

Sweet Norine

CHAPTER XXIX.

Nearer and nearer came the little steed, ambling along at an easy gait through the undergrowth.

Would he come directly to where he stood, or would he wheel about and plunge into an opposite direction?

At the intensity of a lifetime was crowded into that moment of pitiful waiting.

"Heaven help me to save my darling Norine!" he moaned, under his breath.

Suddenly the pony quickened his pace, and ere Joe could reach out his hand to grasp him he had bounded past him and sauntered to Chowsky's side.

Poor Joe could hardly repress the cry of bitter anguish that welled up from the depths of his very soul to his lips over this catastrophe.

What in heaven's name should he do now—that could he do? He seemed to suffer a thousand deaths in that moment of horrible, black despair.

It almost seemed to him that the just God who reigned above had forgotten poor Norine and him. He had forgotten the words which his good old mother was wont to quote:

"However concealed from us the good intent, The ways of God are all in mercy meant."

Chowsky's voice broke in upon his dazed thoughts. He was saying:

"The appearance of the horse is a stroke of good luck. You shall ride him back to the encampment."

Without waiting for Norine to mount, he stooped and gathered her in his arms, as though she had been an infant, and lifted her to the animal's broad, sturdy back.

"He is a lazy little beast at best," exclaimed the half-breed impatiently, "and he never got along well with my hand on the reins. I shall cut a strong birch whip. That will make him go along decent enough, I fancy."

Keeping one hand on the animal's bridle, he whipped out a long, sharp-bladed knife from his belt, with the other and scooped toward a large tuft of long, willowy branches growing close by the roadside.

In this moment Joe saw his chance. It would mean a leap for life. By two lives hung upon his success or failure. He could not take time to consider how his plan might be best accomplished, for each gliding instant was precious.

Swift as a flash, quicker than a thought, Joe made the desperate leap which divided him from Norine, who was clinging to the pony's back, sobbing out to her captor to kill her then and there rather than to take her to the Indian encampment.

Surely, God and the angels were with Joe, and aided him in his awful peril, for he made the leap with all the success of a practical cavalryman, landing beside Norine squarely upon the animal's back, and in the same instant he leaned forward and swept the reins from Chowsky's hand, and with the knife from his grasp, cried, hoarsely, as he did so:

"It is I—Joe—Norine. For God's sake, don't faint, but hold tight to me."

And as he uttered the words, he dug his heels deeply into the pony's sides and was off like an arrow shot from a bow.

It had all happened so quickly that Chowsky had not time to gather his scattered wits together to realize what was occurring, but as he saw Joe and Norine disappear from sight, his senses returned to him, and the wild yell and whor-whop he sent after them, as he dashed in pursuit of them, made the dim old forest echo.

His rage at finding himself so cleverly outwitted by a white man was terrible to behold.

He was a swift runner—ay, the swiftest among all the Pawnee tribe—and he dashed after them at a speed that almost equaled the pony's own.

After that first wild, furious yell, not a sound broke from Chowsky's grinning, closed lips. He knew too well the value of saving his breath and his strength.

Joe and Norine both knew that they were following after them. They could hear the sound of his moccasined feet, but they did not hear the crackling of the shrubs and brambles as he dashed through them.

They knew, too, that Chowsky was an expert runner, and that in the end he would outdistance the horse from sheer power of endurance.

Passing in the mad gallop he was urging the animal to he dared not even turn and send a shot back which might wince his pursuer.

His one thought was to guide the animal into the main mountain range, despite all that he had heard Chowsky say regarding the pony's mad desire to leap over the precipice.

Death faced them, turn which way they would, and they were not to be saved, to be hurried over the precipice together was a thousand times preferable to falling into the hands of the Pawnees.

These thoughts were coursing madly through his brain as Norine tightened her hold upon him, exclaiming shrilly:

"Oh, Joe, the half-breed is racing after us. Can he overtake us?"

"We can only trust ourselves to heaven, little Norine," he answered, hoarsely. "I will save you or sell my life as dearly as I can."

He did not tell her what course he had resolved upon if he were to fail.

Onward, onward flew the noble little pony, beginning to show now the terrible strain he was undergoing, and his steps beginning to lag a little, a knowledge which was pitifully perceptible to Joe.

Only once again during that terrible ride of mile after mile at that mad gallop did Norine utter a word, and then it was to say, faintly, in an awful whisper:

"He has given up the chase. Joe, I do not hear him coming on behind. Can we not slow up a little?"

Joe's strained ear had noted that there was no longer a crackling of the underbrush close behind them, but unlike Norine, he did not believe that the half-breed had given up the chase. He knew the habits of the Pawnees far better than to suppose that.

The terrible fear was within Joe's heart that he had stopped a brief instant to fit an arrow to his bow.

Chowsky's aim was deadly. No living thing that he had made his mark had ever yet escaped him. No matter how great the distance, Joe knew, with a heart quaking with fear, that if he were to send one of those deadly missiles after them in their flight, it would pierce Norine ere it reached him, and that knowledge was more bitter than

death to him, who loved her better than his own life.

Norine's mind was not idle. She was realizing for the first time how much Joe loved her.

The man she had loved with all the strength of her heart and soul had deserted her, cruelly, shamefully, in her hour of need, and the man who loved her was risking life itself to save her.

In that moment she knew that her grandfather's words were true—the love of Clifford Carlisle was true, and the love of Joe Brainard was pure gold, a love such as heroes alone were capable of.

Norine was like a little child. A great calm seemed to take possession of her. She felt that she was safe with Joe, who had never yet failed her, to protect her now.

She wondered why he was still so silent, though she had told him that their pursuing foe had given up the chase.

He knew but too well that the half-breed had not abandoned the pursuit, and a thousand fears possessed him in consequence.

That Chowsky had determined upon some other tactic he felt assured. Perhaps he had struck into some path which was a short cut to the main road, and they were striving to reach, and would spring out upon them at any turn.

No wonder his nerves were stretched to their greatest tension. There was but one turn in the path, and that was just ahead of them. If they passed it in safety, they would soon be on the main road, and all would be well.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Devoted love will find its way. Tho' paths where wolves would fear to prey, And if it dares so much 'twere hard Such brave love met not some reward."

Yes, the bend in the road which they and a swiftly nearly would determine their fate, whether they would reach the point they were aiming for in safety, or whether they would find themselves surrounded by Pawnees, which meant capture and death for Joe and worse than death for Norine.

It was little wonder that Joe's heart beat with painful misgiving as he mentally reviewed the problem, keenly realizing the awful danger of the situation.

Suddenly he caused the little pony to halt in his mad speed, and the suddenness of it caused Norine to lose her hold, and she fell headlong into the deep snow, which had drifted through the trees.

In an instant Joe was beside her, and the pony, riderless and free of restraint, was plunging onward down the path, with a loud, satisfied neigh.

"I intended that we should both dismount here, Norine, dear," he murmured. "It is wisest and best that we should make the rest of the journey on foot. I dared not risk the sharp bend in the road farther on. It might be dangerous. The pony will soon reach that point now, and I will then know whether my fears were groundless or not. Anyway, it is better to be sure than sorry, you know."

"Yes," sobbed Norine, trying to be brave, yet clinging to him like a terrified little child.

"Within ten minutes time I shall know whether I was right or wrong," murmured Joe. "We had better remain just where we are until that is determined."

"I—I trust everything to your judgment, Joe," sobbed the girl, pitiously.

The minutes passed slowly, for they were counting them by anxious heartbeats. Then, suddenly, they heard a succession of wild yells and triumphant whor-whops.

For a full minute the night air resounded with the demonic sounds. Joe knew what it meant and his bronzed cheeks turned pale. The gallant little pony, who had been so cleverly outwitted and captured the fleeing captives.

Then, quickly, the yells subsided, and from where they crouched behind the trees, Joe and Norine could hear the liveliest kind of a powwow up the road.

He pointed silently up to the one ledge cleverly outwitted and they were uttering the fiercest oaths of mingled hatred and rage known to the Pawnee language.

Then all became quiet—dangerously, suspiciously quiet. Over and over again Joe asked himself what it could mean.

In his heart there was but one answer—the Indians had divided themselves up into scouting parties, and had scouring the forest in all directions for the fugitives.

"There is only one way to escape them," Norine whispered. "We must climb into the top of one of these tall trees and await developments."

There was no need to ask Norine if she could climb, for the wild free life of the Western plains had taught her that. Since she had been a little child she had climbed up to the topmost boughs of the highest trees, to count the tiny eggs in the birds' nests.

"Whatever you say," faltered Norine. He pointed silently up to the one ledge which they stood. The branches were at quite a height from the ground, but, with Joe's assistance, she vaulted up to the nearest one.

In utter silence, Joe followed her.

He knew how the human voice penetrated that grim forest—echoing and repeating with startling distinctness the faintest whisper.

He told himself that he would take no chances. How wise he was in this respect was to be demonstrated all too soon.

They had scarcely been seated on the boughs upon which they had climbed ere Joe's keen ear detected the sound of crackling twigs.

"For God's sake, do not stir a muscle. Our very life depends upon our being motionless, and keeping our self-control," Norine, he whispered, trying to hide his terrible agitation by speaking lightly, carelessly. "I am sure I hear Indian footsteps."

"That is just what I was about to tell you, Joe," she whispered. "You can rely upon my perfect silence. I will not move—scarcely breathe—you may be sure of that."

(To be continued.)

Suicide at Brantford.

Brantford, March 17.—Dependent because of the death of relatives in England, Percy Archer, aged 40, a porter at the Kirby House, was found dead in his room to-day. He had taken carbolic acid.

CRAZED WITH LOVE.

JAP SHOOTS WOMAN WHO SPURNS HIS LOVE.

Shoots Her Down Before the Eyes of Her Husband and Commits Suicide—He Dies in Agony.

New York, March 17.—Crazed with love for a white woman who refused his attentions, Frank Kito, a young Japanese cook, shot her five times to-day and then killed himself with carbolic acid. The fact that the woman was married made no difference to the ardent Oriental, nor did the presence of her husband at the time of the tragedy deter him. Fortunately none of the bullets he fired did any serious injury.

Elizabeth Holz, a big waitress and the wife of Max Holz, bartender, is the victim of the too ardent affection of the Jap. She is in Bellevue Hospital and her injuries are not dangerous.

Up to a short time ago Kito was a cook in a restaurant at One Hundred and Thirty-third street and Broadway. Mrs. Holz worked there as a waitress. She is 23 years old, blonde and pink, and the Jap fell madly in love with her. She refused to have anything to do with him, but his attentions were so persistent and violent that she left the restaurant. Kito knew that she lived with her husband at 325 East Nineteenth street.

Kito sneaked into the house at ten o'clock to-day and made his way to the room occupied by the Holz's. He knocked on the door and the woman opened it. When she saw him she slammed the door and locked it.

Kito hurled himself at the door. It broke into splinters and he landed in a heap on the floor of the room. Jumping up he drew a revolver and began to shoot at the woman. One of the bullets penetrated her chest. Another struck her right arm and another imbedded in her right shoulder. Two were imbedded in her right arm and another hit her left hand.

Holtz ran down stairs and shouted that a man had killed his wife and was running away. He was the first to hear the shot, ran up the steps to the room. Through the shattered door they saw the Jap on the floor writhing in agony. The air was heavy with the fumes of carbolic acid and a bottle that had contained poison lay on the floor. Kito died before an ambulance reached the scene.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE?

From October to May, Colde are the most frequent cause of headache. LAXATIVE BROMO is the best.

STALLED IN TUNNEL.

Fire Keeps Train Under the East River at New York.

New York, March 17.—For nearly an hour to-day a train half filled with passengers was stalled in the tunnel under the East River, while a fire raged in the Fulton street station, under Lower Broadway. Blinking fashes of electricity sent the employees of the station scurrying to the surface and the cloud of dense smoke which began to drift in the tunnel caused instant suspension of traffic. The fire started from a short circuit in the third rail at the Fulton street station, and within a minute the wood of the box which encloses the rail was in flames. The grease-soaked wood burned freely and threw off an immense quantity of smoke. It was not until the current in the whole system south of 96th street had been shut off that firemen who had been summoned were able to make any progress in their fight against the fire. In the meantime every train in that long section of the subway had come to a standstill.

Above Brooklyn bridge the delay was shorter, but it was not until the tunnel under the river, the power rail was "dead" for an hour, and the hapless passengers in the stalled train under the river spent the time in darkness and suspense. Obedient the order from the officers of the company, the guards kept the doors of the cars locked, in order to prevent the passengers from leaving the train and being electrocuted on the third rail. Some time was required to repair the damage. The line was not reopened before the downtown rush began.

CASORIA.

The Kind You've Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

TWO MEN KILLED.

Buried Under Tons of Sawdust by Fall of Wall.

New York, March 17.—Collapse of the ceiling and walls of a refrigerating room under repair at the Pabst west side bottling works on West 49th street, yesterday buried the force of five men in the room under tons of sawdust. Joseph Turner, the contractor in charge of the repair work, and an unidentified Italian laborer were killed.

Three other men caught by and buried in the debris were more or less seriously hurt, and one of them, Antonio Metzger, 49 years old, may die as the result of internal injuries.

Pastor Changed Too Often.

Boston, March 17.—Rev. Ernest Hunt, who was ordained by Bishop Baldwin at London, Ont., years ago, and who later turned Unitarian, has been turned out of the church at Woolston, because he had become a Christian Scientist.

The Great Art.

Culture is the ability to use learning intelligently and effectively—in doing sensible and beautiful, rather than startling, things. As the poet says, "Of all the arts, great music is the art to raise the soul above all earthly storms."

The truly cultivated, the New Scale Williams Piano lays bare the secrets of the world's best music. Its grandeur of tone, superb action, and sympathetic touch, enable the performer to interpret every mood of the composer. Mechanically, the New Scale Williams is absolutely faultless. "I predict for it a distinctive place among the great pianos."

—*Benjamin, Mr. Davies' prediction has come true. To-day, the New Scale Williams enjoys a prestige that is the admiration of the music-loving world. In the homes, on the concert stage, in the studios of the teachers and artists, it is the honored guest. It is safe to say, that among the great pianos, the New Scale Williams is greatest.*

G. W. Carey, 90 King Street West.

R. McKay & Co's.

Grand Spring Opening

Takes Place To-morrow And Following Days

The store where you will see displayed one of the greatest style parades of women's wearing apparel ever presented to the women of Hamilton.

We take pleasure in extending a hearty invitation to one and all to be with us to-morrow, on the occasion of our first Spring Opening Day and after you have visited the store, think you will agree with us when we say that this is by all odds the most attractive display ever attempted by the McKay store. Our buyers have assembled here, after months of hard labor, one of the largest and most exclusive stocks that has ever been our pleasure to offer to the public. The store is ready to serve you as never before and we intend demonstrating the fact to you to-morrow—that the McKay store leads all others in the matter of large assortments, and again after making its bow to another new season will stamp this great reliable store as the home of progress and honest values.

DOUBLE ATTRACTION

During the afternoon Lomas' Grand Opera House Orchestra will be in attendance on the balcony where they will delight you by playing all the latest music.

Beautiful and Exclusive Millinery

Moderately Priced the Keynote

This store has become famous for its millinery. Our expert buyer, after spending weeks of hard work in the best markets of the world, studying the many attractive and different styles, and with all the best resources at her command, we promise you that we have spared no expense to make this the banner showing of this splendid store in exclusive women's headgear. You will find models from Paris, London and New York prettily displayed in our spacious show rooms to-morrow.

To one and all we extend a hearty invitation to come. Come and enjoy yourself; we have arranged a programme for the day that will delight you. We will show you the

This store improves in the estimation of everybody the better they get acquainted with it.

The reason is, this store has never lost sight of its original ideal—the greatest good to the greatest number.

The desire that keeps this store humming is the desire to make it positively the best place for you to shop. That's our lifework and we take a great deal of pleasure in doing the work the best possible way.

R. MCKAY & CO.

SUMMER HOTELS.

Municipal Committee Refuses to Change Assessment.

Toronto, March 17.—(Special)—Mr. Mahaffy's bill to amend the Assessment Act was discussed at length by the Municipal Committee of the Legislature this morning, and finally, on a vote of 18 to 9, was thrown out. Mr. Mahaffy's amendment provided that in case of a boarding house, hotel or other place of public entertainment, in which business is carried on during a portion of the year only, the assessment shall not exceed 25 per cent. of the assessed value as will represent the portion of the year during which such business is carried on.

Mr. Mahaffy explained that summer hotels were assessed on the same basis as all others, while they were open for business only a few months in the year. Mr. Stubbins (Hamilton) strongly opposed the bill, and Col. Hendrie also voted against it. Hon. Mr. Hanna suggested that instead of fixing the value on 25 per cent. of the value for six months it should be based on 12 1/2 per cent. for one year, but the committee voted down the proposition.

Mr. Mahaffy explained that many summer hotels were leasing money, and Mr. Stubbins said the hotels were owned largely by railroad companies.

On the principle involved, it was opposed by Mr. Preston (Brant).

A vote was taken and the bill thrown out.

Agree, for the law is costly.—*Latin.*

UNITED WORKMEN.

Thirtieth Annual Session Opens at Temple Building This Morning.

Toronto, March 18.—The Executive Committee, A. O. U. W., had a busy day yesterday preparing officers' reports for opening of Grand Lodge, in the Temple Building this morning. Yesterday, Past Grand Master A. A. Aird, of Canadian Northwest Grand Lodge, was introduced to the Executive Committee, and cordially welcomed. Fewer changes to G. L. constitution are proposed than at any previous convention. General satisfaction obtains among the membership. The reserve fund have invested \$870,688.72 in debentures in gilt-edged securities netting about 5 per cent. interest. Nearly 40 per cent. more members were initiated in 1907 than in 1906. Grand Recorder Carder reports death claims promptly paid, and \$282,944.93 added to reserve. Sick Benefit Fund has increased over 100 per cent. Deaths numbered 345, and \$994,314.81 claims were met by 12 assessments. Average age of candidates admitted last year was 25 years, 6 months. During 1907 only one case went to the courts—case of non-payment of dues. Great harmony prevails throughout the order. Grand Lodge will continue in session two days. The Credential Committee meets at 8 o'clock this morning. About 400 delegates arrived yesterday.

Heroic Anti-Smoking Measures.

London, March 17.—The Canadian anti-smoking measures have aroused the News to remark editorially that besides these heroic schemes the modest steps contemplated here seem like marking time.

REVIVAL MEETINGS.

Rev. Dr. Tovell Assisted at First Last Night.

First Methodist Church evangelistic services were of special interest last night. Rev. Dr. Tovell, of Wesley Church, a former pastor of First, was present and gave an impressive half-hour address on the Ethiopian's conversion, dwelling especially upon the happiness it brought him, and impressing on the young converts that they would also find happiness in the Saviour. The service was held in the church, the large school room being no longer sufficient to accommodate the crowds which attend. To-night there will be a rally for young men and boys at 7.30, and a rally for young women and girls at the same hour, followed by a service at 8.

On account of the concert on Thursday, the appearance of Master Wilfrid Morison having been arranged for before the dates of the revival services were fixed, there will be no meeting that night.

SNEEZE KILLED HER.

An Aged Peterboro' Woman's Strange Death.

Peterboro', March 17.—Sneezing was the cause of the death this morning of Mrs. Ephraim Brummwell, South Township, at the age of 75 years. She became suddenly ill last night, and medical aid was summoned. Dr. Scott attributes her death to concussion on the brain, caused by a sneeze last night.

INSURANCE

WESTERN ASSURANCE Co.

FIRE AND MARINE

MARRIAGE LICENSES Phone 2398

W. O. TIDSWELL, Agent

73 James Street South

F. W. GATES & BRO.

DISTRICT AGENTS

Royal Insurance Co.

Assets, Including Capital \$450,000

OFFICE—20 JAMES STREET SOUTH, Telephone 1,445.

NOW is the Time

To attend to your eyes. Throw away those old glasses which make your eyes ache, and call on us, and we will test your eyes and fit you with entire satisfaction.

F. CLARINGBOW

Optician

22, MACNAB STREET NORTH

Electric Supply

Phone 25. (Lowe & Farrell), Limited.

Repairs neatly and promptly attended. All kinds of house and factory wiring. Electric, glassware, speaking tubes, bells and watchmen's bells.

SANTAL MIDY

Three tiny capsules arrest the disease in 24 hours without producing any inconvenience. In which Canada, Cuba and all the principal ports.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

One Way Colonist Excursions to the West

Commencing Feb. 29 and continuing daily until April 29, 1908.

To the following points:

\$46.05, Vancouver, B.C.
 \$47.05, Spokane, Wash.
 \$48.05, Seattle, Wash.
 \$49.05, Portland, Ore.
 \$47.50, San Francisco, Cal.
 \$47.50, Los Angeles, Cal.
 \$53.00, Mexico City.

Tickets also sold to certain other points in proportion.

Full information may be obtained from Chas. E. Morgan, city agent; W. G. Webster, depot agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

A CHEAP TRIP TO THE COAST

\$46.05 only for your ticket, second class, one way, to Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and other Pacific Coast points, any day until April 29.

\$8.50 in addition for comfortable sleeping accommodation in a tourist car, right from Toronto to Vancouver. These cars are fully described in the "Tourist Car" book, which can be obtained free.

Full information at Hamilton offices: W. J. Grant, corner James and King Sts., A. Craig, P. O. Box 11, Station, or write C. H. Foster, D. P. A., C. P. R., Toronto.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ROYAL MAIL TRAINS

FROM MONTREAL TO HALIFAX

Connecting with

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

FROM HALIFAX TO LIVERPOOL

Canada's Famous Train THE MARITIME EXPRESS

Leaving MONTREAL Fridays at 11 (noon), carries passengers, baggage and European mails, reaching the steamer's dock at HALIFAX the following Saturday afternoon.

SPECIAL TRAINS carrying passengers, baggage and mails when inward steamers do not connect with the MARITIME EXPRESS, leave HALIFAX immediately after the arrival of the steamer, making connections for Ottawa, Toronto, Detroit and points west.

FOR TICKETS AND FURTHER INFORMATION apply to nearest GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AGENT, TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 21 King Street East.

T. H. & B. Railway

—TO—

NEW YORK

\$9.40

Via New York Central Railway. (Except Sunday State Express.)

THE ONLY RAILROAD landing PASSENGERS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY (and State Station). New and elegant buffet, sleeping car accommodation. A. Craig, Ticket Agent. P. P. Backus, G. P. A. Phone 100.

STEAMSHIPS

DOMINION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

FROM PORTLAND.

Cornwall Mar. 21 (Kingston Apr. 11)
 Dominion Mar. 23 (Canada Apr. 2)
 Wickham Apr. 4 (Southwest Apr. 2)

These steamers carry passengers. Steamer's mail from Portland, N. B. The Canada is one of the fastest and most comfortable steamers in the Canadian trade. First-class, \$25.00; second-class, \$14.50 and upwards according to steamer.

MODERATE RATE SERVICE.

To Liverpool, £20.00
 To London, £20.00 additional.
 Third-class to Liverpool, London, London-derry, Belfast, Glasgow, £7.50.
 PORTLAND TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth) Englishman, Mar. 22 (Manxman, Mar. 23)

For all information apply to local agent or DOMINION LINE, 11 St. Sacramento street, Montreal.