The Free Traders

M'GRATH'S TRAP

SYNOPSIS.—Lee Anderson, Royal Canadian Mounted Police sergeant, is sent to Stony Range to arrest a man named Pelly murder. He is also instructed to look after Jim Rathway, reputed head of the "Free Traders," illicit liquor runners. At Little Falls he finds Pelly is credited with having found a gold mine, and is missing. At the hotel appears a girl, obviously out of place in the rough surroundings. A halfbreed, Pierre, and a companion, "Shorty," annoy the girl. derson interferes in her behalf. The girl sets out for Siston Lake, which is also Anderson's objective. He overtakes her and the men with whom he had trouble the night before. She is suspicious of him and the two men are hostile. Pierre and Shorty ride on, Anderson and the girl following. In the hills the road is blown up before and behind the two. Anderson, with his horse, is hurled down the mountain side, senseless. Recovering consciousness, Anderson finds the girl has disappeared, but he concludes she is alive and probconcludes she is alive and probably in the power of Pierre and Shorty. On foot he makes his way to Siston Lake. There he finds his companion of the day before, and Rathway, with a girl, Estelle, a former sweetheart of Anderson's, who had abused his confidence and almost wrecked his life. Rathway strikes Estelle. and after a fight Anderson, with Estelle's help, escapes with the Anderson's companion's mind is clouded and she is suf-fering with a dislocated knee. Anderson sets the knee and makes the girl as comfortable as possible. He has a broken rib. The two plan to make their way to a Moravian mission, of which Father McGrath has charge. Their acquaintance ripens into love. The girl remembers that her name is Joyce Pelly. She is daughter of the man Anderson has been sent to arrest. Torn and her regard for Anderson, the girl practically drives him from In the forest Anderson stumbles upon the entrance to a gorge and is convinced he has ocated Pelly's mine. In the tunnel he is attacked by an unseen adversary, whom he takes to be Pelly. A knife thrust is turned aside by the girl's hair in his blouse. Escaping, he returns to the cabin, to find Joyce gone. follows her trail to the mission of Father McGrath. The priest repulses him, but Joyce feels her love return and welcomes him. Her memory has been in a measure restored. Lee visits the mine again, finding there the grave of a woman, marked "Helene Pelly," and the skeleton of a man clutching a revolver on which are the letters "C. P.," without doubt Joyce's father. Anderson breaks the news of her father's death to Joyce. Father McGrath agrees to marry the

-Continued -10-

The sun rose high. It was beginning to descend. It ceased to illuminate the gorge. Lee was nearing the seconds sapling. He would work on till that was passed, and then-what?

And now each step of each ascent you shall never leave it." was an incredible labor. His hands were lumps of bruised flesh. He was hardly conscious what he was doing. Still, he must reach the second sap- ter, who is dead, to take his gold ling-

He passed it. A sort of film descended over his consciousness. In the declining day he saw himself staggering 'round the gorge, seeking never have his gold." for some other egress. Impossible! For forty feet there were footholds innumerable in the lower part of the cliffs; above them the hard granite surface bulged inward. There was no handhold for an ape. And he staggered from one end of the gorge to the other, 'round and 'round and 'round-an ape in a cage-

worn out, utterly hopeless. A little respite, and then he would arise, to struggle again, a short sleep-

Respite? He had slept, and that lynx sense of his had just awakened him in time-just in time to anticipate that shadow stealing down the gorge toward him. A misshapen, ing, and then leaped back as Lee struck at it.

Lee was alert on the instant. In that thing alone lay his chance of escape. And, as it vanished into the shadows. Lee went blundering after it in the darkness, finding it, losing it. He saw it in every moon-shadow among the rocks. He heard it jeering at him. Then stones began to fiv. One grazed his cheek, one struck him in the chest. Now the thing was in front of him, and when he rushed, it was not there, and a shower of stones from an unexpected quarter cut his lip and chin.

Thus tortured, maddened, Lee was baited till the second dawn filtered into the gorge. There was no respite. All the while Lee struggled against the bonds of sleep. He would rest, his eyes closing for an instant-it was upon him again, a stone would hurtle past him; another rush would follow, and again the thing was gone in the

Dawn-daylight-sunlight, Crouched behind a ridge or rock above him, Lee saw the misshapen figure with the massive shoulders and the long, furred arms.

And, yielding to the elemental rage Leboeuf's face, gashing his cheek. that was in him, Lee whipped out his au omatic and fired two bullets. They chipped fragments of stone from beside the face, which continued to watch him unmoved. That face, il-'umined by the sunlight in the gorge, much at variance with the misshapen | shirt away.

Victor Rousseau

body, that Lee was shocked at the sight of it.

It was only a man-but such a man! A gorilla, all but the human

Lee had already pulled the trigger shot. Then he remembered that he not know you!" had had only two cartridges remaining. He was unarmed.

He sprang and a stone struck him

in the chest and hurled him backward. Like two baboons they bombarded each other with stones; but at last, as a fortunate shot sent the other staggering, Lee managed to close with

The face, bruised and battered from impassively into his. Lee struck, and bottom of the gorge. quickly discovered that he had not strength enough left to administer a knockout blow; while at close quarters he was decidedly at a disadvantage.

On the other hand his opponent was equally unable to overcome him, for he could not stand up against Lee's fists at short range long enough to allow him time to get the gripping power of those shoulders into action. At last, bleeding and bruised, they broke off the fight simultaneously, and lay side by side, penting, upon the bottom of the gorge.

Lee took stock of the other. The man looked like an Indian, but there was a touch of the Caucasian in him. Lee addressed him for the first time. "What is it that you want? Why

have you attacked me?" The answer-Lee had hardly expected that there would be an answer-was in a tone singularly soft, incredibly at variance with the appear-

ance of that gross body. "You find the way in. But you never find the way out. You fight me and I fight you. You sit down here so and I sit down here beside you so. When you fight I fight, and when you stop I stop, and so we wait until you grave. sleep. And then 'le grand mort' come."

This devilish conception made Lee's blood run cold. For even now his eyelids were drooping-drooping, and the other watched with cunning eyes.

He tried to find strength to leap, rend him with teeth and nails if his bruised fists and weakened arms failed him. But the other, reading what passed in his mind, crouched, ready for him.

Lee shot an arrow at a venture. "Leboeuf!" he said softly.

The other started. "Eh, you have learn my name? That makes no dif-

"Why do you wish to kill me, Leboeuf? Is it that you think I have come here to seize the mine?"

"Listen, then. I swore to my master before he died that no one shall take the gold away. Therefore, since you have found the way into the tunnel,

"Suppose I am a friend?" "No, no friend. You have come for the gold. You came to seize my masaway. There he lies dead and he has come to me in dreams and told me he must not be buried till Ma'm'zelle Joyce has got the gold. Ai, you shall

"Listen, Leboeuf! Miss Joyce and I love each other-'

"No, no, you are lying, and, besides, it would make no difference. Did I not hear her in the house, telling you, Go! Go!' No, you shall never take her gold."

Lee desisted from sheer weariness He strove desperately in his mind, He dropped upon the ground utterly trying to find some way by which he could convince this madman-but his eyelids closed, and suddenly, with a snarl, Leboeuf was upon him, his fingers twining around his throat.

Lee shook himself free. He sprang gold in it. at him, the last of his waning strength put forth. They clinched, they fought, Lee's fists beat against the bruised gross thing that leaped forward, snarl- face, drawing, fresh blood. Leboeuf released him, but springing to a distance, began burling stones at him, cursing him.

Then he sat down and waited. Lee must stay awake till nightfall.

granite with a stone-wild and impossible thoughts ran through his mind. He strode to and fro beside the river

Some little distance away Leboeuf sat watching him. Lee's hatred for

Lee sat down. He must conserve his strength-he started up. He had slept for a moment, and Leboeuf was said Lee. "At least his sufferings are way's not fool enough to buck a powercreeping toward him. The sun blazed at an end." over the edge of the gorge.

Leboeuf squatted down nearer Lee, watching him as a vulture might watch a dying animal

A moment later Leboeuf was almost at his side, yet he was not conscious of his having moved, or of having closed his eyes. He got up wearily, picked up a stone, and flung it into

Leboeuf never moved. Lee looked about him for a larger

He was lying upon his back, and Leboeuf was kneeling on him gripping his throat. He tried to struggle. The appeared so human, so intelligent, so wiry fingers ripped the tatters of his the two talked a long time, and then

Next moment a cry broke from Leboeuf's lips. He was fingering the coils of Joyce's hair. He knew them, that Leboeuf, who was devoted to him, perhaps by the faint odor of her that clung to them.

He fell upon his knees. "Monsieur, it is hers! Forgive! Forgive! I am an old fool! So among my people the maidens give their hair as tokens of love! Ah, Monsleur, Monsleur-see, I will show you the entrance, and you shall take the gold for her. So my a third time, but there was no third master spoke in a dream-but I did

> And, darting from Lee's side, he cliff between the saplings. He dragged away a stone, fitting so closely into the tunnel's mouth that Lee had never guessed it had been placed there. And, with a mournful cry, Leboeuf

disappeared within the tunnel. Lee staggered to the cliff beneath it, tried to ascend, dropped back, and

CHAPTER XIII

And on the Day After Tomorrow

Lee slept the clock around, for, when he awoke, refreshed and restored, except for his bruised and blistered hands, the sun was in the same part of the sky as when he had gone to

For a few moments the memory of that grotesque struggle seemed like something that he had read in a book. Then, bit by bit, it began to become a part of memory's records.

But it was not until, looking up. he saw the entrance to the tunnel plainly visible in the cliff overhead. that he realized the whole episode had not been a disordered dream, born of his frantic, futile struggles.

And even then Lee could not convince himself until he had gone back to Pelly's skeleton and ascertained that it was really there, and looked at the initials on the butt of the revolver, and stood beside the little

Then, very painfully, for his hands were skinned and raw. Lee clambered up the cliff and made his way through



And There in the Entrance Joyce Was Standing, Watching Them-and Him, Approaching.

the tunnel. He did not think he would ever want to visit Pelly's gold mine

He had suspected all the while that the mine was a myth, and even now he was not convinced that there was

But joy was in his heart, joy overflowing, for all his troubles were at an end. He was going to Joyce, to make her his wife, to take her away.

And his heart thumped at the anticipation of that incredible dream, and he trod the trail toward the log house like a boy. He broke his long fast with a moderate meal and started He would find some way out of the for the mission. As he went up the gorge. He would cut footsteps in the ascent a mob of half-breed and Indian children came pouring out of the schoolhouse. And there in the entrance Joyce was standing, watching

them-and him, approaching. She looked up at him gravely as he drew near, and she knew at once from that bruised, impassive face was ele- the look on his face enough to make mental. He flung a stone. The aim the breaking of the news less of a was true; it cut Leboeuf's lip open. shock to her. But the tears rolled Once you are my wife, Rathway can-Blood began to drip, but Leboeuf down her cheeks as he told her of her father's death.

"Joyce, darling, I can't help feeling that it's the best thing-in the end,"

"I think so, too, 'Lee," she answered calmly. "And now I know that-somehow-I have always known my father was no longer alive. The bond between us was very close, though I was away from him so many years."

Lee told her about the discovery of the mine and his encounter with Leboeuf, slurring over the story of the Indian's attack on him. Then Joyce caught sight of his hands, and was all sympathy and dismay, and took him into a hut and bathed them and ban-

daged them. Father McGrath had gone to visit

Lee over their soup dishes out of their

large, black eyes.

"It is strange, the mine being so near the house," Joyce said. "You know Mother and I were never quite convinced that there was a mine. We were never quite sure that my father hadn't a delusion on that subject, and wasn't humoring him.

"Old Leboeuf must have been living there for a long time. He had some grudge against Rathway, you know. He would have killed him once, if my father hadn't intervened."

She reverted to her father's death. and Lee was reluctantly compelled to give her the particulars.

"He may have suffered a stroke and have fallen over the cliff," he said. fuse to perform the ceremony. "At any rate, his death was instanscrambled straight up the face of the taneous. You may be sure he did not suffer."

It was when he spoke of his discovery of her mother's grave that Joyce showed signs of breaking down. "She was ill such a long time." she said. "She was paralyzed, and there was nothing that could be done for When she died my father and the encounter in the tunnel, looked in a moment was fast asleep upon the Leboeuf carried her body away into Have ye thocht o' the horror o' sitting the forest by night. They would never tell me where she had been buried. and I remember I used to prowl about the house, always hoping to discover her grave. I suppose that was a part of my father's madness, in a way. He wanted her to be near him where he was working."

It was after dinner that Lee opened the subject nearest to his heart.

"Dear, you know what I want to ask," he said. "Will you let me take you south with me before the snows? And will you let Father McGrath marry us before we start?"

"Oh, Lee-when?" she asked. "Today, dearest."

"Oh, not today, Lee!"

"Tomorrow, then? And we'll spend our honeymoon in the log house, just for a day or two of happiness together before taking up the trail. I know it will always be your home, Joyce, and that we shall often come back here, now that the unhappiness of the past

"Wait, Lee!" Joyce was wrinkling her forehead in that manner that always distressed him so much. "I want to ask you something .: Have you really told me everything-from the time when I had my fall from the horse until I awakened in the forest with you? Or have you-hidden something from me-out of consideration for

"Why do you ask that, dear?" "Because I-I feel that you have, Lee, I don't know why. It's just an instinct I have. And if there is something more, I should like to be told, because—because I have a feeling that it may help me to recover that part of my life that is still a blank to me."

Lee felt in a quandary. It was impossible to wish to keep anything from Joyce; and yet he felt that she ought day and night at Siston lake. "If you don't want to tell me,

dear-" Joyce went on. Lee had to tell her then, and did, minimizing the affair in all but its essentials. He said nothing about his fight with the Free Traders, but told her how she had been kidnaped by the two men and taken to Rathway's camp, and how, in the absence of the

band, he had rescued her. "And you say I was unconscious all that time?" asked Joyce. "I wish I could understand it, and I wish I could remember. It seems so strange that part of my memory should come back to me, and not all of it. Who were those men and what did they want of me? Were they Rathway's men? And what did he want?"

"I think the explanation is simple. dear." Lee answered. "Rathway wants the secret of your father's mine. In some way he must have learned that you were coming back to the range. He sent his men to intercept you. They probably told you that Rathway had your father in his power, and that is why you proposed to accompany them, and why you didn't want me."

"Not want you, Lee? I wanted you from the first minute I saw you. I'll tell you a secret, shall I? Well-I-I fell in love with you that evening in the hotel, and I've been in love with you ever since. There!

"But why was I riding in the range?" she resumed. "What was it on my mind so terrible that there seems a sort of blackness there? I felt that you could save me." She shook her head. "No. there's more to it than that, my dear. And-I don't know-perhaps I shall knees, under the muzzles of the guns, never know."

Lee slipped his arm about her. 'Joyce, dear, don't try to think. It doesn't matter. Nothing is going to matter any more. You are no longer the unknown girl, traveling alone through a wilderness, whose disappearance would arouse no suspicions. not harm you. And then you have Father McGrath behind you, and the church that he represents, and the missionary societies behind that. Rathful organization by any crime-his cue is to lie low and sell all the liquor he can before we put him out of business. Tell me you'll marry me soon." "But the mine, Lee? And poor Le-

boouf?" "We'll look into those matters during our little honeymoon. Tell me

that it shall be tomorrow." Joyce hesitated; and while she hesitated they heard the tinkle of bells, and Father McGrath appeared in his norse sleigh, coming up the hill.

They went to the door. The jolly priest waved his hand and pulled in.

ence of the children, who stared at through the snow, and I reckon I'll have to tak' to the dogs mighty soon

This is winter for sure at last!" He scrutinized the pair keenly. "Ye havna made another of your queek changes?" he inquired, with an absurd affectation of archness that set then both laughing.

"No; I've fulfilled the conditions that were imposed on me," Lee answered, and with that narrated his adventures in the mine.

"And Miss Pelly has promised to marry me tomorrow," he ended mendaciously.

"N-not tomorrow, Lee," said Joyce. And Father McGrath, who had been listening to Lee's story with many ejaculations, looked so severe that Lee had a sudden terror that he would re-"The day after, then, Joyce?" Lee

pleaded. Joyce interposed no veto this time, but was blushing like a rose and look-

ing adorably confused. "Weel-" began the father. "Weel, I'm not in favor of such queeckness. Have you two young folks conseedered the consequences of matreemony, the awful and inevitable consequences? doon opposite each ither at the breakfast table mornin' after mornin' for the rest o' your lives togither? Have ye thocht o' the stunning responsibilities of the married state?"

Lee was beginning to grow alarmed. but of a sudden he discerned a twinkle in the worthy father's eyes. And suddenly Father McGrath smote Lee violently upon the back.

"I'N do it, mon!" he shouted. "I'll do it. 'Tis the one practical joke that is permeesible to a meenister. I believe in matreemony. 'Tis the grrandest o' the deespensations of Our Lord on airth! Mony's the time I've hummed and hawed and pretended na to be willin' when a young pair's come to me to marry them, he thinking he's got the wurrld's desire by the forelock, and she proud and happy wi' her mon, but by na means quite all that his fond imageenation pictures her.

"And I've laughed in my sleeve and thocht, 'Ha, ha, ye scullions, 'tis the trap ye're asking me to spring on ye, and I'm going to shut it fast.' And so I've married them. And it'll no be so valry long, marrk ye, before they're coming to me wi' their grievances.

"'Oo, Father, my wife does this and wilna do that, and she wilna obey nor honor me, as she's sworn to do, and I'm no sure she loves me.' And it's 'Oo, Father, my mon's got a temper like the de'il hisself, and the jealousy o' the grrand Turk.'

"Then I speak to them verra soft. 'My dear mon, and my dear wumman,' say, 'ye're baith caught fast, and what's done canna be undone. "Tis what matreemony's for, to help a mon and a wumman to deescipline-their natures. "Tis a grrand deespensation, is matreemony. And, if ye'll baith remember'-I go on, speakin' wi' what ye might call a touch of unction-'l is set high enough so that there will never to know the incidents of that hesitated before admitting ye to its be no back-breaking aches after an privilegges, for weel I saw that ye were twa ill-assorted natures-' 'Naeth ing o' the sorrt!' they burst out indignantly. And wi' that they go off, arrin in arrm together."

"I hope you haven't Miss Pelly and myself in mind, Father," said Lee, laughing. "I'm willing to step into your trap tomorrow, and I'm more willing to step into it this minute."

Father McGrath looked at them quizzically. "Weel, we'll just say the day after tomorrow, Anderson," he said. "For ye ken, Anderson, a wumman wants a leetle time to picture herself a bride in her mind's eye before she becomes "one."

"And so they are married and live happily ever afterward." Not at all. With their marriage their troubles begin again.

(10 BE CONTINUED.)

When the Fuzzy Wuzzies "Crumpled Up the Square" It was at the battle of Tamai in the

Sudan, on March 13, 1884, that the

Fuzzy Wuzzles "broke the British square." The tribesmen, utterly reckless of death, charged an angle of the square in the face of what seemed an annihilating fire. They threw themselves on the bayonets, and used their spears in the death agony before the bayonets could be withdrawn. They came over the bodies of their own dead, and crawling on hands and they gained the inside of the square, and stabbed and slashed until one brigade gave way in confusion, and its guns were captured. The other brigades closed in, the guns were retaken, and the Fuzzies were chased far past the scene of this momentary triumph, but they had "crumpled up the square," and the exploit caught the British imagination and put Fuzzy Wuzzy into English literature. The Fuzzies themselves belonged to the Hadendowa tribe and were commanded by Osman Digna, although the latter generally kept himself in a place of safety during the fighting. The Fuzzles got their name owing to the peculiar manner in wnich they wore their hair. The Black Watch formed part of the "square," and fought with the utmost bravery during the whole of the campaign against the Mahdi.

Made Name Immortal

In 1897 S. A. Andree stirred the imagination of the world by starting from Spitzbergen for the North pole in a balloon, and, though he perished in the attempt, made the record of 47 "Well, Meestair Anderson, and so hours' sustained flight, as proved by an old Indian in the neighborhood, and | ye're back again!" he cried heartily, | the message brought back by a cargripping Lee's hand with a fist of rier pigeon, and became the pioneer ate a simple meal together in the pres- iron. "Tis harrd going wi' the horse of polar exploration through the air

The Kitchen Cabinet

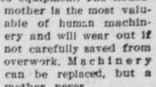
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The lintel low enough to keep out The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside;

The door band strong enough from robbers to defend; This door will open at a touch to welcome every friend. -Henry Van Dyke.

LABOR SAVING EQUIPMENT

It is not extravagance to purchase good household equipment. The house-



mother, never. A good rule to observa in purchasing labor-saving devices is to give

preference to those which are oftenest used and most necessary. A cherry-pitter is a great convenience if one puts up many cherries; but it is used only a short season, while a meat grinder, used nearly every day,

is a necessary utensil. Women who make large quantities of bread find the bread-mixer a necessity, while the washing machine saves bodily energy and time; it, too, is a labor-saver.

The question of space, as well as the amount of care and expense needed to operate them, is a point to con-

The price is not always high for artistic china; the color and design may be good, though cheap. Dishes light, easy to handle, are best. Aluminum is one of the best; not difficult to keep bright and very sanitary.

In choice of furniture the best includes convenience, necessity and beauty; when it includes all three it will serve its purpose efficiently.

Taste may be good or bad, but the ordinary individual with a little study will learn what is best to buy for her station in life-things which "go" with, or correspond to, the general furnishings.

We must not forget that a very important point in equipment, especially dishes and cooking utensils, is beauty. A thing may be useful and beautiful,

The housekeeper (who has little help) is wise who avolds bric-a-brac and carved furniture, elaborate linen which requires labor and skill to laun-

Place equipment conveniently for step-saving. Have the kitchen stove and sink, table and cupboards within a reasonable space. See that the sink hour of dish washing. The table, too, should be of such a height that the body need not lean in working at it. There are few homes which cannot be improved by a little study, observation and common sense in planning, equipment, arrangement.

Some Sandwiches. Bread should not be too fresh to



they are prepared. Cream the butter to soften so that it will spread better, then add any filling desired.

Egg Sandwiches.-Chop the whites of hard cooked eggs until fine. Mix the yolks with softened butter or with mayonnaise dressing, add the whites and spread on the buttered bread. Deviled Ham Sandwiches.-Take one cupful of cold bolled ham chopped fine, rub the yolks of two hard

cooked eggs until smooth with three

teaspoonfuls of melted butter, mix the

ham with a teaspoonful of lemon

tuice and one-fourth teaspoonful of

mustard, season to taste and mix all together. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Cheese Sandwiches.-Grate cheese fine, mix with cream or melted but-

er, add salt and cayenne, and spread on buttered bread. Water cress and lettuce are both very good in sandwiches; shred both, mix with mayonnaise dressing and place on buttered bread. Scraped

onion for flavor may be added. Chopped green peppers and onion nixed with mayonnaise makes another appetizing salad.

Sliced tomatoes and cucumbers with a salad dressing are good. Chopped meat, nuts, with season-

ngs, make good filling. Sweet Sandwiches .- Chopped danched almonds with scraped maple sugar, softened with cream. Marmaade, jelly or preserves, any of which will spread without running. Cottage cheese and chopped preserved cher-

Salmon Sandwiches.-Shred a cupful of salmon, add a tablespoonful of chopped capers, a tablespoonful of chopped sour pickles and four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise. Cut into shapes and wrap each in waxed paper.

Bacon and Egg Sandwiches.-Chop as many hard-cooked eggs as will be needed, adding a tablespoonful of mayonnaise for each egg. Spread on outtered bread and top with a thin slice of cooked bacon. Cover with another slice of bread and wrap in

paraffin paper.