AND THE BRUTAL GUARD, LE GURO, WAS ON HAND, WITH HIS TERRIBLE WHIP, WHICH SEEMED TO TAKE DELIGHT IN PLAYING OVER THE BACKS OF THE OFFENDERS.
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CANADA CHET, The Counterfeiter Chief;
Or, Old Anaconda in Sitting Bull’s Camp.

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THE COUNTERFEITER CHIEF; OR,
Old Anaconda in Sitting-Bull's Camp.

A Tale of Two Boys' Adventures.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS—WARNING BY A GIRL.

This past autumn was one of great beauty upon the far Northwest. Warm weather prevailed longer than any previous season for a number of years, and consequently Nature was in her loveliest moods.

The prairies were growing dry and dun-hued, and the trees were beginning to rattle down their leaves; as the result of the early frosts, when we opened our romance in a location as hitherto quite neglected by the pen of the novelist and veracious historian—i.e., in the British possessions to the northwest of Minnesota. A land of singular beauty, with its vast rolling prairies, its level plains, its vast tracts of silent forest, its numerous clear streams and lakes.

The day we have chosen for the opening of our romance was a calm sunny one in the early part of October, with a gentle but invigorating breeze stirring down from the boreal regions over the dun prairies and through the great silent forests. A soft, moody haze hung about the horizon, while old Sol looked down smilingly, doubtless to see his round, good-natured face reflected in the bosom of the crystal lake or flowing stream.

Two boys in a boat were leisurely descending a stream which ran through a dense forest of hemlocks and pine, and which was both wide and deep, the waters flowing sluggishly.

On either hand naught was in view but the dense and dismal stretch of timber; even the sky was almost hidden by the branches and leaves.

As their boat a light gayly-painted skiff, with two sets of oars, drifted along at will of the current the two youths gazed around in awed silence, with an occasional glance at each other, in which were expressed wonder and anxiety.

The foremost youth, about eighteen years of age, was of a full, supple form, and fair, good-natured face, but was not handsome. His eyes were brown and sparkling, and his hair a half-shade lighter. He was attired in a homespun and serviceable hunting-suit, and equipped with a Winchester rifle, of the Centennial model, whose barrel rings were lined with brass.

Ammunition was carried in one of two leathern bags, which were strapped to his back.

His companion was evidently a year older, and in form was something of a curiously. He towered aloft to the measure of six and a half feet, when standing in his boots, and was literally a living skeleton, as his skin was simply drawn over the bones, with not a pound of superfluous flesh in his make-up. His clothes sat loosely upon him, and his boots were the only thing that fitted him, and they were number 14s. In face he was thin and pinched as in form, with a solemnity that was not purely the result of sorrow, but which seemed even. The eyes that peered strangely from their sockets.

He was a remarkable contrast to strong, sturdy Hal Dayton, his companion, looking old enough to be his father. His name was Dave Laam, or as he was better known, Big Track; for it was declared that no one in the Northwest could fill his tracks, with a human foot.

What should bring these two contrasts together, and so far out in the Northwestern wilderness can be readily explained, in a few words.

Both were sons of wealthy merchants, in Ottawa, Canada.

Being possessed of an adventurous spirit, their parents had equipped them, and sent them into the wilds, supposing of course, that a couple of weeks would satisfy their desire for "roughin' it," when they would then return gladly and settle down to business.

But neither Hal nor Big Track had any desire to return until they had seen all there was to see, and consequently we now behold them many months on the trail, the result of which is a thinly settled tract of the British possessions.

For the last twenty-four hours, they had been following the course of the stream, in the hopes of emerging again into the settled district of Quinnebog, which they believed to lie south of them. But the frequent appearances of the moose, in the vicinity of the woods, had given an idea of the possibility of a wolf; therefore both of the youths were in suspense.

"By Jinks, I'm gettin' tired o' ridin' along this way," said Dave Laam, as he glanced at his elegant watch. "It's gettin' on toward night again, and we ain't out of the woods by a long shot. My joints predict rheumatiz, unless we get up o' here."

"You don't much grub have you got in your pouch?" quizzed Hal.

"Nary a crumb!"

"Consequently we've got to shoot the first living object that turns up, or go hungry. My appetite is now having a tussle with my backbone."

"You don't think so?"

"Big Track assured, "for, don't you remember they told us that the Forks about old Sitting Bull's being up hereabouts?"

"Hang old Sitting Bull! He ain't afraid of me, nor I of him. I'll run the risk, you bet, rather than suffer the pangs of hunger."

"Can't we fish?"

"Bother the fish! Haven't we subsisted on fish diet for the last twenty-four hours? I'm going to shoot something that walks or flies, be it bird, beast or Injun."

"Well, at least let's row down the stream further, and see if something won't turn up. Micawber fashion. We've got two hours at least before sunset."

They mechanically seized the oars, and shot the boat along over the smooth, even surface.

The dips of their paddles and the rustling of the leaves which brushed overhead were the only sounds that broke the monotony of the somber surroundings.

After pulling on for an hour, steadily, they again shipped their oars, as if by one impulse.

The trees had grown a trifle more open, and light came down from ahead.

But this was not what caused Hal Dayton to seize Big Track by the arm, and point to the eastern shore.

"Look! look!" he whispered, excitedly. "see there on the bank. Who in the name of Jupiter can it be?"

Big Track looked as directed, and beheld a white horse standing upon the bank in plain view—a noble, snowy stallion, handsomely caparisoned, and mounted by a young girl, and a white one at that, even though her attire was that of an Indian princess.

She was young—less than Hal's own age, with a graceful, willowy form, and a round, pretty face, glowing brightly with health, a tempting mouth, large, sparkling eyes, and hair of a brown hue, which fell in waves to a tapering waist.

Her costume was gay, yet modest, and richly spangled with Indian beadwork and gold and silver ornament, short bonnet of gold, encircling her wrists.

A rifle of Ballard's fine make lay in front of her across the saddle. Altogether she made up a strange picture to view in the heart of a far northwestern forest.

Big Track muttered an admiring ejaculation as he caught sight of the fair equestrian, for, although he was anything but beautiful himself, he had had some appreciation of all that was...
"Who is it?" Happy Hal asked, excitedly. "Jove! she's a reg'lar beauty."

"She looks like an Indian queen or princess," Big Track replied, in a low tone. "But don't you go and get struck after her," added Hazel Ed, in a tone of warning.

"Why not, you cheeky? Who's got a better right than me to have the looks of a woman around?"

"No one; but you'd stand no show. Beauty like mine always wins;" and the young lanky rolled his tongue about in his cheek in a manner that made him doubly ludicrous.

The girl equestrienne still maintained her position on the bank, and watched the drifting canoe containing Hal and Dave.

"I propose we pull toward her, and have an interview. She's white, clean out and fair, and probably she can speak United States," said Dave.

Accordingly they pulled toward the bank, and she did not change her position, nor did her horse stir.

When they were a few feet from the bank, Happy Hal arose to his feet, doffed his hat and bowed low. In reply, a low, musical laugh came back that caused gallant Hal to redden.

The strange equestrienne was looking at him curiously.

"The young pale-face does honor to Hazel Eye, the Lily of the Forest," she said. "Why is it so?"

"We are surprised at finding a young lady in these desolate surroundings, and thought we'd ask about you," Hal managed to stammer, for the steady, flitting gaze of the forest princess had literally abashed his self-possession.

"The pale-face is inquisitive, but is not the first one of the same characteristics," was the reply.

"To one and all, Hazel Eye has no word of explanation.

"Oh! just as you please about that. But aren't you afraid to be alone in the forest, unprotected?"

"No! Hazel Eye knows not fear in the forest alone, for it is her home—her hunting-grounds. She heard of the pale-faces' coming, and she came hither to drive them away. Hal is there surrounded by dangers. To retreat means death; to advance is perilous."

"Pshaw! you don't say so," and Hal gave vent to a whistle. "Who's going to hurt us—a couple innocent babies in the timber?"

The young pale-faces have many enemies unknown to them. The great chief, Sitting Bull, is now monarch of these forests, and his warriors count many. He has learned of the two young pale-faces, and wants their scalps.

"The blasted old son-of-a-sea-cook! Say, Fatty, what do you say to venturing with the upper circumference of your globe?"

"I'd rather not, for a choice," Big Track replied, with a cadaverous smile.

"Just my fix, too. Say, look here, Miss Hazel Eye! what grudge has old Sitting Bull got of a couple o' young roosters of our caliber?"

"Sitting Bull is a mighty warrior," the girl replied, "and he counts his conquests by the hundreds. He is a bitter foe to the white race; he hates them as the snake hates fire. They drove him from his hunting-grounds, and he came hither; and he has fixed it to kill every one of these hunting-grounds, which he claims as his own."

"But, is there not a settlement below here, somewhere?"

"Yes; the pale-faces' settlement of Quinnebog, or the Choppings, lie not far below. And it is there that young pale-face is bound?"

"Exactly. And why does he not war upon these settlers of the Choppings?"

"Because they number many sturdy woodsmen and their families, and are strong. Besides, they were here before Sitting Bull came, and are not at war with him, yet."

"How many braves has he?"

"Many; but all are not Sioux. Some are renegades with painted faces, some are of other tribes."

"You seem to know all about it, young lady."

observed Big Track; "you must belong to old Sitting Bull's caravan."

"Hazel Eye is a child of the forest. She has none to stay her; she comes and goes at pleasure; she belongs to no one."

"But, see here, there is no Injun about you?"

"No Injun blood flows in the veins of the Forest Lily," was the reply.

"Then you are a friend to the whites, I take it. Give us your advice what we'd best do."

"Hazel Eye has no advice to give the pale-face youths. They come from a great distance into the wilderness where there are many pirs. They are armed, and are young and strong. Hazel Eye has only to warn them of the warriors of Sitting Bull, and of Canada Chet, of Beaver Lake."

"Who is Canada Chet?"

"The great Canadian trapper, who takes many skins each year. He, too, knows of the coming of the pale-face youths, and swears to drown them if he catches them near the great village of the Beaver."

"Well, let him drown. We've heard big stories about this Beaver Lake, and we're the very lads who are going to see it and trap there!" Hal cried, indignantly.

"The words of the pale-face are very brave, but Canada Chet is a powerful enemy."

"Pshaw! ye don't know us! We can lick half-a-dozen Canadians in a fair fight. S'pose we'd best scope for Quinnebog, eh?"

"The pale-faces must guide their own actions. Hazel Eye has spoken," and with these words, she turned and rode back into the forest.

"S-a-y! Hold on! Don't be in a hurry," saluted Happy Hal.

But there only came back. In answer, a laugh, and the Forest Lily was out of sight.

Hal then turned to his companion.

"Well, Fatty, what's to be done? It looks kind as if it would be healthier for us in Ottawa about this time, don't it, than in this howling wilderness, eh?"

"We've just arrived at the Mecca of our desires, where we can get our fill of adventure and—Indians!"

He pointed as he spoke into the wood on the western side of the stream; then suddenly slid flat into the bottom of the skiff, pulling Hal unceremoniously after him.

Not a moment too soon.

The next instant several rifles cracked, bullets whizzed close over the sides of the boat, and the report echoed and echoed through the great silent aisles of the forest.

CHAPTER II.

A DRINK OF MILK—FUGITIVES STILL.

The rifle-shots were accompanied by wild yells, and carefully peering over the side of the boat, Big Track beheld the western shore swarming with painted redskins, who were about descending into the water.

"The varmints are goin' to swim out for us," he said to Happy Hal, who was crouching flat in the bottom of the canoe. "We're in a confounded fix and no mistake."

"What does this mean? The sound of horse's footfalls upon the left shore. Can Hazel Eye have returned?"

"I'll be hanged if she hasn't!" Dave replied, joyfully. "Hark! she is addressing the Injuns."

It was even so. The Forest Lily had returned, and had brought her numerous redskin friends with her. Her words directed to the redskins, who had suddenly ceased their yelling as she appeared upon the eastern bank.

"Stop! what means this outrage? Have not the warriors of Sitting Bull had enough of warfare for one day, when their bands have become stained thrice wither human blood, and another fair slave has been added to their chief's lodge? Away! away! I say, and war not against the young pale-faces. Hazel Eye has spoken."

"The words of Forest Lily are of great wisdom."
said a stalwart young buck, who was clad in the uniform of an under-chief, "but Mink Cap is a chief nearly as great as the great Sitting Bull, under whom he serves, and he cannot bow at the words of the Forest Lily."

"Then may the Demon of the Forest invoke his wrath upon you!" the girl cried, sharply.

At this the red-skins seemed to shrink in terror, as if some terrible remnant had been dropped in their midst. They shook their heads with guttural exclamations.

"The words of the Forest Lily are stern and rebuking. What would she have Mink Cap and his warriors do?" the chief demanded, from across the stream.

"Hazel Eye would have Mink Cap and his warriors give up this warfare against the two pale-faces, and return to their village," was the reply. "If they disobey the Forest Lily, she will surely invoke the wrath of the Woods Demon upon them."

"Then it shall be as the Girl Ranger willed," Mink Cap replied. "The warriors of Sitting Bull shall return to their lodges, and suffer the pale-face dogs to escape."

The young chief spoke to his men, and all withdrew into the edge of the forest, where they saluted the girl rider, upon the opposite shore, and then disappeared into the depths of the timber.

Hazel Eye watched them keenly until they had disappeared; then she turned her eyes upon Hal and Dave Laam, who had resumed their seats in the stiff.

"The pale-faces are at liberty to go now, and had best make the most of the opportunity," she said, waving her fair hand down the river. "The redman is as treacherous as the wolf. The young pale-faces have not seen the last of them. Let them go!"

"You bet your life we will, Miss Hazel Eye!" Happy Hal assured. "We haven't got much time to thank ye now, but we'll make up for it, some other time.

But Hazel Eye asks not for thanks of the pale-faces," was the reply, and waving her hand, she wheeled her horse about and rode away into the wilderness.

"Now for a grand get up and get!" said Hal, seizing and locking his ears while Big Track pushed from the shore against which the boat had drifted.

"If we get caught again, it shan't be our fault."

Seizing the oars, both laid to with a will, and the skiff shot along out into the deep silent stream like an arrow.

Over the waters they glided, swiftly keeping a lookout on either side for red-skins. For, had not Hazel Eye said as much as an Indian could not be trusted?

They kept on until it was about the hour of sunset, when they suddenly found the river merged into a lakelet of several miles in width—a glassy sheet of water, whose banks were locked with dense forests of pines.

To the northern side of the lake, a score of cabins were visible through the trees, and a cloud of steam and smoke arising from a large shanty proclaimed it to be a saw-mill.

Near the center of the lake a tiny shoal of land arose from the water, and upon it, and all around it, were those compositions of mud sticks and stones, known to the trapmen as "bog in the wilts." Several hundred of these strange habitations poked their heads out of the water, making a strange and picturesque scene—an animal congregation.

"By Jove! we are in Beaver Lake," Hal exclaimed as he gazed over the scene, upon which the dying sun was casting a golden glow. "According to Hazel Eye we've got right out o' her fryin'-pan, into the fire."

"Hang the luck, yes," Biz Track replied, with a growl. "Yet this is the place we were originally steered for, and there is no use backing out, yet awhile. The first question we have before us, is—what shall we do?"

"Do? Why get back to shore, as lively as possible and scull along under cover of the wood, until we can find a good place to spend the night? I propose we go ashore, and tramp into the settlement, yonder. There ought to be some kind of protection there."

This was decided as the best course to pursue, and pulling in to the nearest shore, they disembarked, and secreted their boat in a clump of bushes that fringed the bank.

Then, shouldering their rifles, they followed the course of the lake shore, until they reached the settlement, which consisted of some thirty cabins, all built in under the shelter of the forest.

It was evidently a town for the purpose of producing lumber from the immense forests that stretched away in all directions.

The streets laid out, nor any fences, but every man evidently had built his cabin where it pleased him.

One or two shanties of sawed lumber were there, also, and over the door of one of these there was a crackling sign, bearing the words:

"CHOPPINGS HOTEL."

There was also a grocery store and a blacksmith shop, besides the steam saw-mill, which was running at full blast.

"Let's go in here and see how things's savor," Hal said, and they accordingly entered the "Choppings Hotel."

It was a rough, ill-constructed apartment which entered, with uneven floor and unplastered walls and everything wearing a dingy appearance, at that.

A rude bar, behind which was a cracked mirror; a rusty stove, around which lay numerous quids of tobacco, and several tables and rough stools, comprised the furniture, unless we mention the individual behind the bar.

He was a rawboned, repulsive-looking wretch, with his sleeves rolled to his elbows, and his shirt open at the hairy throat—a man with bloated face, bloodshot eyes, and matted hair and beard, so ugly as to cause one to shudder to look at him.

He was smoking a griny pipe, which he condescended to remove in order to stare insolently at the new-comers.

Hal stepped up to the bar independently, and motioned for Big Track to follow his example.

"Come, old cowey, dish us out some good cigars," he said, reaching into his pockets for money. "Give us the best you've got, now."

"Hain't got none," was the gruff reply.

"Got any soda-water, then?"

"Nary."

"Any champagne, for luck?"

"Nary."

"Any wine, then?"

"Nary."

"What in the dence have you got?"

"Whisky and chewin'," was the laconic answer, as the individual shoved the pipe between his teeth.

"Whisky and chewin'"! Hal exclaimed, in disgust.

"Got any smoking?"

"A pipe-full."

"Want to sell it?"

"No!"

"Got anything to eat?"

"You bet!"

"Well, let's have your bill of fare?"

"Hain't got none."

"Good Heavens! what have you got then?" Hal demanded, half-exasperated.

"Got turkey buzzard an' swill."

"What do you take us for, anyhow?" put in Dave Laam. "We don't want buzzard."

"Nor swill—we ain't hogs," assured Hal, gazin around in despair. "What else have you got?"
The individual behind the bar, quite suddenly, as if the bright idea had struck him as auspicious at this point of the interview.

"Worse and worse!" growled Dave. "See here, you blear-eyed Muldoon! haven't you got any bread, meat, or cheese, or milk, or—"

"Got swill," was the only answer.

"Well, what in the name of Jupiter Pluvius is swill, then?"

"Swill is milk," designed to answer the host, loftily.

"Well, then, trot us out several quarts, and let us sample it." Dave ordered, overjoyed at the prospect of appeasing the cravings of his voracious appetite.

"Hold up. Don't be so fast!" Hal cried. "Let's see how much the old galoot asks for his swill."

A dollar a drink, an' dog cheap at that," vouchsafed the proprietor.

"I should say so," Sig Track growled. "Go ahead and fetch us some.

The man shuffled off, and was gone about an hour, during which time no simple voyageur had a chance to muse themselves as best they could. What has become of the chap?" Dave demanded at last.

"Ten to one he's fallen asleep, while on his errand."

"No, here he comes at last," Hal replied; and sure enough, the proprietor of the hotel entered, carrying two ten-quart pails brimming full of fresh, full-flavoured ale, which he deposited upon the bar with a huge grunt.

"Give's yer money," he ordered, relighting the grimy pipe.

"You be blowed!" growled Dave. "Where are our drinks of milk?"

"I'll allow that's two on 'em on the counter. What more d'y' want?" the host said gruffly.

"You don't call the bucketfuls drinks, do ye?"

Dave gasped.

The voyageurs didn't wait long to bandy words, but slapping two dollars down upon the counter, they set to work at their novel drink. Each bucket was provided with a lip for straining and pouring purposes, and gluing their own lips to this, each youth began to drink. And they drank and swallowed, and swallowed and drank, until they could hold no more, when they relinquished the nozzles, and compared notes.

Hal had emptied his about a quarter of the way, while Dave had accomplished a good half.

The individual from behind the bar gave a grunt.

"Why don't ye finish up?"

"Look here, who is doing this?" Dave demanded, puffing and panting from his overgorge of the liquor.

"What d'ye take us for, anyhow? a pair of rea-rvoirs, or a couple of Welland canals? I reckon we're the ones that is purty near finished now."

The host chuckled audibly.

"Werry small capacity, he observed, filling up his pipe with pulverized weed. "Werry small capacity. That's em this ast as klin drink one o' them tin cups empty ten times, inside o' ten minutes, by ther moon."

"You're a liar, and I'll bet on it," replied Hal; "or we be the only ones inhabited by human bogs."

At this juncture loud voices were heard coming through the woods in the vicinity of the tavern.

The host vaulted over the bar, and peeped out of the door rather nervously. When he came back, he looked so grim that Hal and Dave involuntarily exchanged glances.

"See hyar, young fellers" he said, stopping in front of them. "I opine you've struck an unhealthy latitude. My name's a legion uv honer in this yere town but I'm an old sinner ef Capt'in Canada Chet an' his gang o' cusses ain't p'lintin' fer this werry shanty."

"Well, what of it?" Hal Dayton demanded.

"What've ye got to do with us?"

"Waal, now, ye don't want ter let 'em git hold on ye, ef ye hev'n't a likin' fer a bit o' o'!\ Piccadilly collar style, an' an elevated limb."

"You mean they'd lynch us?"

"Waal, I opine they would. Leastwise, ef ye couldn't tick twenty on 'em, that would be yer fate. Ye see as how Canada Chet purty much runs this here town, an' he don't give no immigration, you bet! He sez he's got them picked out as he wants, and none others will he have. Now, providin' ye wanter escape him, how much y' ll pan out o' hide ye till he gits gone?"

"How much'll you take?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Give ye ten—that's every cent."

"Agreed. Hurry up—they're most heer."

Harry Dayton handed him a crisp United States X, and then he led them behind the bar, where there were several barrels.

Taking some keys from his pocket, he unlocked the heads of two ordinary-looking barrels, and raised them on invisible hinges.

"Git in lively," he growled. "and keep yer nozzles ter ther bung-hole, or y' ll smother."

"When will you let us out when danger is blown over?"

"Yes, yes—get in."

Both Hal and Phil obeyed, and soon were locked within their queer places of refuge.

And not a moment too soon; for the door was flung open, and a swarm of stoopy-booted, long-bearded and matted men burst into the room, and they heard a hoarse voice cry:

"Here we are, boys; but rippin' blazes where's the kids? Say, you Abe Hocker, whar's them stransers?"

CHAPTER III.

THE DWARF DESTROYER—SITTING BULL.

"Crack!"

The echo of a rifle report went booming through the wild woodland, answered in the distance by a death-yell. The time was night, and all nature seemed at rest, for a brooding silence hung over the woods, the waters and the prairie, which stretched away in a vast unbroken expanse, a few miles north of Beaver Lake, beyond the timber.

Luna, beaming in the heavens, sent a great flood of mellow, whitish light over M-ther Earth.

A man who had been crouching in the edge of the timber, arose to his feet, and wiped the barrel of his repeater rifle, with a rag.

"Another red hellion gone ter blaze's, kerslap," he chuckled. "That makes fifteen to-day, which ain't a werry bad average. I'll allow, fer a pilgrim o' my states. Fifteen. Old Sitting Bull, an' yet I ken't git a bead on ye. Waal, that's better times a-coming; an' ef that ancient an' remote leetcle Darwinian, Old Anacoda, ken't git at ye, then h'ull United States Const:oukum he's gone ter slivers, an' no mistake. I'll go out thar an' raise the pecky warmin' at her', an' then get back ter my nocturnal roost. Wonder w'at they salamander war doin' cut thar, a-crossin' the prairie, an' helito? this time o' night? 'Spect sum deviltr Merch a'foot, anyhow, co'urn thar red pic ters! Ef evry ter war a beast, bird or reptyle I hate, et be an infun."

The old fellow said this freely enough as if in dead earnest.

He was something of a curiosity to behold, this little old scout, such as you would not often stumble across very often in the Far West.

"Where men grow large.

With strength and courage great."

He was a dwarf, not over four feet four, in height, with strong, perfectly shaped limbs, large, iron-y muscles, and a prodigious strength. In every way he was a perfect specimen of well-ripened manhood, except in height, in which he was lacking. His face was covered nearly to the eyes with hair which the shears had reduced to a harsh stubble, so
Canada Chet, the Counterfeiter Chief.

• down from overhead afforded
• wadded up
• chuckle of triumph.
• dead savage's
• went off the handle, fer feer her darter
• separator.
• still an idea worth testing.
• probably. But he
• succeeded running around loose in this fashion. I'll bet he's
• a little start of surprise.
• wisdom of the wilderness to
• been concealed therein without his knowledge. He
• out an' take a scout toward old Sitting Bull's camp. Ten ter
• upon the prairie and run the risk of
• preferred.
• boldy forth
• against the Choppings.
• which was
• of undergrowth, but
• dimly-lighted room, and took
• into aRKed, a
• a Rked, such
• dimly-lighted.
• abed, and

• as might
• to the mouth of her horse so that be
• directly opposite the Choppings.
• which she had
• all
• his saddle.
• his waist containing
• a
• his drawers.
• was in view to mar the harmony
• any

• Away to the
• face, as it stretched away to the
• his saddle.
• a moment gazing out over the prairie, upon
• that he wanted, and
• a flowing
• he hopped on his horse so that he might graze upon the luxuriant herbage which grew upon the bank.
• she rode away rapidly through the timber, in an easterly direction, taking a regularly beaten trail which she had traversed many times.
• in the course of an hour, by taking a circuitous route, she came upon a break in the brush of Beaver-Lake, directly opposite the Choppings.
• had stood a large log cabin, with several windows up under the eaves, and a heavily-ironed oaken door, which was closed.
• Dismounting, the girl scout slipped the bits from the halter of her horse so that a flood of light, which emittecl

• A smothered sigh escaped
• Thar's
•伪
• his neck, w'en she
• feet, and
• the Indian the scout unraveled

• A Winchester repeater of the 1876 model, and hand-
• mounted with silver, and a diamond muzzle sight.

• He slung this weapon to his back now, and stood
• for a moment gazing out over the prairie, upon
• which the moon shed so grand a flood of light.

• He was clad in a well-worn suit of buckskin, with
• a beaver-skin cap upon his head, and belt around
• his waist containing a curious assortment of revolvers,
• knives, scalpels, ammunition, etc. His rifle was
• a Winchester repeater of the 1876 model, and hand-
• mounted with silver, and a diamond muzzle sight.

• He slung this weapon to his back now, and stood

• No other object was in view to mar the harmony
• of the beautiful scene, as it stretched away to the horizon.

• A smothered sigh escaped the little old man's lips, and
• he turned and glanced around him.

• I'lll feel it in my bones. I'll sail out an' see ter that warmint's top-knot, an' then I'll take a scout toward old Sitting Bull's camp. Ten ter
• one I'll drop another before I soar back.

• He accordingly threw himself in the grass, and
• coolly bent to the ground. To old was he in the wisdom of the wilderness to sally boldly forth

• upon the prairie and run the risk of a fusilade from the
• timber, for a hundred of the enemy might have been concealed therein without his knowledge. He

• preferred stealth to risk, as the true scout ever does.

• Stealthily he crawled along until he came to the
• spot where the savage lay stretched out upon the
• prairie, stark and silent, a horrible distortion of his

• features evidencing the fact that he had died hard.

• As he gazed upon the savage, Old Anaconda gave a
• little shudder of fear.

• "It is Flying Eagle, Sitting Bull's best herald,"

• he said. "I 'thot it wasn't no common Injun a-

• runnin' around loose in this fashion. I'll bet he's
• carryin' sum news ter Mary, an' ma' I be stewed fer

• part. I don't find out about sum leddy gamin'!

• With very little compunction the dwarf scout

• "raised" the Indian's scalp, after which he proceeded

• to make an examination of his personal effects.

• But he failed to find anything that he wanted, and

• he sat for a few moments in silent thought. When he had had enough, he muttered, at last.

• "I calculate that Injun war ther transporter o' news, an' he had it on paper, too, probably. But what has become of it?"

• More cogitation suddenly brought to him a thought

• —one that was hardly feasible, sure enough, but

• still an idea worthy of testing. Might it not the crafty

• savage have put the paper in his mouth?

• "Bet a jug o' pie I've struck the head on the nail first pop," he chuckled, drawing a knife, preparatory to prying open the set jaws. "Heard o' wuss things than that, by a long shot. That was old

• Samantha Higgins, out in Kalamazoo, who once hid a thousand-dollar diamond in her mouth, w'en she went off ther handle, fer fer her darter Sal would work up too high to fetch it. A'bout the time that kicked old Joner in the larnyx. Yes. A tall gal

• old war Samantha. Ther old heifer really had a likin' fer me afore I tuk ter destroyin' Injuns."

• By this time he had succeeded in prying open the

• dead savage's jaws, and inserting one finger, he felt

• about for the message. Surely enough, his "feeler"

• came in contact with a lump of pulp, or paper, which

• he did take out.

• It was a piece of paper, upon which was writing,

• all wadded up tightly into a little ball.

• With considerable eagerness the scout unraveled it and spread it out. The moonlight which poured down from overhead afforded him a chance to read it.

• It ran as follows:

• "To His Chieflyness, Sitting Bull:"

• "Everything is working as well as you could wish. With my men I have surrounded the old trader's cabin, and shall burn him out before morning unless he yields. At any rate, the girl, Milly Owen, shall be in

• the lodge of the great and noble chief. Sitting Bull, ere another moon rise.

• "Sagobski, Assistant Chief."

• Such was the main disclosure, with the following postscript:

• "Beware of the scout, Old Anaconda or the Dwarf

• Destroyer. He is abroad again, upon your trail, with

• the persistency of a bloodhound."

• The old man coughed as he read this notice.

• "They purty near hit their mark, I'll allow," he muttered. "If I ain't ther wust o' purgo or old Sittin' Bull eyer encountered, when I git an

• interview wi' him, I don't want a cent. So that is dev-

• ility afoot, sure enough, eh? They're after old Jim

• Owen's gal, Milly, ther red coyotes! Wal, now

• that's bound ter be music directly if we know ourself.

• Our young adventurers upon the

• river, she rode away rapidly through the timber, in an easterly direction, taking a regularly beaten trail which she had traversed many times.

• In the course of an hour, by taking a circuitous route, she came upon a break in the brush of Beaver-Lake, directly opposite the Choppings.

• Here stood a large log cabin, with several windows up under the eaves, and a heavily-ironed oaken door, which was closed.

• Dismounting, the girl scout slipped the bits from

• the halter of her horse so that a flood of light, which emittecl

• a flood of light.
"Knowest thou if the Sioux chief and the Canadian are on terms of treaty?"

"No; I know nothing about it. I should say not, though."

"I have been studying hard to-day, in magic," the old man muttered, seating himself upon a stool and gazing abstractedly into the fire. "I have found and solved many new points. I have worked wonders about lightning, and now let them come—but let them come, I say, and I shall be ready for them!"

"Fear not, grandpa; for no enemies will ever molest us here in this solitude."

"Thou hast not the judgment of my older years, child, I know that they will come—that they are even now upon the way."

"It is only your constant fear of them that drives you into the belief," the girl replied, removing her belt of weapons, and surveying herself in a cracked mirror that hung against the wall. "Surely, you are out of their reach, as who would ever think of looking for us here?"

"The devil could easily find us, and Caspar Dayton would not be alive if he were not leagued with the devil, curse him!"

"Why should you fear him, then?" Hazel Eye said, with a laugh. "Every one declares you an instance of Magic, Madame."

The old man chuckled, then remained silent for some time; but he spoke again at last:

"Sitting Bull was here an hour before you arrived."

"Sitting Bull!" the girl echoed, her eyes dilating wildly. "What brought him—here?"

"That you might easily guess. He has seen the grandchild of the Man of Magic, and fallen in love with her. He wishes to add her to the collection of wives already in his wigwam, and offers many hides and horses in marriage."

"And what did you tell him?" the beauty of the wilderness demanded, quickly.

"I told him that the Forest Lily was her own guide—that he must present his petition to you, in person."

"What did you do this, grandpa? You could have easily spared me the trouble of a meeting with the savage monster; had you chosen!"

"I did for the best, child. We are two wanderers upon the face of the earth, with no one to look to for protection. Therefore, I would not call upon the familiarity of the great warrior of the Sioux."

"Then, did you not, at least, ask him if you would permit me to become one of the slaves of that cruel wolf?"

"Nay—I would have nothing of the kind, I would have you stay ever with me. But this chief must have his conqueror, and you shall be his conquest."

"But the wilds and wherefore, now, for this brain of mine is full of magic—full of mystery."

Hazel Eye made no reply.

She was used to the eccentricities of this old man, accustomed to all his mode of living, his temper, his studies and his ravings. Sometimes many people would have called him crazy, but she knew his wild moments to be due to excessive enthusiasm or despondency. She had lived with him ever since she could remember—alone with him, having no companionship except his, his books and his horse. He had educated her in all that was desirable, but taught her to make no friends.

She left him now, sitting over his fire, and went out into the wood at the edge of the lake.

Night had fallen, and although the moon was rising in the west, it was comparatively dark in the timber and upon the lake.

Standing upon the shore, she gazed across the silent sheet of water toward the Choppings, where several lights twinkled dimly.

"Wonder if the young wanderers arrived safely over there?" she murmured. "I am afraid danger has befallen them for they are so unused to this life, I wonder what brought them in, this wild, unsettled country?"

But thus pondering over the events of the day, when she was suddenly aroused by a hand being laid upon her shoulder, and glancing hastily up she saw a painted Indian standing close beside her.

She shuddered, for she recognized him as Sitting Bull.

CHAPTER IV.

SITTING BULL'S THREAT—AMASA SCROGGS.

THAT Hazel Eye was startled and alarmed was not strange. Since the coming into the British possessions of the noted band of the chief, she had entertained for him a loathing that surpassed her fear for his merciless savage tools.

She knew that he was better than a human monster at heart—a man who, under all his paint and hideousness, had a brain which, for devilish invention, had no equal.

"The Forest Flower need not be alarmed," he said, in a deep, hoarse tone. "Why should she fear the great chief of the Sioux?"

"Why should I not fear the chief?" Hazel Eye demanded, shrinking away a pace. "Why should I not fear the Forest Lily fear the chief whose hand has been dipped many times in the blood of her pale-face friends? The murderer of General Custer is no friend of Hazel Eye—never can be!"

The pale face maiden mistakes; Sitting Bull did not kill George Custer, even though Sitting Bull has killed many companions of Sitting Bull's warriors who killed the blonde general of the pale-faces; but the blame was laid upon me."

"You have a very plausible tongue, chief, but it cannot deceive the Lily of the Forest," Hazel Eye replied, fiercely. "What would Sitting Bull, here, do to me, the one Canadian of the North—the home of evil spirits and strange transac ions?"

A proud, disdainful. I smile fit up the hideous features of the chief.

"Sitting Bull is not superstitious, like his brothers; he said, grimly: "and therefore he has no fear of the Demon of the Wood, or his pretended powers. He has come here to take to himself another squaw to be the queen of his wigwam. There are three there now, but two of them are of Sitting Bull's nation. He would add the white Forest Lily to his possessions."

Hazel Eye stepped back, haughtily.

"The chief may return to his wigwam, then, for he cannot have the Forest Lily. Her heart is not for such as Sitting Bull!"

He gave vent to a deep grunt, as if he were surprised, and took a step forward. But Hazel Eye, immediately, for revolvers in the bands of Hazel Eye were leveled at his naked breast, with its many disfiguring scars and tattooed designs of wild animals, prominent among them the head and shoulders of a buffalo-bull.

"Let not Sitting Bull advance, unless he would court a merited death," Hazel Eye said, calmly, but sternly. "Let him return to his three wives and his wigwam, and forget the Forest Lily."

"Sitting Bull will go, for his life is at the mercy Hazel Eye," the red demon said, a terrible glimmer in his eye. "But he will not forget nor forgive the Forest Lily, for the bitterness of death's in his heart. Sitting Bull is no fool. His eyes can read the heart of Hazel Eye as well as they can the cipher rocks. She has seen the young pale-faces, and lost her mind. Sitting Bull wills it that they shall die."

She pointed her gun. He started back into the woods. Hazel Eye watched him with dilated eyes until he had disappeared. Then she restored her pistols to her belt, and glanced at the cabin. Within it was very light, and she knew that the old magician was engaged in some of his strange experiments.

"I must save the young pale-faces from Sitting Bull's wrath," she murmured, glancing across the lake.
The savage having evidently enjoyed enough of the nocturnal concert, now began to glide forward, with stealthy motion, his sharp eyes gleaming wickedly.

Rising from behind the log, Old Anaconda glided noiselessly after him.

For some time the stealthy chase continued. Anaconda, following all the time, until he was within easy reach of the skulking red-skin, who was entirely unconscious of the proximity of the dread Dwarf Destroyer.

Suddenly Old Anaconda raised his rifle, and swung it over his head with lightning movement, and the heavy bullet dealt the unsuspecting savage a blow beside the head that sent him crashing like a log to the ground.

The next minute the agile scout was astride his horse; his flashing knife did the deadly work, and tore the scalp from the rear as white as snow.

"One more!" he muttered, hoarsely, as he arose from the ground, and stole away through the forest, and still not enough. They were the whole cussed race o' red hellions dead, it would not pay for the wrongs and others have suffered.

Fully ten minutes were consumed in reaching a position directly behind the Yankee, who kept on whisking and whistling and singing.

"Gosh, tho', but it ar' ruther lonesome up hyar, seems to me," the whitter muttered, as he gave the fire an extra poke, thereby sending a shower of sparks into the heavensward. "I don't reckon I'd like it, ter live fer good. I'd rather be back in Michigan, every time. But then, I ain't don' bad. a-gittin' six shillin' a day fer trampin' about, lukin' fer 'somebody. Wonder ef that's any Injines around these parts, or any buffers, or b'ars! They do say them 'Injines got more b'ars than folks." He had Sally Backus, she sed I'd be afeard ter cum out inter them, West. Sed I'd run at first sight o' blood or an Injine. Hain't seen nuther, yet, but than never war a Michigander as war a coward. Oh y'm."

Mary had a little lamb, 

"Thunder! Oh! Lord! Lord! sit out! shoot ge way! oh! oh! oh! Julius Caesar Christofer Gumbo!"
The scout had, before rising to a standing position in the rear of the car, turned to the bloody scalp he had so recently torn from the head of the red-skin; he suspended upon the end of his rifle barrel, and slowly lowered the repulsive object before the eyes of the man from Michigan.

The frightened man made one leap without looking around, and cleared both the fire and the stump, striking the ground only to fall flat on his face, where, for a full minute, he lay trembling and panting from fright. Meanwhile, on the other side, Old Anaconda was rolling around on the ground convulsed with laughter. Hearing this noise, the Yankee finally got to his feet, when the old scout arose with a huge grin.

"Gosh all fried cakes!" the man from Michigan ejaculated, surveying the dwarf-scout, critically; "Who be you, Cap? 'Pears to me ye're a casted little cuss for them whisky-jacks on ye."

"Big enough ter skeer the fits out o' you, tho'!", Anaconda snorted. "Great hatchet o' Washington! but you war skeer, tho'! Went kitin' over thet stump like as ef all the divils in purgatory were at your heels."

"I war'n't skeer a bit," protested the man from Michigan, snapping his fingers. "I know'd you was behind me all the time, an' I jest got up that sarses for the fun of it."

"Git out! You warskeer 'n' ter de'th!" declared Old Anaconda. "Who be ye?"

"I'm Amasa Scroggs, from Kalamazoo, Michigan," was the reply.

"Kerwhoop! 'tis settled. I never see' a man from Kalamazoo zit who war'n't afraid o' his own shadder. But, The Canadian Destroyer did not finish his sentence for at this instant a chorus of fierce yells resounded upon the night, and a swarm of painted savages sprang from the forest into the glade.

And Sitting Bull headed the gang!

CHAPTER V

INTO THE PEN

The ruffian, Canada Chet, evidently jeant his demand to be persuasive, for he acco. lpanied it with a broad oath.

"What's them young Yanks as cum in hyar a bit o' go?" he repeated, glaring around like a wolf in search of some morsel of food. "Show 'em to me, while I dissect 'em! Say, you, Abe Hooker, whar' ar'them Yanks?"

"Durn. Hain't see' any," Hooker replied, indifferently. "Nor didn't I see them two young Hinglishmen, they've took their departure. Cum an' got a drink o'swill, an' then went off."

"You're an unmitigated old liar," Chet swore, angrily. "You've got them cusses hid, an' I know it. Didn't I see them same pilgrims come in hear, an' don't I know, they didn't come out again? You old lyin' thief, I b'lieve you've got 'em hid! Boys, make a search for them kids, an' I'll give a gallon o' straight whisky to the galoot as will find 'em!"

The seemed to be a powerful inducement, for the wood-hawks set to work turning everything topsy-turvy in search of the concealed voyagers, while Canada Chet grasped Abe Hooker by the collar and held a cocked revolver to his heart.

He was a fierce-looking ruffian, this Canada Chet—a large-limbed, powerful six-footer, clad in buckskin and armed to the teeth, and the embodiment of all the evils of passion and crime in the calendar.

The eyes were black and stern; the mouth large and sensuous; the black mustache, that was of ferocious size, reminded one of the Neapolitan brigands.

He was a man one need not care to anger unless he was ready for an immediate row.

With rude oaths his band of rouchs hauled things about promiscuously in the little bar-room, for they were all men after the captain's own type, and had no care for anything except plunder and adventure.

"My whisky—them galoots will drink it all up!" Hooker groaned in anguish of spirit, as he saw the precious liquor flow freely down the throats of the ransackers.

"So much better," Canada Chet said. "It will learn ye in future to keep a better article for them boys. Who owns this yere place anyhow, an' what ar' ye grumblin' about? Ain't I boss hyarabouts, I'd like ter kno'? Ain't Canada Chet her king o' this yere region—the monarch: o' all he surveys? Waal, I should remark that same."

The searchers gave the barrels a whirl out from behind the bar, and sent them tumbling to another part of the room, where they would be out of the way.

As he did so, a faint sneeze came to the ears of Canada Chet, and he uttered an ejaculative oath.

"Whoa up! that's music bahr," he roared. "Take an ax an' knock ther hoops off 'm them barrels, jest fer fun, an' let's see if we can't find a couple o' fugitives. Oho! Hooker, you are no good at stowing away precious freight, ye know."

"Swow to god I didn't stow nothin' away. Ef anybody's in them barrel's, they got in on ther sly while I was out a-milkin'!" the tavern-keeper averred, stoutly.

The Canadian only smiled, grimly, and watched the men-admiral the lumbering barrels. With axes and other sharp-edged tools they drove the hoops off, and then knocked the staves apart.

And there, in cramped positions, were the two young adventurers from Ottawa. They were speedily hauled out, by ready hands, and held up before Canada Chet, for they were too weak from semi-unconsciousness to stand alone.

The wood-ruffian surveyed them critically, an ugly expression upon his repulsive face.

"A pair o' babies in the woods," he said, lowering his voice. "Say, ye young devils, w'at ever fetched ye to these parts? Didn't I know that Canada Chet war king o' these yere laitytudes, jest like Victoria aire boss, 'other side o' ther big pudding? Waal, I am ther same. I boss these hull British Possessions, I do, an' yere galoot as kicks against my monarcky, he gets a busted head."

"Why said contrary?" demanded Dave, independently.

"No one, younker, an' ye needn't be so sassy, nuther. Mobe ye he'dn't heerd o' my engagement ter be married to Queen Victoria, soon? Waal, it's a fact I我没 tell ye w'at fetched ye here, bosses on ye!"

"That 's the finish of it—we ain't a-goin' to, neither!" retorted Hal, in the true border language. "It ain't none o' your business what fetched us here."

"Ho! ho! we shall see if it ain't!" the Canadian cried angrily. "We shall see of Canada Chet ain't boss o' this yere hemispher. Fetch 'em along, boys, ter ther pen!"

And the ruffian turned toward the door, but stopped short with a laugh of rage.

"Stop!" a stern voice cried, and Hazel Eye, the queen of the woods, stopped boldly through the open doorway, and confronted the chief. "Stop, Chet Howard, unless you would provoke the wrath of the Magician of the North.

The ruffian chuckled horribly.

"Once the old humbug, of the lake shore yonder, held power over me, but I've eluded his devilish spell. I no longer fear him, or any other pilgrim that stands in boots."

"But you fear me," Hazel Eye cried. "You dare not disobey me, pansy."

"And why not, pray, my pretty bird of the forest? How do I fear you?"

"I will tell you," Hazel Eye said, stepping toward him. Then lowering her voice to a whisper, she uttered two words—a single name, and then gazed at him with a triumphant laugh.
For he had leaped back with a frightful curse, his usually red face grown as white as death.

"Devils seize you!" he gasped, with a shudder.

"What know you of—of—"

"I know enough to assure you that you have run nearly to the end of your haller; at your hour of doing is when they are sure to rescue you."

"An' ye dare ter imagine that I'll surrender up these two youngers on their strength o' that name?" he demanded, with a leer.

"I think you will find it to your advantage to do so," Hazel Eye replied, coolly, as she toved her with the butt of her revolver.

"Then, I ken tell ye, I won't do nothin' o' the kind!" the Canadian swore, pushing her rudely aside, and bolting through the door. "Cum erlong, byes, an' fetch them 'ar youngers."

The two youngers obeyed their commander's orders, and Hal Dayton and Big Track were forced along out of the tavern into the town. Hazel Eye exchanged glances with them, and then darted along into the forest out of sight.

The hearts of the two voyagers fairly sickened with dread. They had looked upon the strange and beautiful girl of the wilderness as being able to effect their rescue again; but it now seemed that her power over the ruffians had failed, and so they were doomed to be hustled off to some uncertain fate.

Dave Laam was the color of the two, for he had long been used to master his feelings and to control his emotions.

Hal, on the other hand, was usually gay and careless spirited when his sun shone brightly, but gloomy and downcast when it was in under a cloud. "I guess we'd better make an unconditional surrender, Dave," said he, "and if we get a chance we'll slip back for Ottawa," he said, as they were forced along in none too gentle a manner. "I'd rather have another course through college, than much more of this life."

Dave laughed.

"You're Fee's weak," he said; "no use of that. They can't more than butcher us and cannibalize our bodies."

"You don't believe they'd do such a thing, do you?" Hal asked, in alarm.

"Do you, not you guess? But wait, we shall see more than that. I think I know to no doubt."

They were marched along through the forest village by the roughs, who were headed by Canada Chet.

The rough citizens and their families stood in the doorways of their cabins, making no effort to stop the stragglers. Some had kept their eyes fixed upon the two of the Canadian ruffian and his backers.

Many a time he had proven himself a human brute and cut-throat, and the people had him in awe. For he owned all the cabins in which they dwell, and supplied them with work at the great mill, which yearly turned out millions of feet of lumber that was rafted down into the settlements, and oftentimes smuggled down into the United States.

Therefore these citizens, a class com posed mainly of half-breeds and Knaves, were in no ways eager to raise a hand against the man who was the means of their support.

Hal and Dave counselled the faces of these people as they were hustled along, but could not distinguish one expression of pity there. They were rough and evil-false as a rule, and a softening look was unknown to them.

On the forest-lined lake shore were the two fugitives hurried, until a long barn-like cabin hove into sight, before the door of which they paused long enough for Canada Chet to unlock it.

The door swung open.

Hal an' I Day looked about in some curiosity, but were not greatly surprised at anything they saw. The building was divided into several rooms, the first containing a bar.

Here the whole crowd took a drink, and then Dave and Hal were both blindfolded, and marched away into an adjoining room, where they were stripped of their clothing and supplied with loin cloths, such as many of the Indians wear during the hot weather.

They were then separately lashed to strong, upright beams, with their faces toward the beam, and then the coarse, brutal voice of Canada Chet spoke so that they might be heard.

"Now, you sneaks, we've got ye like a bug in a rug. P'raps ye'll consent ter give us yer names, now?"

"Yes—mine's Hal Dayton," that young voyager announced, eager ly.

"And mine's Dave Laam." Big Track though best to add.

"So ho! I thort ye would cum ter tine, after a bit," the Canadian chuckled. "Next, if ye please, ye may tell us what fetched ye here inter this r'nter."

"Three things," Dave replied, "a love of adventure, a desire to see the country, and a hope to catch a few beaver, for which this place is noted."

"An' that's all, was it?"

"Every bit of it."

"Sure you never heard any suspicions cast out concerning this yer settlement?"

"P'sitive I did not."

"Wal, I guess ye're right, as I reckon no one ken't much ag'in' or character as citizens. How—summever, you cum in hayr, a-pryin' about, an' put it all we can, I'll allow; so well give ye a lash apiece an' set ye ter work."

The lash was administered by a powerful arm, and a gash in each of the voyagers' backs, but they refrained from expressing their pain in words.

They were now unbound, and taken into an adjoining room, on entering which, the noise of clanking machinery reached their ears.

The bandages were now removed from their eyes, and they gazed about them in wonder.

It took but a glance to tell them that they were in a counterfeiter's den, on the outskirts of civilization.

Canada Chet, having motioned his men to retire, stood watching our young adventurers. The room was a large one, and lighted by lamps set in reflector brackets. In the daytime, sufficient light was admitted through the two narrow windows in the slanting roof.

Benches supplied with stools, lined either side of the room, while at the further end was a large smelting furnace in full blast. Upon the floor was a stamping machine turned by a crank, and also a machine somewhat resembling a printing press.

Men and women, were working at the benches—those, at the furnace, and at the machines—men striped of all raiment except a breech-cloth, as were Hal and Dav ; some of them as young as Hal, while they ranged upward to men of old age.

"You see 'em all," Canada Chet said with a wolfish leer. "ye mark 'em? Wal, they're all mine, an' so are you. You've seen the last o' the outside world for yer lifetime. In heer you're doomed to work in issuing counterfeit money, until ye arise ready ter put in undr the sol. To thir right, here, ye see a Sentry-box, containin' a man. He watches ye, an' if ye make any disturbance, or laziness amongst him, he pulls a signal and in comes my lion, ter trim them out. I'll show im ter ye," and the ruffian made a motion to the man in the sentry-box, who in turn dispatched a signal for the man.

A moment later the door opened and he entered.

A swarthy, low-browed, villainous-looking fellow was, with a preponderance of the muscular, and as spry as a cat. He was armed with a thin-lashed bull whip, and there was a glare in his bloodshot eyes like that of a madman.

"You're not wanted Le Garo," Canada Chet said.

"You may retire. I only wanted these slaves to see you!"

The man bowed and retired.

Then the chief turned to Hal and Dave.
"You see the sorter man who bosses you," he said, grimly. "If you obey and work, all kereet; ef ye don't, he'll cut ye open. Your work will never turn that stampin' machine, hour 'bout, until a new recruit is nabbed, when you will be put at something else.

Then turning on his heels, the King of the North left the room, locking the door after him.

"We are doomed to imprisonment for life," Hal whispered.

"Not so," Dave returned. "Keep quiet; do as you were old and we will outwit them yet. Take courage.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCRIMMAGE—THE HEAD.

That was an unnatural situation in which Old Anaconda and Amasa Scroggs were placed. Both saw the Indians simultaneously, and both were not a little alarmed. Had they been but a few of them, the dwarf would have had more hopes; but they numbered full a score, and were led on by the great chief, Sitting Bull.

Old Anaconda gave Amasa Scroggs a keen glance, a suspicion arising in his mind that this same ma’n of Sitting Bull was the very one who had given the order for sitting in the woods, whom Sitting Bull had placed out in the woods as a decoy. But it required only one glance to dissipate this thought, for Scroggs was as white as a ghost, his knees knocking together and his teeth chattering in affright.

"Oh, Jerusalem! Holy Moses!" he gasped, endeavoring to get behind the Dwarf Destroyer.

"Oh, Jewhittaker Jimminy! what shall we do? oh! what shall we do?"

"Shet your port-hole, an' we'll do ther best we kin, shoot me fer a fiddler ef we won't!" Old Anaconda replied.

"Yaas; I kin plumb a squar' every time at a thousand yards," Amasa assured, heartfully.

"Then cum behind ther fire hayr, an' when I fire you fire, an' don't waste a pin's head o' lead on anythin' but a greasy red-skin. D'ye hear?"

"Yaas, I'll shoot with ye heart an' scal'p!" the Yankee replied, with grim humor.

The two men leaped hastily behind the protection of the smoke which arose from the fire, and held their guns ready for rough work.

"Lordy! what awful-looking chaps!" Amasa muttered, glancing at the stump at the craftily-approaching foe men.

"Phew! what would Sally say ef she could see me now? She allus told I'd never figger nor make a general. Bet a quarter o' beef I can make a scatterin' among them chaps over yander! Ready, little boyce?"

"Ready!" Old Anaconda replied. "Shoot certain. Now!"

The next instant, the report of two guns echoed through the surrounding forests. There was a responding yell from the red-men.

Old Anaconda had fired directly at the heart of Sitting Bull, but the bullets had not to take effect, for the terrible chief of the Sioux came on.

The effect of Amasa Scroggs's fusilade had been more disastrous to the noble red-men, for his musket had been heavily loaded with buckshot, and as a result four red-skins went to the ground, more or less wounded.

Anaconda noted the success of the shot with a grin.

"Good shot," he said, with a chuckle, "and, now, while ye're loadin' up, I'll keep up ther divartissement jess fer fun, ye see.

And raising his revolver, he carefully arose until he caught sight of a red-skin. when he let drive.

Down went the savage, with a death-howl, while the Dwarf Destroyer gave a significant half-scream, half-yell.

Another skunk on ther list, in atonement fer ther loss o' two years ago. Oh! but the list is getting long, yet my soul thirsteth for more. Come erlong, ye red-hued sons o' Old Nick. I'm ready ter

accommodate ye,' and again the Destroyer's rifle went to his shoulder, and cracked several times in quick succession.

Each shot was answered by a terrible yell, such as can only come from an Indian who has received his death-blow.

"Jerusalem, what kind o' a machine d'ye call that?" Scroggs demanded, as he arose from the process of loading his musket. "Swow fer gracious ef that don't almost lay over my constitution."

"I should remark that same," Anaconda observed.

"Quick, now! Give the cusses another salute, while I replenish my magazine."

Scroggs proceeded to obey, and the cannon-like report of his gun soon burst out upon the night, followed by an indescribable pandemonium of yells and screeches of rage.

Old Anaconda peeped from behind the stump, then burst into a loud laugh.

Fifteen of the previous score of assailants lay prone upon the battle-field, while the remaining five, including Sitting Bull, were now skurrying for cover, at a high rate of speed.

The Dwarf Destroyer quickly sprung to his feet, and his rifle again flew to his shoulder, with that rapid-fire salute which characterized him. But this time his bullet went wide of the mark.

"Wa! they're gone!" he muttered, as the last red-skin disappeared under the cover of the forest. "The next work is to raise the scalps of them out yonder, but that Job'll hev ter be postponed fer ther present. If we don't, we'd better fer ther present.

"Lordy! Jerusalem! Injuns thar," Amasa said in alarm. "Guess I don't want to git my scalpy ra'ls-d."

"I'se ain't particlar about hevin' it appropriated, ye'd better cum along wi' me," Anaconda replied.

Amasa said, with a general.

Taking an opposite direction, the Dwarf Destroyer replied. "I've got enough scalps up at my roost to make a fancy bed-quilt."

"Jewhittaker! what would my gal, Sally, say, ef she war ter hear ye say such a thing?"

"What kin ye do?"

"I'se ain't particlar about hevin' it appropriated, ye'd better cum along wi' me," Anaconda replied.

Amasa said, with a general.

"W'l, I kin' most do anything, though I'll allow I'm ter much when ye loov my lurt. Pert'ners, husk'n corn or choppin' wood."

"Do you know how to lift the ha' frum the t. p. knot uv an Injun?"

"Oh! Jerusalem, no! Ye don't mean ter say you could hev ther heart to do such a thing?"

"W'l, w'l, I'm with ye, heart an' tho' I'm better'n yer uncle!" the Dwarf Destroyer replied. "I've got enough scalps up at my roost to make a fancy bed-quilt."

"What! Not whar all them Indians ar'!" Scroggs gasped, in horror.

"Yaas; per'haps fer that, the scout responded; "an' ef ye ar' skittish about goin' along, ye can hev ther choice of stayin' heer in ther woods."

Amasa groaned. What was he to do?

To accompany the venturesome scout, as it were into the jaws of death, was a thing undesirable; while to be alone in the forest tree and equal to the task, since he had learned of the presence of the Indians.

"Come! w'at are ye goin' ter do?" Old Anaconda
demanded impatiently. "Time is skulps wi' me, an' I can't afford to be fooling about long." "Oh, Lordy!" said the man from Kalamazoo at last decided. "It's six o' one an' half a dozen o' t'other, which place I stay. Lordy! I wouldn't go ter an' Injun village no quicker'n I'd bite my own head off."

"Which, jadin' frum ther size o' yer fly-trap, you are neatly able ter do," the Destroyer retorted, with a grin. "Waal, good-by ter ye! Look out fer yer hair, an' take my Christian advice an' shute every red skunk ye git a pop at. Tell ye w'at I'll do, Yankee Dooley! Just you drop that Sittin' Bull, an' raise his hair, an' I'll give ye enough sculps ter put it ter the hunting-shirt—will 'ye not?"

"G'heout! I wouldn't do such a thing. What would Sally say?"

"Sally be huged! Luk out fer yer natal wig, now, an' don't let no red-skin raise it!"

With these injunctions the eccentric dwarf scout hurried away into the forest.

After he had gone Amasa Scroggs peered sharply around him, to assure himself that there were none of the savages in his immediate vicinity; none were in sight, which was to him as good as a blessing. "I wonder if I'd best scedaddle to, anyhow?" he soliloquised. "Guess I'll go South and see what I can find thar."

Taking from his pocket a compass, he located the desired direction and set off.

It might now be observed that he was more cautious in his movements than before; he had read some of the peculiarities of the scout by advancing stealthily, and keeping a sharp watch out on either hand.

In this way he tramped for several hours, when he finally paused to find himself at the edge of the same glade in which Old Anaconda had fought the battle with the Indians under Sitting Bull.

Yes, there could be no doubt of it, for there was the stump in the center of the moonlight glade, still burning, and there were the bodies of the slain savages. He had become bewildered in his tramp, and returned to his starting ground.

But hold! what sight is this his eyes behold? There is an object of some kind moving about the burning stump—a strange, bull-shaped thing, whatever it might be, about the size of four men's heads combined.

And where he stood the Yankee had a good view of the thing, and his hair began to stand upon end, as he perceived that it was indeed a human head, mounted upon a pair of feet, by which it managed to move.

The features were all there, only upon an enlarged scale—the mouth, the eyes, the nose, the ears, and indeed, the whole face being perfect and natural, while the rest of the head and neck from the forehead over back was covered with long coarse hair like a buffalo's mane.

And this frightful object, literally a walking head, was moving about the burning stump, from which would occasionally emanate a glare of blood-red light, to be followed, perhaps, by a glare of green and blue.

Amasa Scroggs stood in the edge of the forest, and gazed at the strange spectacle like one dumb-founded.

"The devil's own region, by gracious," he gasped. "Gosh all fish-hooks! I guess they don't raise nothin' but dwarfs up this way, an' they're as curst out that don't look as ef war human. Sumpbody's put a hull head on him, I'll swear of they hain't. Leeter the cussin' o' the indian killer, I'll swear ter gracious. Oh! Lordy! Jerusalem!"

These latter ejaculations were caused by a gigantic column of red fire shooting from the stump, into the air, and reddening the very night as with a shower of blood. It was as if the heavens and the earth were aflame for a few moments.

Then it died out, and the stump burned naturally.

The Yankee had crouched down upon his haunches, expecting instant annihilation, his teeth chattering, his anticipation fastened upon the coming of the infernal beacon.

"Oh! Jewhittaker, I want to go home to my Sally," he gasped, white with affright. "Oh! gosh all fish-hooks, this is a awful place. It's possessed by the devil, sure pop. Wonder what has become of the Injun-killer. Bet he'd be skectar, too."

"It migh'not now be observed that he had been sent down to the Injun's plantation to stay about the burning stump, as if, indeed, a herald of his Infernal Majesty, it had been sent down on earth to hold its infernal orgies.

Amasa crouched in the edge of the wood and watched. His limbs refused to move, and he could only watch the infernal stump to its ultimate desolation.

"Gosh! Sally she'd faint, sure. ef she were here," he would occasionally mutter, with a fresh start at the roots of his hair. "Wonder if I shall ever git out of this scrape alive? Phew, but this be a look-in fer them boys, in a horn. Wonder— Oh! thunderation! Lordy! Jerusalem!"

A new phase of mystery had emanated from the seemingly infuriated stump, in the shape of a vast swarm of squirming, fiery snakes.

They sprang in myriads into the air, in a hundred directions. A second phase had continued to bus itself about the burning stump, as if, indeed, a herald of his Infernal Majesty, it had been sent down on earth to hold its infernal orgies.

This was too much for the poor Yankee. from Kalamazoo. With a gasp he wilted right down into a dead faint.

For some time he remained in this condition, when he once more recovered consciousness, to see the Walking Head still engaged in his orgies about the stump.

Suddenly there issued a graceful column of fire into the air, resembling gold, and when at an altitude of a hundred feet, a single star detached itself from the expiring column, and burst into an avalanche of large stars of every bright color of the rainbow. These gradually dissolved in the atmosphere until the last star drifted slowly to the ground. When the Yankee awoke he seemed to have been rolling toward the very spot where Amasa was crouching, and with a howl of terror the Michizander sprang to his feet, and darted away into the forest at the top of his speed.

CHAPTER VII.

A HISTORY OF THE "PEN"—THE SCHEMEE.

Hal and Dave Laam were set to work at the stamping-machines about an hour after their arrival. And the brutal guard, Le Garo, was on hand, with his terrible whip, which he seemed to take delight in playing over the backs of the offenders.

Dave turned the crank attached to the stamping-machine, while one youth of nineteen or twenty had in the alloy-box, coming forth from under the dies, the denominations twenty-five and fifty cents and the standard dollar. The work for our young men was very hard and thankless but he stuck to it, determined to suffer fatigue rather than receive a blow from Le Garo's whip.

Hal's machine for the printing of bills was less hard to manage, and therefore the work allotted to him was comparatively easy, as the press was fed by an old, gray-haired man of sixty years, whose form was bent, and hand's long and bony.

One of the rules of the establishment was that none of the slaves were allowed to speak to each other during working hours, under penalty of a lash for each and every word spoken. This was even more fortunate to our young adventurers than though they were not allowed to breathe, for the two privileges were to Hal equally dear.

As soon as daylight shone in through the transoms in the roof, another gang of workmen were brought into the room, and the previous gang, Hal and Dave included, adjourned to another apartment adjoining, fitted up with benches and tables, the windows in the roof being heavily grated.
Here they were locked in, to make the best of their time until their turn again arrived.

McKinley and roast fowl were spread upon different tables in liberal installments, and the overworked slaves made hasty work of it.

Dave and the young man who fed his press, and Hal and his aged assistant, chanced to occupy one table, and accordingly opened a verbal acquaint-

ance. The young man's name was Harry Reynolds, while the elder slave rejoiced in the cognomen of Alex. Watchman.

After they had talked over the situation and their prospects for some time, the old man said:

"So; there is no hope of getting out of here, as long as the den is in existence. Ten long years have I served here, and during that time I have never seen one unguarded avenue of escape—not one! Everything is locked, barred, or guarded. As you may have imagined, this is one of the greatest counterfeiting dens in America—ay, I may add, in the world. All of the dies are so nearly perfect that it requires the most experienced expert to detect the bogus money from the genuine. The coins are of uniform weight with silver. Of the silver pieces we manufacture, we price about a hundred dollar bills, and whil e of the paper we issue from one to ten thousand per week the denominations being one, two and five dollar bills. None of larger figure being issued, because it is these larger bills that the expert watches most narrowly.

"There is an enormous amount of this currency abroad on the market," Hal said.

"Yes, there is. Some banks may have large amounts of our 'quar' in their possession, unaware of its being bogus. The most of it, however, is circulated through the extreme West—in the mines and cattle regions, where expert detectors are less frequently to be found. And the same man never distributes the second time, in one locality, except in disguise.

"How often is this 'quar' shoved upon the market?"

"Once a month three men, armed with numerous disguises, start out, and their three predecessors come in.

"Were any of these circulating mediums ever caught?"

"Yes, on several occasions, but they always died on the gallows.

"Canada Chet, I suppose, then, is the owner, and consequently the one whom the business most benefits."

"On the contrary, I am led to believe that the Canadian and his employees are merely tools in the service of a ring of greater rascals. I have their head-quarters in the East—men who have made their fortunes, and who have occupied at various times, and may yet retain, high offices under both the Canadian and United States Governments. Probably the world at large knows not how much counterfeit money they are daily handling.

"Could not these leaders be implicated and brought to justice, think you?"

"Certainly not. For who could pick out the guilty ones except those who belong to the ring—a brotherhood that never betrays?"

"Is it not until lately that you began the manufacture of bills, eh?"

"About a year ago."

"Where do the steel engraved plates and paper come from?"

"Originally from Washington; but previous to reach us they travel thousands of miles out of the direct route, in charge of a sharper employed by the ring."

"How have you learned all this?"

"It would be hard for you to listen to a recital of how, by degrees, I have picked up such information. Ten years have been consumed in the task."

Harry Reynolds was a good-looking young fellow, and an enjoyable companion. He had been ca-
claim to the Dayton inheritance," the schemer replied, significantly. "Also, he should be so silent as to never betray your secrets.

"My secrets!" the Canadian grunted. 

"Yes—the secrets of the pen,' yonder, as you call it. He shall never cough aloud, even."

"Why! how in thunder did you find out that the pen had any secrets?" Canada Chet demanded, surprised.

"Oh! that's all right. If you want to know how, find out. I shall not betray you, nor shall I unwittingly betray myself."

"Cuss it! who are ye?"

"Casper Dayton, at your service."

"Why not leave the lad what he ar'? He's in safe quarters, I'll bet!"

"Not safe enough for my purpose. I'd rather see him six feet in under ground. He'd be surer not to trouble me then."

"What'll ye give?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Queer?"

"No—straight."

"Can't have the lad short o' a thousand, durn me if ye can?"

"A thousand? That's rough! But give me time to consider, and I'll let you know later."

"Do as ye please."

"I have the freedom of the town, then?"

"Reckon ye do."

"Was the curt response; where-upon the Canadian arose and entered his cabin, and Mr. Dayton, mounted his horse and rode away up the lake shore. He had scarcely left the cabin when a clump of bushes near the door parted, and there issued therefrom the face and form of Hazel Eye. She gave a hurried glance around to note that her movements were unperceived, after which she glided on through the wood in the direction taken by Casper Dayton.

"He is a bold, bad man, and I can but think that he is in some way connected with grandpa's troubles. He would take the life of Chet Howard, I believe, rather than not get possession of the boy, Hal. Such a man needs to be watched."

After riding on for a half a mile the schemer, Casper Dayton, drew rein at the water's edge, and dismounted. Leaping his horse to crop the herbage, he drew from his saddle a collection of wearing apparel peculiar to an Indian chief, and donned it over his citizen's garb, transforming himself into part of a full-fledged Indian. He next removed the superabundance of hair from his face, it being all false, and proceeded to daub his face with war-paint. He then mounted his head-gear with a variety of painted quills and feathers. After he had thus arrayed himself to his evident satisfaction, he struck a couple of knives and a tomahawk in his belt, and surveyed his figure by aid of a small mirror which he also took from his saddle-bags.

A chuckle seemed to convulse him, and he finally burst into an evil, ringing laugh.

"What a noble warrior I make, anyhow!—a full-fledged Indian cut-throat, no doubt. What will my good brother, Sitting Bull, say when I make my debut in his presence? Hal! I don't tell the Canadian that another errand brought me here! My next duty is to hunt up the cabin of the Owens, for there is a fair gal there, whom I would make my wife—perhaps!"

He finished his soliloquy by mounting again, and riding on through the forest.

Without a noise the girl of the forest, Hazel Eye, stole on in pursuit, until she reached the end of the lake, where she turned off toward the magician's cabin, while the schemer kept on in a northeast course which he evidently calculated would bring him to the home of the beaver trapper, Owen.

Hazel Eye hurried along swiftly, now, and soon reached the cabin of the magician. But it required the usual formality of knocking before she could gain admittance.

The old man was busy about his laboratory, in some new experiment, and spoke not until Hazel addressed him.

"Grandpa, a new stranger has come to the woods.

The old man started and wheeled upon her with a curious stare.

"A new man?" he interrogated, in evident surprise.

"Yes, and something tells me that he is the enemy you have so long feared.

"Ha! ha! I have made ready for him then!" the magician said, with a chuckle. "Let him come. But the name—the name, Hazel Eye?"

"It is Casper Dayton."

"Ah! then it is indeed the same!" he muttered, with a groan. "He shall not surprise me, however, for I will watch for him—by— I'll foil him!"

"Grandpa, tell me of myself now—my life seems more shrouded in mystery than ever."

"Fret not. Thou shalt know of thyself ere many moons," the old man muttered, as he turned back to his magic.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDIAN BEAUTY—ANAconda's NEW DEPARTURE.

After leaving Amasa Scroggs in the woods, Old Anaconda struck off to the north and strode swiftly along in a direction which he calculated would bring him in the neighborhood of Sitting Bull's village. The route was free from underbrush and he was enabled to make rapid progress, even though he was dwarfed.

For the remainder of the night he tramped steadily on, without pausing to rest—without relaxation of his vigilance in the least. The woods had been his home for years, and woodcraft knew he by actual experience.

Toward morning he paused to drink of the cool fresh waters of a bubbling spring, which spread out in his path. Then he went on again until day had dawned—the moon had fully hidden itself away, and the sun was showing its face above the eastern horizon.

He now came to a halt on the edge of the timber, where it was met by a beautiful stretch of undulating prairie, several miles in circumference. Before him lay the village of the great Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, who, a fugitive from the land of his birth, had fled into the far North where American law had no control.

The village covered something like five acres of ground, and was surrounded by a high wall of adobes, which was topped off with a parapet of pointed sticks. To obtain access to the village, however, one had to enter through the gates upon the southern side.

Thus had the fugitive Sioux warrior ensconced himself behind a barricade as formidable as though they were in the days of another Crusade.

The tops of a score or more of lodges loomed a couple of feet above the top of this barricade, but this would not have deceived an old scout as to the population of the strange Indian city. Where there is a baffle, there is, as a rule, a half-dozen to occupy it.

And report had it that Sitting Bull had added largely to his band, both of red and white cut-throats; consequently, Old Anaconda had no doubt but that there were large numbers of the enemy in the woods. In addition to those cut upon the war-path, in the forest.

This gift not deter him from forming the resolution to visit the interior of the village, come what might. It would be an adventure, and he wanted knowledge.

Many times had bits of gossip reached him concerning Sitting Bull's household captives. Report had it that the great chief of the renegade Sioux had
many squaws in his wigwam to wait upon him—squaws of the red and of the white race, and squaws that were beautiful both for beauty, and would have no squaws at the fireside who were not pretty and possessed of a moderate portion of intellect and education.

It was to discover the truth of these reports that Old Anaconda particularly wished to visit the village.

The Owens were old friends of his, and if the chief had caused the gentle and winning Milly to be brought to his wigwam, the Destroyer's purpose was to rescue her.

But the Indian stood gazing down upon the village, in which no life was visible, on account of the high wall, except a few columns of white smoke which curled heavenward from the different lodge tops.

The morning was one of exceeding beauty, for so late in the fall.

The sun rose as bright and warm out in the east as in early summer, and flooded the prairie and forest with brilliant light.

Off upon the horizon hung a haze; a gentle and invigorating breeze blew in from the prairie; birds caroled in the early morn, and the little prairie dogs barked from the summit of their burrows.

In vain did Anaconda watch for some sign of life about the village which lay below him; a flood of sunlight, but he was disappointed. Not a sound nor a sight, except the white spiral columns of smoke, answered his calls from the distant lodge tops.

At last he glanced around him, as if intuition had warned him of the near presence of somebody or something. His glance brought forth an ejaculation, for not three yards away was an Indian girl, half-reclining upon a mound at the foot of a tree, engaged in stringing a red bead upon the mocassin she held in one hand.

She was the most beautiful creature, thought the scout, that he had ever seen, excepting none, white or red.

Her complexion was of an olive tinge, the features being as pure as chiseled as if formed by the hand of an olden-time sculptor, and the hair admirably poised upon a graceful neck, which sloped down to a noble bust, and into the continuation of a form that was little less than perfection.

Such a graceful, sylph-like figure the dwarfed squaw had never before beheld, and he regarded her in admiration, she evidently all unconscious of his presence. Her hair of a nut-brown hue fell to her waist in a cloud; the eyes and mouth were of sweet expression—the former in color like the hair, and finely scintillant in their power. She was clad in a tasteful beaded skirt, and a white, partly open at the throat, revealing the beautiful neck. The skirt was met below the knees by fancifully wrought leggings and mocassins. No covering whatever was on the head, except a sort of coronet of feathers of many shades of the rainbow.

It is the old story, in which I have been about the medium height of women, and as Old Anaconda thought, over and over again, the most beautiful embodiment of the opposite sex he had ever conceived.

Resolved upon having a word with her, he advanced a few paces until she looked up with a startled exclamation, when he doffed his hat and bowed low. She arose to her feet and retreated a few paces where she paused, a scared, uncertain look in her wild, pretty eyes.

And now more than before, was the sylph-like and graceful proportions of her superb form revealed.

The girl started and trembled, as if confused at the presence of a stranger, then spoke:

"Wild Bird comes into the woodland that so may listen to the songs of her sister birds, and where she can be alone and 'unNoised.'"

"Yes, and saw you doing their work up there in camp o' Sitting Bull's?" asked the Dwarf Destroyer, approaching closer, and throwing himself on the leaves at her feet, as she resumed her seat upon the mound.

"The heart of Wild Bird was never with the Sioux nation," was the reply, as her pretty eyes gazed over the prairie, the most beautiful creature, thought the Destroyer, as one of the powerful Pawnee tribe, but Sitting Bull has slain the last of her people, and brought the Wild Bird to his wigwam."

"Sitting Bull has many squaws in his lodge, has he not?" the scout asked.

"Sitting Bull has many wives, but Wild Bird is not his wife, nor are the two white maidens. Wild Bird is the Princess of the Sioux, and Sitting Bull respects her and allows her freedom, which he does not extend to the two pale-face maidens. They wait upon him, and do his bidding."

"And Wild Bird loves the Sioux chief, and will soon become the Queen instead of the Princess of his tribe?" the scout interrogated.

A startled look came into the Wild Bird's eyes at the suggestion.

"No: the Sitting Bull has no charms to attract the eyes of the Wild Bird. He is a great warrior, but Wild Bird does not yearn to become the squaw of one of her own race. She has better hopes for herself. The pale-face does not abuse his wife like the Indian, and is much kinder to her."

"Waal, I'll be transmogrified in a bar'l o' tang, for I don't see but what it's kind that, my gall! Ab' reckon there's many a pilgrim as would grab at the chance to get such a beauty as you fer a wife, ter love and take keer ov her."

The eyes of the Indian girl brightened, visibly.

"Does the great hunter speak his true thoughts, or is it too kind to blind the eyes of Wild Bird with flattery?" she asked, bending forward, almost eagerly.

"Wild Bird would be as happy as the sunlight were the wife of a kind white man. Her heart rebels against warfare, and she loves peace and the life of the pale face, as you."

"Waal, now, lectle gal, you're a clipper, an' no mistake! an' ef ther old Destroyer wasn't quite so old, he'd be 'n'a'most of a notion ter onc't, despite 's he's on the pale face."

"Wild Bird has heard of the intrepid Indian-fighter who is the great foe of the Sioux, and she has longed to see him."

"Waal, I'm them same, you bet, lectle gal! ther old hoss himself."

The dwarf scout took it gently, and pressed it, after which he let it go, as if afraid to hold in his mannerisms a one of the Indians.

"Waal, ye shall hear the story, Wild Bird," he said, gazing moodily down into the sunlit plain below him, his brows shaded by a cloud; "ye shall hear all about it, an' then mebbe ye'll allow I've had sum reason fer liftin' so much ha'."

Ye see, me an' miners, we're furst, or among the last, fer entering Black Hills kentry, previous ter ther breakin' out o' ther gold-fever. Had my lectle cabin along one o' ther tributaries ter ther Rose bud, an' I trapped an' hunted, got a good livin', an' war happy wi' my wife an' child. Ye see, I never war no beauty, an' I ain't no beauty yet, but I warn't, an' ther child, as because she liked me. Leasthow, she war a lectle angel o' a wife, an' we allus got along as nice an' happy as ther day war long. Then, arter awhile our lectle Fanny came—the pretty, sunny-haired lectle beauty, an' we counted ourselves supremly blessed."

"I trapped many streams, and collected many
The beautiful furs. We war in the third year o' our prosperity in our new home, and hadn't ne'er had no trouble wit' ther red-skins, when suddenly one day Sitting Bull came to my cabin, and murd-red and mutilated almost beyond recognition my poor wife and sunny-haired baby! I returned home to find my cabin-home burned, and the scalpsless bodies o' my wife an' child lying close at han'. An' then, over their bodies, I swore to have the Sioux Bull, and every grain of the precious blood shed from their veins God knows I have striven to make good my promise!'

And as he finished speaking the scout gazed at Wild Bird—tears in his eyes.

There was sympathy in her starry eyes, for the Destroyer's narration had been told with a peculiar touching pathos that stirred up the softer passions of her wild, untutored nature.

"Wild Bird's heart aches for the noble pale-face scout," she said earnestly, "and her anger is strong against the Sioux. Sitting Bull is no warrior if he has murdered a weak and helpless babe. Wild Bird despises him. She would die sooner than to become his queen now. Her heart is with the white Destroyer."

"Waah, teesta gal, I thank you, and I neeky you an' I neeky our cun as friends now. Would the Wild Bird leave the village of the Sioux?"

"Where would Wild Bird go? She has no home—she could but wander in the forest, where her sisters of the air have their covert."

"But if some pale-face would offer to marry the Wild Bird and dwell well with him in his cabin, would the Wild Bird go, even though the pale-face be drowned and not so handsome as many of his brothers?"

An eager light shone from the beautiful maiden's eyes, and raising she advanced and knelt before the scout and kissed him upon the forehead.

"Wild Bird says yes," she said, earnestly, her bosom heaving, and an overjoyed expression upon her pretty, dusky face. "She hears the words of the pale-face, and accepts with a glad heart. Wild Bird's whole life-home and dream is this, if the pale-face brave will take her to his cabin."

"That settles it, then," Old Anaconda said, drawing her to him and kissing her cherry lips. "I feel that the Lord put ye in my path ter make up fer my lost ones."

"The beautiful Indian girl gently withdrew herself from his embrace and arose to her feet.

"Wild Bird's pale-face lover must not think to deceive or betray the Indian maiden," she said. "He has kissed her, and must not touch her again until she is by right of marriage."

"Are the way for the Dwarf Destroyer. The beautiful creature seemed wholly wrapped up in her warm affection for the scout. It had ever been her brightest hope that she might become the wife of a pale-face, and she was now happy in the thought that her dreams were soon to become a reality."

"But hold up, Birdie," the Destroyer said, as she was about to take her departure; "there are a few questions I have neglected to ask you."

"The Wild Bird listens."

"Then, who are the pale-face captives Sitting Bull has in his wigwam?"

"Both are your squaws."

"But their names—what are they?"

"They call each other Milly and Racy."

"Humpf! The girl Milly has sunny hair, has she not?"

"Yes—hair like the summer sky."

"How long ago was she brought to the lodge of Sitting Bull?"

"On the last evening, from the trapper's cabin."

"And her parents were not brought with her?"

"Not; they were massacred by the warriors of Sitting Bull."

Old Anaconda shuddered. He knew the Owens well, and a feeling of horror crept over him as he pictured in his mind the trapper and his wife lying either roasting in the fire of their burning cabins, or rigid in death from a blow of the murderous tomahawk now.

But, even as the picture was before his eye, he swore a silent oath to continue his deadly work against the Sioux, until not one of the murderous race remained to follow the war-trail.

"Wild Bird must go now," the beautiful maiden said, "but I will return and discover her absence, and be very angry."

"So ther old cuss is out in the woods, eh? the scout demanded, excitedly.

"Sitting Bull is abroad with many of his warriors."

"Will Bird replied."

"How many are there, yet in the village, then?"

"Three brave and twenty squaws, not counting the pappooses."

"Very well! If I can get away with number, I'll sell out cheap. But, Wild Bird, are there any horses in the village?"

The Indian girl smiled.

"Wild Bird has four of her own, as fleet of foot as any upon the prairies," she said, proudly. "The pale-face lover of Wild Bird is welcome to them all.

"All right, my J-jewel; we shall have need for them Soon, for as I am going to rescue the white girl, and bear them away from the village, Wild Bird must go alone."

Where her face had fallen at the first words of his declaration, it now brightened gladly, and her deep, liquid eyes sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight.

"Wild Bird is glad. Her heart beats faster at the prospect of going with her pale-face lover. She will have the horses ready, and leave the gates ajar so that the brave scout may enter the village."

Then, kissing her hand at the dwarf, the dusky beauty walked gracefully away down out of the edge of the forest toward the Indian village.

Old Anaconda gazed after her until she had disappeared within the gates. Then turned back further into the forest, and made a careful examination of his weapons, to see that they were in condition.

He then crept forward again to the edge of the timber, and throwing himself upon the leaves, dozed away the time in the sunlight. For he was in no particular hurry to make his venture in the Sioux village, during the broad light of day.

Reluctant all day, he eked the edge of the forest, without the least visible impatience. Indeed he had many a time lain in waiting the better share of twenty-four hours in order to entrap a savage.

During the day several delegations of savages, numbering from ten to twenty in each, approached and entered the village, but Sitting Bull was not among them.

Anaconda noted this fact, with contracting brows.

"More deviltry brewing somewhere, I'll bet," he
muttered: "Et don't mention so much now, fer that war none o' them settlers hyarabouts as war wuth scents. 'Co'set it war a shame about him. Them 'ar settlers at Quinnebog ar' nothin' but pirates anyhow, o' which that Canada Chet ar' a fair sample."

At last the sun set, and the shadows grew thick in the prairie, but the sky line.

The sky had clouded over, and there would be no moon, which made it all the more satisfactory to the scout, as he could work with less fear of detection.

The camp-fire light from the village reflected against the heavens with wonderful distinctness, and as it rested up on the evening breeze from there bespoke the fact that the Indians were wide awake over some discovery.

The scout's curiosity was aroused, but he made no venture toward the spot, for he knew that to betray his presence in the neighborhood would only be the means of stimulating the watchfulness of the camp.

He therefore lay quietly in the edge of the timber and waited until he should find the camp silent enough for his purpose.

During this delay he heard a footsteps in his rear, and turned to behold one whom he least expected—Hazel Eye. She came forward, carrying her handsomely rifled in her hand, and nodded as the scout saluted.

"Great Lamentations! Is that you, Forest Lily? I didn't expect to see ye 'way up here," the dwarf scout said, as he arose and shook her hand. "How's things at Mr. Owens', anyhow?"

"Bad," Hazel Eye said, shaking her head, "Canada Chet has taken two more prisoners, and put them in the pen."

Anaconda scowled.

"Thet Canadian hez about run thar length o' his rope. Who are these chaps as has got shut up in the pen?"

"Two young adventurers, who came into this section for the purpose of hunting and trapping. Their names are Hal Dayton and Dave Leam."

"Well, we'll have to see to their cases directly. At present, however, I have another case on the docket.

"You are not going to make an attempt to enter the Indian village?"

"I am that same, you bet! Thar's two gals thar—old Owens's gal, Milly, an' another 'un, called Rachel."

"Rachel?" Hazel Eye gasped, excitedly. "Whom do you mean—Rachel Conners?"

"Ken't say es ter thet. Wild Bird didn't give no other name than Rachel, I reckon."

"Wild Bird? When did you see her?"

"This morning. Do you know her?"

"Yes; I have often met her in the woodland. She is a beautiful young woman, Anaconda, and as good as she is beautiful."

"Them's just my ide's. An' when she becomes Mrs. Anaconda, gal, I shall expect yt ye will come and see us in our new home."

"What you don't mean to say that you are going to make the Wild Bird your wife, do you?"

"Ther Lord permittin', an' et don't rain, them's my concise intentions, Hazel Eye. She wants a white husband, an' har's w'scat ain't goin' ter pass her by."

"Then, let me congratulate you, my dear friend, if you get Wild Bird, you not only get the most beautiful woman in the Northwest, but you also get a faithful and loving-hearted girl. But this Rachel—did you ever see her, Anaconda?"

"Never, what her?"

"She is the wife of Canada Chet—a beautiful, prepossessing girl, whom the ruffian married in the East and then discarded. She came to my grandfather's cabin, one night, and we sheltered her, and she told us her pitiful story. We tried to urge her to remain with us, but she would not, and the next morning departed into the forest since when I have searched for her every day, but in vain."

"Well, be careful. Where will you take the rescued girls?"

"To my fort in the woods. You know where that is?"

"Yes, I will come there, by and by."

Then the Forest Lily turned back into the depths of the wood.

It was now bordering on the midnight hour. The Indian village had quieted down, and the camp-fires burned low.

The clouds overhead were more broken, drifting about in banks, now hiding the moon, then again, allowing that orb to flood the earth with light. "Et's now fer me ter work," Anaconda muttered, strapping his rifle to his back, and preparing for his venture. "I'll either resky them gals, or give Wild Bird a chance to mourn over my scalp."

Securing his revolvers, he prostrated himself, and crept away.

Away out of the timber, and down over the rolling prairie he went, at a snail's pace, pausing occasionally to listen and peer ahead. The darkness was dense, on account of the moon's sudden departure upon the bank of cloud, and he counted it his safest plan to be sure that no danger lay in his path before he advanced.

At the end of an hour he arrived close to the gates, and found one of them a trifle ajar—just enough that only a sharp glance would have detected the fact.

On pressing his ear to the crack he could hear no sound, and waiting a few minutes longer, he pulled one open sufficient to admit of his passage through, and then closed it after him. Standing in the shadow of the great fence he gazed about upon the scene.

The lodges were ranged around the sides of the enclosure, the nearest one to Anaconda being only a few feet distant. In the center was an open space where the horses were corralled and the camp-fires were built.

The laps of the lodges were all down now, and the village had the appearance of being quite deserted, but for the horses in the corral.

"They're all asleep," the scout muttered. "Now I must find out where the girls are.

"Not all asleep," exclaimed a low musical voice, in an undertone, as a plump pair of arms were thrown about Anaconda's neck, and he was kissed upon the forehead. "The Wild Bird could not sleep for gladness. Has the white hunter come to take her to his wigwam?"

"Yes; them's my intentions," the Destroyer replied. "But that's a couple of others I must take along."

"Yes; Wild Bird has not forgotten. She has told her sisters, and prepared them for the great scout's coming."

"Bully for you!" and Anaconda took the beautiful Indian's hand and pressed it warmly. "You're a trump, an' I'm proud o' ye. But where is Sitting Bull that he didn't come into the village?"

"Sitting Bull is abroad in the great forest. Some evil project is in his mind that none can solve. He has set an eye upon the Forest Lily, Hazel Eye, and Wild Bird thinks he is watching for her."

"Well, now, when he sketches that gal sleepin' when danger's brewin', he's welcome to her," Anaconda muttered, with a chuckle.

"She's purty nigh a good 'un, ar' that Hazel Eye. But fer beauty, she ken't hold a candle to the Wild Bird."

The Indian girl smiled up into his eyes lovingly.
for she believed that the scout meant every word he uttered. And who shall say that he did not?

"What ar' the guards?" he asked, peering cautiously around.

The drink of whisky furnished by Wild Bird, and sleep deep," the Indian beauty replied, smiling. "Anaconda need have no fear of them, but must work cautiously lest he arouse those in the lodges."

"Where are the white girls?"

Wild Bird pointed across the square to a small lodge.

"The Destroyer will find them there, in readiness. While he goes for them, Wild Bird will bring her horses."

With this understanding they separated, Anaconda going silently across the village green to the lodge, and the graceful Wild Bird gliding toward the corral.

Here was perhaps the most difficult part, for a single skinny might arouse the whole camp, and all would be lost.

But she was a favorite with all the animals, and they were not frightened at her approach.

She was fortunate in securing her four pet animals, and leading them across to the gate, where she tied them, and again stole away. She was gone but a few moments, however ere she returned with four saddles and bridles, which she soon had upon the horses.

While the meantime Old Anaconda had made his way across to the little lodge, and upon raising the flap he perceived that a faint light was burning inside.

"Come," he said, in a low tone, although he could see no one, "all is ready, if you wish to escape."

Instantly two female figures wrapped in skin mazes, emerged from behind a partition, and he had the satisfaction of shaking hands with the two girls whom he had come to rescue.

But there was no time to lose, and bidding them follow him, led the way across the plaza to where Wild Bird was waiting.

She was very much excited as the scout could see by the gleam of her eyes and she raised her hand enjoining silence.

"Listen," she cried, and they did, and heard a long, peculiar cry, from out on the prairie.

"Is Sitting Bull?" she cried. "He is coming and we are too late!"

CHAPTER XI.

CASPER DAYTON PLOTS—AMASA IN THE WOODS.

A few hours previous to this, Sitting Bull had met in the forest near a less than an individual than Casper Dayton, in two days, from the unknown, and drawn rein within a few feet of each other, with a pair of duplicate grunts, for it will be remembered that Dayton was attired in the costume of an Indian chief.

Sitting Bull was unaccompanied by his warriors, and the two men were quite alone in the heart of the northern forest.

"Ugh!" was the chief's interrogative grunt.

"Who is the chief that is a stranger to Sitting Bull? What brings him into the forest that belongs to the Sioux nation?"

"Watsanoka is no Indian warrior by birth, but a pale-face hunter, who has come to the land of the Sioux to behold the great Sitting Bull. He brings the great chief important news, and would ask his aid."

"Sitting Bull's ears are open. Let the white renegade proceed," the chief said, haughtily. "He will answer after he has heard the words of the pale-face."

Casper Dayton was sure that he held the key of success in his hand; he meant to use it.

"Blessed be the end of this fight, Gragon, lies the settlement of Quinnege, or the Choppings. Does Sitting Bull know the secret of that town?"

"Sitting Bull knows naught of the settlers by Beaver Lake, except that they infringe upon his rights, by building themselves homes upon his hunting grounds."

Then lend me your attention and I will tell you something of which you have probably never dreamed; you have probably heard of the 'Pen,' as it is called, where scores of men are supposed to be cheated by the old ruffian, Canada Day.

No one else ever enters inside the walls of the 'Pen;' all wonder, but do not know what these men are put to, or what mystery envelops the place. Has Sitting Bull never guessed at the secrets thereof?"

"No; Sitting Bull has never guessed the secrets of the Pen. Does his white brother know the secrets?"

"Like a book," the disguised schemer replied, "and he has come to make a bargain with the great and noble Sitting Bull. Let the chief listen: there are two American youths in the Pen, whom I would possess. They have but recently come to the forest."

"Watsanoka cannot have them," Sitting Bull said, decidedly; "one of the pale-face youths has won the heart of Hazel Eye, the Forest Lily, and the great Sioux chief would have his scalp."

"But, boy up. There is much that Sitting Bull would rather have—something he prizes more than scalps, women or horses. If Sitting Bull will promise that the white boys shall be Watsanoka's, he will tell the great chief a strange secret."

"Sitting Bull will hear first, and promise afterward the chief replied gravely."

Casper Dayton reflected a moment. He was not sure whether it was best to trust the red-skin or not.

"I will tell you," he said, after a while, "if you promise to give me up the boys, and a girl named Hazel, I will say no more. I would the news prove valuable and interesting to you."

"Sitting Bull agrees to that. Let the pale-face speak."

"Well, then, here is the secret. The Pen, at the Choppings is a counterfeiters' den, where spurious coin and paper money are manufactured in large quantities."

"Money heap no good," Sitting Bull said. "No buy blanklets' an' powder."

"Yes, it will. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. You has many warriors. Go and kill off this Canada Chet and his gang, together with the bermen of Quinnege, and we'll go in partners in this counterfeiting biz. I'll run it, you see, and give you half of the good money that is realized from the sales of the spurious. See?"

"Sitting Bull is a friend. It shall be as Watsanoka says, for he is a great rogue. He shall have the trader's daughter whom Sitting Bull has in his wigwam."

"And the boys?"

"And the boys."

"Cheet, Sitting Bull is a great, noble and wise chief, and he shall have paper dollars with which to light his pipe. Let him set his warriors at once on the war-path with the instruction to kill and scalp every man in Quinnege, or in the forest, except the youths, and the trader's daughter. Let Sitting Bull also give Watsanoka a token to wear in plain view. They shall meet at the hands of the Sioux. Sitting Bull has spoken; he is not a man to be mocked withal, but hold. Oughte we not to leave the pale-face slaves in the pen unmolested? They understand the manufacture of this money better than we, an' can be forced to work for the farm of Sitting Bull and Watsanoka the same as the Canada Chet."

"Watsanoka speaks wisely, and it shall be as he says. Sitting Bull will at once proceed to his village and dig up the hatchet and put it in the hands of his warriors. Will Watsanoka come to the village with Sitting Bull?"

"Not now, noble chief, as I have work elsewhere.
Sitting Bull may keep the trapper's daughter in his wigwam until the war is over, when Watsanoka will take her for his wigwam until the war is over.

"How does Watsanoka know the trapper's daughter if he is a stranger in the North?"

"Easily answered. A year ago the Owens lived in Minnesota, and Watsanoka also lived nigh. He wooed the pale-face girl, but she refused him, and he, without a trial of strength, returned home. That day is near.

The twin separated, Sitting Bull riding through the forest toward his village, and Casper Dayton taking a course nearly opposite.

The schemer was overjoyed at his success in enlisting Sitting Bull in his plans, and smiled triumphantly as he rode alone.

"Everything is working in my favor as nice as I could ask for," he muttered, with a dark glitter in his eyes. "By the time my beloved brother James arrives upon the scene, I shall have the forest full of roving Sioux, and he may lead one of his hawks; it's none of my fault—of course it's not. And the boy, Harold, I'll see that he is properly cared for. Then, Brooksfeld Place and the Dayton inheritance are mine!"

It was a grand scheme which he had been matur ing in his mind, without knowing how to put it into execution. But now his course seemed plain. With so powerful an ally as Sitting Bull, he would triumph; at least he could see no reason why he should not.

"Lordy! Jerusalem! Jewhitcher Jewsharp! I wish I was back in Kalamazoo, I do, god durn my foolish soul! Why did I ever leave Sally, ter cum out hayr whar Injines an' wild beasts ar' thicker'n hair on a dorg? Oh! oh!"

"Amasa Scroggs, of course, in difficulty, as usual. He had been wandering aimlessly about the forest in search of something to appease his appetite, when there had come a whirl and an arrow scratched the "crazy-bone" of his ribs. Ah! Amasa had made one of his lightning leaps which carried him behind the protective body of an upturned tree, where he crouched and gave vent to his howl of misery.

"Oh! Gosh-all-fish-books!" he gasped, peering around in the blackness of the night: "that's a buttin' loose. Anybody may posses her, an' they're after my scalp. Ugh! I wish I was back in Kalamazoo! What a fool I was ter ever cum out hayr a-huntin' after a couple o' runaway boys, jest fer two dollars a day! Hain't see'd hide ner har'a o' boy yet, nuther. Lordy! I'm as nervous as a cat's tail when she sees a ruse, and as jealous as an Injun every blessed mimmitt. Ugh! this is their awful country I ever got inter. Last night I ran ten miles ter get away frum that consarned Walkin' Head, an' now I'm cornered by Injuns. Oh! I want ter go home;"

Rising to his feet he peered around the stump, expecting to behold an Indian.

The next instant a horrified yell pealed from his lips, for there, not three yards away, was the terrible Walking Head advancing toward him, the mouth stretched from ear to ear in a horrible grin, and the tongue lolling out in a hideous manner.

Poor Amasa!

His blood froze in his veins, and his limbs refused to move. His hair was fairly "upon end." A more seriously frightened man probably never existed. He could only stand and gaze at the strange object in front of him. It was a stump of a tree, and it came nearer and nearer until it stood before him, its whole height but reaching to his knees. It was to all appearances simply a human head grown upon a huge pair of feet, the body having been omitted in the make-up. Upon this face there was that demoniac smile, phosphorescent-like, and the ears, several sizes too large for the head, flapped to and fro in a startled manner. Altogether it was a monstrosity of the most fearful nature, and it must have put to flight the courage and nerve of stronger men than Amasa Scroggs.

It stopped before the horror-struck Yankee, and gauged up into his face, one eye rolling and blinking viciously.

"Be not afraid!" came the words, in a sepulchral voice. "The Demon of the Forest harms not the weak and timid. Come! follow me, for there are many savages after you. They fear me, and will not molest you if you come with me!"

"Oh! Lordy! Jerusalem! I'd ruther be scalped than go wi' you!" Amasa gasped, with a shiver.

"Oh! say, please run off, little fellow, won't ye? I mean to hurt you."

"Fear not," again spoke the sepulchral voice.

"The spirit of the dead can do you no harm. It is the living that are your foes, and they are all around you."

Then, d'y mean ter say ye ain't livin'?" Amasa gasped, his hair feeling light enough to fly from his head.

"Only in spirit exists the Demon of the Forest!" was the comforting assurance. "I am but a living spirit—l'm but the air you breathe. The shape you behold is but your over-wrought imagination. Touch me and you will find that I am composed of—nothing!"

"Oh! Jerusalem! no; I wouldn't touch you for ten dollars. Oh! Lordy, go away—go away!"

"You must come with me, and as soon as I get you out of the reach of the Indians, I will bid you adieu!"

"For honest, now?"

"Certainly. Come!"

"Waal, hang me ef I won't."

The Walking Head with a low laugh led the way—wasting off into the forest.

Amasa followed, but at a respectful distance, for he still held the Demon of the Forest in mortal dread.

Through the blackness of the night, they went, the Walking Head in advance.

But suddenly, Amasa gazed around him in perplexity. The Dwarf Demon had suddenly disappeared! Nowhere was he to be seen, and Scroggs was again lost in the great woods.

"Oh! Jewhitcher! I wish I was back with Sally—i do, fer true., I never will git out of this consarned region, I—"

While he was complaining he had suddenly struck what appeared to be a well-beaten trail, leading at right angles to the course he was pursuing, or in other words, north and south.

I guess I'll pursue this course," he muttered, grasping his rifle and girding along. "Hope I don't stumble on that Walking Head again!"

He had not proceeded twenty rods ere a big painted savage suddenly bounded before him, with upraised tomahawk.

It was desperation, now, more than courage, which nerved the stalwart son of Michigan, and caused him to sling his rifle suddenly around and knock the red-skin quickly to the ground.

It was all done in an instant, and then he kept on, looking on every side for more of the painted imps; but no more bothered him, nor did he catch a glimpse of another.

About daydawn he came suddenly to a halt, on the margin of a small clearing, for looming up therein, was a commodious cabin, built of half-hewn logs, and painted red!

CHAPTER XI.
ESCAPING—FROM TREE TO TREE—THE NEW FOG.

We must now return to "the Pen," and its surroundings.

Early in the morning after their arrival, at night, just as they were about going to sleep, Hal and Dave were disturbed by strange noises, which they could not account for—noises that sounded like human screams of agony, in the distance.

But these sounds soon were heard no more, and
both being really fatigued, needed no urging to seek forgetfulness and rest. They slept soundly and awoke after a long while, feeling refreshed. Alex Watchman, Harry Reynolds, and several others were up and about, already, while some still lingered in bed.

During the interval of their slumber the tables had been replenished with milk and corn-cake, familiarly by the old man.

"What time is it?" Hal Day' on asked, sitting up, and giving his eye an initiatory rub toward seeing.

"Nearly six o'clock at night," the old man replied.

"You'd better put down some provender, now, as there's no telling when Le Garo may come for us.}{"We're here, fellow's clothing?" grunted Dave. " Ain't he goin' to have nothing to wear?"

The old man laughcd.

"I reckon not, young man, unless, perchance, you are more favored than the rest of us. I have not worn a shred of clothing except a loin-cloth in the whole time of my incarceration here."

"What is the object of this?"

"You have asked me more than I can tell."

Dave and Hal partook of their corn-bread and milk with relish, and were then ready for work.

Some of the slaves arose grumblingly, others cheerfully.

"Did you see anything, as you came through the woods of a young maiden on horseback?" Harry Reynolds asked, in a low tone, of the two adventurers.

"If you mean the pretty one calling herself Hazel Eye, we did. Why, what of her?"

"Well—well, you see—and here the prisoner stopped short and blushed.

"Yes, I think I can say," Dave answered, with a smile. "You're in love with the forest beauty, head- over-heels."

"I acknowledge the corn," Reynolds replied, a sparkle in his eyes. "Do you think me to blame for it? Is she not a queer and pretty plant to be found growing in the somber shades of the wild North?"

"You are not a bit to blame—that is, if she reciprocates," replied Hal. "I almost fancy I could bear up under such a slight responsibility myself."

"She no doubt believes me either dead or faithless by this time, as it was before I was shut up here that I met her in the woods, and we formed an attachment of some sort.

"What brought you into this particular section?"

"The prospect of trapping the beaver, which are said to exist in large numbers hereabouts."

By this time Le Garo appeared upon the scene, armed with his terrible whip, and looking more brutal and savage than ever before.

Dave and Hal included, filed out in single file into the counterfeiting rooms, when the others, who had just quit work, filed into the sleeping-room.

That was a desultory night tour for Dave and Hal. Neither had ever been used to hard labor before, and it was no play to run the two heavy machines for twelve hours.

But they worked steadily and faithfully, and were fortunate in not experiencing the sting of Le Garo's lash with which he occasionally cut the lagging or the laggard.

Our two adventurers, however, learned the science of counterfeiting, and profited thereby.

The coins were manufactured of lead, zinc, copper and silver, the cost of a dollar, after it was finished, being about twenty cents, so that the profits of the cost of the manufacture of the paper money and, of course, far less, as the whole token of the work was engraved upon steel, even to the signature. The paper and ink, therefore, were the only expense, as the labor cost nothing.

More than had to be exercised in the printing of the bills, however, than in the coins, to bring the proof to a high state of perfection.

Many hundred could have been run through the machine in one day, but they would have been too imperfect to put upon the market.

The work was skillful in working upon the metal, as it required but Hal, Alex, Watchman, and a paper-sizer to manipulate the steel-printing.

The hours would never hurry. Hal and Dave were both fatigued greatly, and hungry, in the bargain. But they worked with elation from their labor, until the morning dawned again.

It came, at last and they were replaced by the fresh gang, and marched back to the eating and sleeping-room, where they were locked in like a band of convicts.

"I'm going confounded tired of this," Big-foot Dave growled, when he, Hal, Harry Reynolds, and Alex Watchman were again seated at the repast of corn-cake and milk. "I'm going to make an attempt at escape. If the rest will go in with me, I've every confidence that we can break away and reach the woods without trouble. What do you say, friend Watchman?"

The old man shook his head.

"Tis vain to hope for such a blessing," he replied, sadly. "Why, young man, have not a hundred attempts been made at escape?"

"Hang the odds!" Big Track replied. "I've made up my mind not to do another day's work in this counterfeiter's den, and I'll be hanged if I will! If any man in this room has enough desire to escape, that he will assist me, let him step forward. Those who bear the consequences of a failure can keep s'll."

The slaves came forward to a man. No desire had they to remain in the pen, if there was a shadow of a chance for escape.

Dave sounded them all carefully, to see that there was no weak one among them.

"I'll tell you how I'm going to manage it," he said, glancing up toward the roof of the solid structure. "Those windows there are grated, but they won't be so very long, if there is enough of you to boost me up and hold me there.

There were enough, and he prepared at once for his venture for their liberty.

Taking two of the cave knives which were brought in with their meals, he carefully hacked nicks into their edges, thereby making tolerable saws out of them.

He then mounted upon one of the tables, and was lifted up by several pairs of ready hands, and held there.

He now discovered that the act of removing the iron bars was easier than he had at first supposed, as they were only fastened to the wood with screws.

He had at first supposed, that after which, to displace the glass window was but the work of a moment, and a stream of the fresh air of the outer world rushed in.

By placing the table upon which he stood on top of another table, and raising both together, his companions were enabled to raise him so that he could look out of the hole upon the roof.

All he could see was the tops of the trees, and a sparkle of water upon the lake. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were caroling their early morning songs among the wilderness of variegated foliage, that spread out beautifully before the naked eye.

From afar off in the forest came wild, discordant sounds, which boded no good to the town of Quimnec.

They were Indian war-cries.

Springing upward, and drawing himself onto the roof. Dave Laam looked around him for some means with which to rescue his companions.

Fortune seemed to favor him in directing his attention to a matting of wild grape-vines which had twisted into a natural rope up over the roof, from the ground, and into the trees above.

Creeping down to the edge of the roof, he severed these vines, and dragged the loosened end back to
Canada Chief, the Counterfeiter Chief.

CHAPTER XII.

A CUT AND RUN—GOING TO ROCKET.

The words of Wild Bird struck upon the ears of her auditors with a desiring far—allexcept upon Old Anacoda. The old man set his teeth with a fierce click, and he hastily lifted Milly and Rachael Connors into the saddle.

"Nothing must stop us now!" he said, in a husky tone. "Mount, Mount, and when I throw the gates open, ride out upon the prairie, and head to the north. I will be with you ere long. Sitting Bull is yet some distance away, I judge."

"But his cries will arouse the braves in the village," said Wild Bird, trembling.

"So much the worse for us," Anacoda replied. "Now then, git ready."

Wild Bird vaulted lightly to the back of her horse, and took the connecting straps which guided the other animals.

"Rey?" he said: then Old Anacoda threw open the gates and leaped like a rocket into the saddle allotted to him.

"Now!" she gritted, "let'em scoot!"

He kept the bridle-strap of the horse rode by Milly Owen, while Wild Bird did the same for her charge. And away they dashed at a tremendous speed over the dust and the dust was the dust and the dust was the dust.

At the moment of leaving the village the dusk had been dense, which was favorable to their escape. But such good fortune was not to be theirs, and in the next few minutes a bank of clouds soon floated away, leaving but a faint portion of the moon. A flood of mellow light suffused all the landscape in a sheen of silver glory.

An instantaneous shout came from the south, and Anacoda glanced about to see a band numbering some thirty Indians, coming after them, in hot pursuit.

"It is Sitting Bull and his warriors, too!" Wild Bird said. "They are picked braves, and well mounted."

"Consequently, our only crop is tergit up an' git!" the Destroyer replied, urging on the animals to a greater speed.

"If we ken but get in ter their woods, old Sittin' Bull can kiss my big toe. Spur yer hoss, Wild Bird—hoopoe! I tell you we don't ask no odds o' ther hul Sioux nation!"

It was by this exhibition of hilarity that the scout endeavored to distract the girls' thoughts from the danger that menaced them. For he was well aware that danger did spurt at their heels—danger, which, ten to one, they could not eventually escape.

But they made a desperate struggle for it. Wild Bird had not belied the powers of her horses; they were easy riders, and as swift as any on the prairies. When urged down to their bottom speed, they could go like a lightning-express.

By the course adopted by the Dwarf Destroyer it was a good three miles to the edge of the timber. But he chose this route in preference to all others, for the reason that the prairie was near's level and that it was the fairest path to the southwest.

On—on, over the yielding turf, sped the pursued and pursuers. It was a race for life on the part of the fugitives, and a race for scalps on the part of the foe. To add to the strength of the latter, the moonlight revealed that the whole male population of the Indians village was turning out upon horse- back, and joining in the chase.

"Durn myself for an uneducated mule!" Anacoda growled, when he made this discovery. "Ef I
he'd better kick from San Francisco to New York, I don't want a cent! A regular cursed old man, and yet he has any wine nor b'arded sucker!"

"What is it that makes the White Destroyer reproach himself?" Wild Bird asked, anxiously.

"Oh! nuthin' much, only, why didn't I stampede them hosses in their Injun village, 'stid o' leavin' 'em fer them red rascalions to ride? Oh, fire away, ye red sons of carmine! but ye ken't do us any harm yet."

"The Sioux are very angry," the Indian girl said.

"If they should catch Wild Bird, they would put her to death. But she would laugh!"

"That's it, lassie girl! Don't let them varmints skeer ye fer a cent—not one red identical cent! You're my meat, I reckon, an' when them Sioux sons o' guns git their paws on ye, it'll be when Old Anaconda has passed in his checks and balanced his books, you bet! Well, are you tired, Miss Gertrude?"

"Not very," the trapper's daughter replied. "Do you think there is great danger of their overtaking us?"

"Waal, now, I shouldn't keer to express a candid opinion on that subject. hehn's one ken't tell one man from another when they are evasive."

"Our only hope's ter press on an' get ter timber. Once we get ther, I'll opine that old man knows a few things himself, once in a great while."

"On—on—they dashed, the yells of pursuing Indians making the night hideous. They also kept up a continual fire with their repeating rifles, which, of course, did no harm to the fugitives, as they were a safe distance beyond the reach of the leaden messengers."

"Then, plug away, blast ye!" the old scout girtted. "I'll bet ye claw my scalp this yere moon, et will be sumthin' ruther sing'lar. But, that's no use mistakin'—them Injuns or' clawin' up on us, inch by inch!"

The jetty eyes of Wild Bird fired up instantly, as she heard the words.

"The words of the Great Destroyer are not well spoken!" she cried proudly. "Sitting Bull has no horse in his corral that can keep pace with those of the Wild Bird. To show the hunter that Wild Bird knows, she will lead and they can follow."

"What did unde do when he unslung his rifle, and turned cautiously away into the wood, leaving his horse in charge of Wild Bird."

He proceeded in a straight line due east from where the three had left the girls; then stopped stock-still in his tracks. He had no occasion to go further. The news for which he sought was within eye-reach.

Ahead of him he could see the forms of several Indians skulking about among the trees as if searching for somebody.

"I did not see him, however, and he crept back in the direction whence he had come; then proceeded to make a great circle about the spot where he had left the girls. As a result, he found Indians skulking among the trees, forming a circle around the spot of forest containing Old Anaconda and his retinue of charges."

This was the very state of affairs the old man had expected, and he was none disappointed by the discovery. He knew that if meant business; that only fighting them with stealth would do any good.

Then, he returned to the spot and left the girls. They were in a state of grave anxiety.

"Indians!" he said, in answer to their inquiring looks. "We are literally surrounded on all sides."

"Oh! what shall we do?" Milly Owen murmured, tears springing into her eyes. "We shall all be massacred!"

Poor girl! she had witnessed the horrible butchery of her own parents but a few hours before, and the scene now arose before her eyes in all its sickening details.

"No, we ain't goin' ter get massacred—nuthin' o' the sort, of their old court arr' on duty. I'll allow e'ne' a mite of a deekilfik, but we've got ter beat their cusses, somehow!"

"Did the Destroyer see Sitting Bull?" Wild Bird asked.

And so the wild ride continued.

Now that a new speed had been brought out of the further chase, and that an easy job to keep out of range of the pursuers, and at last, when they struck into the edge of the forest, the savages were a quarter of a mile or more away.

"Now, then, we'll puzzle them!" Old Anaconda said, with a cackle, as he took the lead. "Foller behind me close now, in single file, an' we'll see ef we can't git them off their track purty much!"

He accordingly struck off, with Milly Owen and Rachel Connors following respectively behind him, and Wild Bird bringing up the rear.

It was a long, monotonous ride, with only the foot-falls of the horses, and the occasional scream of a night bird to break the dead of nature's repose.

The woods were full of lurking shadows, that served to keep the two white girls in a constant state of terror, lest they should suddenly dissolve into a band of murderous savages.

Wild Bird was not a little distressed, for she was literally a child of the forest; and Old Anaconda was equally at home there.

At last morning dawned, and the birds renewed their sweet songs among the branches of the forest mornings.

Then it was that the Dwarf Destroyer ordered a halt. Wild Bird and the two white girls noticed a strange expression upon the scout's face, which was not usually there.

"Is it so?" the Wild Bird demanded anxiously.

"Why does the Destroyer look around so?"

"Dunno, Birdie, just now; but I reckon we'd better camp down hayr a trifle, while I make a sorter reconnoissance. Sumhow my old bones predict Injuns.

"Great Heaven! I hope your bones may belie you!" Rachel Connors said, in alarm. "Do you think the savages are in the neighborhood?"

"Can tell ye better after a bit," the Dwarf Scout said, sliding from the saddle. "You remain here and do not dismount under any consideration until I return. Unless you hear the yell of a Comanche, then turn sharp to your right, and ride for your life."

With these injunctions, he unslung his rifle, and stol cautiously away into the wood, leaving his horse in charge of Wild Bird.

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"Did the Destroyer see Sitting Bull?" Wild Bird asked.

And so the wild ride continued.
“No! that burned old skeelzy kept out o' my sight, or I shed hev put a bullet thru' his hernoodo lemon. Just keep still now, while I think.”

And standing with his face to the east, the scout runminated over the situation.

“First, the game plan—we've got ter grab it like a fish grabs bait!” he said, at last. “Do you think you could send the horses away riderless, Wild Bird?”

“The animals of Wild Bird are trained to do her biddin';* the beautiful Indian girl replied, proudly. “Good! Our hope may then be a hope. Come! Foller me!”

And vaulting into his saddle the scout rode on through the woods. The three girls followed, wonderingly, but asked no questions.

By his directions they lingered behind, allowing him to get some distance ahead.

Suddeniy he arose in his stirrups, and clinched his hands to the limbs of a giant linden tree beneath which he was passing. The next instant he had drawn himself up, and his horse passed on. He then motioned the three girls to ride beneath the tree, and he yer up the his arm to the limb. In this manner he succeeded in pulling them all up into the great tree.

“Now, send the animals away,” he said, when he had linded them all safely. They must not remain in base to betray us.

Wild Bird bowed, and spoke quickly and excitedly to the animals, in the Indian tongue. They pricked up their ears at the sound of her voice; then the pony she had ridden gave a wild snort, and dashed on through the forest, followed by the others.

Then the dwarf scout turned to Old Anaconda, a sparkle of triumph in her midnight eyes.

“Could the lover of Wild Bird do much?” she demanded, eagerly.

“Waal, now, I shed rather opinenot,” “the dwarf replied, smiling: “But, whar'll them an' anamites go when Wild Bird hunted the deer afoot.”

“Waal, ye've got good control over 'em, I'll swar'. Ef you yer them a taunt like that, I allow ye'll lev a purty fine jib on yer hands,” and his laugh was music to her ears.

“Wild Bird will be White Destroyer's slave. She work for him—mind him,” was the artless reply of the beautiful Indian maiden.

They had remained in the tree but a couple of hours, when the scout a-ain manifestened uneasiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKING THE CORDON—SITTING BULL IN TOILS—A RENEGADE'S SURPRISE.

Wild Bird was the first to notice it, and she touched him upon the arm.

“What is it that again disturbs the White Destroyer?” she asked, anxiously, for now loving the hope soon to manifest the strength of her passionate Indian nature, she naturally was much concerned to see him uneasy.

“Nuthin much, yet,” he replied: “by-an-by things may assume a more sart'in shape.”

An hour passed, but there was no change. The woodland was just as solemn and silent as before; the birds chattered among the branches: the leaves dropped, dropped, dropped, at the touch of the breeze as it fanned through the forest.

Toward noon it stiffened up and blew with greater force, causing the autumn foliage to descend in showers.

Old Anaconda broke the deep silence now by a suggestive grunt, and sniffed the air like a foxhound.

“Ther devil's ter pay,” he growled: “ther woods are afire, an' we've got ter cawt 'em out o' this roost or git scorched; you hear them old man talk!”

“Have Sitting Bull's braves done this cowardly work?” Wild Bird asked, her eyes flashing.

“Yas, I opine they hev, altho' et mayn't be ther same gang as ar' surroundin' us. Leahtow, ther fire ain't more'n a mile off, an' as et runs at the rate of fifty miles a minnit through these dry leaves, the sooner we make a grand scoot, ther better; you hear me!”

To think, with the Dwarf Destroyer, was to work. Taking off his belt, he lowered the girls to the ground by aid of it; then dropped lightly upon the leaves below himself.

“Come!” he said, resolutely; “foller me, but don't ye dare ter make so much noise as a baby mouse. Ef strategy won't rescue us, knives and revolvers will, I reckon.”

Softly they advanced through the forest, toward the left. Old Anaconda keeping a short distance ahead of the girls, to feel the way, while Wild Bird took possession of the post of rear-guard.

Thus they moved along.

Dangr lurked in their rear—danger lurked in front, in the shape of merciless red-men, whose only pleasure was in braining or scalping the pale-faces.

The wind blew through the forest dense clouds of smoke and particles of burnt leaves, and warned the fugitives that the flames were not far behind.

Presently a wave of Old Anaconda's band caused the girls to pause, while he skulked on, knife in hand; for the shining blade of steel was the only weapon to use now, as reports of firearms would only serve to attract the attention of the foe.

In some grimness went to Old Anaconda, proudly.

Come along, no sound of his disturbing the stillness. Every footstep was noiseless, his breath, even, was hushed—long-drawn.

In this way he crept on perhaps a eighth of a mile, when he once more came to a halt, and stopped with his finger to his lips.

Just in time to escape observation, too, for an Indian came prowling along, glancing about him in a manner indicative that his suspicions had been aroused.

The eyes of the dwarf gleamed wickedly as he saw the unsuspecting brave approach, and he gripped his knife for its deadly work.

Nearer and nearer the red-skin came in an incansing shuffling gait, until he had fairly passed the tree where the dwarf scout was concealed. Then a human body suddenly shot into the air and descended the back of the dusky beauty, followed by the Dwarf Destroyer and his keen, flashing blade did its deadly work.

In a moment, Old Anaconda tore off his scalp.

“Wonder ef that's any more as wants ter get registered fer election? Ef I thought he was un'errin' ef I'd say a word. O' my goodness!”

“Tif so then he's what 1'd say. I'm registered fer the election,” he replied, resolutely; “an I'll mite der afoot.”

Resolved to know fer certain if any more of the red devils blockaded the forest between him and liberty, he made a wider and deeper devour, but failed to find a foe. Satisfied on this score, he made his way back to where he had left the girls, and found them much alarmed at his protracted absence.

“You have killed an Indian,” Milly Owen said, with a horrified giance at his belt.

“Yas; killed ther last of the Mohicans, you bet! But le' me wonder ef ya's got a jet of flame! the fire is upon us! Come! we must put for our lives!”

And it was even so.

As they started to leave the spot, long tongues of fire followed spitefully in their wake, and dense clouds of choking smoke settled around them.

Sitting Bull was in the vicinity of Chumineoog with a part of his band, having detailed a number of his braves to worry and pursue the Dwarf Destroyer and his companions.

The great forest fire had swept far to the west now as the sun began to set, leaving in its track a desolate waste of scorched and naked timber, and
frying carcasses of unfortunate beasts and birds that were caught in the fiery vortex.

In the edge of the timber that remained untouched by the fire, Sitting Bull and his handful of braves sat their horses like centaurs, and patiently waiting for the white renegade, Watsanoka, previous to the proposed attack upon the Chippings.

But Watsanoka came not, and deep shadows once more began to gather in the forest, and the redskins now began to show her form up over the eastern horizon.

"Watsanoka is late!" Sitting Bull growled, at last.

"The braves remain here while Sitting Bull go hunt him." Death is meant for the braves to disobey, and so they kept their positions, while the old chief rode off.

Threading his way through the silent woods, he soon came to the northern bank of Beaver Lake. Without pausing, however, he continued along the bank toward the cabin of the Magician of the North, which his horse arrived in due time, and drew rein before the door.

All was dark and silent about the place, as if it were inhabited by people not earthly, if at all.

But Sitting Bull prided himself on possessing a brave heart, and he feared none of the evils reputed to attend in the darkness of the forest. Therefore he dismounted and tried the door, and to his great surprise it swung open.

Before entering the cabin, the wily chief peered into it, to see that no trap had been set for him. But he could see nothing, and therefore stepped inside. Soon the door swung to a how, he proceeded to make an examination in general of the articles below, going to the magician.

Picking up a box which lay upon the floor, he raised the lid and gazed in. His curiosity was quite satisfied. A huge artificial snake lay in the bottom, and instantly began to reel and raise its horrible head.

With a yell the chief dropped the box, and left the cabin, in great rage.

The pale-face dog of a magician is the thief, and Sitting Bull will have his revenge," he grunted. "He will go and order his braves to kill every pale-face in the forest, he be friend or foe. None of the accursed race shall live in the land of the Sioux.

A low sound of laughter caused the chief to start and gaze about him in alarm.

The half-dozen yards distant the terrible object known as the Demon of the Forest was approaching rapidly, the short feet moving as fast as those of a larger person.

The chief saw the strange and horrible thing, and stood rooted to the spot as if entranced. He had often heard of the Demon, but had never before caught more than a passing glimpse of it.

Nearer and nearer it came, the mouth opened by a broad grin; the eyes winking and blinking, and the ears wiggling and flapping like those of a mule.

But Sitting Bull! If he had never had experience of affright before, he had a good taste of it now. His limbs refused to move, and he trembled in every joint. All he could do was stand and stare at the terrible shape, in a horrible fascination.

The walking Head seemed to be aware of this fact, for it approached the red-man, and walked around and around him, until Sitting Bull suddenly awakened to the fact that his lower limbs were wound and bound by a series of strong cords.

Instantly after this discovery he gave a gasp and reached to his belt for his tomahawk, but it was not there! Nor was he possessed of any of his weapons.

He was now quickly jerked to the ground, and his arms bound to his back, although he knew not how or by whom, as he lay prostrated upon his face.

When the tying was finished, he was rolled over on his back.

A savage "Ugh!" escaped him, for he beheld the terrible walking head standing by his side, and peering over into his face. The Sioux chief tried to speak, but his tongue seemed suddenly paralyzed.

An unearthly grin: was drawn, as he lay prostrate upon his face, and the Demon of the Forest, as he watched the conflicting emotions upon the chief's face.

"Sitting Bull is a prisoner!" came words from the walking head, in a strange, sepulchral voice. "He is no longer the king of the forest, but lies before one mighty time of terror. The warriors of Sitting Bull are abroad with their hatchets unheathed. What would the Sioux do, in the land of the North?"

"Sitting Bull's men seek the branded pale-face who has no right in the land of the Sioux," was the sullen reply.

He knew that there were men in the forest who might possibly answer his call—men such as the dread Anaconda, who would ask for no better opportunity to avenge old wrongs than the present, when the reputed greatest fighter of the Sioux nation lay upon his back, powerless as a newborn babe.

In the mean time, Casper Dayton in his Indian disguise had been prowling about in the vicinity of the timplings, and had learned of the escape of Hal Dyon and Dave Lam, together with part of the press-gang who worked in the pen.

"Ten thousand curses upon their heads and souls!" the villain hissed, as he left the village and walked along the southern shore of the lake. "If I had burned that shell of a counterfeiter den, as I had a mind to, their hash would have been settled. Now, I must hunt them up. But, hold, I must not go too fast. I will send Sitting Bull to destroy the village and all that is in it. I shall then have full sway, as long as things hitch well with Sitting Bull. An Indian is treacherous, but I believe I can get along with the red Satan as well as if he were white, so long as I feed him well with money and promises."

Searching along the lake he soon found a canoe, and, springing into it, he pulled across to a point where he had made an appointment to meet the Sioux chief and his braves.

On stepping ashore and entering the forest, he found the red-skins, but not their commander.

"Where is the great chief and his brav" he asked, addressing one of the savages whom he had heard called Foxfoot, and who had assumed command for the time being.

"The great chief went in search of Watsanoka, and has not returned."

"I am Watsanoka," Casper Dayton said, "and
your chief bade me to give you orders when it pleased me."

"The ears of Sitting Bull's braves are open, and they will heed the words of Watsanoka," Foxfoot replied.

Then let them visit the pale-face settlement on the shores of Beaver Lake, and begin the scalp-dance of death. Let not a man, woman, or child be spared; let the firebrand be applied to every cabin, except the building called 'The Pen.' Does Foxfoot understand?"

The savage responded with an "Ugh!" and turned to address his companions in the Indian tongue.

Casper Dayton awaited the result with a great sense of relief. "I have won!" he said, distinctly and loud. "No, Casper Dayton, you have lost!" exclaimed a voice, close behind him.

CHAPTER XIV.

FACE TO FACE—A CRIMSON CRIME.

The speaker was the Forest Lily, Hazel Eye. She stood in the rear of Casper Dayton, a pistol in her hand, which covered the renegade.

He wheeled and saw it—saw the marvelous beauty of the girl, who had assumed the attitude of enmity toward him. He tried to break in on her but was there in her face that was familiar to him? What resemblance to some one in the past—? "Devils seize you!" he gasped. "Who are you, and whom do you think me to be?"

"The eyes of the Forest Lily are rarely at fault," Hazel Eye replied. They can penetrate the disguises of even greater villains than you, Casper Dayton, with all your hideous paint."

"Curses on you! What do you mean, girl? I am not Casper Dayton, nor did I ever hear the name. You need not tell me, as coolly as before. Come! Casper Dayton or no Casper Dayton, you must accompany me. Resist, and I'll shoot you dead in your tracks!"

"You dare not do murder!" Dayton gasped, believing he could intimidate this brave fairy of the forest. "You dare not do murder!" he sobbed. Hazel Eye said, full-cocking her revolver. "I give you until I count ten to decide whether you will go with me or not."

The villain saw that she was in earnest, without doubt, and that it was best to humor her for the present and watch his chances. "I'll cave!" he said, quickly. "Lead ahead, and I'll follow."

A smile of sarcasm wreathed Hazel Eye's cherry lips. "How nice that would be, wouldn't it? No, Casper Dayton, I was detailed to capture you, and I have done so. Hand me your weapons now—take care! I'm watching you, and if you make a move to use one of those weapons, I'll pop you over like a flash!"

And believing that she would keep her word, the villain promptly obeyed, with a sardonic smile. "The fiends take you. What are you going to do with me?" he demanded.

"Patience and time are two of the roadways to knowledge; perseverance another. If you wait long enough and have enough patience, you will doubtless learn as to the disposition of your remains."

The door was open, and the little old man sat upon the doorstep, smoking his pipe in the moonlight which streamed down through an opening in the trees.

As Casper Dayton saw him he gave a violent start, and mechanically reached toward his belt; but Hazel Eye pushed him forward at the muzzle of her weapon until the villain stood in front of the Magician—stood there glaring down at him like a confined spirit of evil, worked into a frenzy. In his face were all the features working, his fingers opening and shutting convulsively. "Sylvester Dayton!—you—alive!"

"Ay! alive," the Magician replied, as he arose and stood upon the threshold. "Alive, my devilish brother, although it is not your fault that I am. Come, Hazel Eye, bring this prisoner within the cabin."

The old man ignited the wick of a large oil lamp, and the blaze glancing to a mirror-like reflector lighted the room in every part. He then turned, with folded arms, to gaze at the man sitting on the stool under the cover of Hazel Eye's weapon.

"Yes, Casper, I am alive; but it is not thy fault," he repeated. "What brought you hither?"

"Shall I tell you?" the other replied, with a sneer. "Well, I will tell. It was to murder the son of your brother, James. It was to murder him in cold blood, and take possession of our wealth at Brooksfield."

"Then, you knew nothing of my whereabouts?" the Magician asked.

"No; had I suspected that you were alive in this region, you should have died, long ere this. I asked you, you know who is this accursed brazen-faced girl?"

"Take care, Casper Dayton. lest she be so angered as to shoot you. Listen to me and you shall hear that which will surprise you. The story you told to the counterfeiter, Canada Chet, was a base falsehood. Let me now repeat a little of the truthful history of the Daytons, for the benefit of this young auditor.

"Some years ago, there lived three brothers and an old father, in an Eastern State. The old gentleman was well fixed, in this world's goods—heights, and one which you, Casper Dayton, made haste to pass over. The will was far from interesting or satisfactory to any of the brothers, except to Sylvanus, to whom the property was bequeathed, with the exception of two dollars, which was left to be divided between James and Casper.

"In the case of James first, he was to have a decent burial. No provision of this kind was made for Casper. Should Sylvanus die first, the whole wealth descended to James; after his death, to Casper."

"Thus, there was a grand incentive to villainy, and one which you, Casper Dayton, made haste to exploit. I have never believed you capable of actual crime, but I found out to my cost that you were. For one night as I was coming along a gloomy highway, I was attacked by you, and knocked senseless from my horse. You then threw my body into the river, where you calculated I should die by drowning."

"Kind hands rescued me, however, and I was taken to the cottage of a widow, where I was restored to consciousness. But the terrible blow had
unsettled my brain, and there followed a sort of insanity that was intermittent, however—not constant.

"At time: I was of sound mind. Then would come one of the strange spells in which I feared you—fear my God—fear everybody except the widow and her daughter, a baby then. To them I took kindly, for I believed them my friends.

A strange, headless body was found in the river the next day, attired in the clothing of Sylvanus Dayton, and was taken and buried, and a large circle of mourning friends went over the coffin of the supposed murdered owner of Brookfield. But it was only the body of some unknown person who had been fished out of the river, and substituted, by my directions.

"Thus, Casper Dayton, you supposed you were rid of me, and you turned your attention to watching an opportunity to strike your remaining brother—the obstacle which stood between you and the heritage of Brookfield.

"With this, Seeked with my insane fear of you and the world, fled the country. First, however, I married the Widow Walling, and took her and her child with me. I penetrated to the very depths of the wilderness, and finally came into this remote region, where I have remained.

"My wife died, when Hazel Eye, here, was a mere child, and I have brought her up to suit myself. But all my life since you deatb me that cowardly blow, I have been possessed of those strange spells of fear. Lately they have come upon me less frequently, and you behold me now not afraid of you, Casper Daytof.

"Ha! ha! we shall see about that, my crazy brother! I shall yet have my revenge upon you. What do you intend to do with me?"

"Nothing, I shall free you, and tell you to go, warn you to keep your distance from this cabin, which is so constructed that death lurks within every timber. Go! I say, and may the spirits of Almighty God release you from your doom in the coming hell. Show him out, Hazel Eye.

"Hazel Eye nodded, and motioned Casper Dayton to leave the door with her revolver.

He arose hastily to depart, glad at the opportunity to thus get off, but on the threshold he paused; "I go; but you shall see me again, mark my words. The blow I struck, years ago, shall be repeated, soon in a stronger way. I bid you adieu!"

And, with a mocking laugh, he wheeled, and disappeared into the night.

Hazel Eye arose and closed the door after him; then turned toward the Magician.

"Why did you let him go? He's a bold bad man, and he will not hesitate to do you an injury."

"Fear him not now, as you have shaken off the insanity that has been the cloud of my life, and I am prepared to fight odds with science and strategy. I did not touch him, because he is my brother, and I would have no man's blood upon my hands. But I have warned him to keep away from my cabin; if he comes now, his blood be on his own head."

"What would you do?"

"Blow the cabin to atoms. I have every timber so charged with various explosives, that I can arrange it this shan. I leave the cabin and close the door, no one can thereafter open that door without blowing up the whole building. It is an infernal invention, but I have warned them; and those who would not die, must heed the warning."

"But tell me, am I the child of the widow whom you married years ago?"

"The child of your step-father, instead of your grandfather, as you have always called me. I have ever regarded you as my own child, and loved you as such."

"But if I am in no way related to you, it is not right for me to live upon your bounty."

"Would you! child! understand any such ideas, for you are as dear to me, and as much my daughter as though you were in reality a child of my own blood. But, now, this can no longer be your home. I have decided to quit this wilderness, if I can, and return to the scenes of my youth."

"And the report of rifle shots made a Babel of the settlement."

The town was surrounded by every hand, and the red demons fought as if possessed of demoniac fury.

None were spared, as had been the directions of Casper Dayton. The reeking tomahawk and smok ing musket and the roar of rifle fire had subdued, for all was war. Curses were exchanged, and the report of rifle shots made a Babel of the settlement.

Soon the firebrand reached the cabins, and the fiend of fire, with the greed of the heartless, made the mark of death lurks in the hearts of those who lay dead upon the crimsoned ground, or were still fighting desperately for their lives.

But it was useless for them to contend against odds. Soon it was that the last survivor fell, and the last reeking scalp was "raised," and nothing remained to tell of the forest of the West or the fiends were armed, did the deadly work for each face, regardless of age or sex, and the terrible scalping knife flashed and gleamed in the ghastly moonlight.

Soon the firebrand reached the cabins, and the fiend of fire, with the greed of the heartless, made the mark of death lurks in the hearts of those who lay dead upon the crimsoned ground, or were still fighting desperately for their lives.

And about this time Casper Dayton stood upon the opposite shore of the lake, and gazed across upon the scene with a devilish delight."

"They have done well," he said. In a low tone; "but, fiends! what do I see? Curses on the idiots! They have burned the Pen, with its dies and presses and stock! I wish now that I had not seen them, for I have burdened my soul with another crime, without receiving a consideration for my awful sins."

CHAPTER XV,

THE CABIN FORTRESS—VENGEANCE SELF-WROUGHT.

The last of our return to Old Anaconda and the girls, whom we left fleeing before the flame and smoke of the burning forest.

It is unnecessary to add that they ran for dear life, for such was the case. The lurid tongues, driven by the wind and the flame current, chased them without, and the fiends within, with the most fiendish dexterity, blinded and choked them, but still they kept on, struggling bravely.

"Don't git discouraged," the Dwarf Destroyer advised. We hain't fur ter go afore we sight my cabin, in reckon. Keep on a bit longer.

And, like heroines, the brave females did keep on, despite the roar of footing, and scratching and tearing of the bushes.

At last Old Anaconda uttered a cry of satisfaction, for they had arrived at the edge of the large clearing wherein stood his cabin, or "fort" as he often called it, with its large structure of logs, with a single door, and windows upon the eaves, and was built in the most serviceable manner, and
was a good retreat wherein to keep off the red-skins, for loopholes covered the wall in nearly all points of the compass, so that approach from any side of the clearing was well guarded.

On the edge of the clearing Old Anaconda and his charges paused, while he gazed sharply toward the east.

"What is it?" Wild Bird asked, noticing the sudden compression of his lips. "Does the White Destroyer scent danger again, near his cabin?"

"Noa, I 'low there's sumthin' gone wrong, 'twixt you an' me. That's sumbody, Injun or white foot, gone an' taken possession o' my donnycole yander."

"Ain't no refection uv ther Darwin theory."

"Who is it?"

"Durn ef I know, though I'll allow they're white, for no Injun 'd be wery likely ter start a snafka, not if they war layin' low fer me."

"Then let us hurry forward and get out of danger, Milly Owen said, eagerly."

"Not yet, by a long shot! I opine I'm a-goin' ter know more afore I stick my pericranium inter a hoots' nest. Fu'st uv all, I'm goin' ter larn how thick ther Injuns be hayrabouts.

"Besides, I don't find the girls to be flushin' where they were, the scout moved away along the border of the clearing to make his reconnaissance."

"In about ten minutes he returned, and glanced uneasily toward the cabin."

"We've got to git out o' this," he said; "fur that's a hun'rin' thing they've got out hary in the forest, a sneakin' up in our rear. We must make fer my leetle foot yander, an' if we git a buzzard from concealed enemies, I opine it won't be our fault. I'd ruther an Injun skulp me any time as a white, but-Come erlong?"

Seeking the occupants' hands, the three girls followed swiftly after the old scout, across the clearing toward the cabin. The distance was not great, and they were soon within a few yards of the cabin when Old Anaconda gave vent to an overjoyed whoop, as the cabin door swung open, and a crowd of men stood upon the veranda, and gazed sharply toward the fugitives.

At the same time the savages burst from the forest at a point the fugitives had just quitted, with wild yells of baffled defeat.

"Oy! yeel, gol durn yer pesky pelts!" the Dwarf Destroyer said, rejoicing that his fists had stuck at the murderously mob, in defiance. "Yer kin't ketch yer uncle, now, fer script! Cum erlong, ye long-eared, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, knock-kneed sons uv tan-barb! Cum an' see us!

This kind invitation the savages had no idea of accepting. The women, however, evidently for they paused upon the edge of the timber for a confab."

In the mean time Old Anaconda and the girls reached and entered the cabin in safety, after which the door was closed and barred, and they could well bid defiance to their foes, for the time being.

Explanations ensued, and the union of the whites in that cabin in the wilderness was one of decided joy.

"The occupants of the cabin ahead of Old Anaconda and the girls were the fugitives from the Chippings, among them Dave, Hal, Harry and old Alex Watchman.

"We was a good old trout, and the Injuns had found it occupied by no less an individual than the re- doubtable Amasa Scroggs of Kalamazoo.

Out of the Dwarf's wardrobe they had found enough clothing to cover their nakedness, so that they were comfortably installed by the time of On's arrival, and at the time of On's fall.

"The Dwarf's larder was never unstocked; consequently dinner was first in requisition.

"The setting up of this was left to the culinary skill of Milly Owen, Rachael and Wild Bird, while the men kept a vigilant watch from the loopholes on either side."

"Then rapscallions an' up ter sum devilry, ye kin ter yer boots!" the Destroyer muttered, watching the eastern forest keenly. See that war's haydoogins of 'em thar in the edge o' ther timber, a-sulklin' about like as ef they war nervous. I opine they ar' waitin' fer night ter arrive."

"Injuh!" said Amasa Scroggs, contemptuously; "who's afeard o' them? Why, their'nt be many o' them left, I tell ye, fer I slaughtered one sumthin' like t'n thousan' as I war cummin' heer, by way of annus' myself. Tain't much ter brag out ter killin' Injuns.

"Et depends sum'at ef a feller's a consarned cowar' or not," Anaconda said, dryly. "Ye ken't expect much o' a man whose nuncios flies out o' his mouth when a bloody Injun scalp is lowered before his eyes. Ef he's a brave man, show me a coward!"

"Truest word I ever said, and it's true."

"Then, it seems, there's a general theory t'git out to both of yer braves, ef ye wish."

"I'll git us hurry forward and get out of the cabin?"

"Yes. Ye've got a saddle, and I'll ride out ter get you an' me. Thar's sumbody, Injuh or white, I hope, fer to git us out fer a mome' ter see if ye can git us off as soon as possible."

"Ok! and I'll wait amost any time."

"I'll fetch ye up a horse t'git you to the road."

"I'll git us in the cabin of Old Anaconda, and I'll git us off as soon as possible."
grass of a suspicious nature, let it have it, Kerslap!"

Anacoda ordered.

A second later the keen eyes of the Dwarf caught sight of a tuft in the tall grass that grew in the clearing, and he uttered a grunt. It might or might not be the top-knot of a concealed savage—eight out of every ten men would have passed it over without a thought of suspicion. Not so with Old Anacoda. Experience had long since taught him that a very small place of ambush could secrete a lurking red-skin.

Thrusting his rifle into a loophole, he took a quick, accurate aim and fired. Then he withdrew his rifle and peered into the moonlight.

The veteran Destroyer had not missed his guess in the least, for that suspicious tuft was now lively enough, and an Indian death-yell pealed out shrilly upon the quiet of the night.

"Jerusalem! Gosh-all-fish-hooks! Howe in thunder did ye know that varmint war thar?" Amasa Scroggs demanded, in genuine astonishment, while the others expressed their surprise in sundry ejaculations.

"The White Destroyer sees like the owl and the lynx, Wild Bird said, proud of her lover's wonderful shot. "He is a great chief among the palefaces!"

"Burned good shot; that's a fact," Scroggs admitted; "but then there's been greater ones. My old uncle, Saltpeter Scroggs, once took a gun an' shot a specker off on a meeting' uptree, an' put a bullet right through his eye. Then, be golly, did he yell! But his critter so fur off that he hed ter take a field-glass ter tell whar he waz. See'd thet myself, by ther all-fired jingoes!"

"Phew! Mebbe I don't see a lock of hair, too!" Hal Dayton said, peering out into the clearing. "Just watch me while I raise an Injun!"

All did look, and listened to the report of his rifle: saw an Indian leap out of the grass, with a yell of defiance, and leg it for the timber line at the top of his speed.

"He's got you stung! Go ahead an' drop him," Anacoda cried.

Hal took aim and fired again; but, although the noble red-man flinched, he kept on, and was out of gun-shot in a moment more.

About an hour later those in the cabin felt the building shake and tremble, as if jarred by an earth-quake, and a roar that sounded like the explosion of a thousand cannons.

"What in thunder's ther meaning of that?" Old Anacoda grunted, peering out. But nothing could be seen to excite suspicion.

The presence of the majority of the home of Sylvanus Dayton, the Magician, but a few minutes before, he would have found the cabin surrounded by yelling red-skins, headed by the white villain, Casper Dayton.

"Again in there, curse him!" the renegade cried.

"Go, open the door, you pack of yelling idiots!"

But the savages were shy of the cabin, and could not be persuaded to touch a timber of what they believed to belong to the Evil One.

"Curse you all for a pack of coyotes!" Casper Dayton cried.

"Stop your infernal screeching, while I order the mangled and torn."

The Indians quieted down, and then the white renegade advanced and knocked on the door.

"Come! open up, if you don't want the cabin torn over your head, Sylvanus Dayton! No delay now," he ordered.

But the door was no answer. Within all was dark, and silent as a tomb.

Again did the renegade pound, and call aloud.

Still no answer.

The savages had crowded back at a respectful distance, and were watching with their hands on their scalping-knives expecting each moment that a horde of imp's infernal would rush out upon them.

"Curse the luck! I'll break open the door, and kill him myself!" the infuriated scoundrel cried, and seizing a heavy rock, he hurled it with all his strength against the door.

The door burst open with a crash!

At the same instant there was a blinding flash; then a tremendous report—a terrific explosion that rent the cabin into thousands of atoms—to sing great timbers into the air—blowing up trees, and creating a terrible blast.

Eight of the savages escaped uninjured; the rest, including Casper Dayton, were torn and mangled and their remains scattered in every direction!

CHAPTER XVI.

RED-HOT ARROWS.

Those within the cabin of Old Anacoda were puzzled to account for the explosion, and opinions differed—that of the old scout being that Indians had been fooling about the cabin of the Magician, unwilling to account for the explosion by tampering with some of the old man's secrets of defense. The Indians on the edge of the clearing seemed startled, and were seen retreating into the woods.

"They're goin' ter see what ther rumpus is," the Dwarf Destroyer said. "Let 'em go. I only hope they will forget ter come back again."

"The Sioux will return in great numbers, an' we'll have a siege," said old Alex Watchman. "Yas, I opine that'll be sum fun by-an'-by from them. They'll be back, too! That's emuff in this little shell ter defend it, an' lots o' pow-der an' ball. So ther of them Injins git our scalps, et ain't my fault."

The Indians did not return immediately, but those within the cabin did not relax their vigilance, for they were constantly expecting the savages' return, and some sudden surprise in Indian craft.

Hal Dayton positioned himself by the side of pretty Milly Owens, as a sort of protector, while the comely Rachel was zealously guarded by the man from Michigan, Amasa Scroggs, and the long, lean, leader of the Yankos, Casper Dayton. But Rachel had no notion of looking favorably upon the woman who was, unfortunately the wife of Canada Chet, the outlaw, but he caught an appealing glance from her eyes, and resolved to teach the Yankee a lesson.

Amasa, however, could not be induced to leave his post by hints, and accordingly, when an opportunity offered, Dave called Amasa aside, looking as threatening as possible.

"See here, you ignorant blunderbuss!" he said, sternly, although secretly amused, "do you know what I've a mind to do with you?"

"What's that?" Amasa replied, in evident alarm.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, if you don't keep away from Mrs. Connor younder, who is a married woman, I'll mount you, chaw off your ear, and put a Black Hills awnin' over your eye."

"Gosh, all-fish-hooks! you don't mean it, do ye?"

"Well, you continue your course of sprouts, and see if I don't."

That settled it.

Amasa retired from the field, and Rachel Connor was not annoyed by him again.

The night dragged by, the moon arose over zenith, and began to dip toward the west. Still there was no attack—no sight of the Indians.

"Isn't it a little queer about their keeping shady so long?" Hal Dayton asked, anxiously.

"Yas, I opine that's ther sames," the Dwarf Destroyer replied. "But we ain't a goin' ter be kep much longer in waitin'. Thar!—what'd I tell ye."

He pointed toward the eastern timber belt from which a figure had emerged, and was rapidly crossing the clearing toward the cabin.

"It's Hazel Eye, the Forest Lily," the Destroyer said. "I wonder what brings her here?"

"Hazel Eye is a beacon of warning," Wild Bird said. "She always appears when there is danger, and leaves when danger is over."
of them red rispscallions' plans, 'thou,' Old Anaconda
daud. You, young man, whose handle is Dave
Beaver Lake. A white renegade and a number of
Indians, Rachel Connors started forward, eagerly.
"His name! his name!" she gasped, her form
bodrambling and features working. "Was it Canada
Chet?"
"No, Mrs. Connors, it was not. This man's name
was Casper Dayton. But, I have to advise you, that
the ruffian, Canada Chet, was massacred, together
with every person in Quinnebog, during the forepart
of this night!"
Before Hazel Eye had finished speaking, there was
a sharp scream, and the outlaw's wife fell to the
floor, as all supposed, in a swoon; but when they
picked her up, they found that her heart had ceased
to beat, and she was dead.
This cast a gloom over those within the cabin, for
it seemed a bad omen, just when they were "before
sheltered." The body was placed upon a couch of
skirts, and covered up, and then a deep silence prevailed
in the cabin, while they all watched for the coming of
the enemy.
Harry Reynolds managed to get a few words with
Hazel Eye, and a pressure of her hand, as a reassur-
ance, that she had not forgotten him since a previous
meeting.

The attention of all was presently called to the
eastward by Old Anaconda.

A fire had suddenly been kindled at the edge of
the timber, around which several forms could be
seen busied.

'That settles it. We're goin' ter hev the cabin
fired over our heads. But we must sarcemvent suan

"Waal, now, ef them ain't facts, when I come to
think about it, I don't want a cent," Anaconda said, ex-
ceptedly. "Some one open the door and let the gal
in."

Harry Reynolds eagerly officiated in the capacity
of door-opener and was quite repaid for his trouble
by receiving a surprised, glad glance from Hazel
Eye's pretty, sparkling orbs, as she saw him.
She let him into the cabin, and was warmly received
by Anaconda, Wild Bird and Kitty Owen, while
Harry Reynolds stood modestly back, content with
the knowledge that he should soon have her for himself.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Hazel
Eye glanced around the cabin, and nodded her head
commendingly, as she saw that every person except
Rachel Connors was armed, and had positioned
themselves at a convenient loophole.

"It is well," she said, turning to Anaconda, "for
you'll need every gun and arm you have to defend
yourselves from merciless butchery. The woods are
full of savages, who are creeping toward the edge of
the glade on its every approach."

"Let 'em come, we ain't a-goin' ter take no slack
from them. I'll allow, ef we are little, the Dwarf
seemed to say, grim. "I reckon we ked drop the
crowd before they'd get across the clearing."

"I don't know about that. The red-skins are
double your strength in numbers, and have arm ed
themselves at a-goin', a-goin'!

"No;" Reckon mebbe some galoot's tapped the old son
Bull with them now the origin."

"Perhaps al ong there—Boo hoo-oo-o-o!" and the big hul bcr from Ka-
lang zoo actually began to cry.

"Shet up yer bellerin', you big buttermilk caf! Ef
tha's an Injun or a dog eyer groaned as war a bigger
nuisance than you, I'd like to see him!" Ana-
conda said, fiercely.

"Let the poor man alone," Hazel Eye said, taking
compassion on him. "Perhaps he cannot help being
afraid. Give me a long stick and I will fill the place
if I am not very tall."

"Thankee, miss, thankee," Amasa said, the huge
tears streaming down his face. "I'm much obleeged
for fer goin'."

"Here, let 'em he! I am glad of the chance to git
a breath of open air, and am not afraid of getting
hit," Harry Reynolds said, coming forward.

And so it was arranged.

The occupants of the cabin selected loop-holes at
both sides and ends of the cabin, so as to guard the
approach on all sides, for it was suspected that the
forest on every side of the clearing was swarming
with Indians.

Old Anaconda directed his attention to the east
for the time being, leaving Wild Bird to the west,
Hal to the north, and Hazel Eye to the south, with
the remainder of the company equally divided in
the different locations.

The first arrow from the east shot out of the edge
of the timber like a rocket, and soared upward
like a star. But the air had cooled the steel, and it was
seen coming on its journey only for the space of a
few seconds.

"Thet little arrer will never reach hear!" Ana-
conda averred, with an odd laugh. "They'll hev
ter put on a leettle more elbow grease, ef they want
ter send us any o' their bullies-doos, you bet."

This was right; the arrow fell about fifty feet
short of its designation.

"Can a bullet reach the cabin from the edge of
the clearing yonder?" Harry Reynolds asked.

"Yas, I reckon so, but ther ain't much danger of
hitin' any one, or of gettin' hit, as the distance is
suffin' over a thousand yards."

"How can an arrow possibly carry such a
distance?"

"Ordinary 'uns ken't. Ye see them as they ar
shutin' now, ar' about a half-pound's weight, an' ar'
sent by a strong bow, which has twice the strength
of a small bore."

All watched with interest the flight of the next
arrow. Soon it was seen to soar up out of the edge
of the forest, and then they lost sight of it.
An instant later there was an audible thud against the side of the cabin.

"Now's your turn!" Anaconda yelled, Harry Reynolds darted out of the cabin, and with a heavy rush made his way towards the hole which had already commenced to burn a hole in the wood.

He barely had time to get back into the cabin ere a perfect shower of arrows shot out from the forest on their fiery mission. Another and still another volley; then a wild, fierce war-cry wrung upon the night.

"Hellen Blazes! Get ready, fer ther varmints ar' a-cumin'. Look out fer ther arrers, boys, an' we'll cover ye if we can!"

Harry Reynolds was out of the cabin by the time the arrows had struck using his cudgel against such as were below the caves, with a vigor that proved he was born of heroic stuff. When he had finished his part of the dangerous job, he glanced upon the roof, and perceived that it was literally stuck full of arrows.

Dave was working bravely, but the fire was gaining headway, seeing which Harry dashed into the cabin, and up onto the roof, to assist in tearing out the flaky barks.

In the mean time the red devils were swarming toward the cabin from all sides, howling and yelling the best they knew, or not at all, believing the work was well guaranteed.

Indeed, it looked rather dubious, as the painted demons swarmed toward the one center, in a terrible grotesque gang. But, Old Anaconda was not the one to say die when there was a chance for living,

as this fellow rung out, stark and sharp:

"Dave! Dave! Dave! From da burn ya, yer names, say, an' don't waste a shot. Make every chink o' head count, fer ef ya don't we're a gone set o' coons. When they get in, next ter ther cabin, we may's well say our kin'kens, an' lay down an' die.

Crack! Bang! went the weapons in sharp concert, answered by fierce Indian yells and death-cries.

Dave Laam had left the burning roof, carrying a senseless form of Harry Reynolds in his arms.

And then they heard:

"The cabin is surely doomed!

CHAPTER XVII.

Conclusion.

"I'm not stayin' up there," he gasped, dropping Reynolds on the floor. "We're both riddled with bullets, and Harry here, I guess, is dead!"

Hazel Eye uttered a scream of anguish, and ran forward to kneel at the side of the unconscious lad. She placed her hand upon his heart—then gave an exultant acclamation.

"He lives! He lives for his heart still beats!"

While Hazel Eye and Kitty Owen, devoted their attention to caring for wounded Harry and Dave, the others were keeping up a steady fire upon the advancing enemy. For Old Anaconda's little "fort," was well supplied with ammunition, and the rifle-barrel grew hot.

As the hurricane of bullets continued to fly.

But, fire as rapidly as they might they could not keep the swarms of red demons back, and it was only a matter of a few minutes when the cabin was completely surrounded by the howling horde. And as they kept below the range of the loopholes there was no chance for our band of fugitives to escape.

What then remained.

Death stared them in the face—colder than the scalding-knife. These were the only two alternatives.

Old Anaconda gazed around into the faces of those within the cabin. Each face was a shade paler than usual, although bereft with powder and smoke.

Harry Reynolds had recovered consciousness, and after having a bullet extracted from his shoulder, he was able to stand alone. Dave Laam had also been relieved of several leaden messengers, but was very weak.

The Dwarf Destroyer gave vent to a stifled curse, as he listened to the triumphant howls of the red devils on the outside.

They were making no attack, for they knew that the burning cabin must soon rout out the concealed pale-faces.

The grim nod of his head Old Anaconda ascended into the loft, and took a peep out of the man-hole onto the roof.

One glance satisfied him.

The whole roof was in one blazing blaze—burning rapidly, benned by a stiff breeze which had sprung up, and came bowing down from the north.

He returned to the ground floor, and once more glanced into the faces of his men. Alarm was expressed there, but they were yet resolute and determined to fight to the death.

"I see our watchman demanded, in his quiet manner: "Stay here and stare death face to face, or make a run!"

"Neither. Listen. By all that's glorious help is coming!" cried Hal Dayton, as the echo of a horn came faintly to their ears.

"God be praised then, for it's true!" Old Anaconda exclaimed, iniciating a loophole and peering out toward the east. "Yonder comes a cavalcade of mounted Manitou volunteers to our succor.

The savages made the discovery about the same time as those inside the burning cabin, and advancing abreast, in military style, prepared to open fire upon the horsemen as soon as they came within range.

But, forgetful of the rear, they made an advance just far enough to expose their persons to the loopholes' range.

Old Anaconda had been watching for this, and took advantage of it.

Every loophole on the eastern side of the cabin was manned, and at a given signal a volley of leaden death poured into the line of savages, mowing them down like grass before a scythe.

At the same time there was a foot of a bugle, and the mounted police charged forward, with speaking rifles.

What could be the result? There was but a single alternative—flight.

With howls of defeat the savages scattered in every direction, and fled at the top of their speed.

While Old Anaconda flung open the door, and the besieged pioneers—if so they might be called—all escaped into the open air just a moment before the roof of the burning cabin fell in with a crash.

The volunteers then rode up in triumph, and a garrison was welcome they received.

Among them was James Dayton, the father of Hal, who, coming in search of his son, had enlisted the Manitobans in his service, together with a squad of picked scouts, and it turned out that they arrived upon the scene just in the nick of time.

The defeat of the savages was so great that they fled from the neighborhood, not offering further molestation.

Preparations were made for an early departure from the region.

Horses were found in the forest belonging to the Indians, and appropriated, so that each person had a mount.

The were ready to leave the vicinity of the burning cabin, when, again came, was seen crossing the clearing, and the mysterious Demon of the forest stood close at hand.

Not long, however, for the huge grotesque head
1. The Shawnee's Foe.
2. The Young Mountaineer.
3. Wild Jim.
4. Hawk-Eye, the Hunter.
5. The Boy Guide.
6. War Tiger of the Modocs.
7. The Red Modocs.
8. Iron Hand.
9. Shadow Bill, the Scout.
10. Wapawkaneta, or the Rangers of the Oneida.
11. Davy Crockett's Boy Hunter.
12. The Forest Avenger.
15. Sharp Snout.
17. Wild Tom of Wyoming.
18. The Brave Boy Hunters of Kentucky.
19. The Fearless Ranger.
20. The Haunted Trapper.
22. The Panther Demon.
23. Shadowway, the Fearless.
25. Indian Jim.
27. The Tuscarora's Vow.
30. Deadwood Dick's Big Deal.
31. Hank, the Guide.
32. Deadwood Dick's Dozen.
33. Squatty Dick.
34. The Hunter's Secret.
35. The Woman Trapper.
36. The Chief of the Miami.
37. Gunpowder Jim.
38. Mad Anthony's Captain.
39. The Ranger Boy's Career.
40. Old Nick of the Swamp.
41. The Shadow Scout.
42. Lantern-Jawed Bob.
43. The Masked Hunter.
44. Brimstone Jake.
45. The Irish Hunter.
46. Dave Bunker.
47. The Shawnee Witch.
48. Big Brave.
49. Spider-Legs.
50. Harry Hardskull.
51. Madman of the Oconto.
52. Slim Jim.
53. Tiger-Eye.
54. The Red Star of the Seminoles.
55. Trapper Joe.
56. The Indian Queen's Revenge.
57. Eagle-Eyed Zeke.
58. Scar-Check, the Wild Half-Breed.
60. Tuscaloosa Sam.
61. The Bully of the Woods.
62. The Trapper's Bride.
64. The Scout of Tippecanoe.
65. Old Kit, The Scout.
66. The Boy Scouts.
67. Hiding Tom.
68. Roving Dick, Hunter.
69. Hickory Jack.
70. Mad Mike.
71. Snake-Eye.
72. Big-Hearted Joe.
73. The Blazing Arrow.
74. The Hunter Scouts.
75. The Scout of Long Island.
76. Turkey-Foot.
77. The Death Rangers.
78. Bullet Head.
79. The Indian Spirit.
80. The Twin Trappers.
81. Lightfoot the Scout.
82. Grim Dick.
83. The Wooden-Legged Spy.
84. The Silent Trapper.
85. Ugly Ike.
86. Fire Cloud.
87. Hank Jasper.
88. The Scout of the Selota.
89. Black Samson.
90. Billy Bowlegs.
91. The Bloody Footprint.
92. Marksmen the Hunter.
93. The Demon Cruiser.
94. Hunters and Redskins.
95. Panther Jack.
96. Old Zeke.
97. The Panther Paleface.
98. The Scout of the St. Lawrence.
99. Bloody Brook.
100. Long Bob of Kentucky.

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