

# THE STOVE

By Marjorie L. C. Piekthall  
Copyright by Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto.

he back the third day at latest the doctor. I've left you wood grub for a month." Garth looked anxiously; his strong mouthed. Suddenly he leaped forward, rushed her cheek lightly with his hand. "I hate to leave you, girl," he said, with a gentleness common with him, "but I guess it's only chance." Dorette faced him. She was pale, slight, sleepy-eyed wilderness born and bred, for one guessed a spirit of steel in fragile sheath. She finished with, "There'll be nothing for me to do, but wait." She looked after herself and kept her eyes on the door. "And you—if you meet me, say hello to my mother for me." She blazed suddenly in her brother's eyes. The barrel of his rifle gleamed as he gripped it. "I'll meet Maxine, said, through his teeth. "It's a or him or for me!"

turned about without another and swung down the forest trail long run to Mandore.

He watched him until he was no more a dark shadow among the blue shades that hung from the spruce like tangible banners. All round, all motion seemed to him. Mile after mile, she knew, a side of her was nothing but the silence, the same stillness, league league of the desolate fir forest of the. She went into the cabin and barred the door behind her, as solitude were an enemy which she kept out.

The cabin was a pleasant place. The were sheathed in red cedar, and were fur rugs on the floor, red at the windows. In the center of the cabin stood the stove, the stove was divided into the iron stove, in winter the source of life.

She filled the cabin with a roar of forever unsatisfied roaring of and sea—a hungry voice. Dorett opened the heavy door, wining in the furnace-glow within, as

the flung on more wood. That was her occupation until Garth came back—feeding the stove.

She went to one of the bunks—like the bunks of a ship—that were built on the wall behind the stove, and looked in. Derek, her younger brother, lay there without sense or motion, as he had lain ever since the sergeant of police and Garth had carried him in and laid him there. He drowsed between life and death, shot through the body. Now and then he swallowed a little broth, but with no knowledge of the hand that fed him. She dared not touch him. There was nothing she could do for him but keep the cabin warm enough to sustain that flickering lamp of life till the doctor came, for the cold of that country kills like a sword.

Suddenly, clinging to the side of the bunk, she trembled. "If only you could speak to me, Derek," she whispered. "If only I could hear your voice!" But the only voice was the voice of the great stove.

Her mind painted for her the scene she had not witnessed—the hard men of the mines and the lumber camps, still men with formidable eyes, following Cain's trail from Eve's Dismissal to Annette; the end of the trail at a little lonely shack blinded in snow, ringed with watchful men; Derek pleading that Maxine might have "one more chance, boys;" the parley at the door, the shot coming from nowhere; men storming into the shack over Derek's fallen body, and finding it empty; Maxine Dufour escaped again! She saw it all. Heard again Garth's voice in hard-breathed sentences between shots. "But he's not going to get away again. He'll have to get food and shelter somewhere; and if it's a thousand miles away, we'll follow and shoot him down like the wolf he is!"

She glanced round, pale and shaken, thinking that still she heard that deep voice of bitter rage. But it was only the undertone of the roaring stove humming its angry song.

She bustled herself about such duties as she could find. Twice she stepped from the pile of wood on the floor beside it. The fierce heat licked out at her each time, just as a savage beast will strike through the bars of his cage, and each time she shut the door with the sense of imprisoning some lion-voiced living thing.

(To Be Continued.)

## YOU KNOW ME AL

Friend Al:

Well Al I suppose by this time you seen in the paper where your old pal has become a member of the world's champs. The news come last night that I and Joe Whelan had been traded to the Yankees for a man name Gates who none of the boys seems to know much about him but he must be pretty good or this club would not of never left me go. I am tickled to death that old Joe is going along with me as we are great pals but of course he was just thrown in on acct. of this club not having no use for him. Well Al the Yanks looked pretty good before but this makes them a cinch and you must come down to N.Y. next fall and see your old pal pitch a worlds serious game and I would not be surprised if Huggins use me in the 1st game so as he will be sure of having me ready for another game if necessary. I and Joe leaves here tonight and will join the Yanks at Columbus, Geo. wear they have got a exhibition. I bet Ruth and the rest of them will give a sheers when they see us blow in.

Jack Keefe

## The Adventures of Jack Keefe

BY RING W. LARDNER



## "CAP" STUBBS

## It's a Good Thing Cap Was Honest

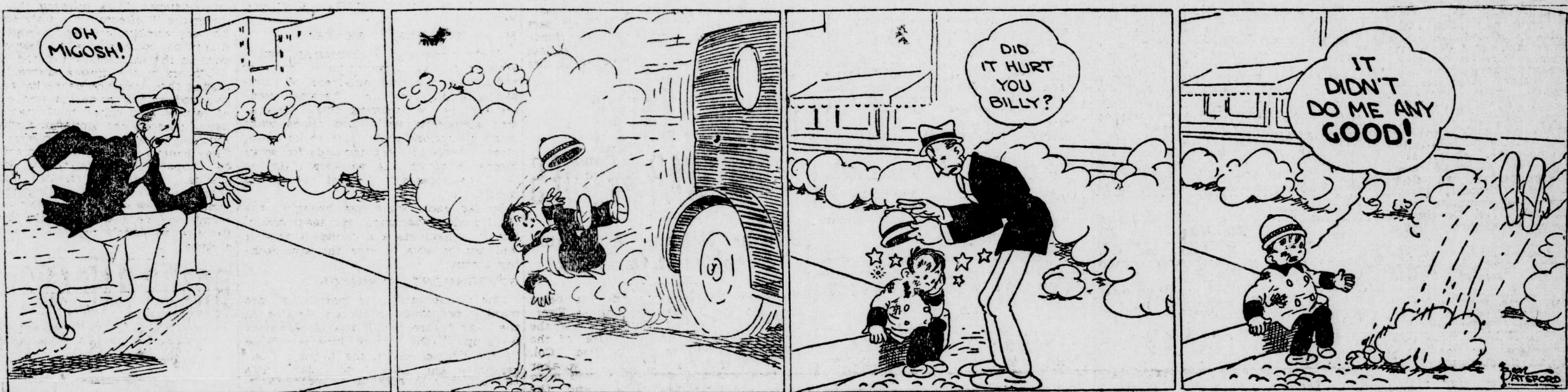
By EDWINA



## BILLY'S UNCLE

## It Seldom Does

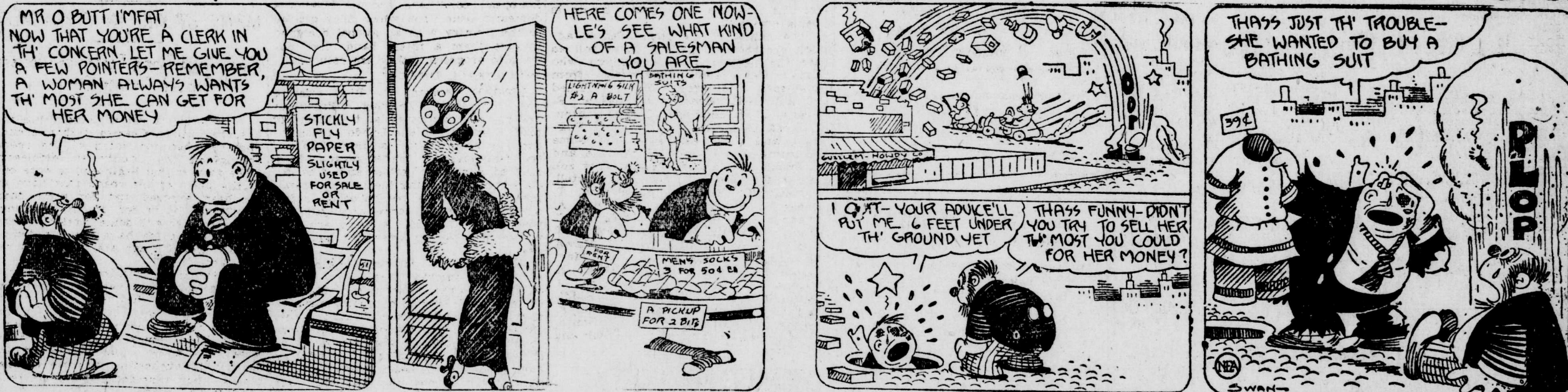
BY BEN BATSFORD



## SALESMAN SAM

## Guzz Doesn't Know Them

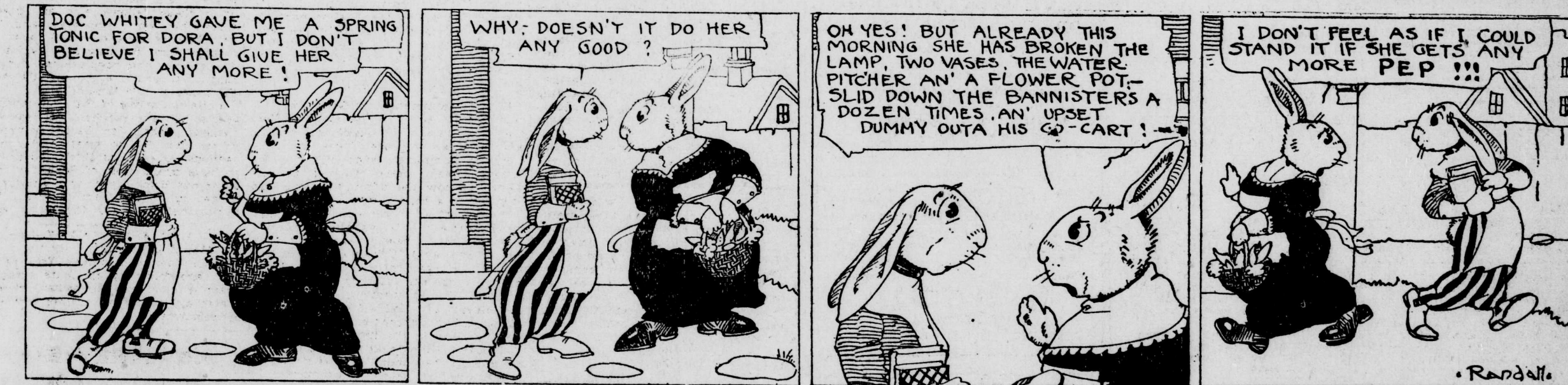
BY SWAN



## IN RABBITBORO

## Dora's Spring Tonic Is Too Full of Spring

BY ALBERTINE RANDALL



## MOM'N POP

## A Record Mystery

BY TAYLOR



## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

### NO. 12—SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE



the patent-leather cat, rubber dog and wooden duck were arguing.

"Just look at me. I am still shivering. I just hopped past that old wooden waddle duck and he snapped at me with his old scissor bill. I thought when I came to Dootunny Land that I should be safe. But it seems that I was mistaken. Ducks are far fiercer than dogs and cats," said the puffy cotton frog.

Mister Fuzz Wuzz, the pipe-cleaner man, turned to the Twins. "Do you hear that?" he said. "It's time I was putting an end to all this nonsense. If Dootunny can't be a peaceful place—what is the use of it, I'd like to know?"

"Yes, I should like to know, too," agreed Nancy. "The Fairy Queen told us that Dootunny Land was a funny place."

"And so it should be—the merriest place in all Fairyland. Come! I have an idea. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The Twins followed him, and by and by he came to the place where the teddy bear was.

"Busy, Mister Bear?" asked Mister Fuzz Wuzz.

"Nup," said the bear. "Not doing a thing."

"Well, then," said the little man. "I've got a job for you! And he went close to the bear's ear and whispered and whispered.

"His, ha, ha! Why, of course I'll do it," laughed the bear, in a minute. "Sure, Mister Fuzz Wuzz, I'll go right away."

Still the Twins didn't know what the secret was about, but they were in a minute. Teddy gone than the pipe-cleaner man beckoned to them, and all three followed on tippy toes.

Pretty soon they came to a place where the patent-leather cat and the rubber dog and the woplen waddle duck were having an argument.

Suddenly a horrible voice said, "Ah, ha! Now I've got you! I'm going to eat you all up—all three of you."

The Twins and Mister Fuzz Wuzz stopped and hid. The secret was a secret no longer! It was Teddy Bear who was talking so fiercely and pretending that he was a big, growly, hungry bear.

"Oh, goodness!" quacked the duck, turning yellow than ever.

"Tip! Tip!" barked the rubber dog, turning redder than ever, then whistling through the whistle in the top of his head, as he always did when excited.

"Mew! Mew!" shrieked the black cat, turning, if possible, blacker than ever. "Oh, please don't eat us, Mister Bear!"

"Yes, I'm going to eat you all," growled the Teddy Bear, making his voice as big as he could. "No one could see him and they all thought he was as big as an elephant."

"And now," said he, "I'll tell you why I am going to eat you."

(To be continued.)

MBAGO LIVED

of those twinges. Apoun's gently without rubbing, straight to the pain-ridden is the fresh new blood that need to heal them. Relief is lasting. Get a bottle from drugget today and have it on—35 cents.

Liniment—kills pain!

Mrs. Lizzie Almas

THE REASON WHY ADA HAS SO MANY HEALTHY WOMEN!

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be relied upon as a medicine. I found it so good that I do not hesitate to send it to others who suffer from a severe nervous system, caused through my having weakness. I had no control over my nerves, could not sleep, I suffered with backaches extending down into my legs also had severe bearings-down was a physical and nervous one I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It put me on my feet and removed all my ailments. My nerves became strong, I suffer any more with above ailments.—Mrs. Lizzie Almas, 218 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ont., Advt.

## A PUZZLE A DAY

A maiden, to her lover cried, "Propose to me—I'll be your bride; Remember, you have never tried." "I like your nerve," was his retort; "Leap year is here—the time is short; Forget yourself and make your court." "Oh, marry me," she cried in glee. "On this day only, I'll agree. Let's be caught at last," said he.

Why did the youth in the verse feel that he would not be called upon to keep his promise? If you will look carefully through the poem, you will find two words with which he dashed the maiden's hopes.