CHAPTER X.

On the Two Sides of the Door. The cabin contained a large and a small room. In the wall between them there was a doorway closed by

an ordinary batten door with a wood-en latch and no lock. Closed it served to hide the occupant of one room from the view of the other, otherwise it was but a feeble protection. Even had it possessed a lock, a vigorous man could have burst it through in a

These thoughts did not come very clearly to Enid Maitland. Few thoughts of any kind came to her. Where she lay she could see plainly the dancing light of the glorious fire. She was warm, the deftly wrapped bandage, the healing lotion upon her foot, had greatly relieved the pain in that wounded member. The bed was hard but comfortable, much more so than the sleeping bags to which of

Few women had gone through such experiences, mental and physical, as had befallen her within the last few hours and lived to tell the story. Had it not been for the exhaustive strains of body and spirit to which she had strangeness of her unique position would have made her so nervous that she could not have slept.

For the time being, however, the physical demands upon her entity were paramount; she was dry, she was warm, she was fed, she was free from anxiety and she was absolutely unutterably unutterably weary. Her thoughts were vague, inchoate, unconcentrated. The fire wavered before her eyes, she

closed them in a few moments and did not open them. Without a thought, without a care, she fell asleep. Her repose was com-plete, not a dream even disturbed the profound slumber into which she sank. Pretty picture she made; her head thrown backward, her golden hair roughly dried and quickly plaited in long braids, one of which fell along the pillow while the other curled lovingly around her neck. Her face in the natural light would have looked pallid from what she had gone through, but the fire cast red glows upon it; the fitful light flickered across her countenance and some-times deep shadows unrelieved ac-centuated the paleness born of her

that so stimulates the fancy as the staff's simile, and where a man may staff's simile, and where a man may sometimes to sometimes choose between a hundred, or a thousand, such loves are born, for dead. Had there been any are the

and visible, but inward and spiritual, and yet there was no lack of apparent manifestation of the turmoil in the iman's soul.

Albeit the room was smaller than the other, it was still of a good size. He walked nervously up and down from one end to the other as ceaselessly as a wild animal impatient of captivity stalks the narrow limits of his contracted cage. The even tenor of his life had suddenly been diverted. The ne had seen her lying prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandone and dreamed might exist as long as the next the following prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandonement, on the sward; he had caught and dreamed might exist as long as the next the following prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandonement, on the sward; he had caught and dreamed might exist as long as the next to his bunting shirt. Nervacy of five years which he had hoped and dreamed might exist as long as the next to this solitary. He had seen the solitary. He had seen the nore to this solitary. He had seen the nore to this solitary. He had seen this woman, white breasted like the foam, rising as the ancient goddress from the Paphian sea. Over that recollection, as he was a gentleman and a Christian, he would fain draw a curtain, before it erect a wall. He must not dwell upon that fact, he would not linger over that moment. The fell back with a swift turn, a feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived in femiline isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters—influenced him, overcame him. His hand went to his hunting shirt. Nervalue the cabin and was now busily engaged in his daily duties outside the cabin and beyond earshot. He knew that sleep was the very best medicine for her, and it was best that she should have been diverted. and dreamed might exist as long as he, had been sudely broken in upon. Humanity, which he had avoided, from which he had fled, which he had cast away forever, had found him. Abilt, excessit, evasit, erupit! And, lo,

fluous nau come, not omy m a neeral but in spiritual significance, and in one day that house had fallen. He stood amid the wrecked remains of it trying to recreate it, to endow once more with the fitted precision of the past the shapeless broken units of the fabric of his fond imagination.

While he resented the flerce, savage, passionate intensity the interruption of this woman into his life. While he throbbed with equal intensity and almost as much passion at the thought of her.

Have you ever climbed a mountain early in the morning while it was yet dark and having gained some domi-

early in the morning while it was yet dark and having gained some dominant crest stood staring at the far horizon, the empurpled east, while the "dawn came up like thunder?" Or better still, have you ever stood within the cold, dark recesses of some deep valley of river or pass and watched the clear light spread its bars athwart the heavens like nebulous mighty pinions along the light

defallen her within the last few rars and lived to tell the story. Had not been for the exhaustive strains body and spirit to which she had an subjected, her mental faculties turn away from this glory, though you might have been on the alert and the angeness of her unique position wild have made her so nervous that a could no have slept.

For the time being, however, the sudden surprise, is only faintly suggestive of the emotions in the breast price of the surprise, is only faintly suggestive of the emotions in the breast process.

Once long ago the gentlest and tenderest of voices called from the dark to the light, the blind. And it is given to modern science and to modern skill sometimes to emulate that godlike achievement. Perhaps the surprise, the amazement, the bewilderment, of him who having been blind doth now see, if we can imagine it not having been in the case ourselves, will be a bet-ter guide to the understanding of this ter guide to the understanding of this man's emotion when this woman came suddenly into his lonely orbit. His eyes were opened although he would not know it. He fought down his new consciousness and would have none of it. Yet it was there. He loved her! With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Sup-

With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Sup-pose she had been a woman of his own race; had she been old, withered, hid-eous, he must have loved her on the instant, much more if she were young and beautiful. The thing was inevitable. Such passions are born. God forbid that we should deny it. In the busy haunts of men where women are as plenty as blackberries, to use Falsian.

a glimpse of her white face desperately uptossed by the rolling water; he had looked into the unfathomable depth of her eyes at that moment when she had awakened in his arms after such a struggle as had taxed his manhood and almost broken his heart; he had carried her unconsciously, ghastly white with her pain-drawn after such a struggle as had taxed his manhood and almost broken his heart; he had carried her unconsciously, in significance, with all its popertunities and its obligations, with all its opportunities and its obligations, with all its joys and its sorrows, had knocked at his door; and that the knocking hand was that of a woman, but added to his perplexity and to his dismay.

He had cherished a dream that he could live to himself alone with but a memory to bear him company, and from that dream he had been thunderously awakened. Everything was changed. What had once been easy had now become impossible. He might send her away, but though he wore her to secreey she would have to tell her story and something of his; the world would learn some of it and seek him out with insatiable curlos its to know the rest.

Even as keen as his would present its search and scrutinize the mountains where he had roamed alone. They would see what he had seen, and what he had found. Mankind, cold-insting, would swarm and hive upon the hills and fight and love and besed and die. Great God!

Ryea as keen as his would presentify search and scrutinize the mountains where he had roamed alone. They would see what he had seen, and what he had found. Mankind, sold-lusting, would swarm and hive upon the hills and fight and love and breed and die. Great God!

He could of course move on, but where? And went he whithersoever he might, he would now of necessity which would not dwell within his mind in harmony with the memory which would not dwell within his mind in harmony with the memory which until that day had been paramount there alone.

He could of course move on, but where? And went he whithersoever he might, he would not of necessity of his life, that the present would not in his present on his life, that the present to his far-off horison.

He felt like a knave and a traitor, as if he had been base, disloyal, false to his ideal, recreant to his remember which would not in harmony with the memory which until that day had been paramount there alone.

He could of course move on, but where the winder of his far-off horison.

He felt like a knave and a traitor, as if he had been base, disloyal, false to his ideal, recreant to his remember which were things transient, periable, or were the would not the would not the more and more of his far-off horison.

He could of course move on, but he periable, we higher, bulked larger and hid more and more of his far-off horison.

He could of course move on, but he periable periable was not longer the suppression in his life, that the per

A LATE VICTIM OF THE UNDER WATER TERRORS



The menace of the submarine terrors to mercantile shipping is again attracting the attention of the entire world. Here we see a torpedoed passenger liner taking its final plunge after the passengers had been rescued by a ship which rushed to her aid. The victim's boats were set adrift after they had been used in the rescue work.

there and there was none to prevent. His hand sought the latch. This hand sought the latch. This hand sought the latch. What was he about to do? God for bid that a thought he could not freely share with humanity should enter his brain then. He held all women sacred, and so he had ever done, and this woman in her loneliness, in her help-tessness, in her weakness, trebly appealed to him. But he would look to he would fain see if she upon her, he would fain see if she were there, if it were all not a dream, the creation of his disordered imagin

Men had gone mad in hermitages in the mountains, they had been driven insane in lonely cases in vast des-erts; and they had peopled their soli-tude with men and women. Was this some working of a disordered brain, too too much turned upon itself and with too tremendous a pressure upon it, producing an illusion? Was there in truth any woman there? He would raise the latch and open the door and look. Once more the hand went stealthily to the latch.

The woman slept quietly on. No thin The woman slept quietly on. No thin barricade easily unlocked or easily broken protected her. Something intangible, yet stronger than the thickest, the most rigid bars of steel guarded her; something unseen, indescribable, but so unmistakable when it throbs in the breast of those who depend on it feel that their dependence is not in vain watched over her.

is not in vain watched over her.

Cherishing no evil thought, the man had power to gratify his desire which might yet bear a sinister construction should it be observed. It was her pri should it be observed. It was ner privacy he was invading. She had trusted to him, she had said so, to his honor, and that stood her in good stead. His honor! Not in five years had he heard the word or thought the thing, but he had not forgotten it. She had not appealed to an unreal thing; upon that her trust was based. His hand left the latch, it fell gently, he drew back and turned away trembling, a conqueror who mastered himself. He was awake to the true again.

A voice in the night, a face in the this girl, she would have made a delightful picture in the warm glow from the stone hearth. There were no eyes to look, however, save those which belonged to the man on the other side of the door.

On the hither side of that door in the room where the fire burned on the hearth, there was rest in the heart of the occupant; on the farther side where the fire only burned in the heart, there was tumult. Not outward and visible, but inward and spiritual, and yet there was no lack of apparent



He Stared From One to the Other.

ously he tore it open; he grasped s ously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locket over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it to find it. nd it.

The man dragged it out, held it in his hand and opened it. He held it so tightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

casual vision. He heard other souncs than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn

canon. A voice that he had sworn, he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Anon he looked into another face, red, too, with no hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thusmore terrible than any peal of thun-der that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that su-pervaded. He dropped on his knees, buried his face in his hands where

the rude table.

Ah, the past died hard, for a moment he was the lover of old—remorse, passionate explation, solitude—he and the dead together—the world and the living forgot! He would not be false, he would be true, there was no power in any feeble woman's tender hand to drive him off his course, to shake his purpose, to make him a new, another man. Oh, Vanitas, Van-

On the other side of the door the unconscious woman slept quietly on. The red firelight died away, the glowing coals sank into gray ash. Within the other room the cold dawn stealing through the unshaded window looked upon a field of battle—death, wounds, triumphs, defeats—portrayed upon one poor human face, upturned as some-times victors and vanquished alike up-turn stark faces from the field to the God above who may pity but who has not intervened.

so Jacob may have looked after that awful night when he wrestled un-til the day broke, with the angel, and would not let him go until he blessed him, walking, forever after with halting step as memorial, but with his blessing earned. Hath this man's blessing won or not? And must be pay for it if he hath achieved it?

And all the while the woman slept quietly upon the other side of that

CHAPTER XI.

The Log Hut In the Mountains. What awakened the woman she did ot know; in all probability it was the bright sunlight streaming through the narrow window before her. The cabin was so placed that the sun did

sleep was the very best medicine for her, and it was best that she should not be disturbed until in her own good

Outside, where the untempered rays beat full upon the crests of the mountains, it was doubtless warm, but withan the cabin it was chilly. The fire had long since burned completely away, and he had not entered the room which was excessively manually and the room which was excessively manually and the room which in any way spoke of the

the other. There were her clothes on chairs and tables before the fireplace. Such had been the heat thrown out by that huge blaze that a brief inspection convinced her that everything was thoroughly dry. Dry or wet, she was thoroughly dry. Dry or wet, she was the such a proper them. there were no locks on the doors, and she realized that the only protection she had was the sense of decency and the honor of the man. That she had been allowed her sleep unmolested made her the more confident on that She dressed hastily, although it was

she dressed hastily, although it was the work of some difficulty in view of her wounded foot, and of the stiff con-dition of her rough, dried apparel. Presently she was completely clothed, save for that disrobed foot. With the big clumsy bandages upon it, she could

or clumsy bandages upon it, she could not draw her stocking over it, and even if she succeded in that, she could in no way make shift to put on her boot. The situation was awkward, the predicament annoying. She was wearing bloomers and a short skirt for her mountain climbing, and she did not know quite what to do. She thought of tearing up one of the rough, unbleached sheets and wranning it around her ed sheets and wrapping it around her leg, but she hesitated as to that. It was very trying. Otherwise, she would have opened the door and stepped out into the open air. Now she felt her-

self virtually a prisoner.
She had been thankful that no one is she had been thankful that no one had disturbed her, but now she wished for the man. In her helplessness she thought of his resourcefulness with eagerness. The man, however, did not appear, and there was nothing for her to do but to wait for him. Taking one of the blankets from the bed, she sat down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room.

down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room.

The cabin was built of logs, the room was large perhaps 12 by 20 feet, with one side completely taken up by the stone fireplace; there were two windows, one on either side of the outer door, which opened toward the southwest. The walls were unplastered save in the chinks between the rough hewn logs of which it was made. Over the fireplace and around on one Over the fireplace and around on one side ran a rude shelf covered with books. She had no opportunity to examine them, although later she would become familiar with every one of

become familiar with every one of them.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wolf and bear skins were spread. In one and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

The furniture consisted of the single

hed or berth in which she had slept built against the wall in one of the corners, a rude table on which were writing materials and some books. A row of curtained shelves, evidently made of small boxes and surmounted by a mirror, occupied another space. There were two or three chairs, the sleep was the very best medicine for her, and it was best that she should not be disturbed until in her own good time she awoke.

The clouds had emptied themselves during the night, and the wind had at last died away toward morning, and now there was a great calm abroad in ithe land. The sunlight was dazzling.

Outside, where the untempered rays

had long since burned completely that one was an analysis of the room which was excessively minds. In fact, there was nothing any where which in any way spoke of the lain sing and warm under her bland hain sing and warm under her bland hain sing and warm under her bland hain sing and warm under her bland had foot by moving it gently, and discount the last special took on the table before which in any way spoke of the covered agreeably that it was much defort by moving it gently, and discount the sex pairful than she had anticipated.

Started From One to the Other, he tore it open; he grasped a cholect that hung against the coldness of the room struck her so soon as she got out of bed. Upon her other to pen; he grasped as the coldness of the room struck her so soon, as he got out of bed. Upon her on the collness of the room struck her so soon, as he got out of bed. Upon her other to pen; he grasped as the coldness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon, as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon, as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out of bed. Upon her other to the collness of the room struck her so soon as he got out to be desired to the collness of the room struck her soon to be a soon of the soon to the late of the pressure of that locks in the collness of the room struck her soon to the late of the pressure of the tother to the collness of th

in the presentment, but Enid Mait-land's eyes were sharpened by what, pray? At any rate, she decided that the woman was of a rather coarse sher, that in things finer and higher she would be found wanting. She was such a woman, so the girl reasoned acutely, as might inspire a passionate affection in a strong hearted, reckless youth, but whose charms being large-ly physical, would pall in longer and more intimate association; a danger-ous rival in a charge, but not so for-midable in a steady campaign.

midable in a steady campaign.

These thoughts were the result of long and earnest inspection, and it was with some reluctance that the girl at last put the photograph aside and looked toward the door. She was hungry, ravenously so. She began to be a little alarmed, and had just about made up her mind to rise and stumble out as she was, when she heard steps outside and a knock on the door.

"What is it?" she asked in response

"May I come in?"
"Yes," was the quick answer.
The man opened the door, left it par and entered the room.
"Have you been awake long?" he egan abruptly.
"Not very."
"I didn't disturb you, because

needed sleep more than anything else. How do you feel?"
"Greatly refreshed, thank you."
"And hungry, I suppose?"

"Very."
"I will soon remedy that. You

The girl hesitated, blushing, "I can't get my shoe on, and—" "Shall I have another look at it?"

"No, I don't believe it will be necessary. If I may have some of that liniment, or whatever it was you put on it, and more of that bandage, I think I can attend to kt myself, but, you see, ny stockings and my boot-

The man nodded; he seemed to un-erstand. He went to his cracker box histonier and drew from it a long, coarse woolen stocking.

"That is the best that I can do for "And that will do very nicely," said

and whatever social grace he might once have possessed, and in more fa-vorable circumstances exhibited, was night before had also vanished.

His bearing had been cool, almost harsh and forbidding, and his manner was as grim as his appearance. The conversation had been a brief one, and her opportunity for inspection of him consequently limited. Yet she had taken him in. He was a tall, splendid man. No longer young, perhaps, but in the prime of life and vigor. His com-plexion was dark and burned browner by long exposure to sun and wind, win-ter and summer. In spite of the brown, there was a certain color, a hue of health in his cheeks. His eyes were heard sometimes brown cometimes hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray, and sometimes blue, she after ward learned. A short thick closely



He Caught It Up Quickly.

He had built his cabin on a lev He had built his cabin on a level shelf of rock perhaps fifty by a hundred jeet in area. It was backed up against an overtowering cliff, otherwise the rock fell away in every direction. She divined that the descent from the shelf into the pocket or valley spread before her was sheer, except off to the right, where a somewhat gentler accilivity of huge and broken boulders gave a practicable ascent—a sort of titanic stairs—to the place perched on the mountain side. The shelf was absolutely bare save for the cabin and a few huge boulders. There were a few sparse, stunted trees further up on the mountain side above; a few hundred feet beyond them, however, came the timber line, after which there was nothing but the naked rock.

rock.

Below several hundred feet lay a clear, emerald pool, whose edges were bordered by pines, where it was not dominated by high cliffs. Already the lakelet was rimmed with ice on the shaded side. This enchanting little body of water was fed by the melting snow from the creet and peaks, which in the clear, pure sunshine and rarified air of the mountains seemed to rise and confront her within a stone's throw of the place where she stood.

On one side of the pretty lake in the valley, or pocket, beneath, there was a little grassy clearing, and there the dweller in the wilderness had built a rude corral for the burros. On a rough bench by the side of the door

a rough bench by the side of the door she saw the primitive conveniences to which he had alluded. The water was delightfully soft and as it had was delightfully soft and as it had stood exposed to the sun's direct rays for some time, although the air was exceedingly crisp and cold, it was tempered sufficiently to be merely. cool and agreeable. She luxuriated in it for a few moments, and while she had her face buried in the towel, rough, coarse, but clean, she heard a step. She looked up in time to see the man lay down upon the bench a small mirror and a clean comb. He said nothing as he did so, and she hed and that is the main thing."

The man laid on the table by the side of the stocking another strip of a bandage torn from the same sheet. As he did so, he noticed the picture. He caught it up quickly, a dark flush spreading over his face, and holding it in his hand, he turned abruptly away.

"I will go and cook you some breakment will go and cook you way.

"I will go and cook you some breakment will go and cook you way.

"I will go and cook you some breakment will go and cook you way.

"I will go and cook you some breakment will go and cook you way.

"I will go and cook you some breakment will go and

out there in the mountains, it was eminently appropriate.
Without noticing details, the man felt the general effect as she limped back into the room toward the table. Her breakfast was ready for her. It was a coarse fare, bacon, a baked potato, hard tack crisped before the fire, coffee, black and strong, with sugar, but no cream. The dishes matched the fare, too, yet she noticed that the fork was of silver, and by her plate fork was of silver, and by her plate there was a napkin, rough dried, but of fine linen. The man had just set the table when she appeared.

"I am sorry I have no cream," he said, and then, before she could make comment or reply, he turned and walked out of the room, his purpose evidently being not to embarrass her

the camp fare, bringing to it the appe-tite of good health and exertion. She had never eaten anything that tasted so good to her as that rude meal that morning, yet she would have enjoyed the brimming, smoking coffee pot on it better, she thought, if he had only compelled to eat it alone. She has-tened her meal on that account, determined as soon as she had finished her breakfast to seek the man and have some definite understanding with

And, after all, she reflected tha the was better alone than in hi presence, for there would come steal-ing into her thoughts the distressing episode of the morning before, try as she would to put it out of her mind as she would to put it out of her mind.
Well, she was a fairly sensible girl;
the matter was passed, it could not be
helped now, she would forget it as
much as was possible. She would
recur to it with mortification later on. but the present was so full of grave problems that there was not any room for the past.

(Continued)

STORMY WEATHER HARD ON BABY

The stormy, blustery weather which we have during February and March is extremely hard on children. Conditions make it necessary for the mother to keep them in the for the motier to keep the house. They are often confined to overheated, badly ventilated roams and each colds which rack their