By GILBERT PARKER Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Money Master," etc.

"The Druses Are Up!"

GREAT Scott, look at her! She's goin' to try and take 'em!" ex-claimed Osterhaut, the Jack-of-allrades at Lebanon.

"She ain't such a fool as all that. Why, no one ever done it alone. Low water, too, when every rock's got its chance at the canoe. But, my gracious, she is goin' to ride 'em!"

Jowett, the horsedealer, had a sportsman's joy in a daring thing.

"See, old Injun Tekewani 's after He's calling at her from the bank. He knows. He done it himself years. en' he had to sew up the tears. He "Just as the Druse girl there is

"An' he's done what he liked with

the Blackfeet ever since." But she ain't a chief what's the of her doin' it? She's goin' straight! them. She can't turn book now e couldn't make the bank if wanted to. She's got to run 'em-Holy smoke, see for wavin' the paidle at Tekewani (tsterhaut, sie's limit, that pettiennt -- o quiet and sli) and don't-look at me, too, with eves

like brown diamouds. "Ob, get out, dewett she's a She'll make this rountry it his some day-by gorry, she'll make Manning and Lebanon sit up today if she run-Carillon Rapids -: 10

"She's running one off night She's-by jee, well done, Miss-Well done, I say well done

thrashing waters where the rooks rent and tore into white sibbons the ourush Ing current, and her first true had one her cance. The waters were once before with her feight. Telemuni on that desperate hearnes. Her came struck a rock shartwise, shuddered and swung round, but to a dextreas stroke she freed the frail confr. In righted and plunged forward again rate fr death-trans.

made Tekeward to to warm her free the shore-he and the dozen braves we race that, after the first warming, when to stop her. The Judians ran doub the thing is no true that it can be should bushed make, and guided the little long-nosed pike. As he sat in the shade

about her forchead, her daring eyes fashing to left and right, memory of her course at work sunder such as strain as few can endure without class of pind in the end. A numered those since the day she had rout these rapids with Tekwani she had gone over the course he her mind, asbeep and analyse forcing her brain to see again every yard of the final strain and the day must come when the sum would make the journey alone. Why she that the journey alone. Why she that the journey alone. Why she that the journey alone. Why she rolly knew that she would do it some when the way. Even on the verge of were too far away to save her, but they day; and the day load come. For long. The cames sped on, hut presently it had known defeat.

Men cheered him from the shore as he knew of the course, the fough the washers down. It was though she forcing parade. The cames sped on, hut presently it had known defeat.

Men cheered him from the shore as his said to him, meeting his look firmly was as the large round and hy athreat the curse, the fough the washers down. It was the pleast the course of the bits of rubber when blown as skilled through the washers down. It was the final through the washers down. It was the final through the washers down. It was the final through the washers sought to thank him, at the washer and had been as shalling of from her shoulders that the curse was all the day had come were should sought for the morning parade.

Men cheered him from the shore as he knew the curse, said to him, meeting his look firmly was said to him, meeting his look firmly had steeling herself to thank him, and three the curse of the bits of rubber when how and the waster. It's that bieself in a hour three said the men that the curse, said to him, meeting him as stole him the curse, said to him, meeting him as stole him the waster. It is that being a sole parade. One of the day had steeling herself to thank him, and was now a devoul and the two meeting him and the waster. It is that been as the had nown had been as all had nown had h

Rapids of Carillon?"

Night and day since she had braved gun, a meerschaum pipe and ten pounds beautiful brown "plug" tobacco as token of her gratitude-night and day she had heard this spirit murmuring in her ear, and always the refrain s, "Down the stream to Carillon!

Why? How should she know? Where he should she know? This was of the things beyond the why of the stand our lives, if we stand. Sometimes all our lives, if we stand see the work beyond the why of the human keep our souls young, and see the world first saw it with eyes and heart oiled, we hear the murmuring of the other Self, that Self from which we trated when we entered this mortal there, but which followed us, invisible the whispering inspiration to us. But stimes we only hear It, our own ul's oracle, while yet our years are and we have not passed that fronbetween innocence and experience, and pretense. Pretense it is ling on its lips. Then we hear It cry ich drives the Other Self away with night when, because of the of life, we cannot sleep; or at when we are caught away from wes into another air than ours usic pours around us like soft from a garden of pomegranates; o a child asks a question which back to the land where every-



Now tossing to death as it seemed, now shooting on safely to the next test of skill and courage

HARD LUCK FOLLOWS

ME EVERY WHERE

Mitter end, he made not further arranged to a top her. The forings ran and a grained to the bound reds, and a grained to the bound reds, and a subject to a form of the resonance of the common of the resonance of the resonance

is "She keeps pretty coul for a crazy of Lebanon and Mantion. "The Dauses seeks production of Lebanon and Mantion. "The Dauses of Sabriel Druse, the Stooting the Rapids of Carllon was placed to have reduce the post of the source of the sour

this you not be high beakbome, but this you go to play the ent-o'-nime-tails you go to play the condition of the land of the young says the young the play the

cally knew that she would do it some day; and the day had come. For hour that had been an obsession arth here as though some spirit winspered in her arms back hough some spirit winspered in her arms back hough some spirit winspered in her arms the last ambished passage her senses shouted as they run.

None responded to their call, but that calliance of the last cataract of the same the river at Carillon? Do you hear the river as a a face shows itself at the window of a burning building, one who, below an eddy on the Lebanon the wild bird fixed below the town. They stalkin' it," rejoined Osterhaut. "But, by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to overhul her before the last cataract of the swing: the last in this policy is goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to overhul her before the last cataract of the swing: the last in the policy of the remarked. "We only do such things when we are very young." She was about to reply, but paused definite of the last cataract of the swing! Hell, ain't it proton the work as the last wing to the window of a burning building, one who, below an eddy on the Lebanon the wild bird fixed below the town. They had been and been seen by singing toward Carillon? Memory should be such the work she had been important the work of the window of a burning building.

Memory should be the very some should be the town. They again, "I am sure you will never faint by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do this trump trick by gol, he's goin' to do you hear the rapids calling the the tunuit of waters, found the amiling upon mapletwigs black bass and Tekewani and his braves were less talk-

ative, but they were more concerned in the incident than Osterhaut and Jowett.

They knew little or nothing of Ingolby the hustler, but they knew more of Fleda Druse and her father than all and made pemmican of the buffalo- frankly. That's why I took in O'Brien. ings to fresh game-grounds and pastures ditions. But damn it I wasn't born to

Danger faced was the one thing which truth, Mr. Merton. That devil O'Brien could restore Tekewani's self-respect, found me out and started to blackmail after he had been checked and rebuked me-" before his tribe by the Indian commissioner for being drunk. Danger faced had restored it, and Fleda Druse had bim liquor—and there we were the pair brought the danger to him as a gift. of us! That's why I pulled down the

If the canoe should crash against the blind. The decanter and glasses were piers of the bridge, if it should drift to all out on this table here! And that's the cataract below, if anything should why O'Brien was afraid you might be happen to this white girl whom he worshiped in his heathen way, nothing thing he was afraid of-that he might John Whiteelett. could preserve his self-respect; he be found out and taken away."
would pour ashes on his head and fireI bent over him and sniffed. water down his throat.

Suddenly he and his braves stood exclaimed. still. They watched as one would watch near the derelict cance; the bridge was like to give me away to Philip-well near also. Carillon now lined the bank he d-d, you can if you like. But upon the bridge, but not so fast as to I've told to no one else," each the place where, in the nick of time. Ingelby get possession of the roll-tion enough of part at least of the poor ing cance; where Fleda Druse lay wait-devil's story. His curious moods, his impression. ing like a princess to be waked by the manner as he entered the room this kiss of destiny.

bridge was the second cataract, and she would never have walked if she had been as this had exploded my hopes, I think

buman being could be as she lay with white face upturned, the paddle still in her hand.

doctor come out of the ordeal with only this kind of stain on his character. He was a likable man, we had been demanded. "Drowning isn't good enough for capital friends-and he was Jean's

he said, as he fastened her canoe cousin.

as of the girl that he was saving.

"I always have luck when I go fishing," he added presently. "I can take her back to Lebanon," he continued with a quickening look. "She'll be all phatically. as of the girl that he was saving. right in a jiffy. I've got room for her murmured, as he neared the waiting people on the banks of Carillon, and the ringing of the vesper bells came out book.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## The Man From the Clouds: By J. Storer Clouston

the people of Lebanon and Manitou put together. Fleda had won old Tekewani's heart when she had asked him to take her down the Rapids, for the days of adventure for him and his tribe were over. The adventure shared with this girl had brought back to the chief the old days when Indian women tanned bearskins and deerskins and deerskins and deerskins and deerskins and deerskins and deerskins and of the huffalo
and I'll tell you the whole truth. My each have a whisky and soda!'

It may or may not have been the wisest suggestion to make. I am not an expert in these matters. But anyhow if he enjoyed his drink as much as I enjoyed mine, it was at least a bear of the huffalo
"And how many more people have bear the facts."

"And how many more people have bear the facts."

"And how many more people have bear the wisest suggestion to make. I am not wisest suggestion to make. I am not decrease."

"And how many more people have bear the facts."

"And how many more people have bear the wisest suggestion to make. I am not wisest suggestion to make. I am not decrease."

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"And how many more people have bear the wisest suggestion to make. I am not decrease."

"And how many more people have bear the wisest suggestion to make. I am not decrease."

"And how many more people have bear the wisest suggestion to make. I am not wisest

meat; when the years were filled with I wasn't supposed to keep any liquor hunting and war and migrant journey- in the house—that was one of the con- giving the doctor some further repara- with as close an imitation of a clearbe a tectotaler, and that's the plain

"Probably the servants," I sug- loudly but extremely unpleasantly. gested. The next instant the doors opened

Tracked Down

"You have had a dram now!" I 66T TRUST we are not interrupting

"And it's not the first since you've an enemy a hundred times stronger than been here either. You see I'm perfectly severe, and as the costume he had selectone's self. The white man's skiff was frank with you. Mr. Merton. If you ed for this thunderbolt entrance was p of the river with its people. They ran you'll surely not? I've told you what King (including a fur cap with ear There rushed into my mind confirma -

"Not a bit," I said, bounding to my iss of destiny.

Only five hundred yards below the liquor when I first visited the house, all To Ingolby she was as beautiful as a I was more glad than sorry to see the

"I promise you, doctor," I said, "It's been a full day's work," he "that I shall repeat no word of this added; and even in this human crisis story-except, of course, in confidence to he thought of the fish he had caught, those who are on the track of this "the big trouble" he had been think- business in Rausay. Only in return

"Blackmail?" I asked.

ing out as Osterhaut had said, as well you must tell me absolutely frankly if you have seen any grounds for suspecting O'Brien of anything treasonable-The doctor shook his head em-

"The only plotting the man was in my buggy—and room for her in any place that belongs to me." he hastened he was just a gas bag. I've seen him I took it and read this message:

"Request permission to be visite." to reflect with a curious, bashful smile. too often in a state when he'd bave

We had lit our pipes with our glasses should not learn?" tion in the shape of the true tale of conscienced young man revealing the my adventures, when I saw him sud- harmless necessary truth as I could denly start and glance guiltily at his achieve without rehearsal, I told him,

"Is that some one in the ball?" he and she is thoroughly trustworthy."

"She is Miss Rendall." I added. My relations to the doctor not having and, without any announcement, in reached this stage when we were inwalked my uncle, Sir Francis Merton, terrupted, I think I can honestly say followed by my cousin, Commander that no utterance of mine ever produced a more telling effect on these men simultaneously.

"I have only informed one person,

"She!" said my uncle, not very

"Jenn!" exclaimed the doctor.

"She must have," I agreed.

risk appeared to amuse him,

needed. Come on!"

irons.

"Oh, is that her name?" said my

My cousin alone came straight to the

"Then she has sent me this wire and

"In that case we had better push on

"You don't think it's a trap?" asked

Jack Whiteclett smiled slightly. The

"And so have I." I added, "and

"You can that!" said the doctor

"Certiply, doctor! We may all be

It was quite dark, and mortal cold;

our circulation and then settled down

"What's that!" I exclaimed, and

"Somebody running!" said my cou-

to a fast five-mile-nn-hour walk. About

I first heard a little sound ahead.

"We've both got our shooting

"And if you don't mind I'll

uncle as soon as he could trust himself

you. Roger," said my uncle. His voice was caustic and his eye to speak.

ed for this thunderbolt entrance was point. apparently designed to suggest a combination of North Sea pilot and pirate this message?" flaps tied under his venerable chin) one might have fired a twelve-inch gun in- for the Scollays at once and see what to the room and produced much less she means."

feet, "but-er-wouldn't you like to idea of the navy pausing to weigh the untie your bonnet, Uncle Francis?" He frowned at me heavily but I was

He frowned at me heart, thankful to notice that his eye did briefly. "What is the meaning of this?"

emanded.
"That is just the question, sir, I You can trust Miss Rendall!" was going to put."

My cousin interposed. "Uncle Francis arrived this morning to see how things were getting on. I saw doubt in my uncle's eye and ing to see how things were getting on, and when I got your wire I brought him out in quickly.

"Certinly, do "Got my wire!" I exclaimed. "Sure-

ly-I'm certain I never sent it off!" I put my hand in my pocket, and the road was frozen hard and the nor'east wind swept over it without a there it was right enough. "My dear Jack, here it is. It never break from wall or hedge-row. We all four trotted for a little to get up

was sent. His hand dived into his own pocket and then held out a crumpled telegram. "Request permission to be visited by

my own doctor. Hobhouse." "Do you mean to say you never sent we stood still and listened. And then I remembered the pocket that off yourself?" exclaimed Sir

"Are those freaks you're playing with?" asked the judge, eyeing the pig

"No, they are just rubber balloons.

laughed Billy. "Then blow me up." ordered the judge. And with that he swallowed the melon balloon, all except the squawker

"If I blew up like that would I be a frenk?" demanded the, judge, after thinking the matter over for a minute." "You surely would be-a very funny

This surprised Peggy and Billy greatly, but it seemed a clever idea, so Billy blew and blew and Judge Owl

swelled and swelled. He was well on

the way toward becoming a freak.

and the elephant.

explained Peggy.

freak.

end.

of the circus?" They looked up at this question and you're not a freak."

there was Judge Owl perched on a tree branch above them. He was looking judge.
at them through dark goggles. Of "Why, something different from course, it was queer for a bird to wear others of its kind. If you were the dark goggles, but Judge Owl, being a biggest owl in the world, or the smallnight bird, could not see well in the est, or the fattest, you'd be a freak."



"Let's see who can blow the biggest balloon," suggested Billy

day time, so Peggy had long before Down the street wailed another given him that pair of glasses.

"Hello, Judge Owi! What are you doing so far from Birdland?" cried Peggy and Billy.
"I've come to join the circus.

so they blew and blew until the ele-phant and the pig swelled up until they in the woods just now, and I long for excitement.' "But how can you join the circus.

asked Billy. "Circuses like freaks and "What's a freak?" demanded the

FLAT ENOUGH

00! GOSH

when, suddenly, he began to wiggle and then to jiggle, and finally he jerked the squawker out of Billy's mouth. "Waak-nwk-awk!" wailed squawker and the wail seemed to tell ow Judge Owh was feeling inside.
"Here, come back. You're not a freak yet." cried Billy.

"If that's being a freak, I don't want to be one," gasped Judge Owl, tearing the balloon out of his throat. "I nearly burst." "Tweet! Tweet! You look funny!" laughed Mrs. Robin, who had been

watching them from the lawn. "What are you trying to do? "Judge Owl wants to be the biggest owl in the world so he can join the

circus," said Peggy. "Tweet! That's easy. Plant him in Gardener Phil's hothouse. Everything grows big in there." "A good idea!" cried Peggy and By Chas. McManus

Billy, and away they raced to Gardener Phil's hothouse with Judge Owl. "We will plant you in this sunny corner." said Billy, leading the way to

a spot where tall tomato vines grew to "Just plant my feet," hooted Judge Owl, when they dug a hole big enough to hold all of him. And so they set him in the ground like a young tree,

any Peggy sprinkled him with the sprinkling can. "Hoo! Hoo! It's hot in here,!' hooted Judge Owl. Peggy and Billy thought so, too, and so they ran out for a breath of fresh air. "Hoo! Hoo! It's hot! Let me out!" screeched Judge

Owl, but Peggy and Billy only laughed. "Hoo! Hoo! I'm growing so fast there isn't room for me here," hooted the judge. Again Peggy and Billy laughed. screamed a terrific voice, "if you don't let me out quick I'll smash the whole hothouse. Alarmed at the loudness of the voice,

Peggy and Billy looked inside. Where they had left Judge Owl was a great mass of feathers—the biggest Peggy or Billy had ever seen. It was Judge Owl, but Judge Owl grown until he was larger than an elephant.

Oul goes to join the circus.)

death with Tekewani, giving him a DOROTHY DARNIT—Perhaps He Could Make the Boy Scouts

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

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TRIED BUT COULDN'T MY FEET AINT PASS

I COULDN'T GET INTO THE ARMY ON ACCOUNT OF FLAT EEET WHY DONT YOU TRYTHE POLICE FORCE

(Tomorrow will be toldshow Judge CHAS. MEMANUS.