

# MOLLY McDONALD

## A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



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### CHAPTER I.

#### An Unpleasant Situation.

When, late in May, 1883, Major Donald McDonald, Sixth Infantry, was first assigned to command the new three-company post established south-west of Fort Dodge, designed to protect the newly discovered Cimarron stage route to Santa Fe across the desert, and, purely by courtesy, of the frontier, Fort Devere, he naturally considered it perfectly safe to invite his only daughter to join him there for her summer vacation. Indeed, at that time, there was apparently no valid reason why he should deny himself this pleasure. Except for certain vague rumors regarding uneasiness among the Sioux warriors north of the Platte, the various tribes of the plains were causing no unusual trouble to military authorities, although, of course, there was no time in the history of that country utterly devoid of peril from young raiders, usually by the Santa Fe route. However, the Santa Fe route, by this date, had become a well-traveled trail, protected by scattered posts along its entire route, frequently patrolled by troops, and merely considered dangerous for small parties, south of the Cimarron, where the Comanches in bad humor might be encountered.

Fully assured as to this by officers met at Fort Ripley, McDonald, who had never before served west of the Mississippi, wrote his daughter a long letter, describing in careful detail the route, set an exact date for her departure, and then, satisfied all was well arranged, set forth with his small command to the new frontier overland. He had not seen his daughter for over two years, as during her vacation time (she was attending Sunnyside school, on the Hudson), she made her home with an aunt in Connecticut. This year the aunt was in Europe, not expecting to return until fall, and the father had hopefully counted on having the girl with him once again in Kentucky. Then came his sudden, unexpected transfer west, and the final decision to have her join him there. When she arrived, she found the same high-spirited girl who would thoroughly enjoy the unusual experience of a few months of real frontier life, and the only hardship involved would be the long stage ride from Ripley. This, however, was altogether praiseworthy, and McDonald, enough surely, but without special danger, and he could doubtless arrange to meet her himself at Kansas City, or send one of his officers for that purpose.

This was the situation in May, but by the middle of June conditions had greatly changed throughout all the broad plains country. The spirit of savage war had spread rapidly from the Platte to the long stage route, and the Red River, and then west to the mountains. Squads from the single cavalry company guarded the few caravans venturing still to cross the Cimarron desert, or horse-drawn stages to Fort Dodge. These few soldiers remaining on duty at the home station became slowly aware that this outbreak of savagery was no longer a mere tribal affair. Outrages were reported from the Solomon, the Republican, the Arkansas valleys. A settlement was raided on the Santa Fe route, the stage was attacked near the Caches, and one burned; a wagon train was ambushed in the Raton pass, and only escaped after desperate fighting. All together the situation appeared so tremendously serious and summer promised war in earnest.

McDonald was rather slow to appreciate the situation. His knowledge of Indian tactics was exceedingly

without even an officer whom I can send to meet her, or turn her back. I should go myself if it would mean a court-martial. Travers started into the darkness through the open door, seeking at his pipe.

"By George, you are in a pickle," he acknowledged slowly. "I suppose she had been headed off long ago. Haven't heard you mention the matter since we first got here. Where do you suppose she is now?"

"Near as I can tell she would leave Ripley the 15th."

"Humph! Then starting tonight, a good right kick to the rear of her at Fort Dodge. She would be in no danger traveling alone at that distance. The regular stages are running yet, I suppose."

"Yes; so far as I know."

"Under guard?"

"Only from the Caches to Fort Union; there has been no trouble along the stage route yet. The troops from Dodge are scouting the country north, and we are supposed to keep things clear of hostiles down this way."

"Supposed to—yes; but we can't patrol five hundred miles of desert with a hundred men, most of them dough-bos. The devils can break through any set back if they really know that. At this minute there isn't a mile of safe country between Dodge and Union. If she was my daughter, I'd shoot her."

"You'd do what?" broke in McDonald, jumping to his feet. "I'd give my life to know what to do!"

"Why, I'd send somebody to meet her—try and get back if that was possible. Peyton would look after her there at Ripley until you could arrange."

"It is easy enough to say, Travers, but tell me who is there who can give you a chance to know an enlisted man out yonder who would do—whom you would trust to take care of a young girl alone?"

The captain bent his head on one hand, silent for some minutes.

"They are a tough lot, Major; that's a fact. When you stop to call the roll. Those recruits we got at Leavenworth were mostly rough-neck—seven of them in the guard-house tonight. Our best men are all out; with a wave of his hand to the south. 'It's only the riffraff we've got left at Leavenworth.'"

"You can't go?"

The captain rubbed his lame leg regretfully.

"No; I'd risk it if I could only ride, but I didn't ask a saddle."

"And my duty is here, it would cost me my commission."

There was a long thoughtful silence, both men moodily staring out through the door. Away in the darkness unseen sentinels called the hour. Then Travers dropped one hand on the unseen sentinels.

"Dan," he said swiftly, "how about that fellow who came in with dispatches from Union just before dark? He looked like a real man."

"I didn't see him. I was down river with the wood-cutters all day."

Travers got up and paced the floor.

"I remember now. He was waiting on the door, without waiting an answer. 'Here, Carter,' he called, 'do you know where that cavalryman is who rode in from Fort Union this afternoon?'"

A face appeared in the glow of light, and a gloved hand rose to salute.

"He's asleep in 'Tr's' shack, sir," the orderly replied. "He'd been on the trail two nights and is dead."

"Reckon he had, and some riding at that. Hout him out, will you? Tell him the major wants to see him here at once."

The man wheeled as if on a pivot, and disappeared.

"If Carter could only ride," began McDonald, but Travers interrupted impatiently.

"But I've all know he can't. Worst I ever saw, must have originally been a doctor. He slowly refilled his pipe. 'Now, see here, Dan, it's your daughter that's to be looked after, and therefore I want you to size this man up for yourself. I don't pretend to know anything about him, only he looks like a soldier, and they must think well of him at Union.'"

McDonald nodded, but without enthusiasm; then dropped his head into his hands. In the silence a coyote howled mournfully far away; then a shadow appeared on the log step, the light of the candle flashing on a row of buttons.

"This is the man, sir," said the orderly, and stood aside to permit the other to enter.

### CHAPTER II.

"Brick" Hamlin.

The two doors looked up with some eagerness, McDonald straightened in his chair, and returning the cavalryman's salute instinctively, he was a straight-limbed fellow, slenderly built, and appearing taller than he really was by reason of his erect, soldierly carriage; this of waist, broad of

### English "Society."

There are three classes of society in England—the aristocracy, who are the nobles; the middle class, who are the bourgeoisie; and the lower class, who are the proletariat. The aristocracy is the ruling class, and the middle class is the working class. The lower class is the poor, and the middle class is the middle. The aristocracy is the ruling class, and the middle class is the working class. The lower class is the poor, and the middle class is the middle.

### NEWS FROM FATHERLAND

#### A Brief Resume of the Most Important Happenings in the German Empire.

The New Vienna Tageblatt speaks highly of the first report of Germany during the Balkan campaign.

The German government and the newspapers show much interest in the situation in Mexico. The papers take the stand that so long as no Germans are killed the matter is properly in the hands of the United States.

While the officials and the newspapers readily appreciate the reluctance of the United States to intervene, the impression prevails that it is only a matter of time when they will be compelled to take such action. The German commercial interests in Mexico are heavy and it is said at the foreign office that Mexico will be held strictly accountable for damage to German property.

Now that Dr. Friedman has come to matter-of-fact America much of the semi-mythical mist that surrounded the doctor has disappeared. He declares with indignation that he does not propose to play the get-rich-quick game.

To prove this he has opened a clinic in the hotel in New York for the treatment of rich and poor alike, his anti-tuberculous serum to be administered free to those who cannot afford to pay for it. It is declared that a number of American physicians will be invited to attend the clinic, to assist in diagnosing the cases and to watch them afterward and learn Dr. Friedman's method. He has claimed that within a week the beneficial effects of the serum will be apparent. The doctor says that more than five thousand applications for treatment have been received.

Despite the news which has been dished out in various European capitals that the international situation is clearing up, there is far from an enthusiastic feeling in high German circles over the outlook.

The newspapers have varied their standing headlines of "The International Situation is clearing up" with an occasional "The Situation is tense." This was followed by the discussion of the new German military increase, the "Reichswehr" bill, and the great relief of the German people in the North Sea. France's extension of military service, the appointment of M. Delcasse as ambassador at St. Petersburg, the car's letter to President Poincaré, private dispatches from Bucharest, the concentration of troops, Austrian orders in Germany for field hospital supplies, and the activity of the war material development of the Krupp, is taken together as the best indication that the real situation is near the danger point.

Moving picture films showing the dangers of an impure milk supply have been exhibited with such good effect in Germany that health officials at once became more rigorous in their enforcement of the pure food regulations. Their campaign against negligent dairymen was conducted with such vigor that the milkmen finally presented a petition to the authorities asking for the prohibition of the films. Professor Schlossmann of the Dusseldorf municipal hospital of children, who is responsible for the films, proved that they had led to the trial and conviction of many dairymen for violation of the pure food regulations. The exhibition was not discontinued. His films showed particularly how impure milk is responsible for many of the diseases of children, and were exhibited extensively throughout the Rhine provinces in promoting a propaganda for reducing the rate of infant mortality. The health authorities are enforcing existing rules and regulations much more effectively. The dairymen are producing a better quality of milk, and the children are drinking cleaner and purer milk.

Maximilian Harden, perhaps the brightest journalist in Germany, is now a new game. A few years ago he was at first discredited when he exposed the immoral "canaries" surrounding Kaiser Wilhelm, but he came out of the fray as a victor. Now he is listened to from the very start by the touring German press, and great audiences to support the increases in the military forces, made necessary by Turkey's downfall. Harden forced the attention of Austria-Hungary from the Triple Alliance. Germany, he points out, has not availed to prevent the establishment of the Slavic bar across the Austrian advance southward. Austria, finding she derives no advantage from the Alliance, is likely to forsake it. Even the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, sees that if the House of Hapsburg is to be aggrandized, the Dual Monarchy must become what, in fact, it already largely is, a Slavic Power. So Harden urges Germany to provide against that day, which may come tomorrow, when Germany shall stand alone in central Europe, ringed about by Gaul and Slav. Germany must be prepared to defend herself against all Europe.

A Berlin paper says that the new military budget will call for a full million marks, or about \$250,000,000, which is to be expended in three or four years. A large part of the amount will be used for port along the Russian frontier, and \$45,000,000 will be needed for the defense of the Danube. The budget has not discussed this matter yet.

A London dispatch says that the foremost passenger liner of Germany, the Kaiser Wilhelm, is being fitted out for service against British ports and dock yards at night has made a far deeper impression on the war office than the public tangles.

### CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills  
Pills which cleanse the bowels without irritating the stomach. They cure the liver and stomach, and they do not cost anything. They are the best of all the pills of the kind. They are the best of all the pills of the kind. They are the best of all the pills of the kind.

### FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

Free to all who suffer from constipation. The best of all the pills of the kind. They are the best of all the pills of the kind. They are the best of all the pills of the kind.

### Pure Blood

Is the result of Perfect Nutrition. Good Digestion.



### Assure These Benefits

### LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

FREE TO WOMEN—PISTOL TABLETS

Are recommended as the best local remedy for women's ailments. See article in "The Woman's World" and "The Woman's Journal." The PISTOL COMPANY, BOX 1, WARREN, PA.

### GAVE HIMSELF AWAY



Lady of the House—Is your milk richer than Skimmed? Milkman—Well, it's purer. Lady of the House—How do you know? Milkman (absently)—I have a filter on my pump.

Trying to Please Him. "What is your idea of a radical?" asked the young man who is studying politics.

"My observation," replied Senator Borah. "Is that a radical is usually a man who wants to change things up in the hopes of establishing himself in circumstances sufficiently comfortable to warrant his becoming a conservative."—Washington Star.

### It's Always A Good Thing

To have a Clear Horizon

at both ends of the day.

A dish of

### Post Toasties

for breakfast and again at the evening meal opens and closes the day with a dash of sunshine.

Toasties are bits of hard, white Indian corn, first carefully cooked, then rolled thin and crinkly, and toasted to a delicate, appetizing brown.

Not a hand touches the food in manufacture, and it is ready to serve direct from the package—to be eaten with cream or milk and sugar, if desired.

Post Toasties taste deliciously good and are richly nourishing.

### AWAY WITH CLASS HATRED

Distinction of Condition Should Be Perpetuated if the Ideal Ever Is to Be Attained.

Perhaps there is no feeling more subtle more elusive, and more difficult to eradicate from human nature than the sense of superiority. In a hundred different ways it manifests itself, and no class of society is exempt from it.

descends to the poorer's wife, the clerk's wife patronizes the mechanic's wife, the "charity" looks down on the "stevedore," and so it goes on. In it any matter for wonder, then, that these who do not know the difference between the purple and the blue, who are surrounded by all the culture, all the beauty, all the refinement of the world, still believe that a common humanity binds them to people who dwell in hovels, whose hands are begrimed and heart

ted with barren years of soulless labor, whose backs are bent beneath the terrific burden imposed upon them by their gradation, and who dwell continuously in the company of the ignorant, the stupid, the ignorant, the ignorant. The guilt certainly seems almost impossible, but it must be bridged before any advance can be made in the direction of the abolition of class war and class hatred.—Chicago Tribune.

Most men make good leaders who can't make good at anything else.