



BY OTTWELL BINNS

ILLUSTRATED BY

R.W. SATTERFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

CHAPTER VII

Stranded

Hubert Stane, a discharged convict, while visiting a northern post of the Indians, falls in love with a woman, Geraldine Ainsley, who promises to call at Stane's camp at midnight. Stane becomes acquainted with the Indians, but is unable to find his camp at night. Stane is attacked and carried off by Indians. He awakens to find himself still in the woods.

Alfred, traveling with a governor of the company, falls in love with Helen Yardsley, the governor's niece. Helen disappears from her uncle's camp, and Gerald goes in search of her. Stane rescues Helen from the river when her canoe travels toward a dangerous waterfall.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"ES! That is the name. I remember my uncle mentioning it yesterday."

"Then you came down the main stream for a certainty, for the old fort stands on a lake that finds an outlet into this river, though it is rather a long way from here. We will keep straight on. No doubt we shall strike either your uncle's camp or some search party presently."

As it happened the conclusion he reached was based on a miscalculation. The only waterway is old Fort Winnebago that he knew was from the main river and up the stream that formed the outlet for the lake. But there was another that was reached by a short portage through the woods from the subsidiary stream from which he turned aside, a waterway which fed

"You live alone?" asked Helen.

"I have an old Indian for companion."

"And what do you do, if you will permit me to be so curious?"

"Oh," he laughed. "I hunt, pursue the elusive nugget, and I experiment with vegetables. And this winter I am going to start a trapping line."

"But you are rich!" she cried. "You have no need to live in exile."

"Yes," he answered with sudden bitterness. "I am rich. I suppose Ainsley told you that. But exile is the only thing for me. You see a seafarer in Dartmoor spoils one for county society."

"Oh," she cried, protestingly, "I can not believe that you—that you—"

"Thank you," he said as the girl broke off in confusion. "I can not believe it myself. But twelve good men and true believed it; an expert in handwriting was most convincing, and if you had heard the judge—"

"But you did not do it, Mr. Stane, I am sure of that."

"No," he answered. "I did not do the thing for which I suffered. But to prove my innocence is another matter."

"You have not given up the endeavor, I hope."

"No! I have a man at work in England, and I myself make small endeavors. Only the other day I thought that I—" Apparently he remembered something, for he broke off sharply. "But why discuss the affair? It is only one of the world's small injustices which shows that the law, usually right, may go wrong occasionally."

"I suppose that the other night when you were waiting for Mr. Ainsley, it was on this particular matter that you wished to see him?"

Stane made no reply, but sat looking in the fire, and the girl watching him, drew her own conclusions from his silence, a conclusion that was far from favorable to Gerald Ainsley. She wondered what were the questions Stane had wished to ask her uncle's secretary; and which, as she was convinced, he had been at such pains to avoid. Was it possible that her rescuer believed that his one-time friend had it in his power to prove his innocence of the crime for which he had suffered? All the indications seemed to point that way; and as she looked at the grave, thoughtful face, and the graying hair of the man who had saved her from death, she resolved that on the morrow, when she reached her uncle's camp, she would herself question Gerald Ainsley upon the matter.

But, as events befall, the opportunity that the morrow was to bring was not given. For that night, whilst she slept in the little tent, Stane, wrapped in a blanket, slumbered on a bed of spruce boughs, perhaps half a dozen yards away, a man crept cautiously between the trees in the rear of the encampment, and stood looking at it with covetous eyes. He was a half-breed of evil countenance, and he carried an old trade gun, which he held ready for action whilst he surveyed the silent camp. His dark eyes fell on Stane sleeping in the open, and then looked toward the tent with a question in them. Evidently he was wondering how many travelers there were; and found the thought a deterrent one; for though once he lifted his gun and pointed it to the sleeping man, he lowered it again, his eyes turning to the tent aew.

After a period of indecision, the intruder left the shadow of the trees, and crept quietly down to the camp. His gun still at the ready, and with his eyes fixed on the unconscious Stane. Moving very cautiously he reached the place where the canoe was beached, and looked down into it. A gleam of satisfaction came into his dark eyes as he saw a small sack of beans resting in the stern, then again a covetous look came into them as their gaze shifted to the stores about the camp. But these were very near the sleeping man, and as the latter stirred in his sleep, the half-breed relinquished any thought of acquiring them. Stealthily he conveyed the canoe down to the water's edge, launched it, and then with a grin on his evil face as he gave a last look at the man in the basket, he paddled away.

A full three-quarters of an hour later Stane awoke, and kicking aside the blankets, replenished the fire, and then went a little way upstream to bathe. At the end of half an hour he returned. His first glance was toward the tent, the fly of which was still closed, then he looked round the camp and a puzzle look came on his face. There was something a little unfamiliar, something not present which—

"Great Scott! The canoe!"

At a run he covered the space between him and the camp, and as he looked round and saw that most of the stores reposed where he had placed them the previous night, relief surged in his heart.

"Thank heaven!"

"Mr. Stane, what— the matter?"



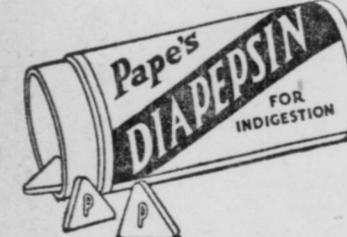
HE WAS A HALF-BREED OF EVIL COUNTENANCE

the lake, and which cut off at least a hundred and twenty miles. Knowing nothing of this shorter route he naturally concluded that Helen Yardsley's canoe had come down the main stream and took the wrong course in the perfect assurance that it was the right one.

So hugging the left bank they passed the junction of the rivers, and a little further on crossed to the other side to seek shelter from a rising wind, under the high bank. And less than an hour later the canoe, carrying Gerald Ainsley and his Indian, came down the tributary stream into the broader current, and they drove downstream, unconscious that every stroke of the paddle was taking them farther from the girl whom they sought.

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DRINK MORE WATER

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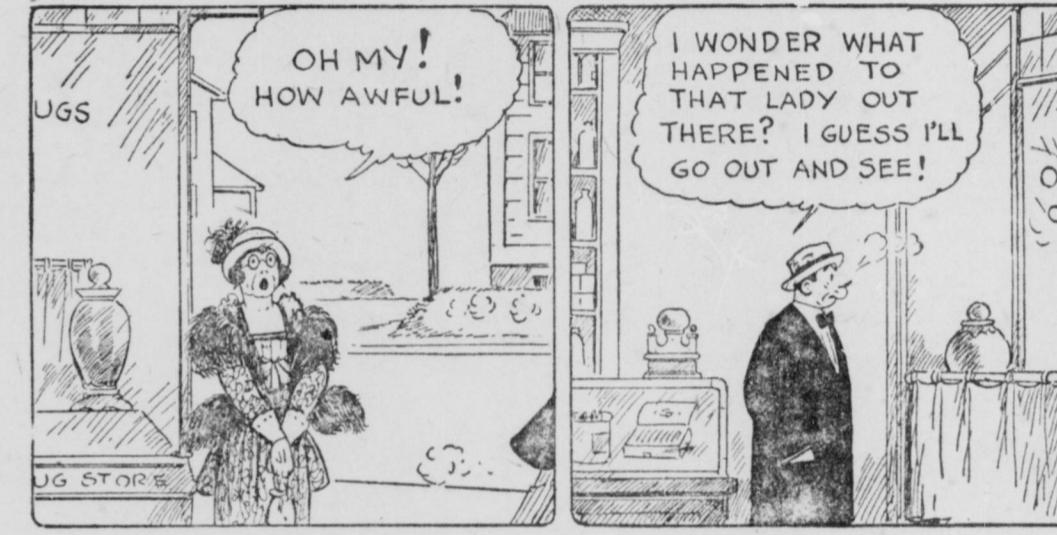
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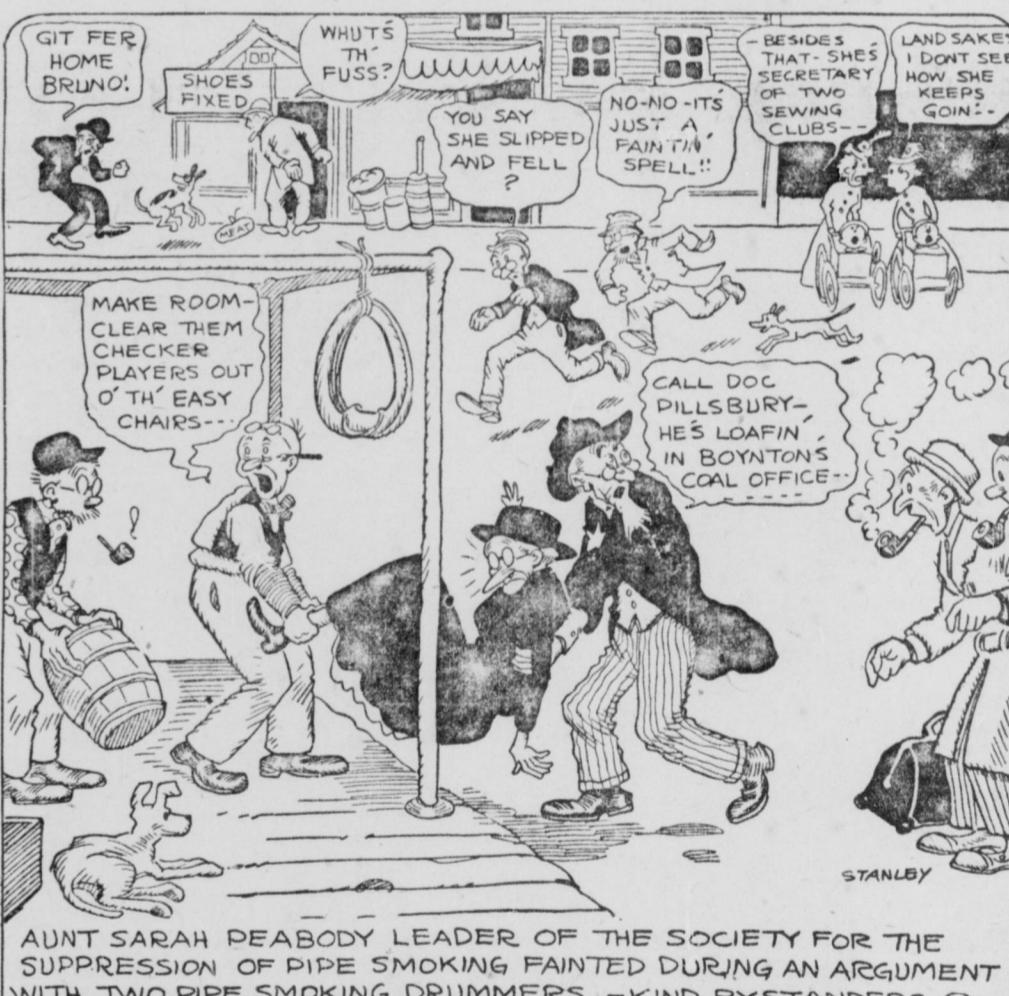
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



AUNT SARAH PEABODY LEADER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF PIPE SMOKING FAINTED DURING AN ARGUMENT WITH TWO PIPE SMOKING DRUMMERS—KIND BYSTANDERS CARRIED AUNT SARAH INTO THE HARNESS SHOP—

You look as if something had startled you."

He swung round instantly. Helen Yardsley was standing at the tent door with a smile on her face.

"The matter is serious enough," he explained quickly. "Some one has stolen the canoe in the night."

"Then we are stranded?" asked the girl quickly.

"In a way—yes," he agreed. "But we are not in a desperate case. We have food, I have my rifle, and it

will be possible to make a raft and float down the river until we meet your uncle's people."

"And if the current took control, Mr. Stane? Please believe me when I say I am not afraid—but I cannot help thinking of those falls you mentioned."

Stane looked doubtful.

"There are risks, of course," he said. "The alternative to the river is to tramp through the wood."

"Then I vote for the alternative,"

replied Helen with a little laugh. "I've had my full of drifting like a fish caught in an eddy."

She said no more, but taking the kettle, walked down to the river, humming to herself a gay little chant.

He watched her go, with a soft light gleaming in his hard blue eyes, then he turned and began to busy himself with preparations for breakfast.

When the meal was finished, he went through the stores and his personal possessions.

"We can't take them all," he explained. "I know my limit, and sixty pounds is as much as I can carry along if I am to travel steadily, without too many rests. We shall have to cache a goodish bit."

"You are forgetting me, aren't you?" asked the girl, quietly. "I'm fairly strong, you know."

"But—"

"I think I must insist," she interrupted with a smile. "You are doing all this for me; and quite apart from that I shall be glad to know what the trail is like under real conditions."

Stane argued further, but in vain, and in the end the girl had her way, and took the trail with a pack of perhaps five and twenty pounds, partly made up of the clothes she had changed into after her rescue.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## Your Congress

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Civil War Veteran Killed

TIPTON, Mo. Nov. 22.—Benjamin

Barker, 88, Civil War veteran is

dead. He attempted to cross the

tracks in front of a train Wednes-

day. Death was instantaneous.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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