SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I was tired," he said slowly. "I'd worked too hard and I thought the mountains would do me good. I can get time off at the bank when I want and I thought I'd take a holiday and come up here where I was last summer. I knew the place and liked the hotel. I wanted to get a good way off out of the city and away from my work. As for walking up here that afternoon—I'm very strong and I never thought for a moment such a blizzard was coming down."

He lifted his head and turned toward the window, then raising one hand rubbed it across his forehead and eyes. There was something in the gesture that silenced the young girl. She thought he felt tired and had been talking too much and she was guiltily conscious of her laughter and loquacity.

They sat without speaking for some moments. Dominick made no attempt to break the silence when she moved noiselessly to the stove and pushed in more wood. His face was turned from her and she thought he had fallen asleep when he suddenly moved and said:

"Isn't it strange that I have never met you before?"

She was relieved. His tone showed neither feebleness nor fatigue, in fact it had the fresh alertness of a return to congenial topics. She determined, however, to be less talkative, less encouraging to the weakening exertions of general conversation. So she spoke with demure brevity.

"Yes, very. But you were at college for four years, and the year you came back I was in Europe."

He looked at her ruminatingly, and nodded.

...

affording a glimpse of the green lawn and clipped rose trees of the house next door. There was a fog this morning and even this curtailed prospect was obliterated. She stood yawning drearily, and gazing out with eyes to which her yawns had brought tears. Her hair made a wild brush round her head, her face looked pinched and old. She was one of those women whose good looks are dependent on animation and millinery. In this fixity of inward thought, unobserved in unbecoming disarray, one could realize that she had attained the thirty-four years she could so successfully deny under the rejuvenating influences of full dress and high spirits.

During her toilet her thoughts refused to leave the subject of last night's quarrel. She and her husband had had disagreements before—many in the last year when they had virtually separated, though the world did not know it—but nothing so ignominiously repulsive as the scene of last evening had yet degraded their companionship. Bernice was ashamed. In the gray light of the dim, disillusioning morning she realized that she had gone too far. She knew Dominick to be long-suffering, she knew that the hold she had upon him was a powerful one, but the most patient creatures sometimes rebel, the most compelling sense of honor would sometimes break under too severe a strain. As she trailed down the long passage to the dining-room she made up her mind that she would make the first overture toward reconciliation that evening. It would be difficult but she would do it.

She was speculating as to how she would begin, in what manner she would greet him when he came home, when her eyes fell on the folded note against the clock. Apprehension clutched her as she opened it. The few lines within frightened her still more. He had gone—where? She turned the note over, looking at the back, in a sudden tremble of fearfulness. He had never done anything like this before, left her, suddenly cut loose from her in proud disgust. She stood by the clock, staring at the paper, her face fallen into scared blankness, the artificial hopefulness that she had been fostering since she ...

... tunate he possessed. Deep in her heart she had a slight, amused contempt for it, a contempt that had extended to other things. She had felt it for him in those early days of their marriage when he had looked forward to children and wanted to live quietly, without society, in his own home. It grew stronger later when she realized he had accepted his exclusion from his world and was too proud to ask his mother for money.

And now! Suppose he had gone back to his people? A low ejaculation escaped her, and she dropped the curtain and pressed her hand, clenched to the hardness of a stone, against her breast.

The mere thought of such a thing was intolerable. She did not see how she could support the idea of his mother and sister winning him from her. She hated them. They were the ones who had wronged her, who had excluded her from the home and the riches and the position that her marriage should have given her. Her retaliation had been her unwavering grip on Dominick and the careful discretion with which she had comported herself as his wife. There was no ground of complaint against her. She had been as quiet, home-keeping and dutiful a woman as any in California. She had been a good housekeeper, a skillful manager of her husband's small means. It was only within the last year that she had, in angry spite, run into the debts with which she had taunted him. No wife could have lived more rigorously up to the letter of her marriage contract. It was easy for her to do it. She was not a woman whom light living and license attracted. She had sacrificed her honor to win Dominick, grudgingly, unwillingly, as close-fisted men part with money in the hope of rich returns. She did not want to be his mistress, but she knew of no other means by which she could reach the position of his wife.

Now suppose he had gone back to his people! It was an insupportable, a maddening thought. It plunged her into agitation that made her rise and move about the room with an aimless restlessness, like some soft-footed feline animal. Suppose he had gone home and told them about last night, and they had prevailed upon him not to come back!

Well, even if they had, hers was still the strong position. The sympathy of the disinterested outsider would always be with her. If she had been quarrelsome and ugly, those were small matters. In the great essentials she had not failed. Suppose she and the Ryans ever did come to an open crossing of swords, would not her story be the story of the two? The world's sympathy would certainly not go to the rich women, trampling on the poor little typewriter, the honest working girl, who for one slip, righted by subsequent marriage, had been the object of their implacable antagonism and persecution.

She said this opposite the mirror ...

It Took Bernice Some Time to Dress.

"Wasn't Here Last Night?" She Demanded. "What Do You Mean?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

BABY'S FACE ONE SORE WITH ECZEMA

...

You Need

NO "SPRING MEDICINE"

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Regulate the Bowels Stimulate the Liver Improve Digestion and Purify the Blood

...

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

PISO'S REMEDY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Social Forms and Entertainments

An Easter Social.

With Easter but a week off we begin to feel the subtle influence of the marvelous resurrection miracle, the breath of spring gives us courage, and we are all making ready to join in the joyful chorus of "He Is Risen."

'Tis the forgetfulness of Easter,
'Tis the joyousness of Easter,
'Tis the glory of Easter,
That my message brings to you.

I must tell you of a novel hat sale that a young people's society could arrange. Issue invitation cards something like this:

A Spring Sail of Hats from the River-ah!
A Rare Display of Headgear
for
All Sorts and Conditions of Men and Women,
to Be Capped by
An Auction Sale of Millinery.

Have everything imaginable in headgear displayed—opera hoods, mortar boards, baby bonnets, a Mexican sombrero, polo cap, Tam O'Shanter, sailor cap, fireman's helmet, sunbonnets, cooks and waitresses' caps, fool's cap, dolls' hats, soldier caps and all sorts of up-to-date and out-of-date millinery. This will make an interesting and attractive display. Have band boxes with untrimmed hats and trimmings, which the guests must trim and wear. These may be auctioned off with the others. A committee and a competent chairman will work out the details; perhaps something like a rummage sale would be profitable.

Easter Fortunes.

Either children or grown-ups will enjoy this novel pastime. Have eggs colored as mentioned in the following rhymes and place in an Easter pie for a table centerpiece or in a large basket nest with ribbons attached:

Draw the egg of violet hue,
You'll have friends both fond and true.

Pink will bring you luck,
A lover full of pluck.

Gladly take the egg of green,
For good fortune may be seen.

The egg of blue,
Means lovers few.

Do not touch the egg of red;
If you do you'll never wed.

If you draw the egg of white,
Your true love you'll see tonight.

You'll marry in another town,
If you choose the egg of brown.

These jingles may be written with gold ink, which can be used with an ordinary pen, or the paper may be of yellow and the ink of white.

Attach the cards to the ends of the ribbon, the eggs, of course, being concealed at the other end.

Easter Party for Little Folks.

The invitations for this pretty party are china nest eggs on which the name and place are written with india ink or gold enamel paint. They are placed in small handled baskets, which may be purchased by the dozen for a trifling sum. Delivering these novel invitations affords much pleasure to the children.

An egg hunt will occupy a good share of the time from three until six. Procure the dainty eggs made at the candy shops at this season of the year, hide them every place, then let the children hunt for them. Make egg-shaped bags of tarlatan to hold the spoils or have small baskets. Award prizes of yellow chicks, rabbits, butterflies and any of the many charming novelties provided by the stores for the joyous season.

After this seat the little folks at tables with boxes of paint, brushes and fancy pictures. Give each one an egg with the privilege of decorating it. Now for the refreshments, which are to be served at six o'clock, so the children will need no other meal when they return home. First serve "magic" eggs, made by selecting good smooth potatoes; bake until almost done, then carefully scoop out a hole large enough to hold an egg, tie the top on and replace in the oven to finish baking. These are wholesome and furnish a mystery as to how the egg got there. Pass sandwiches and cocoa, and then comes the best of the feast—vanilla ice cream in the form of eggs in nests of candied orange peel strips. A green wicker basket drawn by two rabbits makes an attractive centerpiece for the table.

Easter Luncheon.

The Easter season seems to bring with it an atmosphere of joyousness that makes us all exclaim:

It is a pretty fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.

So we take unusual pleasure in planning these pretty Easter week festivities. A young bride is to give a beautiful luncheon embracing all the lovely green, violet and pink shades, but the true Easter colors are yellow and white—yellow the emblem of the sun, showing the goodness of God, and white, typical of purity and all things made new. A white or yellow egg will bear the name of each guest instead of place cards. They are made by confectioners and may be ordered in any size.

Fruit is served for the first course, then duchess soup, in cups. This is made from white stock slightly thickened; rub the yolks of hard-boiled eggs through a grater and sprinkle over the top of each cup just before serving. Chicken breasts or squab, with cucumbers, diced potatoes and asparagus tips will follow. An egg salad is made from the yolks of hard-boiled eggs mixed with minced ham, replaced in the whites and served in nests of watercress. The dessert will be New York ice cream, which is yellow, frozen in a ring mold, with egg-shaped dabs of whipped cream in the center.

Shower for an Easter Bride.

So often I have only space to give suggestions that are echoes that float in to me from far and near. For instance, a delightful shower to be arranged for a dear little Easter bride who loves dainty belongings and has only herself to depend upon in preparing a most modest trousseau. Eight of her girl friends are to have a thimble party, and this is what they are going to do: Make just the dearest negligee of white albatross lined with pink silk and a boudoir cap with pink roses and pink bows, all to be inclosed in a big rose paper covered bandbox and presented at the table when refreshments are served. The centerpiece is to be a big basket filled with spring flowers, and the favors are the dearest hat bon-bon boxes you can possibly imagine. The place cards are hat shaped and all done in water colors with flower trimmings.

Variation of "Blind Man's Buff."

Here is a way to play "Blindman" that may be new to some of our young readers. Form a circle and "count out" to see who shall be "it." Number each player, and the "blind man" remains in the middle trying to catch the two whose number he calls, when they must take each other's places. When he has called on three or four couples to change and has caught no one he says "one hundred," when every one must change, and the chances are there will be a victim.

MADAME MERRI.

Complete Outfit That Will Give Much Delight to the Small Girl

...

The ELECTRICAL WORLD

ELECTRIC IRON ALAWAYS HOT

Current Passes Through Resistance Wires, Which Become Heated—Kept on the Bottom.

"What makes that iron so hot? I don't see any fire," said the little boy to his mother after he had burnt his fingers.

When told that electricity kept it hot, he wanted to know more, but his mother couldn't tell him.

This is how it works:

Every electric iron has a heating unit, through which the current passes. One of these heating units is shown in the illustration.

The current is taken from any lamp socket. It passes through the wires,

Electric Iron.

and into the iron, or heating element. This element is made of metal and called resistance wire.

The electricity passing through the resistance wires causes them to become red hot almost immediately. This heat is then transferred to the bottom of the iron, or working surface. The heating element is shaped to conform to the iron, and thus the heat is evenly distributed over the entire bottom surface.

In nearly every iron some means are provided to keep all the heat on the bottom, where it may be used. Otherwise the top part of the iron would become hot also, and the heat wasted.

The heating element in an electric iron is the only part which is liable ...

ELECTRIC POWER IN LONDON

Lowest Record of Prices Charged in Great Britain Not Expected to Be Reached Elsewhere.

Electric power at one-eight of a penny per unit may have seemed to the audience of Professor Fleming at his opening university college lecture a figure not likely soon to be attained in this country. Yet, for all that is boasted of the future of "water power countries," it is difficult to suppose that lowest records of price in Great Britain will be easily surpassed, says the London Times. Recent negotiations on three sites in the north of England have related to contracts for 1,500 kilowatts at 0.15d ($0.003), 4,000 kilowatts at 0.123d ($0.00246) and 10,000 kilowatts at 0.11d ($0.0022) per unit. The last named is for an equalizing load—that is to say, the suppliers have the option of switching off when their plant is occupied in the "peak" hours. The other two examples represent electrometallurgical works taking a continuous supply for 24 hours a day. Waste heat plays, of course, an important part in the settlement of such rates, and it must not be assumed that the day is fast approaching for the universal distribution of power at such prices for ordinary purposes from ordinary sources. Professor Fleming had something of special interest to say in regard to what may be termed nature's hoarded energy; but he apparently prefers to look for the best utilization of sunshine in the direction of vegetable cultivation as a step in the process of obtaining fuel.

GOOD ALARM FOR OPEN DOOR

May Be Made by Use of Two Pieces of Stiff Brass and Spring as Shown in Illustration.

A good open door alarm may be made as follows: Provide two pieces of stiff brass (a) and (c) cut in the shape shown and bent at a right angle on the dotted line. Provide also a piece of spring brass (b) cut as indicated and bent at a right angle on the ...

Open Door Alarm.

...

ELECTRIC DYNAMO IS SMALL

...

HANDY WITH AN AUTOMOBILE

...

ELECTRICAL NOTES

... reports its municipal electric light plant a paying concern.

...

SWALLOW HAD LONG JOURNEY

Postive Proof That Bird Traveled the Distance From England to South Africa.

The capture of a swallow bearing an aluminum ring in Natal, South Africa, the other day, has resulted in an astonishing insight into the migratory habits of brids. From a number and address stamped on the ring it was discovered that the swallow was one of 11,483 British birds marked in a similar way last summer by enthusiasts, desiring to learn more as to the routes taken by bird migrants, and whether birds return again to their previous nesting sites. This systematic marking of birds began in 1909, since when nearly 32,000 have been "ringed." About three per cent. are afterwards noted, but the swallow reported from Natal appears to have made the longest flight so far. A black-headed gull ringed as a nestling in Yorkshire in July, 1911, was found in February, 1912, in Flores, Azores. A starling ringed in Berkshire in January, 1912, reached Helsingfor, Finland, in April. A teal ringed in Staffordshire in the autumn of 1910, was found at Dalarne, Sweden, July, 1911.

BURNED AND ITCHED BADLY

539 Lincoln Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.—"A year ago I received a very severe burn on my left arm. I caught cold in it and it was all sore and ulcerated. The sore was as large as a silver dollar. It was all red and inflamed and had pus running out of it. I suffered terribly from burning pain; could not sleep for two weeks it burned and itched so badly. I applied —— Salve, —— Salve and a salve my druggist recommended as his own, but got no relief. I then commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed the burned parts with Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment on a linen bandage. I got relief from the first, and my arm healed nicely. I was soon able to be at work again. Had I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment at first I would have avoided lots of suffering." (Signed) Harry Junke, Mar. 9, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Where It Happened.

A seven-year-old colored boy was before Judge Taylor in Juvenile court not long ago for shooting at his playmate with a rifle. As is customary in ...

EDITOR PAUSES TO INQUIRE

Seems to Have a Feeling That He Is Making an Argument Against Woman Suffrage.

Enemies of votes for women, in search of arguments to confound the orators of the cause, may use for what it is worth the following incident which happened in Madison square one day last week:

A young woman of pleasing and picturesque aspect came northward from Twenty-third street across the square. She struggled under the weight of a dog-hamper, and inside one could see a bright-eyed, restless fox terrier, eager to be let out. The woman carried a leash in her left hand, and the dog had on a collar with a snap. An interested observer followed the woman. She struggled on six blocks up Madison avenue before she reached her destination, a residence on the east side of the street. Then she unlocked the hamper, snapped the leash on the dog's collar, and took him inside the house. Why had she carried an able-bodied, 25-pound fox terrier, who wanted to be let out, all that distance?—New York Evening Post.

FRANK GIRL.

"When you proposed to her did she say 'This is so sudden?'"

"No; she was honest and said 'This suspense has been terrible.'"

Member of the Union.

Men who worked under a former city editor on the Washington Post vouch for the truth of this story about him.

The telegraph editor, so the story goes, got a "flash" one night that John La Farge, the painter, was dead. He called the news out to the city editor, ...

Wrong Idea.

"Talk is cheap."

"Evidently you don't pay telephone bills."

Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes make a really delicious wholesome breakfast. Adv.

Competition may be the life of trade, but it's tough on the jealous lover.

A GENEROUS GIFT

Free to Readers of This Paper

...

ONE DROP

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

It Pays to Clip

The Stewart Ball Bearing Clipping Machine

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF

Free Homestead

W. S. NETHERY, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

Woman Is As Old As She Looks

No woman wants to look old. Many in their effort to look youthful resort to the "beauty doctor's" prescriptions. Their mistake is that they visit the wrong department in the drug store.

Beauty depends upon health.

Worry, sleepless nights, headaches, pains, disorders, irregularities and weaknesses of a distinctly feminine character in a short time bring the dull eye, the "crow's feet," the haggard look, drooping shoulders, and the faltering step.

To retain the appearance of youth you must retain health. Instead of lotions, powders and paints, ask your druggist for

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

This famous medicine strikes at the very root of these enemies of your youthful appearance. It makes you not only *look* young, but *feel* young.

Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form; or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y. and a trial box will be mailed you.

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE

PATENTS

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.