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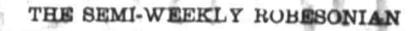
R. E. LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Rooms, Nos. 1 and 2. McLeod Building, he added bitterly, talking to himself LUMBERTON, N. C.

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are turned to me as I drew near with them slowly neaving as if in heavy eyes alight and face glowing.

THE SKY PILOT

RALPH CONNOR

Author of

The Man From Glensarry'

"Glengarry School Days" and "Elach Rock"

Courtight, 1395, &r FLEMING R. REVILL COMPANY

Outside the Company of the Noble

Seven there was only one whose opin-

as one shrinks from a sudden touch

"I guess I'll have to move back," he

"Why?" I said in surprise, thinking

"This blank Sky Pilot" He never

He nodded and silently pointed to the

"Can't stand If," he answered savage-

"What about Gwen?" I ventured,

for she was the light of his eyes. "Pity

to stop her studies." I was giving her

weekly lessons at the old man's ranch.

that baby." She was still his baby.

"Guess she's all she wants for the

I waited for a moment, then said,

anything," knowing well that the one

thing an old timer hates to do is to

make any change in his mode of life.

"Maybe he won't stay."

ly ranch far up in the hills.

foothills, anyway. What's the use?"

"Dunno. Ain't figgered out yet about

swore except when unusually moved.

"Sky Pilot?" I inquired

upon an old wound

said to me gloonily.

ly: "must get away."

for his herd

notice

much alone.

het

"It is giorious!" he almost panted. You see this every day?' Then, recalling himself, he came eagerly toward me, stretching out his hand. "You are the schoolmaster I know Do you know, it's a great thing! I now and then which he heeded not, wanted to be one, but I never could get the boys on. They always got me tell ing them tales. I was awfully disappointed I am trying the next best try and among strange people. thing You see, I won't have to keep order, but I don't think I can preach very well. I am going to visit your see the hills breathe. Would they feel school Have you many scholars? Do ion had value in Swan Creek, and that you know. I think it's splendid! 1

was the Old Timer. The Company had | wish I could do it." wought to bring him in by making him I had intended to be somewhat stiff and was surprised to find all my inan Lonerary member, but he refused with him, but his evident admiration difference as to his success or failure to be drawn from his home far up of me made me quite forget this laudaamong the little, where he lived with ble intention, and as he talked on withhis little girl tiwen and her old half out waiting for an answer his enthusibreed nurse. Ponka The approach of asm, his deference to my opinion, his the church he second to resent as a charm of manner, his beautiful face. personal injury - It represented to him his luminous eyes, made him perfectly that civilization from which he had irresistible, and before I was aware I fled fifteen years ago with his wife was listening to his plans for working and haby girl and when, five years his mission with eager interest. So later he laid his wife in the lonely, eager was my interest, indeed, that begrave that could be seen on the shaded fore I was aware I found myself ask knoll just fronting his cabin door the ing him to tes with me in my shack last link to his past was broken From But he declined, saying:

"I'd like to awfully; but, do you would the run of the prairie he shrank know. I think Latour expects me." This consideration of Latour's feelings almost upset me.

> "You come with me," he added, and I went.

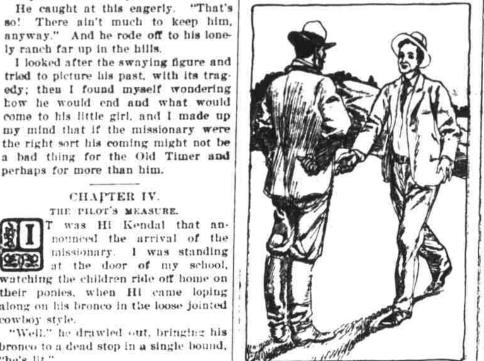
Latour welcomed us with his grim old face wreathed in unusual smiles. The Pilot has been talking to him too. "I've got it, Latour!" he cried out as he entered. "Here you are." And he broke into the beautiful French Canadian chanson "A la Claire Fontaine," to the old half breed's almost tearful "Oh, well, he won't hurt you, will delight,

"Do you know," he went on, "I heard that first down the Mattawa," and away he went into a story of an experience with French Canadian raftsmen, mixing up his French and English in so charming a manner that Latour, who in his younger days long ago had been a shantyman himself, could hardly know whether he was standing on his head or on his heels.

After tea I proposed a ride out to see the sunset from the nearest rising after the manner of men who live ground. Latour, with unexampled generosity, offered his own cayuse, Louis. "Well, I wouldn't hurry about doing

"I can't ride well," protested the Pilot.

"Ah, dat's good ponee, Louis," urged Latour. "He's quiet lak wan leetle



sleep, and I was quite sure I could hear them breathe. 1 was under the spell of his voice and his eyes, and nature was all living to me then.

We rode back to the Stopping Place in silence, except for a word of mine and, with hardly a good night, he left me at the door. I turned away feeling as if I had been in a strange coun-

How would be do with the Swan Creek folk? Could be make them as 1 felt under his voice and eyes? What a curious mixture he was! I was doubtful about his first Sunday, gone. It was a pity about the baseball match I would speak to some of the men about it tomorrow.

Hi might be disappointed in his appearance, but as I turned into my shack and thought over my last two hours with the l'flot and how he had "got" old Latour and myself I began to think that III might be mistaken in his measure of the Pilot.

CHAPTER V.

NE is never so enthusiastic in the early momentum emotions are calmest and the nerves are steadiest. But I was determined to try to have the baseball match postponed. There could be no difficulty. One day was as much of a holiday as another to these easy going fellows. But the Duke, when I suggested a change in the day, simply raised his eyebrows an eighth of an inch and said:

"Can't see why the day should be changed." Bruce stormed and swore all sorts of destruction upon himself if he was going to change his style of life for any man. The others followed the Duke's lead.

That Sunday was a day of incongruities. The old and the new, the east and the west, the reverential past and the iconoclastic present were jumbling themselves together in bewildering confusion. The baseball match was played with much vigor and profanity. The expression on the Pilot's face as he stood watching for awhile was a curious mixture of interest, surprise, doubt and pain. He was readjusting himself. He was so made as to be extremely sensitive to his surroundings. He took on color quickly. The utter indifference to, the audacious disregard of all he had hitherto considered sacred and essential was disconcerting. They were all so dead sure. How did he know they were wrong? It was his first near view of practical, living skepticism. Skepticism in a book did not disturb him; he could put down words against it. But here it vas alive cheerful attractive indeed fascinating; for these men in their western garb and with their western swing had captured his imagination. He was in a fierce struggle, and in a few minutes I saw him disappear into the coulee. Meantime the match went uproariously on to a finish, with the result that the champions of Home had "to stand the pain killer," their defeat being due chiefly to the work of Hi and Bronco Bill as pitcher and catcher. The celebration was in full swing, or. as Hi put it. "the boys were takin' their pizen good an' ealm." when in walked the Pilot. His face was still troubled and his lips were drawn and blue, as if he were in pain. A silence fell on the men as he walked in through the crowd and up to the bar. He stood a moment hesitating, looking round upon the faces, flushed and hot, that were now turned toward him in eurious defiance. He noticed the look, and it pulled him together. He faced about toward old Latour and asked him in a high, clear volce:



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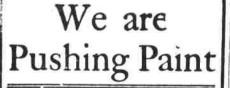
Daily except Sunday Mail and Express, No. 9. Daily except Sundry Mail and Express, No. 2. Leave Hope Mills, L. 10 n.m., leave Treefall. 1.80 n.m., leave Rockish, 1.45 n.m., leave Arabia, 2.05 p. m.; leave Dundarroch, 2.15 n. m.; leave Rieford, 3.00 p. m.; leave Timber-land, 3.20 p. m.; leave Montrise, 3.35 n.m. leave Junction, 4.55 p. m., leave Leavitts, 4.10 n.m.; artise Abordeeu 4.25 n.m. p. m .; arrive Aberdeen, 4.25 p. m.

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he would end and what would come to his little girl, and I made up my mind that if the missionary were the right sort his coming might not be a bad thing for the Old Timer and perhaps for more than him.

CHAPTER IV. THE PILOT'S MEASURE.

T was Hi Kendal that announced the arrival of the missionary. 1 was standing 2032 at the door of my school, watching the children ride off home on their ponies, when HI came loping along on his bronco in the loose jointed cowboy style.

"Well," he drawled out, bringing his broneo to a dead stop in a single bound, "he's lit."

"Lit? Where? What?" said I, looking round for an eagle or some other flying thing.

"Your blanked Sky Pilot, and he's a beauty, a pretty kid-looks too tender for this climate. Better not let him out on the range." Hi was quite disgusted evidently.

"What's the matter with him, Hi?" "Why, he ain't no parson! I don't

First-class Harness work done to stay go much on parsons, but when I calls done by a man that knows the business for one I don't want no bantam chicken. No, sirree, horse, 1, don't want no blankety-blank pink and white complected nursery kid foolin' round my graveyard. If you're goin' to bring along a parson, why, bring him with his eyeteeth cut and his tail feathers on."

That Hi was deeply disappointed was quite clear from the selection of the profanity with which he adorned this lengthy address. It was never the extent of his profanity, but the choice,

that indicated Hi's interest in any subject.

Altogether the outlook for the missionary was not encouraging. With the single exception of the Muirs, who really counted for little, nobody wanted him. To most of the reckless young bloods of the Company of the Noble Seven his presence was an offense, to others simply a nuisance, while the Old Timer regarded his advent with something like dismay, and now Hi's impression of his personal appearance was not cheering.

My first sight of him did not reassure me. He was very slight, very young. rery innocent, with a face that might do for an angel, except for the touch of fumor in it, but which seemed strangely out of place among the rough, hard faces that were to be seen in the Swan Creek country. It was not a weak face, however. The forehead was high and square, the mouth firm, and the eyes were luminous, of some dark colorviolet, if there is such a color in eyesdreamy or sparkling, according to his mood; eyes for which a woman might find use, but which in a missionary's The great silence of the dying day head appeared to me one of those ex- had fallen upon the world and held traordinary wastes of which nature is sometimes guilty.

He came cagerly toward me.

mouse; he's ride lak-what you call? -wan horse on de rock." Under which persuasion the pony was accepted.

That evening I saw the Swan Creek country with new eyes-through the luminous eyes of the Pilot. We rode up the trall by the side of the Swan till we came to the coulee mouth, dark and full of mystery.

"Come on," I said, "we must get to the top for the sunset."

He looked lingeringly into the deep shadows and asked, "Anything live down there?"

"Coyotes and wolves and ghosts." "Ghosts?" he asked delightedly. "Do you know, I was sure there were, and I'm quite scre I shall see them."

Then we took the Porcupine trail and climbed for about two miles the gentle slope to the top of the first rising ground. There we stayed and watched the sun take his nightly plunge into the sea of mountains, now dimly visible. Behind us stretched the

prairie, sweeping out level to the sky and cut by the winding coulee of the Swan. Great long shadows from the hills were lying upon its yellow face, and far at the distant edge the gray haze was deepening into purple. Before us lay the hills, softly curving like the shoulders of great sleeping monsters, their tops still bright, but the separating valleys full of shadow. And there, far beyond them, up against the sky, was the line of the mountains -blue, purple and gold, according as the light fell upon them.

The sun had taken his plunge, but he had left behind him the robes of saffron and gold. We stood long without 4 word or movement, filling our hearts with the silence and the beauty, till the gold in the west began to grow dim. High above all the night was stretching her star pierced, blue canopy and drawing slowly up from the east over the prairie and over the sleeping hills the soft folds of a purple haze. us fast.

out of the throat. longs and bronchial ILLUSTRA He was gazing far away into space ing to the hills. "Can't you bear them quick ours for Croup and Wheoping HAND BOC infinitely beyond the foothills and the breathe?" And, looking at their curv- Cough. Sold by Dr. H. T Pope & Co blue line of the mountains behind them. ing shoulders, I fancied I could see

"Is this the room you said we might have?" The Frenchman shrugged his shoul-

ders and said: "There is not any more."

The lad paused for an instant, but only for an instant. Then, lifting a pile of hymn books he had near him on the counter, he said in a grave, sweet voice and with the quiver of a

smile about his lips: "Gentlemen, Mr. Latour has allowed me this room for a religious service. It will give me great pleasure if you will all join," and immediately he handed a book to Bronco Bill, who, surprised, took it as if he did not know what to do with it. The others followed Bronco's lead till he came to Bruce, who refused, saying roughly:

ply as he handed him a book. The men seated themselves upon a bench that ran round the room or leaned up against the counter, and most of them took off their hats. Just then in came Muir, and behind him his little wife. In an instant the Duke was on his feet, and every hat came off.

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"No, I don't want it; I've no us for It!"

The missionary flushed and drew

back as if he had been struck, but immediately, as if unconsciously, the Duke, who was standing near, stretched out his hand and said, with a courteous bow, "I thank you, I should be glad of one."

"Thank you," replied the Pilot sim-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]