Tresh from the gardens'

The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

BEGIN HERE TODAY

themselves forest prisoners in Bill's cabin in the Clearwater of Canada. Bill was hired by Virginia to guide her in her search for her fiance, Harold Lounsbury, who vanished in the Clearwater six years before. Her fiance's uncle and six years before. Her fiance's uncle and six years before. Bill worded the party Bill worded the descent her few clothes clean and he asked. a cook. Vosper, completed the party. Bill and Virginia were engulfed in fording Grizzly river. Bill saved Virginia's life. The others left on the opposite shore, deserted. Bill hopes to look also for the lost mine of dis father, murdered by a partner.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII.

pier than she had hoped.

She liked the hours of sober talk in the evenings. Sometimes they would business. Ever Virginia kept watch

When time hung heavy on her hands sign of human wayfarers other than old Lounsbury, the same man who to do anything about it—now. I didn't



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veloped, she breathed deep of the cold Bill Bronson and Virginia Tremont find mountain air, and she had more en-

ergy than she could easily spend. She fought away the tendency to at Bill's first question. "Did one of

wild. The study of Nature was constantly more absorbing to the girl. In these excursions Virginia learn-

ed to use her pistol with remarkable Virginia found the days much nap- acuracy. Her strength increased; she could follow wherever Bill led. They did not forget their graver

She had abundant health. The ex- a sign of an old camp or a pile of to find. perience seemed to build her up, ra- washings beside a stream. When he ed. His lips were loose, his eyes nervther than injure her. Her muscles dethe gravel and it seemed to him he ous and bright, his hands did not hold noyance and anxiety that at first Bill the gravel, and it seemed to him he combed the entire region between the wilderness had crushed in its brutal of the cabin. two little tributaries of Grizzly River grasp-indicated on his map. But with the

> Every day winter strengthened its rackles.

Even the rapids of the river had egun to freeze.

But now the snowshoe frames were pression of his face, and most of all marry squaws," stretched across to make the webs.

It did not mean, however, that the rubbish and filth. time was ripe for them to take their sled and mush into Bradleyburg. The his identity could not be mistaken.

Came a clear, icy night, and the ed the North to seek. Northern Lights were more vivid and beautiful than ever. Bill thought Virginia was watching their display; if answered. he had known the real subject of her he had known the real subject of her thoughts, he would not have come and you want?" stood in the doorway with her.

"We're not the only ones to see it," Virginia told him softly. "Somewhere tory." think-I feel-that Harold is watching it, too. Somewhere over this

Bill did not answer, and the girl turned to him in tremulous appeal. "Won't you find him for me, Bill?" she cried. "You are so strong, so capable-you can do anything, anything you try. Won't you find him and

bring him back to me?" The man looked down at her, and nis face was ashen.

CHAPTER VIII.

One clear, icy night a gale sprang up in the east, and Virginia and Bill fell to sleep to the sound of its complaint. And when Bill went forth for his morning's woodcutting he found that his snowshoes did not break through the crust.

The wind had blown and crusted the drifts during the night. This permitted him to mae a dash

over to a certain stream further down toward the Yuga River in search of any sign of the lost mine.

When about twelve miles from the cabin he saw, through a rift in the distant trees, a human trail in the

He stood a moment in the drifts, torn by an inner struggle.

All his fondest hopes, his dreams, all the inner guardians of his own happiness told him to keep his search, to journey on his way and forget he had seen the tracks. Every desire of Self spoke in warning to him.

But Bill Bronson had a higher law than self. Long ago, in front of the ramshackle hotel in Bradleyburg, he had given a promise—to find Harold Lounsbury.

He turned and went over to investigate the tracks.

He followed swiftly down the trail, anxious to now his fate at the first possible intsant. He saw that the trail was fresh, made that morning; he had every reason to think that he could overtake the man who had made it within a few hours-

He did not catch up with the traveler in the snow. But shortly after

Use Minard's for Rheumati m.

the neon hour his keen eyes saw a wisp of smoke drifting through the and his heart leaped in h breast. He pushed on emerging all

It was a lean-to rather than a cabin A fire smoldered in front. And his heart leaped with indescribable relief when he saw that neither of the two men that were squatted in the lean-to mouth was the stranger who had passed his camp six years before.

Bill had old acquaintance with the type of man that confronted him now. One of them was Joe Robinson-an Indian who had wintered in Bradleyburg a few years before.

His companion, Pete the Breed, half-breed with a mixture of French was a man unknown to Bill.

There are certain laws, among the northern men, as to trapping rights Mostly they are unwritten; but their influence is felt clear beyond the Arctic Circle. They state quite clearly that when a man lays down a line of traps, for a certain distance on each side of him the district is his, and no one shall poach on his preserves. And these Indians had lately been partners in an undertaking to clear the whole region of its furs.

They had no idea but that Bill had discovered their trap lines and had come to make trouble.

you make those tracks out there?"

"No," Joe grunted. "Our pardner made it. Follow it down-pretty soon find another cabin."

CHAPTER IX.

Bill only had to turn to see the It was a new cabin, just erected,

chimney. Bill rapped on the door. play through the records, and so well for a track that was not an animal had Bill made his selections that she track, a blaze on a tree not made by glance twice at the bearded face to "And what are you going to do about the teeth of porcupine or grizzly, a know in whose presence he stood. it?" She had her lonesome hours, but charted cooling rack over the bad found no changed as ne was, there was no "The queer thing is—" and Bill changed as ne was, there was no "The queer thing is—" and Bill changed as ne was, there was no changed as ne was, there was no the change of human wavfarers other than changed as ne was, there was no the change of human wavfarers other than change of human wavfarers other human wavfarers of hum

Bill saw that the man was frighten-what do you know about her?"

difficult. Unlike Virginia, he was altrim: except for a suspicious network and came stolidly inside. of red lines in his cheeks and a yellow tinge to the whites of his eyes, he cliffs of the Selkirks when he turned would have seemed in superb physical condition.

done, wrought from tough spruce, and in the surroundings in which he lived. He was utterly unkempt and slov- a gentleman," Bill went on in the For a few days Bill and Virginia lips, his matted hair was dull with a squaw man." enly. His coarse beard covered his same strange, at voice, "and I find had been captives in the cabin, and dirt, his skin was scarcely less dark they held high revels in celebration of than that of the Indians themselves. their completion. Now they could go The nails on his hands were foul; the floor of the house was cluttered with

snow was till too soft for long jaunts. Here was the man Virginia had pierc-

"What do you want?" he asked. "You're Lounsbury, of course," Bill

"You've been living on the Yuga. You came up here to trap my terri-

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do, miss?" "Give me a roll of film for

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"Have you been home for a visit this year yet, Mrs. Aitken?" asked her neighbor as they chatted across the

"No! and I'm not going," Mrs. Aitken replied. "That is, not in the way you are thinking of—the old way." "It's like this," she continued: "Tom and I made a good many trips home during the year. Often we went without telling mother only to find either her or father indisposed. We could not stay and you can imagine what a pull it was to leave them to say nothing of the expense and trouble.

"Coming back from our last visit we decided that all things considered it would be far better for us all if we just had a little chat over the 'phone with Mother or Father once a week—then during our regular holidays, take a trip home and pay a real visit.

"We all look forward to the chats every week. They keep us in touch with one another all the time and are really so much more satisfactory than the hurried visit. "Tom says it is the 1930 method of visiting the home folks."

I say," cried the bright young my pocket camera, quick!"

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snowy roof of the cabin, two hundred allies—Pete and Joe. "And what if tion is not always from the worse to store, "father's being chased by a Lounsbury remembered his stanch the better."—Dean Inge.

"You knew I trapped here. You and smoke drifted raintly from its brought up Joe Robinson and a breed with you. You meant to clean up this Add To Your Summer Home Enjoyment With a Cruisabout!

magazines that Bill had brought up to magazines that Bill had brought up to mine. He looked for blazes, too; for to find.

Bill never ceased to search for his same lost lover that Virginia had come came—about Virginia Tremont." had passed his camp years before, the come to see you about trapping. I

This did not mean that his health and untidiness a fair representative deepening snow search was ever more was wasted. His body was strong and of her breed—pushed through the door

Bill's face was stern as the gray again to Harold. "Is that your woman?" he asked simply. Harold shrugged. "One doesn't

Minard's for Falling Hair. Disappointed

(To be continued.)

"Were you impressed with the culpture in Europe?" "No, you can see just as good radi-

ator caps right here in Canada." I'd like to go to sea, you know,



so popular! They cut so easil nd with such little push"



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