

SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar, with a message from the British general. Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray, who professes to recognize him although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him Bhe tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a secut named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Raoul D'Auvray, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistance that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island cut off. Reconnolitering around the cabin at night Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the cellar of the cabin.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

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I got to my hands and knees, determined to discover for myself the nature of the passage. Any form of action was better than merely to lie there inert. I had to creep forward, and found barely room for the passage of my body. My wound still hurt sufficiently to make me cautious of every movement, and consequently my advance was slow. There never was blacker darkness; it was like a weight pressing me back, and the silence was like that of the grave. I could hear my own breathing, but my hands and knees made no sound on the earth floor. Whatever of savage fury was occurring above, no echo found way to where I burrowed below. To all appearance the tunnel ran in a direct line; at least I could discover no evidence of deviation.

I stopped to rest a moment, sitting cross-legged, my head barely escaping the roof. Suddenly from out that intense darkness before me, came a peculiar sound. Intensified by the long What had brought that look of insane stience, and the contracted walls, I terror into his eyes? It was as if he ould not tell whether it was cough stared at a g or groan. Something-man or animal hiding, crouched in the darkness, unaware as yet of my presence. Then it would not be an animal; it must be a

I got upon hands and knees again, slowly and with utmost caution, aware that if I was to escape notice I must advance as stealthily as a wild cat, the slightest sound would carry far in that gallery. I moved forward a yard, two, three yards, extending one hand out into the dark and feeling about carefully, before venturing another inch. Mine were the movements of a snail.

I had almost convinced myself there was nothing there, either brute or human; yet some instinct continually told me there was. I felt an uncanny it was-I found the gash a moment presence, and an ill-defined sense of later, the jagged edge of bone. The danger I could not cast off. I came to fellow was dead, stone dead; there a pause, actually afraid to go on, my flesh creeping with strange horror. I rested on one knee, my face thrust forward as I stared blindly into the awful blackness. I even held my breath in suspense, listening for the slightest movement. Merciful God! Some one something—was actually there! I could hear now the faint pulsing of a breath, as though through clogged nostrils; yes, and a meaningless muttering of the lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Struggle Underground.

I remained poised, breathless, hud-dled in the dark, hestiating. A dozen considerations flashed through my mind, as I swiftly decided what to do I could scarcely hope to move backward without noise; nor, if I su ed, would I be any better off with him atill blocking the passage? There was nothing for it then but to come to hand grips. But the fellow, whoever he might be-whether while or indianmight be—whether ware was doubtless armed, while I was weaponless. To get him right was a weaponless. You a gliance which desperate chance, yet a chance which must be taken. Fortunately I had him must be taken. Fortunately I had him located, his heavy breathing being unmistakable, and evidence also that the man remained unaware of my presence. I shifted one foot forward to get firmer purchase, and then grasped for him through the darkness. My hand came in contact with a shoulder; then gripped a mass of long hair. He gave vent to a sudden cry, startled, almost inhuman in its wildness, struggling backward so quickly my other hand closed on air. But I held hard to what I had, dragged off my balance, testing his fingers after my throat. There was no room for us to do other.

The MAID of A the FOREST A the FOREST FOR RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATED BY D.J. LAVIN TO THE COMPRIGHT A COMPRESSION OF THE PARRISH OF THE

that first cry neither of us uttered a sound, but I closed in on him, getting a ror of the thought brought me to my stronger grip. He was a man, a white knees. Already the air was stifling, man, for he wore a rough coat, and his my lungs laboring heavily for breath face was covered with a growth of straggly, coarse whiskers. Enemy or Only as I bent my nostrils close friend I could not be sure, nor did I against the earthern floor could I find find opportunity to discover. We both life-giving air. fought like beasts, resorting to teeth and nafts.

His one object was to wrench himself loose, but my fortunate grip on his hair foiled this effort. Yet both his hands were free, the one clutching my throat; but, in those first breathless seconds, I could not locate the other. He was lying on his side, with right arm underneath. Fearful of a weapon, I let the fellow gouge at my throat with long ape-like fingers, while I struggled flercely to expose the hidden hand. If it proved empty I knew I could handle the man; that I possessed the strength to draw him to me, to crush him into subjection within the vise of my arms. Straining every muscle I could bring into play, I succeeded in forcing him over onto his face. But he was a cat, wiry, full of tricks. In some manner he twirled his arm out of my grip. There was a flash of reddish yellow flame searing across my eyes, an awful report, like an explosion in my stunned ears. Where the bullet went I will never know, but I saw the man's face leap out at me from the darkness-just an instant of reflection, as though thrown against a screen by some flash of light -the unmistakable face of a negro.

Yet startled as I was by this apparition, his view of me had no less an effect. Even in that single instant of revealment, the hate in his eyes changed to fear, to uncontrollable panic; his lips gave vent to a wild cry, an exclamation in mongrel French, and, before I could stiffen in resistance, or recover from my own shock, the fellow flung his pistol at me, and jerked free. The flying weapon tore a gash in my scalp, but his haste and fear proved his own undoing. Half stunned as I was by the blow, I heard him spring to his feet, the dull crash of his head as he struck the hardwood slab of the low roof, and then the thud of a body on the tunnel floor. In his haste, his desperation, his strange fright, he had forgotten where he was, and attempted to spring erect. My head reeled; the blood from this new cut trickling down my cheek. The negro lay motionless in the darkness; I could not even distinguish his breathing, although I hestlated, listening intently, half fearing some trick.

What had frightened the fellow so? which had crazed him. I mastered my -was certainly there in the tunnel own nerves, and crept forward along the passage, feeling blindly in advance with one outstretched hand, until it came in contact with the man's figure.

With clinched teeth, I touched the coarse hair with my fingers; then the forehead. The flesh retained some warmth; yet the feeling was not natural-it seemed lifeless. For the instant this appeared impossible. Why, he did it himself; he crashed his own skull against the slab. Yet I could not make the affair seem real, or probable. And a negro! I had seen few of the race, but had always been told they were of thick skull; but if this man was actually dead, his head must have been smashed like an egg-shell. And was no heat to his heart, no throb to his pulse. Still dazed by the discovery, I ran my fingers along the roof overhead, hoping to find something there which would account for the mystery. No flat surface could ever have jabbed that wound. Ah! I felt it—the sharp point of a stake protruding between the logs. The poor fellow had struck that with sufficient force to penetrate the brain.

I conquered my abhorrence, and searched him, finding tobacco, a knife
—an ugly weapon—flint and steel, a few coine, and some powder and rifle balls. There were no pistol bullets, and the thought occurred to me that the smaller weapon probably did not belong to him; he had appropriated it elsewhere. I crept about, and across the body, searching for it in vain, but I found the rifle, and took time to test its flint, and load it.

I was still engaged at this task, blindly feeling about in the dark for everything needed, and always con-ecious of that dead body beside me, when I suddenly detected smoke—not the puff of powder which still clung to the passage, but the acrld, pungent edor of burning wood. Even as I began to breathe the fumes they inreased in intensity; the narrow tunnel filling rapidly with the smoke waves, and setting me to coughing. I realized at once what had happe Mademoiselle's word of warning com-ing back to mind—they were burning the cabin, and through some orifice the caoin, and through some orince the smoke was being swept down into this underground passage. If there were no outlet, no way by which it could escape again to the open air, I must die there in that black hole, choked and sufficiated. I might lie

wise than claw at each other. After | gro; lie there until our bones rotted, and we also became earth. The horas the smoke clouds filled the passage.

Even in my terror I clung to the negro's rifle desperately. The entrance leading forth into the cave-cellar must be closed, or the smoke cloud would never be so dense and suffocating. To open it might require strength, the blows of the gun stock. If I retained power to burst my way through I must hurry. Already I felt my head reel dizzily, my open lips gulping for air. I crept forward recklessly in the dark, bruising my body against the sides of the tunnel, actually feeling the thickening smoke swirl about me in dense clouds. I gasped for breath, and drew a bit of cloth about nose and mouth in slight protection. I was panic-stricken, overcome by sudden horror, yet some nature within compelled me to struggle on, Suddenly I came to a body lying lengthwise of the passage, the head to the south. This new discovery was a shock, yet seemed to affect me little.

I crawled over him, as though he was no more than a stone in the path, yet as one hand came down in the dark on the upturned face, I experienced a sudden thrill—the flesh was warm, the man lived. Barely had my numbed mind grasped this helplessly, when my rifle barrel, thrust before me, struck the end of the passage, the faint sound of contact signifying wood. Not three feet extended between the man's head and this barrier which blocked us from the outside air. Desperate, half crazed indeed, not only by my own situation, but also by the memory of those bodies behind in the dark tunnel, I found scant knee-room in the small space, and fumbled madly about for some latch. The surface was of wood, roughly faced, but smooth, save for what might be a handle in the middle, a mere strip, bevelled to give finger-hold. I pulled at this in vain; then pushed with my shoulder against the oak, but the wood held firm. Weak as I was, and in so crumpled a position, I could bring to bear but small strength. To batter the door down was the only hope left; no matter what noise resulted, or the possibility of capture by the savages, I could not lie there and choke to death in that place of horror. Better any danger than such a fate. 'I drew back and struck, the power of fear giving strength to my arms. Again and again I drove the iron-bound rifle stock against the hard oak. I left the center and attacked the sides, feeling up, his back against the wall. the wood give slightly. Encouraged izing my blows on one spot, until cer- to be white. By any luck do you tain the tightly jammed door was being driven from the groove. It was hot and stifling; the perspiration streamed from me; the smoke was suffocating, deadly. I gasped and choked, my head swam with dizziness. I felt my strength ebbing away; despair clutched me. Yet I struck-no longer with clear intent, but automatically, driving the heavy gun butt against the slowly yielding wood, with every pound of strength I had left. It seemed as if had struck my last blow-I believe now I had; I believe my body fell with it-I cannot remember clearly-only I



Fell Forward Into Light Air.

know the wood gave way, and I fell forward into light and air, my face without, my body still in the tunnel.

Merciful mother! How I guiped in those first refreshing breaths; how the clogged lungs rejoiced. I glanced back into the tunnel, suddenly remembering the man who still lived. If he were out, the door might be forced back into place again, that volume of smoke sup-

I refastened the cloth across my face, and crept back into the tunnel until I was able to grip the fellow's arms. He was a large man, clothed as a white; I even thought I felt braid on his electes; and, as I drew him toward me by a mighty effort, the light stream-ing in revealed a red jacket.



CHAPTER XV.

I Meet My Double. The probability that the man was a British officer, whose life depended on my exertions, nerved me anew. No matter who he might prove to be, whether friend or foe, he was of my race and blood, and evidently the victim of treacherous attack. First of all I must get him out of that stifling hole into pure air, and discover the nature of his injuries. It was no easy task dragging the heavy body through the narrow entrance, and across the dislodged door. It had to be accomplished by sheer strength of arm, for I worked on my knees, choked by the foul atmosphere, almost blinded by the smoke, and unable to find purchase. Yet foot by foot I won, until, exhausted by the effort, I hauled the limp form free of the barrier, and against the side wall of the cellar. I leaned against the wall as the

waves of smoke thinned, and drifted out through the open door. At last there was but a thin vapor showing against the blue expanse of sky. It occurred to me the blue was shading into gray, as if approaching twilight. I retained no sense of time; so much had occurred I felt I had been confined for hours in that tunnel; when I first emerged and perceived light I could scarcely realize that it was yet day; that all had occurred-the fight in the cabin, my rescue, the horrors of the tunnel-within so short a space. There suddenly swept over me the fresh memory of it all, I saw the faces, heard the voices. And they were dead. those men I had companioned with; they had gone the long journey, some quickly, mercifully, and Brady in the agony of torture. How it nauseated me! The swift reaction leaving me sobbing like a child, my hands pressed over my eyes. All at once I experienced the full horror, and broke down as weak as a babe. I remember now how my knees shook, so that I sank down to the earth floor; ay! and how I prayed, my voice a mere senseless murmur, yet, no doubt, clear enough to God's ears.

I felt tempted to get outside, and discover where the raiders had gone; their trail might reveal much, if it could only be found before night came. I had straightened up, determined to try the venture when a movement below, and the muffled sound of a voice speaking English, reminded me of the soldier. Descending from out the sunlight I could perceive little in the darker cave-cellar. The red jacket was, however, sufficiently conspicuous to convince me that the man was sitting

"I don't know who you are, friend," by this I redoubled my efforts, central- he called out heartily, "only you look speak English?"

"Not much of anything else," I answered, endeavoring to discover his features. "I'm of the blood."

"Ay! With a colonial twang to it, unless my ears lie. Is that the story? So! Then what in God's name are you doing here?"

I could not take the measure of the fellow, his face remaining indistinct in the shadows, but there was a reckless ring of good-fellowship in his voice which inspired me to frankness.

"I came this way with a message for the Wyandots. I belong to the garrison of Fort Harmar." "An officer?"

"Yes."

"Holy smoke, man, but you certainly. stumbled into a hornet's nest. Didn't you know all the northwest tribes have declared war? That it has actual ly begun?"

"No: it was in the hope of preventing such a catastrophe that I was sent. Word was brought us that the Wyandots would not join the confederation."

"Who brought such word?" "Simon Girty. He bore a letter from Hamilton, and sought information re garding the disappearance of a Wyan dot chief."

"Wa-pa-tee-tah?" "That was the name."

The man laughed, but the sound was not altogether pleasant.

"There is a touch of humor to your tale, my friend," he said slowly, "although I doubt if you will be able to perceive it. Girty and Hamilton may have had reasons of their own for a bit of byplay; egad! They failed to consult me. But as for this Wa-pa-tee-tah, that chanced to be my business, although just now, and in the presence of the enemy, we will let the discussion go. Diplomacy never reveals its cards, and I have become more diplomat than soldier. What am I then-e prisoner?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wifely Praise Qualified.
The husband was listening with blushing pleasure to his wife's praises

of his handlness. He looked a little deprecatingly at the other passengers, as though to say, "I didn't seek this fame!" Then, unfor unately, says the Manchester Guardian, his good wife perpetrated one of those errors some times classified as "things which might have been expressed differently." "Yiss," she said, with an emphatic nod, "'e made a greenhouse all "seelf, an' to look at it you'd think a real man 'ad mrde it."



CONGRESSMAN KEATING'S ANCESTORS



Representative Keating of Colorado, when a small boy, was taken from Missouri to the Centennial state. The family settled at a small place called Greeley, in honor of the great Horace.

The inhabitants were all prim New Englanders, whose ancestors had come over in the Mayflower, and whose talk was only of their lineage. Keating was the only kid at school who was Irish and not long on American forefathers who had fought in the Revolution. And this fact was a cause of constant humiliation to him, for the other children at school boasted daily in history lesson of an uncle at Bunker Hill or a grandfather at York-

So one day young Keating made up a story. He invented a wonderful forefather and his glorious deeds; and when he told it to the breathless, admiring class, he was the hero of the recess hour. His mother upbraided "I couldn't just help it," he replied.

him for telling a falsehood in school. "Those other boys are always bragging about their ancestors and I had to have some to keep up with the rest."

Another time Keating was asked to speak at a banquet of some kind of colonial society. When he rose, he smilingly said: "Gentlemen and ladies, I appreciate this honor, but confess I cannot understand why I am asked to address you. When your forefathers were distinguishing themselves in the Revolutionary war mine were hoeing cabbages in some Irish garden."

Yet the fact is, Keating is of ancient Irish lineage, and of its "bluest"

KETTNER IS ON THE MOVE

"I'm thinking of breaking into poetry and writing a philosophic ode on the mutability of mundane affairs, with metaphors and similes and things in it," confided Representative Kettner, from the San Diego, Cal., district. "I'll have something to say about being like a leaf afloat on the chancing tides of fate and how, just as you've gotten your little card house nicely built, something joggles your elbow and spills the milk-or whatever's poetry for spilling the milk.

"It's experience that inspires me," continued the representative from the clime of climate. "Nine years ago I said to myself, 'Come, I shall pick out a suftable spot, build me and my fam-My a home there and settle down for the rest of my life.' So, after carefully weighing a score of localities, I determined on Visalia, Cal.

"I bought me a ranch near by, built me a house that will outlast the monument, put up fences, barns and

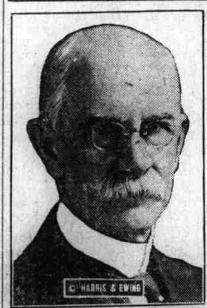
other improvements so permanent that they will echo to Gabriel's trump. Then we planted ourselves there and cried aloud: 'Behold us! This is our home forever and aye!'

"Three years from that day I was in the insurance business in San "And then I said, 'Now, I am fixed for good. I shall tie myself in a hard knot to my business here and nothing but a universal cataclysm shall re-

move me!' "And three years later I was in congress!"

"Are you going to stay in congress?" queried his visitor. "That depends upon a higher power," replied Mr. Kettner.

SENATOR THOMAS TELLS OF BIG TUMBLE



"To tumble down a mine shaft to a depth equal to the height of a fifteenstory skyscraper is a trick anybody can turn if he is careless enough around a mining camp," said Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado, who is one of the most eminent mining lawyers in the West and also one of the early settlers in the Centennial state.

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"But to come through such an experience alive is a feat few can achieve," he continued. "Yet that is just what happened to a man I knew in Colorado, A fellow named Jim Dorris of Leadville performed this Fall of Man act in 1881 and went through an experience enough to kill ten men, yet came out as chipper as though he had been lying in a feather bed.

"Jim slipped at the top of the shaft of the Cleora mine and fell a sheer 297 feet to the hard rock bottom, while a 300-pound ore-bucket

came clattering down on top of him. Of course, we all thought he would have to be brought up again in a box, but Jim came out with only a few

STEFANSSON'S ARCTIC PARTY SAFE

Brief cable dispatches from St. Michael and Nome indicate that when Vilhjalmur Stefansson's exploring ship Karluk was crushed in the Arctic near Herald Island, northeast of Siberia, January 16 last, the men saved all their instruments, supplies, dogs and food and left only the crushed hulk and its coal cargo when they headed east over the ice to camp on Wangell island.

The experience of the Karluk proves that the drift of the ice sheet from Point Barrow is not northerly, as had been supposed, but westerly. Both Stefansson and Amundsen had believed that a ship entering the pack at Point Barrow could be carried cross the pole and to Greenland. Probably the shipwrecked men passed the winter in comfort, having dogs to carry them on hunting expeditions.

It is expected that the Canadian government will authorize Capt. Rob-



ert A. Bartlett, who is at of Michael, where he arrived after a dog team and sea journey from Wrangell Island, to engage a ship to go to the Island and bring off the 18 men marconed there.