

"Yes, and his tracks lead up the hill along yonder ridge. The wind has swept the snow away there, and we can trail him easy. He's found something, or he'd been back long ago."

Gyp's tracks gradually became fainter, but the ridge itself was a guide. The dog would take the shortest route, and Mrs. Aldine believed that travelers caught in the storm would make for the shelter of an oak clump a few miles up the creek.

Now, and then she shaded her eyes and searched the line of the creek far ahead. The wagon trail ran along the valley, but that was distant even with snow. At last they sighted the oaks, and there the keen eyes of the ranchwoman could notice a peculiar mark, with patches of color flung over it. Was it a low cabin or a log pile exposed under? Gyp's tracks led to the strange drift. Its shape was irregular, and something besides driven snow held up the even crest.

"There's a stump or a wagon," said Mrs. Aldine. "What next?"

"I can't see," said Bert, shading his straining eyes.

"You will in a minute. Gyp's there too."

Speechless and eagerly they made that last spurt. Arched over with snow, they saw some spools of white and above them the profile of an emigrant wagon thickly covered with ice. Beyond, partly hidden by windlike drifts branching right and left and half buried in snow, were the figures of four horses, the wheels of the team almost upright in the heavy bank, and the leader in the net of rotting to rot the crest of a monster drift. In frantic struggle they had perished from exhaustion and cold.

Gyp's tracks led around over the horses' bodies and the driver's seat. Bert was instantly changed from boy to man. The storm had promised him a Christmas picnic. There was tragedy. Death might lie beneath that mysterious mound. Leaping ahead, he dashed to the foot of the canvas cover, looked in and withdrew his head long enough to shout, "Ma, it's Alice!" they plunged through the hole made by the frantic Gyp.

"God grant we're not too late!" cried the mother, the full burden of her premonition smiting heavily upon her heart.

Between hundreds of boxes were two figures buried in robes and blankets. One was Alice, and close to her was a boy, Gyp's. His eyes were rather human than canine and seemed to say, "I have done the correct thing and saved her." He had huddled under the robes to give the freezing girl the warmth of his own thick coat and the heat from his warmer blood.

"I love you of my marriage," murmured the girl faintly after the victims had been thawed back to life. Mrs. Aldine almost dropped the cup of hot broth she was giving the loyal driver, Yankton Bill, whose white and blistered hands were useless straps.

"Then that letter was lost on the way," said she, and for the first smiled on the robust tenderfoot whom Gyp had also kept from perishing as he snuggled in beside his freezing mistress.

"Yes, I wrote that, but I didn't tell you that we should cross the plains for our honeymoon. I wanted to surprise you Christmas day."

Bert and Gyp put in a lively holiday week belaying to the ranch the contents of the boxes stored in the buckboard wagon. They were filled with clothing, books and blankets, a timely donation to the last horse-meeting house folk from the King's Daughters of the Ohio town where Alice had so effectively looked out for number one.

On the last trip to the drift the tenderfoot and Yankton Bill helped haul the sled home, for it was weighted down by a large trunk bearing the legend, "H. R. Grangeville, Minn." When opened, the trunk disgorged a motley pile of stout working clothes very unlike a college boy's wardrobe. Mrs. Aldine turned to her daughter with questioning eyes.

"Oh, it's nothing, mother," said Alice, "excepting that my Christmas present is a horn and bred farmer to run the land. We're here to remain, if you'll have us, Ralph Ralston and Alice, his wife."

ROSA C. EICHORN

One of the Christmas school. He tried his best to guess the boy's. The biggest boy, "Have some nuts, Matt?" But he doubted, he was afraid. It tasted like a dream.

—New York World.

CHRISTMAS NONSENSE

A Stocking Full of Mirth Filled by the Jolly Jesters of the Day.

"If I am not in error," Miss Daley Peachblow said earnestly, compressing her lips in an anxious manner at each name, "if I am not wandering by the wayside mentally, you stated a moment ago that Ronald Suple was a bright fellow."

"Well—er—I think I did make some such good natured remark," admitted Myra Hagwood. "Why, isn't he a bright fellow?"

"Well," said Miss Daley, "he is either a fool or a knave, and I'm quite sure he isn't a knave."

"Then he must be a fool. There's only the fool left. Aren't you rather severe, Daley, don't you?"

"Judge for yourself. He was here all Christmas eve, you know?"

"Yes. He remained until 12 o'clock, I believe you said."

"That's true—four long and weary hours until midnight, and, as you can see, I have this bit of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier in the middle of the room."

"Of course. Well?"

"Well, it was here last night, and during the long and weary four hours I naturally happened to drift under it a few times, and he—"

"Tried to kiss you, did he? Ha, ha!"

"Tried to kiss me?" cried the indignant Daley. "What, that bright fellow try to kiss me? Listen! Every single time I happened under the chandelier he jumped up and down, waved his arms in the air like a crazy man and shouted: 'Look out, Mith Daitly! Look out! You're right square under the mittletoe, Mith Daitly!' Bright fellow? Fool—fo-o-o!"

—New York World.

A Christmas Fact.
The future has a golden tinge;
The past, too, may seem pleasant;
But just about the Christmastide
There's nothing like the present.
—Life.

His Reasoning.
"It seems to me, dad," said the young hopeful, "that the proper kind of present for Christmas is a ten dollar bill."
"Indeed? And why?" growled the parent.
"Because the season's usually spelled 'Xmas.'"
"But he never touched him."—New York Journal.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

SCOTT'S BOWNE, Chemist, New York.

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Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialists of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and today, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERMAN, 120 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

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Dead Broke.
Johnson—Say, but wouldn't Christmas presents drive you to drink?

Jones—Drive? Why, hang it, I haven't money enough left to even take a street car to the saloon.

Saved His Life.

"I wish to say that I feel I owe my life to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure," writes H. C. Christensen of Hayfield, Minn. "For three years I was troubled with dyspepsia, so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsel of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and recommended its use. I began to improve from the first bottle. Now I am cured and recommend it to all. Digest your food. Cures all stomach troubles. Red Cross Drug Store and Sengstacken's Pharmacy.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

A Mean Instigation.
Alright—I shall give my wife a handsome pair of spectacles for Christmas.
Gayer—Why, I didn't know you used glasses.—New York Journal.

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Are heavier than gold, tin-white and usually occur in small scales and do not amalgamate. They are valuable. Send for sale to the Welsbach Co., Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Analysis free. For information concerning methods of saving the metals, write to the Waratah Minerals Co., Limited, 140 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal.

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The drug of old and new times present. For joy and peace to last. Yet we admit the Christmas present is better than the Christmas past.

Educate Your Bowels With Caserol.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. G. Co., druggists refund money.

He Had 'Em.
Walter—Did Uncle Jack see Santa Claus last night?
Carolyne—I guess so. They say he saw almost everything one could imagine.—Truth.

An Evangelist's Story.

"I suffered for years with a bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure," writes Rev. James Kirkman, evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind." One Minute Cough Cure affords immediate relief for coughs, colds and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For croup it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and is really a favorite with the children. They like it.—Red Cross Drug Store and Sengstacken's Pharmacy.

NEGOTIATIONS.
"I called to see you, sir," remarked the popular young pastor of the Church of the Extended Invocation to the proprietor of a shoe store, "to ascertain what you would pay for an assorted lot of slipper—say from one dozen to five—to be delivered immediately after Christmas."

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A poor complexion is usually the result of a torpid liver or irregular action of the bowels. Unless nature's refuse is carried off it will surely cause impure blood. Pimples, boils and other eruptions follow. This is nature's method of throwing off the poisons which the bowels failed to remove. Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers are world famous for remedying this condition. They stimulate the liver and promote regular and healthy action of the bowels but never causing griping, cramps or distress. Safe pills. Red Cross Drug Store and Sengstacken's Pharmacy.