

Machinesti's been been followed the

and swiftest dog teams in the North

remark that Macdonald would soon

find out what he wanted with the out

blow up the safe must have taken ser

bet that the sled carried ferty then

lowed the probabilities logically, but

at this point it made a jump. There

ne at least two robbers. He was

morally sure of that, for this was not

one-man job. Now, if Holt had with

him a companion, who of all those to

Kustak was the most likely man? He

was a friendless, crabbed old fellow

Since coming to Kusiak old Gideon had

been seen constantly with one man

tweet and the district attorney walked

the landlord got a twanter and town

in In the wante price banket the dis

trict afformer femal mamething whi-

"One of those we keep our gold

at the bank," said the Scutsman after

a close examination. "This definitely

"He left the botel with Holt about

The room of Gordon Elliot was to

great disorder. Garments had been

tossed on the bed and on every chair

and had been left to lie wherever they

had chances to fall. Plainty their

Macdonald looked through the closet

All doubt of this was removed when

prospector reached town with the

news that he had met Holt and Elliot

The big Scotsman ordered his team

the great Alaska sweepstakes were

where clothes hung. "His new fut

Ove this morning, the porter care

therese to the resease birely board assered

from him a small cloth sack.

the country just now.

So far the mind of the Scotsman fol-

sand dollars in Alaska gold dust.

Macdonald was no stuggard. It was I recken it to casy to find out if here his habit not to let the pleasure of the darkness he eversiept and let the town waken before him. He was roused by the sound of knocking on his door.

"Who is it?" he asked. "It's me Jones Gopher Jones, Say. Mac, the bank ain't open and we can't rouse Milton. Thought I'd come to you, seeing as you're president of the shebang." In three minutes Macdonald joined

the marshal and walked down with him to the bank. He unlocked the front door and turned to the lit crowd that bad sathered. "Better wait here, boys. Gopher an-

I will go in. I expect everything i all right, but we'll let you know abou that as seen as we find out." The bank president opened the door

let the officer enter, and followed him The sun had not yet risen and the

blinds were down. Macdonald struck match and held it up. "Bank's been robbed," he announced

quietly. "Looks like," agreed Jones, His voice was uneven with excitement. The Scotch-Canadian lit another match. In the flare of it he saw that the steel grill cutting off the alcove was open and that the door had been blown from the safe.

The marshal clutched at the arm of the banker "Did on see that?" he whispered.

His finger pointed through the darkness to the other end of the room. It

lones. I want to look at things before and Wally of the bank. The mine The robbers have been cone for hours.

By the light of another match the mine-owner crossed the room into the sitting room of the eashier. Presently be returned with a lamp and let its light fall upon the figure lying siumped against the wall. A revolver by close to the inert fingers. The head huns he held up in a significant silence forward grote-squely upon the breast.

The dead man was Milton. His emplayer saw nothing ridiculous in the twisted neck and sprawling limbs. The cashier had died to save the mone;

entrusted to his care. Macdoneld handed the lamp to the for Elliot." marshal and picked up the revolver.

Every chamber was loaded. "They beat him to it. They were This was the contribution of the land probably here when he reached home. My guess is he heard them right away. got his gun, and came in. He's still wearing his dress suit. That gives us the time, for he left the club about midnight. Soon as they saw him they dropped him. I wouldn't have had this owner had been in great haste. happen for all the money in the safe."

"How such was there is it?" "I don't know exactly. The books coat is not here not his trail boots will show. I'll send Wally down to Looks to me as though Mr. Gordon had look them over hit the trail with his friend Holt."

"Shot right spang through the heart. looks like." commented Jones, following with his eye the course of the

"Wish I'd been here instead of b' a " they could drive the dogs. Macdonald said grimty. His eyes ened as he continued to look down life for his faithfulness. "It wasn't an furs. Colby Macdonald smiled with weren't built for a job like this. Robert the run at last. Milton, but you played your hand out Just as he closed the door of his

bell ring. He hestinted, then shrugged He turned abruptly away and began his shoulders and strode out into the examining the safe. The silver still storm. If he had answered the call stood sacked in one large compart be would have learned from Diane. ment. The bank notes had escaped the who was at the other end of the line. burried search of the robbers, but the that the stage upon which Shebs had gold was practically all gone. One started for Katma had not reached the pulling her from the horse. He dragged sack had been torn by the explosion roadbouse at Smith's Crossing. and single pieces of gold could be Five minutes later the winners of found all over the safe.

Macdonaid glanced over the papers rapidly. The officer picked up one of legens scattered over the floor. It was a mortgage note made out to the bank y a miner. He collected the others. Evidently the bandits had torn off the rubber, glanced over one or two to one if they had any cash value, and nesed the package into the air as a cambier does a pack of

The bank president stopped to the door and throw it open. He explained the situation in three sentences.

"I can't let you in new, boye, until the corneer has been here," be went on to tall the crowd. "But thate to one way you can all help. Keep your eyes pen. If you have seen any suspicious Wearone has left town in a burryor been seen deing anything during the light that you did not understand a

A man named Fred Tague pushed to be front. He kept a feed corral near ton who mushed out before five o'clock ne-end that's Old Helt'

Well, be's been beening it is

caping Macdenald's driving energy, appeal of Gordon Elliot's warm fries

She looked back at the horses labor ing up the hill. Swiftwater had got down and was urging them forward. and had let slip before witnesses the fit. The bank had been robbed after midnight. To file open the grill and to sard came bowling down the slope they would have a sweet time of eral hours. Before morning the dogs reaching safety. Smith's Crossing was of Holt had taken the trail. If their on the other side of the divide, only owner were with them, it was a safe nine miles away. They would have to worry through somehow.

Miss O'Neill knew that Swiftwater Pete was anxious, and though she was not yet afraid, the girl understood the reason for it. The road ran through

Cher had been with each other at din per and had later left the hotel to gether. The name of the man who had been so friendly with old Hott was Cordon Elliot and Elliot not only was

another enemy of Macdonald, but had Dewery good reasons for getting out of was narrowing to a tame whome walls she could almost touch with her fin-The strong law of the mine-owner gers. A pail of white wrapped them, stood out entiently as he gave short. Upon them beat a wind of stinging charp orders to men in the crowd. One sleet. Nothing could be seen but the we to get the coroner, a second Wall) blurred outlines of the stage and the Selfridge, another the United States driver's figure.

the faint gray light of coming day district attorney. He divided the rest. The hitter cold searched through Macdonald could one a huddled mass fato aguade to guard the roads leading Shelm's fure to her soft flesh and th face. The snow was getting desper expectedly beneath her. How long was it, she asked herself, that Macdonald had said men could live in a bill des dess.

> Apparently the told had been slept bumped into the driver. He had drawn made could not sleep. The boards the fish and a lump of tallow. He and before sending them plunging at the sensetimes the ellipsed into show again. Mardonald stepped forward and took

Smith's in the world. Goin' try for miner's cabin up guich little way."

The team stuck in the drifts, fought ties up Holt with the robbery. Now

Mrs. Olson, clinging to each other's news of their loss had reached Ku- noise she's fifty." hands stumbled forward to join him wisk. Were search parties out stready There soon was a crust on the snow The words he shouted across the back to rescue them? Colby Macdonald that held up the dogs and the sled so of a horse were almost lost in the had gone into the blister'd years ago to that trail breaking was not necessary.

heigvatime guich." Sheba made out.

roar of the shricking wind.

clambered upon its mate himself. traveling toward the divide us fast as they were going. The urge of life that a man must risk his own life to the muffler to another place. was so faint within her that she did move others. of Siberian wolf-hounds made ready not greatly care whether she lived or From a little knoll Sheba looked ermoon, but they kept traveling. Not the employee who had paid with his for the trail. As he donned his beavy died. Her face was blue from the cold, down upon the top of the stage three till they were well up toward the sumher vitality was supped. She seemed bundred yards below her, and while mit of the divide did they decide to even break. Poor old fellow! You deep satisfaction. He had Elliot on to herself to have turned to ice be she stood there the promise of the camp. They drove into a little draw low the hips. Numb though her an new day was biasoned on the sky. It and unharpessed the weary dogs. I gers were, she must keep them fas came with amazing beauty of green was bitterly cold, but they were forced to a fluish. That's all any man can room, Macdonald heard the telephone tened tightly in the frozen mane of the and primrose and amethyst, while the to set up the tent and stove to keet animal. She recited her lesson to her stare flickered out and the heavens self like a child. She must stick on

> -she must she must Whether she lost consciousness of not Sheba never knew. The next she realized was that Swiftwater Pete was her into a cable where Mrs. Olson lay crouched on the floor.

"Got to stable the horses," he ex-

plained, and left them. After a time be came back and lit a fire in the sheet-iron stove. As the circulation that meant life flooded back tuto ber chilled veins Sheba endured o half-hour of excruciating pain. Bhe had to cleach her teeth to keep back

the grouns. The cabin was empty of furniture except for a home-made table, rough stools, and the frame of a bed. The last occupant had left a little firewood reside the store, enough to last pe hape for tweety-four hours. did not need to be told that if the bit starve to death. In the handbag left prought the latter from the old coun try with her and was taking it and the checolates to the Husted children. But but now the stage was as far from

them as Drogheda. they were caught in a trap from which the weepen be put a cheerful face on

to Wore Flying Down the (Mass

Had she come into this Arctic soll-

As soon as the storm had moderated Swiftwater Pete had taken one of the orses for an attempt at trail break

"Me. I'm after that plum pudding cotts get a feed of oats from the for my bronche too. The sceper)

the heart of a vast snow-field, the sur Baldfisse git to bucking them drifts." Icy pyramid had to be knocked from face of which was being swept by a He had been gone two hours and the the sied every half hour. The snow obliterated Shaba transped behind the driver. But the cold was so hitter them with unexpected little ava stage driver and in her tracks walked that she soon gave up the attempt to lanches. fight her way through the drifts and They took turns in going aboad of " I wrom of the turned back to the cabin.

" come stumbling into their temporary need they were both utterty fatigued home. He was fagged to exhaustion They dragged forward through the but triumphant. Upon the table be slush, lifting their laden feet sluggish dropped from the crook of his numbed by. They must keep going, and they arm two packages.

"The makings for a Christmas dia- etep must be the last. ner," he said with a grin.

the store and fell at once into a sed to dig these out.

Staggering blindly forward. Sheets the had been to smore regularly. frigate and fed each hunky a twoned of up to give the horses a moment's rest great have and she was cold. Gordon made a pot of ten and ate some



Great Magician's wood had recreate

CHAPTER XXI.

Two on the Trail. They traveled light, not more than forty pounds to the dog, for they wanted to make speed. It was not cold for Holt had been a sour-dough miner too long to let his partner perspire from overmuch clothing. He knew the danger of pneumonia from a sudden cooling of the heat of the body.

Old Gideon took seven of his days. driving them two abreast. Six were huskies, rangy, muscular animals with thick, dense conts. They were in the best of spirits and carried their tall

erect like their Malemute leader. Butch, though a Malemute, had a strong strain of collie in him. It gave "atm a sense of responsibility. His busthems was to see that the team kept strung out on the trail, and Butch was a past-master in the matter of discipline. His weight was 68 fighting pounds, and he could thrush in short order any dog in the team.

The snow was wet and soft. It clung to everything it touched. The dogs carried pounds of it in the tufts of bair that rose from their backs. An ecreaming wind. The air was full of dusk was airendy descending over the shoes were heavy with white alush sifted white dust, and the road furrow white waste when Sheba ventured out. Densely laden spruce boughs brushed was rapidly filling. Soon it would be to see what had become of the stage the faces of the men and showered

the team and breaking trail. It was Stome time later Swiftwater Pete beavy, muscle grinding work. Before did, but it seemed to them that every

Shortly after noon the storm were Mrs. Oleon thawed out the pudding theif out. The temperature had been and the chosestes in the oven and steadily falling and now it took a rapid from. They were passing through timcots Pete had meed from the horse ber, and on a little slope they built fred. They are their one-sided meni with a great deal of difficulty a fire. in high spirits. The freeze had saved ity careful nursing they seem had a their lives. If it held clear till to- great boufire going in front of which scarfe and parkage to dry. The toes of and the hinges of her knees gave up. good and demottahed the legs of the lee balls. Gordon and Holt had to go

The old-timer thawed out a sinb of Presently Mrs. Olmon lay down on dried salmon till the fat began to

cave ber father. Perhaps be might The little party pounded steadily over ride have been out all night trying to save the barren hills. There was no sign ber father's daughter. Peter would go, of life except what they brought with He flung Mrs. Olson astride one of of course-and Gordon Elliot. The them into the greater silence beyond

the wheelers and helped Sheba to the work in the mines would stop and Each of the men wrapped a long back of the right leader. Swiftwater men would volunteer by scores. That scarf around his mouth and nose for was one fine thing about the North. protection, and as the part in front of The girl paid no attention to where It responded to the unwritten inw his face became a sheet of ice shifted

Night fell in the middle of the aftfrom freezing. Their numbed fingers made a slow job of the camp prepara tions. At last the store was going the dogs fed, and they themselves thawed out. They fell asleep shortly to the sound of the mournful howing

of the dogs outside. Long before daybreak they were !!! afoot again. Holt went out to chot some wood for the stove while Gordon made breakfast preparations. The little miner brought in an armful of wood and went out to get a second supply. A few moments later Elliot

beard a cry. He stepped out of the tent and ran to the spot where Holt was lying under a mass of ice and snow. The young man threw aside the broken blocks that had plunged down from a ledge

"Radly hurt, Old?" he asked. "I done bust my laig, son," the old map answered with a twisted grip. "You mean that it is broken?" "Tell you that in a minute."

He felt his leg carefully and with Millet's help tried to get up. Green tog. he slid back to the snow. "Tep. She's busted," he announced Gordon carried him to the tent and

him down carefully. The of miner swore softly. "Ain't this a devil of a note, boy! You'll have to get me to Smith's Cross

tog and leave me there."

Upon the load he put his companion well wrapped up in furs.

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