"BELA"

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

"Go!" said eBla 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 your fat'er's friend, I your friend. I see you goin' to the bad. I got say somesing, I guess."

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

"Mahooley is bad to women," said Musqoosis.

"I know that. He can't hurt me. Because I hate him. I goin' mak a fool 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 mary 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 w'at 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. W'at do I got? I get throw down. I get cursed. Now I goin' be bad! I have a fire inside me burn me up lak dry grass. I got do somesing. I goin' be mech 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!"

Muqa'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 w'at'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 before I love him," she went on, passionately. "I want be freinds. 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. W'at he do for me? He shame me Twice he shame me before all the people! He throw me away lak lirt. Now, all my god feeling is turn bad inside. I hate him!"

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

Again Musq'oosis waited pateintloy 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 sory now," suggested the old man.

"Not sory him!" cried Bela. "He not care for nobody. Got hard heart!"

"If you let me tak team I lak go see him."

Bela stared at him ful of excitement at the idea, but suspicious. "W'at you want se him for?"

"Maybe I bring him back."

"Don't you tell him I want him back," she said. "I hate him!"

"Can I tak horses?"

"Yes," she cried, sudenly. "Go tell Sam I crazy 'bout Mahooley. Tell him I gone wit' Mahooley. He rich. Give me ev'ryt'ing 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 gone wit' Maholey."

"No, I glad!" she creid, 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."

"W'at's the use if you goin' wit' Maholey, 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 moch sore. I am old. I not go wit'out 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," went on Musq'oosis carelessly. "Maybe him send letter to chicadee woman to come back."

"All right," said Bela with an air of indifference. "I promise wait six days. I don' 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 litle 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 field ready to the farmer's hand and crying for tilth, and he said to himself "This is my land," but there was no answering thrill. Life was poisoned at its source.

He had walked for three days borne up by his anger. His sole idea was to put as much distance as possible between him and his fellow men. He chose to trail to Spirit River, because that was the farthest place he knew of.

Each day he walked until his legs refused to bear him any more, then lay down where he was in his blankets and slept. The day-long, dogged exercise of the body and the utter weariness it produced drugged his pain.

His gun kept him supplied with grouse and prairie chicken, and he found wild strawberries in the open and mooseberries in the bush.

Bread he went without until he had the luck to bring down a moose. Returning to an Indian encampment he had passed through, he traded the carcass for a little bag of flour and a tin of baking-powder.

His sufferings were chiefly from thirst, for he was crossing a plateau, and he did not know the location of the springs.

Excepting this party of Indians, he met no soul upon the way. For the most part the rough wagon trail led him through a forest of lofty, slender aspen-trees, with snowy shafts and twinkling green crowns.

There were glades and meadows, carpeted with rich grass patterned with flowers and sometimes the road bordered a spongy, dry muskeg.

All the country was flat, and Sam received the impression that he was journeying on the floor of the world. Consequently, when he came without warning to the edge of a gigantic trough, and saw the river flowing a thousand feet below, the effect was stunning.

At any other time Sam would have lingered and marveled; now, seeing some huts below, he frowned and thought: "I'll have to submit to be questioned there."

This was Spirit River Crossing. The buildings consisted of a little company store, a tiny branch of the French Outfit, kept by a native, and the police "barracks," which housed a solitary corporal.

The coming of a white man was an event here, and when Sam got down the hill the company man and the policeman made him heartily welcome, glancing curiously at the slenderness of his outfit. They wanted to hear the latest news of the settlement, and Sam gave it, suppressing 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. T his 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 lowe soul. 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, I suppose?" suggested Sollers, 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.

"Luck 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. Gee! a fellow's tongue gets rusty for the lack of wagging. Come on in. Ain't got much to show, but what there is 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-pent 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, weasy 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. Slopes 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 o 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 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 go 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, wistful, 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; paddling 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. "I want to work."

"All right!" agreed Ed, cheerfully. "You can hoe the garden. I'll go to the piny 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 inconsequentially 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 puffing in front here. I'll put out a wharf for them to land at.

"And you and me's got the best piece of land, the whole way! Eighteen inches of black loam! We'll be rich men before we doe. Wheat ought to be the best. When others come around us we will put in a little mill to grind our flour. The company will buy all our flour. What do you think of that for a scheme, eh? . . . Bless my soul, he's dropped off!"

In the middle of the night Sam awoke to find the moon shining in his face through the open door of the tent. He had had a real sleep. He felt better. He was irresistibly drawn to look outside.

In the pale sky the great full moon shone with an extraordinary transparency. The field sloping down to the water was powdered with silver dust. The river was like a steel shield with a bar of shining gold athwart it.

On the other side the heights crouched like black beasts at the feet of the moon. The night seemed to be holding its breath under the spell of beauty. Only a subtle murmur arose from the moving river.

So much loveliness was like a knife in Sam's breast. The pain surprised him. It was as if nature had rested him with sleep only to enable him to suffer more keenly.

"What's the use of it if a man must be alone!" his heart cried. "No beauty, no happiness, no peace, ever for me! I want her! I want her! I want her!"

Terrified by the trend of his own thoughts, he turned inside and shook Ed Chaney by the shoulder. Ed, with many a snort and grunt, slowly came back to consciousness.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "The horses—wolves?"

"No, everything is all right," said Sam.

(To be continued.)

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A MESSAGE TO WOMEN!!

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Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of restoration during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Old Folks' Coughs Catarrh, Bronchitis Quickly Cured

THIS TELLS OF A METHOD THAT CURES WITHOUT USING DRUGS.

Elderly people take cold easily. Unlike young folks, they recover slowly. That is why so many people past middle life die of pneumonia.

Cough Syrups seldom do much good because they upset digestion. Any doctor knows that a much more effective treatment is "CATARRHOZONE," which heals and soothes the irritated surfaces of the throat.

In using Catarrhozone you do not take medicine into the stomach—you simply breathe into the throat, nose and lungs rich piney balsamic vapor, so full of healing power that colds, catarrh and bronchitis disappear almost instantly.

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure, medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup the affected parts could not be reached and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

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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 Younghusband 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 sent his pinnace 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 woodwork 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 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-you-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 up in the etiquette of the ocean, so he semaphored 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.'

"The next incident was equally inflammatory. A few Spaniards remained on a small island, just off the town of Manila, and their surrender being only a matter of time and terms, the Americans did not trouble much about them. One morning, however, it was noticed that a German cruiser, the Irene, had shifted her berth, and was now anchored down alongside this island, as a sort of moral support to the Spaniards, and a menace to the Americans.

"'What ought I to do?' asked Admiral Dewey of his friend, the English captain.

"'Do?' replied Sir Edward. 'Why 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 comradship between the British and the American fleets was shown. Admiral Dewey gave the Spaniards up to 11 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 north'ard 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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M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation can cure themselves by taking fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots after each meal and at bedtime. This remedy is known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the drug trade." Get the genuine. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles.

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THE AFTER EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE

Often Worse Than the Disease Itself —Victims Left Weak, Nervous and Worn Out.

La Grippe—the name by which influenza is most generally known—is a disease prevalent throughout Canada during the winter and spring months. Anyone who has felt its pangs is not likely to forget the trouble. La Grippe starts with a slight cold—and ends with a complication of troubles. It lays the strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and other deadly diseases. In fact its after effects are more serious than the trouble itself. You can avoid la grippe and winter colds by keeping your blood rich and red by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you have not done this and the disease lays you low, you can banish all its evil after effects by the same great blood-building, nerve-restoring medicine. This has been proved in thousands of cases throughout Canada by la grippe victims who have been made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among the cured is Miss Irene Bootes, Portsmouth, Ont., who writes: "I take much pleasure in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because I have proved their worth in my own case. Last winter I had a severe attack of la grippe, and it left me weak and all run down. I had severe pains in the chest and under the arms, palpitation of the heart and attacks of neuralgia, which left me with the feeling that life was scarcely worth living. I was taking doctor's medicine, but it did not help me, and I was much discouraged. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began their use only on the principle that I would try something that might better my condition. I had only been using the pills a couple of weeks when the pains began to leave me. Gradually my strength returned, my appetite improved, and in a little more than a month I left all my old time vigor had returned. I am sincerely glad I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall always have a good word to say for them."

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