

"BELA"

He went willingly enough. He did not know it, but he was well on the way of being tamed.

"Go!" said Bela to Musq'oosis. "I got talk to you," he said.

"Talk! Talk!" cried Bela, irritably. "You bus my head open wit' your talk. I had enough talk. Go to bed."

"No, to-night I goin' stay," said Musq'oosis, calmly. "I see your father's friend, I see your friend. I see you to the bad. I got say somethin', I guess."

Bela laughed harshly. "Bad! Ol' man talk! What is bad? Everything is bad!"

"Mahooley is bad to women," said Musq'oosis. "I know that. He can't hurt me. Because I hate him. I goin' mak a foot of him. You see."

"Mahooley never marry you," said the old man. "Marry me if I want," said Bela, defiantly. "I got him goin' already. But I not want marry him. Not marry no man, me! When you marry a man, you his slave. Always I goin' live in my house and have men come see me. Men are fools. I do want I like wit' em."

"That is bad talk," said Musq'oosis. "All right!" cried Bela, passionately. "I goin' be bad woman now. I lak that. I am good woman before. What do I get? I get throw down. I get cursed. Now I goin' be bad! I get a fire inside me burn me up lak dry grass. I got do somethin', I goin' be much bad. Everybody talk about me. Men fight for me! I am handsome. What's the use bein' good? I not goin' cry again. I goin' laugh and have some fun now!"

Musq'oosis let it all come out before he spoke. When his opportunity came, he said, calmly: "You are a big fool. You don't know what's the matter wit' you."

She fell into his trap. "What is the matter wit' me?" she demanded, sullenly. "Sam!" he said, scornfully. "I tell you before. You what they call in love wit' Sam. It is the white woman's sickness."

Bela gazed at him a moment in white silence. Her tongue was unable to convey its load of anger. She flung her arms up helplessly. "Love him!" she stammered. "I hate him! I hate him! I am burning with my hate! I—I can't say it! I lak see Joe strike him down. I lak see the men mak' mock of him. I would laugh. That mak' me feel little better."

Musq'oosis shrugged. "Maybe you love him," she went on, passionately. "I want be friends. I want help him because he poor. Always I am think how can I help him, not mak him mad. I buy horses for him. I come here so I feed him good and make him strong. What he do for me? He shame me twice. He throw me away lak dirt. Now, all my god foding is turn bad inside. I hate him!"

Tears poured down her cheeks, and she sobbed her utterance. Fearful that he might misunderstand these evidences, she cried: "I not cry for sorry. I cry for hate!"

Again Musq'oosis waited patiently until she was in a state to hear him. "Sam gone to Spirit River," he said, calmly. "I don't care!" cried Bela. "He can't go too far from me!"

"Maybe he sorry now," suggested the old man. "Not sorry him!" cried Bela. "He not care for nobody. Got hard heart!"

him I goin' wit' Mahooley. He rich. Give me ev'ryting I want."

"I not tell Sam that kind of stuff," returned Musq'oosis, scornfully. "It is truth," she insisted, sullenly. "I goin', all right."

"If Sam come back sorry you feel bad you goin' wit' Mahooley."

"No, I glad!" she cried, passionately. "I hope he want me when it is too late. I want turn him down. That mak me feel good."

Musq'oosis debated with himself. It was a difficult case to deal with. "Tak the team," said Bela. "Tell Sam all I say. If you goin' wit' Mahooley, anyway? You wait a while. Maybe I bring him back. May say him sorry."

Bela hesitated. Angry speech failed her, and her eyes became dreamy. In spite of herself, she was ravished by the picture of Sam at her feet, begging for forgiveness.

"Well, maybe I wait," she said. Musq'oosis followed up his advantage. "No," he said firmly. "Not lak travel in wagon, me. Mak' my bones much sore. I am old. I not go wit' you promise wait."

"Not wait all tam," declared Bela. "Six days," suggested Musq'oosis. She hesitated, fighting her pride. "If you go wit' Mahooley, Sam get a white wife," she said.

"Maybe him send letter to chiddee woman to come back."

"All right," said Bela with an air of indifference. "I promise wait six days. I don't want go wit' Mahooley before that, anyhow."

They shook hands on it. CHAPTER XXIV. The sun looked over the hills and laid a commanding finger on Sam's eyelids. He awoke and arose from under the little windbreak he had made of poplar branches.

Before him rolled a noble green river with a spruce-clad island in the middle, stemming the current with sharp prow like a battleship. An the other side rose the hills, high and wooded. More hills filled the picture behind him on this side, sweeping up in fantastic grass-covered knolls and terraces.

The whole valley up and down, bathed in the light of early morning, presented as fair a scene as mortal eyes might hope to behold.

Sam regarded it dully. He looked around him at the natural meadow sloping gently up from the river bank to the grassy hills behind, a rich

only the principal bit. He left that to be told by the next traveler. In the meantime he hoped to bury himself further in the wilderness. As soon as he told his name Sam saw by their eyes that they were acquainted with his earlier adventures. Everything is known up north.

In answer to Sam's questions, they informed him there was first-rate bottom-land fifteen miles up the river on the other side. It was the famous Spirit River land, eighteen inches of black loam on a sandy subsoil.

A white man, Ed Chaney, had already squatted on a piece of it, a few souls. There were some Indians nearer in.

Naturally they were keen to know what Sam had come for. The last time they had heard of him he was a freighter. His reticence stimulated their curiosity.

"Come to look over the land before you bring your outfit in, suppose?" suggested the trader. "No, I'm going to stop," said Sam. "How are you going to farm with an axe and a gun?"

"I'll build me a shack, and hunt and fish till I have a bit of luck," said Sam. The two exchanged a look which said that either this young man concealing something or he hadn't good sense.

"Lack doesn't come to a man up here," said the trader. "Nothing ever happens of itself. You've got to turn in and make it."

Declining invitations to stop a night or a few days, or all summer, Sam got the trader to put him across the river in a canoe. There was also a scow to transport heavier loads. Landing he turned up-stream. Their description of the utter lonesomeness of that neighborhood had appealed to him.

The sun was growing low when he spied a little A tent in the meadow, rising from the river. The faint trail he was following ended at the gate of a corral beside it. There was a cultivated field beyond. These objects made an oddly artificial note in a world of untouched nature.

At the door of the tent stood a white man, gazing. A shout reached Sam's ears. He was lucky in his man. Though he and Ed Chaney had had but the briefest of meetings when the latter passed through the settlement, Ed hailed him like a brother. He was a simple soul, overflowing with kindness.

"Hello! Hello!" he cried. "Blest if I didn't think you was a ghost! Ain't seen one of own color since I come. Get a fellow's tongue gets rusty for the lack of wagging. Come on in. Ain't got much to show, but what there is yours. I'll have supper for you in two shakes. It certainly was white of you to come on to me for the night."

Ed seemed to see nothing strange in Sam's situation, nor was he in the least curious concerning the gossip of the country. This comforted Sam strangely. Ed was a little, trim, round-headed man, with a cropped thatch of white, and dancing brown eyes. Sixty years had in nowise impaired his vigor. He was an incorrigible optimist and a dreamer.

His long-peet tongue ran like a mechanical toy when the spring is released. He had a thousand schemes for the future, into all of which, as a matter of course, he immediately incorporated Sam. Sam had come to be his partner. That was settled without discussion. Sam, weary in body and mind, was content to let somebody run him.

"West of me, on the other side of the gully yonder, there's another handsome piece of land. Slope down from the hills to the river bank just as smooth as a lady's bosom! Not a stick on it, either; all ready to turn over and till. Now, you take that and put up a nice little shack on it, and we'll work the two pieces together with my tools."

"In the meantime, till you get a little ahead, you work for me for wages, see? I've got my crop in, all right—potatoes and barley; now I've got to build me a house. I need help with it. I'll pay you in grub."

"That certainly is decent of you," murmured Sam. "Cut it out!" cried Ed. "A man has got to have a partner. Say, in a month already I'm near gibbering with the lonesomeness. It was a lucky stroke for both of us that brought you to my door."

They talked until late—that is to say, Ed talked, Sam warmed gratefully to his friendliness—it was genuine friendliness, that demanded nothing

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ing in return; but in the end the uninterrupted stream of talk confused his dulled faculties.

He could neither take it in properly nor answer it intelligently. When Ed suggested turning in, therefore, he declined to share the tent.

"I like to lie by myself," he said. "That's all right!" cried Ed. "Many is like that. Maybe you wouldn't get much sleep with me anyhow. I ain't half talked out yet."

"I'll lie in my own field," said Sam with a wry smile. So he had made the little chelter of leaves, facing the river, and built a fire in front. But to-night he could not win forgetfulness.

In three days he had walked close on a hundred miles, and the last long day had overtaxed his strength. He was in that most wretched of states, too fatigued to sleep. His body ached all over, and his mind was filled with black hopelessness.

As long as he had been on the road he had been buoyed up by movement, by the passing scene. To youth a journey always suggests escape from one-self. Now that he had arrived he found that he had brought his burden along with him.

There was no more fight left in him. He was conscious only of an immense desire for something he would not acknowledge to himself.

When at last he did fall asleep it was only to dream of Bela. By the irony of fate he saw Bela as she might have been: peaceful, honest and tender; anything but the sullen, designing liar his anger had built up in the daytime. In dreams she smiled on him, and soothed his weariness with an angel's touch.

He awoke with all his defences undermined and fallen. He could have wept with vexation at the scurvy trick wept with vexation at the scurvy tricks sleep played him. Then he would drop off and dream of her again; combing her hair in the firelight; leading him by the hand through forests; padding him down rivers; but always transfigured with tenderness.

That was why he found no zest in the morning sunshine. Ed Chaney, casting a glance at him, said: "You've overdone it. Better lay off for a couple of days."

"I'm able to work," replied Sam. "All right!" agreed Ed, cheerfully. "You can hoe the garden. I'll go to the pliny ridge and chop."

All day Sam kept himself doggedly at work, though as soon as Ed disappeared he had to fight the impulse to drop everything and fly farther. It did not matter where he went, so he kept moving. It seemed to him that only in movement was any escape to be had from the weight pressing on his brain. He wanted to be alone. In his disorganized state of nerves even Ed's friendliness was a kind of torture.

Nevertheless, when night came, another reaction set in, and he elected to sleep with Ed because he could not face such another night alone. They lay down side by side in their blankets. Ed babbled on as inconsequently as a child. He required no answers.

"We'll build a two room house so's you can be by yourself when you want. Two men living together get on each other's nerves sometimes, though both are good fellows, and friends, too. Begin to grouse and snarl like man and wife. Why, up here they tell of a man who up and murdered his partner for no reason but he was tired looking at him."

"Afterward we will build you a house of your own, so you can hold your land proper. Expect there'll be quite a rush next spring. This year most of them is stopping by Caribou Lake. But I want a river. I love a flowing river at my door; it seems to bring you new thoughts. This river is navigable for six hundred miles up and down. Some day we'll see the steamboats putting in front here. I'll put out a wharf for them to land at."

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "The horses—wolves?" "No, everything is all right," said Sam. (To be continued.)

BACKED BY ENGLISHMAN

The death of Admiral Dewey some months ago directed attention to his career, and especially to his service in the Philippines, where he sank the Spanish fleet during the Spanish-American war. In that very interesting volume of a soldier's reminiscences written by Major Gen. Sir George Youngusband an account of a historic incident is given as it came from participants and eye-witnesses. Sir George relates how, after the fleet had gone in, "everyone now began to send squadrons to Manila Bay, to demonstrate against each other; to brag and bluster, and pretend they had vital interests of some sort. England only was unrepresented, except by a little second-class cruiser, the Bonaventure, under Sir Edward Chichester. Yet, as Admiral Dewey said, 'that little cruiser saved an European war in this bay.'"

Admiral Dewey very courteously invited us on board his flagship and sat his pinnacle to fetch us. A most pleasant, courteous host, of great modesty and bearing. Wearing a moustache, to British eyes he looked more like a general than an admiral, such is the effect of hirsute environment. The admiral's cabin was in war trim—that is to say, dismantled and all wood-work removed, and was mostly occupied by a large gun. He told us how he had fought the battle of Cavite, and from where we stood on the decks of the Olympia the Spanish ships were visible quite close, mostly sunk in shallow water. On the side of the Olympia was painted a white

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circle, showing where the only shot had hit her. It was probably a light shell from a field battery on shore, for it had hardly made a dent. We were congratulating Admiral Dewey on his victory, and in chaff condoled him for not belonging to a monarchy, because then he might have received a peerage, as did Admiral Beauchamp. With great simplicity the admiral waved the peerage aside.

"Oh! but the people at home are very kind and good to me. Look at all these little presents."

"The little presents consisted of nothing more than could be bought with a few shillings or a few pence. But the kind-hearted old sailor appreciated them just as much as if they had been made of gold and silver, and set with precious stones. Later he was to receive more substantial proofs of the gratitude of his fellow-citizens."

"The first international incident occurred when the German fleet came sailing in with neither a 'with-leave' nor 'by-your-leave.' This did not seem to Admiral Dewey a very correct procedure in a blockaded port; but, as he said, he was not very well in the etiquette of the ocean, so he signalled across to his friend, Sir Edward Chichester, for advice. Sir Edward, a stout old sailor of the best old stock, immediately replied that undoubtedly the German fleet had no right to be there, except by courtesy of the blockading fleet. The Germans had no sea manners, he added.

"What ought I to do?" asked Admiral Dewey. "Fire across his bows," replied Sir Edward Chichester, with great bluntness.

"In the course of two minutes whizz-z-z, bang, went a shot across the German's bows, and in an incredibly short space of time her fleet anchored hastily. Next was seen a steam pinnace, evidently in a great hurry, pushing off from the German admiral's flagship, and scurrying towards the Olympia. In the pinnace were seated some very angry Germans. They were escorted courteously on board the Olympia, simply bursting with wrath, and with their feathers flying anyhow.

"Do you know, sir," exclaimed the infuriated German emissary, "that this action of yours might entail war with the great German Empire?" "I am perfectly aware of the fact," replied Admiral Dewey with great coolness and courtesy. Then hospitably invited his guests to assuage their wrath with a cocktail or a mint julep.

"But the German was not to be pacified with a cocktail, or even with a mint julep, and flounced himself off to report the matter to Wilhelm II.

"And do you know," said Admiral Dewey to us, "I'd never have risked it, if it hadn't been for that little British cruiser representing the British fleet at my back."

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just clear two of your battleships for action, and bear down on the Irene, and tell her that if she isn't out of that in five minutes you'll sink her."

"And I acted like that," Admiral Dewey remarked with great relish. "I cleared the Boston and the Raleigh for action, and bore down on the Irene, and would you believe it, she was in such an all-fired hurry to clear away that she slipped her cable! He is a fine fellow that Captain Chichester of yours."

"There was yet one other occasion on which the spirit of comradeship between the British and the American fleets was shown. Admiral Dewey gave the Spaniards up to 41 o'clock on a certain morning to surrender the town of Manila; and if not surrendered at that hour and on the date settled, her would bombard the town. A lot of busy neutrals, led by the Germans, thereupon began fussing and fuming around, trying to formulate language to express his baseness. This makes curious reading nowadays. Finally these neutrals had a meeting, and headed by the German admiral, went to interview Sir Edward Chichester with a view to ascertaining his views on the subject, and further, to inquire what the British intended to do. Sir Edward listened to them with great patience and heard unmoved the blood-curdling story of the atrocities which the Americans were about to commit. With the help of his steward he even soothed them with his national drinks. But when pressed as to his views and intentions, he blandly replied:

"Those, sirs, are known only to Admiral Dewey and myself. Good morning, gentlemen, good morning."

"The final touch came when the fatal morn had arrived. All foreign fleets were ordered to weigh, and clear to the northward out of the line of fire, before 10 a.m. Each in their turn up-anchored and cleared away; till last of all, and alone, was left H. M. S. Bonaventure. Very slowly, and with great deliberation, the Bonaventure, every glass in every fleet on her, hauled up her anchor. Dead slow, she followed the foreign fleets for a short and calculated distance; then slowly turned, and making a wide deliberate sweep, came back and anchored alongside the American fleet. Could the highest diplomacy do more? The Americans evidently thought not, for as the little Bonaventure passed along, one huge cheer went up from every American ship.

"As the appointed hour arrived, Admiral Dewey began to get anxious; he had no wish and probably no intention of bombarding the town of Manila, but the Spanish flag still flew and there was no sign of surrender. So by way of hastening the Spaniards a little in their deliberations, he opened fire on an old fort which lay some distance outside the town. It was then discovered that the Spaniards had raised the white flag as directed, but as the wind was blowing straight away from the fleet, it had not been earlier distinguished."

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