DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

CYNTHIA GREY'S MAIL-BOX

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letters can be answered privately]

More Birthday Rhymes.

Additional copies of birthday rhymes for the different months have been received from "Robin Adair," "A. B." "Susan K." "English Snowdrop," "June," "W. T. Young," "Old Maid."

Addresses Desired.

Will "Double Trouble," who asked for "Little Bessie"; "W. O.," who wished a copy of "There's a Dear Spot in Ireland"; "Minerva," who requested a child's recitation entitled "Please, Mamma, Please Kiss Me Tonight"; and "Cora" whose request was for a verse beginning "In a Cool, Shady Nook" please send me their addresses with a postage stamp. Copies of each selection have been sent me, and I shall be pleased to forward them at once.

TO RENEW COPPER.

A McGillivrayite asks "what to use on a copper reservoir to make it look clean and new looking?" Can any of our housewive readers assist in this? Can copper be cleaned and brightened with ordinary scouring soap or polish, or is something else needed?

Too Many Requests.

So many, many old songs are waiting to be published that I have decided not to print any more requests (except those mailed to me before the publication of this notice) until the selections on hand have all appeared. Readers please note!

To date, the following songs and poems have been requested; if readers can supply copies for any of these, I shall be glad to receive same, and all will be printed in the "Old Song" column in due time.

"Spanish Cavalry" and "Will You Go to America," "Battle of Waterloo," "The Miner of Cariboo," "Red River Voyageur." A song called "The Teetotal Mill" containing these lines:

Two jolly old topers once sat in an inn.
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin.
Also another—
Though mountains and hills may divide
And friends, like the flowers, come and go;
Yet the voice of my Nellie will guide me
And in that sweet haven —"

"She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," "She May Have Seen Better Days," and "Grace Darling." Also

"I would like to die," said Willie,
"If my papa would die too;
But he says he isn't ready
'Cause he has too much to do."

Other quotations from desired pieces are:

Do not fear, my little darling,
And I will take you home.
Come and sit down close beside me,
No more from me you should roam.
You were a babe in arms,
When your mother left me one day;
Me at home, deserted alone,
She took you, my child, away."

Bull, one day, was sitting at his ease,
Smoking at his side his famous bunch of keys:
A rat-a-tat-tat on the knocker,
Aroused him from his reverie.

These songs are also asked for. They have appeared already, but I should be glad if readers would send in extra copies for new subscribers who missed them before: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"; "If Those Lips Could Only Speak" (It's Only a Beautiful Picture in a Beautiful Golden Frame); "California Brothers"; "Daughter of the King" and "Sweet Bunch of Daisies"; "Your Mother Still Prays For You, Jack."

A second list of "requests" will appear tomorrow, and after that no more until we are "caught up." . . . . .

A Pathetic Letter.

Dear Miss Grey,—I read your helpful column with much interest, and I thought I would write and say: Girls, be glad you can go to your mothers for advice. How I wish I could. Our mothers were all young once, but they always seem to tell us the good side of the story of when they were young. It takes someone who knew them then to tell us how much we are like them, and yet they scold us for being as we are. Now, I will tell you my experience. I am a little girl, 18 years old, 5 feet tall, and weigh 103 pounds, and have been told I would have grown larger if I had not have worked so hard, but what could I do. I am the oldest of nine of a family, the youngest being three now. I stopped school at thirteen and have done the washing, ironing, baking, cleaning and mending, and lately have done quite a little of the plain sewing, which means from six in the morning till bed-time, which is considered early before ten o'clock.

I don't mind the work. I love it. But my mother finds fault with nearly everything I do. In fact all of us, and I get so discouraged I sometimes feel as if I could cry my eyes out. A good cry seems to relieve one. Mother says we go to nearly everything that comes along, but we live four miles from a town, and there isn't much going on, and besides mother will say: "Now, you should be able to work after an outing," which is an evening out after a hard day's work, and being talked to like that takes all the life out of one.

Mother says I should not think of getting married till I am 25. But have been told if I was, and had a baby, too, I would be better off than I am now. What do you and your readers think? I have no intentions of getting married, only I have a boy friend whom mother speaks of in such a manner that shocks people, and makes me feel bad. Now, don't think I wrote this when discouraged, for anyone who knows me would tell you the same, and I could write more. But I will say again, girls be thankful. I have heard it said that a fault-finder was a very undesirable person, and believe it is true. What do you think? I remain,

ONE DISCOURAGED AND ALMOST TIRED OF LIFE.

Ans.—My pen hesitates to offer any comment or advice to you, who seem to be situated so unfortunately. Such a letter reveals a heartache and a longing that it is difficult for an outsider, no matter how sympathetic she may be, to meet. I am indeed very sorry for you, and for the fact that your life seems so grey and commonplace. But, dear girl, there are many, many girls who have had it even harder than you; who would give much to possess a safe, sheltered home. And I feel sure that notwithstanding your discouragements, there must be some love in your family circle, and love is the great brightener to all dark clouds. Perhaps there is not a girl or woman who reads your letter, but has her "blue days" when a "good cry" seemed very necessary. So you are not alone in that.

No doubt, others of our readers will want to give you a bit of comfort, so I shall say no more except this: Remember, what one gets out of life depends largely upon what one puts into it. Are you contributing a song and smile rather than a frown? Brightness and sunshine in place of gloom? Wholesomeness rather than morbidity? Think of this and try it.

"Same as Ever."

Dear Miss Grey,—I notice that one of your clients asked you the question, "What do the letters S. A. E. mean at the end of a letter?" and if it will be of any help to yourself or the "Stranger from Over the Seas," I would suggest that it means "Same as Ever." Trusting this information will help someone. I am, sincerely yours. E. E. HARDY,

Eighteenth Battalion, C. E. F.

Ans.—Many thanks for suggestion. "E. S." decides that it means "Send Answer Early." Which is right?

Clover-Leaf Rhyme.

Dear Miss Grey,—Please tell me what day June 25, 1879 came on?

2. The meaning of Edith, May, Adella and Arthur. Also the rhyme of finding the different leaf clovers.

Thanking you in advance. A READER.

Ans.—1. Wednesday.

2. Edith, happiness; May, may be a short form of Mary, meaning unpleasant, or named after month of May; Arthur, high, noble.

3. Referred to readers.

Mrs. Homebird Flits In.

Dear Miss Grey,—Just a word for "Lonesome," though she must be tired of advice by this time. I, too, know all about the "husband to the corners six nights a week," kind of life, but he's a dear, good soul, take him all around, and I, being naturally a homebird, find more ways of amusing myself than I find time for, and I find it much easier to entertain myself alone, than both of us. I, too, am afflicted with mere pinholes of sight, and my outlook on the world is bounded by the rims of extra strong glasses, but I keep my eyes looked after, and well fitted, and I do all my own sewing, and read, write, and do fancy-work, and bless the invention of glases.

Just let "Lonesome" ask herself one question: Does she really want her husband's company, when he is so hard to entertain, and goes to sleep, or does she just begrudge him taking a pleasure she cannot share? And what harm do they do, anyway? Many a time my husband has told me that he got a lot of new ideas hearing other men talk, and I retorted that there was plenty of room for them, without crowding the old ones, but I dare say there is a lot of truth in it, and it's just my private opinion that a person incapable of entertaining themselves might not prove a good entertainer of others. Cheer up, "Lonesome," and learn to amuse yourself, and when he finds you are not so anxious for him to stay home, he won't be half as anxious to go.

Now Miss Grey (is your middle name Patience?), may I ask your readers if any of them know of any remedy to cure or alleviate diarrhoea? The sufferer is a man, and the case of eleven years' standing. He has taken enough medicine to float a battleship, more or less, from doctors, who promised a cure, and doctors who promised only alleviation, with about the same results from all. I am a great believer in old family remedies, and your circle of readers, being so wide, there is a chance of it reaching the eyes of someone who can help. I hope Santa did not forget you. Wishing you a happy new year, MRS. HOMEBIRD.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I notice a fellow-reader asking how to cure pork for smoking. I sent this recipe in some time ago, but am glad to repeat it: To every gallon of water take 1½ pounds of salt, ½-pound brown sugar, 1½ ounces soda, and ½-ounce saltpetre; boil up and let get cold; pour over meat, rejecting the settlings. Leave meat in pickle six weeks; take out, and hang to dry for a few days. When outside is dry it is ready to smoke.—Mrs. H.

Ans.—More glad than I can say to have your cheerful chirp in the mailbox once more. You surely have a bright way of looking at things. Your apt retort about your husband's "ideas" made me think of some of Samantha Allen's speeches to Josiah. I know you'd be interested in the new "Samantha" book, or, rather, the "Josiah" book, as it is entitled "Josiah on the Woman Question." Don't miss reading the volume, if you get a chance. Your very wholesome advice to "Lonesome" is gladly passed on. I hope some readers can make suggestions for remedying the complaint you refer to.

Your pork-curing recipe is passed on to "Snowbird."

Story of a Song.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am another interested reader of your page, and often wonder at the marvelous answers you give to all questions asked. I noticed a request by some reader last week for the words of "The Sinner and the Song," which I am inclosing. I am also sending the words of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." I have not seen it asked for, but in my opinion this old war song beats all the new ones just out. In the year 1862, Walter Kittredge was drafted, and while preparing to go to the front he wrote, in a few minutes, both words and music of this song.

I have been very much interested in the useful hints given on buttermaking, having made as high as 60 pounds a week in summertime, but have a good cellar, also ice put away for it. It seems an easy matter to have good butter while there is lots of cream to churn often, but I have wondered if I could offer a hint suitable for now, when cream is scarcer; it is, to add say a teaspoon of salt every time cream is poured in while gathering enough to churn. It makes the butter taste a lot better.

Did any of the readers boil new clothespins in strong brine for 10 or 15 minutes before using them? They don't break nearly so easy. Also add a handful of salt to last rinse water, and the clothes are so much easier to take off line. A friend who left the farm for city life saves all their old stockings, clips them fine, and they make real good cushion forms when feathers are not available.

WOMAN OF FORT SUMMERS.

Ans.—The old song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," was printed some time ago, so I need not repeat. Your information about its composer is most interesting.

Glad to receive and pass on to others your practical helps in the housekeeping line.

For Thick Neck.

Dear Miss Grey,—I think you are just splendid. This is my first visit to the "mail box," although I never miss reading the letters. I always turn to this page first; look for the dear old song; then read the letters. Perhaps I will be a little help, also a little trouble. Some time back I saw a reader inquiring for a cure for thick neck. Here is one that is helping me: Get a sponge about the size of two fists, put in oven until it will go to a powder (but do not burn); it should take two or three days. Take two or three times a day as much as will lie on a five-cent piece, in a little water.

I am not going to ask you how you like my writing (or what you think of it rather), for I've been told so many times how it USED to be, and what it is NOW. Can you please tell me the meanings of these names: Hannah, Alma, Kay?

Now, Miss Grey, if I have not been too tiresome, I will come again some time and let you know how many times I am mother, and the "different ways."

Wishing you every success, I will sign myself what my daughters often lovingly call me, MARMEE.

Ans.—The remedy sounds peculiar; what properties in the powder thus formed act on the growth, one wonders.

The name Hannah has the same derivative as Anna, meaning "grace"; Alma and Elma are really forms of Elinor, meaning "worshipper" or "consecrated"; Kay is likely an abbreviation of the proper name, McKay.

Your signature, "Marmee", reminds one of "Little Women." Do you remember how Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy used to call their mother by that pet name?

Food For Plants.

Dear Miss Grey,—As this is the first time I have pressed the button to ask admittance to your Mail-Box, I will try and not make my letter too long. I am sending the poem asked for by "Double Trouble," and hope it will find its way into print. It is called "Little Bessie," and was a favorite school song something over 50 years ago.

I am also sending a recipe for use on house plants. And now, as the time is drawing near when flower-lovers will be taking greater interest in their house-plants, I am sending a recipe for a splendid liquid stimulant: Sulphate of ammonia, 4 oz.; nitrate of potash, 2 oz. Add to these 1 pint of boiling water, and when thoroughly dissolved put into a bottle and cork tightly. When using, put a teaspoonful of the mixture to every three quarts of warmish water used for watering. This liquid is sure death to white worms that trouble the soil. It will also rid the plants of green aphis.

Hoping I may come again, I will sign myself, MRS. VERDE.

Ans.—You surely may ring the bell again, especially if you come bearing such fine help. The plant-food formula will, as you say, be of special interest to flower-lovers just now, in the trying season.

Married Women's Vote.

Dear Miss Grey,—Am sending, in return, the words which I think it was "Minerva" asked for. If you should have them, there is no harm done, anyway. You can throw these away.

I just want to ask you one question: Does "votes for women" mean all married women, or just those who have property?

Wishing you all a Happy New Year. M. R.

Ans. If it is the recently-carried bylaw you have reference to, this applies only to married women property-holders. If the legislation is granted, such women may vote on all municipal questions. Previously, married women property-holders could only vote for school trustee.

To Cure Pork.

Dear Miss Grey.—I am sending a recipe for curing pork for "Snowbird." We have tried it, and it gives excellent satisfaction.

To Preserve Pork.—12 quarts salt, 3 quarts brown sugar, 1 pound black pepper, 1 pound saltpetre; dissolve the saltpetre in warm water, add enough water to make a thick paste; rub on both sides of the pork; lay it on a table for eight or ten days, then hang it up to dry. This is enough for one thousand pounds.

For one hundred pounds: 1¼ quarts salt, 2-3 quart brown sugar, 2 tablespoons black pepper, 1½ tablespoons saltpetre.

Now, I would like you to answer a couple of questions for me:

1. When should hyacinth bulbs be planted to have them flowering at Christmas?

2. Would you advise an amateur to get a kodak or a camera?

Hoping my letter is not too long. FRANCES.

Ans.—Hope "Snowbird" does not overlook your kind help re the curing of pork.

In answer to your queries:

1. The middle of October, or first of November is considered the correct time for planting bulbs so that they may flower at Christmas.

2. I know of several amateurs who have had excellent success with a "Brownie" camera; it is very simple to operate, and generally gives satisfactory pictures.

Every woman right now wants a neat, new hat—something dressy to wear through the rest of the winter until the Easter bonnets bloom.

But with most every woman it's a question of make it herself or do without.

The hat you yourself make has INDIVIDUALITY. It's fitted to your own head and features.

The hat you make yourself has DISTINCTION. You've put your own ideas and your own workmanship into it.

Its INDIVIDUALITY and DISTINCTION make the hat artistic and becoming.

Then, since you surely want another hat, why not MAKE ONE?

It's easy "if you know how"

—AND—

The London Advertiser is going to TELL YOU HOW. Beginning tomorrow, The Advertiser will print a series of articles by Clarissa Chesley, the celebrated milliner, on hat-making at home.

"Start with the right materials," she says, "add some brains and a little industry—and the product is one natty, new bonnet."

Don't miss Clarissa Cheeley's articles. The hat she describes is a dressy, smart creation, which you can wear for a "general utility" article for more than one season.

And even if you don't want to be your own milliner, you'll find her articles full of valuable suggestions on hats, hat trimming, hat buying, and hat wearing.

W. C. T. U. PLEASED WITH ELECTION

Quiet Rejoicing Over Temperance Bylaw at Yesterday's Meeting.

A spirit of optimism prevailed at the semi-monthly meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, held yesterday at the headquarters, 432 Park avenue, there being much quiet rejoicing over the carrying of the license reduction bylaw at the municipal elections. Rev. H. A. Graham discussed the question, in connection with a most instructive Bible reading, and this was followed by an exchange of "experiences" from the various members, most of whom had taken part in the campaign. The general feeling was thankfulness at the result, because of the great increase of women voters who exercised the franchise.

Headquarters Board.

Important business was discussed in connection with the report of the headquarters board, who manage the finances of the building at 432 Park avenue. The income for the year was stated at $1,946.02; disbursements, $1,713.24; leaving a balance on hand of $232.78. During the year permanent improvements to the amount of $910.65 have been expended upon the building. These include a new furnace, cement steps and many minor improvements.

A new headquarters board was appointed, composed of the following ladies: Mesdames H. Ashplant, May R. Thornley, A. Paterson, Jones, F. Y. Miller, Sadler, Wallace, West, Duncan, Heaman, Porteous and Miss Ingram.

Red Cross Column

Next Friday, January 15, instead of the usual working meeting of the Red Cross, the President, Lady Beck, is holding a reception for Mrs. Plumptree (wife of the Rev. Canon Plumptree, rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto), who is the national superintendent of supplies for the Red Cross for Canada. Mrs. Plumptree is an interesting speaker, has been identified with Red Cross work since the day war was declared, has all the details at her fingers ends, and the latest news and developments of it and all its branches and co-operative societies at her tongue's tip. She will speak at 3:30 on these topics, so interesting to all, and afterwards will answer as many questions as time permits.

Lady Beck cordially invites all the members and associates to be her guests at Hyman Hall on this day, and asks as many as possible, to bring their husbands too.

Toronto thinks that we are behind the times in having no male members of our Red Cross, and we would like to show them that at least we have the interest and encouragement of many of our prominent men with us.

The meeting will open promptly at 3:30, and everybody is asked to be on hand early (bring your knitting!) that there may be time afterwards for as many of the ladies as possible to meet Mrs. Plumptree during the tea hour.

The Russian Soldier's Diet.

Of black bread, made from rye, is showing the wonderful value of this much-neglected cereal. This it is which gives him his wonderful staying power. It is 25 per cent more nourishing than whole wheat and ten times as nourishing as white bread. Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal contains 35 per cent rye and 25 per cent pure deodorized flaxseed, which is three times as nutritious as whole berries of wheat. It is more nourishing than meat, has not the drawbacks of meat. It, besides being the best food known, positively aids digestion, prevents constipation and promotes health. Ask your doctor. At all grocers. Demonstrated at Smallman & Ingram's all this week.

Old Songs and Poems

The Right Kind of Farmer's Wife.

[Copies sent by D. F.: Bluebird; Mossback's Daughter; E. N.; and [London Leader.]

Up early in the morning,
Just at the break of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleansing the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the whitening linen
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.
Starching the fixings for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer
Down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own,
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls,
One of those country maidens is worth
A score of your city girls.

Chorus.

Oh! how merry the lay, as light and gay,
We sing of the farmer's girls, hurrah!
How merry the lay, we carol today,
Of the merry farmer's girls.

DRAWING FOR WATCH.—The National Council of Women is selling tickets for a watch which has been donated to the order by Miss Imlach. The watch is an heirloom, and over one hundred years old. Quite a number of tickets have been sold, the price of which is 50c each. The drawing will take place on Wednesday next, January 20, at 3 p.m., in Heintzman & Co.'s warerooms. Mayor Stevenson has consented to be present at the drawing.

WILL NOT RECEIVE.

Mrs. Israel Taylor, 765 Wellington street, will not receive on Monday next. Mrs. Taylor unfortunately broke her wrist yesterday.

ABERDEEN MOTHERS' CLUB.

Aberdeen Mothers' Club will hold the first meeting of this year on Thursday evening, January 14. Mrs. Hughes will give an address. All mothers are welcome.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY

STOCKTAKING COMPLETED.—Our first shipments of new spring goods are being opened every day. While these first shipments will contain little in novelty lines, they will complete our stocks with many lines we have been out of since the Christmas season.

New lines in Dress Goods, Curtain Materials, Linens, Cottons, Underwear, Hosiery and Ladies' Ready-to-Wear.

CORSETS!

D. & A. CORSETS, low girdle effect, slight hips and back, for young and slight figures, four hose supporters. Sizes 18 to 26. Special value at ..... $1.75 pair

D. & A. MODEL, NO. 550, made of the very best quality English coutil, six hose supporters. A very splendid value in an exceptional corset. Sizes 20 to 30. At ..... $2.25 pair

LA DIVA—Self adjusting reducing model, so arranged to make abdomen, back and hips smaller without crowding internal organs out of place. Ask to see this model. It is the equal of any imported model at twice the price. Sizes 20 to 30, at ..... $3.50 pair

MADE IN CANADA

Main Floor.—New Store.

GLOVES!

LADIES' HEAVY AND WARM GLOVES, made of Scotch wool, with long cuff; an exceptionally fine cold weather Glove. Pair ..... 50¢

WHITE WOOL GLOVES, well made; a perfect fitting Glove in every respect. Good weight at, pair.... 35¢

CHILDREN'S MITTS, wool, in black, navy, red, white, grey and scarlet, at, pair ..... 25¢

CHILDREN'S KID MITTS, perfectly wool-lined, fur tips. Special value at, pair ..... 75¢

Main Floor.—New Store.

New Flared Serge Skirts

Three new designs just received in Serge Skirts, in navy and black only. Designed with the new yoke effects with flaring skirts. One line at $3.50, two at $4.50 each.

"ALWAYS THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR THE LEAST MONEY."

GRAY'S LIMITED. TWO STORES.

150 DUNDAS STREET. Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery.

140 DUNDAS STREET, All Other Departments.

GRAY'S LIMITED. TWO STORES.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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Moving slowly, cautiously, fearful lest some creaking of the old stage might betray his motions to those keen ears below, he backed through the open door. Once feeling the ground firm beneath his feet, and making sure that both canteen and haversack were secure, he reached back into the darkness, grasping the form of the unconscious girl. He stood erect with her held securely in his arms, strands of hair blowing against his cheek, listening intently, striving with keen eyes to penetrate the black curtain. The wind was fortunate, blowing steadily across the flat from the river, and they were surely invisible against the background of the overhanging bluff. He did not even feel it necessary to crouch low to avoid discovery. He knew that peril would confront them later, when they ventured out into the open. How light she seemed, as though he clasped a child. Bearing her was going to be easier than he had supposed; the excitement yielded him a new measure of strength, yet he went forward very slowly, feeling along, inch by inch, planting his feet with exceeding care. The earth was hard packed and would leave little trail; there were no leaves, no dead grass to rustle. Beyond the protection afforded by the stage he felt the full sweep of the wind, and permitted her head to rest lower on one arm, so that he could look about more clearly. She had not even moaned, although he had felt her breath upon his face. Once he stumbled slightly over some fallen earth, and farther along a foot slipped on a treacherous stone, but the slight noise died unnoticed in the night. It was farther to the gully than he had supposed; his heart was in his throat fearing he had missed it, half believing the depression failed to extend to the base of the bluff. Then his foot, exploring blindly, touched the edge of the bank. Carefully he laid his burden down, placing his battered campaign hat beneath her head. He bent over her again, assuring himself that she breathed regularly, and then crept down alone into the shallow ravine.

His nerves were like steel now, his hand steady, his heart beating without an accelerated throb. He knew the work and rejoiced in it. This was why he was a soldier. Silently, swiftly, he unbuckled his belt, refastening it across the straps so as to hold canteen and haversack noiseless, and then, revolver in hand, began creeping down under cover of the low banks. He must explore the path first before attempting to bear her along in his arms—must be sure the passage was unguarded. After it swerved to the right there would be little danger, but while it ran straight, some cautious savage might have chosen it to skulk in. To deal with such he needed to be alone and free.

He must have crawled thus for thirty yards, hands and knees aching horribly, his eyes ever peering over the edge of the bank, his ears tingling to the slightest noise. The tiny glow of the fire far away to the left was alone visible in the intense blackness; the wind brought to him no sound of movement. The stillness was profound, almost uncanny; as he paused and listened he could distinguish the throb of his heart. He was across the trail at last, for he felt and traced the rut of wheels, and where the banks had been worked down almost to a level with the prairie. He crossed this opening like a snake, and then arose to his knees beyond, where the gully deepened. He remained poised, motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. Surely that was something else—that shapeless blotch of shadow, barely topping the line of bank! Was it ten feet away? Or five? He could not tell. He stared; there was no movement, and his eyes began to discern dimly the outlines—the head and shoulders of a man! The Sergeant crept forward—an inch, two inches, a foot. The figure did not stir. Now he was sure the fellow's head was lying flat on the turf, oddly distorted by a feathered war bonnet. The strange posture, the utter lack of movement, seemed proof that the tired warrior had fallen asleep on watch. Like a cat Hamlin crept up slowly toward him; poised for a spring.

Some sense of the wild must have stirred the savage into semi-consciousness. Suddenly he sat up, gripping the gun in his hands. Yet even as his opening eyes saw dimly the Sergeant's menacing shadow, before he could scream his alarm or spring upright, the revolver butt struck with dull thud, and he went tumbling backward into the ditch, his cry of alarm ending in a hoarse croak. From somewhere out of the dense darkness in front a voice called, sharp and guttural, as if its owner had been startled by the mysterious sound of the blow. It was the language of the Arapahoes, and out of his vague memory of the tongue, spurred to recollection by the swift emergency, Hamlin growled a hoarse answer, hanging breathlessly above the motionless body until the "Ugh!" of the fellow's response proved him without suspicion. He waited, counting the seconds, every muscle strained with expectancy, listening. He had a feeling that someone was crawling over the short grass, wriggling along like a snake, but the faint sound, if sound it was, grew less distinct. Finally he lifted his head above the edge of the bank, but saw nothing, not even a dim shadow.

"They are closing in, I reckon," he thought soberly, "and it isn't likely there will be any more of these gentry as far back as this; looks as though this gully turned west just beyond. Anyhow, I've got to risk it."

He returned more rapidly, knowing the passage, yet with no less caution, finding the unconscious girl lying exactly as he had left her. As he clasped her form in his arms, her lips uttered some incoherent words, but otherwise she gave no signs of life.

"Yes, yes," he whispered close to her ear, hoping thus to hold her silent. "It is all right now; only keep still."

He could feel her breathing, and realized the danger of her return to consciousness. If she should be frightened and cry out, their fate would be sealed. Yet he must accept the chance, now that he knew the way to be clear. He held her tightly in both arms, his revolver thrust back into its holster. Bending as low as he could with his burden, feeling carefully through the darkness before advancing a foot, he moved steadily forward. Where the gully deepened their heads were at the edge of the bank, but much of the way was exposed, except for the dark shadows of the slope. Fortunately there were clouds to the west, already obscuring that half of the sky, but to the east nothing was visible against the faint luminousness of the sky-line. Once, far over there to the left, a gun was fired, the flame splitting the night asunder, and against the distant reflection a black figure rose up between, only to be instantly snuffed out again. Hamlin put down his uplifted foot, and waited, in tense, motionless silence, but nothing happened, except the echo of a far-away voice.

A dozen feet farther some four-footed animal suddenly leaped to the edge of the bank, sniffed, and disappeared noiselessly. So taut were his nerves strung, that the Sergeant sank upon his knees, releasing one hand to grip his revolver, before he realized the cause of alarm—some prowling prairie wolf. Then, with teeth grimly locked, bending lower and lower, he crept across the rutted trail and past the dead body of the Indian. Not until then did he dare to breathe naturally or to stand upright; but now, the gully bending to the right, led away from danger, every step gained adding to their safety. He was confident now, full of his old audacity, yet awake to every trick of plains-craft. The girl's head rested against his shoulder, and he bent his cheek to hers, feeling its warmth. The touch of his unshaven beard pricked her to semi-consciousness, and she spoke so loud that it gave him a thrill of apprehension. He dared not run in the darkness for fear of stumbling, yet moved with greater swiftness, until the depression ended at the river. Here, under the protection of the bank, Hamlin put down his burden and stood erect, stretching his strained muscles and staring back into the dark.

(To Be Continued.)

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