

The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish

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CHAPTER IV

Captain D'Auway.

"What is it?" asked Brady, started by my sudden exclamation, and striving to get up. I glanced back at him.

"A dead man! Stay where you are; he is dead all right. I'll be back in a moment."

I stepped within, and held the torch down close, the ghastly yellow light falling full on the upturned face. He was a man of seventy, or over, in a study looking fellow for his years.

He had a certain peculiar dignity, increased by a snow-white beard. Apparently he had not been dead long, nor was there slightest evidence of struggle; the hands were empty, and, judging from the ugly gash in his head, he had been struck from behind unexpectedly.

It was a ghastly wound, and the man had probably died instantly. The blow must have been a treacherous one, delivered by some person acquainted with the cabin; otherwise the dog would have sprung to his master's defense.

Plainly this was murder, and the assassin had taken his time; had closed the door, looked in the dog; had even washed off the blade of the ax, and left it standing there against the wall.

What could have been the object? Was it robbery? Robbery? I felt, in the pocket of the loose blouse, finding nothing, but my eye caught the glimmer of a medal fastened to the front of the shirt. I unfastened it, and held it up to the light of the torch, studying out the French inscription, letter by letter, half guessing at its meaning.

It was a medal of honor, given for special gallantry in action at Fontenoy to Capt. Raoul D'Auway.

I stood staring at it, and then down to the face of the dead man. D'Auway: Her name! The same name she had given me! The face of the girl came back instantly to memory, distinct, living. There was a familiarity, a resemblance, now that I thus compared the two together.

She had told me her father was a French officer—but dead, killed in action. Perhaps she thought so; had been deceived into this belief. Yet I was convinced now that this was the man; that he had been living up to a few hours before, and had met his fate here in the wilderness by a foul and treacherous blow.

Her father! The knowledge seemed to shock me, to leave me helpless; I could not divorce my mind from the remembrance of the daughter. Where would she be that night? Safe at Harmer or in the dark woods with Girty? Did she know about this hidden cabin? This island rendezvous?

Staring thus could be no mere coincidence of name and history, yet what was the mystery that enveloped both? Why was this Captain D'Auway hiding here, and why did she deny that he was still living? The more I thought, the more tangled grew the skein. Brady called me, and I stepped back into the other room, still dazed, grasping the medal in my hand.

"Well, what is it?" he asked gruffly. "What have you found out?"

I told him briefly, describing the appearance of the body, and handing him the medal. He turned it over in the light of the torch.

"French, ain't it? What does it say?"

"An army decoration for gallant conduct given to Capt. Raoul D'Auway, Fifth Cuirassiers."

"You think it belonged to him?"

"Yes, I think it was; it was pinned to his shirt—the one thing he treasured in his exile."

"D'Auway," he repeated, as if the name had familiar sound. "I've heard of him before. Wait a bit; now I have it—he commanded Hamilton's Indians at Vincennes when Clark took the town. I saw him once."

He got to his feet with my help, and braced himself in the doorway, looking intently at the upturned face, as I held the torch extended.

"That's the man," he said soberly. "I remember the white beard; some one told me the Wyandots called him the white chief. And he was in the French army? An officer? Poor devil! I wonder what happened to drive him to this."

He stared about among the shadows at the miscellaneous articles littering the shed, his trained eye noting things I had overlooked in my excitement.

"He was murdered all right, lad," he commented slowly, "and by a white man. This was not Injun work. Here is the imprint of a boot heel; you can even see the nails. That's odd; I didn't suppose there was a boot worn in this country except by British officers. What is that red garment lying on the box? I thought so; an English infantry jacket, made in London, and it never belonged to D'Auway." He held it up. "It was a big fellow who wore this coat, about your size."

I drew up the bench, and sat down. "There is more to this than you have discovered, Brady," I said, determined to explain. "Did you chance to see a French girl back at Fort Harmer?"

Written English, her dress half Indian and half French. She was one in a thousand, to my thought. What name do you suppose she gave me?"

His eyes, interested, questioned me, but he sat silent.

"Rose D'Auway; and she explained her father was a French officer, killed in battle."

"And her mother?"

"A woman of the Wyandots, but a half-breed."

"D'Auway! The same as the dead man you told me of?"

"I am an odd case. What else do you know about her?"

"Precious little, indeed, for she seemed an adept in deceit. She even pretended to know me, and actually spoke my name before it had been told her. How she ever learned it is more than I can guess. The little mix is full of tricks, but plays them so saucily it was not in my heart to become angry. By heavens! one glance in her eyes would disarm any man."

"Yes," he interrupted, "but whence came she there, and for what purpose?"

I told him all I knew, and he listened eagerly, his eyes on Schultz pattering about the fire.

"She must have jested in her threat to travel hither with the renegade."

"I fear it was not just," I said soberly. "She was in a mood to do even that, and I do not think she feared the man. They may be on our trail now; ay! close at hand, Brady, for they both know these woods better than either of us. 'Tis my thought, now, the dead man you told me the lass' father, and she would know his cabin."

His eyes turned to the door, and then to the foot Schultz was placing on the table before us, but whatever his thought it remained unuttered. As we sat there eating, he was apparently turning it all over in his mind, trying to draw the tangled ends of the skein together.

As we finished the meal, some nearly awakened curiosity caused me to glance out again into the rear room. It was gloomy with shadows, the bodies of man and dog beyond view; yet what I perceived brought from my lips a sudden exclamation.

"Brady, some one has been in here! The outer door is watched—yes—and the soldier's coat is gone!"

We examined the room carefully, but discovered no sign of its having been entered, except for the door standing slightly ajar, and the disappearance of the red coat. We dare not carry a torch into the open, and the night was too dark for us to trace marks on the ground. Brady stood in the glow of the flashlight, looking to the priming of his rifle, his face shadowed.

"I am going out awhile, Hayward," he said finally. "Yes, I am all right now. I meant to take you along, but I reckon, it will be safer not to leave the Dutchman here alone. However, I don't think there will be any more visitors tonight."

He slipped out the back way, disappearing instantly, and I picked up my own rifle, bade Schultz remain where he was, and followed, with the purpose of ascending about the island. I could perceive the new danger we were in. Suppose the assassin, eager to save himself from suspicion, should be attracted to that camp of raiders, and, relying on their friendship for protection, charge us with the murder of D'Auway. What misery could we hope for at their hands? Beyond doubt the band was composed of ambitious young warriors, who had already tasted blood, and under control of no chief able to restrain them, if their wild passions should be appeased to.

But I emerged into darkness and silence. Quietly as I had made this decision I was too late. The scout had already disappeared across the narrow open space, and vanished into the fringe of trees. There was nothing to guide me, save the vague sense of direction, yet I felt my way forward through the dense tree growth, hearing no sound of movement, and compelled to move slowly until I emerged at the shore, and could perceive the stars reflected on the surface of still water. As I lingered there clear of the woods' shadow, my courage gradually returned, and our situation appeared less desperate. Whoever the fellow was who had killed D'Auway he might have as much cause to fear the Indian raiders as we did. The mere fact that he wore a red coat was no direct proof he was a British soldier; doubtless many a forest renegade had picked up bits of discarded uniform. Besides, why should any soldier desire to kill D'Auway? He had led his Indians to action under Hamilton. More than in the fellow was French, and the murder the end of some private feud. His only desire then would be to get away safely, to escape unseen. Brady would learn all this, and he would be back presently.

I do not know how long a time passed, only I had circled the house twice, skirting the edge of the woods in my rounds, keeping well in the blacker shadows, and moving noiselessly, every nerve alert. Back of the house I discovered a mound of earth, heaped as a roof, over an opening in the ground, evidently a cellar of some kind. So far as I could discover, by groping in the darkness, there was nothing concealed within, but the entrance offered a good hiding place, and I sat down there where I could see in every direction, with my rifle across my knees. The stars yielded a spectral light, and no one could move across the clearing unobserved. I sat there for ten minutes, seeing and hearing nothing, gradually growing drowsy in the silence, my head sinking back against the earth mound. Yet I remained awake and watchful, although when I first perceived a figure fitting out of the black fringe of woods, I half believed it a dream. But it was no dream, and I sat up suddenly, my heart beating like a triphammer, and stared. I could see little, not enough to determine whether the intruder was savage or white, merely perceiving an indistinct form, crouching low, yet advancing directly toward me. There was no hesitancy, no evidence of fear, not nearly the manner of one crawling about in the wilderness. At first I believed it to be Brady returning, yet hesitated to step boldly forth, for the figure appeared small and unnatural, being apparently dressed in

darber background of earth. To render myself more secure I cautiously took a step within the cellar entrance, and waited breathlessly, bracing myself to meet either friend or foe. I could no longer see the intruder, and the caution of his approach made me certain the man must be an enemy. Surely Brady, even while exercising every precaution, would never hesitate like this, and drop his way forward inch by inch. I felt the hot blood leap in my veins; then the fellow, still crouching low, but with rifle barrel advanced, appeared around the edge of the pile of earth, scarcely two yards distant. All I saw clearly was a hat with a feather in it, an indistinct outline of form, and the black rifle barrel. My rifle came up to the shoulder, and I slipped into the open.

"Stop where you are!" I ordered sharply. "Drop your gun, and stand up!"

I heard a quick breath of surprise, almost an exclamation; the stock of the rifle sank to the ground, but the hands still clung to the barrel, so the startled figure straightened up. I could not distinguish the face, only the white outline shadowed by the hat, yet the short, slender form was that of a boy. The relief at this discovery brought a laugh to my lips.

"What does this mean, lad?" I asked. "Have children gone to war? Come, answer me; you are no savage."

"'Tis not a lad with whom you deal, Monsieur Hayward," replied a soft voice, trembling a bit nevertheless, though attempting boldness. "You know me now?"

She swung the concealing hat into the grass, the silvery light of the stars on her face.

"You here! you!" I exclaimed in swift surprise at this unexpected development, and feeling the hot blood flush my face. "You came with Girty?"

She ventured to laugh lightly at my tone and manner.

"We traveled together—yes. What of that, monsieur? The wilderness is not a parlor where we can choose associates. Did I not warn you I would come with him when you refused me? An' you think I did what was wrong?"

"I'm puzled by her direct question. 'What is it to me, mademoiselle? You would not care what I think. Yet were you sister of mine I would speak plainly enough; we all know what Simon Girty is.'"

"Oh, no, monsieur, the Americans do not," and her voice rung with earnestness. "He is to them an enemy, a fiend. He wars on the other side, and as the Indians make war, why not? He has lived in our wigwams, and sat at our council fires. He belongs with us, save for the birthmark of a white skin. To me he is not enemy, but friend. I have known him always, from childhood; there is no fear in my heart; did he desire, he would not dare harm me—I am a Wyandot."

The swift words were a defiance, a challenge.

"Have it as you will," I said coldly. "But nothing you may say will ever make me think well of that renegade."

"You!" she exclaimed passionately. "Why do you say that, Joseph Hayward? Why do you keep up this masquerade with me? We are no longer at Fort Harmer where it was safer for you to guard your speech. I knew you would be here; that was why I came alone; that was why I talked to each other, and no longer lie. I stared at her face in the starlight, my memory suddenly reverting to the dead man within."

"You knew I would be here?"

"I guessed it, and my instinct was true. Why not, monsieur? You alone knew the house was here, and who lived in it."

"(Continued.)"

ECCENTRIC GOWN OF SATIN WITH TUNIC OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN



SATIN EVENING GOWN

The woman who likes to attract attention when she enters the ball room will find the gown illustrated here much to her mind. It is of satin, with corsage and tunic of embroidered muslin. The more silk girde crosses a band embroidered in pearls, a line of the pearls outlining the edge of the corsage. The sash ends are brought

around and looped to the front of the tunic. The corsage band with its feather ornaments imparts a striking note to the costume.

MILLION FOR NEW ENGINES.

Illinois Central Bonds New Motive Equipment to Iowa.

Dubuque, June 26.—Thirty-two Mikado type freight engines, four 800 class freight engines, and eighteen switch engines, all superheaters, representing a total expenditure of \$1,700,000, are being distributed over the Illinois Central railroad system.

Four of these engines have already been delivered to the local division and the remaining four will be delivered this week. This will give the Minnesota division a total of twenty-eight Mikado type superheaters, which are working every day over the rails of this section of the Illinois Central system.

Each Mikado type superheater is worth about \$25,000, each superheater switch engine is worth about \$15,000, which gives the local division new motive power to the value of \$180,000. The 800 class freight engines are the next lowest to the Mikado and cost but little less.

DOCTOR MAY DIE.

Skidding Auto Lands Des Moines Physician at Bottom of Ditch.

Des Moines, June 26.—Dr. F. E. Foulk of 1631 Ninth street, was seriously injured yesterday when his automobile skidded and slid down a deep embankment near the Polk county poor farm. Persons at the farm heard the crash of the machine against a fence at the

foot of the bank and rushed to the injured man's aid. He was carried to the farm and later taken to Mercy hospital in an automobile.

Hospital attendants reported at noon that Dr. Foulk is in a serious condition. His left side and shoulder were badly bruised and it is feared he may have suffered serious internal injuries. His face was also badly bruised.

According to the doctor, his machine skidded on a bad piece of road about a quarter of a mile this side of the poor farm. He was attempting to right the car when the steering wheel broke. The machine was wrecked.

Awning Saves Child's Life.

Ottumwa, June 26.—The 18-month-old son of Mrs. E. Lingie, living at the McCune rooming house, above the store of Jonas Sax 318 East Main street, was saved from a probable death and at least serious injury, when he was caught in the awning of the Sax store which was being raised by Arthur Sax. The mother is rejoicing over the fact of her child's miraculous escape, while the little one is as happy as ever and apparently no worse for his adventure.

Montour Mention.

Special to Times-Republican.

Montour, June 26.—The C. E. society of the Congregational church give a lawn social tonight in front of the church if it does not rain.

Mrs. Ray Adair, of Toledo, and children have been making a visit with relatives and friends for a few days. Mrs. Eoyner left for her home yesterday after a few days' visit with friends.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy is pleasant to take especially valuable for children and adults. For sale by all dealers.

AMERICAN DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO VISIT AT NEWPORT.



Newport, R. I.—The Duchess of Marlborough, who is to spend a part

of the summer here as the guest of her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at Marble House, is due to arrive about June 27. She will sail on June 29, and Mrs. Belmont will meet her in New York. The duchess was formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

Building at Tama. Tama, June 26.—Work on the C. M. & St. P. depot is progressing rapidly this week, the brick work being about finished. The Dolash, big, two-story side pavilion and barn is reaching the roof line, the new school building is up to the second story, a half dozen new houses are nearing completion, the street paving is going merrily on now that sand is available.

For a Torpid Liver. "I have used Chamberlain's Tablets off and on for the past six years whenever my liver shows signs of being in a disordered condition. They have always acted quickly and given me the desired relief," writes F. H. Trubus, Springville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers.

Warships for China. When the Creditanstalt, the Escomptebank, and the Landeskbank subscribed a portion of the Chinese loan to the amount of \$1,500,000 (\$7,299,750) in 6 per cent bonds, it was agreed that the Chinese government should favor Austrian industries with orders for ships. In compliance with this agreement, the construction of three Chinese cruisers has been ordered, which will be built at Montecarlo, near Trieste. The cruisers will cost 10,000,000 crowns (\$2,000,000). It is reported that some of the machinery will be constructed in Bohemian factories.

Classified Advertisements

ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN 15 CTS

FOR SALE—TO RENT—TO EXCHANGE

WANTED.

Wanted—Good waiter, \$10 per week and board. Sundell's restaurant, 27 North First avenue.

Wanted—Public stenographic work, addressing envelopes, filling in letters, copying, etc. Phone 181 white. Call room 214 Masonic Temple.

Wanted—Upholstering and all kinds of furniture repairing, refinishing and varnishing and gine work. Hair mats and cotton mattresses made over. Call us up before the rush of housecleaning starts. Lon Roberts, 119 West Main, Phone 525.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Real Estate and Employment Agency, Phone 950.

Wanted—Wells to dig and clean, cisterns to build. Write or call, 201 North Sixth street.

Wanted—Cellars to clean and repair. Also chimneys to repair. Work right, moderate price. Phone 1260 Yellow.

Wanted—Good, stout, wide-tired, cheap wagon. Phone 928 yellow.

Wanted—Cows to pasture. Phone Ever Waters, three miles west.

Wanted—1,000 loads of filling, brick, clay and ashes (not trash). Lennox Furnace Company factory site, Twelfth avenue. Phone 65.

Wanted—Aches, rubbish and garbage to haul. Phone 801 Green.

Wanted—House moving. H. S. Miller, 110 North Fourth street.

Wanted—Actor. Partner for vaudeville, with small capital. Good singer, ability, amateur preferred. X. Y. Z. care this paper.

Wanted—To connect with some one who is going to buy an auto. I can save him some money on a new five passenger car or a used car. Address "Auto Bargain," care T-R.

Wanted—Mason work, chimney, cisterns, cellars, reservoirs. Phone 1152 red.

Wanted—List your property with me. I will bring buyers and sellers together. Always have demand for property on installment plan. Let your wants be known. W. E. Crawford, real estate and employment. Phone 888. Over 314 East Main.

Wanted—Every one to know that the secretary of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Susan Lammpan, 208 West Main street, phone 474.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Barber. A good job for a good man. 503 Third Third avenue, Kildebrandt & Fredericks.

Wanted—Experienced farm hand; no boomer need apply. Henry Bohnsack, R. 4, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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