

The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER XVIII.

Standing motionless in the dreadful gloom of blindness, insensible to the growing cold, Bill made himself look his situation in the face.

Finally his thought seized upon an idea so fantastic, seemingly impossible of achievement, that at first he could not give it credence.

His snowshoe tracks probably were not yet obliterated under the wind-blown snow. Could he feel his way along them back to the cabin?

The miles were many and long, but he wouldn't have to creep on hands and knees all the way. He groped about at the side of the cabin for his snowshoes.

He found them in a minute, then walked straight as he could fifty feet out from the door. Once more he went on hands and knees, groping in the icy snow. He started to make a great circle.

Fifteen feet farther he felt a break in the even surface. The snow had been so soft and his shoes had sunk so deep that the powdered flakes the wind had stirred during the night had only half filled his tracks. He started to follow them down.

He would walk ahead five paces, then drop down and grope again for the tracks. Sometimes he found them at once, often he had to go on his hands and knees and start to circle. Then, finding the trail, he would mush on for five steps more.

Oh, the way was cruel! He could not see to avoid the stinging lash of the spruce needles, the cruel blows of the branches. Already the attempt began to partake of a quality of nightmare.

He could not judge distance or time. Already it seemed to him that he had been upon the journey endless hours. He didn't know how far he had come. The only thought he had left was always to count his terrible five steps and count five more.

On and on, through the long hours. But the fight was almost done. Exhaustion and hunger, but cold most of all, were swiftly breaking him down.

The time came at last when he could no longer get upon his feet. And now, like a Tithonus who could not die, he crawled along the snowshoe trail on his hands and knees.

"I can't go on," he told himself.

Yet always his muscles made one movement more.

Suddenly he missed the trail. His hand groped in vain over the white crust, and he started to creep forward again.

But slowly the conviction grew upon him that he was crawling in a small circle—the very circle he had just made. Some way he had missed the snowshoe trail.

Slowly he sank down in the snow.

CHAPTER XIX.

When the southeast wind struck the home cabin, Virginia's first thought was for Bill.

Harold's first thought was also of Bill. He knew what the wind could do to a snow crust. His eyes gleamed with high anticipations, curiously intertwined with the remembrance of the dark cavern he had entered yesterday, the gravel laden with gold.

"I only wish I hadn't let him go," the girl's tone was heavy and dull.

"But we have to have supplies." "We could have gone out on that grizzly meat."

The afternoon that followed was endlessly long and lonely. Her heart sank at every complaint of the wind, and she dreaded the fall of the shadows.

All through the hours of early night she slept only at intervals.

She wakened before dawn; and the icy, winter stars were peering through the cabin window.

Shivering, she slipped quickly into her clothes. Then she lighted a candle and put on her snowshoes. She rushed across the little space of snow to the men's cabin.

She knocked on Harold's door. "Who's there?" a sleepy voice answered.

"It's I—Virginia. I'm up and dressed. Did Bill come back?"

"Bill? No—and what on earth are you up this early for? Forget about Bill and go back to bed."

"Listen, Harold," she pleaded. "Don't tell me to go back to bed. I feel—I know something's happened to him. And—and I want you to go out and look for him."

Harold had no desire to rescue Bill. Besides, he was angry and bitterly jealous at her concern for him.

"You do, eh—you'd like to send me out on a bitter night like this on a fool's errand such as that. Where is there a cabin along the way—you'll only kill me without helping him."

"You won't go then?" "Don't be foolish, Virginia."

Angry words rose in her throat, but she suppressed them.

She went swiftly to her cabin, put on her warmest clothing, and, as Bill had showed her, rolled a compact pack for her back.

She took a little package of food—nourishing chocolate and dried meat—the whisky flask that had been her salvation the night of the river experience, and a stub of a candle for fire-building.

Then, with never a backward look, she started away down the dim, wind-blown snowshoe trail.

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CHAPTER XX.

Now that the fight was done, Bill lay quite calm and peaceful in the drifts. The pain of the cold and the wrack of exhausted muscles were quite gone.

He was face to face with the flaming truth, and he knew his fate.

On the trail that he had made on the out-journey, and which he had tried so vainly to follow back, Virginia came musing toward him.

It was a long, hard, nerve-racking trek.

Finally where the trail entered the spruce thicket, her keen eyes made out a curious, black shadow against the snow.

The heart in her breast turned to ice, her blood seemed to go still in her veins. She recognized this figure now. It was Bill, lying in the frozen drifts.

She fairly raced toward him.

Now she knelt beside him, and with no knowledge of effort turned him over and lifted his head and shoulders into her arms.

His eyes were closed, his face expressionless, his arms dropped limply to his side.

She sobbed softly, and her tears lay on his face.

"Bill, oh, Bill, won't you wake up and speak to me?" she cried. She pleaded softly, but he didn't seem to hear.

"Come back to me, Bill—I need you," she told him. "It's so cold—and I'm afraid. Oh, please open your eyes."

She kissed him over and over—

CHAPTER XXI.

Bill had not been lying long in the snow.

And now he thought he was in the midst of some wonderful, glorious dream.

"Virginia," he whispered. "Is it you, Virginia—come to me?"

Then, so clearly that he could no longer retain the delusion of dream, he heard his answer.

"Yes—and I've come to save you."

She gave him liquor. He felt the strength returning to his muscles. He tried to open his eyes.

"I'm blind—" he told her. "No matter. I'll save you. Can you eat?"

The man nodded.

She thrust a fragment of sweet chocolate into his mouth, permitting it to melt.

"You'd better get to your feet as soon as you can—and try to get the blood flowing right again. We're only a few miles from the cabin—if you'll just fight we can make it in."

He shook his head. "I can't—I can't go any further. I can't see the way."

"But I'll lead you. Try with every muscle you've got, Bill—for me!"

She made no other appeal. She took his hand, and they started musing over the drifts.

They won at last.

And Harold stared at them like a lifeless thing as Bill reeled through the cabin doorway. Virginia led him to her own cot, then drew the blankets over him. And she was not so exhausted but that she could continue the fight for his recovery.

"Build up the fire, and do it quickly," she ordered Harold. Her tone was terse, commanding, and curiously he leaped to obey her. She removed Bill's snow covered garments, and as Harold went out to procure more fuel she put the water on the stove to heat.

Then, procuring snow, she began to rub Bill's right hand, the hand that had been frozen in his effort to grope for the trail.

It is one of the peculiar faculties of the human body to recover quickly from the effects of severe cold. About midnight Bill awakened from a long sleep, wholly clear-headed and free

from pain. Wet bandages were over his eyes.

He groped and in a moment found Virginia's hands.

She was still sitting beside his bed, wrapped in a blanket.

He started to get up so that she could have her own cot. Gently she pushed him down.

"But I'm all right now," he told her. "I'm sleepy—and sore—but I'm strong as ever. Let me get to my bed and get some sleep."

"No. I'm not sleepy yet."

But Bill laughed, the same gay laugh that had cheered her so many times. "It's my turn to be nurse—now," he told her. "Get in quick."

"But I have some blankets spread on the floor," she objected. "I can go to sleep there, when—I'm tired."

"And I can go to sleep there right now."

With his strong arms he half lifted her and laid her in his warm place. The touch of his hand was in some way wonderful—so strong, so comforting.

"Good night, Bill," she told him sleepily.

In the hours of refreshing slumber that lasted full into the next morning, there was but one curious circumstance.

These were four shots, one swiftly upon another. Four—and the figure four had a puzzling, yet sinister significance to Bill's mind.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Something unusual in new house frock just from Paris has a fitted basque bodice and capelet kimono sleeves.

The designer of course realized that a house frock must be easily slipped into, opened at the side. This side-wrapped treatment is decidedly slimming.

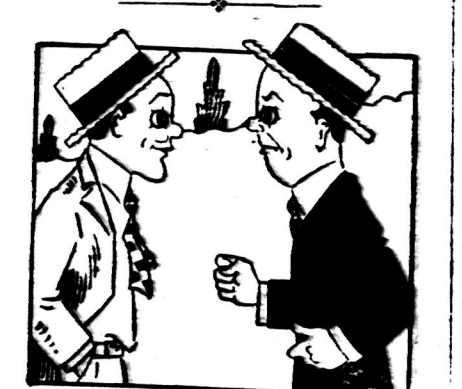
The circular skirt hugs the hips with gradual widening toward the hem.

It is a pique print in blue and white with blue bias binding.

Style No. 2502 can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Tub silks, linen, men's cotton shirting and dimity appropriate.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.



"It looks like rain."

"What looks like rain?"

"A shower bath in action."

A man accused of stealing washing from a clothes line said that he was a staunch teetotaler. He hated the sight of three sheets in the wind.

If insects can't think, how does a fly know when you reach for a swat instead of a sweet?

Minard's Liniment gives quick relief.

Unwholesome Mind Creates Ailments?

Detroit, Mich.—Growing knowledge that bodily disease is directly traceable to mental causation, a conviction often expressed by eminent physicians and surgeons on both sides of the Atlantic, was given a prominent place on the program of the American Medical Association, which held its annual meeting here recently.

In a paper on "The Menace of Mental Factors in Bodily Diseases," Dr. Cornelius C. Wholey of Pittsburgh declared:

"A vast amount of evidence has accumulated to show that mental conflicts and emotional disturbances upset the normal physiological functions which regulate secretion, circulation, digestion and respiration.

"If this system is disturbed, functional disability takes place in the viscera associated with these functions such as kidneys, heart and stomach. When this functional upset persists in time it may become organic."

This "vicious circle," he declared, to be the least susceptible to medical treatment.

Dr. Wholey brought out that "medical and surgical conditions are often imitated and exaggerated by mental causes."

Dr. George A. Moleen of Denver told the convention that mental shock has been known to result in ulcer of the stomach.

Dr. George S. Derby of Boston said that "many cases of eye strain were mostly neurotic." He discussed cases in which patients had so frightened themselves with the dread of loss of sight that they developed bad neuroses.

In most of these cases, he declared, there was little if anything wrong with their eyes.

Dr. Esther Loring Richard of Baltimore contributed the information that "40 per cent. of the men and women who consult physicians for a wealth of distressing ailments are victims of poor health associated with an unwholesome state of mind."

Dr. W. J. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., added to the cumulative evidence lodged against the mental factor as an offender in physical disorder, pointing out that heart disease "is practically prevalent among those who lead lives of emotional stress."

Ford Will Follow Carnegie's Example

Henry Ford expresses the intention of following the example of Andrew Carnegie and spending the remainder of his days in dispensing an odd hundred millions of his wealth for the good of humanity. The automobile magnate probably begins to realize that industrial success and the accumulation of wealth offer no prospect of enduring fame. Andrew Carnegie would be almost forgotten to-day were it not for his libraries, and though Rockefeller is alive he too would already have passed almost into oblivion, as far as the younger generation is concerned, were it not for the Foundation that bears his name. True greatness comes only from service to mankind.

The making and administration of millions of dollars is apt to absorb so much of a man's time and energy that he has no opportunity to win for himself an enduring name. As a consequence those who gain a place among the immortals are often poor men, or men of moderate means, to whom money is a secondary object, or on object at all. When the Emperor Napoleon commiserated with Louis Pasteur because his discoveries had not brought him wealth, that greatest Frenchman of his generation expressed satisfaction that it was so, since money would have been a handicap to him in his work. There are exceptions, where money has been but a by-product, or a means to an end, as in the case of Cecil Rhodes, the great Empire builder. It remains to be seen whether Henry Ford has it in him still to win a place among the immortals by rendering services that will be remembered gratefully when automobiles are found only in museums.—Orillia Packet-Times.

There are eighteen rare earths, each of which is one of the ninety-two elements. The first discovered was Yttrium and the last Ilinium, says the Associated Press.

There is a delicate mellow flavour to Salada Japan Tea

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

Dogs Carrying Headlights To Guide Blind Masters

A Berlin blind man has invented an illuminated dog so that he and other blind individuals may be led out for walks at night as well as in the daytime. Dogs are now trained in Europe to guide blind people virtually anywhere, the only necessity being that the dog has learned the route to be followed. The intelligent animals lead their blinded charges safely through the traffic on the sidewalks, give the necessary signals to stop for street crossings and the like, and even are capable, with occasional assistance from kindly citizens or traffic officers, to convey a blind individual safely through the vehicular traffic of the street itself. This works well enough in the daytime, when the dog can see his route and when human bystanders can perceive the circumstances and

can render help if necessary. At night, the method of dog guidance is less used. The dog himself sees imperfectly. Human beings are apt to mistake the facts and cause accidents. This is the opportunity which the Berlin inventor sees for his invention. A small electric lamp is attached to the dog so that he can see his way. Another signal light may be placed on the animal's back so that nearby human beings see just what is going on. These lamps are supplied with electric current from a small dry battery carried by the dog in a simple harness worn on his back. The blind man can tell by feeling the warmth of the lamps whether or not they are burning properly. The dog might even be trained, it is probable, to turn these lamps on and off as required.

Little winds are lifting up the silver poplar leaves To find where snug brown nests are built In trees and under eaves, And through the air a robin weaves Song ruffles row on row: "Cherry time in Michigan, Cherry—cherry—O."

Cherry time and robin time And summer time are here; The scent of fresh red clover fills The balmy atmosphere, And robins carol high and clear Across the morning's glow; "Cherry time in Michigan, Cherry—cherry—O."

Cherry time and robin time And summer time again; Could anything be lovelier To winter-weary men Than the song of robin redbreast when He sings with trills a-blow: "Cherry time in Michigan, Cherry—cherry—O."

—Hazel Harper Harris.

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