

l in the
her," he
to save
emently.
ill come

as they
le story.
carefully,
a bitter
he de-
on like
and Nina
while. I
and Ted,
I will

r weak-
half joy-
thought
ssed the
ook his

wounds
be none
fretting.
actor or
unt, but
y dear,
more—I

Kid."
ain't he
na don't
on, let's
him the

forward,
ntion of
side the
refused,
alone!"
ne Kid"
ese were
worked
or, and
eak" for
as tall,
uilt, but
h flesh,
ly in a
unkempt
ining
en were
violent,
eir own
of this
ent dis-
ade him

e little,
past the
miners
earnings
"dance
er drift-
h cabins
ren sat.
oods be-
ged for
h of the
was fil-
and the
es alter-
ance of

down in
arm. He
bling of
on the
care for
t. How
hts, the
n brain!
too, yet
ing labor
minal! A
hundred
it all and
his silent,
laborers
ny times
n it. Go
as horror
itter dis-
loathing
these days
thoughts?
was bad
e.
ours, and
had left,
nat night
place to
ttlement,
own en-

tainment, but dropping casual ques-
tions here and there. If the stranger
sought any one he did not find him,
and presently, stifled with the reek-
ing atmosphere, and not a little
puzzled and disappointed, he left the
flaring lights and loud voices behind
him and went out, strolling toward
the quiet stretch beyond, the clearing
silvered white with moonlight, the
dense shadow of the trees beyond.

In that dim shelter toward which
he moved, the young miner rose at
last to go back, knowing that now
the noisy clamor in the town was
beginning to subside. He was tired,
stiff from muscular fatigue, and his
legs seemed to drag wearily as he
started back, walking slowly through
the black shades that concealed him
to the more open strip near the town.

In a moment he stopped, shrank
back, with staring, incredulous eyes.
He could hear his own heavy breath-
ing, and his fingers twitched nervous-
ly.

There in the half clearing at the
edge of the wood a man stood with
head thrown back, looking up and
away toward the dim majesty of the
mountains around them. A flood of
white moonlight bathed him in its
radiance, brought his still figure out
sharply against the mountain back-
ground, and threw an unearthly pallor
over every feature. He did not move,
his eyes seemed to search infinity,
and his left hand was pressed closely
over his heart.

The man in the woods gave one
long, unbelieving look at him and fled
blindly, swiftly, over rocks and fallen
trees, through thick woods and rank,
thorny growths in the open, stum-
bling, falling, rising scratched and
bleeding, but always staggering on
again, anywhere, anyhow, to put mile
after mile between himself and that
accusing vision.

Thus, all unconsciously, by a trick
of moonlight and his own recent
habit of putting his hand over that
still troublesome wound when he was
tired, Tom Lethington lost track of
the boy he had sought for four long
months, lost him just as success lay
nearest him, and a few more steps
would have brought them face to face.
The mining town knew the silent
"Kid" no more, and Lethington pa-
tiently took up the endless trail again.

Was it three or four weeks, or
more, that Ted Burton pushed on
through an untracked wilderness, or
was it only a few days? He did not
know, time meant nothing to him. It
was only a nightmare of succeeding
nights and days while he plodded
doggedly ahead, drenched with rains
and scorched with blazing sunshine,
hungry, sometimes racked with pains
from the exposure he had not been
bred to, and always burning with
fever. He did not even know that he
was sick, very sick, that mind and
body had rebelled at last from the
hideous strain on them; he only knew
enough to push on, to keep ahead of
the accusing figure that pursued him.
At times that great yearning filled
him to go back, to see the old
faces again, to hear the consoling
sweetness of his sister's voice, and
feel old Tom's hand on his shoulder,
and wonder what the good old chap
would say when he knew that Nina
had promised— But no, Tom Leth-
ington was dead, for he had killed
him, Nina hated him now, and Leila
was bearing alone the disgrace and
sorrow of his making. Then he would
rise weakly again, and continue his
weary tramp through the hills.

Toward night one day he staggered
into a green valley where a house and
barns clustered. At the threshold he
fell, and a woman, with toil-worn
hands and a plain face made beautiful
by solicitude, came running out and
bent over him.

They took him in, the woman and
her husband, and for two weeks he
lay there in the best bed the rough
house afforded, dead to his surround-
ings and to them, but babbling weak-
ly now and then of Nina, and a lost
fortune that she was not to mind be-
cause his own would be ample for
both of them. Very near the dark
valley he went, only to be held back

by careful nursing, and, as he slowly
rallied, he lay there listlessly, gently
grateful for the slightest service, but
showing no joy in life so narrowly
won back for him.

Twice in that time the woman's
brown, strong limbed husband rode
down the little valley twenty miles to
the nearest town. The second time he
brought a stranger back with him.

"Dear old boy, I've found you at
last!" No accusing vision from the
grave this, but a flesh and blood pres-
ence, a well-known voice and a warm
grip of friendship.

"It is all right, Ted—everything is
all right now, and I have come to
take you home."

Ted Burton was coming home. Af-
ter nearly a year of frantic wander-
ing he was returning to his own, still
gaunt and weak, and shrinking a
little from the glances of old friends
as he arrived that day, in company
with the man he had so nearly killed.
He had expected cold aversion and
distant greetings, but the few who
caught sight of him through the car-
riage window as they went through
the dear old familiar streets were in-
stant with smile and friendly nod, for
the story of that hideous year had
spread far, and there were many
ready to believe that there was more
of the man in Ted Burton now than
there had been in those reckless days
of greater prosperity.

Ted looked hungrily at the familiar
scenes. They were all so good to
him, from Tom down, but he would
show them that they had not spent their
kindness in vain. He was going to
begin over again, soberly and earn-
estly, and make his way up, get out
of that black shadow of debt and
make a name that they could yet be
proud of.

He knew that Boyd Oliver was al-
ready serving his twenty year term
in the penitentiary, richly deserved,
and how thoroughly the man had
fleeed him. He knew that Tom and
Leila were to be married in a few
weeks, and that Nina had been with
Leila during the long months of
Lethington's search for him. Was
she still there? Would she speak to
him?

The old familiar driveway, Perkins,
quiet, respectful, obviously glad to see
him, at his usual place at the door,
and beyond him Leila, with open arms
and sweet forgiveness. She cried on
his shoulder, his poor thin shoulder.

"I don't deserve it," he said, shak-
ily, "but I've come back to show you
that I can be a man yet."

A few moments later he went up
to his old room, for he was still weak
from the sickness that had drained
his strength, and besides he felt that
it was cruel not to leave his sister
and Tom to themselves a while. Rest-
lessness, however, soon drove him
down stairs again. Where was Nina?

In the library he caught a glimpse
of her dear golden head. How sweet
and dainty and unattainable she look-
ed; and with what perfect courtesy
and repose of manner she came for-
ward to greet him, as though they
were mere friendly acquaintances who
had not met for some months! He
hesitated, tried to speak, failed
wretchedly and stood there, miserably
mute before the gracious kindness of
her welcome.

If he had come in strength and
confidence and prosperity, as she had
last seen him, she could have scorned
him and gone away, even though the
act seemed to take part of her life
with it. But he stood there gaunt
and wasted, with clothes that hung
loosely upon him, a face with lines
graven by suffering on his boyish
good looks, and sunken eyes that
took her sweet remoteness humbly,
as his just punishment. She took an-
other step or two with a little rush
of tenderness and pity, and held out
her arms.

An hour later Perkins, coming to
announce dinner, found them still
there in the creeping dusk, hand in
hand like two happy children, plan-
ning a golden future which should
more than blot out the wretched year
that had passed.

Look out for Your Blood

You can't expect the
blood to be pure and rich
when you are bilious and
your stomach is upset.

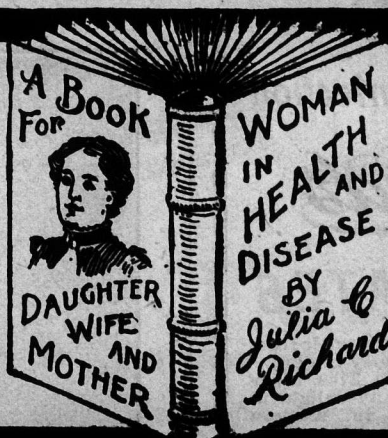
Of course, it is "spring
fever." But why feel
badly at all? Why not keep the blood pure, the
liver active, the bowels regular, the whole system
well and strong, by
taking a morning glass
of Abbey's Salt?

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt

25c and 60c a bottle. 4

A BOOK FOR WOMEN.

Written by Mrs.
Richard at the ear-
nest request of thou-
sands of women.
Contains over 100
pages of interesting
reading matter; is
profusely illustrated
and full of valuable
advice and recipes.
Write now for a copy



A SPECIAL OFFER.

As Mrs. Richard
wants every woman
to possess a copy of
this valuable work,
she will send a copy
to every woman who
will send her name
and address and 10c
(silver or stamps), to
cover cost of mailing.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD,
P.O. Box 9968 Montreal.

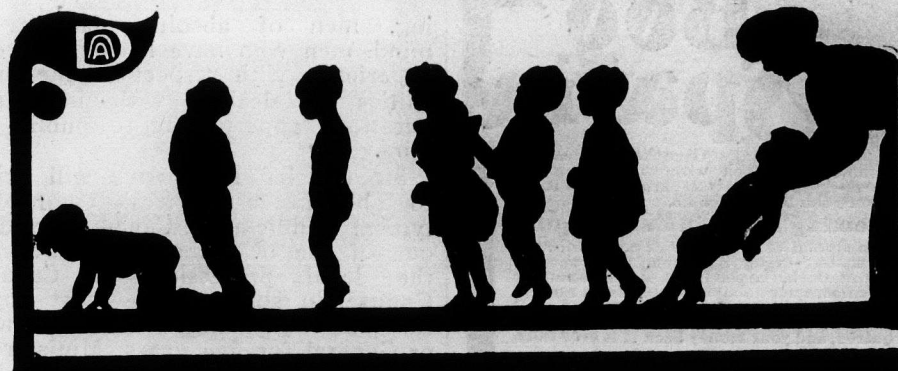
BABY'S OWN SOAP

Thousands of Children

Every day are bathed with Baby's Own
Soap. It is so delightfully fragrant and
soothing to the skin that they come to
the bath with pleasure and leave it with
reluctance.

Refuse substitutes—ask your dealer for
Baby's Own Soap—best for Baby and
best for You.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MFRS., MONTREAL.



GET MUSIC LESSONS FREE

in your own Home for Piano, Organ, Violin,
Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing or
Mandolin. One lesson weekly. Beginners or
advanced pupils. Your only expense is for postage and music, which averages about 2 cents a
day. Established 1898. Thousands of pupils all over the world. Hundreds write: "Wish I had
known of you before." Booklet and free tuition offer sent free. Address U. S. School of
Music, Box 63, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.