

The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Simon, meets Simon Girty, a renegade Indian, who has been connected with all the atrocities, also headed for Fort Simon, with a message from the general, Hamilton. Hayward, who has no recollection of ever having seen her before, Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Hamilton to the Indian camp, where he is stationed. The house was exactly as we left it, a few red embers on the hearth alone shedding spectral light about the main room, as we groped our way forward. There were heavy wooden bars to fit across the doors, and I secured these as soon as I deposited my pack on the floor.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.
Brady lunged forward his rifle, yet hesitated, fearing to fire. Whatever it might be—animal or man—the thing was coming directly toward us, swimming with long, stringy locks of wet hair dangling to the shoulders. It was a man beyond doubt, yet for the instant I could not determine whether he was black or white. As he stood there, sunk in his armpits in water, he beheld us for the first time, and there burst from his lips a sudden, guttural exclamation of alarm. With the strange sound shrills leaped forward, lumbering against me as he passed, and splashed his way out toward the fellow, uttering some exclamation in his native tongue. He reached him, the two voices greeting each other.

"Well!" exclaimed Brady in disgust. "It ain't another Dutchman. Come here, you!"
The two waded ashore onto the mud, Schultz's heavy hand grasping his companion's arm, and helping him along. I saw a face white and ghastly in the starlight, lean, smooth-shaven, looking emaciated against the long, dark hair, the eyes bright with fanaticism. He was a tall, spare man, shaking so he could hardly stand. The very sight of him aroused my sympathy.

"Don't be afraid," I said soothingly. "We're all white. How did you come here?"

His eyes looked at me as I spoke; then shifted to Schultz's face in silent questioning. The latter was breathing hard, but managed to explain.
"He not talk English ver' good, Mynheer. I tell you vat he say mit me—he vos a Dutch preacher; yaw, mine Gott; yust over py mine own countries; he vos named Adrian Block."

"Did he swim all the way?" asked Brady grinning, but Schultz kept his eyes fastened on me, held by the one thought to which he sought to give utterance.

"He vos Moravian, mynheer; vot ye call missionary—so? He von month in dees country, an' know only to preach."

The girl leaning forward, interrupted with a whisper:
"I recognize the man, monsieur; he was the prisoner I told you of in the Indian camp—the Protestant."

"They let him only mit one guard, an' after while, dot fellow he fall asleep. Den he got loose mid his hands, an' creep down mit der shore of der lake where a boat wus. So he strit out on der water; but der boat sank, an' go down, leaving him mit nothing. Dot vas it, mynheer. Den he swim som' an' pray mooch, an' so com' here mit us, already."

"Where did the Indians go?"
"Up mit der lake shore—so like dis," leaving his hand.

"All of them? The two white men also?"

Schultz repeated the question, and Block answered, never once removing his eyes from mademoiselle.

"He know not what became of der little man; he see him not for long while, but der big man he go mit der Indians—yaw, he tells dem der way, an' talk all der time."

"We have got the situation clear enough," concluded Brady, coolly. "Whoever that red-coat is, he evidently knows the best way to this island, and the fix were in. So far as I can see there is nothing left us but to fight. We can't get away now; the boat is useless, and those Indians have blocked the ford. That's exactly where they are now, watchin' fer us to attempt to cross. The only question is: Where can we hold out the longest? I'm fer goin' back to the house."

"And I also," I said, deciding instantly, and as quickly assuming command. "There is small chance of our holding out long against those fellows, but

we'll do the best we can. What about you, mademoiselle?"

"I go with you," she answered quietly.

"Against your own people?"

"Those are not my people! They are outlaws, renegades, led by the murderer of my father."

"Then let us go back; every moment lost will count against us. Pick up the packs. Brady, you lead off; Schultz, take care of the preacher and keep his tongue still."

The house was exactly as we left it, a few red embers on the hearth alone shedding spectral light about the main room, as we groped our way forward. There were heavy wooden bars to fit across the doors, and I secured these as soon as I deposited my pack on the floor.

"Mademoiselle," I said, staring about at the blank walls in some perplexity. "You know this place better than any of us; surely it was not erected here in the wilderness without some provision for defense in case of attack. Are those walls solid?"

"No, monsieur; they were made tight, so no gleam of light would ever show without, but there are gunports here—see."

She slipped aside a small wooden shutter, fitted ingeniously between the logs, revealing an opening sufficient for a rifle barrel.

"There are four along this wall, and as many opposite. At the rear you must stand on the bench, so as to fire above the shed roof."

"Leave that preacher alone, and open them up, Schultz," I commanded sharply. "There is not light enough here now to show without. Now, Brady, see if there are any extra guns in the shack, or ammunition. Lay everything out here convenient. A rifle? Good! We'll give that to our Moravian friend; he may be opposed to war on principle, but, by all the gods! he'll fight now, if Schultz can pound the truth into him. What is that, mademoiselle? Powder and ball in the big chest; show Brady where it is. This isn't going to be such a one-sided affair after all. Five of use, counting Block, who may not know which end of the gun to point. I am going to scout outside and see when those fellows cross over."

Brady shaded his eyes, to stare across at me through the gloom.

"You'd better let me go."

"No; I'll try it alone; get everything ready, and leave the bar down."

"You will be careful, monsieur?"

There was an unconcealed note of anxiety in the voice that caused me to glance back at her quickly in surprise.

"Be assured of that, mademoiselle," I returned. "I know the duty of an ally," and stepped without, closing the door behind me.

CHAPTER XI.

I Fight a Red-Coat.

Convinced that my coming had not been perceived, and that no Indian



His Lips Gave Vent to One Wild Cry.

scouts were watching the cabin, I pressed forward into the depths of the woods, obliged to proceed slowly because of the darkness. So cautious was I, lest some noise might betray my presence, that I was some moments in passing through the fringe of trees to where I could obtain view of the lake, and the dark line of shore opposite.

I had advanced for perhaps a hundred yards, passing beyond where we had attained land the evening before, when I suddenly came to a halt, sinking to my knees, and staring forward across a slight opening in the forest growth. At first I was not sure that what I saw was actually a man, but as the object moved toward me, all doubt vanished. He was not only a man, but a white man; at least he was clothed as an Indian; and, as he stepped forth into the open, more clearly revealed for an instant, I could have sworn that he wore a uniform coat, with buttons that gleamed dully in the twilight. He looked a giant, a great, hulking outline, but stepped

lightly enough, not the slightest sound betraying his cat-like movements as he came steadily onward, with head bent forward, his rifle advanced. I felt sure of his identity almost at once; surely he could be no other than the British agent, whom mademoiselle held guilty of her father's murder, the man who masqueraded under my own name. I felt my blood grow hot with anger. He would pass within a yard of me; he was alone, seeking his way, endeavoring to plan how he should lead his savages to an assault. If I could get him it would be half the battle.

I watched him closely, peering about the smooth bark of the tree, one foot advanced ready for a spring. Some instinct of wild life must have told him of my presence, for he stopped still, peering about suspiciously, his rifle flung forward. I dared not delay, yet swift as I was, his quick eye caught my movement. The gun butt swinging through the air met his rifle barrel, slid along the steel, and struck a glancing blow. He reeled back, dazed, half stunned, dropping his own weapon, yet seizing the muzzle of mine to keep from falling. I endeavored to jerk it free, but he hung to it desperately. Scarce knowing how it was done, we were together, grappling each other, the disputed gun kicked aside under our feet.

He swore once, a mad English oath, but I choked it back, clutching his throat in iron grip, straining to force him to the fulcrum of my knee. Then he found grasp of my hair, hurling my head back until the agony compelled me to let go. I struck him square in the face, a blow that would have dropped an ordinary man, but he only snarled, and closed in, grappling my wrist with one hand, the other fumbling for a knife at his belt. By God's mercy I got it first; yet could not strike, for he had me foul, gripped to him as if held in a vise. I could feel the muscles of his chest, the straining sinews of his arms as they crushed me. I gave back, down, my limbs trembling beneath the force with which he flung the whole weight of his body against mine. I had met my match, and I knew it. Yet the knowledge gave me fresh strength, fiercer determination. The very conception of defeat crazed me; my brain held no thought save a mad impulse to conquer him, show him who was the better man!

I wrenched aside, breaking that strangle-hold by sheer strength and wrestling skill. Again we gripped, face to face, our muscles straining as we sought advantage of hold. My hunting shirt gave, tearing apart like brown paper, giving me a scant second as his grasp slipped. It was enough, I had him locked at my hip; yet strain as I would his weight baffled every effort. Back and forth we struggled, crushing the bushes under foot, our breath coming in sobs, every muscle aching under the awful strain. Neither dared loosen a finger grip. Our eyes glared into each other with savage hate. How it would have ended God knows, had the fellow not slipped on the brush root, so that the added weight of my body flung him headlong. Even as he went over, bearing me along with him, his head crashing into the side of a tree as he fell, his lips gave vent to one wild cry. Then he lay still, motionless, a huge black shape outstretched on the ground in the ghastly light of dawn.

I got to my knees, scarcely realizing what had happened, peering down into the upturned face, one hand raised to strike if the man moved. There was not a motion. I bent lower—the eyes were closed, blood dripped from his hair. I turned the head, so as to better perceive the features—surely this was not the man for whom I had been mistaken! He was big enough, but marked by dissipation, and wore a black mustache. As I live there was not a resemblance. Who was he then? I got to my feet and searched out my rifle in the tangled brush. Some noise reached me—the splash of water, the echo of a far-off voice. They were coming, the Indians; they had heard his last cry; they were already crossing the ford. I hesitated an instant, staring down at him, listening intently that I might be sure, then turned and ran swiftly toward the clearing. It was already gray dawn, and even in the dense woods I could see to avoid the trees. Behind me rang out a wild whoop of savagery; they had discovered the body! I glanced back across my shoulder, as I ran; burst forth into the clearing, and, reckless of all else, raced for the house. I fell once, my foot slipping on a hummock, but was up instantly, plunged at the door, and leaped within. Brady caught me, thrust the wooden bars down into their sockets, and half dragged me over to the bench.

"What is it?" they were coming?" he asked.

It was darker in there than outside, and I could barely perceive his face.

"Yes," I panted. "They are just behind me. I—I had to run for it. Get—get to the stations; I'll—I'll tell you later what happened out there."

He left me, and my eyes, accustomed themselves to the gloom, began to discern objects in the room. I got to my feet, still breathing heavily from exhaustion, yet with brain active.

Brady was close beside me, kneeling on the floor, his eye at an opening between the logs.

"See anything?"

"There are figures moving at the edge of the wood," he answered, without glancing around, "but they don't come out so I can tell what they look like. The way your clothes are torn you must have had a fight?"

"I did—with the big fellow in a red jacket. He's lying out there with a cracked skull. That is why those fellows don't know what to do—they're short a leader."

I got to my feet, and stared about, seeking mademoiselle. She was beyond the table, and our eyes met.

"You—you killed him, monsieur?"

"I do not know; I threw him, his head struck against a tree, and he lay still. I had to run; only he was not your man, mademoiselle; he looked no more like me than you do."

"You—you are sure?"

"Yes; I saw his face. It was lighter out there, and he lay flat on his back. He was big enough, if anything larger even than I am, and gave me a fight for it until his foot slipped. He had black hair and mustache, and his face was full of purple veins. He looked French to me."

"Yet wore a red coat?"

"Ay! and swore in English, the one oath I heard. You know anyone like that?"

There was a shot without, and the chug of a ball as it struck against the logs; then another, and Brady's voice tense with strain:

"They're goin' to try it, an' ther's sure some injuns out ther; the whole edge o' the woods is alive with 'em. Get ready now! This ain't goin' ter be no slouch o' a fight."

I sprang across to the nearest opening, yet stopped to be sure of the arrangement within. The gray light stealing in through the small firing holes failed to give distinct view across the room.

"Where are you Schultz?"

"Here mit der front."

"Oh, all right; what has become of your friend?"

"He vas to load; he do dot, but not fight. Maybe dot help come, don't it?"

I saw the man then, his white face showing dimly, and before him three rifles lying across the table.

"You found more guns?"

Brady glanced aside to answer.

"The girl did; she knew where they were—ah! now the rumpus has begun!"

Reports, blending almost into a volley, sounded without, the thud of lead striking the logs in dull echo. One stray ball found entrance, splintered an edge of the bench, and flattened out against the stone chimney. I dropped to one knee, my eyes at the opening.

CHAPTER XII.

We Meet Them With Rifles.

Small as my peek hole was, just large enough to admit a rifle barrel, it yet afforded clear view to east and south of the house. As I gazed, striving to determine what the various movements meant, and from which direction to anticipate final attack, an Indian crept out into the open, crawling on his stomach like a snake through the grass. Others followed, until a dozen wriggling forms began to advance inch by inch, hugging the ground so closely I could scarcely perceive their movement. I heard a slight sound within, as Brady quietly thrust forward his rifle.

"Wait a moment," I called to him, not venturing to glance about, but holding up one hand in warning, "it is a long shot yet, and we must make every one tell. Wait until the first fellow is half across; then pick your man. Who is at the loophole beyond us?"

"It is I, monsieur."

"You, mademoiselle! Hadn't you better let Schultz take that place?"

"An' why, monsieur?"—the soft voice coolly indignant. "Am I afraid? Am I unable to shoot? Why should I not stay?"

"Those are Indians," I began, "I thought—"

"Bah! My people! Those robbers and cowards. I told you there is no Wyandot among them. You will see, monsieur."

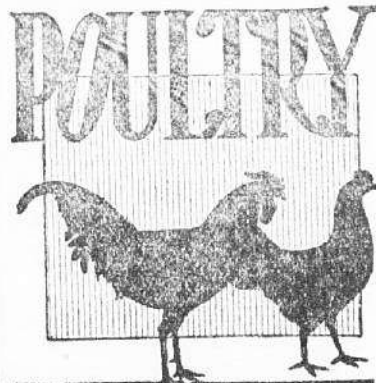
"All right then. I take that first one, and you pick the two to the left. Fire when I give the word. Schultz lay out one of those extra guns beside each of us. Ready now; the fellows who are not hit will jump and run for the woods as soon as we fire; give them a second shot before they can reach cover."

"Ready now!" I commanded sharply. "Let them have it—fire!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Beliefs Lost.

Few are the beliefs and still fewer the superstitions of today. We pretend to account for everything until we do not believe enough for the humanity so essential to moral discipline. The phantasmic age has long been unfurnished of all its ingenious garniture. That glowing day has set, leaving none of its ethereal hues in our old twilight. We have lost something for which we have no substitute



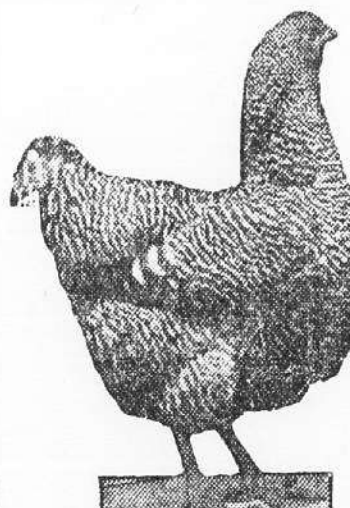
PLYMOUTH ROCK IS POPULAR

Greatest Recommendation on Farm Is Excellent Growth Made by the Young Chickens.

(By O. ERF.)

The American breeds of poultry have been made by the mixing of Asiatic and Mediterranean, or non-setting breeds of fowls. They have been formed to meet the demand for a general-purpose chicken, and they fulfill this demand better than any breed thus far considered. These breeds are more variable in traits than breeds with more years of uniform ancestry to their credit. If strict selection is not maintained the American varieties are inclined to vary and revert to ancestral types. This would at first seem a disadvantage, but in the hands of a careful breeder this tendency to vary may be turned into good account in improving the breed.

The barred variety of the Plymouth Rock is the original Plymouth Rock, and is, perhaps, all things considered, the most popular breed in this coun-



Barred Plymouth Rock Hen.

try at the present time. Its origin is commonly given as a cross between the black Java and the American Dominique. Besides the Java other Asiatic blood has probably been used in making the breed. The Plymouth Rock is more like the Asiatic than like the European chicken. It approaches in size and fattening qualities the Cochins or Brahmas, but has lost the excessive feathering, slowness of growth, and general clumsiness of those breeds. The greatest recommendation for the Plymouth Rock on the farm is the excellent growth made by the young chickens. In this quality they have no superior. The Plymouth Rock pullets are good layers, but as yearling hens are prone to turn the feed into fat rather than eggs. Another objection to the barred variety is the difficulty in keeping the breed true to the standard type. The pure-bred birds are required to have even and distinct bars of the same shade in male and female. These are difficult points to maintain, and resort is often made to double mating or the keeping of two breeding pens, one to produce cockerels and the other pullets.

The white and buff Plymouth Rocks are later products than the barred variety. Much of what has been said will apply to these also. The following differences might be noted: The white variety is free from the color objection of the barred type, but the objection to the fattening tendency applies to hens of this variety perhaps more forcibly than to the barred. Buff Plymouth Rocks will probably average smaller than the other varieties of the breed. Although a solid-colored bird, they, like all buff breeds, except the buff Cochins, will be found difficult to breed of one color, owing to the tendency to possess black or white in the wings and tail.

CEMENT FLOORS KEEP CLEAN

Droppings Easily Scraped Off and Foul Smells Avoided—Cheaper Than Anything Else.

The cement floors in poultry houses are the best possible kind, for many reasons. They will last much longer, can be kept cleaner, and as they have no space beneath to admit the air, are much warmer. The droppings can be scraped with a mop and hot water often enough to keep down all smells, and as they can be wiped almost entirely dry there is less dampness about. When cement is so cheap and so easily used any man can do the work himself, which makes it cheaper than anything else to be had.

Get Rid of Cockerels. A lot of young cockerels, which are to be marketed eventually, should be gotten rid of just as soon as possible for broilers or roasters, according to their size, and should be well fattened before being marketed.

Don't Forget Whitewash. Don't forget to use the whitewash brush with some good lime about the chicken house, stable and cellar.

—Take CAPBINE—

For HEADACHES and GRIP. It's Liquid—Prompt and Pleasant—Adv.

The world owes every man an opportunity to earn an honest living.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and General Irritation. No Stinging. No Eye Contact. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Another Pestering Contributor. What is the best place to get planked shad?—Hungry. On the seaboard, of course.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains—Neuralgia, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Old Sores, Burns, etc. Antiseptic Anodyne. Price 25c.—Adv.

A Thing the Wealthy Miss. The rich and proud needn't think they have all the pleasure there is in life, never experiencing, for instance, the delightful thrill that comes when the lawn mower breaks down hopelessly.—Ohio State Journal.

BUMPS ITCHED ON BODY

Route No. 3, Cooper, Texas.—"I was taken with an itching and my whole body got covered with little red bumps. It would itch till I would scratch the blood out of my skin and then it was just like fire. I could not sleep at night until I got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I would bathe in warm water with Cuticura Soap and then put on the Cuticura Ointment and I got well quick. Two weeks from the time I commenced to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment I was sound and well and I have not been bothered since."

"My baby had a breaking out on his ear and behind it and he would claw the skin off. It spread and his little ear was nearly rotted off. I washed it good with the Cuticura Soap and then put on the Cuticura Ointment and they healed it up." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Boles, Jan. 28, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Trials of Teaching.

Mrs. Hitch was having some trouble with a little fellow in her spelling class at Claysville.

"B-e-d, spells bed," she explained, over and over again; "b-e-d, bed. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, c-a-t spells cat, d-o-g spells dog, and b-e-d spells— What did I tell you b-e-d spells?"

"Dunno."

"Don't you know! You don't know what b-e-d spells after all I've told you?"

"No'm."

"Well, once more, b-e-d spells what you sleep in. Now, what do you sleep in?"

"My drawers!" triumphantly exclaimed the urchin.—Cynthiaana Democrat.

Wounded Bird Upsets Canoe.

A maimed sparrow, which fell upon Mrs. Floyd Nesbitt's hat, and got entangled in the trimmings, nearly caused her death by drowning on Lake Oscawana, New York state, one day recently.

She was paddling alone in a canoe, when the bird landed on her hat and was caught. Mrs. Nesbitt, frightened, jumped to her feet and overbalanced the canoe. Her husband, who was on shore, swam out and brought her to safety.

When a man gets into trouble he finds that his friends are always liberal—with advice.

SISTER'S TRICK

But It All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it."

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the 'coffee' tasted fine but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more."

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee."

"From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.