

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVI

That Saturday a party of girls had been spending the day with Mrs. Martins. They were to remain until after supper, when the young men would come out from town; then, there would be a little dance and a drive home in the cool summer night. When quietude was fully restored to Lexington, George Martins turned his face homeward. As he rode down the street where there were eyes of men to notice him, the familiar haughtiness showed on his handsome face and erect figure; but when his horse bore him down the lonely country road, the calm left his eyes, and he lost his proud bearing. He felt the shadow of Kismet on his soul, and he pressed his hand against his breast to reassure himself that the trusty weapon was in its place, ready to answer the call when his Destiny appeared. Coming in view of his house, its piazza beautiful with the bow of white gowned fair girls, he wreathed his face in smiles, and, after dismounting, clasped and bowed over each fair hand with stately greeting and well-turned compliment. Then he sought his wife. She was in the breakfast room, arranging a dish of flowers for the supper table. By her side, as the sister-in-law, at the entrance of the husband, the girl turned to detain her companions; but he laid a detaining hand on hers. "I have something to relate that will interest you, too, Miss Martins," he said, and after tenderly raising his wife's fingers to his lips, he related the incident of the afternoon. Over its dramatic character, he threw the glow of his strong fervid words and the magic of his soft, yet thrilling voice. Its appeal to the imagination of one of his listeners was instantaneous. There was the old up-leaping of light to the dark eyes to quiver over her ivory face like sunlight down a snowy field; the blood bounded along her veins; her heart trembled under emotions which were painful in their intensity. That was the deed of an heroic soul, and as the father's tones trembled over the scene his son had made, walking down that street with his maddened crowd, clasping the arm of his deadliest foe, tears welled into her lustrous eyes. At this moment Preston's voice was heard on the piazza, and his mother quitted the room to meet him alone. The father stepped out on the veranda through the low open window and joined the nearest group of girls. A minute later Preston entered the breakfast room. The unusual emotion displayed by his mother as she greeted him, had surprised him, and now meeting Teresa's tear-suffused eyes and illumined face he felt dazed at first, then abashed. She went to him with outstretched hands, a thing she had never done in all the time of their acquaintance, and it seemed that some wonderful tenderness transformed her action and face and form. It confused him. Before it he felt his unworthiness; then a swift resentment against his father for so cruelly playing on his feelings, and he smiled down upon her upturned face. He knew he had done nothing calling for these reverential admiration from these, and though it humbled him before himself in the dust, he would not permit the rasping, bitter voice of his own conviction to break across the music of her belief. "This is the benediction of my life!" he said softly. "Oh!" her emotion trembling through her voice, "yours was the truest, bravest act ever performed in Kentucky since the fall of Wells gave up his horse to the wounded enemy, and, on foot, continued his fight from the pursuing Indians." "Oh, no!" he contradicted, gently. "There is this wide difference: Wells' act was the sublime heroism of a man who can conquer hate to save the one hated, with almost certain death for his reward; my act the rising above a petty feeling of ill-will to ward off possible harm from what I love. You won't see the difference?" "You are a loyal friend! Will you come for a walk on the lawn? It has been a warm, exciting day, and I can't be polite and act the cavalier to all those girls." He had brought her down from her high pitch of enthusiasm, without causing her a sensation of disillusion or the stinging consciousness that she had conceived too lofty an idea of his action; and yet had not offended the notion we entertain regarding the modesty of truly heroic hearts. They crossed the hall and by a side door passed out to the lawn. A wind had risen and as it blew against them, both felt the strain on their feelings loosen and in its place came a serenity and a consciousness of understanding—that indefinable relationship of souls. Then she said: "You were not hurt? No stone struck you? Your father said they were throwing stones." "No, I was not hurt. Neither was he—Mr. Worthington." "Oh! I had forgotten!" "Forgotten!" "Another silence followed, while Preston Martins kept repeating the word, "forgotten." "You didn't think of him? He did not want to ask the question, but the words escaped him, and although

they were half whispered, she heard them. "I thought only of you." "Teresa! Teresa!" The cry, half-pain, half joy, broke from him. They stopped abruptly and looked at each other, one in fear, the other in amazement. He reached out his hands to clear hers, when a step fell on the grass behind them, and a strange voice, with a peculiarly-marked foreign accent, said: "I beg your pardon! Will you please inform me if this is the home of Mr. George Martins?" The two thus addressed turning, saw a slightly-built man, whose firmly-featured face was dark almost to brownness; than Preston answered the question. "Is Mr. Martins at home?" inquired the stranger. "He is," replied Preston. "You wish to see him?" "I have traveled far to see him," said the man, an expression crossing his face that seemed to make it familiar to the two pairs of eyes. "My father will be happy to meet you," said the son, then to Teresa, he added, "Will you please to excuse me for a few minutes while I accompany this gentleman to the house?" "I will go with you," she answered. "It is time to dress for supper." He offered her his arm, and in silence, the three walked toward the white house, on whose veranda sat Mr. Martins and his wife, surrounded by their butterfly guests. Instinctively Teresa went to Mrs. Martins' chair, as Preston said: "Father, this gentleman wishes to see you. This is Mr. Martins, sir," he added, glancing toward the stranger, who stood above the veranda steps, his hat in his hand. The girls, observing him, saw that his dress, while displaying the style of a foreigner, was of the finest quality and that he wore it with the unmissable air of a man of wealth and fashion. As George Martins rose, at his son's words, and met the small, dark eyes of the stranger, he saw that their white was streaked with yellow. That was all he noted, but as he bowed and led the way to the library, he asked himself where he had seen small, dark eyes, set in yellowish white, and with what portion of his life were they associated that the remembrance of them was so vivid. He bowed the unknown man into the spacious apartment, and cordially invited him to a chair. Before complying the stranger said: "We are alone, I presume, and free from interruption?" Mr. Martins walked back to the door and closed it. Then, turning to the man, said: "We are quite alone, and," glancing at the clock, "are free from interruption for an hour. At 8 supper is usually served, but if your business requires more time, I shall ask for the postponement of the meal to suit your convenience." "The time is ample," replied the stranger, taking the chair. When Mr. Martins was also seated, he asked, "Do you not remember me?" and there was a flicker of a mocking light over the dark face. "We have met before." The voice was polite, neither questioning nor asserting, the voice of the gentlemanly host, fearing to pain a self-invited and unknown guest. "Frequently! I am your Indian son." A cry of pain and terror rose to the lips of George Martins. But his quick recollection of the woman on the piazza without, caught it, and it escaped him in a moan. He sprang to his feet and ran half across the room. The stranger also rose, a gleam of exultation on his countenance; and the flow of blood to his face, warming up the dark skin, outlined in gleaming white a fine scar on the side of his well-cut nose. Martins half-turned to the man who had called himself his son, and the two stood regarding each other in dead silence. Then the former said: "You have come back,—for what?" "My rights," replied he coolly. "Wait!" he commanded, as George Martins was opening his lips to utter his mockery. "Wait until I have finished, before you laugh! I repeat, I have come for my rights. The rights a first-born son and heir can claim from his father. Rights that are, in my case, promised rights." He paused, but Martins neither spoke his mocking words, nor laughed his mocking laugh. "I made this claim upon you once before," went on the man, leaning the palms of his hands on the long, carved, library table, "and you remember your reply. Or have you forgotten it, as you forgot your Indian wife? Let me refresh your memory! 'Give me wealth,' you said, and I will give you recognition!" I gave you wealth, and now I am here to receive the recognition." The eyes of the two men were meeting in combat across the table. "And if I refuse?" George Martins' words whizzed through the air. "You dare not!" The reply was sent back to him, with the venom of a forked tongue. It made the hearer writhe up to the table. He placed his hands, too, upon it, leaned forward, and with his eyes pouring their hatred full in the eyes of the other man, who was also slightly bending over the strip of baize-covered mahogany, hissed, "But I do! you brat of a beggar squaw!" There was swift, unexpected lighting of a little arm, and one of the blowing hands, falling with sharp, stinging force across George Martins' lips, broke his sentence. "I saw you strike her so,"—the words seeming to curl like red

flames from between the small, white teeth—"and I swore by her pagan gods and mine, that I'd live to revenge that blow! A beggar was she! She wore gold on her brown arms with less pride than your mother wore gloves, and braided jewels in her black hair with no more regard for them than your white wife gives her roses! A beggar? When your ancestors were being crushed like serfs by foreign kings, her people ruled this country from the Ohio to the Gulf. Beggar? When you came poor, ragged, foot sore and hungry to her maiden tent, her father was smoking the peace pipe with envoys from Washington! Beggar! If there be beggar blood in the veins, it flowed into them from the pale face father, not from the Indian mother!" He paused, and looked fiercely at the man across the table and there was an expression on his face that was as a voice of warning to George Martins. In the silence that followed with that crushing weight of little things in life's supreme moments, they heard the girls mounting the stairs to dress for supper. Then the son began: "Your white wife will soon be tapping at the door, calling you to supper. Am I to be given my place at your table?" "As my guest, you are welcome to the best my house affords." "But as your son?" "You are no son of mine!" hurried back the father. "But the other said: 'Look upon my face, and deny your parentage, if you can! Think upon the young Indian mother's heart, you broke, and deny your fatherhood, if you dare!' But," drawing himself up proudly, "I am not here to plead for my recognition, but to demand it. Grant it, I have redeemed the vow I made above my dead mother, killed by your cruel desertion, and I become once more the citizen of the world. Refuse it, I strip you of wealth and honor, and out of your ruin drag the recognition you would not give." "You talk like a fool! Do you know who I am?" "Quite well. In the eyes of the true world you are George Martins, the true husband of only one wife, the stainless gentleman, the law-abiding citizen. In my eyes and your own and the eyes of whatever gods there be, you are a bigamist, a murderer and a thief." "Martins in his chair caught up one of the heavy oak chairs and bounded around the table. "Killing is a game that two can play at, in this case," remarked the stranger, and with the dexterity of one familiar with its use, he drew a pistol from his pocket and thrust it into the face of his father. "Now?" he sneered. George Martins dropped the chair and stepped back, with blanched face and staring eyes, while the other laughed a low, mocking laugh. The sound of it recalled the white man's ward show of civilization he reasoned it was with a half savage he had to deal, whom force could not alarm, but whom law could frighten and the wit of the superior race circumvent. He had made a fearful blunder. He turned and walked to his former place. The face of the son wore the mask of repose when the father again looked upon him, and as if he had divined the thought that had passed through his parent's brain, he said, with the light of his mocking smile in his eyes, "Instead of meeting our differences of opinions with the civility and courtesy of polite and reasoning men, you have fallen into the manners which would shame the rudest of my race. I have been guilty of the gravest fault in striking my father and drawing a weapon upon my host. Though the provocations were great, the violence of my actions was greater; therefore, I ask your pardon." Mr. Martins coolly bowed his acceptance of the apology, while fear began to knock loudly at his heart for he saw that it was not with the semi-savage he had to deal, but the strange hybrid of savagery and civilization, educated by the school and the world. "When I left Kentucky," began the younger man, as if his keen mind had read the thought of the other, "I drifted into Canada. The lessons it was sometimes your diversion to give me, while the charm of the wild, nomadic life of the Indian kept you with my mother and me, had inspired me with the desire to possess the education of the white man; moreover, I had witnessed the superiority of learning, conducted by French Catholic priests, and begged them to instruct me in the sciences and religion of the Christian. I knew that the asking of the latter would more readily secure the former request. I remained with these Fathers for six years. Under their instructions and methods I became a good scholar; they inspired they had also made a good Christian out of me. But I had had all their piety and charity could make me forget or forgive. I did not, however, give all my thoughts to the securing of knowledge. The priests were Frenchmen, and consequently the Indian and English, and saw that their politeness and polish made them superior to the brute force of the barbarian or the power of the rude pale-face. I strove to become a gentleman as well as a scholar. On the 15th of August, I returned to the United States. I sought employment in New York, and obtained it. It was in a commercial concern. I familiarized myself with business, became

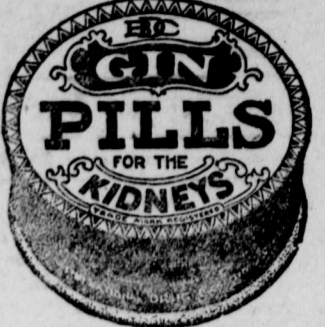
acquainted with all the intricacies of commerce. Then I went to Washington. Metropolitan influences secured me the position of private secretary to an official of high standing to whom my perfect knowledge of the French language made me doubly serviceable. During the four years I remained in his employment, I lived under his roof, the social equal of his family and friends. This gave me an opportunity to mingle in the best society of the Capital. I did not care for it, but I knew that intercourse with men and women of the world gives polish to one's manners, and what ever added to civilization I was determined to secure. I had saved money and by using my commercial knowledge in the matter of my investment, I found myself at the close of the four years, the possessor of some wealth. Then I went to Cuba, where I again invested my money. Soon it doubled itself. I took part of my wealth and went to Europe. I wanted to see the world, study men. Of all the peoples I have met, I like best the character of the Spaniard." He smiled as he said this, then paused, and let his eyes rest on the changing face across the table. George Martins, thoroughly understood the meaning of the pause and smiled. If he possessed any of that finesse, which he prided himself on as an inheritance from his far-off Spanish ancestor, he knew that he needed it in this hour when he had to deal with a man who admitted that he had studied the different nationalities for the sole purpose of transferring into his own character those qualifications which are in the conflict of brains what a Damascus blade is in a conflict of arms. "You are dealing with neither a Frenchman nor a Spaniard," said George Martins, with clear, cold, cutting emphasis, "but with an American. We come to our point of discussion like men." (The hearer here turned his eyes, with a swift glance, toward the chair so lately lifted against his head, but without appearing to notice the insinuation of the look Mr. Martins continued): "And we never fail to defend our selves from attack whether of the worthy adversary, or the insulting blackmailer." His hearer smiled again, but remained silent, and George Martins added, "It is the last named foe I tonight am meeting." The man lifted his head proudly and said: "A blackmailer is one who prefers false charges. I am not such. My charges are true. I called you a bigamist. You are, or were, for at the time you married your present wife, your Indian wife, your lawful wife—for you wedded with her of your free choice, according to the rites and laws of the Indian nation, and laws and rites of the Indian are as binding and sacred as the laws and rites of the white man—this wife was living." TO BE CONTINUED

OF THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOONS By Mary Synn in Extension Magazine Back in the days when "Unexplored" covered with the map of Canada, when gold lay unfound in the Porcupine, when Cobalt wasn't even a name, and when the National Transcontinental was but a dream of the empire builders, John McGuire drifted into the North Country. Red of face, freckled of face even under the tan of years in the open, big of frame, he came one August night to the door of Old Man Parr's shack on the edge of Lake Temiskaming. Old Man Parr, who had been running away from civilization for thirty years, did not welcome its forerunner. He knew McGuire's type, the stormy petrel of the frontier, the irresponsible prospector who strikes unerringly into the lode country and there loses maps and compass while other men, following the trail of his blazing, make the big finds. Old Man Parr, who had guarded the secret of the North Country's wealth because he loved the wilderness for its own sake, loved the cold starlight, and the gold and black snarls, and the uncleared forests of shipmast pines, and the high siltences and the great snows, gave the Irishman lodging, asking no questions; and whether John McGuire packed in from the End of Sisseton at Temagami or came up Lake Temiskaming in the war canoe of some half-breed trader, no one in the North Country knew or cared. Morning found him a settler in the camp below Old Man Parr's shack, the place that's Halleybury now and a trading station then for Revillon trappers. McGuire built himself a log shack, where he lived as the rest of the men in the camp lived—fishing, hunting, trading, guiding sometimes, prospecting a little—falling into the ways of the Canagans with the easy adaptability of his own race. His prospecting took him through the Riviere Quize and up the Abitibi. He spent one summer along the Mattagami, crossing and recrossing the places where the big mines of the Porcupine stand now. He tramped over the site of Cobalt scores of times as he packed into the fishing at Temagami. Down the lake at the place that's Sixty-Six he had a claim within five hundred feet of the spot where the Grantslands found their millions. The Grants never struck pay dirt, but he lived his hand-to-mouth existence blithely, laughing, singing, story-telling his way through life. The strike at Cobalt changed the face of the North Country. Two weeks after the cook of the railroad

camp found the silver lode on the Right-of-Way, Halleybury became a boom town. The Revillon trappers changed base to Ville Marie, waiting to go beyond the Height of Land into the James Bay district. John McGuire didn't go with them. He was prospecting; but although he hammered rock all the way from Temagami Station to Fabre and along every foot of the headwaters of the Montreal river, he was as poor at the end of the summer as he had been at the beginning. "Sure, the luck's in bein' a cook," he told Old Man Parr, who had, curiously enough, given up his flights from the advancing frontier. "Why not try your luck that way?" Old Man Parr asked him. "I may need a cook at Division Headquarters." "I'll take the post," said McGuire. He did. Division Headquarters had welcomed twelve cooks in sixteen weeks. Bannister, the chief, put McGuire through a perfunctory examination before he told him to run the kitchen. An hour afterward McGuire returned to Bannister's office standing at the door, his hand to his forehead in salute. "Who commands the commissary, sir?" he inquired. Bannister looked up from his blue prints. Some power in the man caught his attention, used as he was to judging men for their power of command over their fellows. "What's your name?" he asked the cook. "McGuire, sir." "Soldier?" "Trooper once." "South Africa?" "And Bengal, and Afghanistan, and the Sudan, and any other fight-in' place." "The Black Tyrone?" "Guess again, sir, cross a county, and ye'll know 'twas the Enniskillen Dragoons." "Well, it's up to you to honor your service," said Bannister. He knew how to handle men. "You're a commissary commander. Here's the limit of your appropriation." Armed with authority, McGuire took command in martial fashion. He ran the commissary of Division Headquarters with exactitude. Headquarters became the gourmet's club of the North Country. Cobalt millionaires, weary unto death of Cobalt eating houses, used to walk the eight miles up the Right-of-Way to beg, borrow or steal a meal that McGuire had prepared. Bannister began to fear lest his treasure be cajoled from him, but McGuire refused offer after offer of higher wages. "I'm on me duty here," he'd say sternly to the Cobalt tempters, "and 'tis not John McGuire who'd desert from his duty." White aproned, his pipe held tightly in the corner of his mouth, he'd go back within the tent, singing the song of "Rory O'More," as a prelude to the soldier ballads that his sobbing tenor voice could make into vocal dramas of love, and youth, and high adventure and loyal service to a cause. Through that winter John McGuire—"Shann Rhu" they called him for his red poll—was the joy and delight of Headquarters. Engineers of residences said that Bannister would discharge any one of them rather than the light-hearted cook who tossed songs and flapjacks with equal skill and good humor. Certain it was that the rollicking mirth of the big man leavened the gloom of the northern winter. The commissary tent became a Mecca where men who controlled the destinies of a railroad gathered to hear the man of the tales of a railway camp cook. No one ever accused Lily Gurley of keen discrimination in the matter of men. She was a good girl. She lived with her father, a sub-contractor and her mother, the gossip of the Transcontinental, in a shack at the edge of the town, next door to Residence Number 27. She cooked, and helped her mother with the washing, and baked remarkable biscuits, and sewed a little, but every engineer in the place passed the Gurley house every night to call for more of those opulent charms and more trivial accomplishments. Lily sat by the window watching them pass. Sometimes, when that end of town grew lonely beyond her endurance, she walked down the main street, scoring to notice the sidewalk lines, but avid for some bit of the romance that glittered just outside her own life. In front of the postoffice one April evening she came face to face with John McGuire. She looked at the big Irishman with the curiosity she would have given any man whose bulk blocked her path. He looked back at her with the kindly twinkle of good humor that time had deepened in his eyes. Something flashed between them. The curiosity in the girl's glance grew, but the twinkle died from the gaze of the man. She started on, while he stood in the road, staring after her. That night he took stock. He'd had a bad winter, and he had little ready money, not enough to permit him to stay in Borden without work. He spent the next day seeking a job, but jobs weren't at home, as he told himself. He had exhausted the employment agencies of the town when chance took him past the residency. A war whoop, louder than ever Cree spouted, sounded at his back as he passed the log fence that enclosed the buildings where engineers were working overtime to hasten the completion of the Transcontinental. McGuire looked over his shoulder to see a man rushing out of the main building, waving to him wildly. Instantly he knew him by his knock-kneed run as MacLeod, one of the men who had been with Bannister at Halleybury. "If it isn't little Angus MacLeod," he cried, "I'll eat me

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