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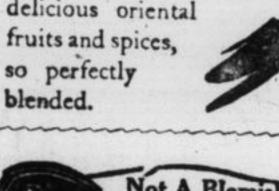
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THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

but he did eot move. the open chinks which Marge had bullet had struck him there. told him about, and he sprang to one | "A knockout," were the first from which the two shots had come. all right . . ." He was in time to catch a movement He sat up dizzily, with the Girl's followed by a steady bombardment and pointed to the revolver. that fairly riddled the door. David could see their heads and shoulders

spattered against the cabin. The men his throat.

He loosed his hold of her, sprang face to his breast, and held it there. to the broken stove, and began drag- It was ghastly. Henry was dead. ging it out of the line of fire that Hauck was dead. And Brokaw was had no time to urge her back. In ten into pieces.

longer cool or self-pessessed. He was lives. blind with a wild rage, with a mad desire to reach in some way, with his vengeance, the human beasts who were bent on his death even if it was to be gained at the sacrifice of the Girl. He rushed to the side of the cabin from which the fresh attack had come, and glared through one of the embrasures between the logs. He was close to Tara, and he heard the low, steady thunder that came out of the grizzly's chest. His enemies were near on this side. Their fire came from the rocks not more than a hundred yards away, and all at once, in the heat of the great passion that possessed him now, he became suddenly aware that they knew the only weapon he possessed was Nisikoos' little rifle—and Hauck's revolver. Probably they knew also how limited his ammunition was. And they were exposing themselves. Why should he save his last three shots? When they were gone and he no longer answered their fire they would rush the cabin, beat in the door, and then—the re-volver! With that he would tear out their hearts as they entered. He saw Hauck, fired and missed. A man stood up within seventy yards of the cabin a moment later, firing as fast as he could pump the lever of his gun, and David drove one of Nisikoos' partridge-killers straight into his chest. He fired a second time at Hauck-another miss- Then he flung the useless rifle to the floor as he sprang back to Marge.
"Got one. Five left, Now-damn

'em-let them come!" He drew Hauck's revolver. A bullet flew through one of the cracks, and they heard the soft thud of it as it struck Tara. The growl in the griz-zly's throat burst forth in a roar of thunder. The terrible sound shook the cabin, but Tara still made no movement, except now to swing his head with open, drooling jaws. In response to that cry of animal rage and pain a snarl had come from Baree. He had slunk close to Tara.

"Didn't hurt him much," said David, with the fingers of his free hand crumpling the Girl's hair. "They'll stop shooting in a minute or two, and then

two, and then . Straight into his eyes from that farther wall a splinter hurled itself at him with a hissing sound like the plunge of hot iron into water. He had a lightning impression of seeing the bullet as it tore through the clay between two of the logs; he knew that he was struck, and yet he felt no pain. His mind was acutely alive, yet he could not speak. His words had

A splintering crash sent him reel- been cut off, his tongue was powering back into the centre of the cabin less-it was like a shock that had with Marge in his arms. The crash paralyzed him. Even the Girl did had come simultaneously with the re- not know for a moment or two that port of a rifle, and both saw where he was hit. The thud of his revolthe bullet had passed through the ver on the floor filled her eyes with door six inches above David's head, the first horror of understanding and carrying a splinter as large as his she sprang to his side as he swayed arm with it. He had not thought of like a drunken man toward Tara. He the door. It was the cabin's vulner- sank down on the floor a few feet able point, and he sprang out of line from the grizzly, and he heard the with it as a second bullet crashed Girl moaning over him and calling through and buried itself in the log him by name. The numbness left wall at their backs. Baree growled, him, slowly he raised a hand to his A low rumble rose in Tara's throat, chin, filled with a terrible fear. It was there-his jaw, hard, unmashed, In each of the four log walls were but wet with blood. He thought the

of these apertures that was wide words, spoken slowly and thickly, enough to let the barrel of his rifle but with a great gasp of relief. "A

among the rocks on the side of the arm about him. In the three or four or if fresh oysters have been used, mountain about two hundred yards minutes of forgetfulness neither had fill the shell with the mixture, dot away, and a third shot tore its way noticed that the firing had ceased. through the door, glanced from the Now there came a tremendous blow steel top of the stove, and struck like at the door. It shook the cabin. A a club two feet over Tara's back. second blow, a third-and the decay-There were two men up there among ing saplings were crashing inward! the rocks, and their first shots were David struggled to rise, fell back,

"Quick-the revolver!" ! Marge sprang to it. The door and the gleam and faint puffs of their crashed inward as she picked it up, rifles, but he held his fire. Where and scarcely had she faced about were the other four, he wondered? when their enemies were rushing in, Without doubt Hauck and Brokaw with Henry and Hauck in their lead, were now armed with the rifles of the and Brokaw just behind them. With men who had fallen, so he had six to a last effort David fought to gain his roll in the breadcrumbs and place in deal with. Cautiously he thrust the feet. He heard a single shot from buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with muzzle of his rifle through the crack, the revolver, and then, as he rose the salt, pepper, Parsley and celery, and watched his chance, aiming a foot staggeringly, he saw Marge fighting cover the top with the breadcrumbs and a half above the spot where a in Brokaw's arms. Hauck came for and bits of butter, and bake in a pair of shoulders and a head would him, the demon of murder in his quick oven for 25 minutes. Oysters appear in a moment. His chance face, and as they went down he heard scalloped in this way are crisp and came; he fired. Head and shoulders scream after scream come from the more attractive to serve than when disappeared and exultantly he swung Girl's lips, and in that scream the immersed in a thick sauce, as in orhis rifle a little to the right and sent agonizing call of "Tara! Tara! dinary ways of scalloping. another shot as the second man ex- Tara!" Over him he heard a sudden posed himself. He, too, disappeared, roar, the rush of a great body-and and David's heart was thumping wild- with that thunder of Tara's rage and ly in the thought that his bullets had vengeance there mingled a hideous, reached their marks when both heads wolfish snarl from Baree. He could oyster in a thin strip of bacon and

which he had fired, and a bullet ripped men—cries of horror, of agony, of sliced pickles. through so close that a splinter stung death; and as Hauck's fingers looshis face, and he felt the quick warm ened at his neck he heard with the flow of blood down his check. When snarling and roaring and tumult the the Girl saw it her face went as white crushing of great jaws and the thud ters. of bodies. Hauck was rising, his face "I can't get them with this rifle, blanched with a strange terror. He Marge," he groaned. "It's wild-wild was half up when a gaunt, lithe body as a hawk! Good God! . . ." shot at him like a stone flung from A crash of fire had come from be- a catapult and Baree's inch-long hind the cabin, and another bullet, fangs sank into his thick throat and finding one of the gaping cracks, tore his head half from his body in passed between them with a sound one savage, snarling snap of the ters, corn and the dry ingredients like the buzz of a monster bee. With jaws. David raised himself and sifted together. Beat thorughly, then a sudden cry he caught her in his through the horror of what he saw drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, and arms and held her tight, as if in his the girl ran to him—unharmed— fry until light brown. and clasped her arms about him, her "Is it possible—they would kill you lips sobbing all the time—"Tara— Tara-Tara . . . " He turned her

came through the door. The Girl saw dead-a thousand times dead-with his peril and sprang to help him. He the grizzly tearing his huge body seconds he had the stove close to the Through that pit of death David ing pan, blend with the dry ingredwall, and almost forcibly he made her stumbled with the Girl. The fresh lents mixed together, and rub to a

air struck their faces. The sun of smooth sauce with with the juice of "If you expose yourself for one day fell upon them. The green grass the oysters. Stir constantly, then expect perfection in a man, second I swear to Heaven I'll stand and the flowers of the mountain add the oysters and lemon juice, let up there against the door until I'm were under their feet. They looked boil up once, and serve immediately shot!" he threatened. "I will, so help down the slope, and saw, disappear- with boiled rice. ing over the crest of the coulee two His brain was afire. He was no men who were running for their

(To Be Continued.)

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KITCHEN ECONOMIES By ISOBEL BRANDS

Of the Applecroft Experiment Station

During the season canned oysters may be obtained anywhere in the country, even though far inland, and they are quite as flavorful as the fresh variety which we get near the seaboard. Oysters should be used plentifully, for they are wholesome, easily digested, and supply protein in comparatively inexpensive form. There are an endless variety of oyster menus from which the housewife can choose, serving oysters baked, broiled, as a stew, or a soup, besides the much prized "raw" or "half-shell" oysters which are popular wherever oysters can be obtained fresh.

Baked Oysters. 2 cups of small oysters. 1 cupful of breadcrumbs. 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Chop the oysters and mix with the through and looked in the direction splinter hit me on the jaw . . . I'm butter, crumbs and some of the oyster juice and seasoning. Fill buttered ramekins with the mixture-

Scalloped Oysters. 4 cupfuls of small oysters. 2 cupfuls of breadcrumbs. 2 eggs.

2 tablespoonfuls of chopped celery. 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Salt, pepper. Beat the eggs with 1 tablespoonful of the oyster juice. Drain the oysters and dip into the egg, then

Broiled Oysters. Drain the oysters-large onesand season with pepper. Roll each appeared again and a hail of lead see nothing. Hauck's hands were at fasten with a toothpick. Place in a among the rocks were no longer aim- But the screams continued, and broiler and leave until bacon is crisp. baking pan in a hot oven under the ing at the door, but at the spot from above them came now the cries of Serve on hot toast or crisp rolls with

Oyster Fritters. 1 dozen of parboiled chopped oys-

1/2 cupful of chopped corn. 1 cupful of milk. 1 cupful of flour.

3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Oyster Curry. 1 cupful of oysters.

2 tablespoonfuls of butter. 2 tablespoonfuls of flour. 1 tablespoonful of curry powder. 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

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