

# The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat  
By Randall Parrish  
Illustrated by D. J. Lewis

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CHAPTER XVII.

An effort to save Brady. The night had closed down without the remnants of fire still eating away the dry logs of the cabin, yielding a red tinge to the interior of the cellar. It was a spectral, eerie light, brightening as some breeze fanned the flames, and then as suddenly lapsing into dimness. Yet sufficient glow found way down the entrance to enable me to see my prisoner, and observe his movements.

A descending figure blotted out the red glare of the entrance. We both stared upward unable to decide who the visitor might be; I could perceive merely a dim, indistinct outline. The smudge of a figure descended quietly, yet with evident confidence that the dark cellar was deserted. I attempted to step back, so as not to be between the two, but something rattled under my foot, something loud in the silence. The intruder stopped instantly, drawing a quick breath of surprise.

"Who is here? Answer!" There was the sharp click of a gun lock; the words were French, the voice unmistakable.

"Hayward, mademoiselle." She laughed in sudden relief. "Partel! You startled me! How came you out here, monsieur?"

"The smoke of the burning cabin drove me out; else I should have suffocated. I burst open the door."

"Durst it open!" incredulously. "Then it was not barred? Some one had entered from this end?"

"So I discovered, mademoiselle; one of these is here with me—an old acquaintance of yours."

"Of mine?" "Ay! Step out into the cave so the light can find entrance; now, do you know the man?"

Her eyes wandered from me, whom she looked upon with a look of surprise, toward the Englishman, who remained silent, his scarlet coat conspicuous in the glare. A moment later she met, his face showing white and stern, her lips could not see.

"Oh, so it is you, is it?" a metallic ring to the low voice. "I thought you were safely away before this. And you have been hiding here. I ought to have suspected that. Now I remember, you know of the tunnel."

He did not answer, although I say

his lips move. What was the man afraid of? He had been sharp and snappy enough with me. "I think you mistake, mademoiselle," I interposed, shocked at the expression of the man's face. "He has told me how it occurred; it was another who killed your father."



"Please Stand Back, Monsieur; This is My Affair."

"He was lying unconscious beyond, next to the entrance."

"And—and," the words trembled on her lips, "you—killed the negro?"

"No, mademoiselle, I did not. We struggled together; then he fired at me, and in the flash saw my face. The sight seemed to frighten the man, for he broke away, and endeavored to run. In his haste he forgot the lowness of the tunnel, struck his head against a sharp projection, and died."

She stood motionless, her hands pressed to her forehead. Suddenly she turned from me, and faced him. I thought he shrank back against the wall; but, for a long moment, she stood there in silence, staring at him.

"Who was it?" she asked at last, her voice like ice. "Tell me the truth—was it Picard?"

He dropped his eyes, with an odd gesture of the shoulders. The girl's rife flashed to a level, so quickly I could not even throw out my arm.

"Say yes, or no! Please stand back, monsieur; this is my affair."

"Yes," the word seemed dragged from him.

"And you told monsieur here the negro killed my father? You said that!" His lips moved, but no sound came forth from them. She waited a breathless moment.

"That was a lie! You would not dare repeat that to me," she burst forth passionately, her whole body trembling. "You thought you could tell him, and he would believe you; would pity you, and let you go. You

did not dream that I was here—I, Rene D'Auray, monsieur—to face you. You are afraid of me; yes you are—it is in your eyes. You think me an Indian? That I will avenge myself? Is that what you fear?"

He muttered something in Indian dialect I could not understand.

"You say that to me! You dare say that! You are a bold man to try and threaten me now. Ay, do it then—monsieur, and she stepped aside facing me, "this brute of an Englishman claims to be my husband."

"What," I exclaimed in shocked surprise. "He told me he attempted to make love to you, but failed, yet hinted that marriage might have been possible."

"He did venture that far. Then, monsieur, I will tell you the truth. He won my father to him—God alone knows how—and persuaded me to go through the tribal ceremony. To me, a Christian and a French woman, that mockery of form means no more than to him. It was the price I paid for peace."

"But the Wyandots?" "In their eyes I am this man's squaw," her voice trembling with scorn, her hand pointing at him. "But in the eyes of God, I am not. His hand has never touched me—never will. Monsieur, I had to tell you."

"And I am glad you did. It is better for me to know."

"Oh, I begin to see," broke in the prisoner, finding his voice. "T is not my appearance that you object to, mademoiselle, only you prefer the Yankee edition."

I strode forward threateningly. "You low-lived coward—" "No, monsieur, let him talk," and she caught my arm. "We have no time now for a personal quarrel. We must save a man's life."

"His?" "Monsieur Brady's. There is but one way. T was for his sake, the endeavor to save him from torture, that I was so long in coming here. I did all that was in my power, but those Indians are not of my tribe. They might listen to me, but for the Englishman who leads them. He is heartless, more cruel than any savage; moreover Brady struck him, and he suspects me of aiding you to escape. There is no mercy in him, and I have failed. They mean to burn him at the stake, and I could do no more."

"Where are they now?" I asked in horror.

"Yonder on the mainland. I could not remain to witness the scene—I could not, monsieur. I was under guard, but stole away in the darkness, and came here, praying I might find you yet waiting. Now I know God has answered my prayers. He has shown me the way."

She turned from me, her eyes on his face.

"Are you any relative to Monsieur whom you resemble so much?" He laughed unpleasantly.

"Lord, I hope not—if so the connection is too remote to be considered. I have no desire to claim any Yankee cousins. Why?"

"The reason is not material. I want you to hear me. I do not know you killed my father, but I suspect it, and am certain you lured him to his death. If it was Picard's hand that did the deed, it was done at your

desire. I would be justified as a Wyandot in killing you—even this American would grant me the right—but I am going to spare you, Monsieur—on one condition."

"What?" The very sound of his voice proved his realization of her seriousness.

"That you accompany me to the Indian camp yonder, and help me save that white man's life."

"What do I care—" "You care for your own, no doubt. Well, monsieur, it hangs by a hair. Only on such a pledge will you go forth from here alive."

"You threaten to kill me?" "It is hardly a threat—it is a certainty, monsieur," he said roughly.

"I can control the Indians," she went on, "if the Englishman does not interfere. It will be your part to command him."

"Who is the fellow?" "The fur trader—Lappin." He stared into her face; then laughed insolently.

"Then the game is up. By the gods, it would be more likely he burned me. You make sport—to suggest I could influence that monster."

"I do not," her face changeless in its expression. "There is nothing for you to laugh at. I know you two are enemies, but he dare not ignore your uniform. He has no authority and you have. You can accomplish the rescue of this prisoner if you have the cour-

age, and will. There is only one thing for you to say—yes, or no."

"Answer the lady," I commanded sternly.

His eyes settled on my face; they were furtive, cowardly.

"Oh—well—I'll go," he said slowly and sullenly. "But it's little enough good you'll get out of it, I promise you."

(To Be Continued.)

Women's Clubs Growing. Women's clubs are still made the target for a good deal of criticism, but it is all wasted in so far as it is intended to prevent the growth and prosperity of such organizations. It may bring about certain improvements and correct small defects, but it will never stop the progress of the women's clubs in any part of the country. Their great prosperity proves that they meet a real need. It is the best possible evidence that they are doing work of value to a very large number of women. The quality of their membership is as noteworthy as its increase in numerical strength.

Several phases of the changing position of women in the life of the modern world are too plain to be questioned, except in blind intolerance. One of them is the permanent enlargement of the field in which women earn their own living. Another is the broadening and deepening influence and usefulness of women's clubs and similar organizations.—Cleveland Leader.

## AIRY TUNICS MAY BE SUCCESSFULLY USED IN REBUILDING GOWN.



ROSE TRIMMED TUNIC. The tunic has proved a boon to the economical woman. It is made of lace and sheer materials and can be used on not one but many gowns. With a tunic, a passé gown can be made smart and attractive. A renovating

suggestion is found here. The robe is of satin, and over it is applied a smart tunic of mousseline de sole bordered with garlands of ribbons, roses and leaves.

## A YARD OF KISS IS ENOUGH.

And it Must Not Last Longer Than 30 Seconds, Says Movie Gossip.

Mrs. Cyrus Niver, the only woman member of the new state moving picture censorship board, has come to the conclusion that one yard of film is long enough for any kiss, after several weeks spent here in passing on thousands of yards of love-drama films.

Love scenes and historic romances, thrilling escapes and runaways, harrowing deathbed repentances and wild elopements, the excess of poverty and the extreme of wealth, all pass in review before her. She judges each film from the view point of adolescence.

Will it harm the child? What effect will it have on the grown boy or girl? These are the questions Mrs. Niver asks herself.

She has sat thru yards and yards of kisses of every variety, and her ultimatum, after watching an embrace which occupied five yards of film, was that four yards should be eliminated and that the young people should be torn from each other after 36 seconds of occupation.—Philadelphia North American.

The rate of growth of mahogany in shown in Southern Nixer, where the site of a town destroyed sixty years ago has been covered with a forest containing mahogany trees, some of which are more than ten feet in diameter.

# Classified Advertisements

ONE CENT PER WORD EACH IN REBUILDING GOWN. WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

### FOR SALE—TO RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

Wanted—Upholstering and all kinds of furniture repairing, refinishing and varnishing and glue 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—Plain sewing and dressmaking. Over Arkins' store, 118 East Main street.

Wanted—Seven-room house, close in, for cash. C. S. Johnston.

Wanted—To rent a farm of from 20 to 80 acres for term of years. Will pay good rent for good land and good improvements. Henry Woodard, Route 5.

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

Wanted—Woman to do family washing and ironing at her home. Phone 1092.

Wanted—Shingling and repairing at reasonable prices. Phone 354 green.

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

Wanted—For electrical work, call J. W. Sanders, 1113 red.

Wanted—Good general merchandise stock in Iowa. Will sacrifice good improved farm in southeast North Dakota. What have you? (Farm consists of 320 acres.) Address A. E. Anderson, Coultier, Iowa, Lock Box 8.

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—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 593. Over 214 East Main.

Wanted—Every one to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association are available at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Susan Lampman, 208 West Main street, phone 471.

### HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—Good man cook. Sundell's Cafe, 27 North First avenue.

Wanted—Woodworker in blacksmith shop. Only experienced men meaning business answer. H. A. Moon, Eldora, Iowa.

Wanted—Several boys, 14 to 16 years old, at once. C. E. Manufacturing Company, 107 North Center.

Wanted—Railroad firemen, brakemen, \$120. Experience unnecessary. Send age, postage, railway, care Times-Republican.

Wanted—Good steady man on farm, one that can milk. Phone 261 on 25 B. L. C. Osgood.

Wanted—Single man by the month, to work on farm. Lewis A. Glass, route 1, Beaman, Iowa. Phone 1 on 25, Gladbrook.

Wanted—Men to learn the barber trade. Be independent. Few weeks completes. Positions waiting. Our graduates qualified for best jobs. Catalog mailed free. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

### HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Girls at once. Meeker Laundry Company.

Wanted—Good woman dishwasher. Sundell's Cafe, 27 North First avenue.

Wanted—Position as cook in hotel, by lady with a boy. Address J-11, care Times-Republican.

### SALESMEN WANTED.

Wanted—District manager for Marshall county. Man of ability to organize sales force and supervise their work. Salesmanship ability and previous experience will be a big asset but not absolutely necessary. \$100 per week to the right man. Must be prepared to give best of references and financially able to carry a small amount of stock to supply immediate demand. Two out of every three buy and sales run into money fast. Exclusive territory. A big opportunity for the right man. Address Sales Manager, P. O. Box 602, Waterloo, Iowa.

### AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted—Several live agents wanted

to handle the best subdivision property in Western Canada. Top commission. G. D. Carter & Co., Edmonton, Alberta.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—1914 Ford touring car; bargain. Royal Oil Company.

For Sale—Cross bull dog. Phone 987 white.

For Sale—Two top buggies, spring wagon, light harness, and cement rock; 305 South Third avenue. Phone 1190 white.

For Sale or Trade—Twelve passenger auto bus, in No. 1 shape. Street cars go to fair grounds and city park, so have no use for same. Will exchange for small city property. McCombs Bros.

For Sale—Ford runabout, newly painted. In addition to regular equipment has master vibrator, self starter, electric horn, dash primer, gas-air speeder, seat and tire covers, tire holders, tire chains, handy grease cups. Call at 208 South Third avenue. Phone 641.

For Sale—New potatoes. Phone 719 green.

For Sale—Portable chicken house, eighty feet wire, posts, etc., at a bargain. Phone 1198 white.

For Sale—One good iron bed, spring and mattress, and other miscellaneous household goods. Phone 1198 white.

For Sale—Four passenger Staves automobile. Address H. Mead, 1510 West Linn, or call Hubler garage.

For Sale—Two second hand binders, and two second hand mowers. C. A. Robinson, Albion, Iowa.

For Sale—A Kenyon take-down house 10x22, three rooms, used one season. Albert Odett.

For Sale—Popcorn car in good location and doing a good business; also seven-room modern house, close in. Inquire 408 West State street, or phone 1197 yellow.

For Sale—Feed sale barn, dimensions 124 feet long, 72 feet wide, with open shed 124 feet long, 42 feet wide, with hay and feed line; also my residence, a six-room house, cement walks, cistern and well, barn, hen house, fruit. For further particulars address owner, The Schmidt, Gladbrook, Iowa.

For Sale—One International motor truck, in good shape. Address F-10, Times-Republican.

For Sale or Trade—20x40 good store building, splendid location, in Hawarden, Iowa. Will take in trade good auto. Inquire or address, 27 and 29 North First avenue.

For Sale—One pen of seven Indian Runner ducks, full bloods; 514 North Third avenue. Phone 1217 green.

For Sale—New and second-hand carom and pocket-billiard tables, and bowling alleys and accessories; bar fixtures of all kinds; easy payments. The Brunswick-Balke-Collander Company, 113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale—Old newspapers, a large haul for 5 cents at the Times-Republican.

### LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Cheap, Good driving colt. A. J. Morrissey, Phone 850.

For Sale—Good city driving horse, city broke. Phone 950.

For Sale—Team, about 11 and 12, weigh 3,000 pounds. Good for farm work or draying. The D. C. Wilbur Store.

### FRUIT AND POULTRY FARMS.

For Sale—We offer the best bargain in our 29 acre south Missouri farms for \$300, on terms \$5 down, \$5 month, without interest. All you pay goes on the principal. If you can't improve it now buy one for the future. Merriam, Ellis & Benton, G-309 Victor building, Kansas City, Mo.

### FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—Lot, size 45x80, between Linn and Boone streets. Number will be 209 South Fifth street; \$400 will buy it if taken soon. Terms if desired. K. L. Allen, D. C. Boone Iowa.

For Sale—The Barnhart property, 11 North Second street. Price \$5,750, net cash. French & Turner.

For Sale—A fifteen room hotel, cheap. Phone 224, Gladbrook, Iowa.

For Sale—Several small houses, easy terms. Albert Odett.

For Sale or Trade—Good house and lot in Grinnell, will sell at a reasonable price or will consider trade for Marshalltown property. George F. Thayer, Marshalltown.

### IOWA LAND.

For Sale—An Iowa stock heaven and gentleman's country home, 170 acres three and a half miles from Ruthven, gently rolling, no better land in Iowa. No waste land. One mile beautiful lake shore; 115 acres fine crops, six acres alfalfa, balance in clover; hay land and pasture; \$8,500 fine improvements. Fine young orchard. All stock lots cut to run to lake. No pumping water. Excellent beaches and shade. Good hunting and fishing. I claim it the finest stock farm in Iowa. Price \$25,000, one-third down, balance to suit at 5 per cent, no trades. L. Van Vleck, owner, Waterloo, Iowa.

For Sale—I own and offer for sale seventy-two and one-half acres Marshall county farm. C. S. Johnston.

For Sale—One of the best quarter sections in Story county, fine improvements. Well tiled. Best of terms. Address "H," care of Times-Republican.

For Sale—I have some extra fine farms for sale in Grundy, Story and Marshall counties. \$20,000 down, ten years' time, balance at 5 per cent. Come quick as this is bound to sell first time shown. See Pearson Land Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Forty acres level land, good improvements. We own this and want to sell at once; 120 acres two miles good town, \$8,000, March 1, 1915, balance ten years 5 per cent, both in Marshall county, C. E. Pearson Land Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—120 acres three miles of Marshalltown; every foot plow land and greatly improved, \$8,000 down, ten years' time, balance at 5 per cent. Come quick as this is bound to sell first time shown. See Pearson Land Company.

For Sale—Farms. Because of the ill health of my son, and my increasing age, I have decided to offer for sale any two of my three following farms, which if not sold by Aug. 1, will be for rent:

No. 1—Bear Creek stock and grain farm of 452 acres, situated six miles northeast of Grinnell.

No. 2—The 377-acre stock farm formerly owned by Rapson & Moyle and situated seven and one-half miles northwest of Grinnell.

No. 3—The Moninger stock and grain farm of 561 acres, situated eight and one-half miles northwest of Marshalltown; railroad station on farm. H. M. Bray, Grinnell, Iowa.

For Sale—Fifty bargains in corn farms in Iowa and Minnesota; also modern city residence. Large stock ranch in Wyoming, 27,000 acres, \$2 per acre. McNichols Land Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Fifty-six acre farm, well improved, at Lamolle, Iowa; also two town lots in Lamolle. Railroad siding on land. Residence three blocks from depot and postoffice. Address J. L. Stevens, box 559, Boone, Iowa.

### WISCONSIN LANDS.

Official bulletins concerning soils, climate and crops of Wisconsin mailed free to those addressing the Wisconsin State Board of Immigration, Capitol 7-A, Madison, Wis.

### MINNESOTA LANDS.

For Sale—The home of corn, clover, and cattle, health, wealth and prosperity. We have a fine list of farms on Martin, Grant, and Mahanomen counties that it will pay you to investigate. If you want to buy land write us for map of state, and full particulars. Hyle & Grant Land Company, Fairmont, Minn.

### HALF SECTION.

Near Groom, Tex., famous wheat, kafir and maize section of the Panhandle; no waste land. Wheat yielding price of land this year. Special sixteen per acre. In counties on south plains, on the market. Deep rich soil, abundance of water, twenty to sixty feet, near railroad, \$25 per acre. Ten miles out, \$12 per acre. Fifteen dollars per acre additional will install pumping plant sufficient to irrigate. Each acre when irrigated will produce cost of land every year. An honest offer of an honest homeseeker. M. W. Cunningham, Amarillo, Tex.

### FARM LANDS.

For Sale—Two farms on easy terms to suit purchaser; 240 acres fenced and crossed fenced, large barn, five miles south of Revillo on M. & St. L. railroad, Duell county, South Dakota. Also 150 acres three miles from Gary on N. P. railroad, Norman county, Minnesota, 115 acres cultivated, balance meadow and pasture, lava fine, get half crops delivered to elevators.

Crops are good. Price per acre \$40, \$500 down, balance proceeds half of all crops yearly with 8 per cent till paid for. A safe chance to right party for a good home. I am 74 years old and can not look after farm. See C. F. McCarty, 1401 Twenty-fifth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

### NEBRASKA LANDS.

For Sale—Buy in corn and alfalfa belt. We can sell you as good productive land as that of Iowa for \$10 to \$20. Good farms, improved, \$35 to \$75. Close to schools and the best railroads in America. County seat has over 6,000 people. Come, examine our lands and see our crops. Reliable information free. Some large places to exchange for smaller ones. The Corner Realty and Investment Company, Omaha, Neb.

### TO RENT.

To Rent—Ware house rooms, Schmidt's hardware.

To Rent—Furnished single or double room in modern house. Inquire 509 North Center street.

To Rent—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 1890.

To Rent—New seven-room house, modern throughout. Inquire 110 North Ninth street.

To Rent—A furnished suite of light housekeeping rooms; modern house; 210 North Third street.

To Rent—Three modern, furnished rooms, on ground floor, 303 South Third street. Phone 772 white.

To Rent—Large furnished room in modern house. Close in. Phone 773 green.

To Trade—Good electrical store for city property. Call 203 West Main.

To Rent—Furnished rooms, 607 East Main street. Phone 1389.

To Rent—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping, 408 East Linn. Phone 1555.

To Rent—Unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping; no children; 418 East Church street. Phone 1398.

### LOST.

Lost—Man's black coat on South Center or East Linn street. Please call G. Freilberg, two miles south of city. Phone 622 white, 2 rings.

Lost—Bunch of keys at the park Sunday. Leave at 206 South Second avenue.

### FOUND.

Found—Pocketbook. Address W-18, care T-R.

Found—320-acre homestead in settled neighborhood; fine farm land; no sand hills. Cost you \$200, filling fees and all. J. A. Tracy, Kimball, Neb.

### NOTICE.

Wanted—To inform you that if you are planning on building or repairing the old home, call up C. H. Leonard, phone 1567 red, or phone C. F. Mackaman, 740 yellow.

### TO EXCHANGE.

To Exchange—City property and Dakota land for general merchandise grocery. Deal with owner. Address J-8, Times-Republican.

### CEMENT STOCK.

Holders of preferred and common stock in the Northwestern States Portland Cement Company of Mason City, Iowa, and Southern States Portland Cement Company of Dallas, Tex., desiring to sell or buy will