

10U and I are making that mysterious, solemn thing we call character, moment by moment. - Alexander McLaren.

The Heart of the Desert (Continued from last week.)

UT-LE'S eyes deepened. He turn-K K ed and picked up his rifle. "Bring your triend back to dim-ner, Aichise." he said. "Our little holiday must end right here." They reached the camp at noon and while the squaws made ready for beaching.

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breaking camp, Rhoda sat deep in thought. Before her were the burning and desert, with hawk and buz zard circling in the clear blue. Where had the old hatred of Kut-le gone? Whence came this new trust and un-derstanding, this thrill at his touch? Kut-le, who had been watching her adoringly, rose and came to her side The rampart hid the two from the the others. Kut-le took one of Rhoda's hands in his firm fingers and laid his lips against her palm. Rhoda flushed and drew her hand away. But Kut-le again put his hand beneath her cleft

chin and lifted her face to his. Just as the brown face all but touched hers a voice sounded from behind the rampart: "Hello, you! Where's Kut-le?"

CHAPTER XV.

An Escape.

Rhoda sprang away from Kut-le and they both ran to the other side of the rampart. Billy Porter, worn and tat-tered but still looking very well able to hold his own, stood staring into the cave where the squaws eyed him open-mouthed and Alchise, his hand on his rifle, scowled at him aggres-sively. Porter's eye fell on Injun

Tom. "U-huh! You pison Piute, you! т just nacherally snaged your little game, didn't 1?" "Billy!" cried Rhoda. "O Billy

Porter!'

Porter jumped as if at a blow. Rhoda stood against the rock in her boyish clothes, her beautiful braid sweeping her shoulder, her face

"My God! Miss Rhoda!" cried Billy hoarsely, as he ran toward her with outstretched hands. "Why, you are well! What's happened to you!"

Here Kut-le stepped between the two "Hello, Mr. Porter," he said

Billy stepped back and a look of loathing and anger took the place of the joy that had been in his eyes be-fore. "You Apache devil!" he growled. "You ain't as smart as you

thought you were!" Rhoda ran forward and would have taken Porter's hand but Kut-le restrained her with his hand on her shoulder.

"Where did you come from, Billy cried Rhoda. "Where are the others?" Billy's face cleared a little at the

sound of the girl's voice. "They are right handy, Miss Rhoda !

"I'll give you a few details, Rhoda, said Kut-le coolly. "You see he is without water and his mouth is black with thirst. He started to trail injun Tom but got lost and stumbled on us Rhoda gave a little cry of pity and

running into the cave she brought Funning into the cave she prought Billy a brimming cup of water. "Is that true, Billy?" she asked. "Are the others near here?" Billy nodded then drained the cup

and held it out for more.

"They are just around the corner!" with a glance at Kut-le, who smiled skeptically. "Oh!" ex

exclaimed Rhoda. "What terrible trouble I have made you all!" "You made!" said.Porter. "Well that's good! Still that Apache devil doesn't seem to have harmed you. Just the same, he'll got his! If I shot him now Just the the other Injuns would get me and God knows what would happen to you!

"Whom do you call an Apache vil?" asked Kut-le, Rhoda never devil?" had seen him show such evident anger

"You, by Judas!" replied Porter, looking into the young Indian's face. For a strained moment the two eyed each other, hatred glaring at hatred, until Rhoda put a hand on Kut-le's His face cleared at once. arm.

"So that's my reputation now, is it?" he said lightly.

"That's your reputation!' sneered lly. "Do you think that's all? Why. Billy. don't you realize that you can't live Don't in your own country again? know that the whites will hunt you out like you was a rat? D you realize that the folks that Don't he lieved in you and was fond of you has had to give up their faith in you? had to give up then that you've lost Don't you understand that you've lost of your white friends? But I sup-



An Attractive Entrance to a Farm Home.

The Illustration herewith was snapped by one of our editors slong a country road, near Peterbor. A swill be seen, the fonce across the lawn is nearly painted and attractive. Bushes on either side of the gate, also add to the our home grounds it pleasing as possible.

ose that don't mean any 'hing to an Injun!"

look of sadness passed over

Kut-le's face. "Porter," he said very gently, "I counted on all of that before I dia this thing. I thought that the sacrifice was worth while, and I still think I'm sorry, for your sake, that you nbled on us here. We are going stumbled on us here.

to start on the trail shortly and I must send you out to be lost again. I'll let Alchise help you in the job. As you say, I have sacrificed everything els can't afford to let anything spoll this now. You can rest for an hour. Eat and drink and fill your canteen. Take a good pack of meat and tortillas. You are welcome to it

The Indian spoke with such dignity, with such tragic sincerity, that Porter gave him a look of surprise and Rhoda felt hot tears in her eyes. Kut-le turned to the girl.

You can see that I can't let you talk alone with Porter, but go ahead and say anything you want to in my hearing. Molly, you bring the white man some dinner and fix him some

man some dinner and ux him some trail grub. Hurry up, now!", Ke seated himself on the rampart and lighted a cigarette. Porter sat down meditatively, with his back axoinst the monutain wall. He was discomfited. Kut-le had guessed cordiscomfiled. Kut-le had guessed cor-rectly as to the circumstances of his finding the camp. He had no idea, where his frien is might have gone in the twenty-four hours since he had left them. When he stumbled on to Kut-le he had a sudden hope that the futing might take him confile. The Indian might take him captive. The Indian's quiet reception of him non The plussed him and roused his unwilling admiration.

Rhoda sat down beside Porter.

"How is John?" she asked. "He is pretty good. He has lasted

better than I thought he would." "And Katherine and Jack?" Rhoda's voice trembled as she uttered the names. It was only with the utmost difficulty that she spoke coherently All her nerves were on the alert for some unexpected action on the part of either Billy or the Indians. "Jack's all right," said Billy, "We

ain't seen Mrs. Jack since the day after you was took, but she's all to the good, of course, except she's been about crazy about you, like the rest of us."

"Oh, you poor, poor people!" moan-ed Rhoda.

Porter essayed a smile with his cracked lips. "But, say, you do look elegant, Miss

Rhoda. hoda. You ain't the same girl!" Rhoda blushed through her tan.

"I forgot these," she said; worn them so long." "I've

"It ain't the clothes," said Billy, "and it ain't altogether ain't altogether your fine It's more-I don't know what health. it is! It's like the desert!" "That's what I tell her," said Kut-le.

"Say," said Billy, scowling, "you've got a nerve, cutting in as if this was a parlor conversation you had cut in on casual. Just keep out of this, will

Rhoda flushed.

"Well, as long as he can hear every thing, it's a good deal of a farce not to let him talk," she said. "Farce!" exclaimed Billy, "Say,

"Say, Miss Rhoda, you and sticking up for this ornery Plute, are you?" Rhoda looked at the calm eyes of

the Indian, at the clean-cut intelli-gence of his face, and she resented Porter's words. She answered him softly but clearly

"Kut-le did an awful and unforgiv-able thing in stealing me. No one knows that better than I do. But he has treated me with respect and he has given me back my health. I thank him for that and-and I do respect him!"

Kut-le's eyes flashed with a

light but he said nothing. Porter stared at the girl with jaw dropped. "Good Lord!" he cried. "Respect him! Wouldn" that come and get you! Do you mean that you want to stay with that Injun?"

slow flush covered Rhoda's tanned A slow nuss overed knock s tanned checks. Her cleft thin lifted a Hitle, "At the 'very first chance," she re-plied, "I shall escape." Porter sighed in great relief. "That's all right, Miss Rhoda," he is honored bits all some

said leniently. "Respect him all you want to. I don't see how you can but women is queer, if you don't mind my saying so. I don't blame you for feeling thankful about your health. You've stood this business better than any of us. Say, the squaw seems to be puttin' all her time on making up my pack. Can't I negotiate for something to eat right now? Tell her not to put pison into it."

Kut-le grinned.

"Maybe Miss Tuttle will fix up "Maybe Miss Tuttle will fix up something for you, so you can eat without worrying." "Well, she won't, you know!" growled Porter. "Her wait on me! She ain't no squaw!" "Oh, but," eried Rhoda, "you don't know how proud I am of my skill! I

can run the camp just as well as the squaws." Then, as Porter scowled at

Ready for Action on the "Firing" Line.

Line. These boys are evidently ready to commence operations on the wood pile. The map was taken on the farm of Mr. Frank Webster, Victoria Co. Ont. The boy with the axe is Manter Webster, and the one with the saw is a town boy, who was "doing his but; on the farm last summer, and enjoy-it too.

Kut-le, "He didn't make me! I wanted to, so as to be able to take care of myself when I escaped. When you and I get away from him," she looked at the silent Indian with an expression of daring that brought a glint of amusement to his eyes, "I'll be able to live off the trail better than you!" "Gee!" exclaimed Porter admiring-

"Geel" exclaimed Force and a constrained for the second se

steaming dish to Porter. He tasted of the mess tentatively.

"By Hen!" he exclaimed, and he set on the stew as if half starved, while Rhoda watched him complacently,

Seeing him apparently thus engrossed, Kut-le turned to speak to Alchise Instantly Porter dropped the stew, drew a revolver and fired two rapid shots, one catching Alchise in the leg, the other Injun Tom. Before he could set affit is the get Kut-le the young Indian was upon

"Run, Rhoda, run!" yelled Porter, as he went down, under Kut-le.

Rhoda gave one glance at Injun Tom and Alchise writhing with their wounds, at Porter's fingers tightening at Kut-le's throat, then she selzed the canteen she had filled for Porter and started madly down the trail. The screaming squaws gave no heed to her

She ran swiftly, surely, down the rocky way, watching the trail with secondary sense, for every other was strained to catch the sounds from above. But she heard nothing but the screams of the squaws. The (Continued on page 21.) trall

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