

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDA PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border", "My Lady of Doubt", "South", etc., etc.
Illustrations by V. L. Barracs

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Something Besides Duty Inspired Him; He Was No Longer Merely a Soldier.

Sergeant, the outline of his face silhouetted against the sky, stared motionless into the night without. Suddenly, not making a sound, he lifted the rifle to his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Way to the River.

She waited in agony as he sighted carefully, striving to gauge the distance before his finger pressed the trigger. Then came the report, a flash of flame, and the powder smoke blown back in her face. Half-blinded by the discharge, she yet saw that black smudge leap upright; again the Henry blazed, and the dim figure went down. There was a cry—a mad yell of rage—in which scattered voices joined; splints of fire cleaving the darkness; the barking of guns of different caliber. A bit of flying lead tore through the leather back of the coach with an odd rip; another struck the casing of the door, sending the wooden splinters flying like arrows. Hawk-eyed Hamlin fired twice more, aiming at the sparks, grimly certain that a retreating howl from the left evidenced a hit. Then, as quickly, all was still. The Sergeant drew back from the window, leaning his gun against the casing. "That will hold them for a while," he said cheerfully. "Two less out there, I reckon, and the others won't get careless again right away. Now is our time; are you ready?"

There was no response, the stillness so profound he could hear the faint ticking of the girl's watch. He reached out, almost alarmed, and touched her dress. "What is the trouble?" he questioned anxiously. "Didn't you hear me speak?"

He waited breathless, but there was no movement, no sound, and his hand trembling, in spite of his iron nerve groped its way upward. She was lying back against the opposite window, her head bent sideways.

"My God," he thought, "did those devils get her?" She lifted her slight figure up on one arm, all else blotted out, all other memory vanished through this instant dread. His cheek stung where flying splinters had struck him, but that was nothing. She was warm, her flesh was warm; then his searching fingers felt the moist blood trickling down from the edge of her hair. He let out his breath slowly, the sudden relief almost choking him. It was bad enough surely, but not what he had feared. Not death. She had been struck hard—a flying splinter of wood, perhaps, or a deflected bullet—her hair matted with blood, yet it was more than a flesh wound, although leaving her unconscious. If he hesitated it was but for an instant. The entire situation recurred to him in a flash; he must change his plans, but dare waste no time. If they were to escape it must be accomplished now, shadowed by darkness, while savage watchers were safely beyond sound. His lean jaws set with fierce determination, and he grimly hitched his belt forward, one sinewy hand fingering the revolver. He would have to trust to that weapon entirely for defense; he could not carry both the rifle and the girl.

Moving slowly, cautiously, fearful lest some creaking of the old stage might betray his motions to those keen ears below, he backed through the open door. Once feeling the ground firm beneath his feet, and making sure that both canteen and hav-

sack were secure, he reached back into the darkness, grasping the form of the unconscious girl. He stood erect with her held securely in his arms, strands of hair blowing against his cheek, listening intently, striving with keen eyes to penetrate the black curtain. The wind was fortunate, blowing steadily across the flat from the river, and they were surely invisible against the background of the overhanging bluff. He did not even feel it necessary to crouch low to avoid discovery. He knew that peril would confront them later, when they ventured out into the open. How light she seemed, as though he clasped a child. Bearing her was going to be easier than he had supposed; the excitement yielded him a new measure of strength, yet he went forward very slowly, feeling along, inch by inch, planting his feet with exceeding care. The earth was hard-packed and would leave little trail; there were no leaves, no dead grass to rustle. Beyond the protection afforded by the stage he felt the full sweep of the wind, and

permitted her head to rest lower on one arm so that he could look about more clearly. She had not even opened, although he had felt her breath upon his face. Once he stumbled slightly over some fallen earth, and farther along a foot slipped on a treacherous stone, but the slight noise died unnoticed in the night. It was farther to the gully than he had supposed; his heart was in his throat fearing he had missed it, half-believing the depression failed to extend to the base of the bluff. Then his foot, exploring blindly, touched the edge of the bank. Carefully he laid his burden down, placing his battered campaign bag beneath her head. He bent over her again, assuring himself that she breathed regularly, and then crept down alone into the shallow ravine.

His nerves were like steel now, his hand steady, his heart beating without an accelerated throb. He knew the work, and rejoiced in it. This was why he was a soldier. Silently, swiftly, he unbuckled his belt, refastening it across the straps so as to hold canteen and haversack noiseless, and then, revolver in hand, began creeping down under cover of the low banks. He must explore the path first before attempting to bear her along in his arms; must be sure the passage was unguarded. After it swerved to the right there would be little danger, but while it ran straight, some cautious savage might have chosen it to skulk in. To deal with such he needed to be alone, and free.

He must have crawled thus for thirty yards, hands and knees aching horribly, eyes ever peering over the edge of the bank, his ears tingling to the slightest noise. The tiny glow of the fire far away to the left was alone visible in the intense blackness; the wind brought to him no sound of movement. The stillness was profound, almost uncanny, as he paused and listened he could distinguish the throb of his heart. He was across the trail at last, for he felt and traced the ruts of wheels, and where the banks had been worked down almost to a level with the prairie. He crossed this opening like a snake, and then arose to his knees beyond, where the girl deepened. He remained poised, motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. Surely that was something else—that shapeless blotch of shadow, barely topping the line of bank! Was it ten feet away? Or five? He could not tell. He stared; there was no movement, and yet his eyes began to discern dimly the outlines—the head and shoulders of a man! The Sergeant crept forward—an inch, two inches, a foot. The figure did not stir. Now

he was sure the fellow's head was lying flat on the turf, oddly distorted by a feathered war bonnet. The strange posture, the utter lack of movement, seemed proof that the tired warrior had fallen asleep on

watch. Like a cat Hamlin crept up slowly toward him, poised for a spring. Some sense of the wild must have stirred the savage into semi-consciousness. Suddenly he sat up, gripping the gun in his hands. Yet even as his opening eyes saw dimly the Sergeant's menacing shadow, before he could scream his alarm, or spring upright, the revolver butt struck with dull thud, and he went tumbling backward into the ditch, his cry of alarm ending in a hoarse croak. From somewhere, out of the dense darkness in front a voice called, sharp and guttural, as if its owner had been startled by the mysterious sound of the blow. It was the language of the Arapahoes, and out of his vague memory of the tongue, spurred to recollection by the swift emergency, Hamlin growled a hoarse answer, hanging breathlessly above the motionless body until the "ugh!" of the fellow's response proved him without suspicion. He waited, counting the seconds, every muscle strained with expectancy, listening. He had a feeling that some one was crawling over the short grass, wiggling along like a snake, but the faint sound, if found it was, grew less distinct. Finally he lifted his head above the edge of the bank, but saw nothing, not even a dim shadow.

"They are closing in, I reckon," he thought soberly, "and it isn't likely there will be any more of these gentry as far back as this; looks as though this gully turned west just beyond. Anyhow I've got to risk it."

He returned more rapidly, knowing the passage, yet with no less caution, finding the unconscious girl lying exactly as he had left her. As he clasped her form in his arms, her lips uttered some incoherent words, but otherwise she gave no sign of life.

"Yes, yes," he whispered close to her ear, hoping thus to hold her silent.

"It is all right now; only keep still. He could feel her breathing, and realized the danger of her return to consciousness. If she should be frightened and cry out, their fate would be sealed. Yet he must accept the chance, now that he knew the way to be clear. He held her tightly in both arms, his revolver thrust back into its holster. Bending as low as he could with his burden, feeling carefully through the darkness before advancing a foot, he moved steadily forward. Where the gully deepened their heads were at the edge of the bank, but much of the way was exposed, except for the dark shadows of the slope. Fortunately there were clouds to the west, already

to be continued.

TO RENT

FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT—Suitable for Collegiate pupils. Apply 67 Russell at West. P. O. Box 733.

WANTED

WANTED—A qualified teacher for S. S. No. 15, Emily, salary Five Hundred. Duties to commence September 2nd, 1913. Apply to D. O'Neill, (Sec-Treas.), Bobcaygeon, R. M. D. No. 2, Ont.

WANTED—Teacher holding First or Second Class Professional Certificate, for S. S. No. 7, Emily, duties to commence after holidays. Salary according to qualification and experience of applicant. Apply to M. J. Garvey, Treasurer, R. R. No. 1, Omemeo.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF SARAH EVANS, late of the Village of Omemeo, widow, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any claims or demands against the late Sarah Evans, who died on or about the Sixteenth day of March, 1913, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned Solicitors, their names and statements of their accounts and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the 12th day of September, 1913, Margaretta Maye Fielding, the administratrix, will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice, and that the said administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose name she shall not have received notice.

Dated at Lindsay, this 11th day of August, 1913. McLaughlin, Peel, Fulton & Stinson, of Lindsay, Ontario, Solicitors for the administratrix.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

FARM TO RENT—Lot 21, Con. 9 Ops. Containing one Hundred acres, two miles from Lindsay, one mile from school, and in good state of cultivation. There is large back house and two barns and stables. Apply Patrick H. O'Connor on premises or Lindsay P. O.

FOR SALE—Foundry and Machine shop in good locality, first-class shop and dwelling. Fine opportunity to start business as Manufacturing Company or repair shop. Inventory of machine shop and description of property will be given on application. Price right for quick sale, required to sell to wind up estate. For further particulars apply to McLaughlin, Peel, Fulton & Stinson, Lindsay, Ontario.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—100 acres, lot 4, Con. 8 Emily, 80 acres tillable, balance in pasture land, well watered, good house and barn. Apply to Daniel Winn, Lot 2, con. 8 Emily, Downeyville P. O.

FARM FOR SALE—One hundred acres all cleared, frame house, barn 40 x 60 ft. on foundation, good stabling, convenient to school, church, creamery and railroad. For further particulars apply to W. J. Maxwell, Grass Hill.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT—105 acres all cleared, 2 1/2 miles from Lindsay, brick house and all buildings in A. 1. condition. Scugog river runs along foot of farm, best pasturing, etc. Apply at Evening Post.

FARM FOR SALE—100 acres, west of lot 12, con. 7, in the township of Eldon, soil clay loam. All cleared and in good state of cultivation, 10 roomed brick dwelling, frame bank barn and good driving shed and pig pen, well watered and a good orchard bearing, one mile from school, two miles from C. P. R. Station. For further particulars apply to E. F. Robinson, Argyle P. O., Ontario.

Tenders for Concrete Bridge

Tenders marked "Tender for Bridge," addressed to the County Clerk, Lindsay, Ont., will be received until Saturday, August 30, 1913, for the erection and completion of a reinforced Concrete Bridge and relative work across the Narrows of Mud Lake in the Township of Carden in the County of Victoria, according to plans and specifications prepared by Mr. George Smith, County Engineer, all to be finished not later than November 1st, next. The steel for reinforcement will be purchased and supplied by the Municipality interested and at their expense, tenders will not, therefore, include a price for that material. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the County Clerk, Court House, Lindsay, or copies supplied on application, on and after Wednesday, August 20th, 1913. The lowest and any tender not necessarily accepted. A. E. BOTTUM, Chairman, Committee. Lindsay, Aug. 16th, 1913.



How Light She Seemed, as Though He Clasped a Child.

ersack were secure, he reached back into the darkness, grasping the form of the unconscious girl. He stood erect with her held securely in his arms, strands of hair blowing against his cheek, listening intently, striving with keen eyes to penetrate the black curtain. The wind was fortunate, blowing steadily across the flat from the river, and they were surely invisible against the background of the overhanging bluff. He did not even feel it necessary to crouch low to avoid discovery. He knew that peril would confront them later, when they ventured out into the open. How light she seemed, as though he clasped a child. Bearing her was going to be easier than he had supposed; the excitement yielded him a new measure of strength, yet he went forward very slowly, feeling along, inch by inch, planting his feet with exceeding care. The earth was hard-packed and would leave little trail; there were no leaves, no dead grass to rustle. Beyond the protection afforded by the stage he felt the full sweep of the wind, and

FARM FOR SALE—Tenders will be received by the undersigned until Tuesday 19th August, 1913, for the purchase of the Breen Estate farm being the north part of Lot 3, Con. 1 Ops, 130 acres more or less. This is a well improved and very desirable farm. Possession can be had after 1st March 1914. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address Stewart & O'Connor.

FARM FOR SALE—200 acres more or less, 174 cleared, 150 acres tillable, small hardwood bush, small young orchard, well fenced and watered with 3 wells, and Scugog river running along east end of farm, good frame house with kitchen, partry, dining room, parlor, bed room, down stairs, 5 bed rooms and closets up stairs, hot air furnace, good cement cellar, frame barn on stone wall, fixed up to hold 48 cattle and 11 horses, with good root house, cement floors all through and newly shingled silo. The property of William Helson being Lot 27, Con. 5 Ops, 3 1/2 miles from town. Will sell the farm with crop and stock and give possession at once or will sell the farm with plow. Leave as soon as harvest is over. Will sell to suit purchaser. Will try and make terms to suit purchasers. Crop all in. There will be 6 acre corn, 4 acres roots. Farm to be sold cheap to make a ready sale. Apply to proprietor on the premises or to Elinus Bowers, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay, at once.

FARM FOR SALE—Being the west half of lot 32, first Concession Township of Fenelon, on the Victoria Road, containing one hundred acres more or less. Less one fifth an acre taken off for long Point Methodist Church on the farm. Post office on the adjoining farm. Sixty acres under cultivation, balance second growth timber, suitable for ranch or grain. For further particulars apply to Myles Haygarth, Victoria Road, P. O.

FARM FOR SALE—120 acres, more or less, lot 14, con. 1, Fenelon, well underdrained, 10 miles northwest of Lindsay, 1 mile from Post Office, school and blacksmith shop. Good grain and dairy farm; hip roof barn, 60 x 48 x 20 ft. siding, cement floors all through, stabling up-to-date, with water in basins at cattle's heads, with wind mill and chopper, pig pen and hen house. Three or four acres of bush land. Farm good clean loam. A large brick house, 8 rooms, and cement cellar, good cistern, good bearing orchard, summer kitchen and woodshed, and 2 never failing wells. Apply to W. H. Wilson, 60 King street, east ward, Lindsay.

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FARM TO RENT—100 acres, 85 cleared and in good state of cultivation, lot north half of 3, con. 10, Emily, 6 miles from Lindsay, two miles from church, school, post office and two stores. Leading road from Lindsay. Buildings on farm medium. For particulars apply to W. O'Neil, Lindsay, Ont.—wif.

Are You Out For BARGAINS

We have real ones in Black Silks, high class qualities in Satin Duchess Mousseline, 36 in. wide, for this month only at 93c yard.

Plain and shot Silks, 36 inch. at per yard 93c.

3 pieces plain navy in Paillettes and Satin Messalines, 36 in. wide, sale price 93c yard.

At the beginning of the fall season you get the choicest of the beautiful colorings.

Velvet and velveteen cords have a stronger tendency than ever to hold the lead with the "Beau Monde."

These are in beautiful tints—and blend with nature's own shading.

Modistes now-a-days seek to put "Art" into every fabric, consequently the wearer secures free, the advantage of thoughtful study, in the simple purchase of goods for a gown or garment.

All goods are regular guarantee in fast pile, and fast dye qualities.

50c yard is a modest price for these modish goods. Elegant French Flannels are also in demand and on show.

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