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The Canadian

LINDSAY FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1895

SINNERS TWAIN.

creek at certain places where she kney the snow lay many feet deep underneatl Loudly did the overeager officer of mounted police curse those treacherous pitfalls on the morrow. She wound in and out among the thick clumps of willot; and elder. They would have their week cut out for them who followed in her tracks. She was only human, after all, and she could not help laughing silently to herself at times when, with vivid imagination, she pictured the inspector floundering about on his horse in one of these deep snowdrifts-perhaps nothing but his moonlike face visible above the surface. When she thought of the use he would put that unique vocabulary of his to, and the number of new and choice words and expressions which he would coin for

such occasions, she had actually to stop to repress the fit of laughter that would fain have shaken her. But at times she would experience

twinges of conscience when she asked herself if it were right to create delays which might imperil the lives of those who had sacrificed so much to help her. When she contemplated such disastrous contingencies there was an almost pitiful look of terror on her face that would doubtless have surprised her prospective victims could they have seen it. At such times she thought herself a very wicked creature indeed. Perhaps there was a considerable spark of old Mother Eve in her after all. But the thought of her father would gradually overcome her scruples, and she would push on again.

She began to realize she had traveled some considerable distance, and was feeling tired. She sat down on a rising piece of ground and looked around. What a weird, unearthly landscape showed up all around her! She could follow the dark, uncertain line of the creek as it wandered, in an erratic sort of fashion, away into that mystic and shadowy landscape, until it was lost in dim obscurity. But towering, as it were, into that starlit other world, she could see the three conical peaks of the Sweet Grass hills looking down upon that spectral land beneath them. They seemed very beautiful and grand, very solemn and majestic. There must have been in Marie St. Denis' nature that susceptibility to what is beautiful in nature-that responsive note which indicates that the soul is capable of receiving those deeper and sublimer lessons from God's own handiwork. As she looked upon these snowclad peaks soaring heavenward her whole being was stirred with a sense of the eternal and the majesty of that presence which created all things. For a brief space the very sight of these hills seemed to give her fresh strength and courage. But, alas, tired nature would reassert herself. It was the old story of the willing spirit and the weak flesh. For two nights she had not slept a wink. Hope had buoyed her up, but as stern reality dispelled hope the reaction of her physical body set in, and subtly and mercifully was the change brought about. She began to be conscious at times of

being the victim of her own fancies. And now she came to a place where she had to push through a deep, narrow gorge, which opened out into an amphitheaterlike space where there was a thicket of cottonwood trees, and which had been used in the old days as a burying ground for the Indians. It was a horrible place, and even this healthy, prairie bred girl experienced that sense of awe and fear which will steal over one-unless one is dead to all human emotions-when one is in the presence of relics of mortality. This little valley,

surrounded by high banks, had an evil reputation. Some renegade Sioux or Piegan Indians had some few years before committed some bloody atrocities near this spot, and the dead had been buried here. Upon rude platforms were ranged human bodies wrapped in buffalo robes and blankets, which were now coated and crusted with drifting snow. The great gaunt, scraggy branches of the leafless trees and that significant scaffolding with its awful burdens, when viewed from the frozen bed of the creek on which she walked, stood out with a horrible distinctness against the starlit sky. Time or the bears had broken down some of these stages, and she knew that hideous, shapeless and unnamable things lay strewn around and partially buried in the snow. It was a veritable Golgotha. And now a cold shiver ran through the frame of the girl as she lifted her eyes and gazed fearfully up at a number of grinning skulls which a playful mounted policeman or a wandering cowboy of a decorative turn of mind had fixed on the scraggy limb of a gaunt and blasted oak tree. Even as the girl looked there rose a weird, eerie moan on the still night, and a startling crash that drove the blood to her heart and chilled the surface of her body. In spite of herself she sank down on her knees, and clasping her hands before her muttered a prayer as best she could. Marie was not naturally timid, but that place had an evil reputation, and the law of association is a powerful thing. But it was only a stray breath of wind, straying down the gorge, that had caused the moaning, and the weight of the snow upon one of these awful burdens had been too much for the rotten supports, even then threatened her? As for going back, when she came to think of it, she felt utterly unable for the task. And now the real nature of Marie began to show itself. She hardly for a moment thought of that fate which might so soon overtake her. She had none of that enervating, half pitying compassion for herself in the abstract that some less unselfish ones have. She did not even regret the step she had taken, though it now threatened her life. She only knew that if she had not come on this vain er-

heart sank within her. At last in the east the gray dawn was breaking; the stars began to disappear one by one, like lights in a great city at break of day. A thin, ghostike mist began to creep from butte to coulee across the billowy prairie, like the phantom sea that it was. It hung low and converted the tops of the little buttes and ridges into mimic islands, until the earth somewhat resembled one of those landscapes that the imaginative mind will conjure up in the clouds. But, away to the left, a couple of miles off the girl saw a unique sight. She saw the entrance to the Devil's Playground -that weird, nightmarish valley into which the boldest Indian will not enter, but only gaze upon fearfully from the brink of the chasm. Constituting the portals of this valley, the girl saw gigantic pillarlike masses of vitrified clay that resembled the painted pillars in some vast gorgeous and barbaric old world temple. Indeed the variety and originality of coloring in those pillars were beautiful if bewildering in effect. Just beyond them lurked, reproduced in colored clays, those wonderful freaks of nature-the forms of monstrous and grotesque animals, whose shapes startled one with a suggestion of intelligent design. From the painted and garish terraces themselves projected griffins and gargoyles, just as one sees them in old and quaint cathedrals, but only more grotesque and suggestive by reason of

rand she would have regretted the stay-

ing behind still more. Her only thoughts

were for her father, but as her eyes wan-

dered over the ghastly prospect her

The girl looked longingly toward the portals of this valley of freaks, but she could see no sign of any living thing near them. She had thought that the smugglers might have taken shelter there from the fury of the blizzard. But had they done so she thought that by this time they would have begun their journey again so as to pass the police lines ere the sun rose. "Oh, father, father!" she cried, and the unbidden tears started to her eyes.

their vivid coloring.

Then her brain or old King Death played her a strange trick, but not by any means an unusual one, for those who have been in the very jaws of death and have been snatched back can tell some marvelous tales-marvelous because they are utterly foreign to our preconceived notions of the king of terrors. Especially can those who have passed the Rubicon—the painful stage of mental and physical suffering-and whose feet have trod the mystic threshold of the unknown, whether they are lost ones on the African desert, in the Australian bush, castaways at sea or the vanquished victims of some fell dis-

It is, indeed, a merciful thing an shows how wonderfully and fearfully we are made, to think that the brain comes eventually to our aid, to take somewhat away from the agony of death and rob it, as it were, of some of the terror it would fain inspire. So now with Marie St. Denis, for gradually there stole a wonderful peace of mindsomething that almost approached physical glow-over her. The presen with its horror passed utterly away, and this was the vision she had in its

stead: It was a bright summer's day; the prairie was gay and beautiful with its very brightest carpet of green and its choicest display of wild flowers. There were the lilies that outshone the glory of Solomon and the pink and clustering roses that glowed as must have done the roses of Sharon to have made their beauty Scriptural. There were the nod-



"Oh, father, father!" she cried. ding sunflowers winking in the gentle breeze, like so many eyes of fire, the blue larkspurs, the yellow and purple violets, bluebells and a hundred other flowers, perhaps as beautiful, but not so familiar as these more common ones. No wonder they say that on the prairie there is a flower for every day in the year. Close to the trail a great wagon is camped, with a white canvas top to Some little distance off the horses, released from their toil, are rolling in

the grass and throwing their legs wildly into the air in the most grotesque and extravagant fashion in their endeavor to roll from one side to another. And she is crawling about on the grass, with one hand grasping the gathered skirt that holds the flowers she has been plucking. Close to her, on his hands and knees, like a great overgrown schoolboy, is her father, with smiles wreathing that usually sad and austere face. She had made him stoop down before her, and, like the playful child she is, she has stuck a fringe of flowers into the band of his broad cowboy hat and is now endeavoring to string a chain of, daisies round his neck. All the children of Eve pursue the same methods of play the world over. And this grave, bearded man is looking as proud of that chain as if it were of gold, and she were the heir to the throne decorating him. proud? Prouder by far, for there is no pride on earth to compare to that of a father in his only child. She is happy as the day is long. Aye, long-but never

too long for them! Then a sudden shock, and her dream shivered. She had slipped back into a recumbent position on the snow, and the sudden movement roused her for a brief spell. With a lightninglike flash the brain realized the danger of the situation and urged the weakened body | One. to renewed exertion. But it was power-

less to respond Was this, then, the end of her young life, she who had cherished such dreams and hopes of the future? Was she to perish like one of the beasts of the field, on that desolate snowbound ridge? Were the birds of the air and the jackals of the plain—the prairie and timber wolves-to fight over her poor body? A thing so fair as she were rare prey for such evil looking brutes as wolves. Even now, far off, but ever drawing nearer, she heard a mournful and prolonged eerie cry, and she knew that already a wolf was upon her tracks. She had a small revolver in her belt, but perhaps it was not worth while using it. Poor Marie! Well might she pray, for that upon her now.

And then rose up before her that face that had so often smiled upon her in her dreams, and she knew it was her mother's face, that dear mother whom she had lost so long ago that her image had become but a sacred memory. Then the face of her father, that face so full of simple tenderness, seemed to look down upon her, and a struggling gleam of semiconsciousness shook her for a few minutes with a tempest of agony, as she pictured him all alone in the world, without any one . to love, without any one to strengthen or care for him, and with only the memory of a fitfully sunny past behind him. Surely this was the agony and sting of death.

Death! She must rouse herself. It was a sinful thing to let death steal upon her with its subtle visions and lethargy! She would break the spell; if she died it would be upon her feet. But, horror! The muscles of her body refused to obey the commands of the brain. She could

But just before the mists lifted before the rays of that wintry sun she seemed to hear, as if in the air, but wonderfully clearly and distinctly, that majestic and triumphant song of adoration, the "Halleluiah Chorus." She had heard it in the convent; it had haunted her since, and now it came as if to lighten her end. She heard myriads of voices-beauti-

ful voices; the silvery voices of women, the voices of boys and the resonant and maturer voices of manhood, blend together with the pealing notes of the king of instruments, until they spoke as one in harmonious concord, with a sweetness that ravished her senses and permeated her whole being.

"Hallelniah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" they all cried together, with one mighty and resonant volume of sound, with one joyous burst of triumph and of gladness. And the basses heralding the clarionlike voices of the sopranos sang, "And he shall reign for ever and ever."

Then the tenors and the basses cried, 'Halleluiah! Halleluiah!" The silvery altos and the mellow contraltoe glided into the ever growing melody with, "For ever and ever, King of Kings and

Lord of Lords." And that mighty, fugual, soul stirring chorus rolled on, the beautiful lights and shades of the theme pursuing, meeting and crossing one another transversely like the shafts of pearly, silvery and rosy light that play upon the face of the aurora under a northern sky. It was many throated, many tongued, but with one soul only. It was a mosaic of sound—the voice of the Creator speaking through the creature.

hymn for one so young and beautiful. And now, ere that insidious death sleep dulled her wandering senses, robbing her even of that land of dreams and shadows, and ere her eyelids closed over the wells of liquid light, she heard these words so full of a divine promise:

It was a glorious pean-a fitting death

"And though worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God." Surely the angels of light were bending over her then-so fair and peaceful her young face seemed—and hid the grim shadow of the angel of death as he hovered over her.

"But, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory," chanted all the voices

The lemon glow that trembled in the east died at the sun's first kiss. A blush, as subtle as the tender red that dves a maiden's cheek, spread over earth and sky. The stars grew dim and blended with the blue. The gray mists lifted from the spectral earth. That dream of glory round the ice king's throne shivered-the way of dreams.

And then the girl slept.

CHAPTER XL When Harry Yorke, the police sergeant, had gone to the stable when ordered to do so by his superior officer, he found that all the horses were lying down in their stalls, peacefully dozing like so many respectable human beings. Jamie had said that he heard them pounding the cobblestones violently, but as the floor happened to be a mud one it is only charitable to suppose that the officer must have forgotten this fact, and that his imagination must have been uncommonly active. He waited in the stable for some little time and then went back to the room where his comrades were. According to his instructions, he told the inspector that the blizzard had ceased. As he had apected the latter gave him some fresh orders. "Then open the door," said the hu-

manitarian, "and wake up Townle and Pierre, and the three of you keep ! sharp lookout on the opposite door, s that none of these women can pass out without you seeing them. Keep pinching the third man so that you will be able to keep awake."

A fool may have humor which wise men may laugh over, but the wit of the cruel and crafty is like a nettle, it has a sting for all. The hand that crushes is the proper one to handle it.

The sergeant reluctantly did as he was ordered; the three watchers, putting some fresh fuel on the fire, began their weary vigil, and Jamie began to

All inclination to sleep had been effectually banished from the sergeant's eyes. How could he sleep with the thought of that poor girl out upon the snowbound prairie? At times it was very noticeable to the other two watchers that he betrayed considerable impatience as the night or rather the morning wore on. Sometimes he got up and silently paced the hut-the officer was now sound asleep-and once or twice he went out, and, opening the outer door, looked into the semidarkness and listened. Toward morning, as if his impatience impelled him to action, he went out into the stable and remained there about an hour. On coming in again a gust of cold air, like a tangible presence and which cut like a knife, came in with him, and awoke Jamie.

"The deuce"-only he put it more forcibly-"take you, Yorke! Were you born in a barn?" snapped the Amiable "Daylight is coming, sir," said the

sergeant, ignoring his superior's polite request for information. "It's coming, is it?" cried Jamie irri-

tably, and it is only charitable to say half awake. "Well, then, let it come, and be d-d to it!"

At this slightly irrelevant but characteristic speech, that was delivered in a thick and incoherent voice which a man who had been having more to drink than was good for him might adopt, the scout, in spite of himself, broke into a loud succession of snorts which sounded suspiciously. "What the devil's the matter with

you now, Pierre?" asked Jamie querulously. "Got an attack of the colic?" "Yes, sir," answered Pierre gravely. sleep which means death was very close | He had just managed to check himself. "And it is a maladie terrible, and will many times occasion me considerable distress. The worst of it is it will proceed for me at such odd times."

"Humph! Horses fed?" asked Jamie. "Yes, sir, and stables cleaned out," answered the sergeant.

The private and the scout exchanged glances, but as it was no uncommon thing in the police force for noncommissioned officers to turn their hands to on occasions they thought no more about it. Just then there came a knock at the

door, and the voice of old Jeannette was heard inquiring for the sergeant. She asked the latter if he would come into the kitchen for a minute, as she wished to speak to him. The sergeant hastened to grant her request.

Jeannette, who was considerably agitated, turned to him and spoke as soon as he entered the kitchen.

"My Marie," she said, "she has gone through the night. Do you think there is any danger? *Ah! I see you know of it. Why did you let her go? She may perish. Fool that I was not to even know she would try it as soon as the blizzard went down. But it may have risen again during the night. You must follow up her tracks, though it is to fall in with her father. Ah, ma cherie, ma pauvre enfant! It is some harm will come to you! But I will myself go"-

"Steady, Jeannette!" said the sergeant. "I will go." For at that moment the fear that had been troubling him one-half the night took shape and rose before him. And that was, if the girl kept on traveling, expecting to meet her father, but did not, and were she unable to return, or a little wind sprung up that would obliterate her tracks and prevent them following her, she must inevitably perish. The thought chilled his heart.

Just then there came a furious pound ing at the door, and a voice that there was no mistaking cried:

"Hello there, Yorke! Darn you Yorke! What the dickens is the matter with the women?" The sergeant went to the door and

"Nothing, sir," he answered, "only one of them has gone during the night -Mlle, St. Denis, "

"What, and us watching the door Well, of all the artful young' - But for once in his experience Jamie's vocabulary of opprobrious terms failed to furnish him with a word vile enough to suit him. He mumbled strangely. Then surprise and mortification silenced him. But in an unguarded moment he pushed past the sergeant and made for Marie's bedroom. At the same moment Dick Townley and the scout, alarmed by the ontery Jamie had raised, entered the kitchen to find out what all the trouble

Unfortunately for the officer, he had forgotten the warning he had received on two former occasions regarding the entering of the kitchen. And now, before Jeannette had almost time to recover from her astonishment, the commissioned cad had entered the bedroom of the girl, had begun to pull about the bedclothes, to throw them on the floor and to get down on his knees and peer under the bed.

With a cry and a spring like that of a wounded animal the half breed woman made for the stove, snatched from it a burning fagot of wood, with her spare hand seized the iron dipper full of hot water-which, indeed, had never been off the stove-and darted into Marie's room after the officer. The sergeant endeavored to stop her by getting between her and the officer, but she thrust the burning fagot into his face till it singed his mustache and eyelashes.

"Tenez-yous la! Back, you!" she cried, and the gleaming of her black eyes betrayed her primitive fiery origin. "Back, as you value your life! I should be sorry to hurt you, whom I have no

And now that ignoble day of reckoning which all blasphemers and buliles bring upon themselves came to Jamie and it came at the hands of the sex for which he had so little respect. Jeannette surprised the officer in the "Parbleu!" she hissed between her

man-you would dare enter the room of my dear mistress, would you?" "Stand back, woman! Stand back, you demmed tiger cat! Do you know who I am?" cried Jamie, the thought of the exalted position which political influence had won for him suggesting itself to him. "I am an officer"-

teeth. "Coquin! You blackguard, low

Swish! went the scalding water over his coarse, cowardly face, but he partly saved himself by throwing up his hands. In a second he had caught up some bedclothes so as to throw them over her. But she was too quick for him, and down came the burning billet of wood upon his broad shoulders. The sergeant, alarmed for the safety of his superior, essayed another rush in upon her. But he received a sharp rap on the headjust meant as a gentle hint to him to mind his own business-that caused him to stagger out of the room again. Dick Townley and the scout merely looked on. They would hardly have moved one finger to save their officer from his well merited disgrace, even though ordered to. It was an illustration upon a small scale of the truth conveyed in those verses of Tennyson's beginning with:

He who rules by terror doth grievous wrong. It is safe to say that if Dick Townley felt ashamed of the cloth he wore just

then he otherwise enjoyed himself. Then the officer clutched at and succeeded in wrenching the billet of wood from Jeannette's hand. But she pounced on him like the tigress that she was, tore his hair and scratched him after the most approved style of Chinamen and women in general. She was a strong woman; she cuffed and buffeted him, knocked his head against the wall, and when at last the sergeant and the other two men thought it fit to interfere and pull her off her prey a more sorry and wretched looking specimen of humanity than Jamie could not well be imagined.

As the three men held her the officer, with a look of mingled terror and rage on his face, seized the smoldering billet of wood and advanced upon her as if to strike her with it.

"Down with that billet of wood!" thundered the sergeant. "D-n it, would you strike a woman who is being

Jamie started back transfixed with astonishment. Such unparalleled insolence and rank insubordination he had never met with before. But he staid his hand. That look in the sergeant's eve was ominously like the light that glowed in that mad half breed woman's He only stammered:

"You heard that, Townley? You heard what the sergeant said?"

"Heard what?" said the private. "I heard him remind you, in the most humble and civil manner, that you were an officer of the Northwest mounted police, and that it was a woman you wanted to strike with a billet of wood when she was being held. Oh, I'll swear to The officer groaned.

"Pierre," he cried in a frenzied way, "you heard the sergeant damn me, didn't

"I heard you damn the sergeant," answered the scout testily, "and I say you kick a woman. I think it would be your wisest plan your tongue to hold!" "Oh, Je-rusalem!" cried the officer.

"I would beg of you, sir, to leave the room," said the sergeant. You see, we can't hold the woman here all day, and I suppose you will want to start off after the girl."

The sorely discomfited officer thought -as best he could-that it was the bet ter thing to do under the circumstances and left the room. He was also some what apprehensive lest Jeannette should break loose again and be after him and this was a contingency to be guard ed against. No sooner had the officer left than Harry Yorke placed the now perfectly passive woman gently in a chair. A reaction had set in, and her demeanor underwent a complete change. She was now indulging in a hearty cry. "Oh, to think that I should have lowered myself like that," she sobbed. "But to hear that villain talk of my young mistress as he did"— and here she could not find words to express her

indignation. "You have made him pay for it, Jeannette," said Yorke. "And, by Jove! I suppose it's rank treason for me to say so, but, as my superior officer, I'm heartily ashamed of him. Thank goodness, I've only a couple of months more to put in now, for I could not stand much more of this sort of

In the meantime the scout had gone out and fetched a supply of firewood in for Jeannette, then he lifted away the box of ashes for her from her stove The trooper took the water buckets, and taking them to the well filled them As for Jeannette, she was a kind heart ed if impulsive soul, and these simple little actions touched her. She was now heartily ashamed of her late outbreak being usually the best tempered of women—though, like the best tempered, the most dangerous when roused-but still she kept lamenting about Marie. So, in order to facilitate matters and hurry them out to follow up the tracks of her

(Continued on page seven)



One's physical feelings, like the faithful setter, search and point out plainly the fact of disease or health. If a man is not feeling well and vigorous
 if he is losing flesh and vitality, if he is listless, nervous, sleepless, he certainly is not well. The down hill road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly. At the first intimation of disease, the wise man takes a pure, simple vegetable tonic. It puts his digestion into good active order and that puts the rest of his body in order. The medicine that will do this is a medicine that is good to take in any trouble of the blood, the digestion, or the respiration, no matter how serious it may have become.

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