleep.

Nothing more to doubt or dare, Nothing more to give or keep; Say for me the children's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way— Primrose path or stony steep— More of wisdom than to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

What have you more wise to tell When the shadows round me creep? All is over, all is well... Now I lay me down to sleep.

THE LEGION OF LIFE

What the United States Government says women must do, to help win this war.

Save. Wheat. Meats. Sweets, and Animal Fats.

For Wheat use: Barley, Rye, Oats, Corn, Rice.

For Meats use: Fowl, Eggs, Fish.

For Sweets use: Syrup, a corn product, Molasses—a by-product of sugar, Honey.

For Animal Fats, use: Vegetable oils—like olive oil, cottonseed oil, coconut oil, peanut oil.

Conservation and Relief Committee, Defense Council of Highland Park.

When you can enjoy a call from Messrs. Dun & Bradstreet, you are getting on in the world.

Flattery may be the "food of fools" but most people find it palatable.

Many a man who considered the world his oyster has succumbed to ptomaine poisoning.

Notice to Patrons

WAR REVENUE TAX

EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 1st, 1917, IS THE REVENUE ACT APPROVED OCTOBER 3, 1917. SECTION 500 OF THIS ACT PROVIDES AS FOLLOWS:

- (a) For a Tax of 3% for the transportation of freight.
- (b) For a Tax of 1 cent for each 20 cents or fraction thereof paid for transporting parcels or packages by express.
- (c) For a Tax of 8% of the amount paid for the transportation of persons, the fare for which is in excess of 35 cents.
- (d) For a Tax of 10% of the amount paid for seats in parlor cars.

"The taxes imposed by this act are to be paid by the persons, corporation, partnership or association paying for the services or facilities rendered and the party furnishing the services shall make the collection."

The tax as above provided will be collected by AGENTS or CONDUCTORS.

Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad

Some wives love their husbands because they know them—others because they don't.

It's just as easy to whistle as to whine. Advice is one thing, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Woolworth admits that all is not gold that glitters.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched—results may be badly scrambled.

Only malefactors of great wealth need more than one basket for their eggs nowadays.

There's may a slip twixt the sub and the ship. Where there's a will there's money. A pity all knockers are not hung on doors.

Cupid was the first to discover that men made good meal tickets.

It's some stunt to be morally courageous when one's pockets are empty. Nowadays no poor man can expect to make both ends meet.

The difference between saint and sinner often is a mere matter of publicity.

The "spice of life" keeps the divorce courts busy. As training for the trenches, why not subject recruits to the test of the bargain counter?

PRINTER'S LAMENT.

There's wailing and grumblin' and many a howl, And all on account of the old printer's towel.

The health board says as a collector of germs Old towel was a leader for many long terms.

Be that as it may, he was still a friend. Though collecting the germs for weeks without end And these new paper things don't near fill-the place Of that old printer's towel which we used on our face.

We Are At War

Because Germany made war on us, sunk our ships, and filled our citizens.

To assert and to defend our rights. To make good our claim that we are a free nation.

To have the kind of institutions we wish. To live the kind of life we have determined to live.

Secretary of Agriculture.

The English complaint of a dull season. They have been spoiled by air raids.

WITH THE BOWLERS

Eleven local bowlers took part in the Great Lakes Individual tournament in Chicago last Sunday for the benefit of the bowling alleys and billiard room. Our boys did not seem to want to win any of the special prizes offered as Ed. Balding led with the fair total of 550 pins.

Work on the league organization is now under way and the eight club business men's league will be in action the coming week.

The big annual Chicago City meet closes its entries on Nov. 16th. Highland Park bowlers are eligible to this big classic and entry fees are \$1.00 for each event a man an extra charge of 10c for each three games bowled will go to the smoke fund of our army and navy boys. Let's go strong boys, say four clubs.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

Anderson Julia Miss

Buffington W. J. Mr.

Calnan J. O. Mrs.

Piedler, R. Rev.

King Lieut. Mrs.

Kaskorian M. Der. Mr.

Lidogar, James J.

McHough Marion Miss

Mason Osborne Mr.

Miller Henry Mr. and Mrs.

North Shore Improvement Co.

Swanson Hulda Mrs.

Smith William S. Mr.

Ten Broeck W. E. Mr.

Ten Broeck Jean M. Miss

Thye Lillian.

Thompson L. W.

Walker, C. W. Mrs.

Wardler Paul J. Mrs.

Advertised November 6, 1917



No danger of scalding by hot water, because there's no water in

The Electric Heating Pad

No danger either, proceeding from overheating, for you can settle on the degree and maintain the temperature right there.

In many new houses the electric circuit includes outlets alongside the beds for the use of the Heating pad. But it works when attached to any lamp socket as does every Electrical Appliance.

Public Service Company of Northern Illinois