



CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Good evening, Cranston," he said pleasantly.

Cranston was also upon his feet the same instant. His instincts were entirely true. He knew if he leaped for his rifle, Dan would be upon his back in an instant, and he would have no chance to use it. The rifle was now out of the running, as they were at about equal distances from it, and neither would have time to swing or aim it.

Dan's sudden appearance had been so utterly unexpected that for a moment Cranston could find no answer. His eyes moved to the rifle, then to his belt where hung his hunting knife, that still lay on the pallet. "Good evening, Felling," he replied, trying his hardest to fall into that strange spirit of nonchalance with which brave men have so often met their adversaries, and which Dan had now. "I'm surprised to see you here. What do you want?"

Dan's voice when he replied was no more warm than the snow banks that reinforced the lean-to. "I want your rifle—also your snow shoes and your supplies of food. And I think I'll take your blankets, too."

"And I suppose you mean to fight for them?" Cranston asked. His lips drew up in a smile, but there was no smile in the tone of his words.

"You're right," Dan told him, and he stepped nearer. "Not only for that, Cranston. We're face to face at last—hands to hands. I've got a knife in my pocket, but I'm not even going to bring it out. It's hands to hands—you and I—until everything's square between us."

"Perhaps you've forgotten that day on the ridge?" Cranston asked. "You haven't any woman to save you this time."

"I remember the day, and that's part of the debt. The thing you did yesterday is part of it, too. It's all to be settled at last, Cranston, and I don't believe I could spare you if you went to your knees before me. You've got a clearing out by the fire—big as a prize ring. We'll go out there—side by side. And hands to hands we'll settle all these debts we have between us—with no rules of fighting and no mercy in the end!"

They measured each other with their eyes. Once more Cranston's gaze stole to his rifle, but lunging out, Dan kicked it three feet farther into the shadows of the lean-to. Dan saw the dark face drawn with passion, the hands clenching, the shoulder muscles growing into hard knots. And Cranston looked and knew that merciless vengeance—that age old sin and Christless creed by which he lived—had followed him down and was clutching him at last.

He saw it in the position of the stalwart form before him, the clear level eyes that the moon light made bright as steel, the hard lines, the slim, pow-



"Good Evening, Cranston."

erful hands. He could read it in the tones of the voice—tones that he himself could not imitate or pretend. The hour had come for the settling of old debts.

He tried to curse his adversary as a weakling and a degenerate, but the obscene words he sought for would not come to his lips. Here was his fate, and because the darkness always fades before the light, and the courage of wickedness always creeps before the courage of righteousness, Cranston was afraid to look it in the face. The fear

of defeat, of death, of heaven knows what remorselessness with which this grave giant would administer justice was upon him, and his heart seemed to freeze in his breast. Cravenly he leaped for his knife on the blankets below him.

Dan was upon him before he ever reached it. He sprang as a cougar springs, incredibly fast and with shattering power. Both went down, and for a long time they writhed and struggled in each other's arms. The pine boughs rustled strangely.

The dark, gaunt hand reached in vain for the knife. Some resistless power seemed to be holding his wrist and was bending its bone as an Indian bends a bow. Pain lashed through him. And then this dark-hearted man, who had never known the meaning of mercy, opened his lips to scream that this terrible enemy be merciful to him.

But the words wouldn't come. A ghastly weight had come at his throat, and his tortured lungs sobbed for breath. Then, for a long time, there was a curious pounding, lashing sound in the evergreen boughs. It seemed merciless and endless.

But Dan got up at last, in a strange, heavy silence, and swiftly went to work. He took the rifle and filled it with cartridges from Cranston's belt. Then he put the remaining two boxes of shells into his shirt pocket. The supplies of food—the sack of nutritious jerked venison like dried bark, the little package of cheese, the boxes of hard tack and one of the small sacks of prepared flour—he tied, with a single kettle, into his heavy blankets and flung them with the rifle upon his back. Finally he took the pair of snow shoes from the floor. He worked coldly, swiftly, all the time munching at a piece of jerked venison. When he had finished he walked to the door of the lean-to.

It seemed to Dan that Cranston whispered faintly, from his unconsciousness, as he passed; but the victor did not turn to look. The snow shoes crunched away into the darkness. On the hill behind a half dozen wolves—stragglers from the pack—frisked and leaped about in a curious way. A strange smell had reached them from the wind, and when the loud, fearful steps were out of hearing, it might pay them to creep down, one by one, and investigate its cause.

The gray circle about the fire was growing impatient. Snowbird waited to the last instant before she admitted this fact. But it is possible only so long to deny the truth of a thing that all the senses verify, and that moment for her was past.

She noticed that when she went to her hands and knees, laboriously to cut a piece of the dried wood from the rain-soaked, rotted snag that was her principal supply of fuel, every wolf would leap forward, only to draw back when she stood straight again. She worked desperately to keep the fire burning bright. She dared not neglect it for a moment. Except for the single pistol ball that she could afford to expend on the wolves—of the three she had—the fire was her last defense.

But it was a losing fight. The rain-soaked wood smoked without flame, the comparatively dry core with which Dan had started the fire had burned down, and the green wood, hatched with such heart-breaking difficulty from the saplings that Dan had cut, needed the most tireless attention to burn at all.

Her nervous vitality was flowing from her in a frightful stream. Too long she had toiled without food in the constant presence of danger, and she was very near indeed to utter exhaustion. But at the same time she knew she must not faint. That was one thing she could not do—to fall unconscious before the last of her three cartridges was expended in the right way.

Again she went forth to the sapling, and this time it seemed to her that if she simply tossed the ax through the air, she could fell one of the gray crowd. But when she stooped to pick it up—she didn't finish the thought. She turned to coax the fire. And then she leaped sobbing over the sled.

"What's the use?" she cried. "He won't come back. What's the use of fighting any more?"

"There's always use of fighting," her father told her. He seemed to speak with difficulty, and his face looked strange and white. The cold and the exposure were having their effect on his weakened system, and unconsciousness was a near shadow indeed. "But, dearest—if I could only make you do what I want you to—"

"What?"

"You're able to climb a tree, and if you'd take these coats, you wouldn't freeze by morning. If you'd only have the strength—"

"And see you turn to pieces?"

"I'm old, dear—and very tired—and I'd crawl away into the shadows, where you couldn't see. There's no use mis-

ing words, Snowbird. You're a brave girl—always have been since a little thing, as God is my Judge—and you know we must face the truth. Better one of us die than both. And I promise—I'll never feel their fangs. And I won't take your pistol with me either."

Her thought flashed to the clasp hunting knife that he carried in his pocket. But her eyes lighted, and she bent and kissed him. And the wolves leaped forward even at this.

"We'll stay it out," she told him. "We'll fight it to the last—just as Dan would want us to do. Besides—it would only mean the same fate for me, in a little while. I couldn't cling to these forever—and Dan won't come back."

She was wholly unable to gain on the fire. Only by dint of the most heart-breaking toil was she able to secure any dry fuel for it at all. Every length of wood she cut had to be scraped of bark, and half the time the fire was only a sickly column of white smoke. It became increasingly difficult to swing the ax. The trail was almost at its end.

The after-midnight hours drew one by one across the face of the wilderness, and she thought that the deepening cold presaged dawn. Her fingers were numb.

Once more she went to one of the saplings, but she stumbled and almost went to her face at the first blow. It was the instant that her gray watchers had been waiting for. The wolf that stood nearest leaped—a gray streak out of the shadow—and every wolf in the pack shot forward with a yell. It was a short, expectant cry; but it chopped off short. For with a half-sob, and seemingly without mental process, she aimed her pistol and fired.

A fast-leaping wolf is one of the most difficult pistol targets that can be imagined. It bordered on the miracu-



Some Resistless Power Seemed to Be Holding His Wrist.

lous that she did not miss him altogether. Her nerves were torn, their control over her muscles largely gone. Yet the bullet coursed down through the lungs, inflicting a mortal wound.

The wolf had leaped for her throat; but he fell short. She staggered from a blow, and she heard a curious sound in the region of her hip. But she didn't know that the fangs had gone home in her soft flesh. The wolf rolled on the ground; and if her pistol had possessed the shocking power of a rifle, he would have never got up again. As it was, he shrieked once, then sped off in the darkness to die. Five or six of the nearest wolves, catching the smell of his blood, bayed and sped after him.

But the remainder of the great pack—fully 15 of the gray, gaunt creatures—came stealing across the snow toward her. White fangs had gone home; and a new madness was in the air.

Straining into the silence, a perfectly straight line between Cranston's camp and Snowbird's, Dan Felling came musing across the snow. His sense of direction had never been obliged to stand such a test as this before. Snowbird's fire was a single dot on a vast plateau; yet he had gone straight toward it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Device Overcomes Sleeplessness.
No one need suffer from sleeplessness any longer. A device has been invented which, it is claimed, will send the worst case of insomnia to the land of nod in a few minutes. The machine, which in appearance is rather complicated, consists of a number of discs which, when the starting handle is moved, rotate in opposite directions. All that the sufferer has to do is to keep his eyes on the discs as they turn, until after a short spell of watching he gradually sinks into a sound sleep.

Hadn't Wasted Any Time.

A young couple rushed into a marriage license bureau recently and announced to the clerk that they wished to be married at once. Dan Cupid's executive officer surveyed the couple from under grizzled brows and said severely: "I'm afraid this is a runaway match." "Well, your honor," returned the prospective groom, "I can't exactly say we ran, but we walked pretty fast."



Were I to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Anthony Donovan.

HOT WEATHER GOOD THINGS.

A good supply of bottled sirups, juices and ginger ale will be a source of comfort and refreshment to the housewife and guest during the hot weather.

Cherry Punch.—Boil together for five minutes two cups of sugar and four cups of water; add one cup of lemon juice, three cups each of orange juice and cherry juice. Chill and serve with ice.

Grape Nectar.—Boil together one cup of sugar and one quart of water; after cooking ten minutes add when cool the juice of three lemons, two oranges, one can of pineapple and a pint of grape juice. Let stand three hours then add one thinly-sliced orange. Serve with ice.

Ginger Ale.—Remove the skins from six large lemons and slice them into an earthen bowl. Add to them six ounces of bruised, fresh ginger root, six cups of sugar and four gallons of boiling water. When lukewarm add one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in a little water. Cover the bowl with a thin cloth and let stand a day. Bottle and keep in a cool place.

Pear Fritters.—Cut ripe pears, peeled and cored into thick slices; dip into a fritter batter and fry in deep fat. Serve rolled in sugar and with a sauce made from stewing the peelings and cores with a pear or two in sufficient water to cover. Strain, sweeten, thicken with flour; add butter; cook until smooth and thick. The fritter batter is prepared with one cup of flour, the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of cold water, two tablespoons of sugar and a tablespoon of olive oil or any good salad oil. Beat to a smooth paste; add the stiff-beaten whites and a pinch of salt.

A pair of baking sheets made to fit the oven with the edges turned up and reinforced by a piece of heavy wire are the handiest of baking pans. A whole roll of cookies may be rolled out and baked with one heating of the oven.

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs no school of long experience that the world is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood And view the haunts of nature.

PRESERVES AND CONSERVES.

The season for putting up the good things from garden and field is at hand, and the weather, though hot, will not hinder the thrifty housewife in her preparation for the winter and a full fruit closet.

Fruit Conserve.—Take one pound of raisins, two pounds of tart cherries, the juice and rind of three oranges and four cups of sugar. Chop the fruit, add the sugar and cook 20 minutes. Seal in small air-tight jars.

Preserved Pears.—Take six pounds of pared, cored and halved pears; add four pounds of sugar and two cups of water, the juice of two lemons, the rind of one cut in strips and one ounce of ginger root. Drop the pears into cold water as soon as pared to keep them from discoloring. Boil together the sugar, lemon and ginger for half an hour. Drop the pears, a few at a time, into the sirup and cook 15 minutes. Drop into sterilized jars and pour over the thick sirup when all are cooked. Seal at once.

Spiced Apple Jelly.—Take one peck of tart apples, one-half cup of mixed spices. Put the spices in a bag and cook the apples in equal parts of vinegar and water to cover, adding the spices. When the apples are soft drain in a jelly bag. Boil the juice with equal quantities of a little less of heated sugar. When jelled pour into glasses and cover with paraffin when cool.

Rose Pudding.—Pour one pint of raspberry juice into a saucepan with one cup of sugar, add one-half cup of corn starch, mixed with a little cold water, to the boiling fruit juice; when partly cooled add a teaspoonful of rose extract and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Dip a melon mold into cold water and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Fill the mold and sprinkle with almonds. Serve with whipped cream heaped around the unmolded cream.

Nellie Maxwell

The Muse of Dancing.
The Muse Terpsichore was the inventress and patroness of the art of dancing as accessory to the singing or recitation of lyrical poetry. She is generally represented with this lyre and plectrum, crowned with ivy and in a graceful attitude.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Got Them, Anyway.

The eccentricities of scientists are like those of artists, says Dr. Charles F. Baldwin of the United States public health service. There is, for instance, the classic example of Dr. Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, who became famous for the discovery of the so-called bacillus of long life, the microbe which makes buttermilk sour. The doctor was, quite naturally, very particular about grapes and he was so careful that he washed each grape separately in his water glass. Then he drank the water in which he had washed them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and her water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.

NOTHING NOVEL ABOUT THAT

Old Joe Had Tried "Electricity" and Found It Was No Cure for Rheumatism.

Old Joe Carter had suffered from rheumatism until, he declared, he had "no patience with it," but he was always eager to hear of possible remedies, and when his sister in Mobile wrote that she knew of a cure that had been tried with great success, and would tell all about it on her next visit, old Joe was all excitement.

"Now, Mary!" he exclaimed to his sister, eagerly, a few minutes after she had reached the house, "you-all tell me 'bout dat cure for rheumatism! I was so anxious I could hardly wait for yo' to get heah!"

"Well, Joe," began the sister, "it's electricity and—"

Before she could continue Old Joe interrupted.

"De iden, Mary, of yo' comin' heah suggestin' dat to me! Don't you-all remember dat only last summer I was struck by lightning, and it didn't do me no good?" — Philadelphia Ledger.

Inquisitive Lillian.

Lillian, four years old, has attended Sunday school and heard some things she does not understand.

Lillian said: "Mother, what is the soul?"

Mother replied: "Child, the soul is the mind, the part of you that thinks."

There was silence for a little bit and then Lillian said: "Mother, how will God get wings fastened on to the mind?"

Mother did not answer. After a short silence Lillian said: "Mother, is God and central the same?"

By this time father had begun to take notice and answered: "Not in our town."

The Set.

"Yes, I am telling you she is a jewel." "Ah. Set in her ways, ah?" — Cartoons Magazine.

The sword swallower should tackle a saw occasionally; it would be more toothsome.

TELL 'EM TO SEE ME, SAYS TOWNS

Every Time I Sit Down to a Juicy Steak Now I Give Thanks to Tanlac, He Declares.

"Every time I sit down to a juicy steak now I give thanks to Tanlac for taking me off that milk and mush diet I had to live on for a year," said Joseph R. Towns, the well-known and popular proprietor of the Sanitary Meat Market, of Marshall, Mich.

"I had stomach trouble of the worst sort and was going down hill so fast I thought I would have to give up my business. I was so nervous and worried I dreaded to see night come, as it meant little for me and then in the morning I was so fatigued I dreaded to go to my market."

"The money I spent for Tanlac was the best investment I ever made. I never dreamed a medicine could do the work it did for me. Three bottles was all I needed to make me as sound as a dollar. I never felt better or more like working in my life than I do right now. I eat anything I want, my stomach is in good shape and I am brimful of energy. I sleep all night without turning over and get up in the morning as happy as a boy."

"Not only has Tanlac made me feel fit and fine, but I have also gained twenty-five pounds in weight. If anybody wants to know more about what I think of Tanlac let them come to me and I will be glad to tell them. It certainly hasn't an equal."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

NO LOSS IN THAT VENTURE

Darky Got More Out of Garden Than Ever the Owner Was Lucky Enough to Get.

Not long ago a couple of negroes who had long before been neighbors in a southern state rather unexpectedly met in Philadelphia. Of course, they talked of old times in the South and one of them remarked:

"How 'bout dat truck garden, Joe? When I left you had jest taken it over. Did it pay?"

"Well," said Joe, "I didn't have nothing to complain 'bout."

"I always had a mighty pore opinion 'bout dat truck garden," continued the other darky. "You remember I told you before you got it that you would never get your money back?"

"But I did get my money back," returned the other. "I made more out of that garden than the owner ever did."

"You don't say so?"

"I shore does," continued the other, "I got the rent out of it, and that's what the owner never got!" — Philadelphia Ledger.

Daddy's Usual Time.

Mother was entertaining a few friends, and her young hopeful was planted in the center.

"Whom do you like best?" asked one friend.

"Mother," was the reply.

"Who next?" asked another.

"My little sister."

"Who next?"

"Uncle Jack."

Father asked: "And when do I come in?" "At two in the morning," was the reply.

Applied Psychology.

"Did you call a plumber?" asked Mrs. Gadspar, "to mend that leaking pipe?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Gadspar, "but he'll probably take his time about getting here."

"Why do you think so?"

"I tried to master my emotion and talk in an ordinary tone of voice, but I'm afraid I created the impression that I wanted him to hurry." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mental butterflying at 2 a. m.

A great indoor sport for thoughtless people

One of the surest ways to become physically incapable of doing your best work is to get only snatches of sleep—broken by disturbing dreams.

If your sleep is being disturbed by drinking tea or coffee, you may be sowing the seeds of a nervous breakdown.

Do not wait until your nerves are affected by the drugs, then and caffeine, in tea or coffee. Protect your strength, vitality and endurance.

Have sound, restful sleep, and wake refreshed and fit for any task.

Postum, the delicious cereal beverage, with its golden-brown richness and coffee-like taste, will

let Nature restore your coffee-irritated nerves, and bring you sound, refreshing sleep.

Postum is wholesome and acts in a normal way. It possesses the advantages of a hot drink, without the ill effects of tea or coffee.

Drink Postum for a week or two. See what a difference it will make in you!

"There's a Reason."

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

At all grocers.