MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. "Brick" Hamlin, a sergeant who had just arrived with messages to McDonald, volunteers for the mission and starts alone. Molly arrives at Fort Ripley two days ahead of schedule. She decides to push on to Fort Dodge by stage in company with "Butler Bill" Moylan. Gonzales, a gambler, is also a passenger. Hamlin meets the stage with stories of depredations committed by the Indians. It is decided to return to Ripley. The driver deserts the stage when Indians appear. The Indians are twice repulsed in attack on the stage by Hamlin, Moylan and Gonzales. The latter is killed. Moylan is killed in next attack. Indians retire, and Hamlin and Molly wait for the past noon. They plan to attempt escape in the darkness by way of a gully. Molly is wounded and Hamlin carries her, slipping past the watching Indians in the darkness. They cross a river and just get into hiding when they hear the Indians renew their attack on the stage.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

She sat with hands clasped together, her eyes shadowed by long lashes.

"I should have thought there would have been some soldiers there—his own men."

"There were," dryly, "but the army just now is recruited out of pretty tough material. To be in the ranks is almost a confession of good-for-nothingness. You are an officer's daughter and understand this to be true."

"Yes," she answered doubtfully. "I have been brought up thinking so; only, of course, there are exceptions."

"No doubt, and I hope I am already counted one."

"You know you are. My father trusted you, and so do I."

"I have wondered sometimes," he said musingly, watching her face barely visible in the dawn, "whether those of your class actually considered us as being really human, as anything more valuable than mere food for powder. I came into the regular army at the close of the war from the volunteer service. I was accustomed to discipline and all that, and knew my place. But I never suspected then that a private soldier was considered a dog. Yet that was the first lesson I was compelled to learn. It has been pretty hard sometimes to hold in, for there was a time when I had some social standing and could resent an insult."

She was looking straight at him, surprised at the bitterness in his voice.

"They carry it altogether too far," she said. "I have often thought that—mostly the young officers, the West Pointers—and yet you know that the majority of enlisted men are—well, dragged from the slums. My father says it has been impossible to recruit a good class since the war closed, that the right kind had all the army they wanted."

"Which is true enough, but there are good men nevertheless, and every commander knows it. A little considerate treatment would make them better still."

She shook her head questioningly.

"I do not know," she admitted. "I suppose there are two viewpoints. You were in the volunteers, you said. Why did you enlist in the regulars?"

"Largely because I liked soldiering, or thought I did. I knew there would be plenty of fighting out here, and, I believed, advancement."

"You mean to a commission?"

"Yes. You see, I did not understand then the impossibility, the great gulf fixed. I dreamed that good fortune might give me something to do worth while."

"And fate has been unkind?"

"In a way, yes," and he laughed rather grimly, "I had my chance—twice; honorable mention, and all that, but that ended. There is no bridge across the chasm. An enlisted man is not held fit for any higher position; if that was not sufficient to bar me, the fact that I had fought for the South would."

"You were in the Confederate army? You mean you were very young."

"Oh, no; little more than a boy, of course, but so were the majority of my comrades. I was in my senior college year when the war broke out. But, Miss McDonald, this will never do! Our hair night it is growing. Morgan, Gonzales, Moylan lying already. We must get back out of sight behind the mountains."

CHAPTER X.

The Signing of Acquaintance.

They needed to retire but a few steps to be entirely concealed, yet we crawled on up among and a view across the sandy stretch. The sun had not risen above the horizon, but the gray dawn gave misty revealment of the sluggish-flowing river, the brown slope opposite, and the darker shadow of bluffs beyond. The popping of those distant guns had ceased by the time they attained their new position, and they could distinguish the Indians—mere black dots against the brown slope—advancing in a semicircle toward the silent stage. Evidently they were puzzled, fearful of some trickery, for occasionally a gun would crack viciously, the brown smoke plainly visible, the advancing savages halting to observe the effect. Then a bright colored blanket was waved aloft as though in signal, and the entire body, converging toward the deserted coach, leaped forward with a wild yell, which echoed faintly across the water.

The girl hid her face in the sand, with a half-stifled sob, but the Sergeant watched grimly, his eyes barely above the ridge. What would they do when they discovered the dead bodies? —when they realised that others had eluded their vigilance during the night? Would they be able to trace them, or would his ruse succeed? Of course their savage cunning would track them as far as the river—there was no way in which he could have successfully concealed the trail made down the gully, or the marks left on the sandy bank. But would they imagine he had dared to cross the broad stream, burdened with the girl, confronting almost certain death in the quicksand? Would they not believe rather that he had waded along the water's edge headed west, hoping thus to escape to the bluffs, where some hiding-place might be found? Even if they suspected a crossing, would any warriors among them be reckless enough to follow? Would they not be more apt to believe that both fugitives had been sucked down into the treacherous stream? Almost breathless Hamlin watched, these thoughts coursing through his mind, realizing the deadly trap in which they were caught, if the Indians suspected the truth and essayed the passage. Behind them was sand, ridge after ridge, as far as the eye could discern, and every step they took in flight would leave its plain trail. And now the test was at hand.

He saw them crowd about the coach, leaping and yelling with fury; watched them jerk open the door, and drag forth the two dead bodies, dancing about them, like so many demons, brandishing their guns. A moment they were bunched thus, their wild yelling shrill with triumph; then some among them broke away, bending low as they circled in against the bluff. They knew already that there had been others in the stage, others who had escaped. They were seeking the trail. Suddenly one straightened up gesticulating, and the others rushed toward him—they had found the "sign!" They were silent now, those

He Saw the Crowd About the Coach Leaping and Yelling With Fury.

remain trailers, two of them on hands and knees. Only back where the bodies lay some remained yelling and dancing furiously. Then they also, in response to a shout and the wave of a blanket, arose scattered, running west toward the gully. Hamlin was perplexed now; some savage instinct seemed to tell them where the fugitives had gone. They dragged the dead warrior from the ditch, swarming eagerly at the discovery. A dozen remained about the stage coach, others ran for the pony herd, while only two remained beside the dead warrior. Even at that distance Hamlin could distinguish an emptied cartridge shell, and hear the shrill cries of the women.

"Creep up here, and you can see also," he said quietly. "They are far enough away now so that it is safe."

There was a moment of breathless quiet, the two fugitives peering cautiously over the sand ridge. To the girl it was a confusion of figures rushing back and forth about the smoking ruins of the stage; occasionally a faint yell echoed across the river, and she could distinguish a savage on his pony gesticulating as he rode back and forth. But the Sergeant comprehended the scene. His eyes met hers and read her bewilderment.

"They are going all right, and in a hurry. It's plain enough they are afraid to stay there any longer. See, they are lashing bodies on to the ponies. Ah, that is what I wanted to be sure about—that fellow is heading west on the trail; now the others are moving."

"Then you are sure Roman Nose will not return? That—that we are safe?"

"Yes; I wouldn't hesitate to go back as soon as the last of them disappear over the ridge," pointing up the river. "They knew they had to go that way; Roman Nose and his band hoped we'd taken that direction, and hurried on ahead to catch us if he could. They are afraid to stay about here any longer. Look how they are lashing those ponies; there, the last of them are leaving."

They lay there in the sand, already becoming warm under the rays of the sun, trying to assure themselves that all danger of discovery had vanished. There was no movement on the opposite shore, only the blue spiral of smoke curling up against the bluff, marking where the stage had stood. About this, outlined upon the brown grass, appeared darker patches representing dead ponies and the bodies of Moylan and Gonzales, where they had been tumbled, scalped and otherwise mutilated. Down by the river a wounded pony tried to follow the disappearing cavalcade, but fell, giving vent to one scream of agony. Then all was silent, motionless, the last straggler clubbing his horse pitilessly as he vanished over the ridge.

Hamlin sat up, his eyes smiling.

"We are the lucky ones, Miss McDonald," he said, his manner unconsciously more formal now that the danger had passed and a swift realization of who his companion was recurring to his mind. "Something must have frightened them." He shaded his eyes, staring at the bluffs opposite. "But, there is nothing in sight from here. Well, the best thing we can do is to eat breakfast. May I, have the haversack, and see what it is stocked with?"

"Certainly not. There is so little I can do, I do not propose yielding any prerogative." And she drew her hand through the strap, letting the leather bag fall to the sand. "I am afraid there is no cloth here. Would you dare light a fire?"

"Hardly, even if we had fuel," he answered, watching her with interest. She glanced up into his face, her cheeks reddening.

"Why don't you want me to do this?"

"How do you know I object? Indeed, it is quite pleasant to be waited upon. Only, you see, it is very unusual for an officer's daughter to take such good care of an enlisted man."

"Pooh! I was not thinking of that at all. You—this is different."

"For the moment, perhaps," just a slight bitterness in his tone, "and I should enjoy it while I can."

She stopped in her work, sitting straight before him. Her eyes were indignant, yet she stifled the first words that leaped to her lips. His soft hat lay on the sand and the sun revealed his tanned face, bringing out its strength.

"You—shouldn't say that," she faltered. "Surely you do not believe I will ever become ungrateful."

"No; and yet gratitude is not altogether satisfactory." He hesitated. "It is hard to explain just what I mean to you, for you do not realize the life we lead out here—the loneliness of it. Even a man in the ranks may possess the desires of a human being. I—well, I'm hungry for the companionship of a good woman. Don't misunderstand, Miss McDonald. I am not presuming, nor taking advantage of the accident which has placed us in this peculiar position, but I have been a trooper out here now a long while, stationed at little isolated frontier posts, riding the great plains, doing the little routine duties of soldiering. I haven't spoken to a decent woman on terms of social equality for two years; I've looked at a few from a distance and taken orders from them. But they have glanced through me as though I were something inanimate instead of a man. I saved an officer's life once down there," and he pointed into the southeast, "and his wife thanked me as though it were a disagreeable duty. I reckon you don't understand, but I don't like the word gratitude."

"But I do understand," and she stretched out her hand to him across the opened haversack. "I'm not so dull, and it must be awful to feel alone like that. I told you I—I liked you, and—I do. Now remember that, please, and be good. From now on I

"I Would Be a Fool to Hope; I Have Been in the Army Too Long."

am not Major McDonald's daughter, nor even Miss McDonald—I'm just Molly McDonald."

The gray eyes laughed.

"You are assuming a great risk."

"I don't believe it," her forehead wrinkling a little, but her eyes bright. "You and I can be friends—can't we?"

"We'll try, out here, at least. Even if the dream doesn't last long, it will be pleasant to remember."

"You do not think it will last, then?"

He shook his head.

"I would be a fool to hope; I have been in the army too long."

They were still for a minute, the girl's fingers toying with the flap of the haversack, her eyes gazing across the river. He thought they were misty.

"I am sorry you are so prejudiced," she said at last slowly, "for I am not like that at all. I am not going to be ashamed of a friend because he—he is in the ranks. I shall be only the more proud. What is your full name?"

He passed his hand over his hair, and laughed.

"They call me 'Brick' Hamlin—a subtle reference to this crown of glory."

"But it isn't red," she insisted swiftly. "Only it shows a little bright with the sun on it, and I am not going to call you that. I don't like nicknames. What did they call you before you went into the army? When—when you did know good women?"

The sergeant bent his head, and then lifted his gray eyes to the girl's face.

"I had almost forgotten," he confessed, "but I'll tell you—David Carter Hamlin; there, you have all of it—my mother called me Dave—could you, once?"

"Could I?" laughingly. "Why, of course; now, Dave, we will have breakfast."

"And I am quite ready for it—Molly."

The girl's cheeks reddened, but their eyes met, and both laughed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Her Intention.

"How long did your new cook stay with you?"

"Only an hour or so."

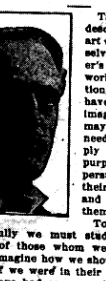
"She must have left in a hurry."

"She did. She poured kerosene on the blind fire."

The Importance of Tact

By REV. H. W. POPE
Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews.—1 Cor. 9:20.



Tact has been described as the art of putting ourselves in another's place. It is a work of imagination, and if we have little or no imagination we may know their needs and so supply them, their purposes and so persuade them, their prejudices and so conciliate them.

To do this successfully we must study the condition of those whom we would help, and imagine how we should think and feel if we were in their condition. If we have had any experience in their line of work, it will help us. If not, we can sometimes acquire the requisite knowledge by reading. When Bishop Whittle was called to a mission near the railroad yards he asked an engineer how to reach the railroad operatives. The answer was, "Read 'Lardner's Railroad Economy' until you are able to ask a question of an engineer and not make him think you are a fool." He won the hearts of the first group of railroad men he addressed by asking them whether they preferred inside or outside connections. When he had done discussing connections, steam heaters, and exhausts, he invited them to his chapel, and every man came the next Sunday.

It is not wise usually to talk to people about their relation to Christ in the presence of others. It embarrasses and it may anger them. However, one can often tell an appropriate story and thus indirectly accomplish the same end without giving offense. Dr. Talmage in the account of his conversion gives a good illustration of tactful preaching in the presence of others. An old evangelist by the name of Osborne stayed one night at his father's house. As the family sat by the fire he said to the father:

"Are all your children Christians?"

"Yes, all but Dewitt."

"He did not turn to look at me, but gazed into the fire and quietly told a story of a lamb that was lost on the mountains on a stormy night. Everything in the fold was warm and comfortable, but the poor lamb perished in the cold. He did not make any application. If he had I should have been mad. But I knew that I was the lamb, and I could not get any peace until I found Christ."

The writer was once working at a country fair. In front of the platform provided for the singers and speakers a large number of seats had been placed for the audience. We had an organ, a chorus, and three large megaphones. The latter would carry the sound of the singing half a mile, and people on the race course were soon drawn away by the new attraction. At first the people stood aloof from the seats and refused to occupy them. They had never seen a religious service at a fair and they were suspicious. Noticing this, the leader ordered the singers down from the platform, directing them to scatter about in the Seats. As soon as the crowd saw that there were no explosives under the chairs, they crowded in and filled them. Then the leader recalled the singers to the platform, having used them as decoys to allure the people into the chairs. There was no deception about this. The people were timid and suspicious, and it was necessary to show them that there was nothing to be afraid of, and to fill enough of the seats so that they would not make themselves conspicuous by sitting down.

Paul says: "I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some." Though he was entitled to a support, yet he worked with his own hands making tent cloth by night, in order that he might not be a burden to the churches, and that he might set an example of generosity to other believers. In this way also he doubtless gained the sympathy and respect of other laboring men. On one occasion when he had been arrested at Jerusalem and was being carried off to prison, he asked the privilege of addressing the crowd. To the surprise of the people who supposed him to be a mischief making foreigner, he began by saying that he was a Jew, and addressed them in their own language. By this tactful introduction he gained their attention and held it while he told them the wonderful story of his conversion.

If we are conscious of a lack of tact let us ask for it, for the promise is, "My God shall supply all your need." The basis of true tact is a love which shrinks from putting another in an embarrassing situation, and this should always be remembered in dealing with inquirers. True love is also blind to many little faults, but on top of her one's salvation that it minister to good opportunity of pressing home the urgent need of a Savior, and the Savior's passionate love for him.

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Auburn, N. Y.—"I suffered from nervousness for ten years, and had much organic pains that sometimes I would lie in bed four days at a time, could not eat or sleep and did not want anyone to talk to me or bother me at all. Sometimes I would suffer for seven hours at a time. Different doctors did the best they could for me until four months ago I began giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and now I am in good health." — Mrs. William H. Gill, 15 Pleasant Street, Auburn, New York.

"Doctor's Daughter Took It."

St. Cloud, Minn.—"I was so run down by overwork and worry that I could not stand up to have my children talk aloud or walk heavy on the floor. One of my friends said, 'Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I know a doctor's daughter here in town who takes it and she would not take it if it were not good.'

"I sent for the Compound at once and kept on taking it until I was all right." —Mrs Beatha M. Quickenadt, 727 6th Avenue, S., St. Cloud, Minn.

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Many have smoked LEWIS' Single Binder cigar for the past sixteen years. Always found in reliable quality. Adv.

And many a homely woman presides over a happy home.

FACE ALMOST COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Atchison, Kan.—"For a number of years I suffered very greatly from skin eruption. My face was very red and irritated, being almost covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were scattered over my face. They were a fine rash with the exception of a few large pimples on my forehead and chin. My face burned and looked red as if exposed to either heat or cold. It was not only unsightly but very uncomfortable. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

"I applied the Cuticura Ointment in the evening, leaving it for about five minutes, then washing it off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and hot water also several times during the day. After about four months of this application, my face was cleared of the pimples. I still use the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Elsie Nielson, Dec. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

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Learn from one who has found relief. Hear what Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harris had.

An Ohio Case.

Fred W. Harris, 1000 Jefferson Street, Toledo, Ohio, says: "My back was very lame and I had a dull ache across the small of my back. I was tired and languid and had no ambition. I felt miserable and was in a bad condition when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me entirely."

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AND MR. VANDERBILT PAID

"Get the very best," Was the injunction of Mr. Vanderbilt Said Only.

A Story of Genius.

In this life the Carnegies Fortunes Bestow Based Based giving in an instance and some costly carpet he purchased years for his palatial New York home.

Mr. Vanderbilt had gone abroad and entrusted a certain sum for children and old people. Mr. Vanderbilt, its vice president, chased one day, through Dr. Henry Mizler, to give the chosen a much-needed carpet, and told Dr. Mizler where to buy it. The conversation ran:

"Get the very best," said Mr. Vanderbilt, who had just finished his new house at 1 West Fifty-seventh street.

Mr. Mizler accordingly bought some carpet and ordered a costly sum of it for the house. He told the clerk it was for an institution, gave its address and amount.

Shortly afterward the contractor came, discontinue-to-be, and added that the bill should go to Mr. Vanderbilt. The clerk had some difficulty to recover his composure.

"I don't suppose you know," he ventured, "that this is the identical carpet purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt for his new house."

The Vanderbilt carpet is still in the little chapel. The Times.

Early Days of Tennis.

Another Bellevue was among the guests when visiting at Newport was asked by the more civilized contents who endeavored them. "Bravo!" "Tremendous!" seems to have expressed the sentiment of very much so Chinese pigtails did the Chinese went down beyond the Alps was at the time Hun or Gothic Barbarian. The Hun head; and Chinese heads a man with martial spring from "tremendous" on the one hand, and "bravo" on the other, the two Chinese were in every in, and if at Newport they Alpinism the Hun, and Chinese pigtail, Hun and Chinese pigtail, Hun and Chinese pigtail. Times.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

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THE TRUTH ABOUT [illegible]