## The Big Muskeg

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"HANDS UP!"

SYNOPSIS. - Looking over Big

Muskeg, a seemingly impassable swamp in the path of the Missa-

tibi railroad, Joe Bostock, builder

of the line, and Wilton Carruthers,

chief of engineers, are considering the difficulties. A rifle shot instant-

ly kills Bostock and breaks Car-ruthers' arm. Carruthers tries to

carry the body to a post of the Hudson's Bay company, where Mc-Donald is the factor. McDonald's daughter, Molly, sees Carruthers

struggling in the muskeg and drags him from the swamp, with his bur-

den. Unaccountably, her father object to her saving Carruthers.

Weakened by his wound and exer-tions, Carruthers is disturbed by

the appearance of Tom Bowyer,

Bostock's business rival and per-

sonal enemy. Bowyer insults Mol-

ly, and Carruthers strikes him.

Carruthers declares his love for

Molly. She promises to be his wife. Carruthers has to reach the town

of Clayton to attend a meeting at

which Bostock's enemies plan to

wrest control of the Missatibi from

him. Molly goes with him. They

are delayed by a storm. Attacked by his dogs, Carruthers' life is

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

"You will, eh?" sneered the sergeant,

"Well, I guess you won't be going

into Clayton yet a while," jeered Pe-

ters. "You're coming back to the Pas

Wilton realized that Myers had

come up quietly upon the other side

of him. He had the bewildered feeling

"What the devil do you mean by

The sergeant thrust his face for-

ward into his own, grinning ma-

"It means that I arrest you for the

wilful murder of Joe Bostock," he an-

swered. "And I warn you, in the

At the same moment Wilton felt the

Looking at Sergeant Peters after the

don .45 Colt. Before he could stir.

made a violent effort to slip the hand-

girl came running out of the room

shoulders, and caught at Myers' arm.

"You d-n fools!" he shouted, laps-

ing into his vernacular in his excite-

ruthers was Joe's best friend. So that

was your game when you come here last

night, eh? You'll get broke for this

yob already, both of you fellers, I tell

Molly was grasping at Myers' hand

as the constable still fumbled nerv-

ously with the handcuff. "Won't you

men listen to common sense?" she

cried. "Mr. Carruthers is the chief

engineer of the line. All his interests

life to save him! Somebody's put

line. And you'll pay for your mistake,

And, with frenzied desperation, she

Peters scowled viciously at her.

"You can toll all that at the inquest,"

he snapped. "I've got orders to bring

At that the superhuman tension that

distance away, the revolver, now hard-

pan in his hand. He leaped at Peters,

heard the weapon discharged, and was

conscious of the sting of powder on

his forehead and a commotion in his

Peters had shot to kill, but the

weapon, the least bit diverted by Mol-

ly's intervention, had been re-almed

at Wilton's forehead a little hurriedly.

and he had forgotten that the strong

ammunition, of which complaint had

frequently been made by the police su-

perintendents, was apt to throw the

Wilton shot his uninjured arm for-

ward with a vicious swing that caught

the sergeant on the cheek and sent

him staggering backward. But the

force of the blow, communicated to

Wilton's left shoulder, wrenched the

wound and forced a groan of pain

from his lips. Peters reeled, regained

bullet high at short distances.

you in, too. Get out of the way!"

succeeded in pushing Myers away

pointed steadily at his forehead.

that's sure!"

instant's sideward glance, he found

make will be used against you."

with a side glance at Myers. "Got any

"Enough to put the lid on you."

sort of special pull in Clayton?"

with us and Joe."

of being in a trap.

that?" he shouted.

cuff upon his wrist.

working with rage.

ved by Molly, who is forced to

his balance, and rushed forward again, | compass. The half-breeds had deserted | plain that their wolfish temper was swinging the revolver aloft, butt for- during the night, ward, in his hand,

With his powerful build he could have delivered a blow that would have heard them talking," said Molly. crushed Wilton's skull. But before the blow fell Andersen had raised his pan and brought it down edgewise upon the sergeant's head, cutting the scalp to the bone and drenching the man with the bolling grease.

With a scream of pain Peters stumbled forward, letting the revolver fall from his hand, slipped in the grease that had begun to coze along the floor, and fell full length on the planks, where he lay writhing in anguish, and trying to clear his eyes of the melted fat and the blood that streamed down his forehead.

Instantly Molly stooped, snatched up the weapon, which had fallen at her feet, and covered the constable, who had flung himself upon Wilton again. Myers stopped dead and threw his hands up automatically.

"Get over there!" said Molly briskly, pointing toward the wall behind the

Myers obeyed immediately, and took his post against the wall, the picture of confusion. Peters struggled slowly to his feet. Has face and pea-jacket were covered with a film of grease, over which the blood from his wound was trickling. The tables were turned with dramatic completeness.

"You know what this means!" spluttered the sergeant, trying to clear the fat from his eyes.

"I do, and I'll take my chance." answered Wilton, gritting his teeth at the fong spell of filness. He knew that pain from his injured arm. The wound did not seem to have reopened, but either his blow or the grasp of the constable had displaced the broken ends of the bone, and he could feel teeth hard, and would not let Molly them grating together at his slightest movement. "Keep your hands up, both of you!" he ordered. "Give me the revolver, Molly! Got a rope, Andersen?"

"Well, I guess I have," grinned the Swede. He stepped to a packing case behind the stove, and brought out a short coll of manila, which, with a king's name, that any statement you kitchen knife, he sliced into four or five lengths.

"I tank I tie them to that beam." touch of steel against his right wrist, he said, indicating one of the vertical and swung his hand free just in time uprights of the wooden shack. to avoid the snap of the handcuff.

"All right, Andersen," said "Tie 'em so that they can sit down. They'll have some time to wait, and 'himself covered by the heavy, regula- they may get tired of standing."

He took the revolver from Molly and Myers had seized him from behind and loose a string of victous oaths as Andersen proceeded to truss him up, but Wilton heard Molly scream. The neither man offered any resistance, you mischief with." The caretaker stepped back and looked with her hair tumbling about her at his work with critical satisfaction. "I tank you get to Clayton by to-The caretaker started toward them, morrow night, all right, Mr. Carruthstill holding the frying pan, in which ers." he said with droll complacency,

he was cooking the potatoes, his face | putting some more potatoes in the pan. Despite their elation, Molly and Wilton could eat but little, washing down the food, which they could hardly masticate, with gulps of coffee. ment, "you got it all wrong! Mr. Car-They were glad to get out into the air. Wilton made his way to the cache, unlocked it, and took out some frozen fish for the dogs, which were giving

tongue vigorously inside the stable. "Here, Papillon!" he called. "I can't make out what's the matter with those men, lying in their blankets at this

are bound up with ft. Why should he want to murder Joe? He was Joe's best friend. Everyone in Clayton can tell you that. Why, he risked his own you on the wrong track. They're trying to make use of you to keep him out of the way while they ruin the from Wilton, and interposed between him and the sergeant, whose revolver held Wilton's rage in bounds seemed to snap. His ears were ringing, and a spotted mist floated before his eyes. Through this he saw Peters an infinite ly larger than a pencil, pointing at his head. Behind the sergeant he saw Andersen, a doll-like figure with a toy

"Keep Your Hands Up, Both of You!" hour, with the dogs howling for their breakfast," he said to Molly indignantly. "They must have known I'd ing yielded to her insistence to acfeed them before starting on a run like company him. Traveling in that the one we've got before us. I suppose | weather was hard on a man, let alone they heard the row and got scared back to bed," he added.

But no answer came to his call, and suddenly Molly uttered a cry and faced the difficulties of the journey. pointed. On the other side of the But his fears were centered chiefly stable were the tracks of a sleigh, ob- on Kitty. Suppose he couldn't go on! literated at the entrance by the falling | Suppose he couldn't be at the sharesnow, which had drifted against the | holders' meeting on the morrow! building.

leigh and the dogs were gone, togeth- though the driven snow still swept in

"They must have guessed that those men meant to arrest you, or else they

But Wilton had hurried to the horse stalls, separated from the dog stable by a stout door. He breathed a deep sigh of relief. The second sleigh was ing with rage, he brought his whip possibilities had made his heart almost strength.

He came back grim and resolute. There's something pretty deep in all this business," he said. "I know why the men ran away. The sergeant gave them the tip to. I saw him talking to Papillon last night. And that's the reason why they wouldn't sleep in the shack-because they meant to run. I suppose the policemen were afraid that they would make trouble, or try to help us. But I can't fathom it. Those men acted like criminals. That's not the way of the police."

He clenched his fist and swore under his breath.

"I'll have those fellows broke for this, if I have to go to Ottawa," he said. "And I'm going to run down those breeds, if it takes me a lifetime. I tell you this, Molly: it's all bound up with Joe in some way or other, and Tom Bowyer's at the bottom of it." "But first-remember Kitty," said

Molly softly, laying her hand on Wilton's shoulder.

Even the slight touch made him wince, for the pain of his broken arm was becoming unbearable. He realized that in all probability he was in for a the bone would have to be reset. His head felt strangely light, and the ground seemed to slope downhill from him in all directions. But he shut his guess. And a feverish energy took possession of him. He must hold out for the journey, until after the shareholders' meeting-until he had told

at once," he said to Molly. "It looks the wall of the shack, he laid about as if a storm was brewing. I'll tell him with the shortened stock, Andersen to let those fellows go about noon, and I'll leave the revolver with

but their hands were free.

"Turn them loose at noon, Anderslipped it into his pocket. Peters let slap-bang to carry them on their way. throat, thrusting the whipstock into Just turn them loose and see that they the red, cavernous jaws, while the anhaven't any dangerous weapons to do

"You bet I take care for that." grinned the Swede.

Wilton let Andersen harness the dogs, to save his strength for the journey. In a few minutes the sled was ready, with the sleigh carrying Joe's body attached behind, and the huskies, harnessed, sitting docile in the snow, awaiting the command to mush.

The sun was just showing above the horizon when Wilton and Molly started on the second stage of their journey to Clayton.

CHAPTER V.

The Bitter Cup. Hardly had they topped the rise behind which the cache was situated when the full force of the wind caught them. A blizzard was sweeping up. and it grew in strength all that morning, until by noon it was almost a hurricane. They pushed on doggedly until about one o'clock, avoiding the temptation to rest at the auxiliary

along this part of the road. At one o'clock they came to an empty cache and horse stable, which had been built in anticipation of winter development work, and had formed the hub of many radiating reconnoissance roads. They had come no more than six miles, and it was still a good fifteen into Clayton. By this time the blizzard had increased to an intense violence, driving great sheets of snow along the road. It was impossible to face such a hurricane any longer.

"We'll have to wait till this lets up a bit, Molly," sald Wilton. The little shack, hardly more than four walls and a roof, was unoccupied. Wilton broke down the door and went in. He found the key of the stable, unlocked it, and unharnessed the dogs. He drove them in and shut the door.

sleigh and went into the shack. To build a fire was impossible, but they are biscuit and tinned beef, wash-

Then he took the blankets out of the

ing it down with water. "It'll have to let up soon," said Wilton. "If it doesn't, we'll just have

to face it again." A dozen times he had regretted hava girl such as Molly. He looked at her in wonder as he saw her apparent unconcern, the courage with which she

Toward the middle of the afternoon Wilton wrenched the door open. His the wind seemed to have lessened, er with the rifle, shotgun and transit- blinding clouds along the road. It uttering bideous cries.

soon after nightfall. "I think we might try again, Molly,

"I think so, Will," she answered. He caught her to him. "You are the pravest woman I know," he said, kissing her. "We must succeed-for Kit ty's sake."

She kissed him back. "Of course ve shall, Will, dear," she answered. Wilton went into the stable and called the dogs. They were lying with their noses together, and at his entrance sprang to their feet with men acing growls. They knew very well what his advent portended, and it was

thoroughly aroused. Wilton had handled a refractory pack once before. He knew that quick action was necessary. He stepped forward, and, as the gleaming jaws gaped at him, and the animals prepared to spring, snarling and quiverthere. For a moment the thought of across the leader's nose with all his

immediately, with maddened yells, the pack leaped at him. Wilton swung right and left with the whip, and then,



Immediately, With maddened Yells, the Pack Leaped at Him.

"We'll take the police sled and start | retreating till his back was against

With gaping jaws and wicked, bloodshot eyes, the pack came on again and again, leaping at him, tearing at his Inside the shack they found the po- clothes; one sank its fangs into his licemen eating their breakfast on the right hand, and, as he freed himself floor, with the caretaker diligently with a smashing blow, the others were

In an instant he was struggling with his one hand against the heavy bodies sen," Wilton said. "Give them enough that bore him back, shielding his guish from his wrenched shoulder almost made him scream with pain.

> Everything was swimming round him. They had him down. Their bellowing howls grew fainter in his ears. Mechanically he kept his right hand at his throat. The left, torn from the sling, flopped grotesquely in front of him. He heard the click of the fangs that met in it, and felt no pain. He was swooning.

> Suddenly he heard the "snap-snap" of a revolver. A leaping body seemed to stop short in the air, and tumbled on him, knocking him on his face Dimly he heard the discharge of the weapon again. And then, out of a semi-stupor, Molly's face, and her tears upon his cheeks. She was kneeling beside him upon

> the floor of the stable, stanching the blood from his wounds with a strip torn from her petticoat. Upon the floor lay three of the dogs, dead. Two more were writhing and mouning in a distant corner. Wilton looked up. Molly bowed her face upon his and

broke into hysterical weeping. It was caches which had been established the first sign of weakness he had ever seen in her. He held her in his right arm. He saw that his blood had stained her hands, her clothing. "Molly," he said weakly, "Molly-

She wept in utter hopelessness. "It is useless, Will," she sobbed. "Let us die here. We can't go on. They have torn you. Your arm is broken again. Oh, the snow-the snow-"

She seemed to have completely broken down. She crouched beside him, her whole body shaken by her sobs. And in his apathy it seemed to him good to lie there, with Molly at his side, till he grew stronger, or-

"Molly! Remember Kitty - and His words seemed to galvanize her back to courage. She got up. Her face grew suddenly composed. With streaming eyes she bandaged up his wounds. She improvised another sling. to hold his arm.

"I shall walk into Clayton," she said. "You must lie in the shack. Help will come by noon tomorrow, perhaps

"Seven miles yet, and the meeting's at nine," he said. "I can't make it, Molly."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Repulsive Birds. The greatest bird gourmand is the vulture of southeast Europe. Seven vultures can strip the carcass of a horse in half an hour. After such a meal they can fly only a few yards. They stand with puffed-out bodies. drooping wings, and blood-shot eyes

## Have Only Duds That Fold Well

problems not so easy to solve.

she has finished her holidays. She will ing manner. be far wiser, states a fashion writer in the New York Times, to study out garment of this sort-midway between her needs before she starts away and the wrap; r and the housegown-what indulge right from the start in the a comfort it can be on a trip. Someprocess of elimination. She can be thing of this sort comes to mean comwell dressed in a small space just as efficiently as she can by taking up all the room in her vicinity. It is only necessary to take the right things and the most foldable things along with

There are plenty of pretty clothes that really have no place in a traveler's luggage unless that traveler is equipped with a maid or two and pressing facilities galore. Those dresses might just as well remain at home when the average woman is doing her tripping, for they will be of little or no use to her once she has wrested their tangled meshes from the crowded masses of her trunk. Ruffles will not withstand packing unless they are coaxed back to life through the expenditure of much time and energy. And who wants to expend these valuable possessions when off for a summer splurge?

On the other hand, there are so many sorts of clothes, especially among the present styles, that seem fitted by nature to go traveling. They telescope themselves without any assistance, and they come out from the confines of tightly packed luggage looking their own charming selves.

Plan for Comfort,

Naturally, these are the frocks to be chosen for the summer, if one is planning with the least foresight and care for one's ultimate comfort. All of the crepe and chiffon dresses, which are so important a part of the present summer wardrobe, fold into small spaces with the greatest of ease and grace. In the first place, they are cut along such straight and simple lines that they fairly beg to be packed just to show how particularly well they can stand the strain. A woman may fold them just as she would lay to- canton crepe, and the dress is made gether a piece of straight material, along the straightest of lires. There with no more fear that the wrinkles are lines of hemstitching and drawn will be noticeable when the dress is work for its trimming, and there is dragged from the trunk,

that they take to packing with no a place they take up when folded tomore terror than if they were meant gether, and how satisfactory they are for that alone. In other words, they through many months of wear and have such body and flexibility that tear. they need fear no wrinkles or permanent folds, and the owner need fear none for them. She is safe when she keeps to these materials, for they are so adaptable that they will stand her in good stead no matter what demands may be made upon them.

There is much 'n the way the gowns are cut. The simpler they are the better. For if there is too much draping about them, then they are let in for extra creasings, which may not be so good after much traveling about. But the straight lines fold into small places so naturally that they emerge without showing the traces of packing.

Of course, every woman needs a boudoir wrap of some sort wherever



The Kimono of Printed Crepe That Will Serve Many Purposes After It Has Been Extracted From the Packing Case.

she is going or whatever she is doing. Not only will it serve for a bath robe, but it can be used for a room gown and becoming hats that can be folded Near Calloo Design.

summer days. It has been lined with is no salvation.

These are traveling days for every- | same time, adds so little extra weight body. But how to do the journeying and bulk that it is scarcely appreciawithout all the trunks and bags and ble. At the places where the gown hat boxes in the world is one of those splits and opens the red lining can be seen through the interstices, and that The woman who starts off on her alone tends to give a trimmed, gala summer vacation burdened with too appearance which is most attractive many dress and hat carriers is bound and which breaks the general design to have some unhappy moments before of the all-over pattern in an interest-

One never knows until one owns a



Hand-Made Silk Dress With Cape to Match and Collapsible Hat Designed to Fold Easily Into Summer Bag-

fort in a way nothing else could. Every time the owner puts it on she will thank a kind Providence for having led her to the decision that brought that particular article of apparel into her wardrobe.

The hand-made dress and cape to match is the sort of thing that is born for packing. The fabric is a heavy not a frill or furbelow that can suffer The silken and chiffon materials are from packing. Anyone who has owned one of these frocks knows how small

Cape of Same Material.

This dress has a cape made of the same material and lined with a lightweight crepe de chine. It may be worn with this dress or with others as a light summer evening wrap, and, for that reason, it serves a place in the traveler's wardrobe which cannot easily be taken by any other sort of garment. Presumably the reader has worn a suit while traveling, and has carried an extra heavy wrap over her arm, but neither the suitcoat nor the outer wrap is going to serve for evening demands with which she will bo confronted, no matter where she goes, But this wrap can be folded into the smallest of spaces and taken forth on many occasions. Without it'a woman would be quite at a loss and if she attempted to pack anything with more weight and body and trimming then she would find herself forced into adding extra luggage to accommodate the extra frills.

Keep the cape simple and the dress simple and half of the traveling battle is fought. And, if the reader follows the scheme, she will have a silk suit which can always be worn for afternoon, often for evening, and sometimes in the morning hours. Moreover, silk is cool, it can stand wet weather and when a colder day makes its appearance the owner can still look well in a silk dress urder her heavier coat. There is no angle from which a dress of this character is not satisfactory, and this season to be right in the height of style it is desirable to have it made of that cafe au lait color which has taken the place of gray in smart circles. It is a color which goes with most everything and which is becoming to many types.

Avoid Extra Hat Box.

By avoding the extra hat box, the traveler may save herself all sorts of worry and bother and porter fees. For, with only one bag, she can, in an emergency, drag herself and it around, but with two the situation becomes hopeless. She will find when she starts to shop that there are all sorts of little along with dresses as flat as can be, and which will still emerge with none of that mashed appearance. She will The material from which it has been made is one of those crepes printed in live to thank herself for providing hera fine pattern. This one happens to self with this sort of hat instead of be red and white in almost a calico the stiffer variety which must be cared design. It is cut and designed so that for so particularly and which, even it covers the person, and at the same then, is apt to come forth after a time its material is cool and pleasant train or boat trip with that sad and to the touch even on the hottest of drooping appearance for which there

a red China silk, and that lining is There are little woolen hats done in carried out at the ront so that it bright and interesting colors. Some forms a sort of revers all the way to are made of draped ribbons, and the foot of the garment. This facing sturdy ones of blocked felt that mash then continues throughout the gar- into small places with the greatest ment, so that it helps to give form agility and come forth to surprise one and substance to the thing and, at the by their well-groomed look.