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What a lot of things have happened in Petrograd since Rasputin's body was dropped through a hole in the ice.

Fortunately there is no danger of a rash famine.

Junkerism must perish from the earth.

Break your Cold or LaGrippe with few doses of 666.



The MUCKON TRAIL A TALE OF THE NORTH WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE Copyright, 1917, by William MacLeod Raine.

CHAPTER I—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way back to investigate coal mines. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a young woman named Sheba. She is the daughter of a man who has been killed in a mine.

CHAPTER II—Elliot and Macdonald become in a most friendly, though the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission to investigate coal mines. Macdonald is a wealthy man who has been killed in a mine.

CHAPTER III—Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while she is taking on a friend the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. The mountain is a very high and steep position and the two men are in a very difficult position.

CHAPTER IV—Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. He meets Macdonald who had become alarmed for her safety, and they attempt to rescue Sheba.

CHAPTER V—Landing at Kuslak Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Page, are the people whom Sheba had been told to go to. Elliot is very interested in the story of her life and the circumstances of her father's death.

CHAPTER VI—Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot learns the facts, sends Swiftwater to Kuslak to try to arrange for the sale of the mine. He is successful in his attempt.

CHAPTER VII—Elliot, on his way to Kamalah, runs from the trail. He is pursued by a pack of wolves and is in a very dangerous position. He is rescued by a man who is a friend of his.

CHAPTER VIII—At Kamalah, Gideon Holt, old prospector and bitter enemy of Macdonald, learns of Elliot's coming and determines to let him know the truth. He tells Elliot of the circumstances of his father's death and the circumstances of his own life.

CHAPTER IX—Holt recognizes Elliot and the two overpowered the kidnappers and reach Kamalah. Holt gives Elliot the real facts concerning the coal lands deal.

CHAPTER X—Having all the information he wanted, Elliot, with Holt as guide, goes back to Kuslak. On the way they meet a woman who is a friend of his. She tells him of the circumstances of her father's death and the circumstances of her own life.

CHAPTER XI—Macdonald confesses to Sheba that he had wronged her father in mining traction and means to make restitution. Macdonald and Sheba become engaged, and Elliot is sent down the river on the boat.

CHAPTER XII—Genevieve Mallory, adventuress, who has determined to win Macdonald, leaves her home and goes to Kuslak. She is very beautiful and is very clever. She is very interested in the story of her father's death and the circumstances of her own life.

CHAPTER XIII—Convinced that Elliot had induced Macdonald to visit Sheba, Macdonald, leaving his home, goes to Kuslak and carries him to Kuslak. Elliot is arrested, charged with attempt to murder Macdonald.

CHAPTER XIV—Sheba and Diane visit Elliot and assure him of their belief in his innocence. Macdonald's attitude puzzles Diane.

the third time it was morning. It seemed to her that the hard, whip-sawed planks were pushing through the soft flesh to the bones. She was cold, too, and crept closer to the stout Swedish woman lying beside her. Presently she fell asleep again to the sound of the blizzard howling outside. When she awakened for the third time it was morning.

In the afternoon the blizzard died away, as far as the eye could see, Sheba looked out upon a waste of snow. Her eyes turned from the desolation without to the bare and cheerless room in which they had found shelter. In spite of herself a little shiver ran down the spine of the girl. Had she come into this Arctic solitude to find her tomb?

As soon as the storm had moderated enough to let him go out with safety, Swiftwater Pete had taken one of the horses for an attempt at trail breaking.

"Me, I'm after that plum pudding. I gotta eat a feed of oats from the stage for my bronchos too. The scenery here is sure fine, but it ain't what you would call nourishing. Huh! Watch our smoke when me and old Baldface git to bucking them drifts."

He had been gone two hours and the dust was already depending over the white waste when Sheba ventured out to see what had become of the stage driver. But the cold was so bitter that she soon gave up the attempt to fight her way through the drifts and turned back to the cabin.

Through the muffled screen of the storm Swiftwater shouted back to Sheba. "You was keep close to me. She nodded her head. His order needed no explanation. The world was narrowing to a lane whose walls she could almost touch with her fingers. A pall of white wrapped them. Upon them beat a wind of stinging sleet. Nothing could be seen but the blurred outlines of the stage and the driver's figure.

The bitter cold searched through Sheba's furs to her soft flesh and the blast of powdered ice beat upon her face. The snow was getting deeper as the road filled. Once or twice she stumbled and fell. Her strength ebbed, and the hinges of her knees gave unexpectedly beneath her. How long was it, she asked herself, that Macdonald had said men could live in a blizzard?

Presently Mrs. Olson lay down on the bed and began to snore regularly. Sheba could not sleep. The boards tired her bones and she was cold. Sometimes she slipped into cat naps that were full of bad dreams. When she awakened with a start it was to find that the fire had died down. She was shivering from lack of cover. Quietly the girl replenished the fire and lay down again.

When she awakened with a start it was morning. A faint light sifted through the single window of the shack. Sheba whispered to the older woman that she was going out for a little walk.

As she worked her way down the gulch Sheba wondered whether the news of their loss had reached Kuslak. Were search parties out already to rescue them? Colby Macdonald had gone into the blizzard years ago to save her father. Perhaps he might be able to help her.

"Helvattime!" she muttered as she rode. Her horse, Sheba made out. He flung Mrs. Olson astride one of the wheelers and helped Sheba to the back of the right leader. Swiftwater clambered upon his mate himself.

The girl paid no attention to where they were going. The urge of life was so faint within her that she did not greatly care whether she lived or died. Her face was blue from the cold, her vitality was sapped. She seemed to herself to have turned to ice below the hips. Numb though her fingers were, she must keep them tucked tightly in the frozen man's of the animal. She recited her lesson to herself like a child. She must stick on to the horse—she must.

Whether she lost consciousness or not Sheba never knew. The next she realized was that Swiftwater Pete was pulling her from the horse. He dragged her into a cabin where Mrs. Olson lay crouched on the floor.

"You—came to little for us?" she asked, with the little shy stiffness of embarrassment.

"He could not take his eyes from her. It seemed to him that a bird was singing in his heart the gladness he could not express. He had for many hours pushed his mind pictures of her white and rigid on the snow. In stending she stood beside him, her delicate beauty visible as the flush of a flame.

"Did they telephone that we were lost?" "Yes, I was troubled when the storm grew. I could not sleep. So I called up the roadhouse by long distance. The heart of the girl stopped, then beat wildly to make up the lost stroke. He had come through the blizzard to save her.

At that very instant, as if the stage had been set for it, the wonderful Alaska sun pushed up into the crotch of the peaks and poured its radiance over the Arctic waste. The pink glow swept in a tide of delicate color over the snow and transmuted it to millions of sparkling diamonds. The Great Magician's wand had recreated the world instantaneously.

Sheba turned to the old miner impulsively. "If you could be knowing what I am thinking of you, Mr. Holt—how full our hearts are of the gratification of the sled and wore mittens of puosehide with dufl lining, on their feet mukluks above 'German' socks. Holt had been a sour-dough miner too long to let his partner perceive 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 dogs, driving them two abreast. Six were huskies, rangy, muscular animals with thick, dense coats. They were in the best of spirits and carried their tails story which is repeated in Alaska many times every winter. It rang in him like a bell that where tough, hardy miners succumbed a frail girl would have small chance.

He cut across over the hill toward the draw, and at what he saw his pulse quickened. Smoke was pouring out of the chimney of a cabin and falling groundward, as it does in the Arctic during very cold weather. Had Sheba been safely there?

As he pushed forward the rising sun flooded the earth with pink and struck a million sparks of color from the snow. The order of his drive the eyes of the young man for a moment toward the hills.

A tumult of joy flooded his veins. The girl who held in her soft hands the happiness of his life stood looking at him. It seemed to him that she was the core of all that lovely life of radiance. He moved toward her and looked down into the trench where she waited. Swiftly he kicked off his snowshoes and leaped down beside her.

The gleam of tears was in her eyes as she held out both hands to him. During the long look they gave each other something wonderful to both of them was born into the world.

"When he tried to speak his hoarse voice broke. 'Sheba—little Sheba! Safe, after all. Thank God, you—' He swallowed the lump in his throat and tried again. 'If you know—God, how I have suffered! I was afraid—I dared not let myself think.'

A live pulse beat in her white throat. The tears brimmed over. Then, somehow, she was in his arms weeping. Her eyes slowly turned to his, and he met the touch of her surrendered lips.

Nature had brought them together by one of her readiest and unpremeditated impulses. A stress of emotion had swept her into his arms. Now she drew away from him shyly. The conventions in which she had been brought up asserted themselves. An absurd little fire blazed itself into her happiness. Had she rushed into his arms like a love-sick girl, taking it for granted that he cared for her?

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He Met the Touch of Her Surrendered Lips.



Across the Snow Waste a Man Was Coming.

took on the blue of sunrise. She drew a deep, slow breath of adoration and turned away. As she did so her eyes dilated and her body grew rigid.

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