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Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 1895.

By JOHN MACKIE.

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no matter what you are, sit nere and insult my young mistress. If you cannot see you are an unwelcome convie in this room, you must be asked to relieve us of your presence and get out of it! We cannot in this storm ask you to leave the house, but there is one large room you can have; it is to the right of the passage as you come in, with a stove in it. You will be good enough to remain in it while you have to stop here. long as you are in this house do not have hinted at." dare to enter this room again. You see this saucepan of water on the fire? It will boil in a few seconds. It shall remain there, and I swear by the Holy Virgin over your face I will throw it if you as much as show your nose round the corner of that door. These gentlemen who are with you may occasionally come in if they want to-but you-git!" And she literally brought her teeth together with a snap as she pronounced these words and pointed to

"You demmed she cat!" exclaimed Jamie, sorely amazed and taken aback. It was a bad break. Jeannette snatched up a billet of wood from a heap alongside the stove (the Indian blood was showing now in addition to the Gallic), and in another second he would most assuredly have stopped it in its projected career with his head had not he ducked that turniplike growth with a smartness that did him credit and made a bolt for the door. Once in the little passage he found the other room, where Dick Townley and the scout at once set to work to make a good fire in the stove. It was a large, comfortable room, with a bed in a recess-indeed, it was Gabriel St. Denis' own room, and was as quaintly furnished as the kitchen. Only on a species of stand stood the mounted head of that now, alas! extinct monarch of the prairie, the great American bison. It was a truly grand specimen; there was an air of might and majesty in that picturesque, shaggy, fierce front. Jamie took a seat moodily near the stove and awaited an opportunity of venting his superfluous spleen on the private or the scout.

In the meantime the sergeant had gone back into the kitchen and shut the door gently behind him. He held his hat in his hands-Jamie had never removed his-and as he stood before the two women there was a look of unmistakable pain and humiliation upon his

The girl had gone back to the dresser and had mechanically taken up her iron, but somehow she did not seem as if she cared to meet the eyes of the sergeant. And now the latter spoke.

"I cannot tell you how ashamed and sorry I am," he began apologetically in rather an unsteady voice, "at the annoyance you have been subjected to. The fact of the matter is, the inspector is hardly himself today. He was subjected to some slight annoyance before we came here."

And now the girl stopped her ironing and looked full upon the face of the dark, handsome featured trooper. Why should he lie for such a brute? "Does your force produce many such

specimens?" she inquired, with all traces of her former annoyance gone, but with a touch of irony in her voice.

"Only one or two, thank goodness, but they do all the mischief," was the reply. "It is not an edifying subject to talk about such men or how they come to get commissions in the force. There are, however, many officers who, if they had heard the inspector talk as he did a few minutes ago, would have knocked him down; I am certain of that. It may be presumption on my part, but I say this for the sake of many of his brother officers whom I admire and respect as men and gentlemen. Anyhow, on behalf of my comrades of the rank and file, I should like to express my sense of shame and indignation at the insult which you were subjected to. It is very good of you to offer us even the next room to stay in, but you have only to say the word, and I can take it upon myself to promise that we shall quit it

"There is no occasion to do that," she said, her innate goodness of heart struggling with another motive.

She took a linen cuff from off the heap beside her and spread it on the dresser. How beautifully rounded and symmetrical her arm was as she poised the hot iron, and how firm and delicately finished her small hand! He thought of the many fine ladies he had known in his time who would have been jealous could they but have seen such

He looked at that sweet, fair face, in which the light of truth shone, and he, who had in an erratic, stirring career seen all sorts and conditions of women, he who had experienced many strange phases of life, felt his heart go out to this girl with a great pity, which was only accentuated by a sense of his own

helplessness to aid her. There was a significant pause, only broken by the slight clicking noise of the iron as it traveled over the snowy cuff and the swathed board. Then old Jeannette, who knew and looked with a favorable eye upon the sergeant, being somewhat mollified by the humble and deferential tone he adopted, opened went into another to perform, to her, some never ending domestic duties.

somewhat awkwardly: "I have brought you these books, prudery. Modesty is always a powerful Miss St. Denis. I told you of them last | charm in a girl when untrammeled by time I was here. I was not sure that we | false restraints. Once or twice she

should call upon you, but put them in my wallets in case"-Many a time had this man, when in a different station of life, given some lady of the great, gay world a much more significant token of regard without as much as the faintest suspicion of embarrassment, but new he felt like a

schoolboy talking to a debutante or a

bashful lover who is saying his first

sweet thing. "It is very good of you to have remembered the books," she remarked simply, but rewarding him with a pleasant look. Then that odd, apprehensive expression which like a shadow he had seen flit across her face when they had first entered once more crossed it. As if she had nerved herself to say something she had been pondering over, she again turned as if to face him, and looking him steadily in the eyes asked: "Are you going to wait here till my father comes back?"

He seemed ill at ease and distressed in a most unaccountable manner, this happy go lucky trooper. Indeed he looked like an awkward, hulking schoolboy in the presence of the head master, who gazes with a sinister aspect upon the spectacle of conscious guilt. He tried to look away from her, but he could not. There was evidently a struggle of some sort going on within him, of natural inclination and a sense of duty. And now these all compelling eyes of hers seemed to have exercised their potency, for when he spoke it was, as she had willed, the plain and bitter

"I cannot tell you how much against my own inclination I am here on my present errand," he said brokenly and hurriedly, "but as I see you only desire confirmation of what you already know You are evidently not accustomed to it is no breach of trust on my part to the society of women. Therefore, as admit that you are right in what you

He paused, as if there were something else on his mind which he did not rightly know if he would be justified in saying to her. Then he took a turn up and down the room, coming back to where she was standing calmly regarding him, with her two hands resting on the back of a chair, but still with that wistful look in her eyes that was pitiable to see.

After a brief pause he continued somewhat coldly, as she thought:

"I do not know that I should say what I am going to now, more espesially as I think you have not treated me as you ought to have done. For a very long time the operations of your father have been known to the mounted police. For instance, they were telegraphed only a few days ago from Fort Benton to Walsh over the Rocky Mountain Telegraph company's wire. Now, Miss St. Denis, I naturally feel somewhat mortified, though I am aware you are perfectly justified in asking me by what right I expressed such a sentiment, when I think how I have sacrificed that fine sense of duty (which should always be paramount in a man in my position) for the sake of helping your father to free himself from the dangerous connections he has made, and how my well meant warnings have been disregarded." She did not tell him, as some other

women might have done (either from mistaken motives of a subtle political nature peculiar to a woman's mind or as a matter of fact), that neither she nor her father had invited this confidence on his part or had even attempted in the very slightest degree to deceive him or dissemble when uninvited he had visited them. She only recognized the justice and truth of what he hinted at, and pressing her hand wearily to her forehead she waited for him to continue, which he did:

"But let us speak more plainly in order that we may not misunderstand each other. As you know, I have called several times upon your father here, just as any other civilian would, in a purely private and social capacity, and you have always been good enough to make me welcome as such. Indeed I often have been only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity your father so kindly placed at my disposal of spending an hour or two pleasantly, that would otherwise have been spent very drearily indeed in this lonely part of the country. Of course-and I am very sorry to give you pain by referring to it again-I have always been aware of the traffic your father engaged in with Montana, and I have always, so far as I could consistently with my sense of duty and ideas of what was proper as his guest, endeavored to influence him against the suicidal course he is pursuing, for such a course in the end must always prove disastrous. Indeed the very last time I was here I gave your father a very direct warning. It seems madness to me that he should have attempted another venture in the teeth of what was said on that occasion. And now we have been sent to intercept him as he comes across the lines. It will be a very serious affair for him if we get him with a contraband cargo, which he is pretty sure to have. I can assure you I dislike the painful task of arresting him only less than the necessity of hav-

ing to prepare you for it." And now the composure of the girl seemed to have deserted her. She grew very pale, and a dizziness seemed to seize her. She swayed for a moment where she stood. The trooper caught her by the arm tenderly and respectfully and placed her in a seat. Looking up, she saw the sincerity of his great pity for her in his eyes, and it moved her strangely. But she seemed to recover as

she spoke to him. "I am afraid I am rather upset," she said, with a pitiful little smile. Then, as if unconscious of the presence of any one, she involuntarily clasped her hands in front of her and moaned: "Oh, my poor father, it is all for me you do this thing! Goodness knows I would rather work from morning till night and live on a crust than have things as they are.'

She remained for a few minutes as if buried in thought, with her hands nervously clasping each other on her lap and her eyes looking out tearfully and, oh, so sadly, into the blurred, hurrying snowstorm. Harry Yorke stood with his hands behind his back and a troubled expression upon his face, looking away from her into the wintrylike chaos of drifting snowflakes. Once or twice the girl stirred uneasily and regarded the trooper intently as if she were studying him. Some struggle, some conflict of inclinations was going on within her. Was it her maidenly pride and that sense of duty she owed to a parent? Her knowledge of the conventiona door at the far end of the room and alities of life might not have been so complete as many of her more worldly wise sisters in more favored parts of Then the sergeant, Harry Yorke, said | the world, but her innate maiden modesty was true to itself and free from

checked herself. After all, on what grounds could she claim the assistance or connivance of this man? He had always treated her only with that courtly and kindly respect which her instincts told her was in no way different from that which he had used toward those grand ladies of that very different world to which he had at one time belonged. But in the convent at Prince Albert she had mixed with many who were ladies, both by birth and upbringing, and as on both her father's and her mother's side she inherited that natural dignity and charm of manner that has its origin in gentle



She placed one hand lightly upon his gree of refinement than generally falis to girls in her sphere of life in the Canadian northwest, so perhaps he could not well treat her otherwise. Besides, she had read much, and, what was of greater importance, she had a natural taste for the better kind of literature of a healthy and elevating tone, not the pessimistical, prurient and sickly sort that libels the present age under the Talse title of the society "up to date" novel. She could not presume upon any fancied regard which he might entertain for her. The very idea was nauseous. Besides, in that case what would he think of her? To throw herself upon his pity would be equally humiliating. Moreover, would it not be a direct insult to him in the honorable discharge of his duty and be assuming a certain moral laxity in his nature to ask him to help her in this emergency? She might just as well ask him, in as many words, to be false to his queen and country at once.

But then the thought of her father rose before her, the days when after her mother died and they were traveling westward over the vast and seemingly interminable prairies with the wagons; how, many a time, to please and soothe her to sleep, he would walk for miles alongside the wagons with her in his arms; how he had helped to nurse and tend her, with all the deep seated tenderness and devotion that his nature was capable of; how he would unbend from his seemingly austere mood and gather flowers and play with her on the prairie for hours together, so that she might not miss the companionship of other children; how her slightest wish seemed his proud privilege to perform; how he had nursed her through long sleepless nights of illness, nor ever seemed to have but one though or wish, and that for her; how he had parted with her, when she had gone to the convent on the Saskatchewan, in what she knew was a spirit of self sacrifice, in order that she might not grow up as ignorant as many of the children in that great lone land. Even now, if her father had broken the laws of the country, something told her it was no mere greed of gain on his part-personally he was the most unselfish of menthat had led him to do this, but that he eventually might be able to bring her into a sphere of life which would be more congenial than the present one. "Oh, father, father!" she repeated to herself, as the image of his kindly, time worn face rose before her from that wonderful magic mirror of the mind, and which she knew and loved so well One course lay open to her, and she did not hesitate to contemplate it, where only the matter of her own personal safety and physical well being were concerned. Her eyes were undimmed now; rising, she went toward the win-

dow and looked out. "Do you think we shall have much of a blizzard?" she inquired. "It is impossible to say, but I hope

not," he answered. Then, as if it were in answer to some project she had just communicated to

him, he continued:

"But you must not think of going out in such a storm; you would lose your way before you went 60 yards. Besides, if the inspector thought you meditated any such thing, he would not scruple to put you under some embarrassing restraints."

"Does that man control my movements?" she asked somewhat indignant-"The day is past when the Northwest mounted police relegated to themselves rights that even the Russian police would hardly dare to take."

"No." he answered humbly, coming toward the window and standing opposite her, "but you must recollect that

he is not a"-"Yes, I understand and will spare you the pain of the admission." "Thanks. I wish I could help you," he continued, "but you can understand

my position. I am not blameless in my own eyes now, telling you what I have Still he kept his eyes averted from hers and tried to concentrate his gaze

upon the hurrying snowflakes, but that was a difficult thing to do. And now the girl nerved herself for her self imposed task. As if to fix his attention she placed one hand lightly upon his arm, and he was forced to look at her. Somehow, to him, this seemed a natural and simple action coming from her. He knew it was a dangerous and fatal thing for him to look at her,

but then he was in no way different from other men, although he belonged to a calling that is supposed to eliminate from its exercise anything approaching sentiment. She was a very beautiful girl indeed, but whether it thought of consulting a physician on was a sense of pity for her or the witchery of her superior presence that influenced him he did not speculate upon

"You will perhaps forget what I am going to say now," she said, catching her breath quickly, "if it appears to you an unfair and unwomanly thing of me to ask. Of course, I have no claim on your consideration whatever, but I somehow think you would rather help me than otherwise. I am not going to insult you by asking you to avoid your duty, but I should like you to bear in mind my position. You must know my father is everything in this life to me, and I would not think twice of risking

moved her lips as if to speak, then | my life in the chance of saving his, though I know he would consider such a sacrifice wasted were I to lose mine. Perhaps you can understand this." He did not speak, but simply bowed

> She went on again: "I know that wherever he is on the prairie at the present he is safe enough -he has weathered too many blizzards. As long as this one lasts he is safe enough from you, but, of course, you know he may pull in here any time it lifts. What I want to ask of you is that you promise me not to interfere with my movements whenever the snow may stop. It may be nothing to you that I promise my father shall never offend again, but it shall be so. It may not be such a very great thing to ask of you

arter all, but it means everything to me. Perhaps I might be more certain of the success of my plans were I to keep my own counsel, but I have reasons for this step and would rather feel that you were with me. Will you do as I want you to?" Her hand still rested lightly, and as

if unconsciously, upon his wrist and her touch seemed to thrill him as no touch had ever done before. At the close of her appeal she had withdrawn her eyes from his face, as if she were conscious of having said more than prudence dictated. With that great gleaming wealth of silky hair surrounding her beautiful face like an aureole, watching the downward glance of those delicately veined eyelids, and with that mobile face so near to his, he would have been more than human could he have done otherwise than he did. She had thrown herself as it were upon his mercy. She had shown that she had faith in his natural goodness of heart. And, after all, it was not for herself she pleaded, but for a father. She had not asked him to do anything that was in any way disgraceful; she had merely asked him, what it was unnecessary for her to have asked, not to interfere with her movements when the storm had lifted. Besides, doubtless knowing that the inspector was brute enough to lock two defenseless women up if he suspected that they might spoil his contemplated seizure, she reckoned that he, the sergeant, having her confidence, might possibly dissuade him from any such arbitrary measures. But was it necessary to ask his assistance at all? She might have known that, with the exception of the inspector himself, none of the others would have dreamed of interfering with her movements. No, not even perhaps if they had suspected her designs.

Could it be that on account of their slight intimacy in the past she did not wish to appear as if stealing a march on him? Some people had such a fine sense of honor as to the relations between one person and another, even although these relations hinged on a matter of dubious principle. This thought somehow thrilled him with a certain secret satisfaction.

Their eyes met for a second, but neither spoke. Then, by an impulse that he could hardly account for, the trooper performed a good old fashioned, chivalric action that has somehow gone out of fashion in these more prosaic modern times. He caught up one of her hands, and bowing his head over it lightly pressed it to his lips, and she knew that he had granted het request. And then he left the room abruptly.

CHAPTER V.

When Marie was left alone, she stood for a long time gazing out upon the blurred and dreary prospect that the external world presented. But perhaps she never saw it, for her eyes had that faraway look that denotes the mind to be engaged in other than its immediate surroundings. When the trooper had kissed her hand, she had not attempted nor indeed did she desire to withdraw it. She was no prude, and she interpreted that old time action as any other

sensible girl would have interpreted it. Perhaps, however, it might have sent an extra tinge of color into her cheek, and a shier and gladder light might have dawned in her eyes. As has been said, they were beautiful eyes at any time, but there was a light in them now that had not been in them before. Her spirits gradually rose as a certain definite plan revealed itself to her. She felt as if she must occupy herself with something or other, or else her hectic spirits would break through all restraints and lead her into some foolishness. She looked at the books which the trooper had placed upon the dresser for her. "And I never even said 'thank you' to him," she said fearfully and with a dawning sense of recollection. Then Jeannette came into the room, and away

her quick thoughts flew on a new tack. "Oh, Jeannette! By the way," she said, "I wonder if the police have got their own food with them?" (Continued next week.)

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