Gordon returned to the sled and

drove the team up the draw to the

"You must 'a' come right through

"You're right we did. This side pare

per of mine was bent on wrestling with

"Sorry you broke your inig. Gid."

"Then there's two of us sorry, Swif-

water. It's one of the best lakes I'v.

pever forget it as long as I live."

peeded no tempting

the old miner.

liot part of the way.

ome out for the injured man and Mrs.

Gordon thought her movements

faces. They spoke little as they swept

forward over the white snow wastes.

The spell of the great North was over

her. Its mystery was stirring in her

held out his bond to my good-by.

tettent, it was a stansa from Burns:

And the recite melt of the con-

The the sands of the shall run.

dark. Will you meet me?"

· blizzard." Holt answered dryly.

Swiftwater would aim for till the blig. Sheba of whom he was thinking, this girl so virginal of body and of mind. zard was over."

"Where is it?" demanded his friend. free and light-footed as a caribou on "Swing over to the right and follow the hills. the little guich. I'll wait till you come back."

knew that any moment now be might the storm lickitty split." Swiftwate: stumble upon the evidence of the sad said.

im like a bell that where tough. andy miners succumbed a frail giri bould have small chance.

He cut across over the hill toward the draw, and at what he saw his pulse luickened. Smoke was pouring out of what I am thinking of you. Mr. Holtroundward, as it does in the Arctic Suring very cold weather. Had Sheba how full our hearts are of the grati- So I'll not trouble you." ound safety there?

As he pushed forward the rising sun | voice. looded the earth with pink and struck of the young man for a moment toward | seen better dog punchers than Elliot, lier in the day. the hills.

The girl who held in her soft hands | them to kick in with him and buck a camp. Rejuctantly she decided to rethe happiness of his life stood looking blizzard. Me, o' course, I'm an old fool turn. at him. It seemed to him that she for comin'---" was the core of all that lovely tide of radiance. He moved toward her and booked down into the trench where she the kind of a fool I love, Mr. Hott. waited. Swif'ly he kicked off his mowshoes and leaped down beside her. The gienm of tenrs was in her eyes

as she held out both hands to him. comething about bone setting. Under During the long look they gave each ther something wonderful to both of them was born into the world.

When he tried to speak his hourse roice broke. "Shehe--little Shehn Thank God. yourop-" He swallowed the lump in his throat and tried again. "If you knewhod, how I have suffered! I was sfraid-I dared not let myself think.

A live pulse bent in her white thron!. The tears brimmed over. Then, some bow, she was in his arms weeping. Her



He Met the Touch of Her Burrendered

Lips.

eyes slowly turned to his, and he met the touch of her surrendered lips. Nature had brought them together by one of her resistless and unpremedi-

from him shyly. The conventions to ingo no expression. For though she do it. There was something flames she rushed into his arms like a love- so deeply. She was treading a world sick girl, taking it for granted that he primeval, the wonder of it still in her rhapsody. cared for her?

asked, with the little say stiffness of embarrasament.

"For you-yes." He could not take ble eres from her. It seemed to him that a bird was singing in his heart the gladness he could not express. He had for smay hours cate beauty vivid so the Bush of a

rould stand it no longer, I started. "Not on foot?"

"No, with Holt's dag team. He is His leg to broken. "Dring him to the cabin. I will tell

the others you are coming." "Have you had any food?" be neked.

pleaty of feed on the sled.

three miles an hour, and he knew that there was not another team or driver fored to go with her, but she had been relieved of his well-meant kindness h

ment. He had not inconded anything was it their purpose to cross the divide more than civility and he wanted this and go out over the ice to the coast?

ought to go slong and keep the dark going to harm her, unless she goes and sithout having a plan well worked out

stage driver. "Which she isn't going 'each the coast and make their getto do. Good of you to offer to go with away to Septile? Or would they dig me. Don't mind Mr. Holt. Everybody themselves in till the heavy snows Shebs turned to the old miner im- knows he doesn't mean half of what were past and come back to civilizathe chimney of a cabin and falling pulsively. "If you could be knowing he says. I'd be glad to have you come with me, but it isn't necessary at all.

Darkness fell quickly, but Sheba still tude-" She stopped, tears in her held to the trail. There was no sign "Sho! No need of that, miss. He of Elliot, but she felt sure he would million sparkies of color from the dragged me along." His thumb jerked come soon. Meanwhile she followed mow. The wonder of it drew the eyes toward the man who was driving. "I've stendily the tracks he had made ear-

She stopped at last. It was getting but he's got the world best at routin' A tumult of joy flooded his veins, bid-timers out of bed and persundin' much colder. She was miles from the came abruptly upon her, the man The dark eyes of the girl were like whom she had come out to meet.

Under the magic of the Northern etars in a frosty night. "Then you're stars they found themselves again in think it was just fine of you, and I'll each other's arms for that brief moment of joyful surprise. Then, as it Mrs. Obson had cooked too long in had been in the morning. Shebs drew number and mining camps not to know herself shyly away.

"They are waiting supper for us." her direction Gordon made splints and she told him irrelevantly.

belied her banque the broken leg. He did not shout out his happiness Shebs cooked an appetizing breakfast, and tell her to let them wait. For trying becon stimulated appetites that ful adventure of love that had befal ten them. It was enough for him that nutses when his swinging band

Holt and Bwiftwater the Shebs did not want to talk of this

new, amazing thing that had come into was too sacred a subject the began to tell him odd fancies from -bildbrood that Bagered in her Culti-"latten of sky and stars. She laughed The plan at last decided upon was wiftly at herself as she told them, but

that Gordon should make a dash for Gordon did not laugh at her. Everything she did was for him di vinely done. Even when his eyes were on the dark trail ahead he saw only the dusky leveliness of curred check. from leastimeter with a reclinate werenes are never privileged to know, the rhythm of head and body and element legs that was part of her

Macdonald had taught Sheba how to individual beaven-sent charm. use snowshors and she had been an The rest finished supper before Gor apt pupil. From her suitcase she got don and Shebs reached camp, but Mrs. out her moccasins and put them on. Olson had a bot meal waiting for them She borrowed the snowshoes of Helt, "I fixed up the tent for the women wrapped herself in her parks, and anfolks-store, sleeping bags, plenty of nounced that she was going with Eiwood. Touch a match to the fire and if'll be snug as a bug to a rug," ex

miracle of supple lightness. Her lines plained Swiftwater to Gordon. Elliot and Shebs were to start early had the swelling roundness of vital for Kusink and inter the rescue parts youth, her eyes were alive with the would arrive to take care of Holt and eagerness that time dulls in most

"You better light that stove. Elliot." beart, just as it had been when her arranging the sleeping bags when She tips had turned to his at the sunrice, be entered. He tried to walk out withshe drew away like old wine. But he allowed his feet- back his good-night. But he could not for the huskies."

"It's to be a long trail we cover to vide soft eyes. Would she waken to love morrow, Sheba. You must sleep. Good

"Good night---Gordon." There was a little fash of audacity "Will you come back the day" de called him by his given name. "Yes. I cought to get here soon after Elliot throw away prodence and

caught ber by the hands. the cave him a mick, shy little ned. "My dear-my dear!" he cried.

another with quite the same delight.

tioned. Mrs. Oleon bustled into the tel

"Good might" echood suffit to the deletal howting of the huntle

in the North could have done so well. It was close to noon when he reached a division of the road known as the Fork. One trail ran down to the river. and up it to the distant creeks. The other led across the divide, struck the Yukon, and pointed a way to the coast. White drifts had long since blotted out

the track of the sled that had preeded him. Had the fugitives gone up the river to the creeks with intent to sole themselves up for the winter? Or The pursuer knew that Gtd Holt was

wise as a weaset. He could follow slindfolded the paths that led to every reek in the gold-fields. It might be mken as a certainty that he had not slunged into such a desperate venture referehand. Elliot had a high grade Sheba's smile cooled the heat of the af intelligence. Would they try to tion with the story of a lucky strike to account for the gold they brought with them? Neither gold dust nor nuggets could be identified. There would be no way of proving the story false. The only evidence against them would be that they had left at Kusiak and this was merely of a correborative kind. There would be no chance of convicting them upon it.

> To strike for Senttle was to throw away all pretense of innocence. Fugitives from justice, they would have to cape. The hunt for them would con: the buried man. He cut the thongs tage the gallows. The Scotsman put tents of the pack spilled out. himself in the place of the men he was trailing. Given the same conditions.

> he knew which path he would follow. Macdonald took the trail that led chance, much more than he had exdown to the river, to the distant gold pected to find. Using his snowshow as man-hunters in many a deserted cab

marooned by the deep snows. Even the tron frame and steel muscles of the Scotch-Canadian protested against the task he had set there light till dark Culby Macdonald fought with drifts and bremsted the storm. It after night had fallen he staggered into

the but of two prospectors, his parks the stable and called a cheerful good so stiff with frozen snow that it had to be beaten with a hammer before the coat could be removed. "How long since a dog team passed

his first operation. "No dog team has passed for four days," one of the men answered. "You mean you haven't seen one,"

-seven huskies and two men?" was

Mardonald corrected. mean none has passed—unless it went by in the night while we slept. ready yet?" And even then our dogs would have

Mardonald flung his ice-conted gloves to a table and stooped to take off his face disappeared. "Imblin Bay" sound mukluks. His face was blue with the ed in her fresh young voice from the cold, but the blenk look in the eyes tent. Gordon joined in the song as be came from within. He said nothing lit the fire and sliced bacon from more until he was free of his wet frozen sinb of it. ciothes. Then he sat down heavily and passed a hand over his frozen eye rupted the song. They had evidently

care of my dogs. There is food for them on the sled," he said.

While he are he told them of the bank robbery and the murder. Their resentment against the men who had done it was quite genuine. There could be no doubt they told the trut when they said no sied had preceded his. They were honest reliable pros-"Time to turn in." Holt advised pectors. He knew them both well. The weary man slept like a log. He The young man was still to the tent opened his eyes next morning to find

"Six o'clock, Mr. Macdonaid, You: A stress of emotion had swept her As for him, love ran through his veins out touching her, intending to call breakfast is ready. Jim is looking out

Half as hour later the Scotsma gave the order. "Mush!" He was or again, this time on the back trail a far as the Narrows, from which poin be mount to strike across to interse the fork of the road leading to the di

The storm had passed and when the late oun rose it was to a blue sky. Finenough the day was overhead, but the washy snow, where it was worn this on the river by the sweep of the wine made heavy travel for the dogs. Macdonald was glad enough to reach the Narrows, where he could turn from the river and cut across to bit the trail of

Over a ridge the team plunged down

run the wavering tracks left by a sloc He was on the beels of his enemy at

he turned back to his Siberiat ten yards from him, something was the foot of a man.

Slowly Macdonald moved toward it across-one of the tragedies



that in the North are likely to be found in the wake of every widespread blin tard. Some unfortunate traveler, blinded by the white swirt, had wandered from the trail and had staggered up a draw to his death.

With a little digging the Alaskan uncovered a leg. The man had died where he had fallen face down. Macdonald secoped away the snow and disappear from sight in order to es ,ound a pack strapped to the back of ? tinue until at last they were unearthed. and tried to case it away. But the One fork of the road led to compara. gunnymack had frozen to the parks. windings to the penitentiary and per gave way under the strain. The con-

The eyes in the grim face of Macdonald grew hard and steely. He had found, by some strange freak of gave a cry of associahment.

Gordon overstept His plan had been to reach Kuniak at the end of a long Say's truvel, but that had meant getting on the trail with the first gleam of When he opened his eyes Mra

Mrs. Otson had put the store outside the tent and Gordon lifted it to the

tpot where they did the cooking. "Good morning neighbor," he called to Shebo "Steep well?" The little rustling sounds within the

tent censed. A face appeared in the doorway the flagm drawn discreetly close beneath the chin.

"Never better. Is my breakfam

"Come and help me make it. Mrs Olson is waiting on Holt." "When I'm dressed." The smilling

The howling of the huskies inter-

heard something that excited them. "Get me something to eat and take Gordon listened. Was it in his fand only that the breeze carried to him the faint lingle of sieigh-bells? The sound if it was one, died away. The cook turned to his job.

He stopped sawing at the meat, knife and bacon both suspended in the air On the hard snow there had come to him the crunch of a foot behind him Whose? Sheba was in the tent. Swift water at the stable, Mrs. Olson in the house. Slowly be turned his head.

What Elliot saw sent the starch through his body. He did not move an inch, still sat crouched by the fire, but ill every nerve was at tension, every muscle taut. For he was looking at a !!! rifle lying negligently in brown, steady hands. They were very sure hands, very competent ones. He knew that because he had seen them in action. The owner of the hands was Colby Macdonald.

edge of a willow grove. His face was grim as the day of judgment. "Don't move," be ordered. Elliot laughed irritably. He was both

The Scotch-Casadian stood at the

annoyed and diaguated. "What do you want?" he spapped.

"What's worrying you now? Do you think I'm jumping my bond?" "You're going back to Kusiak with

"Just as I'm telling you. I've been You and Holt are going back with me []

"But what for?"

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