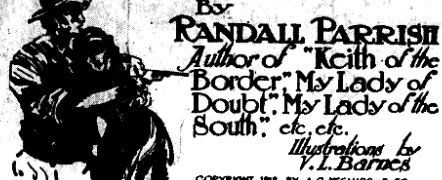


MOLLY McDONALD

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.

Molly McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to marry. Her daughter, Molly, is a beautiful girl who has just arrived with her mother. Molly is a beautiful girl who has just arrived with her mother. Molly is a beautiful girl who has just arrived with her mother. Molly is a beautiful girl who has just arrived with her mother.

"Have you heard how badly the Lieutenant was hurt?" he asked, approaching the door. The sentry glanced down the corridor. "He'll pull out, all right," he replied confidently, his lips close to the door. "Nothin' vital punctured. You better go to bed, or forget it till morning."

CHAPTER XV.

An Old Acquaintance. It was late in the forenoon when the heavily armed guard marched Hamlin across to the commandant's office. He had been surprised at the delay, but had enjoyed ample opportunity to plan a course of action, and decide how best to meet the questions which would be asked. He could clear himself without involving her, without even a mention of her presence, and this knowledge left him confident and at ease.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Voices reached him from outside, echoing in through the barred window, but they were distant, the words indistinguishable. As his brain cleared he gave no further thought to his own predicament, only considering how he could best divert suspicion from her. It was all a confused mass, into the mystery of which he was unable to penetrate. That it was Molly McDonald shrinking there in the dark corner of the barracks wall he had no doubt. She might not have recognized him, or imagined that he saw her, but that light had certainly revealed a face not to be mistaken. White as it was, haggard with terror, half concealed by straggling hair, the identity was nevertheless complete.

"You came in last night with 'M' troop, did you not?" "Yes, sir." "Had you ever met Lieutenant Gaskins before?" "Once," he pulled me out of a bad scrape with a bunch of Indians out on the trail a few months ago."

But suppose he had been mistaken? Suppose that woman hiding there was some other? Suppose he had imagined a resemblance? What then? Would she care enough to come to him when she learned of the arrest? He hesitated at the thought. Yet it was a bitter thought, for it brought back a new realization of the close between them. Molly McDonald's daughter-in-law, he had known her in a garb-house town. More than that she would promptly deny that she had ever before heard his name.

"You Better Go to Bed and Forget It Till Morning!" "I rode ahead of the troop in march yesterday," Hamlin explained, "and fired twice at a jack-rabbit. I have negotiated to replace the cartridge. Private Stone was with me."

"BULLETS DID LITTLE DAMAGE" Aviator's Machine Not Impaired at Any Time. The balloon campaign has proved valuable to the science of aviation. It has shown by one concrete example that the most direct of being struck by bullets and shrapnel does not necessarily result in disaster for the airship.

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was guilty. They permitted me no opportunity to explain. I thought it just as well to remain quiet, and let the matter rest itself out. "Yet your action threw us completely off the trail," broke in McDonald impatiently. "It permitted the really guilty parties to escape. Did you see any one?"

"Black smudges merely. Major, apparently running toward the ravine. My eyes were blinded, leaping from a lighted room." McDonald leaned forward eagerly, one hand tapping the table. "Was one of them a woman?" he questioned sharply.

"The Major leaned back in his chair, but the commandant, after a glance at his officer, answered: "The pistol wound was a small one such as a woman might carry, and there were marks of a woman's shoe plainly visible at the edge of the ravine. Lieutenant Gaskins was alone when he left the officers' club five minutes before the firing began. You are sure you have never had any contact with this officer?"

"The Sergeant stood silent, motionless, his gaze on the Colonel's face. "I do not know what to say, sir," he answered finally. "I was not there and you all know it from the men of my troop. There has been no trouble between me and Gaskins and myself, and I can conceive of no reason why he should desire to involve me in this affair—unless," he paused doubtfully, "unless, sir, he really knows who shot him and is anxious to shift the blame elsewhere to divert suspicion."

"You mean he may be seeking to shift blame on me?" "That is the only explanation that occurs to me, sir." The Colonel stroked his beard nervously, his glance wandering to the sentry at the door. "That might be possible," he acknowledged regretfully, "although I should dislike to believe any officer of my command would be deliberately guilty of so despicable an act. However, all we can do now is endeavor to uncover the truth. You are discharged from arrest, Sergeant Hamlin, and that her name must be protected at all hazard. This theory alone would seem to account for Gaskins' efforts to turn suspicion, and when we were with him, the alibi ready known presence of a woman on the scene, and the smallness of the weapon used, the evidence seemed to point to her."

As far as his own duty was concerned, the Sergeant felt no doubt. Whatever might be the cause, there was no question in his mind but that she was fully justified in her action. Distilling the Lieutenant from the first, and as strongly attracted by the girl, his sympathies were now entirely with her. She had shot him. Then it was for some insult, some outrage, and he was ready to protect her with his life. He stood, glancing back at the closed door, tempted to return and ask permission to interview Gaskins personally. Then the uselessness of such procedure returned to him; the fact that nothing could result from their meeting but disappointment and recrimination. The man evidently disliked him, and would resent any interference; he had something to conceal, something at stake in the matter. It would be better to let him alone at present, and try to uncover a clue elsewhere. Later, with more facts at his disposal, he would have no doubt. Lieutenant and compel his acknowledgment. These considerations caused him to turn sharply and walk straight through the door. Yet his investigations there brought no results. The upper back were the marks of a woman's shoe, a slender footprint

clearly defined, but the lower portion of the ravine was rocky, and the foot soon lost. He passed down beyond the stables, realizing how easily the fugitive, under cover of darkness, could have escaped. The stable guard could have seen nothing from his station, and just below was the hard-packed road leading to the river and the strapping team. There was nothing to trace, and Hamlin climbed back up the bluff completely baffled but desperately resolved to unlock the mystery. Harder the solution appeared, the more determined he became to solve it. As he came out, opposite the barrack entrance, a carriage drove in past the guard-house, the guard presenting arms, and circled the parade in the direction of the stables row. It contained a soldier driver and two ladies, and the Sergeant's face flushed under its tan as he recognized Miss McDonald. Would she notice him—speak to him? The man could not forbear lifting his eyes to her face as the carriage swept by. He saw her glance toward him, smiling, with a little gesture of recognition, and stood there bareheaded, his heart throbbing wildly. With that look, that smile, he instantly realized two facts of importance: that she was willing to meet him on terms of friendship, and she had not recognized him the evening previous as he ran past her in the darkness.

Hamlin's thoughts entirely centered upon Miss McDonald, had scarcely a word in his mind. "How then, Sergeant," the Colonel spoke very soberly, "do you account for his denouncing you as his assassin?"

"I was not there," he answered. "The Major leaned back in his chair, but the commandant, after a glance at his officer, answered: "The pistol wound was a small one such as a woman might carry, and there were marks of a woman's shoe plainly visible at the edge of the ravine. Lieutenant Gaskins was alone when he left the officers' club five minutes before the firing began. You are sure you have never had any contact with this officer?"

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What Is Thy Name?

Dr. Parley E. Zartmann, D.D.
Summary of Explanations
Meady Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—And he said unto him, what is thy name? And he said, Jacob. Genesis 22:27.

The Bible is an honest book; it does not hide anything when it tells us the story of a man's life; and this very characteristic is one of the evidences of the divine origin and inspiration of the book. An inspired man would have left out the dark places and dark places.

"What is thy name?" he asked. "And he told the truth; let us give this wily man all credit for that. A few days ago he would have said it with pride and now with confession and confusion." And he said, Jacob. God asks you that question. I pray you, tell him the truth. You may hide your real name and character from men, but not from God. Be honest with him. It may bring shame, confusion, tears, but tell him that you thought you were so good, and now you are only Jacob.

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Pimples—Boils

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

INDIGESTION

BOUR STOMACH, SLOUGHY LIVER AND ALL BILIOUS COMPLAINTS

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

THE LIVER, STOMACH AND BOWELS HEALTHY AND REGULARLY EXERCISED

James C. McConnelly

Following a baseball game, in which the Yankees came to ignominious defeat, Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist, approached Frank Chance and said:

Easy Bargain

Having tried unsuccessfully various highly recommended recipes for dissolving selfish passengers from crowded seats, the woman who swung from a strap in front of the sandy man tried talking to him or her husband. As a peroration to her harangue, she said simply:

Breakfast A Pleasure when you have Post Toasties

A food with snap and zest that wakes up the appetite. Sprinkle crisp Post Toasties over a saucer of fresh strawberries, add some cream and a little sugar.

The Memory Lingers

Sold by Grocers.