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Borden's EAGLE BRAND

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

He was still pacing his room when the creaking of the door stopped him. It was opening slowly and stealthily and apparently with extreme caution. In another moment Marge O'Doone stood inside. He had not seen her face so white before. Her eyes were big and glowing darkly—pools of quivering fear, of wild and imploring supplication. She ran to him, and clung to him with her hands at his shoulders, her face close to his.

"Sakewawin—dear Sakewawin—we must go; we must hurry—to-night!" She was trembling, fairly shivering against him, with one hand touching his face now, and he put his arms about her gently.

"What is it, child?" he whispered, his heart choking suddenly. "What has happened?" "We must run away! We must hurry!"

At the touch of his arms she had relaxed against his breast. The last of her courage seemed gone. She was limp, and terrified, and was looking up at him in such a strange way that he was filled with alarm.

"I didn't tell him anything," she whispered, as if afraid he would not believe her. "I didn't tell him you weren't that man—Mac—McKenna. He heard you and Brokaw go when you passed my room. Then he went to the men. I followed—and listened. I heard him telling them about you—that you were a spy—the thing he longed to the provincial police."

A sound in the hall interrupted her. She grew suddenly tense in his arms, then slipped from them and ran noiselessly to the door. There were shuffling steps outside, a thin voice growling unintelligibly. The sounds passed. Marge O'Doone was whiter still when she faced David.

"Hauck—and Brokaw!" She stood there, with her back to the door. "We must hurry, Sakewawin. We must go—to-night!" David looked at her. A spy? Police? Quite the first thing for Hauck to suspect, of course. That law of self-preservation again—the same law that would compel them to give up the girl to him to-morrow. He found her outside, a thin voice frightened little companion, backed there against the door, white as death. His calmness did not reassure her.

"He said—you were a spy," she repeated, as if he must understand what that meant. "They wanted to follow you to Brokaw's cabin—and—kill you!" This was coming to the bottom of her fear with a vengeance. It sent a mild sort of shiver through him, and corroborated with rather disturbing emphasis what he had seen in the men's faces as he passed among them.

"And Hauck wouldn't let them?" "Was that it?" he asked. She nodded, clutching a hand at her throat. "He told them to do nothing until he saw Brokaw. He wanted to be certain. And then..." His amazed and smiling composure seemed to choke back the words on her lips.

"You must return to your room, Marge," he said quickly. "Hauck will be seen Brokaw and there will be no trouble such as you fear. I can promise you that. To-morrow we will leave the Nest open—and with Hauck's and Brokaw's permission. But should they find you here now—in my room—I am quite sure we should have immediate trouble on our hands. I've a great deal to tell you—much that will make you glad, but I half expect another visit from Hauck, and you must hurry to your room."

He opened the door slightly, and listened. "Good-night," he whispered, putting a hand for an instant to her hair. "Good-night, Sakewawin." She hesitated for just a moment at the door, and then, with the faintest sobbing breath, was gone. What wonderful eyes she had! How they had looked at him in that last moment! David's fingers were trembling a little as he locked his door. There was a small mirror on the table and he held it up to look at himself. He regarded his reflection with grim amusement. He was not beautiful. The scrub of blond beard on his face gave him rather an outwashed appearance. And the gray hair over his temples had grown with the faintest of late, quite conspicuous indeed. Heredity? Perhaps—but it was undoubtedly reminiscent of the fact that he was thirty-eight!

Chapter XXIII
A series of sounds that came to him at first like the booming of distant cannon roused David from his slumber. He awoke to find broad day in his room and a knocking at his door. He began to dress, calling out that he would open it in a moment, and was careful to place the automatic in his pocket before he lifted the table without a sound to its former position in the room. When he flung open the door he was surprised to find Brokaw standing there instead of Hauck. It was not the Brokaw of last night. A few hours had produced a remarkable change in the man. One would not have thought that he had been recently drunk. He was grinning and holding out one of his huge hands as he looked into David's face.

"Morning, 'Raine," he greeted affably. "Hauck sent me to wake you up for the fun. You've got just time to swallow your breakfast before we put on the big scrap—the scrap I told you about last night, when I was drunk. Head-over-heels drunk, wasn't I? Took you for a friend I knew. Funny. You don't look a dam' bit like him!" David shook hands with him. In his first astonishment Brokaw's man-

ner to him to be quite sincere, and his voice to be filled with apology. This impression was gone before he had dropped his hand, and he knew why Hauck's partner had come. It was a get a good look at him—to make sure that he was not McKenna; and it was also with the strategic purpose of removing whatever suspicions David might have by an outward show of friendship. For this last bit of work Brokaw was crudely out of place. His eyes, like a bad dog's, could not conceal what lay behind them—hatred, a deep and intense desire to grip the throat of this man who had tricked him; and his grin was forced, with a subdued sort of malevolence about it. David smiled back.

That amazing lie seemed for a moment to daze Brokaw. David realized the audacity of it, and knew that Brokaw would remember too well what had happened to believe him. Its effect was rather to grip him, if he had had a doubt as to the motive of the other's visit that doubt disappeared almost as quickly as he had spoken. The grin went out of Brokaw's face, his jaws tightened, the red came nearer to the surface in the bloodshot eyes. As plainly as if he were giving voice to his thought he was saying: "You lie!" But he kept back the words, and as David noted carelessly the slow clenching and unclenching of his hands, he believed that Hauck was not very far away, and that it was his warning and the fact that he was possibly listening to them, that restrained Brokaw from betraying himself completely. As it was, the grin returned slowly into his face.

"Hauck says he's sorry he couldn't have breakfast with you," he said. "Couldn't wait any longer. The Indian's going to bring your breakfast here. You'd better hurry if you want to see the fun."

With this he turned and walked heavily toward the end of the hall. David glanced across at the door of Marge's room. It was closed. Then he looked at his watch. It was almost nine o'clock! He felt like swearing as he thought of what he had missed that breakfast with Hauck and the Girl. He found he undoubtedly had had an opportunity of seeing Hauck alone for a little while—a quarter of an hour would have been enough; or he could have settled the whole matter in Marge's presence. He wondered where she was now. In her room?

Approaching footsteps caused him to draw back deeper into his own and a moment later his promised breakfast appeared, carried on a big Company keyakub, by an old Indian woman—undoubtedly the woman that Marge had told him about. She placed the huge plate on his table and withdrew without either looking at him or uttering a sound. He ate hurriedly, and finished dressing himself after that. It was a quarter after nine when he went into the hall. In passing Marge's door he knocked. There came no answer. He turned and passed through the big room in which he had seen so many unfriendly faces the night before. It was empty now. The stillness of the place began to fill him with uneasiness, and he hurried out into the day.

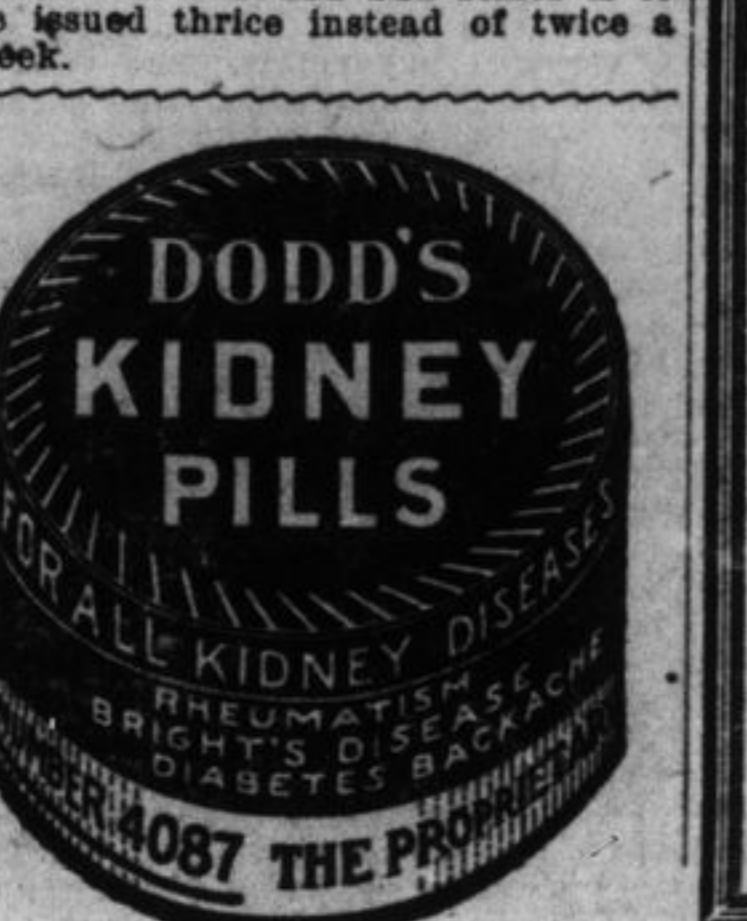
A low rumble of sound was in the air, unintelligible and yet thrilling. A dozen steps brought him to the end of the building and he looked toward the cage. For a space after that he stood without moving, filled with a sudden, sickening horror as he realized his helplessness in that moment. If he had not overslept, if he had talked with Hauck, he might have prevented this monstrous thing that was happening—he might have demanded that Tara be a part of their bargain. It was too late now. An excited and yet strangely quiet crowd was gathered about the cage—a crowd so tense and motionless that he knew the battle was on. A low, growling roar came to him, and again he heard that tumult of human voices, like a great gasp rising spontaneously out of half a hundred throats, and in response to the sound he gave a sudden cry of rage. Tara was already battling—for his life—Tara, that great, big-souled brute who had learned to follow his little mistress like a protecting dog, and who had accepted him as a friend—Tara, grown soft and lazy and unwarlike because of his voluntary slavery, had been offered to the sacrifice which Brokaw had told him was inevitable!

And the Girl! Where was she? He was unconscious of the fact that his hand was gripping hard at the automatic in his pocket. For a space his brain burned red, seething with a physical passion, a consuming anger which, in all his life, had never been roused so terrifically within him. He rushed forward and took his place in the thin circle of watching men. He did not look at their faces. He did not know whether he stood next to white men or Indians. He did not see the blaze in their eyes, the joyous trembling of their bodies, their silent, savage stultification in the spectacle.

He was looking at the cage.
(To Be Continued.)

The Owen Sound Sun-Times is to be issued thrice instead of twice a week.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS



A VARIETY SHOW.

Given to a Former Resident on Verona, Sept. 28.—A pleasant time was spent at the home of Mrs. Norman Ball on Sept. 24th, when about 100 tendered her daughter, Mrs. Torrance Reynolds, a variety shower. Many useful and valuable presents were given, showing the high esteem in which the young couple are held. Music and games were indulged in after which a lunch was served by Mrs. Z. Ball, Mrs. S. Card, Mrs. B. Davy, Mrs. O. Veley and Mr. C. Card. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will reside in Kingston. John McKeever and Miss Olive Cobble were quietly married on Wednesday, Sept. 22nd. Rally services were held in the Methodist church here on Sunday last.

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