

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

Slowly her father shook his head. "But I can't save him now. He brought this on himself."

Neilson straightened, his eyes steady and bright under his grizzled brows. Only too well he knew that this was the test.

Neilson leaped forward with all his power and if the blow had gone home, Ray would have been shattered beneath it like a tree in the lightning blast.

Ray seized her, screaming, she tried to flee. The shot that killed Jeffrey Neilson carried far through the forest aisles.

The man started violently in his cot. His entire nervous system seemed to react. The truth was that the sound acted much as a powerful stimulant to his retarded nerves.

He looked out of the door of the cavern, trying to get some idea of the brightness of the hour. The very quality of the darkness indicated that the night was far advanced.

Instantly his keen eyes saw the far-off gleam of the camp fire on the distant margin of the lake. His straining ear caught the faintest, almost imperceptible vibration in the air.

Swiftly he started down the glide toward her. Yet in a moment he knew that unless he conserved his strength he could not hope to make the fourth of the distance.

Like a wild cat he would come too late to change the girl's fate. Yet even now he knew he must not turn

back if the penalty were death. There must be no hesitation in him; he must not withhold one step.

He fell again and again as he tried to make headway in the marsh. Only too plain he saw that the time was even now upon him when he could no longer keep his feet at all.

But at that instant he remembered the canoe. He plunged down into the tall tuces, yet the boat was still in place.

It took all the strength of his weakened body to push it out from the reeds. The canoe was strongly but lightly made, so that it could be potholed with the greatest possible ease.

Ben walked quietly into the circle of firelight and stood at Beatrice's side. But while Ray and Chan gazed at him as if he were a spectre from the grave, Beatrice only impulse was one of impassioned sympathy and unspoken thankfulness.

The man was exhausted—helpless in their hands. All Ray's aims taken had been attained. With Ben's fence he could not see the master's death claim, a fourth of which he had slain Ezram, would pass entirely to him.

Ben's face hardened. "There is nothing I can do now. You came too late. But I would have had something to do if I had my rifle."

Ray straightened, stung by the words. "And I'll make you wish you were dead before you ever saw me again."

Ben's arms, in unspeakable gratitude, went about the shoulders of the wolf. Beatrice sobbing uncontrolably yet swept with the uncontrolable thankfulness of the penitent, crept to his side. Fenris

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A Croupy Cough SHILOH FOR COUGHS

left his log in a swift, catlike leap. With a sharp oath Ray crushed the blade into the ground with his heel; then kicked viciously at the prone body of his enemy.

His eyes fell on a long, heavy club of spruce that had been cut for fuel. He bent and his strong hands seized it.

Yet it was to be that Ray's murderous blow was never to go home. A mighty, and terrible ally had come to Ben's aid. He came pouncing from the darkness, a gaunt and dreadful avenger whose code of death was as remorseless as Ray's own.

It was Fenris the wolf, and he had found his master at last. Missing him at the accustomed place in the cave, he had trailed him to the lake margin, a smell on the way. Like a ghost he had glided almost to the edge of the firelight.

Before ever Ray fell, Ben had taken from them almost all desire to talk. Ben took her hand in his feebly, and held it against his lips.

Ben's eyes still bright with tears. "We've seen it through, and we're safe." Beatrice told him, her eyes still bright with tears.

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New System of Fat Reduction Here's a new way for all fat people to laugh together at that old bugaboo—Obesity.

perhaps wholly mystified and deeply aghast by their madness or stupidity before; and from the ridge top they had called for their leader to join them.

The fire had been built up Beatrice had rallied her spent strength by full feeding of the rich dried meat, and had done what she could for Neilson's injury.

Beatrice bathed the wound, bandaged it the best she could, then covered him up. And the time he had spent in the night, she had long past the midnight hour, that she crept once more to Ben's side.

There was little indeed for them to say. The stress of the night had taken from them almost all desire to talk. Ben took her hand in his feebly, and held it against his lips.

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The Girl Who Had No Chance By MARION RUBINCAM

No two girls ever looked less alike than Ruth O'Neil and Myra Weed, yet no two girls were ever greater friends.

Myra responded to Ruth's adoration, but in quite a different way. She appreciated her chum—at least she appreciated her usefulness.

Myra mentioned the rent—something like \$8 a month. For in those days, rents were not what they are today, and Marketown, Pennsylvania, where the girls lived, was a small town with low taxes.

Myra said nothing. Her cheeks flushed a little and they were already pink from excitement. She said nothing.

At any rate, Myra's acceptance of the invitation had all the pleased surprise that was necessary to carry off the situation.

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A CURIOUS INCIDENT Chapter 2

The great day dawned—giving promise to be the ideal sort of day for an out-of-door commencement.

So the two girls sat in Myra's room about noon chatting as fast as their tongues could go while from below came the sound of voices and from the kitchen ascended the most enticing odors.

But the two girls centre of this excitement and festivity, were quite alone in the room and dressed for the luncheon and the afternoon ceremony.

With due respect for the ceremony the two girls carefully powdered their faces—a bit of "grown up" vanity that neither had before indulged in.

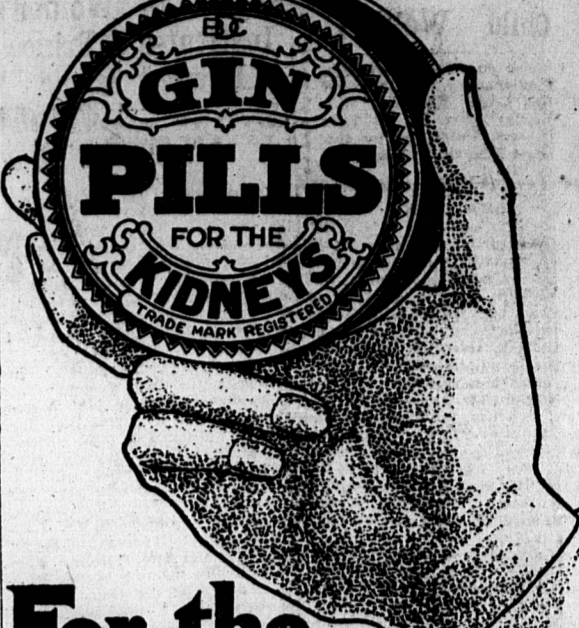
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For the KIDNEYS BACKACHE — HEADACHE RHEUMATIC JOINTS — URIC ACID CONGESTION OR INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER!

Many antiquarians have regarded Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, England, as the most venerable relic in Europe. says a London paper.

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NO OPERATION FOR HER The Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Escaped the Operation Doctor Advised

CORNS Lift Off with Fingers Sage Tea Darkens Hair To Any Shade

THE UNREASONABLE MAN Mrs. Longwood—Do you find it hard to cook for your husband?

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