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takably a young man, he had the diplomacy and astuteness of a man of the world. His expression varied so continually according to the angle his face was viewed at, or the position he assumed, that Montgomery could not decisively judge his character.

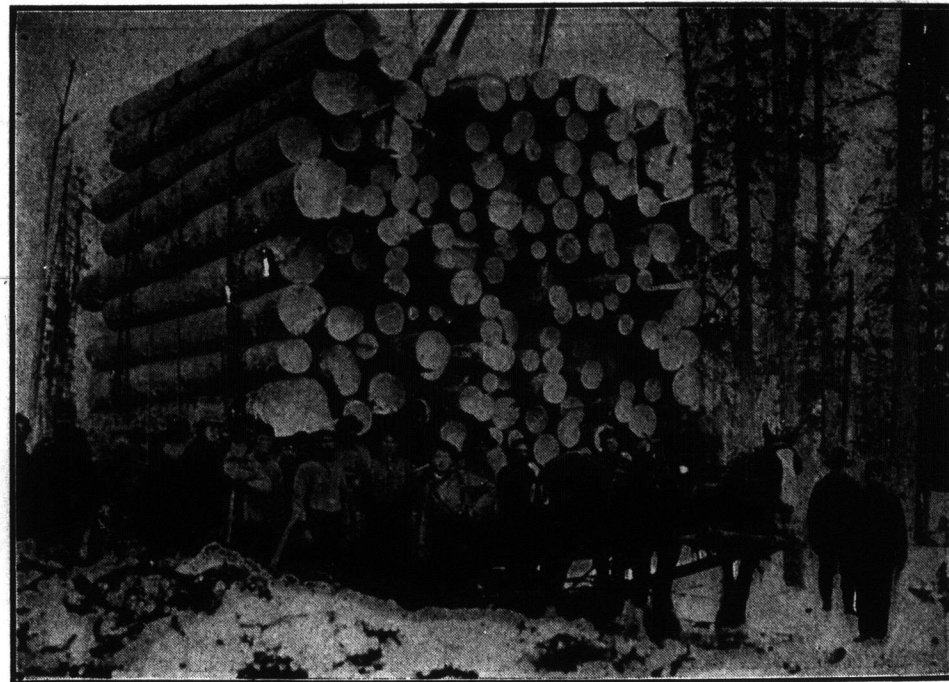
Was Montgomery then a criminal also, that the presence of the red-coat disturbed him so greatly? No,—but he was shielding one who was. Years ago, in the time of his young manhood, Sinclair had become a thorn in his flesh. Montgomery had been early married to a young English woman of high rank, but there was that in his blood that forbade his settling down and quietly waiting for his title to descend to him. His pretty young wife, whom he had never cared for, went away, pained by his neglect, and was not heard of afterwards. Montgomery became a soldier of fortune, had many hair-breadth escapes, and finally came to America. Here he was sheltered by the daughter of an Indian chief, who had white blood in her veins. The wild, free life of the camp allured him, and the consequence was his alliance with Mahatawa, who left him the baby White Moccasin after two years of happiness.

But though he had now settled down as a gentleman of leisure, he could not quite forget that once in England he had made a great mistake, and when Sinclair, always a sneak since their days at Eton, came along one day, demanding protection (though he was now a brand-

shelter, had stirred up all the fears of the former night in Sinclair. His teeth began to chatter; the storm had caught him, and he was wet to the skin. He had not dared to go to Montgomery's for food, for nearly a week, for fear that he would be caught without a chance of self-protection. He had seen nothing of White Moccasin, and he ground his teeth and clutched his hands with rage as the suspicion occurred to him that perhaps Montgomery had bidden him defiance at last, and betrayed him to his pursuers. He made another vow then, that if this were really the case, he would make Montgomery pay dearly.

Grierson, peering ahead, saw Sinclair at last, but not a moment sooner than White Moccasin, who gave a peculiar Cree chuckle of satisfaction. In an instant, the girl was blotted out of the policeman's mind—his quarry lay before him! She made some trivial remark, which he repeated after her mechanically; his mind obviously on the goal ahead. At that minute a sharp curve of her paddle brought them within a few feet of where Sinclair lay,—and the neighing of Grierson's loose horse was heard on the bank. A flash of lightning lit up the lake, and the red uniform of Grierson. Sinclair's revolver snapped in that instant, just as Grierson, leaping from the canoe, fell upon him, deflecting the bullet, which had been aimed at the heart, so that it passed through the shoulder.

It was the work of a moment to pin-



A common load on ice roads, 24,000 feet.

ed criminal) as the price of his silence. He threatened that if it was refused he would expose this past escapade of Montgomery's and Montgomery's Indian marriage, which was now void, since Sinclair had papers proving that the English wife, Lady Anne, was still living. And Montgomery had been helpless before him, and had provided him with the wherewithal to escape the police.

White Moccasin, who had grown up with something of the Indian's natural antipathy to those of another race had shared her father's deadly hatred and fear of Sinclair, and the more so when she understood him better. Montgomery had taken up some of his spare time teaching White Moccasin the English language and letters, and she had been a very bright scholar. She had the secretiveness of her Indian mother, and therefore Montgomery had no inkling of her resolve to betray Sinclair as soon as she could. She had dogged his footsteps while carrying messages from Montgomery, and so she was able to lead Grierson to him in a way that he would have some difficulty in accomplishing unaided.

Montgomery had a premonition of impending evil, when he looked out and saw that Grierson had disappeared, and suddenly drawing his revolver from under a pile of papers he set out in the direction of the lake, intent upon keeping his promise to warn Sinclair when danger threatened.

An unusually dense shadow at the side of the bank near his temporary

ion and handcuff the unconscious man and Grierson strapped him across the saddle with the light gleaming in his eye, that comes to every member of the Force, when he has accomplished the task set him. As he rode slowly away, his hand upon the human burden, the horse's hoofs resounding in the night air, Montgomery, who had witnessed all from a nearby bluff turned away with a sigh of relief, and White Moccasin, a wistful look in her eye softly dipped her paddle in the moving waters. The Shadow had become a Light.

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"Not much, Maria," said John, with tremendous earnestness. "Not if I know it. I don't mind spending three dollars on you if you feel bad, but I ain't agoin' to have you made into any of these here new women, gaddin' about the city to women's clubs, and savin' the country that don't need savin'. You jest mix up some sulphur and molasses and take it, and you will feel better, but don't let me hear no more of this new-woman nonsense."