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GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1912.

BOBBS - MERRILL CA

to the tourning house. "What the deuce do you suppose that means,

"I'm not suppoing," replied How-land indifferently. "We've had enough of this pretty face, Gregson. I'm going to bed. What time do we start in the

"As soon as we've had breakfast, if

you're anxious." "I am. Good night." Howland went to his room, but it was not to sleep. He was satisfied that a mysterious peril of some kind

awaited him at the camp on the We

kusko, but he gave up trying to fath-

The

ou're anxious.

there was any explanation to give. Or was it possible that they would leave him without warning to face a situ-ation which was driving them back to particular?" civilization?

civilization? He went to sleep, giving no further thought to, the guarding of the camp, A. piping hot breakfast, was ready when Jackpine awakened him, and once more the exhibitrating excitement of their swift race through the forests relieved bim of the uncounfortable mental tension under which he began to find himself. During the whole of the day Jackpine urged the dogs al-most to the limit of their endurance and early in the afternoon assured his companion hat they would reach the Wekusko by nightfail. It was already dark when they came out of the forest into a broad stretch of cutting, beyond which Howland caught the glimmer of meattered lights. At the farther edge of the clearing the Cree brough this dogs to a halt close to a large log built cable half sheltered among the trees. It was situated several bun-dred yards from the neurest of the lights abeed, and the unbricken snow He went to sleep, giving no further

about it showed that it had not been used as a babitation for some time. Jackpine drew a key from his pocket and without a word unlocked and swung open the heavy door. Damp, cold air swept into the faces of the tree or they streed for a moment

of the two as they stood for a moment peering into the gloom. Howland could hear the Cree chuckling in his inimitable way as he struck a match, and as a big hanging oil lamp dared slowly into light he turned a grinning face to the engineer.

face to the engineer. "Gregson um Thorne-heem mak" these cabin when first kam to camp?" he said softly. "No be near much noise-fine place in woods where be quiet nights. Live here time, then Gregson um Thorne go live is camp. Say too far 'way from man. But that not so. Thorne 'fraid: Gregson 'fraid." He bunched his shoulders again as he opened the door of the big box stove which stood in the room.

store which stood in the room. Howland asked no questions, but stared about him. Everywhere be saw evidences of the taste and one time tenancies of the two senior engineers. "Afraid, eh? And am I to stay here' "Gregson um Thorne say yes." "Well, Jackpine, you just hustle over to the camp and tell Thorne I'm here,

will you ?" For a moment the Indian hesitated. then went out and closed the door after him. Howland lighted a small lamp and

opened the door leading into the other room. It was, as he had surmised, the sleeping chamber. The bed, a single chair and a mirror and stand were its ole furnishing. Returning to the larger room, he

threw off his coat and hat and seated himself comfortably before the fire. Ten minutes later the door opened



WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAN? DO I LOOS LIKE A GROST?"

again and Jackpine entered. He was supporting another figure by the arm, and as Howland stared into the blood less face of the man who came wit him he could not repress the exclama tion of astonishment which rose to his lips. Three months before he had last seen Thorne in Chicago, a man in the prime of life, powerfully built, as straight as a tree, the most efficient

tone of the other's voice. "Not that I know of, Jack. Anything

articular?" "Just a word I've got for them-if hey're bere." replied Howland care-essl?. "Are these my quarters?" "If you like them, When I got burt are mored us among the more Broucht we moved up among the men. Brought us into closer touch with the working nd, you know." "You and Gregson mu

laid up about the same time." said the young engineer. "That was a painful wound of Gregson's. I wonder who the deuce it was who shot him? Funny that a man like Gregson should have an enemy!" Thorne sat up with a terk. There

came the rattle of a pan from the store, and Howland turned his head in time to see Jackpine staring at him as though he had exploded a mine

under his feet. "Who shot him?" gasped the senior engineer. "Why-er-didn't Gregsor tell you that it was an accident?" "Why should he lie, Thorne?"

bread on a little plate. Then she handed me a napkin. With the bread plate in one hand and the tencup in the other, how was I to spread the mapkin on my knees? I thield to hold the dishes in one hand that I might open the napkin with the other and spilled most of the ten into the saucer. It's just like a woman to hand a man several thus at once I did's want A faint flush swept into the other's pallid face. For a moment there was a penetrating glare in his eyes as he looked at Howland. Jackpine still stood silent and motionless beside the

several things at once. I didn't want either the bread and butter or the tea. Besides. I expected every minute to break one of a fifty dollar tea set. "He told me that it was an accident." said Thorne at last. "Funny," was all that Howland said. For the first time Howland noticed This part of it was over at last. A maid came in and removed the agony, and we settled down to a tete-a-tete that the thin musiln curtain, which he thought had screened a window, con Dalsy was young, barely eighteen. I was twenty-nine. I should have talk. ed about some subject with a bit of meat in it, but Daisy had just emerg ed from childhood and was making the cealed, in place of a window, a care-fully fitted barricade of plank. A sudden thrill shot through him as he rose to examine it. With his back toward Thorne he said, half laughing, "Per must follow her lead under penalty o haps Gregson was afraid that the fel-low who clipped off his finger would get him through the window, ch?" It was 10 o'clock when Thorne and Jackpine left the cabin. No sooner being considered old as Methuselah She hadn't entertained many grown men, and her dashes at the job were spasmolic. In my case she brought out a book with a lot of silly printed questions, to which persons were sup-posed to write stupid answers. Not that I minded this youthful non-Jackpine left the cabin. No sconer had, they gone than Howinal closed and barred the door, lighted another cigar and began pacing rapidly up and down the room. Already there were developments. Gregson had lied to Not that I minded this youthful non-sense. I was getting on to that age where I wouldn't have minded going back a few pegs. Daisy opened the book, handed me a pencil with a point on it any one would know had been shaped by a woman-that is, blunt as a nail hend-and asked me to write sin answer to the first question, "What is your favorite color?" I looked at Daisy's line and was about to write your him about his fuger. Thome had lied to him about his own injuries, what ever they were. He was certain of these two things-and of more. The

two senior engineers were not leaving the Wekusko because of mere dissatis-faction with the work and country. They were feeing. And for some rea-Daisy's lips and was about to write vermilion" when our eyes met and 1 son they were keeping from him the real motive for their flight. Was it "How singular!" she exclaimed mildpossible that they were deliberately sacrificing him in order to save them selves? He could not bring himself ly, "That's my favorite color too." My eyes are as black as a stack of black cats.

to believe this, notwithstanding the widence against them. Both were men of irreprozchable honor. He was tired from his long day's travel, but little inclination to sleep came to him, and, stretching himself

black cats. The next question was, "Are you fond of poetry?" to which I wrote, "I love it dearly." This was keeping in line very well, and Dalsy was much impressed with my taste and the dell-cacy with which I expressed it, but when I came to reply to the question, "What poem do you most admire?" I blundered. I couldu't remember any cause to him, and, stretching initiation shoulders bolstered up with his head and shoulders bolstered up with furs, he continued to smoke and think. He was surprised when a little clock tin-kled the hour of eleven. He had not blundered. I couldn't remember an seen the clock before. He was almost asleep when it struck again - softly and yet with sufficient loudness to arouse him. It had struck twelve. wrote it in the book.

With an effort Howland overcan his drowsiness and dragged himself to a sitting posture, knowing that he should undress and go to bed. The lamp was still burning brightly, and in the poem?" Evidently John Milton's great work was not familiar to her. "I couldn't answer for that," I rehe arose to turn down the wick. Sud enly he stopped. To his dulled senses here came distinctly the sound of a mock at the door. For a few mo-ments he waited, silent and motionless plied. "It's the paradise I mean." She looked down on the book for the next question. "What trait would you most value in one you loved?" 1

The answer of the second secon wrote, ignoring the true meaning, " wrote, ignoring the true meaning, "I didn't think you preferred blonds, said Daisy consciously. "I though you preferred bruncttes." "Why should you think that?" "Ob. I have noticed your attention

volver into his hip pocket. The knock came again. Then he walked to the door, shot huck the boit and, with his right hand gripping the butt of his pis-tol, fung it wide open. For a moment he stood transfixed, staring speechlessly at a white, star-tied face lighted up by the glow of the oil lamp. Bewildered to the point of numbness, he backed slowly. bolding the door open, and there entered the o a brunette." A wave of self condemnation swep over me at stooping to this "vealy" dia-logue, but I can't say that I was bored. The next question was. "What is your favorite proverb?" To which I wrote in answer, "Faint heart never won fair lady." mumbrass, he backed slowly, bounds the door open, and there entered the one person in all the world whom he wished most to see...she who had be-come so strangely a part of his life since that first night at Prince Albert and whose sweet face was holding and whose sweet race was noticity desper meaning for him with every hour that he lived. He closed the door and turned, still without speaking; and, impelled by a sudden spirit that sent the blood thrilling through his veins, he held out both hands to the girl for whom he now knew that he was willing to face all the perils that might await him between civilizatio and the bay. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



It was a day in November, the glo

without readering the room, lighted by

the blazing on the hearth, cheerfu

by contrast. I had been asked by

Dalsy to take a cup of test with her at

5 o'clock. She served the ten in thin

Dresden cups, her pink fugers vying with the china in delicicy. She also gave me a very thin slice of buttered

bread on a little plate. Then she

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ed and at the sea consect in writing to the discussion of corporation, executed by all the stock-bolders thereof, which and consent and the record of the proceedings accessing are new on file in my said office as provided by law in testimony whereof. I have here the the band and afficed my official seal, as Balegh, this list day of December, 1911.

J. BRYAN GRIMES, Sec'y of Stat

LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

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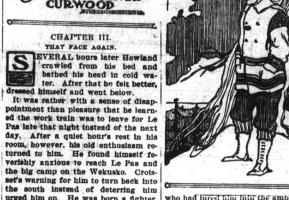
This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Minpoem except "Little Breches," and if would never do to put that in. Finally "Paradise Lost" occurred to me, and J isters in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume-nicely print-"What kind of a paradise?" Daisy asked, cocking her head on one side and looking at me like a cauary bird "A lovely girl." "Is that really the paradise meant

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There couldn't have been a proverb more inappropriate. Daisy was icated, so tender, that she mis easily be won by a circus man or a supernumerary in a theater. I groaned when I thought what I was sinking to. But I proceeded. "What age would you prefer the woman you would marry to be?" was he next question, and, knowing that balsy's next birthday would come in a month. I wrote "seventeen and eleven months." By this time Daisy's color had height-By this time Daisy's color had neigh-enied a blit and her shapely bosom was rising and falling a trifle more rapid-ly than usual. I turned the leaves to the part where were the questions for women and, pointing to a column beginning with the question. "What is your favorite flower?" asked her to do a little answering herself. But in hand Our Guarantee. de a dollar be ing her the book my hand touche



DAD

who had lured him into the ambush on the Great North trail!

urged him on. He was born a fighter. It was by fighting that he had forced his way round by round up the ladder of success. And now the fact that his life was in danger, that some mysteri-ous peril awaited him in the depths of the wilderness, but added a new and thrilling fascination to the tremendous lips to shout Croisset's name. As he thrust Gregson aside and leaped out into the night he was impelled with a desire to give chase. It was Gregson He won who recalled him to his senses.

Gregson and Thorne and if it was the cause of their failure, of their anxiety Gregson and Thorne and if it was the ters-and girls, Howland?' he exclaim-cause of their failure, of their anxiety ed banteringly. "A pretty face affects to return to civilization. He assured you a little differently up here, eh?" Howland interrupted him sharply.

Howinad interrupted nim snarpiy. "Did you ever see either of them before. Gregson?" "Never until today. But there's hope, old man. Surely we can find some one in the place who knows them. Would met them at Le Pas. He would dis-cover more when he became a part of the camp on the Wekusko-that is, if the camp on the weather that is, in the half breed's warning held any sig-mificance at all, and he believed that it did. Anyway, he would prepare for developments. So he went to a gunnot it be jolly good fun if Jack How-land, Esq., who has never been in-terested in theaters and girls, should come up into these God forsaken reshop, bought a long barreled six shoot-er and a bolster and added to it a hunting knife like that be had seen carried by Croisset. gions and develop a case of love at first sight? If I had only seen her "Shut up!" growled Howland. "Let's

It was near midnight when he boarded the work train, and dawn was just beginning to break over the wilderness when it stopped at Etomami, from

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task which was ahead of him.

himself that he would know

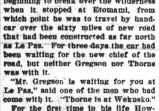
The Great Home Newspaper of the The news of the World is gathered by tri-vate leased wires and by the well trained before the readers in a concir and increase in the second of the second second second is many encoded by the second second be tegic axis of world events the Times is not person is to of world events the Times is not person is to second second second be tegic sites and financial contexts in Wash-ing an Arew York makes its news from the tegic sites and financial contexts in Wash-ing the second second second second second be tegic sites and financial contexts in Wash-be tegic sites and financial contexts in Wash-be tegic second second second second be tegic second second second second be tegic second se

The short northern day was nearing, asked Howland quietly. me?

ly across the open. It was Gregson. As the two men gripped hands the young engineer stared at the other in astonishment. This was not the Gregnd faced, full of life, as active as a cricket.

as a cricket. "Never so gind to see any one in my life. Howland?" he cried, shaking the other's hand again and again. "An-other month and I'd be dead. Isn't this a b- of a country?" "I'm failing more in love with it at the set of a country?"

every breath, Gregson. What's the matter? Have you been sick?" "Sick? Yes, sick of the job! If the old man hadn't sent us realef Thorne



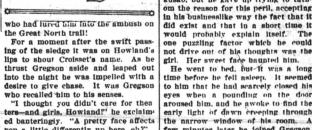
For the first time in his life How-land now plunged into the heart of the wilderness. Everywhere lay white winter. The rocks, the trees and the great ridges, which in this north couned with four feet of snow, and on it the sun shone with dazzling brilliancy.

an end when once more they saw the broad Saskatchewan twisting through a plain below them, and on its southern shore the few log buildings of Le Pas here not the solution of the solution of the black forests of balsam and spruce. Lights were burning in the cabins and in the Hudson Bay post's store when the car was brought to a halt half s

bundred paces from a squat, log built structure, which was more brilliantly illuminated than any of the others. "That's the hotel," said one of the

men. "Gregson's here." A tail, fur clad figure burried forth to meet Howland as he walked brisk-ly across the open. It was Gregson.

would have thrown up the oking closely at the han



go in to supp Good. And I move that we inves tigate these people while we are smok-ing our after supper cigars. It will pass our time away at least."

"Your taste is good, Gregson." said Howland, recovering bis good humor as they seated themselves at one of the rough board tables in the dining room. Inwardly he was convinced it would be best to keep to himself the incidents of the past two days and nights.

was a beautiful face. "And the eyes!" added Gregson, his own gleaming with enthusiasm. "She looked at me squarely this afternoon when she and that dark fellow passe and I swear they're the most beautiful eyes 1 ever saw. And her hair"-"Do you think that she knew you?"

Gregson hunched his shoulders. "How the deuce could she know

"Then why did she look at you s "squarely?" Trying to flirt. do you sup

Surprise shot into Gregson's face. "By thunder, no. she wasn't flirting!" he exclaimed. "I'd stake my life on that. A man never got a clearer, more sinless look than she gave me, and yet— Why, dence take it, she stared at me! I dian't see her again after that, but the dark fellow was in here

half of the afternoon, and now that I come to think of it he did show some interest in me. Why do you ask?"

"Just curiosity," replied Howland. "I don't like firts." "Neither do I," said Gregson mus-

ingly. It was not until they were about to leave the table that Howland's eyes ac cidentally fell on Gregson's right hand He gave an exclamation of as ment when he saw that the little finge was missing. Gregson jerked the hand to his side. "A little accident." he explained.

"You'll meet 'em up here, Howland." Before he could move the young en-gineer had caught his arm and was

the narrow window of his room. A few minutes later he joined Gregson. who was ready for breakfast. "The sledge and dogs are waiting." be greeted. As they seated themselves at the 1.:ble he added: "I've changed my mind since last night. Howland I'm not going back with you. It's ab-solutely unnecessary, for Thorne can put you on to everything at the camp and I'd rather lose six months' salary than take that sledge ride again. Yo won't mind, will you?" "To be honest. Gregson, I don't be

lieve you'd be particularly cheerful company. What sort of fellow is the delver?

"We call him Jackpine, a Cree In-dian, and he's the one faithful slave of Thorne and myself at Wekusko. Hunts for us, cooks for us and watch es after things generally. You'll like bim all right." -----

107 CHAPTER IV.

HOWLAND'S MIDNIGHT VISITOR. H OWLAND did. When they went out to the sledge after their breakfast he gave Jack-pine a hearty grip of the hand and the Cree's dark face lighted up with something like pleasure when he saw the enthusiasm in the young engineer's eyes. When the moment for parting came Gregson pulled his com-panion a little to one side. His eyes shifted nervously and Howland saw that he was making a strong effort to assume an indifference which was not at all Gregson's natural self. "Just a word, Howland," he said.

"You know this is a pretty rough coun-try up here-come tough people in it, who wouldn't mind cutting a man's throat or sending a bullet through him for a good team of dogs and a rifle. I'm just telling you this so you'll be on your guard. Have Jackpine watch

your camp nights." He spoke in a low voice and cut himself short when the Indian approached. Howland seated himself in the middle the six foot toboggan, waved his hand to Gregson, then with a wild halloo and a snapping of his long caribou gut whip Jackpine started his dogs on a trot down the street, running close beside the sledge. Howland was tired when night came.

He helped to build their balsam, shell ter for the night, ate a buge supper of moose ment, hot stone biscuits, beans and coffee, and then, just as he had stretched himself out in his furs for the night, he remembered Gregs He sat up and called to Jackpine, who was putting a fresh log on the big fire in front of the shelter.

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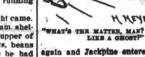
"Gregson told me to be sure and have the camp guarded at night, Jack-pine. What do you think about it?"

"Gregson-beem ver' much 'fraid," e, replied. "No bad man here-all

he, replied. "No bad man here-all down there and in camp. We kep' watch evr' night. Heem 'fraid-I guess

"Afraid of what?" "Afraid of what?" Jackpine beld out bis left hand, with the little finger doubled out of sight, and pointed to it with his other band. "Mebby heem finger az'dent-mebby not," he said. A dozen easer questions brought no

A dozen eager questions brought no



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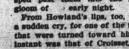
whole thing in another four weeks. I'll warrant you'll get your everlasting fill of log shantles and half breeds and moose meat and this infernal snow and ice before spring comes. But I don't want to discourage you." "Can't discourage me." laughed Howland cheerfully. "You know I never cared much for theaters and girls," he added siyly, giving Gregson a good natured nudge. "How about "Nothing-no -not a cursed thing." Sud-

and I

denly his eyes lighted up. "By George, Howland, but 1 did see the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes on today! I'd give a box of pure Havanas-and we haven't had one for a month-if I could know who she is!" "A tail girl, with a fur hat and

"A tail girl, while a fur hat and muff?" queried Howiand engerity. "Nothing of the sort. She was a typical northerner if there ever was one-straight as a birch, dressed in fur cap and cost, short carlbou skin skirt and moccasins, and with a braid bang-

ng down her back as long as my arm Lord, but she was pretty!" Lord, but she was pretty!" "Isn't there a girl somewhere up around our camp named Melesse?" asked Howiand casually. "Never heard of her," said Gregson. "Or a man named Croisset?" "Never heard of him."



<text><text><text><text><text><text>

"A curious wound." he remarked without looking up. "Funny 1 didn't notice it before. Your finger was cut off lengthwise, and here's the scar running halfway to your wrist. How did you do it?" He dropped the hand in time to se

a nervous flush in the other's face. "Why-er-fact is, Howland, it was shot off several months ago-in an ac-cident, of course." He burried through

As they passed from the dining room half bar and half lounging room, al-ready filled with smoke and a dozen or so picturesque citizens of Le Pus the rough jowled proprietor of the place motioned to Howland and held place motioned to Howland and held out a letter. "This came while you was at sup-

per. Mr. Howland," he explained. There was no name at the bottom o what he read. It was not necessary for a glance had told him that the writing was that of the girl whose face he had seen again that night:

aw usu seen again that bight: "Forgive me for what I have done," the mote ran. "Believe me now. Your life is in danger, and you must go back to Ete-manni tomorrow. If you go to the We-kusko camp you will not live to come back."

"The devil." he exclaimed. "What's that?" asked Gregson, edg-ing around him curiously. Howland crushed the note in his hand and thrust it into one of his pockets. "A little private affair." he laughed. "Co ne. Gregson, let's see what we can

discover." In the gloom outside one of his hands slipped under his coat and rested on the but of his revolver. Until 10 e'clock they mixed casually among the populace of Le Pas. Half a hundred people had seen Croisset and his beau-tiful companion, but no one knew any-thing about them. They had come that

forenoon on a sledge, had eaten their dinner and supper at the cabin of a Scotch tie cutter and had left on a

"She was the sweetest thing I ever saw," exclaimed the the cuiter's wife rapturously. "Only she couldn't talk. Two or three times she wrote things

to me on a slip of paper." "Couldn't talk!" repeated Gregson as the two men walked leisurely back

and highest paid man in the company's employ. How often had he envied Thorne! For years he had been his ideal of a great engineer. And nowod speechless. Slowly, as if He sto the movement gave him pain, Thorne slipped off the great fur coat from about his shoulders. One of his arms was suspended in a sling. His buge shoulders were bent, his eyes wild and

haggard. The smile that came to his lips as he held out a hand to Howland gave to his death white face an appearance even more ghasily. "Hello, Jack!" he greeted. "What's the matter, man? Do I look like a

"What is the matter, Thorne? found Gregson half dying at Le Pas.

found Gregson hait dying at Lo Fak, and now you"--"it's a wonder you're not reading my name on a little board slab instead of seeing yours truly in flesh and blood, Jack." laughed Thorne nervous-

blood, Jack." laughed Thorne nerrous-ly. "A ton of rock. man-a ton of rock, and I was under it!" Over Thorne's shoulder the young engineer caught a glimpse of the Cree's face. A dark fash had shot into his eyes. His teech gleamed for an in-stant between his tense lips in some-thing that might have been a sneer. Thorne ast down, rubbing his hands before the fre.

said slowly. "Gregson and I have had the worst kind of luck since the day

A dozen eager questions brought no further suggestions from Jackpine. In fact, no sconer had the words fallen from the driver's lips than Howland saw that the Indian was sorry he had spoken then. What he had said strengthened the conviction which was slowly growing within him. He had wondered at Gregson's strange de-memor, his evident anxiety to get out of the country, and hast's at his desire longer fit for the job. 18 will take us six months to get on our feet again. You'll find everything here in good condition. The line is hinzed straight to the bay. We've got 300 good men. plenty of supplies, and so far as I know you'll not find a disaffected hand on the Wetusto. Probably Gregoon and I will alte hold of the Le Pas end of the line in the spring. It's cer-tainly up to you to build the roadway to the bay."

to the bay." "I'm sorry things have gone badly." replied Howland. He leaned forward until his face was close to his com-panion's. "Thorne, is there a man up here named Croisset or a girl called Meleese?" He watched the senior engineer closely. Nothing to confirm his ampl-

closely. Nothing to confirm his suspi-cions came into Thorne's face. Thorne looked up, a little surprised at the

Short Stories.

The Dutch keep up their reputation for cleanliness. Holland has a hun-fired soap factories, which make near-by 10,000,000 pounds of soap every year.

A noted German doctor declares that elevators in high buildings are a po-tent cause of heart disease and seriously affect mortality of American ss men.

The capitol in Washington is 118 pears old. The cornerstone was laid in September, 1793. But, old as the building is, it is not yet finished and probably never will be.

The "calina" of Spain is a fog we may be grateful that we do not have. It is a dry, yellow mist which some-times hides the sun for days at a time over vast tracts of country and makes the sky look as though covered with leaden gauze.

Town Topics.

in order to get the best results in the open air schools Chicago should blow away its smoke.-Chicago News.

it would be cruel to stagger hur ity by revealing now just how great a ouston will be twenty-five year The fact is Houston's presen

progress has the world groggy and palpably going.-Houston Post. "Chicago." says the Washington Post

"is enjoying her annual wallow in grand opera." Can it be possible that this unkind remark is due to the fact that Washington still has to go to Baltimore to hear grand opera?--Chi-cago Inter Ocean.

That was the beginning of the sec-end part. She took the pencil and tremblingly wrote an answer to the question.

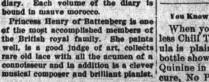
"Yes." "You have made me very happy." I said before I had noticed that she had by mistake placed her reply in the space allotted to "Does music affect you sentimentally?" But 1 was glad she and 1 had blundered. 1 quietly drew her to me and kissed her lips. That was hirty years ago. Our old-est son is nearly as old as I was then. I wonder if when he asks a woman to be his wife-the most important nego-tiation in life-he will go about it in

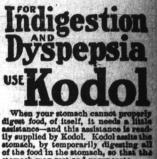
the fool way I did. Why cannot young persons do this thing with some approach to dignity? Because it is the only part of mar-

riage that civilization has left to a natural law.

Ex-Queen Amelia of Portugal is d nurse. She also has taken nedical degree.

medical degree. Queen Alexandra has a collection of books of memoirs, and she keeps a minute record of her own life in a diary. Each volume of the diary is bound in mauve morocco.







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"We've been unfortunate, Jack." be

we struck this camp, and we're no longer fit for the job. It will take us

of the country, and lastly at his desire

not to return to the camp on the We-kusko with him. There was but one solution that came to him. In some way which he could not fathom Gregson was which he could not fathom Gregson was associated with the injustery which en-veloped him, and adding the senior engineer's nervousness to the signifi-cance of Jackpine's words he was con-ddent that the missing finger had be-come a factor in the enigma. How should he find Thorne? Surely he would give him an explanation-if