

The YUKON TRAIL A TALE OF THE NORTH BY WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Copyright, 1917, by William MacLeod Raine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Holt Frees His Mind.

Macdonald whirled in his tracks. Old Gid Holt was leaning on his elbow with his head out of the window. "You better come and beat me up first, Mac," he jeered. "I'm all stove up with a busted leg, so you can wallop me good. I'd come out there, but I'm too crippled to move."

so hurriedly? He would not let himself believe it. "You ought to work up a better story than that," he said contemptuously. "You can throw a husky through the holes in it. How could Elliot know, for instance, that Miss O'Neill was not safe?"

Elliot was none the less guilty. The heart of the Scotsman was bitter within him. He intended to see that his enemies paid to the last ounce. He would hurry them to the gallows if money and influence could do it. None the less, his doubts persisted. If they had planned the bank robbery, why did they wait so long to buy supplies for their escape? Why had they not taken the river instead of the hill trail? The story that his enemies told hung together. It had the ring of truth. The facts supported it.

gaged 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 packmules 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.

hauling 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.

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

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

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 lovers' moon I've ordered there expressly for you;



As Lovers Will to the End of Time.

and while you are there forget that there are going to be crying babies and nursemaids with eveninggals 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.



Sheba Had Gone Over to the Enemy.

He hated the man who had robbed him of Sheba, but he could not escape respecting him. Elliot had fought until he had been hammered 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?

"Then it is for my sake and not for his that you want me to drop the case against Elliot?" he asked ironically. "For yours and for his, too. You can't hurt him. Nobody can really be hurt from outside—not unless he is a traitor to himself. And Gordon Elliot isn't that. He couldn't do such a thing as this with which you charge 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 change in him. She seemed to have a glimpse of his turbid soul en-

[THE END.] Smallest Drinking Cup. One of the new folding drinking cups made of waterproof fabric collapses into a tube no larger than a lead pencil.