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## The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

MY DEAR MR. BRONSON:

provincial game commission that you On the other side was a cabin which can be employed as guide for hunting Bronson had erected as part of the on to my shoulder?" he asked her. parties wishing to hunt in the Clear- chain he used when trapping. The water, north of Bradleyburg. I do not river, flowing wild, threatened deathwish to hunt game, but I do wish to But beyond was comfort. my flance, Mr. Harold Lounsbury, of office where he had amassed wealth his shirt. And he began, a little at a slyest, smoothest, and trickiest diplopenetrate that country in search of Kenly Lounsbury, fresh from the est shore." who disappeared in the Clearwater "Can't you try the ford?" he dedistrict six years ago. I will be ac- manded of Bill. companied by Mr. Lounsbury's uncle, "Sure, if you want," answered the He had never been put to a greater has his critics here on other issues, Kenly Lounsbury, and I wish you to woodsman, tall, straight, squareat once. You will be paid the usual laking in courage. outfitter's rates for thirty days. We will arrive in Bradleyburg September terrible waters on Mulvaney, a horse than once he felt himself weakening.

Yours sincercly, VIRGINIA TREMONT.

This was the note that brought Bill Bronson to the brink of Grizzly River water's bring on Buster, a mount with Bill's arm encountered it, then on a snow-driven day of October. In heart of steel but lacking in the stam- snatched at it in a final, spasmodic his party were Kenly Lounsbury, his ina that had given Mulvaney a name impulse of his muscles. And his grip nephew's flaniee, Virginia, and Bron-throughout the Clearwater. son's cook, Vosper.

The weather, promising fair when words. "Bronson—Bill—come back, they had ridden out of Pradleyburg Oh, why did I ever let you go!" into the forest, had turned cold. A For Bill did not look around. Alheavy snow blanketed the forest; a ready the sound of the waters had obsnow that might have induced Bill scured the voices on the shore. Again

One was the promise that he had given Virginia Tremont to find her water. Vosper, his craven soul whimlost lover—a man whom he dimly repering within him, had fallen to the collected as having met several years last place in the line, but Lounsbury previously. The other was that this tried to seize her bridle as she pushed that the fight was only helf was more chance to look for his father's lost mine, somewhere beyond Grizzly fool?" he cried. "Come back."

Bronson's father and a man named Rutherford had discovered this mine; she replied. "Now-it's the sporting they worked it together for a season thing—to follow him." -and then no more could be learned of them or their whereabouts till it horse's knees. was verified that Rutherford had crossed from Canada into the States half-light, Bill still rode on toward the yond the border he disappeared com- of the current. pletely—and the only possible deduction was that he had murdered the was battling for its life.



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The trip from Bradleyburg to Griz- of their trail, this relationship could esque. Americans have always had a I am informed by the head of your zly River had been an arduous one. never be destroyed.

whose mettle equalled his rider's, Virginia Tremont's first instinct was to after al. A jack pine had fallen on

she hesitated. Then she pressed forward to the merged, forty feet out into the stream.

Bronson to turn back, except for two she called, unheard. Then she lashed her horse with the bridle rein.

"Where are you going, you little The girl turned her head. Her face

The water splashed about her

with the whole season's gleanings of opposite shore. And now—full halfgold, amounting to a vast sum. Be- way across—he was in the full force

At that instant Bill glanced around, the cabin. We're across the river, you intending to warn his party not to attempt the crossing. He saw the dim shape of Virginia close behind him, riding into the full strength of the

All color swept in an instant from his face, leaving it gray and ashen as the twilight itself.

He knew that Buster's strength was not that of Mulvaney's and he couldn't live in the deepest, swiftest part of the river that lay before her.

"Turn back," he said. "Turn your horse, Virginia—easy as you can."

At the same instant he turned his own horse back into the full fury of the torrent. Buster wheeled, struggling to keep his feet. Mulvaney pushed on, clear to the deepest, wildest portion of the

stream. And then Virginia's horse pitched forward into the wild waters. In the half-light it was impossible even for Bill to follow the lightning events of the next second. He saw the horse struggle, flounder, then roll on his back from the force of the current. It swept him down as the wind sweeps! a straw. And he say Virginia strug- Use Minard's for Burns.

gie to shake losse from the saddle. He had but an instant's glimpse of a white face in the gray water, of hair that streamed; and instanc's realization of a faint cry that the waters

He knew the terror of that gray whiripool below. He had every reason to believe that by no possible effort of his could he save the girl; he would only throw away his own life, too. Yet he was out of the saddle almost

the instant that the waters engulfed her. He sprang with his full strength into the stream.

On the bank the two men saw it as in a dream. They called out in their impotence, and they gazed with horrorwidened eyes. The waters swept the struggling figures down the stream and out of their sight.

Mulvaney, riderless, was battling toward them through the torrent. The storm recommenced, the wind wailed in the pruce tops, and the snow sifted down into the gray waters

Bill Bronson had no realization of the full might of the stream until he felt it around his body.

He swam with his eyes open, full in the current, and with a really incredible speed. And by the mercy of the forest gods almost at once he caught a glimpse of Virginia's dark tresses in the water.

The man seemed simply to leap through the vate . And in an instant more his arm went about her. "Give yourself to the current." he

shouted. "And hang on to me." He knew this river. They were just entering upon a stretch of water dreaded of old by the rivermen that had sometimes plied down the stream of the Naval Conference were not in their fur-laden canoes—a place of helped by the remarkable outburst pub-

agged rocks and crags and bowlders. lished in the Hearst newspapers in Even in the shadow of death she America against Mr. Ramsay Mac- show?" Doctor-"Not if you are vas aware of the strong wrench of Donald. his muscles as he swam, the saving The attack is quite venomous. In might of his powerful frame. She its opening passages it describes the knew that he was not afraid for him- Conference as "farcial if it were not tragic." The attack itself might well

Up to now she had not entered into be described as "tragic if it were not comradeship with this man. She had farcical." Not everyone can love the held herself on a different plane. But he was a comrade now; no mat- with equal fervor, but the language ter the outcome, even if they should of Mr. Hearst or his henchmen plunges find only inhospitable Death at the end beyond reasonable criticism into buri-

"If I let go of you, can you hang see in Mr. MacDonald—a man patient-

ly sincere about Disarmament-what-"Then put your hand on my shoul- in league with disreputable journalder. I'll try to work in to the near- ists to "do down" America is too fan-

water between them and the shore. | charming language! Mr. MacDonald

shouldered, not a daredevil, but not needed. He was heavily clothed and the Conference to a successful result shod, and the girl, exhausted, was he has the backing of the nation. The As Bill rode into those gray and scarcely able to give aid at all. More But the river gods were merciful, c: ll him back, but for a single second the shore, and its green spire, still

clothed with needles, lay half-subheld fast.

"Hang on," he breathed. Only a moment more."

He drew himself and the girl up on the slender trunk, then crawled along it toward the shore. Now they were half out of the water. And in a moment later they both felt the river bottom against their knees.

He drew her to the bank, staggered and fell, and for a moment both of them lay lifeless to the soft caress of that the fight was only half won.

"Get off your clothes," he commanded; "you're soaked through-and I'll wring 'em out. If I don't you can't live to get to the cabin. Your stockings first."

The thought of disobedience did not even come to her.

"Rub your skin swiftly with your hands," he went on. "Above all things keep the blood going in your veins. Rub as hard as you can.'

Already she had tossed him her drencher' stockings, and he was wringing them in his strong hands. She rubbed her legs dry with her palms, But Mulvaney was true. Perhaps she threw off her coats and outing But Mulvaney was true. Fernans she threw on her coats and outing some of his rider's strength went into suit and he wrung them as dry as he his thew and sustained him. Slowly could. Then quickly she dressed

(To be continued.)

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\*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

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