

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 thoughts 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," acknowledged slowly. "I am from Husky, by way of Vincennes."

"The Indians who were with me red at Shawnee; they lost heart, they have been by myself."

"Come over," I said shortly, "where we can converse more easily."

He stepped into the cool water unobtrusively, and waded across, a small cat at his back, and a long rifle across his shoulder. There was a certain audacity about the fellow I did not fail to observe, and, as he leaped up the rather steep bank, I glimpsed of a man far from my own days, accustomed to my acquaintances, so I waited, my hand, determined to be of this wanderer. He was middle age, with gray hairs, a body, of good girth, and a face, deeply seamed, having a scar down his right cheek, and a knife, gleaming from the brim of his hat, were among the things that struck me.

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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. These men of the fields were settlers, newly arrived mostly, and slightly acquainted as yet with border history, but there would be little 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 he he stopped.

"Ah, back again, Master Hayward," he exclaimed good humoredly. But is it you have here? No settler valley, to my remembrance."

"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, starting 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.

These 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. Kenton 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. Beaten 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, nor any at this time. I hold you a murderous renegade, a white savage, to be shown less mercy than 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 is all: now we will break our fast, and go."

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"At my companion, shading one hand, his face losing cheerfulness."

"appings—hey!" he exclaimed, "that face before!"

"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 of the 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 flung 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 'em war parties against us, an' killed our neighbors. That skunk stood by an' let 'em burn 'em man Roddy at the stake, an' never raised a hand. It's a hellish fact, true."

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air! An' he only laughed at Kenton 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, men. 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 by 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 of handling Injuns. I reckon we'll hang 'round boys, till we see what's comin' out of 'is 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 puncheon 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.)

JERRY'S EMERGENCY

By MARTIN GARIBALDI.

Jerry was the new night operator at Jamestown, back in old Kentucky, in the early days of the Cincinnati Southern. Jerry was unmistakably new. The manner in which he counted over the carbon sheets in his train-order pads, to be sure that he had a sufficient supply of three, five and seven copy pads on hand to meet the demands of a sudden call from the dispatcher, to whom the word "fix" was an abomination, and the nicety with which he adjusted his relays from time to time, indicated his newness plainly. If there had been any doubt about it, his puzzled expression as he scanned the switchboard, his surreptitious trials of the ground-plug in each strip to ascertain which side was north and which south, and his frequent trips to the station platform to inspect his train-order signal, would have proclaimed it.

Jerry was new clear down to his shoes, which squeaked suggestively as he moved about the office attending to his duties.

He had recently been promoted to the position of ticket seller and night operator at this old blue grass town, from Sadleville, the water tank station 12 miles north, where his duties had been confined to the routine of reporting passing trains, an occasional train order, and sweeping out the office in the morning.

Jerry was on the rise. He felt it, and thirsted for greater things. His chief ambition was to rise in the service. How to obtain the coveted advancement had become an all-absorbing question with him, and the subject of his nightly meditations.

Once, when Jerry had reverted to the matter in conversation with Con, the roadmaster, the latter said: "There are different ways of getting promoted, just the same as there are different ways of skinning a cat. Probably the quickest way is to keep your wits about you, and when an emergency comes along grab hold of it and handle it."

Jerry eagerly drank in these words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the road master. This was a new phase of the question that had never presented itself to him before. He pondered long and deeply over it. Yes—this was undoubtedly the solution, the secret of success, the key to promotion, the one thing needful to bring him favorable official recognition.

With the enthusiasm of youth, he resolved that if ever an emergency came his way, he would be right there to meet it. As a natural sequence, as a means to an end, Jerry began to long for the emergency. The longing intensified itself until the very innermost recesses of Jerry's soul cried out for an emergency.

It was on the night of the memorable Charleston earthquake. No. 12, north-bound freight, had pulled noisily down the long siding, and settled for a drowsy wait for No. 5, south-bound passenger, with the engine standing just opposite the telegraph office window. The silence was broken only by the occasional chug-chug of the air pump.

Jerry was beguiling the time by alternately practising the letter P on a closed key and listening to passing messages going over the through wire.

He had just succeeded in rounding out a P to his entire satisfaction, when he was startled by hearing Meridian, Miss., break in on the through wire with, "Earthquake here," signing his office call. A moment later another office, north of Meridian, broke in with the same information. Then another and another, still nearer, signing their calls in turn.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jerry. "An earthquake's coming this way, and they are spreading the alarm."

As he sat tense and alert in his chair, waiting for and yet dreading further confirmation of his fears, a low rumbling sound struck his ear. The window panes began to vibrate and the sashes to rattle.

Jerry sprang to his feet with blanched face and shaking limbs, sickening fear gripping at his heart. There flashed across his excited brain a vision of toppling buildings, and his first impulse was to fly to the open air.

But with that flash there came another mental picture of swaying bridges, falling trestles, upheaved track and twisted steel.

He must stick to his post and give the alarm. For a moment, a feeling of elation, almost joy, struggled with his fear, as he realized that at last an emergency had come.

He grasped the key with trembling fingers, called up division headquarters, clicked off the fateful words, "Earthquake here," signing his office call, and then, wild terror grasping him again and winging his feet, he fled panic-stricken from the room.

As he emerged from the depot building he electrified the engine crew by screaming at the top of his voice: "Earthquake! Earthquake's coming!"

Not until the astonished fireman, standing in the gangway, inquired solicitously, "What's hurtin' ye, sonny?" did he realize that what he had taken for the premonitory rumbling of a disastrous seismic disturbance had been produced by that sooty individual turning on the "blower" of that big freight engine.

(Copyright.)

Month of March in History.

March, the month of Martius (Mars), though the third month of our calendar, was the first month of the Roman year. It was considered as the first month of the year in England until the change of style in 1752, and from the old style posed to March 1st.

Put T. Wis. Philadelphia.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Laid Off Duty by a Thrilling Baseball Dream

CHICAGO.—In these days of high-salaried ball players, where the team managers demand speed of their players, some big league magnate is overlooking a promising recruit in not signing John J. Garrigan, second-class detective sergeant at the Central detail police station, to a contract.



Garrigan recently was laid up at his home with a dislocated shoulder as a result of a baseball dream he had, and which came to an abrupt ending when he found himself in the back yard below his bedroom window.

"If Comiskey only had seen that play," Garrigan said, as he nursed his injured shoulder, "I think I could have gotten away with a nice contract with the Sox."

Garrigan is an ardent baseball fan. When he reported Ill. Captain Gibbons thought he had been injured in pursuit of duty and sent a sergeant to his home. But not so. It all happened when the detective, who had been following the Sox-Giants in their world tour, had a very exciting dream, so exciting that the thief-catcher carried away part of the window sash before he struck terra firma.

"Funniest thing you ever heard of," said Garrigan. "I dreamed that I was playing with the Sox against the Athletics and that Bender was pitching. It was the ninth inning, with the Macks two runs to the good, when I came to bat. There were two men out and two men on."

"As I stepped to the plate the crowd rose en masse, and for two minutes the cheers were deafening. As I stood there at the plate I remembered the experience of Casey at the bat, and cold chills ran down my back. Then I saw Bender brace himself for the pitch. Over came the ball, and I stood like a goof while the umpire called 'Strike.' The next was a ball, and then came another strike. 'Take him out! Take him out!' they yelled, and as I looked in the direction of the third base I saw Callahan turning handsprings. Then he straightened up and shook his fist at me. I would have been willing to give anything to Bender at that moment if he only had been good enough to let me foul out."

"But no. He wound up, and I closed my eyes and swung. The ball sailed over Oldring's head far into center field, and I began to tear round the bases. As I rounded second I heard Callahan yelling frantically that I forgot to touch first, and I redoubled my efforts for the keystone sack, while the grandstand and bleacher crowds appeared to me as though they had gone violently insane. As I dashed back I struck something and then suddenly brought up with a thud."

"The game was over. I was sprawling eight feet below my bedroom window with part of the window sash hanging to my anatomy and my wife calling to me, 'John, what is the matter?'"

"I certainly will never forget that ninth inning."

Great Dane Honored by New York Society Woman

NEW YORK.—It is not a frequent occurrence in the lives of men, famous or otherwise, to have teas given for them by a member of the fair sex.

The average man looks upon a tea with horror. It is a thing to be avoided at any cost. There is one member of the masculine sex in this city, however, who not only attends these festivities, but can honestly and truthfully say that he enjoys them.

Natural curiosity makes one wonder who this odd member of the community is. He is Mr. James Galpin, more familiarly known as plain Jim. More curiosity makes one begin to wonder who and what Jim is. Jim is nothing less than a very large and dignified Great Dane, who belongs to Dr. H. T. Galpin.

Is Jim a well-known member of New York society? Indeed he is. He is best known for his great courage and bravery, which has made him a famous character. Dinners and teas, several medals, and a silver bowl have been given him in recognition of his valor.