Chip McGuira, a Liyear-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maline woods is a sold by her father to way and reaches the camp of Martin, his wife, nepher, Baymond Stef the camp of Martin, his wife, nepher, Baymond Stef the camp of Martin, his wife, nepher, Baymond Stef the camp of Martin, his wife, nepher, Baymond Stef the camp of Myra. Priside, Journey of Priside's party into woods to visit father seed of the widerness for many years. When camp is broken thip and Ray or Myra. When camp is broken thip and Ray or Myra. When camp is broken thip and Ray or Myra. When camp is broken thip and are well-comed by him and Cy Walker, an old the company of Myra. Priside's father and are well-comed by him and Cy Walker, an old mit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no came marks found on lake shore in front of the camp of the steff of

bidding place of the man who had been meaking about their cable.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Then came another surprise, for suddenly Old Cy caught sight of a man just emerging from behind a rock fully ten rods from the rising smoke; he stooped, littled a cance into view, advanced to the shore, slid it halfway into the water, returned to the rock, picked up a rifle, then pushed the shade, and the standard the tendence of the standard standard the context.

The two watchers on the ridge exchanged glangers.

"He's goin' to tend his traps, an mebbe ourn," Old Cy said at last, and then led the way back to their bark shack. Here he halted, and placing one hand scoop-fashion over his scarl, faint sound of a paddle touching a cance gunwale. First slightly, then a more distinctive thud, and then less and less until the sound ceased.
"The coasis ciear," he added, now in an exultant whisper, "an' while the old cat's sway we'll take a peek at his den."

den."

A hurried gathering of their few belongings was made, the canoe was
shoved into the largoon, and new seashoved into the largoon, and new seashoved into the largoon, and new seashoved when the sea of the seaand they drew along side of where the
smoke was still rieing in a thin film.

No landing was pessible here, for the
shore was a sheer face of upright
state, and only where this lone trapper had launched his canoe could they
make one.

per had launched his canoe could they make one.

From here a series of outcropping state ledges rose one above another, and between them and parallel to the shore, narrow, irrecular pasages partially closed by broken rock. It was all of slaty formation, lagged, serrated all of slaty formation, agged, serrated to the ledge out of Following one of these passages, Old Cy and Hay came to the ledge out of which the smoke was rising from a crevasse. It was a little lower than one in front, perhaps 40 feet in breadth, double that in length, and of a more even surface, At each end was a short transverse passage hardly wide enough to walk in, and a few feet deep.

deep.

And now, after a more careful examination of the crevasse out of which the thin film of smoke rose, Old Cybean as search. Up and down each narrow passway he peeped and peered, but nowhere was a crack or cranny, to be found in their walls. In the careful of the control of the control

was also noted, for here a log snowing ax marks, with split wood and chips all about, was seen.

"Some o' them pelts is ourn," Old Cy ejaculated, glancing at the array, "an't' we a notion we'd best hook on to 'em. Mebbe not, though, he added a moment later, "it might git ub into more trouble."

more trouble."
But Hay was getting more and more uneasy each moment since they had landed there. It seemed to him a most dangerous exploit, and while Old Cybad hunted over this curious confusion film of smoke, Ray had covertly watched the lake's outlet.

"If don't think we'd botter stay here much longer," he said at last. "We can't tell how soon back and oct hus."

"Guess you're right," Old Cy asserted tersely, and after one more look at a small, and a small, and a small and a

was still safe from human eyes, and he crossed the lake.

From the baye cliff a single Keen and vengeful eye watched him. his landing at a convenient point, some 50 rods from his cave, and carried his landing at a convenient point, some 50 rods from his cave, and carried his low-jetting ridge of slate. He skinned the half-dozen prizes his traps had secured that day and followed as hallow defile to his lair. Here his pelts were stretched, a slab of slate was lifted from its position in a deep, wide crand McGuire crawled into his den.

Most of these movements were observed by the half-breed, who, watching ever while he plotted and planned how best to catch his enemy unwares, saw him emerge from amid the ledges again, go down to the lake, return with a pail of water, and vanish one more.

more.

All this was a curious proceeding, for he, like Old Cy, had expected to find McGuire occupying some bark shelter, and even now he supposed there was one among this confusion of

shelter, and even now he supposed come to an important discovery and miss it. Old Cy had twice leaned against a siab of state closing the entrance to this cave and access to a fortune, the heritage of Chip McGutre. Ray's fear, while well founded, were the control of the contr



Closed in a Death-Grapple.

this lake, that somewhere on its shores his enemy, McGuire, had his lair.

He paused at the outlet, as did old Cy, to scan every rod of its rocky shores, not once, but a dozen times.

No thought of the biessed harmony shores, not once, but a dozen times.

No thought of the biessed harmony had not been supported by the state of a white extended to crawly up to the part of the part of the half-breed. Revenge and murdet—twin demons of his nature—were in his heart, and the ladian cunning that made him hide white he watched for sins of his enemy. The bare peaks overlooking the lake soon impressed half-bour of watchful listening he laid his rife across the thwart, handy to grasp on the instant, and, seizing, his enemy—time to fall saleep must be helters—eversase he lay and watched for his enemy.

To hide his cance here, accord this with pack and rife, was and here in the lotter of the control of the peak.

To hide his cance here, accord the with pack and rife, was and here in the letters—from the second had been the with pack and rife, was and here in the letters—from the second had been the with pack and rife, was and here in the letters—from the heads.

Two hours later, and just at sunset, McGuire returned to the lake.

As usual, he, too, paused at the out let to sean its shores. He believed thought so human being was likely to the longth to human being was likely to the complete of the control of

trapper's presence in the swamp, he lowed close to the shadowed shore knew, after he crossed it and reached and landed just-above where McGuire, his lake, that somewhere on its dishinated he was, he shores his enemy, McGuire, had his lat.

He paused at the outlet, as did old Cy, to scan every rod of its rocky to the form once, but a dozen times.

Cy, to scan every rod of its rocky to thrust a rifle muzile close to his enemy's head and then pull the trig-feet.

find this lakelet. But for all that, he said then the half-breed crept stealth-was watchful. Some exploring lumber that the half-breed crept stealth-was watchful. Some exploring lumber that he between the same half was to be sufficient to the same and the same and the same that half the same that

sects each night, and also to obtain a drink of cool water before going to sleep.

Often when the evenings were not toe cold, he would sit by the lake shore for a half-hour, smoking and wurface, and startle or moon stituturing and the cold of moral hatter, and one working the cold of moral hatter, and one who preyed upon his fellow-man, he was not without sentiment, and the wild grandeur of these disclosing mountains, and the lost sentiment, and the wild grandeur of these disclosing mountains, and the loss of the control of the cold of moral hatter, and the wild grandeur of these disclosing mountains, and the lost sentiment, and the wild grandeur of these disclosing mountains, and the leasant to him. His life had been a harsh and brutal one. He had dealt in man's last and love of liquor. He measured all humankind by his own standard of right and wrong, and believed that he must do others or they would so long as he lived. He felt that every man's hand was against him, and no reproaches of conscience had resulted from his cold-blooded killing, of an officer. Never once did the thought return of the few years when a woman's hand sought his in tenderable horror he had decreed for his own child.

So vite a wretch seemed unfit for

nees, nor any sense of the unspeakable borror he had decreed for his own
child.

So vile a wretch seemed unfit for
God's green carth; and yet the silence
of night beside this lake, and the stars
minror and satisfied this lake, and the stars
minror and satisfied this lake, and the stars
minror and satisfied this lake, and nother impulse—to some day take his savings
of many years, secreted here, and go
to some other country, assume another
name, and lead a different like.

And now, while an unauspected
enemy was waiting for his to enter a
helf-like projection close to the lake,
which was deep here, and the ledge
shore a sheer face rising some ten feet
above the water.

One hour or more this strange compound of brute and man sat there contemplating the stars, and then he suddenly the strength of the strange of the
striking another.

He arose and listened.

Soon another soft, crushing sound
reached him. Some animal creeping
form rose upward and confronted thira.

He atoped quicklants a crowshing
form rose upward and confronted thira.

He hat one moment only, but
enough to see a tall man a step bewhind the next a flash of spitting
fire, a stinging pain in one shoulder;
list life was sweet, even to McGuire!

attack a similar pain in one somework. McGuire'.

But Ilfe was sweet, even to McGuire,
But Ilfe was sweet, even to McGuire,
and as he grasped and struck at this
enemy in a blind instinct, of self-preservation as both closed in a death
grapple, one instant of awful szony
heart—a yell of mingded hate and
deadly fear, as two bodies writhed on
the narrow shelf, a plunging sound, as
both struck the water below—and then
silence.

Death and vengeance were clasped in one eternal embrace.

Death and vengeance were clasped in one eternal embrace.

CHAPTER XVI.

For two months life at Blirch Camp much resembled that of a woodchuck or a squirrel. Now and then a day came when the crusted snow permitted came with the crusted snow permitted or a few midday hours at Ice flabing; and never were the first signs of spring more welcome than to those winder-bound prisoners. The wise counsel and patient example of tild Cyal and not been lost upon Ray, either; and that winter's experience had changed him to an aimoust marrefous delinks hoy, thinking only of his own privations, but more of a man, who realized that he had duties and obligations toward others, as well as himself.

With the returning sun and vanishing snow, animal life was once more satir, and a short season of trapping was astaln entered upon, and minder gathering. It was brief and at a disadvantage, for ice still covered the lake, and until that disappeared no use of the cances could be made.

Once well under way, however, spring returned with speed, the brooks and one morning, flatesd of a white expectation of the control of the control of discussion. He was as eager than the solid copic of discussion. He was as eager as a boy autious for the close of school, and for a dutile reason, which it self-evident.

It was agreed that to too to topic of school, and for a dutile reason, which it is self-evident.

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HISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES



De Quiz—What do you call good winter weather?

De Whiz—Weather cold enough to make a man's wife think her own fire side a better place than a matines.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is say. The side of the cold part side a better place than a matthee.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired sittless, it is usually necessary and starters, it is usually necessary and fineness of the fabric is bidden behind a parte of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This troube can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

And they parted. The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this aummer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were not.

were new.

That's All.

Edward Payson Weston, the veteran at white just a should be used as a cemetery. It will be the author of the by and to me the other day. What we need to the should be used as a cemetery. It will be the should be used as a cemetery. It will be the should be used as a cemetery. It will be the should be used as a cemetery. It will be the should be used as a cemetery. It will be the should be used as a cemetery. It will be the area of those fellows who kick up a row when an automobile runs them down."

Took Two to Beat Her.

Tinkins—Tour wife squite a duent tall—Simkins—

Took Two to Beat Her.

Tinkins—Tour wife squite a duent tall—Simkins—

Took Two to Beat Her.

Tinkins—Tour wife squite a duent tall—Simkins—

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STILL HED USE FOR BOOTS.

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An army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa presented to the kaft boy who acred as his particular servant a pair of strong, heavit palled army boots.

The boy was delikhted with the gift, and at once sat down and put the boots on. They were the very first for several days afterward he structed proudly about the camp with them.

watching a parte of varying and continuous and cont

but 48."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent
Starches pat on the market 25 years
ago are very different and inferior to
those of the present day. In the latent discovery—befance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while
the addition of another insrealient, inwested by us groothness never approached by other brands.

character will be preserved.

day: What is a pedestriant? I answered truly enough: 'Oh, he's just row when an automobile runt them town."

Took Two to Beat Her.
Timkins—Your wife seems to be quite a fluent talker.
Simkins—Indeed:
Simkins—Indeed:
Simkins—Indeed:
Simkins—Indeed:
Simkins—Potes; and then it took two other women to do it.