



neath these words, "Thayer Hall, Harvard," and a date some seven years back.

The owner of that book, whether the present possessor or not, had been a college man. Say that he had graduated at twenty-one or twenty-two, he would be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old now, but if so, why that white hair? Perhaps, though, the book did not belong to the man of the cabin.

She turned to other books on the shelf. Many of them were technical books, which she had sufficient general culture to realize could be only available to a man highly educated, and a special student of mines and mining—a mining engineer, she decided, with a glance at those instruments and appliances of a scientific character plainly, but of whose actual use she was ignorant.

A rapid inspection of the other books confirmed her in the conclusion that the man of the mountains was indeed the owner of the collection. There were a few well worn volumes of poetry and essays, Shakespeare, a Bible, Bacon, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Keats, a small dictionary, a compendious encyclopedia, just the books, she thought, smiling at her conceit, that a man of education and culture would want to have upon a desert island where his supply of literature would be limited.

The old ones were autographed as the first book she had looked in; others, newer additions to the little library, if she could judge their condition, were unsigned.

Into the corner cupboard and the drawers, of course, she did not look. There was nothing else in the room to attract her attention, save some piles of manuscript neatly arranged on one of the shelves, each one covered with a square of board and kept in place by pieces of glistening quartz. There were four of these piles and another half the size of the first four on the table. These, of course, she did not examine, further than to note that the writing was in the same bold, free hand as the signature in the books. If she had been an expert she might have deduced much from the writing; as it was, she fancied it was strong, direct, manly.

Having completed her inspection of this room, she opened the door and went into the other. It was smaller and less inviting. It had only one window, and a door opened outside. There was a cook stove here, and shelves with cooking utensils and granite ware, and more rude box receptacles on the walls which were filled with a bountiful and well selected store of canned goods and provisions of various kinds. This was evidently the kitchen, supply room, china closet. She saw no sign of a bed in it, and wondered where and how the man had spent the night.

By rights, her mind should have been filled with her uncle and his party, and in their alarm she should have shared, but she was so extremely comfortable, except for her foot, which did not greatly trouble her so long as she kept it quiet, that she felt a certain degree of contentment, not to say happiness. The adventure was so romantic and thrilling—save for those awful moments in the pool—especially to the soul of a conventional woman who had been brought up in the most humdrum and stereotyped fashion of the earth's ways, and with never an opportunity for the development of the spirit of romance which all of us exhibited some time in our life, and which, thank God, some of us never lose, that she found herself revelling in it.

She lost herself in pleasing imaginations of tales of her adventures that she could tell when she got back to her uncle, and when she got further back to staid old Philadelphia. How shocked everybody would be with it all there! Of course, she resolved that she would never mention one episode of that terrible day, and she had somehow absolute confidence that this man, in spite of his grim, gruff tacturnity, who had shown himself so exceedingly considerate of her feelings, would never mention it either.

She had so much food for thought that not even in the late afternoon of the long day could she force her mind to the printed pages of the book she had taken at random from the shelf which lay open before her, where she sat in the sun, her head covered by an old "Stetson" that she had ventured to appropriate. She had dragged a bear skin out on the rocks in the sun and sat curled up on it half reclining against a boulder watching the trail, the Winchester by her side. She had eaten so late a breakfast that she had made a rather frugal lunch out of whatever had taken her fancy in the store room, and she was waiting most anxiously now for the return of the man.

The season was late and the sun sank behind the peaks quite early in the afternoon, and it grew dark and chill long before the shadows fell upon the dwellers of the lowlands.

Eric drew the bear skin around her and waited with an ever-growing apprehension. If she should be compelled to spend the night alone in that cabin, she felt that she could not endure it. She was never gladder of anything in her life than when she saw him suddenly break out of the woods and start up the steep trail, and for a moment her gladness was not tempered by the fact which she was presently to realize with great dismay, that as he had gone, so he now returned, alone.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Castaways of the Mountains. The man was evidently seeking her, for so soon as he caught sight of her he broke into a run and came bounding up the steep ascent with the speed and agility of a chamois or a mountain sheep. As he approached the girl rose to her feet and supported herself upon the boulder against which she had been leaning, at the same time extending her hand to greet him.

"Oh," she cried, her voice rising nervously as he drew near, "I am so glad you are back, another hour of loneliness and I believe I should have gone crazy."

Now whether that joy in his return was for him personally or for him abstractly, he could not tell; whether she was glad that he had come back simply because he was a human being who would relieve her loneliness or whether she rejoiced to see him individually, was a matter not yet to be determined. He hoped the latter, he believed the former. At any rate, he caught and held her outstretched hand in the warm clasp of both his own. Burning words of greeting rushed to his lips torrentially; what he said, however, was quite commonplace, as is often the case. Word thought and outward speech did not correspond.

"It's too cold for you out here, you must go into the house at once," he declared masterfully, and she obeyed with unwonted meekness.

The sun had set and the night air had grown suddenly chill. Still holding her hand, they started toward the cabin a few rods away. Her wounded foot was of little support to her and the excitement had unnerved her, in spite of his hand she swayed; without a thought he caught her about the waist and half lifted, half led her to the door. It seemed as natural as it was inevitable for him to assist her in this way, and in her weakness and bewilderment she suffered it without comment or resistance. Indeed, there was such strength and power in his arm, he was so secure there, that she liked it. As for him, his pulses were bounding at the contact; but for that matter even to look at her quickened his heart beat.

Entering the main room, he led her gently to one of the chairs near the table and immediately thereafter lighted the fire which he had taken the precaution to lay before his departure.



In Spite of His Hand She Swayed.

It had been dark in the cabin, but the fire soon filled it with glorious light. She watched him at his task and as he rose from the hearth questioned him:

"Now tell me," she began, "you found—"

"First your supper, and then the story," he answered, turning toward the door of the other room.

"No," pleaded the girl, "can't you see that nothing is of any importance to me but the story? Did you find the camp?"

"I found the place where it had been."

"Where it had been?"

"There wasn't a single vestige of it left. That whole pocket, I knew it well, had been swept clean by the flood."

"But Kirkby, and Mrs. Maitland and—"

"They weren't there."

(To be continued)

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Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

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## UNCOMMON TREES

If one could gather together the products of the different food-producing trees he could get quite a substantial meal.

For instance, in Venezuela is the cow tree, which derives its name from the fact that when the trunk is cut a stream of milk gushes out—milk of thick, creamy consistency, with a balmy fragrance. The milk flows best in the early morning and at sunset. At these times the natives come from far and near with bowls or pails to get their family supply of milk. It is of such thickness that if left to "set" it very soon becomes cheese.

Another one of nature's dairies is the butter tree. The name is also given to several tropical trees which yield certain oils that can be used for butter. The real butter tree grows in Central Africa. From the kernels of the fruit is obtained rich butter that can be preserved a year or more.

In order to make the meal complete there should be bread to go with the butter, and this is provided by the bread tree, which flourishes in the islands of the Pacific. The tree is of good size, with large lobed leaves and fruit of a roundish form, from four to seven inches in diameter. This fruit when baked resembles bread somewhat, and is eaten by the natives as such.

A boon to the weary wayfarer is the traveler's tree, found in Madagascar. It will grow in the most arid desert, and no matter how dry the weather is a quart of water always flows out when the stalk is punctured. The water is pure, clear and pleasant to the taste. The leaves of the tree are from ten to fifteen feet in length.

In order to provide light for their darkness, the natives of the South Sea islands make use of the candle tree. Its fruit is heart-shaped and the seeds when boiled make tallow that is excellent for candles. The natives remove the shells, bake and string the kernels and preserve them. Five or six of the kernels are enough to supply a good, clear light.

In Jamaica is found the so-called "life tree." If the leaves are broken from the plant they will continue to grow. Nothing but fire will destroy this tree.

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Doctors Only Gave Temporary Relief.  
**Dr. Wood's  
Norway Pine Syrup  
CURED HIM.**

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes. Neglected bronchitis is one of the most general causes of consumption, so cure it at once by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

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Price, 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Be sure and get the genuine "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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It is not necessary to tell you about our dainty and high class Whitewear, Waists, etc. Many of you know their good qualities better than we do. But we wish to emphasize the fact that we buy for cash direct from some of the largest and most reliable manufacturers in Canada and in such large quantities as to enable us to undersell our competitors even at regular prices, but for THURSDAY ONLY we will cut the price to One-Half the regular price. Why? Because we believe a Few Hundred Dollars Given to the Ladies in Bargains is a Better Advertisement than a like amount spent in any other way. All Garments marked in plain figures.

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