



The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN



SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harnar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harnar, with a message from the British general, Hamilton.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

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 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.

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.

I had almost convinced myself there was nothing there, either brute or human; yet some instinct continually told me there was.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Struggle Underground.

I remained poised, breathless, huddled in the dark, hesitating. A dozen considerations flashed through my mind, as I swiftly decided what to do.

wise than claw at each other. After that first cry neither of us uttered a sound, but I closed in on him, getting a stronger grip.

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.

Yet startled as I was by this apparition, his view of me had no less an effect. Even in that single instant of revelation, 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.

What had frightened the fellow so? What had brought that look of insane terror into his eyes? It was as if he stared at a ghost, the very sight of which had crazed him.

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.

I conquered my abhorrence, and searched him, finding tobacco, a knife—an ugly weapon—flint and steel, a few coins, and some powder and rifle balls.

I was still engaged at this task, blindly feeling about in the dark for everything needed, and always conscious of that dead body beside me, when I suddenly detected smoke—not the puff of powder which still clung to the passage, but the acrid, pungent odor of burning wood.

gro; lie there until our bones rotted, and we also became earth. The horror of the thought brought me to my knees.

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.

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.

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 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.

I refastened the cloth across my face, and crept back into the tunnel until I was able to grip the fellow's arms.

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.

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.

"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."

"Simon Girty. He bore a letter from Hamilton, and sought information regarding the disappearance of a Wyandot chief."

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

"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.

"Wifely Praise Qualified.

The husband was listening with blushing pleasure to his wife's praises of his handiness. He looked a little deprecatingly at the other passengers, as though to say, "I didn't seek this fame!"

In the PUBLIC EYE

CONGRESSMAN KEATING'S ANCESTORS



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 a 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.

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

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.

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.

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 suitable spot, build me and my family 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 trumpet. 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 Diego!"

"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 remove me!'"

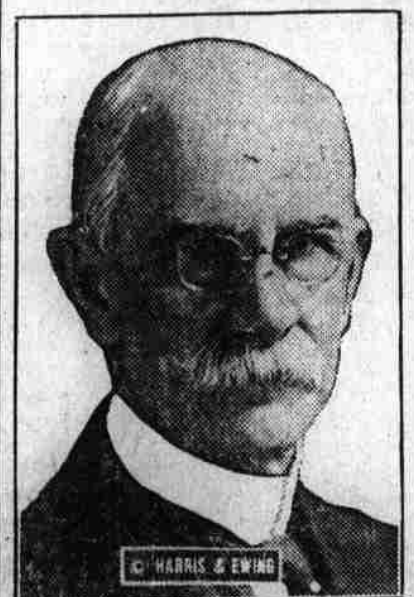
"And three years later I was in congress!"

"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



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 severe bruises.

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 W'angell 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 across 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. Robert A. Bartlett, who is at St. 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 marooned there.

