

SUFFERED SO MUCH SHE WANTED TO DIE

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her And Brought Her The Joy Of Living.

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Mrs. JAMES FENWICK. "Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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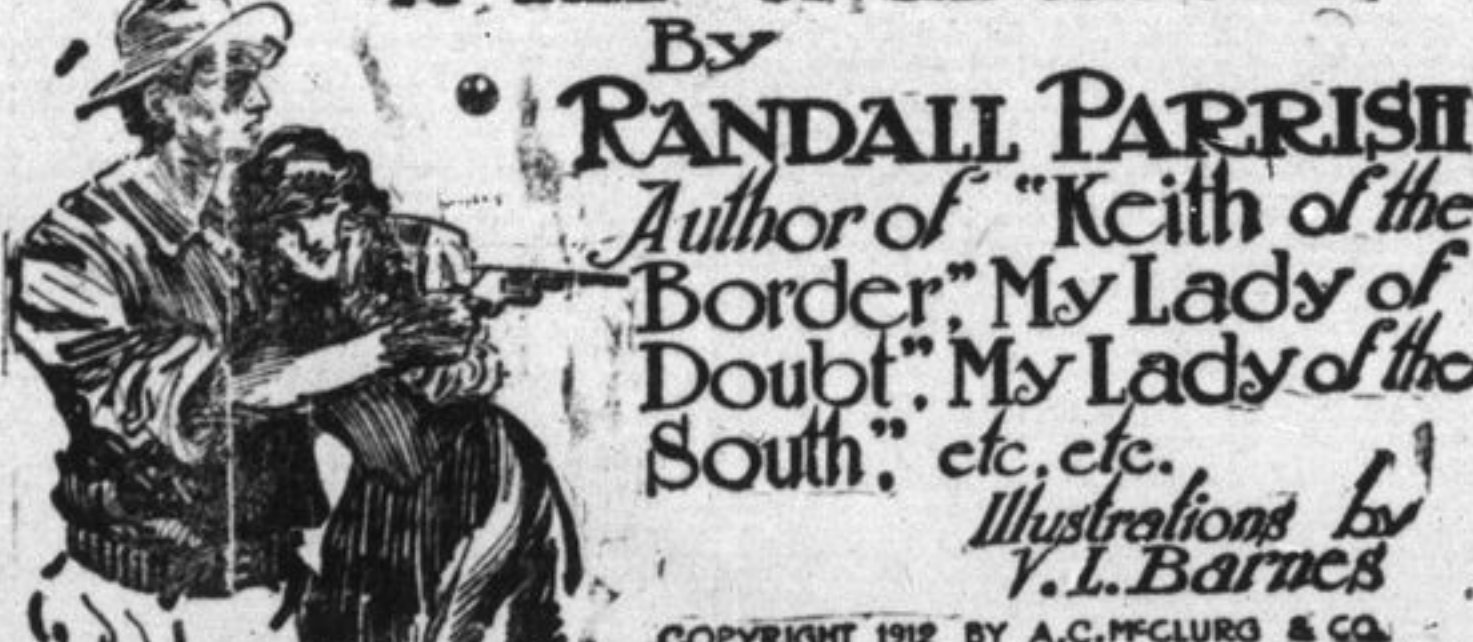
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"MOLLY" McDONALD
A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By **RANDALL PARRISH**
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.
Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

Hamilton was unable to cast aside the influence of the girl, or concentrate his thoughts on some plan for escape. It may have been the gentle pressure of her hand upon his sleeve, but her voice continued to ring in his ears. He had never been a woman's man, nor was he specially interested in this woman beside him. He had seen her fairly, with his first appreciative glance, when he had climbed into the stage on the preceding day. He had realized there fully the charm of her face, the dark, roguish eyes, the clear skin, the wealth of dark hair. Yet all this was impersonal; however pretty she might be, the fact was nothing to him and never could be. Knowing who she was, he comprehended instantly the social gulf stretching unbridged between them. An educated man himself, with family connections he had long ago ceased to discuss, he realized his present position more keenly than he otherwise might. He had enlisted in the army with no misunderstanding as to what a private's uniform meant. He had never heretofore supposed he regretted any loss in this respect, his nature apparently satisfied with the excitement of active frontier service, yet he vaguely knew there had been times when he longed for companionship with women of the class to which he had once belonged. Fortunately his border stations offered little temptation in this respect, and he had grown to believe that he had actually forgotten. That afternoon even sweetly fair as Miss McDonald undoubtedly appeared—he had looked upon her without the throbs of a pulse, as he might upon a picture. She was not for him even to admire—she was Major McDonald's daughter, whom he had been sent to guard. That was all then.

Yet he knew that somehow it was different now—the personal element had entered unwelcomed, into the equation. Sitting there in the dark, Gonzales' body crumpled on the floor at his feet, and Moylan lying stiff and cold along the back seat, with this girl grasping his sleeve in trust, she remained no longer merely the Major's daughter—she had become herself. And she did not seem to care were barriers of rank, which under other circumstances must so utterly separate them. She liked him, and frankly told him so, not as she would dismiss an inferior with kindness, but as though he was an equal, as though he was a gentleman. Something the very tone of her voice, the clinging touch of her hand, sent the blood pumping through his veins. Something besides duty inspired him; he was no longer merely a soldier, but had suddenly become transformed into a man. Years of repression, of iron discipline, were blotted out, and he became even as his birthright made him. "Molly McDonald," "Molly McDonald," he whispered the name unconsciously to himself. Then his eyes caught the distant flicker of Indian fire, and his teeth locked savagely.

There was something else to do besides dream. Because the girl had spoken pleasantly was no reason why he should act the fool. Angry at himself, he gripped his faculties, and faced the situation, aroused, intent. He must save himself—and her! But how? What plan promised any possibility of success? He had their surroundings in a map before his eyes. His training had taught him to note and remember what others would as naturally neglect. He was a soldier of experience, a plainsman by long training, and even in the fierceness of the Indians' attack on the stage his quick glance had completely visualized their surroundings. He had not appreciated this at the time, but now the topography of the immediate region was unrolled before him in detail; yard by yard it reappeared as though photographed. He saw the widely rutted trail, rounding the bluff at the right a hundred yards away, curving sharply down the slope and then disappearing over the low hill to the left, a slight stream trickling along its base. Below, the short buffalo-grass, sunburned and brittle, ran to the sandy edge of the river, which flowed silently in a broad, shallow, yellow flood beneath the star gleam. Under the protection of that bank, but somewhat to the left, where a handful of stunted cottonwood trees had found precarious foothold in the sand, gleamed the solitary Indian fire. About its embers, no doubt, squatted the chiefs and older warriors, feasting and taking council, while the younger bucks lay, rifles in hand, along the night-enshrouded slope, their cruel, vengeful eyes seeking to distinguish the outlines of the coach against the black curtain of the bluff. This had proven thus far their salvation—that steep uplift of earth against which the stage had crashed in its mad dash—for its precipitous front had compelled the savages to attack from one direction only, a slight overhang, not unlike a roof, making it impossible even to shoot down from above. But this same sharp incline was not likewise a preventive of escape. Hamilton shook his head as he recalled to mind its steep ascent, without root or shrub to cling to. No, it would never do to attempt that; not with her. Perhaps alone he might

scramble up somehow, but with her the feat would be impossible. He dismissed this as hopeless, his memory of their surroundings drifting from point to point aimlessly. He saw the whole barren vista as it last stood revealed under the glow of the sun—the desolate plateau above, stretching away into the dim north, the brown level of the plain, broken only by sharp fissures in the surface, treeless, extending for unnumbered leagues. To east and west the valley, now scarcely more green than those upper plains, bounded by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course, its only sign of white dominion the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes, fantastically shaped by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and vengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first-gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight. The man's hands clenched and unclenched as his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mists of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail! A new hope sprang into his eyes. He felt the sudden straightening up of his body. "What—what is it?" she questioned, startled. "Do you see anything? Are they coming?" "No, no," almost impatiently. "It is still as death out there, but I almost believe I have discovered a means of escape. Do you remember a gully we ran over while I was on top of the stage?" "I am not sure; was it when that awful jolt came?" "Yes, it hung me to the foot-board just when I had untangled the lines. We could not have traveled a dozen yards farther before we struck this bluff—could we?" "I hardly think so," yet evidently bewildered by his rapid questioning. "Only I was so confused and frightened I can scarcely remember. Why are you so anxious to know?" "Because," he returned earnestly, bending toward her, "I believe that gash in the earth is going to get us out of here. Anyhow it is the only chance I can figure. If we can creep through to the river, undiscovered, I'll agree to leave Mister Indian guessing as to where we've gone."

The new note of animation in the man's voice aroused her, but she grasped his arm tighter. "But—oh, can we? Won't they be hiding there too?" (To be continued.)

Large Royal Families.

Prince Louis of Bavaria, who succeeded his father, the Prince Regent Luitpold, has three sons and seven daughters. Nevertheless he does not hold the record among the sovereign houses for the largest family. Prince Robert of Parma, who died five years ago, left by two marriages 22 children. His eldest daughter was the first wife of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Abdul Hamid is the father of seven princes and six princesses. Nicholas of Montenegro, have seven daughters and four sons. Kaiser Wilhelm has six sons and one daughter. George V. of England, has five sons and one daughter. The Czar of Russia, four daughters and a son. The Count of Caserte, son of King Ferdinand of the two Sicilies, gave his name to 11 children, every one of whom, sons and daughters, were called Marie. In Austria the Archduke Leopold Salvator has five daughters and four sons; the Archduke Francis Salvator, four sons and four daughters.

The Timber Census.

The census of the forest products of Canada, to be taken on 1st June, 1911, will embrace square, fancy or flat timber, logs for lumber and miscellaneous products. In the first class are included ash, birch, elm, maple, oak, pine and all other timber cut as square, fancy or flat, and in the enumeration will be reported for cubic feet and value. Logs for lumber, which are included in the second class, are in such woods as elm, hickory, hemlock, oak, pine and spruce. They will be enumerated in the census by quantities of 1,000 feet board measure, with value in the same unit.

Coughs Up a Lizard.

A rare case occurred at Brantford recently. Reginald Duckworth, stepson of Adam Aird, who has been very ill, during a heavy coughing attack brought up a three-inch lizard. Duckworth is recovering rapidly.



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Such control as this enables many smart women to invent some very tempting dishes which they set triumphantly before their friends. It will pay you to investigate the Gurney-Oxford.

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