



# The MAD of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH  
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CHAPTER I.

A Messenger From the North.  
I stood alone on the banks of a small stream gazing down into the clear water, my thought centering upon the journey homeward, when the bushes opposite parted, and a man stood on the bank scarcely a dozen steps away, with only the stream between us. It was time and place for caution, for suspicion of strangers, and my rifle came forward in instant readiness, my heart throbbing with startled surprise. He held up both hands, his own weapon resting on the ground.  
"Not so careless, boy," he called across cheerfully. "There is no war, so far as I know, between white men."  
His easy tone, as well as his words, jarred on me, yet I lowered the rifle.  
"I am no boy," I retorted, "as you may discover before we are through our acquaintance."  
"No? Well by my eyesight you look it, although in faith you are surely big enough for a grown man. Yours is the first white face I've seen since I left the Shawnee towns—a weary journey."  
"The Shawnee towns!" I echoed, staring at him in fresh wonderment. "You come from beyond? From the Illinois?"  
He stroked his beard.  
"A longer journey than that even," he acknowledged slowly, "I am from Sandusky, by way of Vincennes."  
"Alone?"  
"The Indians who were with me remained at Shawnee; they lost heart. Since then I have been by myself."  
"Come over," I said shortly, "where we can converse more easily."  
He stepped into the cool water unhesitatingly, and waded across, a small pack at his back, and a long rifle across his shoulder. There was a reckless audacity about the fellow I could not fail to observe, and, as he scrambled up the rather steep bank, I had a glimpse of a face far from my liking. However, ours was a rough life in those days, acquainting us to strange acquaintances, so I waited, my rifle in my hand, determined to know more of this wanderer. He was a man of middle age, with gray hairs a plenty, and scraggy beard, an active body, of good girth, and a dark face, deeply seamed, having an ugly scar adown his right cheek, seemingly from its white center the slash of a knife. The eyes, gleaming beneath the brim of his hat, were furtive, uncanny, black as to color, and bold enough in the sneaking way of a tiger cat. Beyond these things there was little distinctive about the man, his dress merely that of the backwoods—fringed hunting shirt and leg-



gins of leather, dirty and soiled by long use, yet exhibiting a bit of foppery in decoration which made me recall the French voyageurs of the north and their gay ribbons. At his belt dangled hunting knife and tomahawk, but these, with the rifle, constituted his whole display of weapons. Even before he had obtained the level on which I stood I had conceived a dislike for the fellow, a desire to have done with further acquaintanceship. With feet planted firmly on the edge of the grass he scanned me from head to foot with unwinking eyes, that sought vainly to smile.  
"You are surely a big fellow," he said at last. "Some hand at rough and tumble, I make bold to guess. Let us have frankness between us. I come from the north on a mission of peace, the representative of the tribes, and of Hamilton. All I ask is fair speech, and guidance."  
"You represent Hamilton, you say?"  
"Aye, though I expect little will come from it. I would have word with St. Clair and Harmar. Know you either man?"  
"Both, passing well. St. Clair is up the river—or was three days since—but General Harmar represents him at the settlement. How happens it, my

friend, if the message be so important, Hamilton did not dispatch an officer?"  
"He had no choice. None volunteered for the task, and I was the selection of the tribes. You question me as though you were Harmar himself; and more, you have the look of it. You're not a woodsman, you say; then I make a guess—you're a soldier."  
"I am," I returned quietly, "an ensign in the regular service."  
"Name?"  
"Joseph Hayward of Fort Harmar."  
"The gods be praised! Now is the way made clear. You were traveling thither?"  
"I am to be there tomorrow."  
"In ample time for my purpose. I recall your name, Master Hayward, as spoken by the Delawares. You were at Chillicothe last spring?"  
"I attended the council."  
"The very man, and now you can serve me well, if I may journey with you?"  
"I am not overly fond of white men who turn Indian," I said coldly. "However I'll see you safe to the fort gates if you play no forest tricks on the way. And now you might tell me who it is I am to accompany with."  
He grinned, showing his teeth, and my eyes noted how firmly he held his gun.  
"A pledge is a pledge, Master Hayward," he answered, insolently. "I am called Simon Girty."  
I involuntarily took a step backward, staring into the man's face. That he was a renegade of some sort, I had realized from the first, yet it had never once occurred to me that he could be that bloody scoundrel, Girty. There flashed across my mind the stories I had heard of his atrocities: his leadership of Indians in midnight forays; his malignant cruelty; the heartlessness with which he watched victims burning at the stake; his outrages on helpless women and children; the fiendish acts of savagery with which his brutal name was connected along the border. And this was the man—this cowardly-eyed dastard, who stood there grinning into my face, evidently amused at my undisguised expression of horror. Protect, and guide him! My first inclination was to strike the man down in his tracks, kill him as I would a venomous snake. He read all this in my eyes, in the stiffening of my muscles.  
"No, no, Master Hayward," he sneered, bringing his rifle forward, "don't let the name frighten you. The half you've heard of me are lies. I'm not so bad when all is told, and there is more than one borderman who can recall my mercy. Kention escaped the stake through me, and there are white women and children awaiting ransom in Detroit because I interceded for them. Now I play fair, above board—see?" and he dropped his gun on the grass, and held out his empty hands. "It is easy to kill me, yet you will not—you are a soldier."  
I stood irresolute, hesitating, half tempted still to come to blows, yet his act disarmed me. Beast though he might be I could not kill him in cold blood; I was no murderer, yet it was a struggle to resist.  
"Now listen, Simon Girty," I managed to say, at last. "There is no friendship between us, now nor at any time. I hold you a murderous renegade, a white savage, to be shown less mercy than an Indian dog. But I leave others to deal with you as you deserve. As you say, I am a soldier, and will act like one. I have pledged you my word of guidance to Fort Harmar. I will keep the pledge to the letter, but no more. Beyond the gate you proceed at your own risk, for I lift no hand to protect you from just vengeance. I despise you too much to fear you. Pick up your rifle. That's all: now we will break our fast, and go."  
Convinced as I was that Girty actually desired to reach the fort, although somewhat skeptical as to his purpose, I felt no fear of treachery. I was of too great value to the fellow to warrant an attack; so, without hesitation, I led the way, permitting him to follow or not, as he pleased. I had it in my mind to question him, but refrained. What would be the use? The fellow would only lie, in all probability, and one word would lead to another. He would have to be explicit enough once he confronted Harmar, and my duty merely consisted in delivering him safely at the gates of the fort.  
It was noon when we came to the clearings, littered with stumps, but yielding view of the distant river, and the scattered log houses of Marietta. Men were at work in the fields, but I avoided these as much as possible, although they paused in their labor and stared suspiciously at us as we advanced. However I was well known, my size making me notable, and as our course was toward the town, no one objected to our progress. There was no recognition of the man, who clung close to my heels, and I wasted no time in getting past, eager to be well rid of him.  
In truth I felt little hope of getting through this easily. The fellow was too widely known not to be recognized by some one. The men of the fields were settlers, newly arrived mostly, and slightly acquainted as yet with border history, but there would be his hunters in the village, backwoodsmen

from across the river, men who had ranged the northern forests, and to whom the name of Girty meant much. Let one of these look upon the man and his life would scarce be worth the snap of a finger. Not that I cared, except as his safe passage involved my own word.  
"Come along," I said harshly. "I would be done with you."  
We advanced up the road to where the fort gates stood open, a single sentry standing motionless between the posts. As we drew near, a group of hunters—a half dozen maybe—suddenly emerged, their long rifles trailing, on their way to the valley. I recognized the man in advance as the Kentuckian Brady, frontiersman and Indian fighter, and recognizing me he stopped.  
"Ah, back again, Master Hayward," he exclaimed good humoredly. "But what is it you have here? No settler of this valley, to my remembrance."  
He stared at my companion, shading his eyes with one hand, his face losing its look of cheerfulness.  
"Indian trappings—hey!" he exclaimed. "Some northwest renegade! Stop! I've seen that face before!" His rifle came forward swiftly, as the truth burst upon him. "Curse you, you're Simon Girty!"  
I gripped the barrel of his gun, pressing my way between him and the others behind.  
"Whatever his name," I said sternly, "this is not your affair. The fellow comes with message from Hamilton, and has my pledge of safe guidance. Stand back now, and let us pass!"  
"I'll not stand back," he said wrestling to break my grip on his rifle. "Not to let that devil go free. Let go your gun barrel, you young fool! I'm not one of your soldiers. Here Potter, Evans, do you hear? That is the bloody villain Girty—come on!"  
They had hold of me instantly hurling me back in spite of my struggling. I saw the renegade throw forward his rifle, and shouted to him.  
"Don't do that, you fool—run!"  
Even as I cried out the order I leaped forward, seeking to get grip on Brady, hurling the others aside with a sweep of my arms. There was an instant of fierce fighting, of blows, curses, threats. I lunged over the rifle barrel, and got grip on Brady's beard, only to be hauled back by a dozen hands, and fung to my knees.  
"Sentry! Call the guard!"  
I got the words out somehow, boring my way forth from under the huddle of forms. There was a rush of feet, the shouting of an order, the shock of contact, and then I stood alone, wiping the perspiration from my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

With General Harmar.  
"That will do, sergeant," I called out, the moment I could gain breath. "Here now, don't hit that man! Surround this fellow and take him inside the stockade. Never mind me; I'll take care of myself."  
The little squad tramped off, Girty in their midst, his head turned back over his shoulder watchfully. I stepped forward fronting Brady, and held out my hand.  
"Sorry this happened," I said soberly, "but I promised to bring the man to the fort, and I had to defend him."  
"He's a bloody savage!" he retorted, with an oath, and making no responsive movement; "he's worse than any Injun on the border."  
"I know all that; Brady. I despise the fellow as much as any of you, although I may not have suffered through his acts as some of you have. But he is here in peace, not war. To injure him now might cost hundreds of lives. Let him give his message to General Harmar; after that we shall know how to deal with the skunk. At least do not hold this against me; I only did my duty."  
Brady loosened his grip on his gun, and took my hand.  
"I understand that, boy," he said, not unkindly. "Your fighting was square enough, and no harm done. I like the way you went at it, but I reckon you don't quite sense how old Kentuckians feel about renegades of that stripe. 'Taint natural you should, for there ain't been no Injun war to amount to anything since you come to this country. But I've seen that greasy devil in paint an' feathers; so has Evans here, an' these yer young fellows know some of the dirt he's done. He's led war parties against us, an' killed our neighbors. That skunk stood by an' let 'em burn ol' man Roddy at the stake, an' never raised a hand. It's a hellish fact, true, sir! An' he only laughed at Kention when the redskins made him run the gauntlet. The ugly cur ought to be skinned alive!"  
"I've heard all that," I replied when he stopped, his eyes blazing angrily. "But two wrongs never made a right, man. He came here voluntarily as a messenger. The tribes are in council at Sandusky and sent him. That is why I stood in his defense against you. We must learn what word he brings. If he were killed on such a mission every Indian in the northwest would feel called upon to avenge his death. It would mean raids and warfare the whole length of the Ohio; it would

mean the murder of women and children; the burning of homes, and all the horrors of Indian warfare for years to come. There is only a fringe of white settlers on this side of the river, Brady, and a mere handful of soldiers to defend them. We cannot afford to have war, we are not ready."  
"Ready? rot! I am for going in now, an' finishing the job. This new government policy of strokin' those devils on the back, makes me sick. That ain't the way we cleaned up Kentucky."  
"Easier said than done, Brady. This isn't Kentucky, and the conditions are different. Those were hunters and backwoodsmen who took possession of that land to the south. They came alone, on foot, rifle in hand, fighting men every one. That was their trade. These settlers who have come in north of the Ohio are of a different breed; they have brought wives and children with them, and have come to till the land. They are not hunters and woodsmen; half of them never even saw an Indian. They would be as helpless as babes on a war trail. St. Clair and Harmar are doing the best they can under such conditions. They have got to compromise; they don't dare provoke war. The Indians and the British know this is true; Girty knows it, or he never would have ventured to come in here—what is it, Faulkner?"  
The sergeant, a short, stocky fellow saluted stiffly.  
"The compliments of General Harmar, sir, and would you come to his office."  
"Very well, sergeant, as soon as I can slip out of these hunting clothes. Am I right, Brady?"  
"Maybe so," he admitted reluctantly, "but that ain't my style o' handling Injuns. I reckon we'll hang 'round boys, till we see what's comin' out o' this yer message bearin'. I'd sure like to be in any fracas whar I could get a slam at that hound o' hell."  
It required but a few moments for me to shift my hunting suit for a suitable uniform, and this accomplished, I hurried across the parade to the office. The orderly admitted me at once. General Harmar was alone, sitting beside a small writing table, and began questioning me the instant I appeared.  
"Close the door, Mr. Hayward. Now, sir, what is it that just happened outside the gate? Fighting with some of my scouts, I understand, over a fellow you brought in with you? I presume there was some cause for this unseemly quarrel?"  
"There was, General Harmar," I replied, standing cap in hand.  
He leaned back in his chair, drumming with one hand on the table, his stern eyes on my face.  
"Then make your report, sir."  
I went over the events of the past



few hours rapidly, but clearly, and there was no interruption until I ceased to speak.  
"Who did you say the man was?"  
"Simon Girty, sir. That was the name he gave me, and Brady recognized him at once."  
"What is his mission? Did he say?"  
"Not a word, sir, except that he represented the tribes, and bore a message from Hamilton."  
"Think you he lied? Is his purpose to learn our strength and position?"  
"No, sir, I think not," I replied soberly. "There was no necessity; beyond doubt they know that already. I do not think the fellow would dare come other than he said: he is not of that breed."  
He walked back and forth across the room, his hands clasped, his head bent in thought. He was a florid-faced, heavily-built man, his step heavy on the puchon floor. Facing the door, he stopped with sudden decision.  
"Orderly," he called, "have the sergeant of the guard bring the messenger here at once. Search him for weapons first."  
He turned toward me.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## OIL FROM SOY BEANS

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT CONDUCTED WITH PRODUCT AT ELIZABETH CITY.  
PROSPECTS OF BIG INDUSTRY  
North Carolina is Especially Adapted to Cultivation of Soy Bean and is Now Producing Half Million Bushels Annually.  
Elizabeth City.—An experiment of much interest to oil men and one which may eventually result in a big agricultural industry in North Carolina was conducted at the plant of the Elizabeth City Cotton Oil and Fertilizer Company recently. The oil was extracted from five bushels of soy beans by a process which the experimenters are keeping a secret. The experiment is regarded as being very successful and those who watched the process are very enthusiastic over the prospects of future developments along this line. They honestly believe that discoveries in the manufacture of soy bean products are about to be made which will make them extensively cultivated and for which the farmers will receive thousands of dollars.  
The five bushels of beans in this experiment was separated into two products, oil and meal. An abundance of oil was secured which the experimenters will have analyzed. They believe that this oil will prove to be of a very high grade and that it will have great commercial value, while the meal will be capable of being manufactured into many food products useful to both man and beast.  
The success of this experiment is especially gratifying, as a similar one was made about two years ago by another oil mill and it was attended with failure as the yield of oil was not satisfactory at all; besides this experiment revealed the fact that there is no waste in the manufacture, the whole bean being converted into either oil or meal.  
There are great prospects for a big industry in eastern North Carolina as the soil of this section is especially adapted to the cultivation of the soy bean or stock pea, as they are commonly called. A large acreage is planted each year and five or six counties last year yielded nearly a half million bushels. This crop can be increased until the yield will amount to several million bushels, as the invention of soy bean pickers have made the harvesting of them on a large scale possible at a small cost.

Epworth League Meets June 17-21.  
Wilmington.—Arrangements are being made for the state convention of the Epworth League which will be held at Fifth Street Methodist church June 17th to 21st. It is expected that the convention will be attended by from 500 to 600 young people from all sections of the state. Miss Lizzie Hancock, of New Bern, secretary of the state organization, has written to the local society that a strong team of speakers has been secured. Among those who are on the tentative program are: Rev. Harold M. Nort, of Greensboro, who will conduct the consecration service Sunday night, June 20th. Rev. G. T. Rowe, of the Western North Carolina Conference, will conduct the annual conference on Sunday morning.

Caldwell County Commencement.  
Lenoir.—Caldwell county commencement for the schools of the county was held here recently and a large crowd of people from all sections of the county came in to participate in the exercises and encourage the movement. The parade of the different schools formed in front of the graded school building at 10 o'clock and marched through the business section of the town to time beaten by the drummers. In the parade there was about 1,000 school children from only a few of schools represented. The bad weather for the past few weeks and many of the schools having closed their terms is responsible for so small a per cent of the schools being represented.

Greensboro Gets Creamery.  
Greensboro.—A few days ago a creamery to supply Greensboro and central North Carolina was formally opened. A test made before the opening produced a fine quality of butter, and was made in the presence of A. J. Reed, of the state experiment station, who is in charge of dairy field work; and Assistant Stanley Combs, of the same department. A formal opening will be made with an exhibition of churning and butter making, to which farmers and housekeepers from Greensboro.

Build Big Fertilizer Plant.  
Mount Holly.—The Southern Electro-Chemical Co. begins work this week on an extensive fertilizer plant, which will require about six months for completion, working a large force of hands full time. This plant will be erected alongside the Southern Power Company's steam plant and will use its surplus. This auxiliary power plant has 10,000 horsepower to dispose of, which power will be utilized by the chemical company. J. L. Patterson of Fort Mill, S. C., at present is in charge of the work.

## WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."—Mrs. LAWRENCE MARTIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis.—"At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."—Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Caravaggio Picture Found.  
An important find has been made in the art collections of Marchese della Stufa at France. It is a painting by Caravaggio, which had been lost sight of for many years. The painting was known to connoisseurs through a print in the Galleria degli Uffizi.

Sig di Pietro, the secretary of this gallery, was determined to find the picture. It was known that in the year 1700 it was in possession of the Cerretani family, which is now extinct. Sig di Pietro, while examining Marchese della Stufa's collection saw the painting and immediately identified it. The Uffizi print is an exact reproduction of the picture, which is a typical Caravaggio. It depicts six youths, one of whom is playing a violin, one a lute and one a flute, while two are singing and one is listening.—New York Sun.

Ancient Stage to Be Used.  
A more than usually interesting dramatic revival is announced for April 16, when the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus will be performed in the ancient Greek theater of Syracuse. Nearly 24 centuries have passed since Hiero I embellished his city with the theater which tradition attributes to the architect Democor Myrilla. Aeschylus must have taken refuge in the court of Hiero very soon after its completion, and it may be conjectured that the great trilogy, which began with the "Agamemnon," was often performed on its stage; it is known that the "Persae" was performed there and a work written for Hiero by Aeschylus, entitled the "Ete-neae," of which no trace remains.—New York Sun.

Natural.  
Belle—Is that girl's hair naturally curly?  
Nell—Yes, natural result of the curling iron.

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