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Richard H. Thornton, who has been in charge of the School of Journalism at the State University has given up that work and enlisted in the navy.

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Trinity College commencement June 25. Rev. Dr. Hugh Black of New York will preach the sermon and Gov. McCall of Massachusetts will deliver the address.

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Colby Macdonald, active head of the land-claiming syndicate under investigation. Comes aboard. Macdonald is attacked by mine laborers whom he had discharged, and active intervention of Elliot probably saves his life.

CHAPTER II—Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly, though the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission which threatens to spoil plans of Macdonald to acquire mining claims through the unlawful exploitation of immigrants valuable coal fields. Elliot also "gets a line" on the position occupied by Wally Selfridge, Macdonald's right-hand man, who is returning from visit to "the States," where he had gone in an effort to secure money for the trip. There was nothing wrong in Macdonald's methods.

CHAPTER III—Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill, while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position from which it is impossible for Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back.

CHAPTER IV—Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. He meets Macdonald, who is now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER V—Landing at Kuskaik Elliot finds that his man-of-war, the "Mrs. Paget," are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin, and Elliot is the man whom Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. Elliot is now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER VI—Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his man-of-war, Elliot learns the facts, sends Selfridge to Kuskaik to see that the boat is ready to be delivered as to the true situation.

CHAPTER VII—Elliot, on his way to Kuskaik, wanders from the trail. He loses a horse in a marsh and is compelled to throw away rifle and provisions. He struggles to realize that he will never reach Kuskaik, and resigns himself to death.

CHAPTER VIII—At Kuskaik, Gideon Holt, old prospector and bitter enemy of Macdonald, learns of Elliot's presence. He determines to kill him. Elliot is now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER IX—Holt recognizes Elliot and reaches Kuskaik. Holt gives Elliot the facts concerning the contest for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER X—Having all the information he wanted, Elliot, with Holt as guide, goes back to Kuskaik. On the way they meet a woman who is the child, who is Macdonald's son, reaching Kuskaik and becoming friendly to Elliot. (Mrs. Paget) is doing her utmost to induce Sheba to marry Macdonald. He determined to win for himself.

CHAPTER XI—Macdonald confesses to Sheba that he had wronged her father in a financial matter. Macdonald and Sheba become engaged, and Elliot is sent down the river on a mission.

CHAPTER XII—Genevieve Mallory, adventuress, who has determined to win Macdonald, learns of Elliot's presence. She sends her men to confront Macdonald. They visit Sheba and she learns the truth about her father's mission for bringing the Indian woman to Kuskaik. She breaks the engagement.

CHAPTER XIII—Convinced that Elliot had induced Meteteze to visit Sheba, Macdonald sends Selfridge to warn him to leave Kuskaik at once, threatening to shoot him on the spot if he refuses to go, and pursue a revolver.

CHAPTER XIV—Macdonald, carrying large sum of money to pay employees, is attacked and badly hurt. Elliot rescues him and carries him to Kuskaik. Elliot is arrested, charged with attempt to murder Macdonald.

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

CHAPTER XVI—Elliot learns that papers have been taken by Selfridge from his pocket. He reaches the refuge in an abandoned cabin.

CHAPTER XVII—Macdonald gives bonds and arranges for Elliot's release. He sends Selfridge to the camp to seek shelter in a miners' camp. The men there are party to his interests, attempt to kill him. He escapes.

CHAPTER XVIII—Official orders from Washington suspend Elliot from government. He reaches the refuge in an abandoned cabin. He is rescued by Sheba.

CHAPTER XIX—Mrs. Selfridge enters the "socially select" of Kuskaik and bank is robbed and the cashier, Robert Milton, killed. Elliot and Holt leave Kuskaik. Macdonald believes that the murderers of Milton, pursue.

CHAPTER XX—The party with which Sheba is journeying is caught in an abandoned cabin. Sheba is rescued by Holt.

CHAPTER XXI—Macdonald, on the trail of Elliot and Holt, finds the corpse of a man. He is rescued by Sheba. He is rescued by Sheba.

CHAPTER XXII—Macdonald, though knowing his heart that Elliot is not guilty, places him under arrest and starts him on his way. Sheba's pleadings to his manhood lead her to Elliot's peril and she leads her to "Trelawney's" body.

With the fierce willfulness of his temperament he tried to tread under foot his doubts about the guilt of Holt and Elliot. Success had made him arrogant and he was not a good loser. He hated the man who had robbed him of Sheba, but he could not escape respecting him. Elliot had fought until he had been humiliated down into unconsciousness and he had crawled to his feet and stood erect with the smile of the unconquered on his lips. Was this the sort of man to murder in cold blood a kindly old gentleman who had never harmed him?

him. It is not in his nature. He can explain everything. "I don't doubt that. He and his friend Holt are great little explainers. In spite of his bitterness Sheba felt a chanin in him. She seemed to have a glimpse of his turbid soul engaged in battle. He turned away without shaking hands, but it struck her that he was not implacable.

While they were at luncheon half a dozen packmen laden with supplies for a telephone construction line outfit had passed. Their small, sharp-shod hoofs had punched sink-holes in the trail at every step. Instead of a smooth bottom the dogs found a slushy bog cut to pieces.

At the end of an hour of wallowing Macdonald called a halt. "There is a cutoff just below here. It will save us nearly two miles, but we'll have to break trail. Swing to the right just below the big willow," he told Elliot. "I'll join you presently and relieve you on the job. But first Miss O'Neill and I are going for a little side trip."

All three of them looked at him in sharp surprise. Gordon opened his lips to answer and closed them again without speaking. Sheba had flashed a warning to him.

"I hope this trip isn't very far off the trail," she said quietly. "I'm just a wee bit tired."

"It's not far," the mine-owner said curtly. "He was busy unpacking his sled. Presently he found the dog moccasins for which he had been looking, repacked his sled, and fitted the shoes to the bleeding feet of the team leader. Elliot, suspicious and uncertain what to do, watched him at work, but at a signal from Sheba turned reluctantly away and drove down to the cutoff.

Macdonald turned his dogs out of the trail and followed a little ridge for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Sheba trudged behind him. She was full of wonder at what he meant to do, but she asked no questions. Some wise instinct was telling her to do exactly as he said.

From the sled he took a shovel and gave it to the young woman. "Just this side of the big rock—close to the root of the tree," he told her.

Sheba dug, and at the second stroke of the spade struck something hard. He stooped and pulled out a sack.

"Open it," he said. "Rip it with this knife."

She ran the knife along the coarse weave of the cloth. Fifteen or twenty smaller sacks lay exposed. Sheba looked up at Macdonald, a startled question in her eyes.

He nodded. "You guessed it. This is part of the gold for which Robert Milton was murdered."

"But—how did it get here?" "I buried it there yesterday. Come." He led her around the rock. Back of it lay something over which was spread a long bit of canvas. The heart of Sheba was beating wildly.

The Scotsman looked at her from a rock-holed face. "Underneath that canvas is the body of one of the men who murdered Milton. He died miserably than the man he shot. Half the gold stolen from the bank is in that gunnysack who has just dug up. If you'll tell me who has the other half, I'll tell you who helped him rob the bank."

"This man—who is he?" asked Sheba, almost in a whisper. She was trembling with excitement and nervousness.

"His name was Trelawney."

Macdonald drew back the cloth and showed the rough, hard face of a work-slowed man.

"His name was Trelawney. I killed him out of our camp because he was a troublemaker."

"He was one of the men that robbed you later?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. And now he has tried to rob me again and has paid for it with his life."

Her mind flashed back over the past. "Then his partner in this last crime must have been the same man—what's his name?—that was with him last time."

"Northrup," he nodded slowly. "I hate to believe it, but it is probably true. And he, too, is lying somewhere in this park covered with snow—if our guess is right."

"And Gordon—you admit he didn't do it?"

Again he nodded, sulkily. "No. He didn't do it."

Joy lit in her voice. "So you've brought me here to tell me. Oh, I am glad, my friend, that you were so good. And it is like you to do it. You have always been the good friend to me."

The Scotsman smiled, a little wistfully. "You take a mean advantage of a man. You nurse him when he's ill—and are kind to him when he is well—and try to love him, though he is twice your age and more. Then, when his enemy is in his power, the finds he can't strike him down without striking you too. Take your young man, Sheba O'Neill, and marry him, and for God's sake, get him out of Alaska before I come to grips with him again. I'm not a patient man, and he's tried me sair. They say I'm a good hater, and I always thought it true. But what's the use of hating a man, when your soft arms are round him for an armorer?"

The fine eyes of the girl were wet with warm light. Her gladness was not for herself and her lover only, but for the friend that had been so nearly lost and was now found. He believed he had done it for her, but Sheba was sure his reasons lay deeper. He was too much of a man to hide evidence and let his rival be falsely accused of murder. It was not in him to do a cheap thing like that. When it came to the pinch, he was too decent to stab in the back. But she was willing to take him on his own ground.

"I'll always be thanking you for your goodness to me," she told him simply. "I've brushed that aside at once. There's one thing more, lass. I'll likely not be seeing you again unless, so I'll say it now. Don't waste any tears on Colby Macdonald. Don't fancy any story-book foolishness about spoiling his life. That may be true of other boys, maybe, but a man goes his ain gait even when he gets a bit fiercer."

"Yes," she agreed. "And in a flash she saw what would happen, that in the reaction from his depression he would turn to Genevieve Mallory and marry her."



The Deep-set, Rapacious Eyes... Burned into Hers for an Instant.

Mrs. Mallory, I think, though he doesn't know it yet. "You mean she will get him on the rebound," said Diane bluntly.

"That isn't a nice way to put it. He has always liked her very much. He is fond of her for what she is. What attracted him in me were the things his imagination gave to me."

"And Gordon likes you, I suppose, for what you are?"

Sheba did not resent the little note of friendly sarcasm. "I suppose he has his fancies about me, too, but by the time he finds out that I am he'll have to put up with me."

The arrival of Elliot interrupted confidences. He had come, he said, to receive congratulations.

"What in the world have you been doing with your face?" demanded Diane. As an afterthought she added: "Mr. Macdonald is all out up too."

"We've been taking massage treatment," Gordon passed to a subject of more immediate interest. "Do I get my congratulations, DI?"

She kissed him, too, for old sake's sake. "I do believe you'll suit Sheba better than Colby Macdonald would. He's a great man and you are not. But it isn't everybody that is fit to be the wife of a great man."

"That's a double, left-handed compliment," laughed Gordon. "But you can't say anything that will hurt my feelings, today, DI. Isn't that your baby 'bear' crying? That a heartless mother you are!"

Diane gave him the few minutes alone with Sheba that his gay smile had asked for. "Get out with you," she said, laughing. "Go to the top of the hill and look at the moon. I've ordered there express for you; and while you are there forget that there are going to be crying babies and nursemaids with evenings out in that golden future of yours."

"Come along, Sheba. We'll start now on the golden trail," said Elliot.

She walked as if she loved it. Her long slender legs moved rhythmically and her arms swung true as pendulums.

The moon was all that Diane had promised. Sheba drank it in happily. "I believe I must be a pagan. I love the sun and the moon and I know it's all true about the little folk and the pied paper and—"

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will to the end of time—in exclamations and the meeting of eyes and little endearments.

When Diane and Peter found them on the hillside, Sheba protested, with her half-smile, half-adolescent smile, that it could not be two hours since she and Gordon had left the living room. Peter grinned. He remembered a hill-top consecrated to his own courtship of Diane.

The only wedding present that Macdonald sent Sheba was a long envelope with two documents attached by a clip. One was from the Kuskaik Syndicate. It announced that the search party had found the body of Northrup with the rest of the stolen gold beside him. The other was a copy of a legal document. Its effect was that the district attorney had dismissed all charges pending against Gordon Elliot.

Although Macdonald lost the coal claims at Kuskaik by reason of the report of Elliot, all Alaska still believes that he was right. In that country of strong men he stands head and shoulders above his fellows. He has the admiration of friend and foe alike. The lady who is his wife is secretly the greatest of his slaves, but she tries not to let him know how much he has captured her imagination. For Genevieve Macdonald cannot quite understand herself. She has elements of an emotion as love can have pierced the armor of her sophistication.

[THE END.]

DRIVING ATTACKS AGAINST BRITISH HINDENBURG USING HIS HEAVIEST LEGIONS AND MIGHTIEST GUNS. BATTLE ON 30-MILE FRONT

Americans Fighting on Toul Sector, But None Reported on The British Front.

Swinging his heaviest legions and mightiest guns far to the north of the Plochy battlefield, Field Marshal von Hindenburg now is driving attack after attack against the British lines between Arras and Ypres. Charged across the level country behind a top-post of high explosive and gas shells, the German have succeeded by far in their fighting in penetrating the British defenses at points over a front of nearly 30 miles to a depth of almost six miles just to the south of Ypres.

The loss of Arras was regarded by the British, but this was expected from the trend of events in that sector during the last few days. The enemy had driven in on both sides of the town and holding out longer by the British would have imperiled the whole line. So far as known, the withdrawal of the British forces from Arras was orderly and was only for the purpose of straightening out the line in the region where the German offensive is in the height.

The British have stood firm at vital points along the line. Westphale is still held by Field Marshal Haig's men who also maintain their grip on Mesines ridge, Loos, Ploeghe, and Ploeghe-wood and Holbeck against which furious assaults have been launched only to break down or be nullified by British counterattacks. A terrific attack made against Holbeck and Westphale was completely repulsed with great loss to the Germans.

This particular part of the battle line in the west has been the scene of terrible fighting for nearly four years. Armistices marked the farthest retirement in this region of all French, British and Belgian in the past and September, 1914, to the north, near Ypres, the Germans on April 2, 1915, first forced their position on gas, and here on December 19, the same year, they drove hard at the thin line of Canadians in a desperate effort to reach Calais. On both occasions the Canadians held their line and the enemy and hold their position.

ALLIED FOOD SHIPMENTS REACH LARGE TOTAL. A general idea of the quantity of food sent to European allies by the United States from July 1, 1914, to January 1, 1918, is given by figures just announced by the U. S. Food Administration. It is pointed out that the United States has furnished complete rations for 22,000,000 troops in addition there was enough extra protein to supply this portion of the diet for 22,000,000 additional men.

The total export of wheat and wheat flour to the three principal allies is equivalent to about 25,000,000 bushels. Pork exports for the 77 months amounted to almost 2,000,000 additional pounds. Exports of fresh beef totaled 443,144,000 pounds. The amount of beef exported to Russia is negligible compared with that sent to the western allies.

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"You Americans have the men, the skill, and the material to save the allied cause." SIR JOSEPH MACLAY, British Shipping Controller.

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