



“Doc!”

By HAROLD TITUS. Author of "To the Victor." Copyright The Frank A. Munsey Company

Twice Hardy called on the others to help him move the unconscious figure on which he worked, and each time after they had given their assistance he ordered them away with an unequivocal sharpness which, besides sending them promptly into the shadows and out of his way, made them understand that this chap was in some way beyond their experience, quite different from any they had ever encountered—and secretly each of the three wondered about him.

The task progressed; the night aged. The man in whose cabin the bandits had sought refuge stood behind the stove smoking a pipe, removing the stem from his lips, and holding it in his hands for long intervals while he watched the soft fingers of Ellis Hardy manipulate the wound.

Sam Devort leaned against the rough wall of the log house, motionless, as though hypnotized by the physician's nimble movements. The other, who was addressed as Texas, sat on a backless chair, elbows on his knees, opening and closing a knife with one thin hand.

On him Ellis Hardy turned, straightening slowly to ease the muscles of his back; then, squaring his shoulders as though in belief at gaining a desired point, he said:

"That's all I can do for the time being. I'll stay here an hour more and watch him. But I have something to say to you."

He fairly snapped out the words and walked toward Texas with menacing deliberation.

The outlaw looked up as though astounded, for the manner of speech was unmistakably aggressive.

"You lied to me! You lied!" sternly, as though he tried to keep passion from his voice.

"You told me that you wanted me to come here and care for your wife. Instead of that you bring me here to care for Bart Sears—a man wanted for murder and highway robbery, a man who is being hunted by this whole reservation."

He had stopped with intension. As he finished speaking he straightened and every line of his figure bristled with indignation.

"It was my place to come," he went on. "I wouldn't refuse help to a—yellow dog! But you tricked me—more than that, you lied!"

His voice fell again as though the accusation were the worst he could make against a fellow man.

"Why couldn't you be honest with me? You were going to give me your confidence anyhow by bringing me here; why couldn't you be open and frank with me in my office?"

"No man likes to be tricked. You know what every honest man thinks of you fellows anyhow," with a sweeping gesture. "Why make it worse by lying when you could tell the truth?"

He stopped, hand still extended; then let it slowly fall to his side. His gaze still bored into Texas.

"Well," the man muttered, "what's the difference?"

"Difference! Why—"

"Oh, you can't understand!" And with the contemptuous declaration he wheeled and walked to the bed-side to sit on the blankets—his back to them, choosing to ignore rather than to condemn further or to argue.

None moved. They remained there—the one behind the stove holding his pipe; another against the wall, stolid as a statue; the third on a backless chair, eyes glittering, no longer opening and shutting the knife.

Outlaws they were—of that clan which terrorized the border; one of them crafty and expert in the intricacies of deception, the other two bold almost to a point of mania; men who had instilled the dread which Hardy had come to understand.

Their names were things to be conjured with throughout the country, like the names of grown-up goblins; and to them attached heinous crimes in appalling numbers.

They were as bad, as ruthless, as men become, with prices on their heads, a short life before them, and stirred to that point of ferocity where they would go their aggressive way—fighting, dying, to the end.

But when that end came they would

go without a whimper, asking only that society buy its riddance of them dearly—oh, so dearly!

Yet they held their positions and waited and remained silent and watched a lone man who had defied them minister to their infamous leader. They were docile—almost meek.

Ellis Hardy was not even of their country. He was of a weakened breed in their estimate of men's strength. And yet he dominated!

There on the threshold he had beheld in him a difference; through the long process of cleansing and dressing the wound they had sensed a growth of that impression; and now he had stood among them and accused Texas of a lie, hurling the accusation into their faces with a heedlessness of consequences that was disarming, stripping the outlaw of four words of reply.

Then, as though it were nothing—a mere incident—he had turned his back to them and gone to the bedside, holding aloof as though even conversational contact were disgusting.

And all the time he had been in the house he had thought that thing; he had repressed expression of that contempt until the pressing portion of his mission had passed.

He had forgotten their consequence—had presumed upon them; then when he had time—when he had time—he turned to call them liars!

So they sat and watched and wondered. Without even so much as an exchange of glances they knew what the others were thinking. They had picked this man with the idea that he would be putty in their hands; and here they were, actually cowed by him.

The rain had ceased popping on the roof, but the wind blew stronger and the red stove in the corner roared and bellowed with the blustering draft. The smoke from the rancher's pipe rose swiftly, for he stood where ascending heat-waves would catch it.

Sam Devort scarcely blinked, so closely did he watch Hardy's actions. And Texas slumped forward on the hard chair, toying with his knife again, wonder in his hard eyes.

Minutes dragged into hours with that tensely; cons of time when by without a spoken word. And not once did this Easterner, by look or sound or gesture, betray a symptom of ill-ease; from his manner he might have been watching a case in a dead white hospital ward surrounded by attentive assistants, with the roar of controlled traffic coming through the walls, instead of in a log-cabin, watched by bandits at night, alone, knowing not where, with only the sob of a prairie wind outside.

The end came—the doctor held the outlaw's wrist between his fingers and eyed the watch in his other hand.

Then he drew the blanket close to Sears' chin and turned to look at the other three, gazing from one to the other searchingly, granting them attention as individuals for the second time since he began work.

"That is all I can do now," he said brusquely, and rolled down his sleeves.

None spoke in answer—none moved.

The rancher finally opened the stove door and threw in more wood.

"Reckon he'll pull through, doc?" he asked.

Hardy shook his head and pursed his lips grimly.

"I can't tell—no one can. He was in bad shape when I got to him, with a lot of splintered bone in there. He wants care and quiet—which he may not get if certain people learn where he is!" with a significant nod.

Texas looked up at him malevolently.

"How are they going to find out?" he asked, insinuation in the tone that clearly meant to intimidate.

"A hundred ways are possible," the doctor answered, glaring defiance and contempt straight at the fellow—and Texas looked almost shocked.

This man would not be frightened. He would not grant that those three who were in the room with him had any qualities that might warrant hesitation in opposing them.

And they were accustomed to awe, to a fevered willingness to do their bidding, to a readiness to agree in their voiced opinions. But this man would none of it. He was himself unafraid—and yet only a soft-handed young chap from an Eastern city.

Then followed his detailed directions for caring for Sears, cautions, once or twice a gentle plea; and: "Well, that's all for tonight. Who's to show me the way home?"

Texas shut his knife and rose slowly.

"Put on your slicker, doc, an' we'll be goin'," he said, without looking at Hardy.

Hour after hour it seemed, they rode without a word. The night was a trifle less black, but objects were undistinguishable even beside the track they followed.

Hardy was worn out, but sleep did

not make his eyes heavy, for his mind sped furiously.

He went over the work he had done step by step, questioning himself to be sure that he had made no slip, that he had left nothing undone that might prove a handicap for his patient; and all the while he was trying to realize the situation in which that night's events had placed him. With all his efforts he could summon no fear, no concern.

It was well toward dawn when they rode into the Indian camp at the edge of the town, and Texas pulled his rangy horse to a stop.

"I'll leave you here, doc; you can find your way in now. You—want your money?"

"Who's mentioned money?" the doctor asked sharply.

"I'll go out again tonight. You'll come in after me?"

The man hesitated.

"I'd rather not come into town, doc. I'll meet you here—eight o'clock."

For a bare instant Hardy pondered before answering:

"Eight o'clock—good."

He turned his horse toward town and rode on, suddenly tired and irritable, and Texas sat on his big horse watching him go, forearms crossed on his saddle-horn.

After the sounds of Hardy's travel had died out the outlaw muttered:

"Well, if he ain't a beaut—that, or else close to a fool!"

He pressed a spur to his horse's side and the animal, whirling about, set off up the road.

CHAPTER VI. Suspicions.

Hardy walked down the street toward his office next morning with a strange mingling of emotions.

A week before he had come to this community and wondered at its innermost secrets; now, this bright, mellow winter day, he was involved in the heart of its most knotty enigma!

A posse was searching for the wounded Sears and his followers, and he, Hardy, was one of the handful who knew their hiding place!

Another brand of man would have been fearful of possible results, for he sensed keenly the retribution which might be wreaked upon him should

he disclose information to those who hunted; but, though realizing, the young doctor wasted no thought on such remote consequences.

So long as he needed aid, Hardy would give it, and, in giving it, his lips were sealed. Low as were the men of the bandit trio, he held their confidence sacred; great as was their menace in the community his hands were tied until his relationship with them became less binding.

He loathed Sears and his ilk, yet he would have held himself even below them had he considered the possibility of violating the trust that they had reposed in him, cloaked at first though it was with a ruse, backed by a lie. He had accepted the situation now he would see it through.

"But there's a time coming to you, Mr. Sears," he said, speaking half aloud under the strength of his conviction, "when you'll do well to let most anybody else know where you skulk!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MASTER'S SALE.

Robert Carr, Solicitor, State of Illinois, County of La Salle. —vs. La Salle County Circuit Court.

In the matter of S. R. Lewis, trustee, vs. Margaret Woodward, in Chancery, No. 22194. On Bill for Foreclosure.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause, in said court, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1918, I Harry G. Cook, Master in Chancery of said court, shall on Friday, the 19th day of April, A. D. 1918, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, at the north door of the county court house, in the city of Ottawa, in said county, the following described real estate, situate in the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, to-wit:

Lot Six (6) and the West Half (W 1/2) of Lot Five (5) in Block Four (4) in Gum's Addition to Marseilles, together with all and singular the tenements and hereditaments thereunto belonging.

Terms of sale: Cash in hand on day of sale.

HARRY G. COOK, Master in Chancery. Dated, Ottawa, Ill., March 19, A. D. 1918.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received on Wednesday, April 17, at 2 o'clock p. m., for certain work including gateway at county home; brick cistern at county home and fencing at detention home. All according to information and plans which may be procured at the office of Jason F. Richardson, I. architect, 508 Central Life Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. M. J. CHARLEY, Chair. Bldg. Com. Ottawa, Illinois, April 6, 1918.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned until Saturday, April 20, 1918, 10 o'clock a. m., for general cleaning up as per specifications on file in city office.

W. W. Curtis, City Clerk.

WANTED

WANTED—Local man wants experienced automobile salesman or a good live wire. Address "P" this office.

WANTED—An experienced saleslady at Engel's Cloak Store.

WANTED—want to buy a house on north side for \$1800. Cash. Please send in, bring, or phone your offer. T. B. Farrell, Tel. 648-W.

WANTED—Girl for general housework for Mrs. E. W. Weiss. Apply to Mrs. C. Griggs, 1033 Ottawa ave. Tel. 60.

WANTED—Man to drive auto truck. Good wages to right party. Do not telephone. Geiger the Grocer.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Mrs. B. F. Lincoln, 824 Ottawa avenue.

FOR SALE

LOTS

FOR SALE—We have several lots for sale that will average about one acre of land; can be had now for \$600.00. Easy payments; would be especially desirable for poultry or market garden. Tel. 957-W.

J. O. Harris & Son, 129 W. Main St.

FOR SALE—Four building lots in East Ottawa. Two single and two adjoining. Also two lots West Ottawa, to be sold as one lot. Frank B. Graham, 402 Moloney Bldg. Telephone 385-W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Old papers, clean and folded. Tied up in 10c packages. Call at Free Trader-Journal office.

FOR SALE—An oak side-board; good as new; cheap if taken at once. Phone 933-X or inquire 809 Clinton St.

FOR SALE—A Titan 10-20 kerosene tractor; run over year; as good as new. Write or call J. F. Trumbo.

FOR SALE—Bed springs and mattress. 196 E. Washington street.

FOR SALE—Good driving horse, city broke. Strong enough for farm work. Call Tel. 491-W. 427 East Main street.

FOR SALE—12 to 15 bushels of good home grown red river early Ohio seed potatoes. Mike Monahan, W. Ottawa.

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DR. E. A. KELLY, OTTAWA, ILL. 1125 Columbus St. Phone 226-Y. Silver fills 75c to \$1. Porcel crowns, \$5 Gold crowns \$5 to \$8. Plates \$5 to \$10. All work guaranteed first class. Office hours 1 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH—Don't matter if broken. I pay \$2.00 to \$15.00 per set, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to L. Mazer 2907 8. 5th st., Phila., Pa.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements will be inserted in this column not exceeding five lines, three times 25c; one week 50c. Each line over five, 10c per week additional. All advertisements in this column must be paid in advance. No advertisement will be inserted in this column for less than 25c.

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FOR RENT—Modern home, 2 acres of ground, chicken yards, barn and garage. West Ottawa. \$35. J. O. Harris & Son.

FOR RENT—Modern houses in South East and West Ottawa. Prices right. J. O. Harris & Son.

FOR RENT—Flat at 217 Main street; modern conveniences. Enquire at Kneuss Bros.

FOR RENT—The west half of the double house on Congress street, No. 422. Will be available in short time. Eight rooms; furnace; bath; large airy rooms; a fine home; \$27.50. T. B. Farrell, 109 W. Madison street. Phone 648-W.

FOR RENT—Eight room flat. Steam heated; all modern conveniences. Apply T. W. Burrows.

TO LET—Modern house, all new decorations. Fine garage. Also modern cottage. Choice location. East Ottawa. T. R. Godfrey.

FOR RENT—Two offices in the Claus building; one two rooms and one three rooms. Modern building; fine equipment, heat and janitor, low rentals; fine opportunity for some one just starting or dissatisfied with their present quarters. T. B. Farrell, Tel. 648-W.

FOR RENT—2 or 3 furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Modern conveniences. 623 Illinois avenue.

FOR RENT—7 room house. All modern. Located in East Ottawa. Possession at once. \$35.00. F. B. Graham, Moloney Bldg. Phone 385-W.

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FOR SALE

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MUST SELL 410 ACRES—Stock, tools and furniture, new buildings, level land, black prairie soil, some timber, good fence, good roads; price \$38.50; each term. John Zeman, Macon, Noxubee Co., Miss.

FOR SALE—Fertile, 560 A. well improved, central Minnesota at \$55 per A. 2020 A. same locality, not improved, at \$30 per A. One tract 119 A. at \$20 per A. W. B. Pusey, Claus Bldg. Phone 633-R.

FOR SALE—Seven farms La Salle Co. from \$192 to \$390 per acre. Three of these farms are very near Ottawa. W. B. Pusey, Real Estate & Ins., Claus Bldg.

FOR SALE AT A GREAT BARGAIN—If taken at once, 150 acres of good corn land, well improved, located one mile from Utica, Ill. I recently traded for this farm and wish to sell it in the next ten days. I also have 60 acres 12 miles east of Ottawa for sale or rent, and 160 acres in Redwood county, Minn. For further particulars call on or address Wm. Jamison, 609 Armory Bldg., Ottawa, Ill.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—120 acre farm; good buildings, sandy loam soil. Near market. Stock machinery, crops. Price \$8,000. Easy terms. Have hotel for sale. Edward Poinville, Grand Rapids, Wis.

LOST

LOST—On La Salle street, between Gayety theater, and Main street, a ladies' green leather purse, flinder mail to L. Mazer 2907 8. 5th st., Phila., Pa.

FOR SALE—Desirable 8 room modern residence, with garage. Center Ottawa. Owner leaving city. To make quick transfer property is offered at low price of \$5000. For further information call Tel. 385-W. Frank B. Graham, Moloney Bldg.

FOR SALE

HOUSES

FOR SALE—Seven room house with four lots and barn. Also five other lots. Inquire at 419 Marcy street.

FOR SALE—7-room house; all conveniences; street paved; 3 blocks railroad and electric to Chicago; near school, college. Lot 8x150. Price \$4,000. Terms. Owner, Leila Moss Martin, Wheaton, Ill.

FOR SALE—Three houses in East Ottawa; all modern improvements; garages. Prices reasonable. Miss Gertrude Harris.

FOR SALE—One of the most convenient and complete residences in central Ottawa; large grounds; \$10,000. Fine old residence on east side, \$4,300, and two other quite desirable places. Also a six room house and barn, \$2,300. W. B. Pusey, Claus Bldg. phone 633-R.

FOR SALE—New 8-room house in West Ottawa; hot water heat, bath room, laundry, hot and cold soft water on three floors; \$5,900. Miss Gertrude Harris.

FOR SALE—8-room house in Center Ottawa; modern improvements; hardwood floors in all rooms and closets; new garage. Miss Gertrude Harris.

FOR SALE—Desirable residence property in all parts of Ottawa. Three North, two South, four East, four west, four Center. Prices from \$3,600 to \$8,500. Terms reasonable. Call Frank B. Graham, telephone 385-W, 402 Moloney Bldg.

FOR SALE—In first class condition, a cottage, 1 1/2 blocks from city park. Toilet, gas, city and eastern water and barn. Enquire at 1912 Clinton street.

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FOR SALE—Dwelling where I live; also one next door—Webster and Clay streets. Finest building lot on west side. Can make good loan on either. Several other places. F. A. Hatheway, Central Life Bldg.

FOR SALE—The Flynn home at Lafayette and Mulberry Sts. 6 rooms, furnace, electric lights, bath, fine corner; sewer assessment paid in full; pavement not yet due is unpaid and price herewith is subject to unpaid paving; \$2,650; a real bargain. Call for further details or to arrange an inspection. T. B. Farrell, Tel. 648-W.

FOR SALE—I have for sale a fine large home on a swell corner, east of Clay street. I want a buyer who is able to appreciate its value and will simply answer yes or no to the offer which will be made. My customer is not willing to publish more than this. If anyone is seeking a fine large home on a swell corner, I invite him to call and get the facts. T. B. Farrell, Tel. 648-W.

FOR SALE—Desirable 8 room modern residence, with garage. Center Ottawa. Owner leaving city. To make quick transfer property is offered at low price of \$5000. For further information call Tel. 385-W. Frank B. Graham, Moloney Bldg.

Professional Cards

M. N. ARMSTRONG, Attorney at law, 210-211 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois. Telephone: C.M. 375-W. Residence, 312-Y.

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W. H. JAMIESON, S. S., M. D., Physician and Surgeon; phone office, 322-W, residence, Main 648. Office in Armory block. Professional calls in city or country will receive faithful attention. Ottawa, Ill.

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DOCTOR CARTER, Osteopathic physician, 402-3-4 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Ill. Phone: Of fice, 385-R; residence, 367-K.

OSTEOPATHY OSTEOPATHY DR. J. J. MORIARTY Osteopathic Physician. Phones: Office, 215-R; Res., 575-X Moloney Building Ottawa, Ill.

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