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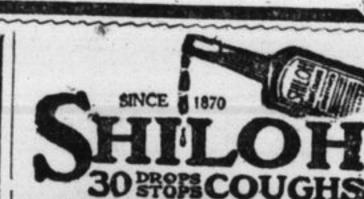


pressure by the largest British subject careful consideration. manufacturers for a high protective Italian and Jugo-Slavian delegates wonderful new life that was dawntariff against United States com- are to meet at Venice to discuss the ing for her. David knew why. He modities, particularly automobiles, Adriatic question.

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beautifully dark and lustrous almost pound" at any drug store. Millions had opened the fight, and drew her of bottles of this old famous Sage down with him into a soft carpet of Tea Recipe, improved by the addi- grass, thick with the blue of wild tion of other ingredients, are sold violets, with the big rock shutting annually, says a well-known druggist out the cabin from their vision. here, because it darkens the hair so "Rest here, little comrade," he naturally and evenly that no one can said, his voice low and trembling tell it has been applied.

with his worship of her, his hands Those whose hair is turning gray stroking back her wonderful hair. or becoming faded have a surprise "I must return to the cabin. Thenawaiting them, because after one or we will go." two applications the gray hair van- "Go!" ishes and your locks become luxuri- She repeated the word in the antly dark and beautiful.

strangest, softest whisper he had' This is the age of youth. Gray- ever heard, as if in it all at once haired, unattractive folks aren't she saw the sun and stars, the day wanted around, so get busy with and night, of her whole life. She Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound looked from his face down into the to-night and you'll be delighted with valley, and into his face again. your dark, handsome hair and your "We will go," she repeated, as youthful appearance within a few he rose to his feet.

shuddered with a terrible little cry As a result of the extraordinary Premier Lloyd George is giving the which she tried to choke back even

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

Editor's Announcement - The | was twenty years ago. To-day I am of the story will now appear.

My Wedding Gift to My Daughter. With that thought in mind, I

I found the piece of brocade and my dear Mary, in my arms. within its folds, fragrant with the When you read this little book, incense of China, I found the little my dear daughter, do not jump to book in which I had written the the quick conclusion of youth that annals—the story of my first mar- your father was wholly to blame. I riage. I've been reading it over and too, must bear my share of the consometimes I have laughed and sequences of our mutual mistake. sometimes I have cried. It seemed Looking back, I think I was a little to me that I was reading the story bit stubborn-yes; more than a litshe may have had a little more than just as decided in my own mind that heartaches, all the disappointments a wonderful magician she mes- she ran out her glowing tresses talked a great deal about her mother which youth must endure to reach; merizes the whole world with under the strokes of his brush.

this story in this little book that I the glorious dreams of imagination. another woman's glory was her hair! time there was that trembling doubt had forgotten many of the episodes Not until after marriage does Na- He felt his heart singing. She had in her voice. "I wonder whether it's recorded in it. As I read it over, ture allow them to think sanely, not been like this. No. World's true." And each time he assured

father than Karl Shepherd. Almost for other men and women to pair. like the breath of a new life, opening her first words were "Daddy Karl" And that is the reason, my dear for him new visions that reached and to her Karl has been the most child, that marriage is different even beyond the blue skies. And he just as he had been the most indul- like love, is only an incident of life, She looked up suddenly and saw him

made in this journal and find that ideas, we can turn into a torture heart choke him. He held open his have recorded Alice's suggestion chamber in which we must live "un- arms, silently, as she rose to her feet, after nearly a year's trip til death do us part." around the world, we should me at time of John's death. That

She shivered when he left her,

as she visioned the first glow of that

left her without looking down into

Whig was compelled to temporarily nearly fifty years old. There are cease publication of this story, ow- many threads of white among my ing to the loss of some of the copy auburn locks and the gray at Karl's in the mails. It is mailed to us in temples has spread all over his weekly instalments, and unfortu- head. Karl is a very handsome man nately the last instalment went they tell me, of course I would think astray. It has but recently reached so. And yet, I'm going to write here us, and the concluding six sections for you, Mary that I have never seen as handsome a man as your own father, John Gordon.

Yesterday I went up to the attic wrote the following message to my to look for a piece of Chinese bro- daughter, Mary, to present to her cade that I intended to give to the with my journal. The letter read : dressmaker that she might make a My Beloved Daughter: Somenegligee for Mary, my daughter, times, my dear, I almost wish that who will, within a month marry John Gordon had never met meyoung Robert Gaylord. It seems that Fate had not sent him to the such a long time since I used to call little country place where we met him little Bobby. No one calls Ro- and that we should not have been bert Gaylord, Jr., "Bobby," even taken off our feet by mutual magnethough to this day, his father is tism and mutual youth. Then, my known by that name. Robert is too dear daughter, perhaps he would much like his mother to merit the have married Elizabeth Moreland, somewhat irresponsible nickname who was his childhood's sweetheart, that is so appropriate to his father. and they would have been happy to-Robert is a splendid young man gether. But after all the sadness, and seems very much in love with tragedy and pain. I cannot fully submy Mary, who is a kind of flyaway, scribe to that wish, for Fate gave headstrong girl, much like her me one great kindness, one inestimable boon when she placed you,

the sure compensation that maturity thoughts of love. She makes two And once—ages ago it seemed to their way down into the valley, and people coalesce-forget all about him now-he had thought that an- whenever they stopped to rest she It's such a long time since I wrote the stress of life and move about in other woman was beautiful, and that had new questions to ask, and each I believe that I will give it to Mary without emotion, and then having separated those two - that woman her that it was. brought them together, her work is and this God-crowned little mountain Mary has never known any other done and she goes on looking about flower who had come into his heart indulgent and devoted of fathers, from what we call love. Marriage, wondered that she should love him. gent and devoted of husbands to a very different incident, but one standing there. Love? Had he in that we may make very happy or all his life dreamed of the look that

go home, so that her baby To-morrow — Advice to Daughter he held her close in his arms, kiss-Mary.

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

her eyes again, anxious to have these Chapter XXVII. It may have been five minutes that last terrible minutes over. At the David held the Girl in his arms, star- open door of the cabin he hesitated, ing down into the sunlit valley into a little sick at what he knew he moments he had forgotten the cabin,

which the last two of Hauck's men would see. And yet, after all, it was had forgotten that Brokaw and had fled, and during that time he no worse than it should be; it was Hauck had existed, and that they did not speak, and he heard only her justice. He told himself this as he were now dead. He held her back steady sobbing. He drew into his stepped inside. lungs deep breaths of the invigorat- He tried not to look too closely, of which all fear and horror had ing air, and he felt himself growing but the sight, after a moment, fas- gone in its great happiness; a face stronger as the Girl's body became cinated him. If it had not been for filled with the joyous color sent heavier in his embrace, and her arms the difference in their size he could surging there by the wild beating of relaxed and slipped down from his not have told which was Hauck and her heart, eyes confessing their shoulders. He raised her face. There which was Brokaw, for even on adoration without shame, without were no tears in her eyes, but she Hauck, Tara had vented his rage concealment, without a droop of the was still moaning a little, and her after Baree had killed him. Neither long lashes behind which they might lips were quivering like a crying bore very much the semblance of a have hidden. It was wonderful, that child's. He bent his head and kissed man just now-it seemed incredible love shining straight out of their them, and she caught her breath that claw and fang could have work- blue, marvellous depths! pantingly as she looked at him with ed such destruction, and he went "We must go now," he said, forceyes which were limpid pools of blue suddenly back to the door to see that ing himself to break the spell. "Two out of which her terror was slowly the Girl was not following him. Then have escaped, Marge. It is possible, dying away. She whispered his he looked again. Henry lay at his if there are others at the Nest . . name. In her look and in that whis- feet across the fallen saplings of the His words brought her back to the per there was unutterable adoration. battered door, his head twisted com- thing they had passed through. She It was for him she had been afraid. pletely under him-or gone. It was glanced in a startled way over the She was looking at him now as one Henry's rifle he picked up. He valley, then shook her head. saved to her from the dead, and for searched for cartridges then. It was "There are two others," she said. a moment he strained her still closer, a sickening task. He found nearly "But they will not follow us, Sakeand as he crushed his face to hers he fifty of them on the three, and went wawin. If they should, we shall be felt the warm, sweet caress of her out with the pack and the rifle. He over the mountain." lips, and the thrilling pressure of her put the pack over his shoulders be- She braided her hair as he adjusthands, at his blood-stained cheeks. fore he returned to the rock, and ed his pack. His heart was like a A sound from behind made him turn paused only for a moment, when he boy's. He laughed at her in joyous his head, and fifty feet away he saw rejoined the Girl. With her hand in disapproval. the big grizzly ambling cumbrously his he struck down into the valley. "I like to see it-unbound." he from the cabin. They could hear "A great justice has overtaken said. "It is beautiful. Glorious!" him growling as he stood in the sun- them," he said, and that was all he It seemed to him that all the blood shine, his head swinging slowly from told her about the cabin, and she in her body leaped into her face at side to side like a huge pendulum- asked him no questions. in his throat the last echoing of that At the edge of the green meadows "Then—I will leave it that way." ferocious rage and hate that had de- they stopped where a trickle of she cried, softly, her words trembling

stroyed their enemies. And in the water from the mountain tops had with happiness and her fingers worksame moment Baree stood in the formed a deep pool. David followed ing swiftly in the silken plaits of her doorway, his lips drawn back and his this trickle a little up the coulee braid. Unconfined, her hair shim-You can turn gray, faded hair other exemins to face him found a sheltered spot, and stripped they were about to set off, she ran over night if you'll get a bottle of Quickly David led Marge beyond ed with the stain and grime of battle. touching him with her hands raised Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Com- the boulder from behind which he In the open pool Marge bathed her her face to his.

> Post TOASTIES for breakfast is like a hard-boiled egg—you simply can't beat it -says Bobby

time; that the mountains had given it would be to Father Roland when her to him; that among the flowers they dropped in on him some day, he and the wild things that "great, good and Marge! His heart beat excitedly of another girl. And oh, how sorry the bit. I made no allowance for God" of whom Father Roland had as he told her about it, described the I felt for her, not so much because your father's bringing up. I was spoken so often, had created her for great distance they must travel, and him; and that she had been waiting what a wonderful journey it would her share of the trouble of this my ways were best, as he was in his for him here, pure as the wild violets be, with that glorious country at the world, but because she had to go mind that his was the only right under his feet. She did not see him end of it . . . "We'll find your through all the experiences, all the way. You see, my dear, Nature is for a space, and he watched her as mother, then," he whispered. They

I turn to the last entry that I one which through our mistaken was in her face now? It made his and she came to him in all the burn-

her husband had purchased from Copyright National Newspaper Ser- her blue eyes, the warm sweetness ing her soft lips, her flushed cheeks, of her hair. And her lips kissed him. He looked out over the valley. His eyes were open to its beauty, but he did not see; a vision was rising before him, and his soul was breathing a prayer of gratitude to the Missioner's God, to the God of the totem-worshippers over the ranges, to the God of all things. It may be that the Girl sensed his voiceless exultation, for up through the soft billows of her hair that lay crumpled on his

breast she whispered: "You love me a great deal, my Sakewawin?"

"More than life," he replied. Her voice roused him. For a few from him, looking into her face out

"Kiss me," she said. "Kis me, my

It was noon when they stood under the topmost crags of the southward range, and under them they saw once more the green vaney, with silvery stream, in which they had met that first day beside the great rock. It seemed to them both a long time ago, and the valley was like a friend smiling up at them its welcome and its gladness that they had at last returned. Its drone of running waters, the whispering music of the air, and the piping cries of the marmots sunning themselves far below, came up to them faintly as they rested, and as the Girl sat in the circle of David's arm, with her head against his breast, she pointed off through the blue haze miles to the eastward. "Are we going that way?" she

asked. He had been thinking as they had climbed up the mountain. Off there, where she was pointing, were his friends, and hers; between them and that wandering tribe of the totem

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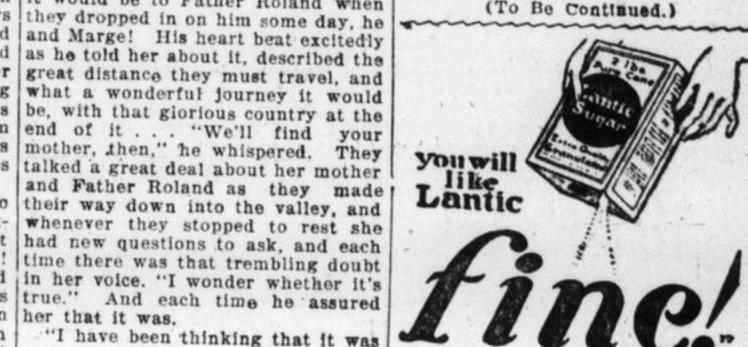
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SEPTEMBER SEPTEM face and arms, and then sat down to people on the Kwadocha there were Nisikoos who sent to her that picfinish her toilet with David's comb no human beings. Nothing but the ture you wanted to destroy," he said and brush. When he returned to unbroken peace of the mountains, once. "Nisikoos must have known." her she was a radiant glory, hidden in which they were safe. He had 'Then why didn't she tell me?" she to her waist in the gold and brown | ceased to fear their immensity-was | flashed. fires of her disentangled hair. It no longer disturbed by the thought was wonderful. He stood a step off that in their vast and trackless seli- want to loose you-and that she didand looked at her, his heart filled tude he might lose himself forever. n't send the picture until she knew with a wonderful joy, his lips silent. After what had passed, their gleam- that she was not going to live very The thought surged upon him now ing peaks were beckoning to him, and long." in an overmastering moment of ex- he was confident that he could find | The girl's eyes darkened, and then ultation that she belonged to him, not his way back to the Finley and down -slowly-there came back the softfor to-day, or to-morrow, but for all to Hudson's Hope. What a surprise er glow into them.



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