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Daily except Sunday Mail and Express, No. 9. Leave Hope Mills, I. co p. m.; leave Treefall, 1.30 p. m.; leave Rockfish, 1.45 p. m.; leave Arabia, 2.05 p. m.; leave Dundarroch, 2.15 p. m.; leave Raeford, 3.00 p. m.; leave Timberland, 3.20 p. m.; leave Montrose, 3.35 p. m.; leave Junction, 3.45 p. m.; leave Leavitts, 4.10 p. m.; arrive Aberdeen, 4.25 p. m.

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RALPH CONNOR

"The Man From Glengarry "Glengarry School Days" and "Black Rock

the thot himself, too, was a new and wholesome experience. He was the first thing she had yet encountered that refused submission and the first buman being that had failed to fall down and worship. There was something in Irim that would not always yield, and, indeed, her pride and her imperious tempers he met with surprise and sometimes with a pity that verged toward contempt. With this she was not well pleased and not infrequently she broke forth upon him. One of these outbursts is stamped upon my mind, not only because of its unusual violence, but chiefly because of the events which followed. The original cause of her rage was some trifling misdeed of the unfortunate Joe; but Office in Shaw building, over Pope's when I came upon the scene it was the Pilot who was occupying her attention. The expression of surprise and pity on his face appeared to stir

"How dare you look at me like that?" she oried

"How very extraordinary that you can't keep hold of yourself better!" he aftewered

"I can!" she stamped. "And I shall do as I like!"

"It is a great pity," he said, with provoking calm, "and, besides, it is weak and silly." His words were unfortunate. "Weak" she gasped, when her

breath came back to her. "Weak!" "Yes," he said; "very weak and child-

Then she could have cheerfully put him to a slow and cruel death. When she had recovered a little she cried vehemently. "I'm not weak! I'm strong! I'm

stronger than you are! I'm strong as -as-a man! I do not suppose she meant the insinuation. At any rate the Pilot ig-

nored it and went on. "You're not strong enough to keep your temper down." And then, as she had no reply ready, he went on: "And really, Gwen, it is not right. You must

not go on in this way."

Again his words were unfortunate. "Must not!" she cried, adding an inch to her height. "Who says so?"

"God!" was the simple, short answer. She was greatly taken back, and gave a quick glance over her shoulder as if to see him who would dare to say "must not" to her; but, recovering, she answered sullenly: "I don't care!"

"Don't care for God?" The Pilot's voice was quiet and solemn, but something in his manner angered her, and she blazed forth again:

"I don't care for any one, and I shall do as I like."

The Pilot looked at her sadly for a moment, and then said slowly:

"Some day, Gwen, you will not be able to do as you like." I remember well the settled defiance

in her tone and manner as she took a step nearer him and answered in a voice trembling with passion: "kisten! I have always done as I

like, and I shall do as I like till I die!" And she rushed forth from the house and down toward the canyon, her refuge from all disturbing things and chiefly from herself. I could not shake off the impression

her words made upon me. "Pretty dicontains seven rooms, water works and rect, that," I said to the Pilot as we rode away. "The declaration may be for two more large rooms. T. A. Nor- philosophically correct, but it rings uncommonly like a challenge to the Almighty; throws down the gauntlet, so to speak."

But the Pilot only said: "Don't! How can you?"

Within a week her challenge was accepted, and how ficrcely and how gallantly did she struggle to make it good! It was the Duke that brought me the news, and as he told me the story his gay, careless self command for once was gone. For in the gloom of the canyon where he overtook me I could see his face gleaming out ghastly white, and even his iron nerve could not keep

the tremor from his voice. "I've just sent up the doctor," was his answer to my greeting. "I looked for you last night, couldn't find you and so rode off to the Fort."

"What's up?" I said, with fear in my heart, for no light thing moved the

"Haven't you heard? It's Gwen," he said, and the next minute or two he gave to Jingo, who was indulging in a series of unexpected plunges. When Jingo was brought down the Duke was master of himself and told his tale with

careful self control. Gwen, on her father's buckskin bronco, had gone with the Duke to the big plain above the cut bank where Joe was herding the cattle. The day was pleasure! Joe! Oh, here you are! hot, and a storm was in the air. They found Joe riding up and down, singing to keep the cattle quiet, but having a hard time to hold the bunch from breaking. While the Duke was riding stiff Joe stood by the horse's head till around the far side of the bunch a cry the doctor had mounted. Then with a from Gwen arrested his attention. Joe great effort he said: was in trouble. His horse, a half broken cayuse, had stumbled into a badger hole and had bolted, leaving Joe to the mercy of the cattle. At once they began to sniff suspiciously at this phenomenon, a man on foot, and to follow cautiously on his track. Joe kept his head and walked slowly out till all at once a young cow began to bawl and to

one and then another of the cattlemegan to toss their heads and bunch and bellow till the whole herd of 200 were after Joe. Then Joe lost his head and ran. Immediately the whole herd broke into a thundering gallop with beade and talls sloft and horns rattling like the loading of a regiment of rifles.

"Two more minutes," said the Duke, would have done for Joe, for I could never have reached him. But in spite of my most frantic warnings and signalings, right into the face of that mad, bellowing, thundering mass of steers rode that little girl. Nerve! I have some myself, but I couldn't have done it. She swung her horse round Joe and sailed out with him, with the herd bellowing at the tail of her bron-I've seen some cavalry things in my day, but for sheer cool bravery nothing touches that."

"How did it end? Did they run them down?" I asked, with terror at such a

"No: they crowded her toward the and was almost past when they came to a place where the bank bit in, and her fron mouthed brute wouldn't swerve, but went pounding on, broke through, plunged. She couldn't spring free because of Joe and pitched headlong over the bank, while the cattle went thundering past. I flung myself Joe safe enough, but the bronco lay with a broken leg and half under him stretched out her hands to me, saying faintly, 'Oh, Duke!' and lay back white buckskin's head and carried her home in our jackets, and there she lies with- doctor should supply us tonics. out a sound from her poor, white an arduous task. lips."

never seen him show any sign of grief for hunts and rides till one's heart before, but as be finished the story be stood ghastly and shaking. He read my surprise in my face and said:

"Look here, old chap, don't think me quite a fool. You can't know what that little girl has done for me these years. Her trust in me-lt is extraordinary how utterly she trusts mesomehow held me up to my best and back from perdition. It is the one bright spot in my life in this blessed she was those first days! How resopleasant or unpleasant kind of fiend."

"Oh, don't worry your conscience," he answered with a slight return of his she was done with her long fight.



The whole herd were after Joe.

old smile. "A fuller knowledge would only justify the opinion." Then, after | tierce, shaking. a pause he added: "But if Gwen goes I must pull out. I couldn't stand it." As we rode up the doctor came out.

"Well, what do you think?" asked "Can't say yet," replied the old doc-

tor, gruff with long army practice. "Bad enough. Good night." But the Duke's hand fell upon his shoulder with a grip that must have

"Will she live?" The doctor squirmed, but could not shake off the crushing grip.

he asked:

"Here, you young tiger, let go! What do you think I am made of?" he cried angrily. "I didn't suppose I was coming to a bear's den or I should have brought a gun."

It was only by the most complete apology that the Duke could mollify the old doctor sufficiently to get his opinion.

"No, she will not die! Great bit of stuff! Better she should die, perhaps! But can't say yet for two weeks. Now remember," he added sharply, looking into the Luke's woe stricken face, "her spirits must be kept up. I have lied most fully and cheerfully to them inide. You must do the same." And the octor strode away, calling out:

"Joe! Here. Joe! Where is he gone? Joe, I say! Extraordinary selection Providence makes at times; we could have spared that lazy half breed with Where in thunder"- But here the doctor stopped abruptly. The agony in the dark face before him was too much even for the bluff doctor. Straight and

"Little miss, she go dead?"

"Dead," called out the doctor, glancing at the open window. "Why, bless your old copper carcass, no! Gwen will show you yet how to rope a steer." Joe took a step nearer, and, lowering

"You speak me true? Me man, me no papoose." The piercing black eyes paw the ground. In another minute searched the doctor's face. The doctor

besitated a moment, and then, with an air of great candor, he said cheerily :

That's all right, Joe. Miss Gwen will cut circles round your old cayuse But remember," and the doctor was very impressive, "you must make her laugh every day."

Joe folded his arms across his breast and stood like a statue till the doctor rode away. Then, turning to us, be grunted out

Him good man, eh?"

"Good man," answered the Duke, adding, "but remember, Joe, what he told you to do -must make her laugh every day." Poor Joe! Humor was not his forte,

and his attempt in this direction in the weeks that followed would have been humorous were they not so pathetic. How I did my part I cannot tell. Those weeks are to me now like the memory of an ugly nightmare. The ghostly old man moving out of and into his little daughter's room in useless, dumb cut bank, and she was edging them off agony. Ponka's woe stricken Indian face, Joe's extraordinary and unusual but loyal attempts at fun making grotesquely sad, and the Duke's unvarying and invincible cheeriness-these furnish light and shade for the picture my memory brings me of Gwen in those days.

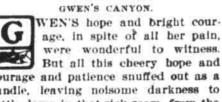
For the first two weeks she was simply heroic. She bore her pain without a off Jingo and slid down somehow into groan, submitted to the imprisonment, the sand thirty feet below. Here was which was harder than pain, with angelle patience. Joe, the Duke and I carried out our instructions with carewas Gwen. She hardly knew she was ful exactness to the letter. She never burt, but waved her hand to me and doubted, and we never let her doubt. cried out: 'Wasn't that a race? I but that in a few weeks she would be couldn't swing this hard headed brute. on the pinto's back again and after the Get me out.' But even as she spoke cattle. She made us pass our word for the light faded from her eyes, she this till it seemed as if she must have read the falseboods on our brows. "To lie cheerfully with her eyes upon

and still. We put a bullet into the one's face calls for more than I possess," said the Duke one day. "The

And she believed us absolutely, and The Duke was badly cut up. I had made plans for the fall round up and grew sick. As to the ethical problem involved. I decline to express an opinion, but we had no need to wait for our punishment. Her trust in us, her eager and confident expectation of the return of her happy, free, outdoor life, these brought to us, who knew how vain they were, their own adequate punishment for every false assurance we gave. And how bright and brave country. Every one else thinks me a lute to get back to the world of air and light outside!

But she had need of all her brightness and courage and resolution before

CHAPTER XII.



were wonderful to witness. But all this cheery hope and courage and patience snuffed out as a candle, leaving noisome darkness to settle down in that sick room, from the day of the doctors' consultation. The verdict was clear and final. The

old doctor, who loved Gwen as his own, was inclined to hope against hope, but Fawcett, the clever young doctor from the distant town, was positive in his opinion. The scene is clear to me now, after many years. We three stood in the outer room, the Duke and her father were with Gwen. So earnest was the discussion that none of us heard the door open just as young Fawcett was saying in incisive "No! I can see no hope. The child

can never walk again." There was a cry behind us.

"What! Never walk again? It's a He!" There stood the Old Timer, white,

"Hush." said the old doctor, pointing at the open door. He was too late. Even as he spoke there came from the inner room a wild, unearthly cry as of some dying thing, and, as we stood gazing at one another with awe stricken faces, we heard Gwen's voice as in quick, sharp pain.

"Daddy! Daddy! Come! What do they say? Tell me, daddy. It is not got to the bone, and in a husky voice true! It is not true! Look at me, daddy!"

> She pulled up her father's haggard face from the bed.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, you know it's true. Never walk again." She turned with a pitiful cry to the Duke, who stood white and stiff, with

arms drawn tight across his breast, on the other side of the bed. "Oh, Duke, did you hear them? You told me to be brave, and I tried not to cry when they hurt me. But I can't be brave! Can I, Duke? Oh, Duke!

She stretched out her hands to him. But the Duke, leaning over her and holding her hands fast in his, could

Never to ride again!"

only say brokenly over and over: "Don't, Gwen! Don't, Gwen, dear!" But the pitiful, pleading voice went "Oh, Duke! Must I always lie here?

Must I? Why must I?" "God knows," answered the Duke bitterly, under his breath, "I don't."

She caught at the word. "Does he?" she cried eagerly. Then she paused suddenly, turned to me and said, "Do you remember he said some day I could not do as I liked?"

I was puzzled. "The Pilot!" she cried impatiently. "Don't you remember? And I said I should do as I liked till I died." I nodded my head and said, "But you

know you didn't mean it."

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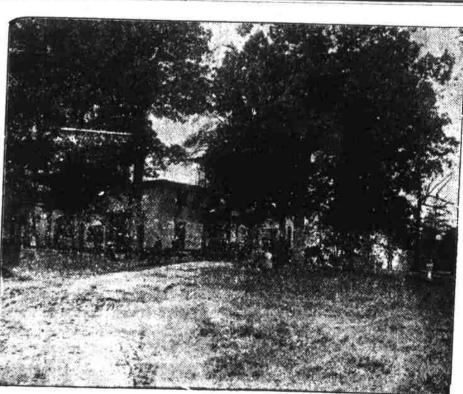
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