

Sweet Norine

He leaned over and pressed one of the little, cold hands, not daring to reply for the crackling of the hardened snow, and dry twigs sounded nearer and nearer, and he knew but too well the keenness of the well-trained Pawnee ear.

Although the moon was shining bright and clear, a deep gray darkness pervaded the forest, save where here and there a stray gleam of moonlight filtered through the bare, leafless branches.

So accustomed had Joe and Norine become to the thick gloom that their eyes could easily detect the three dark, moving forms that soon appeared in the narrow road.

When he did so, it seemed to put new life in him.

"You must wrap this dark blanket around you, Norine," he said; "it was your bright coat and hood that came near costing us so dear."

"Can we not move on, Joe?" she pleaded. "My limbs are so cramped that it is hard work to sit here any longer."

"It would not be wise to do so, Norine," he replied, "for the reason that has a dozen scouting parties of Redskins, attracted by the sound of the firing, may be hurrying toward this spot at this identical moment. If upward of an hour passes and none approach, it will be well enough to leave this hiding place."

Joe understood a little of the Pawnee language—bits he had gathered here and there—and as they approached, he heard enough to assure him that his surmise was correct—they had divided their number into several squads to search the forest for them.

He heard them say, too, that they would patrol the forest for a week, if the sportsmen will.

Need he, until they found their footprints and came across them, or discovered how they had eluded them.

He thanked God that Norine did not understand their language. If she had, he would have given up the idea of escape.

The three Pawnees halted directly beneath the huge tree that sheltered them, explaining, the one to the other, that the road forked out into five or six paths at that identical spot, and here the fugitives must have abandoned their steed.

"It is too dark to examine the footprints now," exclaimed one of the Indians. "I propose that we throw ourselves down here and rest until the light dawns."

Even exhausted as she was from her strained position, Norine said to herself that whatever Joe concluded to do must certainly be wisest and best.

Thus it proved to be, for almost as soon as they had appraised their thirst and hunger from the provisions and water of the savages, they heard the Pawnee warwhoop in the distance.

The sun had shown itself but for a brief half hour when it had arisen, and now it had entirely disappeared behind a huge bank of dark, leaden clouds, and it had begun to snow heavily.

Joe was thankful for this for two reasons—first, because the heavily falling snow would more effectually screen them from view, and secondly, because their footprints in the deep snow below would be obliterated very quickly.

"Heaven is merciful to us, and God is with us," he murmured.

As the sound of the approaching Indians fell upon Norine's ear, a great cry of terror broke from her lips.

"I was lost! I was lost! I was lost!" she cried, wildly; "we are lost! lost! lost!"

It was all that he could do to assure her that their chances of escaping discovery were far better than on the former occasion.

"Be brave, and control yourself," he urged, "and all will yet be well. Keep up, Norine—let that be my prayer to you—when they come within earshot. Remember, their hearing is keen—insensitively keen. You must not betray our presence by the slightest sound."

"I will do my best to—be brave," answered the girl, catching her breath with a suppressed sob.

His eloquent look thanked her more earnestly than any words could have done.

Joe realized how exhausted she must be from the enforced position, and to how great a tension her nerves must be stretched, and he pitied her from the depths of his great, loyal heart. If he could have given every drop of that heart's blood to save her from the agony she was undergoing, he would gladly have done so.

It was the bitterness of torture to him to look on and see her in distress, with no means of alleviating her sorrow. He had wrapped the dark blanket around her, sheltering her from the cold, and her shivering, but he could do nothing more. He could do no more now than await the oncoming of the savages, hoping from the depths of his soul that there would be no more bloodshed for her innocent young eyes to behold.

Looking through the trees toward the westward, he saw them approaching, running forward, as fleet of foot as the forest buck, and a thousand times more ferocious to the gaze.

"Close your eyes, Norine, and you will not hear," he whispered; "and if you could but close your ears, you would be spared the hearing of their wild shouts."

Norine closed her eyes, and pressed the heavy blanket down close over her ears, as he had suggested—to shut out, as far as was possible, the horrible sounds.

Onward came the Pawnees: when at last they sighted their three fallen comrades lying stiff and stark under the trees, their rage knew no bounds.

Joe knew full well that if they fell into the hands of the savages in that hour, they would show them no pity—no mercy. He could even decipher that much from their wild expressions, as they showed each other the wounds on the dead.

He heard them say: "Catch quick man and girl, and we eat hearts!"

Again Joe thanked Heaven that Norine did not understand their language, or realize their diabolical threats, as they faced each other in avil rage.

Norine did not see or hear, her head was so sufficed up within the great, heavy folds of the blanket.

Then followed a most exciting expression of their feelings, as they held the customary war-dance around their fallen comrades, which signified that they should be speedily avenged.

The wild howls, which deepened into demoniac yells, were horrible to hear, in their blood-curdling shrillness. Then, as suddenly as they had begun, they became quiet, and one of their number seemed to be laying out a course of procedure.

Although Joe did his best to hear and understand, this time their language got the better of him; not one word could he comprehend.

The snow had been falling so heavily that the footprints had been speedily obliterated, and then, too, it was beginning to drift—a very fortunate occurrence for them. Joe told himself, thankfully.

Although they examined the ground about the fallen braves as carefully as they could, it did not seem to occur to them to look up into the tree. By the way they pointed through the trees, Joe surmised that they were discussing the probability of their having fled in that direction.

This conviction was deepened when four of their number turned and disappeared through the underbrush toward the point designated.

With bated breath, Joe watched and waited in painful anxiety to see what they intended to do next. How long would the two sentries which they had left behind them remain under the tree? Fire upon them he dare not, for at this time the forest was probably alive with scouting parties.

There was another thing that troubled Joe intensely, and that was that neither Norine nor himself would be able to hold out much longer; exhausted nature would slowly but surely assert itself, and the result would be that they would become too benumbed to maintain their hold upon the branches much longer or their seats upon the limb of the tree, which the oncoming wind storm was beginning to sway forward and backward.

If the wind freshened into a gale within the next half hour, all would be over with them; they would fall headlong down—say, down to the feet of the sentries standing motionless beside their

dead at the foot of the tree. Already Joe felt a lassitude creeping over him which he seemed unable to shake off.

CHAPTER XXXII.

But at the moment, when everything seemed darkest, a bright gleam of joy brightened their hearts, for the savages suddenly determined to quit their vigil.

Before doing this, however, they took great care to carefully cover their fallen braves with great heaps of snow.

Joe's cheeks blanched as he watched them. He knew full well why they had taken that precaution; they realized that the wolves that infested that heavily wooded forest would soon put in an appearance, and their own safety demanded that they should leave with a little delay, as possible. The way in which they packed the snow about the bodies told Joe that, and the great pains they took to scrape away every vestige of the discolored snow and heap clean snow about it. This completed, with a strange, uncanny chant, that sounded horribly weird, they retreated slowly in the way in which they had come.

Norine watched her companion mutely, and he knew the question she would ask, and answered it.

"Yes, you will leave our perilous hiding place, but the danger we may meet will require all our fortitude. Whether we go or stay, the danger is the same. Are you equal to it, little Norine? It is only for you I fear—only for you."

"What do you mean, Joe?" she asked, with attempted bravery.

Without another word of comment he helped her down from the tree in which she had found refuge for so many long hours.

For a moment her limbs seemed so numb that it was with the utmost difficulty that she could take a single step.

Joe noted it, and it writhing his honest heart with the keenest pain; and, weak as he was, he could have carried her in his arms, if she would have permitted him to do so.

Every step they took was fraught with the gravest danger, but Joe did his best to let Norine's mind dwell upon this. He saved her from every pang of distress possible.

"If we can but reach the main road, all will be well," he whispered to her over and over again. "Four stages cross the mountain daily, you know, and we would not have so long to wait to catch one of them."

Joe dared not follow the main path; the danger of meeting some stray band of Pawnees was too great, so they threaded their way through the thick underbrush, with much difficulty, making very little progress. If he had been alone, he would have pushed onward with much more speed; having Norine to care for, he was obliged to continue the journey.

The Redskins and the beasts of prey were not the only foes he feared; the mountain forest, with the horned, the deadly moccasin snake, and many other venomous species, as well.

That they did not attack prey in the winter months—being at that time in a comatose state—had been disproved by full many a traveler who had nearly lost his life, and nearly lost his life along that mountain road by coming suddenly in contact with a nest of them hidden beneath some shelving rock.

For an hour or more they made their way onward, Joe cheering her as he continued her efforts to proceed as best he could. At length, tired nature asserted itself.

"I cannot go any farther, Joe," she faltered; "I am so tired—so tired."

He could see that she spoke the truth. She was too exhausted to proceed another step; there was nothing for it but to let her rest.

Parting the branches of a great, heavy bush, he bade her seat herself, murmuring: "You shall rest here, my poor little girl, and I will watch over you."

Seating her, he proceeded to wrap the blanket about her with as much care as a loving mother might have done.

"Close your eyes and try to sleep a little, Norine," he said; "there is nothing like sleep to freshen one up."

"I know it, Joe," she answered; "but it seems as though I would never be able to close my eyes again. Tired as I am, they will not shut."

"You must shut them resolutely, like this, and keep them closed," he said, thrusting himself down on the ground at a little distance from her, and closing his eyes, by way of example.

(To be continued.)

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The New Millinery	The New Silks
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Extra Special Notice

Watch for our big announcement in to-morrow night's edition. It will reveal wonderful value-giving in the newest of spring merchandise on Saturday, our third opening day.

R. McKAY & CO.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"So do we hide our greatest griefs from view. For fear of scoffers—or of friends untrue, And our most tender feelings do not show. But keep them like the sea does—buried low— From mortal eyes; beneath the created wave. There is fully many a watery grave."

It was a moment in which the horror of a lifetime seemed crowded.

So intense was the excitement of the Pawnee that all he could do was to yell wildly and point upward, gesticulating madly.

There was no time for Joe to consider what was best to be done; instinct taught him, and quickly as a flash the revolver he carried in his belt was brought suddenly into play. There were three rapid, consecutive reports, and when the smoke cleared away all three of the Redskins were lying face upward under the huge tree, their life-blood crimsoning the white snowdrifts where they fell; with each leaden messenger of destruction had done its work instantly.

A cry broke from Norine's white lips.

"It was either their lives or ours, Norine," he said. "If they had captured us, they would not have given us so merciful an ending."

As he spoke, he began to descend the tree rapidly.

Norine proceeded to follow his example, but he called back to her to remain where she was for at least a few moments.

"The great danger is by no means over yet," he declared. "We may have foes still to face ere we gain freedom."

Ere the words had died on his lips, he leaped lightly to the ground, and, bounding over the now motionless Pawnees, he proceeded to take from their pouch of rations, canteens of water, and two dark blankets, and all their bows and arrows. Norine watched him breathlessly from above.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he had regained her side, and was holding one of the canteens to her lips, begging her to drink, long and copiously, all forgetful that he himself had tasted neither food nor drink for almost forty-eight hours.

It was not until Norine had eaten would he take food or drink himself, and

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DR. LAFFERTY BLAMES IT FOR KILLING THE CHILDREN.

Ninety-five Per Cent. of Deaths Due to—Canadian Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis Meeting in Ottawa.

Ottawa, March 18.—The eighth annual meeting of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis opened this afternoon in the railway committee rooms of the House of Commons with a good attendance of members from all parts of Canada. Dr. J. B. Corbin, Toronto, N. S., president, and those present included Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, J. H. Elliott and C. H. Lewis, of Toronto; Judge Barron, Stratford; Dr. J. D. Lafferty, Calgary; Philip Roy, Edmonton; and J. Robertson, of Prince Edward Island.

The annual report, presented this afternoon, showed valuable work being done by the association in establishing sanitariums, giving public lectures, distributing literature, etc. The report of the Executive Committee urged that there should be a more adequate medical inspection of school children, and that the various Provincial Governments should provide for compulsory inspection in all the larger towns and cities. Attention was drawn to the importance of guarding against the use of milk from tubercular cattle, and to the fact that better provision should be made for the treatment of tubercular cases in all public hospitals.

Dr. Lafferty, in speaking of work among the children, said that 95 per cent. of the deaths were due to tuberculosis of some kind or other, and that fact showed the need of more effective efforts to cope with the disease.

The Treasurer's report showed total receipts of \$5,213, most of which had been spent in distributing literature, and in educating public opinion as to the methods of combating tuberculosis.

This evening in the Normal School Dr. Laberge of Montreal addressed a public meeting on "Certain essential prophylactic measures against tuberculosis," and Dr. P. H. Bryce spoke on "The Tuberculous Immigrant."

To-morrow reports of the various sub-committees will be considered and officers elected for the ensuing year.

Olean, March 19.—Chloa Hancock, the 18-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hancock of No. 1213 Washington street, was shot twice by her cousin, Percy Hill, of Galeston, Pa., this afternoon. Jealousy is ascribed as the cause of the deed. Hill has made his home for the past six years with the family which recently came here from Salamanca. His attentions to the young lady are said to have been objectionable to her.

Upon entering her home about 5 o'clock this afternoon, she noticed the absence of a valentine recently given her by another young man, and asked her brother, who sat in an adjoining room, where it was. He told her to ask Hill, who made a reply which she did not understand. When accused by the girl of throwing away the missive, he arose and advancing toward her, fired two shots from a small revolver. The first shot inflicted a flesh wound in the left hand, and the second penetrated her chest. Her brother Bert grappled with Hill as the second shot was fired and was burned by the discharge of the weapon.

Patrolman French, who was passing by, was attracted by the girl's cries and entered the house. He seized Hill and handcuffed him, and then found that Bert had disarmed the would-be assassin. Hill is being detained at police headquarters, awaiting the result of his cousin's injuries.

Miss Hancock ran from the house to the home of a neighbor, Mrs. William Kent, where she fell unconscious. Dr. Smith was called and restored the girl to consciousness, but failed to locate the bullet imbedded in her chest. She was unable to be removed from the home of Mrs. Kent, where she lies in a critical condition.

TRIED TO KILL.

SHOTS FIRED BY JEALOUS COUSIN MAY PROVE FATAL.

Young Girl Who Object to His Attention Lies Critically Wounded—Quarrel Over Valentine Led to Assault.

PREFERS CHINESE.

Mrs. Howard Gould's Sister Refuses to Desert Husband.

San Francisco, Cal., March 19.—Mrs. Howard Gould, of New York, has offered to share her portion of her husband's wealth with her sister, Mrs. Wong Sun Yue, of San Francisco, to give her protection and a home. From the bedside of her ill and penniless husband Wong Sun Yue, she has sent an answering message:

"No."

These two women have held no communication for eight years. The silence has been broken by an acquaintance of Mrs. Wong Sun Yue, who wrote recently to Mrs. Howard Gould urging her to save her sister from want.

Mrs. Gould replied that she would gladly extend aid to her sister; that upon condition she came alone she would send a check for her immediate use for clothing and other personal necessities, also tickets for transportation to New York; that upon arrival she could go to her mother, Mrs. John Dayan, now in the East, and with her take passage for Europe, to spend the remainder of their lives in travel abroad under assumed names that should shield them from unpleasant comment.

Mrs. Yue said she was grateful for her sister's generous offer, but she loved her husband and would rather starve with him than desert him.

LET NO OLD GIRLS APPLY.

Would Not Engage Teachers Over Thirty in Toronto.

Toronto, March 18.—The limiting of engagements on the staff of the Toronto public schools to young women under thirty years of age is one motion which will engage the attention of the Board of Education to-night. Dr. Hawke sent in notice of it in writing on Saturday last, thus complying with the requirements of the by-law.

Dr. Hawke gave as his reason for this motion that he thought it better for the city to have, say, a hundred teachers twenty-eight years of age than a hundred forty years old.

"A girl is at the best of her powers before she reaches thirty, isn't she?" he said, "and if she isn't good enough before that time she will never be. When she has had four or five years' experience in the country she ought to be ready to enter on the work on our staff, and if she wants to, let her apply before she reaches the age of thirty."

Another reason the doctor advanced was that the superannuation scheme would benefit by such a rule, for a girl of twenty entering the city's employ as teacher would pay in about twice as much to the fund as a woman of forty before her retirement, "unless," he added, "you are going to place the fund on a basis like that of an insurance company, with rates graduated according to age by an actuary's table."

Inspector Hughes would make the limit thirty-five, as he says some of those taken on when over thirty are among the best teachers on the staff. Trustee Hawke would not make the rule a hard-and-fast one allowing of no departure in cases of exceptional ability or peculiar circumstances, as of a capable teacher who has married and become a widow being re-engaged by the board.

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DIAMOND-CUTTING AT THE CAPE.

Amsterdam Firms May Establish Industries in South Africa.

London, March 18.—In connection with the diamond crisis it is reported that a number of Dutch firms are projecting the formation of a company to establish the diamond cutting industry in Cape Colony. They will send a number of expert cutters from Amsterdam, and hope to enlist the assistance of the Cape Government in the direction of letting an expert duty on stone exports.

A Kimberly dispatch announces that the diamond-cutting mine has reduced its diamond output by one-half.

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

FROM PORTLAND.

Cornwallian Mar. 21	Kennington Apr. 11
Weymouth Mar. 28	Canada Apr. 15
Weymouth Apr. 4	Southwest Apr. 25
Weymouth Apr. 11	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth Apr. 18	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth Apr. 25	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth May 2	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth May 9	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth May 16	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth May 23	Weymouth Apr. 25

For all information apply to local agent or 17 St. Sacramento street, Montreal.

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Apr. 10	Lake Manitoa	Mar. 25
Apr. 17	Empress of Britain	Apr. 2
Apr. 24	Lake Champlain	Apr. 7
May 1	Empress of Ireland	Apr. 17
May 8	Lake Ontario	Apr. 24

For particulars, apply to agent or to J. Shaw, W. P. A., 71 Yonge Street, Toronto. Phone, Main 6580.

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FROM PORTLAND.

Cornwallian Mar. 21	Kennington Apr. 11
Weymouth Mar. 28	Canada Apr. 15
Weymouth Apr. 4	Southwest Apr. 25
Weymouth Apr. 11	Weymouth Apr. 25
Weymouth Apr. 18	Weymouth Apr. 25
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