

The MAID of the FOREST

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Joseph Hayward, an engineer in the United States army on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort and protects him from a number of scouts who tried to kill him.

CHAPTER II—At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before.

CHAPTER III—Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky where Hamilton is stationed. The north-west Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Harmar impresses on Hayward the necessity of reaching Hamilton before Girty.

CHAPTER IV—Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier.

CHAPTER V—They come on the trail of a war party and, to escape from the Indians, take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut.

CHAPTER VI—It proves to be Rene D'Auvray, a former French officer, who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before.

CHAPTER VII—Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah.

CHAPTER VIII—She tells Hayward her father was exiled from the French court and had spent his life among the Indians converting them to Christianity.

CHAPTER IX—Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence corroborates the fact that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward who resembles the American.

CHAPTER X—Fleeing escape from the island out of Hayward and his companions prepare to resist an attack from the Indians.

CHAPTER XI.

I Fight a Red-Coat.

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



His Lips Gave Vent to One Wild Cry, 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. Scarcely 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 grappled, 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 tress. 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?" are they 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 be-

neath the door.

"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 'whol' edge o' the woods is alive with 'em. Get ready now! This ain't goin' to 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 was to load; he do dot, but not fight. Maybe dot help some, 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.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

To Give Children Birthright.

The advisability of legislation in New York for the benefit of children of marriages entered into in reliance on divorces which the New York courts will not recognize is indicated in the decision of the court of appeals in Baylis vs. Baylis. The decision shows that legislation is necessary in order that children of a marriage entered into in good faith may be relieved of a slur on their names and a grave disqualification as to the rights of property. The court held that the statute providing that where it appears that a marriage was contracted by at least one of the parties in good faith and in the full belief that the former wife or husband was dead, or without any knowledge by the innocent party of said former marriage, the children of the subsequent marriage are deemed to be legitimate children of the parent competent to contract the marriage, does not include a case in which the innocent party acted on the erroneous belief that the other had been legally divorced.

Gentle, But Effective.

Representative "Bill" Murray of Massachusetts every now and again comes through with a good tale, as witness whereof the following polite way of calling a man a liar: "No, I would not call Mr. Blank a plain and unvarnished liar. I would not call him a prevaricator, nor would I intimate that he was a perverter of the truth, or even inclined to exaggerate upon circumstances, but if I should see him walking down the street with Annanias upon one arm and Saphira upon the other, I should be inclined to believe that he was in the bosom of his family"—Washington Star.

Machinery Saves Bulgaria's Crops.

The French vice-consul at Bourgas, Bulgaria, reports that notwithstanding the conscription for the war of all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-six, this year's crops in Bulgaria have been planted about as usual, the acreage sown to wheat, for instance, being within five to ten per cent, of last year. This surprising condition, he says, is due to the introduction of agricultural machinery on a more extended scale than formerly, brought about by the necessities of the case.

Is Sickness A Sin? A Sin of Commission or a Sin of Omission? Or Both? We transgress Nature's laws, the Liver strikes, when we omit or neglect until we ache or sicken. Loosen the dammed-up bile. Keep it loose with the old time-tried May Apple Root, (Podophyllum). Podophyllum with the gripe taken out is called **PODOLAX**. LANCASTER PHARMACY.

CAMPAIGN TO OPEN WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

Two Itineraries Announced by Executive Committee.

LAST MEETINGS AUGUST 20.

Candidates For Senate Start at St. Matthews and Those For State Offices at Sumter.

Columbia Special to Charleston News and Courier.

The itineraries for the senatorial and state campaign parties in their canvass of South Carolina were announced by Gen. Wille Jones, chairman of the sub-committee of the state executive committee, which prepared the itineraries.

The canvass for United States senator opens at St. Matthews on June 17 and closes at Sumter on August 20.

The canvass of the candidates for governor and other state officers opens at Sumter on June 17 and winds up at Greenville on August 20. The first primary election takes place August 25 and the second primary September 8, two weeks later.

The itinerary for the senatorial campaign follows:

St. Matthews, Wednesday, June 17.

Orangeburg, Thursday, June 18.

St. George, Friday, June 19.

Charleston, Saturday, June 20.

Walterboro, Monday, June 22.

Beaufort, Tuesday, June 23.

Ridgeland, Wednesday, June 24.

Hampton, Thursday, June 25.

Barnwell, Friday, June 26.

Bamberg, Saturday, June 27.

Winnboro, Monday, June 29.

Chester, Tuesday, June 30.

Lanester, Wednesday, July 1.

Yorkville, Thursday, July 2.

Gaffney, Friday, July 3.

Spartanburg, Saturday, July 4.

Union, Wednesday, July 5.

Newberry, Friday, July 10.

Greenwood, Saturday, July 11.

Abbeville, Tuesday, July 14.

Anderson, Wednesday, July 15.

Walhalla, Thursday, July 16.

Pickens, Friday, July 17.

Greenville, Saturday, July 18.

Laurens, Wednesday, July 22.

Columbia, Thursday, July 23.

Lexington, Friday, July 24.

Saluda, Saturday, July 25.

Edgefield, Wednesday, July 29.

Aiken, Thursday, July 29.

Camden, Tuesday, August 4.

Chesterfield, Wednesday, August 5.

Bennettsville, Friday, August 7.

Darlington, Saturday, August 8.

Bishopville, Monday, August 10.

Florence, Tuesday, August 11.

Dillon, Wednesday, August 12.

Marion, Thursday, August 13.

Conway, Friday, August 14.

Kingstree, Saturday, August 15.

Georgetown, Monday, August 17.

Monck's Corner, Tuesday, August 18.

Manning, Wednesday, August 19.

Sumter, Thursday, August 20.

The itinerary for governor and other state officials in their canvass follows:

FOR STATE OFFICERS.

Sumter, Wednesday, June 17.

Manning, Thursday, June 18.

Monck's Corner, Friday, June 19.

Georgetown, Saturday, June 20.

Kingstree, Tuesday, June 23.

Florence, Wednesday, June 24.

Marion, Thursday, June 25.

Conway, Friday, June 26.

Dillon, Saturday, June 27.

Darlington, Monday, June 29.

Bishopville, Tuesday, June 30.

Bennettsville, Wednesday, July 1.

Chesterfield, Thursday, July 2.

Camden, Friday, July 3.

Columbia, Saturday, July 4.

Lexington, Thursday, July 9.

Saluda, Friday, July 10.

Edgefield, Saturday, July 11.

Aiken, Tuesday, July 14.

Bamberg, Wednesday, July 15.

Barnwell, Thursday, July 16.

Hampton, Saturday, July 13.

Ridgeland, Wednesday, July 22.

Walterboro, Thursday, July 23.

Charleston, Friday, July 24.

St. George, Tuesday, July 28.

Orangeburg, Wednesday, July 29.

St. Matthews, Thursday, July 30.

A Few Remarks For Your Consideration

Just received another car of that **STANDARD (A) FLORE** and the price is right. Try a Sack and see for yourself.

Our Tip-Top and Melrose speak for them selves. They are the perfection of quality.

We carry a complete line of heavy and fancy Groceries, Country Produce, especially.

We are still selling 3 pounds King Carter Tomatoes at 10 cents a can. Get some of our Carobolineum and swat the flies in your horse or cow stall, it will do the work.

We also have screen wire windows and doors for sale and the King Fly Killer is indispensable. Come and see us or Phone us your wants.

Yours for business,

E. W. SISTARE
"GOOD THINGS TO EAT."

May 20-21-22 IS THE DATE

Three days' demonstration on the "Florence Automatic Oil Stove" to prove to you that this oil stove will cook anything in less time, take less fuel and make less heat than any other stove made. Why suffer from heat when you don't have to? Come and see for yourself and if we don't prove to you that we have got the stove you want, then we won't ask you to buy.

Remember the date, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week, 20th, 21st and 22nd of May. Remember no wicks, no valves, no smoke, no odor, the stove you want of all oil stoves. Come see how they cook, you may want to buy one later if you don't now. My time is yours for these three days, so come.

Yours for a Florence,

J. B. MACKORELL

THE QUALITY STORE WANTS YOUR TRADE

When you want something nice to eat, come to Edwards & Horton. We buy the very best quality in every line that we carry. When you send your orders here you can depend on getting the very best the market affords. If you are not already doing your trading here, why not give us a trial and see if you don't get a better grade of goods from us than you are getting elsewhere. There is one thing sure, when you get accustomed to using the very best goods no one can ever change you off on something that is inferior. When you buy something that you can eat and enjoy it that article is cheap. When you buy something that you cannot eat, your money is wasted. We buy our goods from the very best and most up-to-date wholesale houses in the United States. Everything you buy from us is strictly guaranteed to give you entire satisfaction or your money refunded. When you get in a hurry for something, phone us. We will get it to you at once.

Yours truly,

EDWARDS & HORTON
WE SELL SHINGLES AND BRICK