# The Snowshoe Trail-

By EDISON MARSHALL

bad dre ms to Bill had a much more were occupying Harold's cabin. "Four shots," Pete said at las

"Lounsbury's signal." "That means-big doin's," Joe pronounced gravely. "We go." Then they put on their snowshoes

and mushed away. There was no nervous waiting at curtain. the appointed mooting place—a spring a half-mile from Bill's cabin. Harold Lounsbury was already there.

A stranger to this land might have thought that Harold was drunk. Unfamiliar little fires glittered and glowed in his eyes, his features were

The breeds waited patiently for him to speak.

"Where's Sindy?" he asked at last. "Over Buckshot Dan's-just where you said," Joe replied.

"Of course Buckshot took her back?" The Indians nodded. "Weil, I'm going to let I im keep her. I've got a white squaw now-and soon I'm going out with her to the Outside. But there's things to do first. Bill yours—is going to affect our getting has found the mine."

The others nodded gravely. "And Bill is as blind as a molegot caught in a cabin full of greenwood smoke. He'll be able to see again in a day or two. So I sent for you right way."

. The breeds nodded again, a trifle less phlegmati ally.

The mine's worth millions-more money than you can dream of. Each of you getra sixth-one-third divided between you. As soon as we've finished what I've planted, we'll tear down his claim notices and put up our own, then go down to the recorder and record the claim," Harold went on. "Then 'it's ours. No one will ever guess. No one'll make any trouble.

"Both of you are to come to the cabin, just about dark: You'll tell me you have been over Bald Peak way and are hitting back toward the Yuga

"Bring along a quart of boozemaybe two quarts would be better. And sometime in the early evening give Bill what's coming to him."

"Do him off-," Joe asked stolidly. "Make it look like a fight," Harold went on. "Insalt him-beter still, get in a quarrel among yourselves. He'll tell you to shut up, and one of you flame up at him. . Then strike the life out of him before he knows what he's about. He's blind and he can't

"What do you want us to use?" Pete asked. "This?" He indicated the thin blade at his thigh. "Maybe

use rifle?" ·Harold's eyes looked drowsy when · he answered. · Something like a lust swept over him; this question of Pete's moved him ir dark and evil ways. His father's blood was in the full ascendancy at last.

"There's an old nick in the cabin-Bill had it prospecting," he said.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Bill's eyes were considerably better when he wakened-full in the daylight. The warm wet cloths had taken part of the inflammation out of them, and when he strained to open the lids, he was aware of a little, dim gleam of He couldn't make out objects, how-

ever, and except for a fleeting shadow he could not discern the hand that he -swept before his face. Several days and perhaps weeks would pass before the full strength of his sight returned. His greatest hope at present was

that he could grope his way about the cabin and build a fire for Virginia. Building the fire, however, was a grievous task. He felt it incumbent

upon him to mo /? with utmost caution so that Virginia would not waken. By groping about the walls he encountered the stove.

Feeling told him that hot coals were

Life-like good golf-is made one of which helps the score. 1. Better digestion-steadier nerves-clearer brain, are all factors that count and are



133UE No: 29-30

as Harold had provided. Pete the Breed, the two Indians that a cheery crackle told him that it had dark bottles upon the table. ignited. He grinned with delight. But his joy was a trifle premature. At afraid. She looked at Bill, forgetting work of the New York State insurance of firewood and his hands crashed he could not see what was occurring compensation insurance in the State. against the logs.

"Is that you, Harold?" she asked. She was wide awake. "No. It's Bill."

"Well, what are you doing up? Did Harold-do you mean to say you built response. Harold moved toward the severely injured. the fire yourself?"

"That's me, lady-" again-" The girl snatched aside the

curtain and peered into his face. "No such luck. Coals were still glowing; all I had to do was to put in a piece of firewood. But I'm all well otherwise, as far as I can tell. How about you?"

The girl stretched up her arms. "A little stiff-and now-I want you co tell me just how this blindness of BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

It was a serious question. "I don't see how it can affect us a great deal," he answered. "I realize you don't know one step of the way down to ·Bradleyburg, and I can't see the way; but Harold knows it perfectly."

As if the invocation of his name were a magic summons, Harold opened the door and entered. He carried Bill's loud-mouthed rifle in the hollow

"You've been hunting?" Virginia "Of course. I figured we needed

meat. I carried Bill's rifle because I don't trust the sights of mine. They were a yard off that day I shot at the caribou."

"Did you see any game?" Harold's eye met hers and narrowed, ever so slightly. But his answer was apt. "I saw a caribouabout two miles away. There didn't seem a chance in the world to hit it, but considering our scarcity of meat, I took that chance. Of course, I didn't hit within ten feet of him; Bill's gun isn't built for such long ranges. I

shot-four times." Bill did not reply. He was thinking about those same four shots. It was incomprehensible that they should have made such an impression upon

"And for all that Bill hasn't got his sight back yet, we're going to start down tomorrow," Virginia went on in a gay voice. She glanced once at Bill but she did not see the world of despair that came into his face at the delight with which she spoke. "You and I will take turns pulling the sled; Bill will hang on to the gee-pole. And Bill says you know the way. We're going to dash right through-camp out ony two nights."

That afternoon both Bill and Virginia started with amazement at the sound of tapping knuckles on the door Harold's eyes were gleaming.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Harold saw fit to answer the door himself. He threw it wide open; Virginia's startled glance could just make out two swarthy faces, singularly dark and unprepossessing.

"We-we mushin' over to Yugabeen over Bald Peak way," Joe said stumblingly. "Didn't know no one was here. Want a bunk here tonight."

"You've got your own blankets?" "Yes. We got blankets." "On your way home, eh? Well, I'll

have to ask this lady." .Harold seemed strangely nervous as

he turned to Virginia. "A couple of Indians, going home toward the settlement on the Yuga,' he explained quickly. "They've come from over toward Bald Peak and were counting on putting up here tonight. That's the woods custom, you know-

think we can put 'em up?" "Good Heavens, we can't send them on, on a night like this. It is awkward,

though-about food-" "They've likely got their own food." "Of course they can stay. Bill can sleep on the floor in here-you can take the two of them with you into the little cabin. It wil be pretty tight work, but we can't do anything else

Bring them in." Harold turned again to the door and in a moment the Indians strode

blinking, into the candlelight. Virginia shot them a swift glance and was instinctively repelled: but at her right, an appeal was made to the once she ascribed the evil savagery of governor. their faces to racial traits.

Bill, sitting against the cabin wall, tried to make sense out of a confused gave as his decision that the new jumble of thoughts and impressions should be occupied by the elder of the from the room. and memories that flooded in one wave two. to his mind.

He had assumed at once that the mained empty. 5th Corps News). two breeds were Joe and Pete, whom he had encountered when he first found Harold. Why, then, had the latter made no sign of recognition?

He resolved to know the truth. "It's Joe and Pete, isn't it?" he asked abruptly in the silence.

"Pete-Joe?" Joe answered at last, in a bewildered tone. "Don't know Minard's Liniment gives quick relief.

'em. I'm Wolfpay Black-he's Jimmy Jimmy Dubois."

Except for a little-lingering uneasi-

ness, Bill was satisfied. Virginia went on with her supper preparations, and at last the three of them draw chairs around their crude grade-crossings, airplanes, explosions, little table.

ting beside the stove.

He found a piece at last, and soon! greedy light in his eyes, he put two correspondent of the Boston Herald:

would refuse this offering at a word. appearing circumstances. And her fear increased when she saw

the craving on his face. "Have a drink!" Joe invited.

"Then you must have your sight replied; genially. "It's a cold night, and I don't care if I do. Virginia, pass down the cups."

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing



soft silks and cotton fabrics that are so thoroughly smart and feminine. Its clever lines give the impression

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HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS Write your name and address plainto stay at anybody's cabin. Do you ly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap She swept and she dusted and scrubit carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

## A SOLOMON

On a certain Island there was a garrison of marines and a garrison of blue-jackets and a senior officer of each corps. The wives of each of the officers laid claim to a special pew in the little island church, and after lady friend, and he did not notice that much dispute, in which each asserted

The governor accorded a patient hearing to each of the claimants, and

Ever after that the special pew re-turned to his daughter.

THE MARRIAGE SCHOOLS "Matrimony," says a writer, "is an institution of learning, in which a man him the hint."

quiring a master's."

## Long Skirts, Wind and Spiders Fatal?

Accidents suggest automobiles,

or high-speed machinery. The two breeds took their lunch But a recent survey of the injuries from their packs and munched it, sit- listed in claims under work nen's compensation insurance reveals that All at once Joe grunted in the still- even the decorative daffodil, a timorstill glowing in the ashes. Then he, ness, and all except Bill whirled to our mouse, or the wind at the Battery The same rifle shots that brought fumbled about the door for such fuel look at him. He went to his pack and wall may mean months in a hospital

> "Oddly acquired injuries come to Virginia was, suddenly deeply light frequently through the claims that instant he tripped over a piece for the moment that in his blindness fund, which is the largest carrier of and that in his helplessness she could! A perusal of the claim files at the "Oh, blast my clumsiness!" he whis- not depend upon him in a crisis. She home office discloses that hidden pered. Virginia stirred behind her turned to Harola, hoping that he perils often beset the most innocent-

"An elderly man engaged to run errands could not cope with the strong wind at the Battery. He was Bill started them, but he made no blown against a railing and his leg

"You're a lifesaver. Wolfpaw," he fashion-a girl forgot she had placed is only warm, pour it over the plums. a needle in the hem of her skirt. Her leg struck against a table. The needle reboil the vingar and pour it over the was driven into her leg just above the knee.

"A machine at which a girl was working broke with a crash that sounded like an explosion. The girl's facial muscles became paralyzed from the fright.

"A school principal handed a diploma to a girl graduate. With it he presented a bouquet of roses a relative had sent. A thorn pricked his finger and blood poisoning developed. He was incapitated for several months and the courts awarded him compensation, holding that the injury was received in the course of his employ-

"A bookkeeper turned his head suddenly and a pen in his hand pierced his nose. Infection developed that

brought on a fatal brain abcess. "A delivery boy, who says that, in accordance with safety instructions, he waited for the proper signal light before crossing Fifth Avenue traffic, alleges that as a result he was incapacitated by inhaling the fumes from passing automobiles.

"Even the safety of the home may March for practice." be overestimated. "'It is not generally realized,' said. Minard's Liniment for all Strains. Charles G. Smith, manager of the

State fund, 'that about one-fourth of all fatal accidents are in the home. The best information is that there were approximately 100,000 persons killed in accidents of all kinds in the United States last year, and that about 25,000 of these deaths occurred in the home.

"In general, automobiles brought about most accidental deaths; while falls took the second largest toll of life. In the home falls stand first in the list of causes of accidental

## The Perfect Housekeeper

She always kept everything perfectly From the cellar clear up to the top; For neatness and order she surely was

And no one could get her to stop. This model is much favored for the Her husband could never find comfort For fear he would muss up the place

Where his wife with a broom and a duster would roam With a stern sort of look on her face.

She never had time to be reading a She never had time for a call,

Instead, she was scrubbing corner or Or sweeping the stairs in the hall.

She swept all her beauty and gladness She swept all the joy out of life, Until she became an automaton grey

A cleaning machine-not a wife. She scrubbed all the love from the heart of her spouse, Her children were playless and

She had her reward-an immaculate Where nobody ever would come.

bed like a slave Till she swept herself into the tomb,

And the monument now at the head of her grave Is a duster, a brush and a broom. -Berton Braley.

Taking the Hint Harold Fish was sitting in the dark in the drawing-room with his young

the hour was getting late. .. Suddenly, the door opened and the girl's father appeared on the scene. "Do you know the time?" ho asked. Fish jumped to his feet at once, snatched up his hat, and almost ran

When he had gone the girl's father

"Is that young man a fool?" he asked angrily.

er?" querried the girl. "He only went

because he thought you were giving loses his bachelor's degree without 20-, "Nothing of the sort," her father explained. . "My watch has stopped and I came to ask him the correct time."-Answers.

## E SE SESSE DE Fresh-SALADA is guaranteed to be fresh

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**Economy Corner** 

Date Custard Pie

Line a ple plate with a good crust

and put in 2 cups chopped dates,

milk, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla

(a little nutmeg may be used in place

of vanilla). Beat this all well and

pour over dates. Bake until firm, then

which a teaspoon of sugar and pinch

of baking powder have been added

Cardinal Salad

Strawberry Shortcake

berries, and serve at once.

cover with beaten egg whites,

Brown in moderate oven.

with red radishes.

then make a custard as follows:

### Pickled Plums

Ingredients: Four pounds of plums, one pound of Demerara sugar, one pint of best vinegar, six cloves, a piece of cinnamon, a few grains of cayenne. Prick the plums well with a silver fork. Put them in an earthenware bowl. Put the sugar and spices in a stewpan with the vinegar and "Some dange: lurks in the current bring to the boil. Cool, and when it Leave it for twenty-four hours, then plums again. Repeat this for three days. Then put plums and vinegar "A spider in the cellar bit a plumb- in a preserving pan and boil altogether for five minutes. Turn into jars and tie down when cold.

"She is said to be the most accomplished flirt at the hotel."

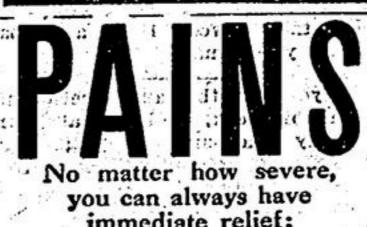
girls. She went to Palm Beach in

## Sunspots and Rabbits

The numbers of pelts received by the Hudson's Bay Company from year to year since about 1840 show marked periodic variation. According to an investigation made at the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, the number of rabbit pelts was, on the average, three times greater one year before the minimum of sunspots than at the maximum.



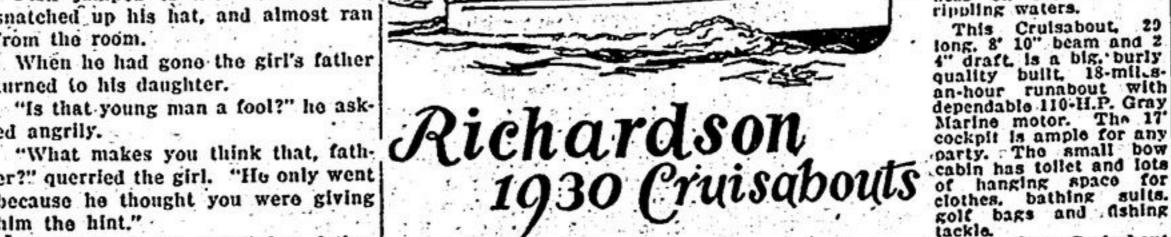
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golf bags and Ashing

## Appreciate Their Obedience

Mary S. Stover.

Miss Ballard is a grade school teacher of some years' experience. A fairly wide acquaintance with boys gd girls hade her soon rate very highly the young piece and nephew whose home she was visiting for the first time since they were bables.

Elma and Raymond were not only bright, sturdy and good-looking but so well-mannered and obliging that Miss Ballard felt her sister should be a very happy mother. On the contrary, Louise was a worried, fretful, nagging parent. The sharpness with which she called the children from their play caused the listening auntie to wonder if their good behavior might be just a cloak which they put on in

her honor. Both the children came in as promptly as little folks can be expected to tear themselves away from Two egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup an engrossing game, but the frowning mother scolded instead of praised. Day after day this sharpness was so common that Miss Ballard finally put a half-teasing, older-sisterly question, "Don't you demand rather too much, Louise? See how respectful and obedient your youngsters are compared

with all their playmates." "Disobedience among the neighbors" Boil 2 large beets until tender, or children is my reason for holding use canned beets; slice, cover with 2 Elma and Ray to strict account," extablespoons vinegar and allow them plained their mother, soberly. "Most to stand over night. Drain off vine- of the parents in this part of town gar and add to mayonnaise. Take 1 are so easy-going that. I feel called cup wax beans, 1 cup peas, 1 cup as- upon to take a very firm stand. It paragus tips and mix with the red my children should once get to acting mayonnaise. Serve in little roselike like the rest, there's no telling where

nests of lettuce leaves and garnish' it would end." "I understand your reasoning, but let's study the question more. Whoever distrusts children tempts them to Beat 1 egg, add 1/2 cup sugar and i go lengths, as the old saying is, I cup milk and mix, Measure 21/2 cups; whenever a chance comes. Your kidpastry flour, 5 teaspoons baking pow- dies are too loving and fine to rebel, der and % teaspoon salt. Add through but over-strictness with them may ena sifter to the egg mixture. Beat danger the sweet comradeship that well. Melt 1/2 cup butter, add mix- means so much in family life. All ture, ond beat again. Turn into 2 children have a strong sense of jusgreased 8-inch layer cake pans .. Bake tice, and they must know themselves at 400 degrees. 25 to 30 minutes. to be far more obedient than the rest. When baked, remove from pans. Doubtless they ought to be; but why

cool. Wash and stem 2 quarts straw- "Frances Willard's mother was "Well, she got'a start on the other berries. Reserve about I dozen of the noted for her habit of encouraging finest shaped berries for garnishing, each child, yet when asked how she Crush remainder slightly with potato would do differently if living her life masher. Then add 1 cup sugar and over again, she said: 'I should blame

> cream; add 1/2 cup powdered sugar, you can take this sermonizing for an pinch salt, and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, attempt to share advice of which [ and mix. Cover the upper layer of myself was greatly in need! Louise, cake with cream, garnish with whole I was just overwhelmed with shame when a favorite summer school instructor urged us; teachers, to feel more appreciation for what he called juvenile docility. This man pictured himself as watching any school ground when the last bell rang and the children, as he said, 'left the games they loved more than they loved to eat for

studies of little natural interest to "Of course boys and girls should answer the school bell promptly; it is right to expect as willing response to every summons from the home doorway. Yet it often takes much self-control and good nature for them to drop what seems so important to them. Children are not unlike us. To understand their dismay we need to recall some time when we've been called away from a good visit or from a piece of work we were in a hurry ' to finish. I've found the memory of such times a very present help to patience with children who lagged a little; it makes me feel that those who

The young mother had stopped sewing. "I've had hundreds of such interruptions," she said, "yet have never considered how trying they might be for children. Being at the door has often served for an excuse to make Ray do some errand at that instant.

Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appear-

## The Poppies Are Asleep

The popples are asleep now Upon the lonely hill, Their dancing measures still; Dreaming of sunlit spaces

Snugly and unafraid. Dreaming of wandering breezes That whisper many things,, When noon is at its fullness And birds are on light wings; When day is at its fairest With laughter in the streams-The popples are asleep now And mirthful are their dreams.

"Can I have \$5 advance on the tory I'm writing?" he asked. The editor looked up from his desk.

he murmured. Scribber gave an appealing look. "I know," he returned; "but it's like this. I've got to a point in the story

Place cakes on a cake cooler until not praise them for minding so well?

mix. Place one-half of berries be- less and praise more.' tween the two layers and the remain- "Another counsel from long experider on the upper layer. Whip 1/2 pint ence has impressed me so much that

come on time deserve a word of whether urgent or not. Thank you,

ing weekly in our columns.

With petals rolled about them, Hid in the cool green grasses, Deep in the night's full shade,

. -Mabel Whitman Phillips. The Right Atmosphere Scribber dashed into the editor's

"That is a very unusual request,"

of hanging space for clothes, bathing suits. This Day Cruisabout where the hero sits down to a square (priced at \$3.685 at fac-tory) and her sister hips meal, and I want to get the right atare illustrated in our mosphere."-Answers.

