



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
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"He pointed to his feet. Her bewildered eyes saw that his hand was bloody and a deathly sickness came over her. He was pointing to the outstretched, inanimate form of the dog that had been his friend and comrade. She knew that the beast was dead and she knew that her brother's throat had not been an idle one. A great wave of pity and horror swept over her. Moisture sprang to her eyes on the moment.

"He—he is dead?" she exclaimed.
"Yes; and killed by some cowardly brute whose neck I'd like to wring. That dog—my Bonaparte—who knew no feud, who did no wrong! Your brother wants war, does he? Well, I'll give him all!"

"But my brother could not have done a thing like this," she cried, slipping



"Accident! Don't come near me." from her saddle and advancing toward him quickly. "Oh, no, no! Not this! He is not that sort, I know. It must have been an accident and—"

"Accident! Don't come near me! I mean it. God, my heart is too full of vengeance. Accident? Is this blood on my arm accidental? Bah! It was a deliberate attempt to murder me!"

"You—you, too?" she gasped, reeling.
"Yes; they've winged me, too. Oh, God, if I only had been armed. There would have been a killing!"

"Let me see, let me help you!" she cried, coming up to his side, white-faced and terrified. "I won't stay away! You are hurt. Please, please. I am not your enemy."

For a long minute he held back, savagely resentful, glowering upon her; then his face softened and his hand went out to clasp hers.
"I knew you had nothing to do with it. Forgive me—forgive my rudeness. Don't be alarmed about me. Two or three scattered shot struck me in the arm. The fellow's aim was bad when it came to me. But he—he got the dog! Poor old Bonaparte! It's as if he were a—brother, Miss Drake. I loved him and he loved me."

"You must let me see your arm. I will not take no for an answer. It must need attention!"

"Believe me, it is nothing. I have tied my handkerchief about it—two little shot, that's all. The first charge rattled the dog. But I forgot. I am still on your sister's land. At any minute I may be shot from behind some tree. I—I couldn't help crying, Miss Drake. It was cruel—fiendish! Now, if you'll permit me I'll take my dead off of your land."

"Stop! I must know about it. Tell me; how did it happen?"

"I can't talk about it to you."
"Why not? Do you think I condone this outrage? Do you think I can support such means of warfare? You do not know me, Mr. Shaw; you do not know an Englishwoman's love of fairness."

"By Jove, do you mean it?" His eyes lighted up. "But, after all, you belong to the other camp," he added dejectedly. "I—I wish to heaven, Miss Drake, you were not one of them!"

"My brother—Cecil would not have permitted this," she tried to apologize, remembering with a cold heart that Lord Bazelhurst had given the very instructions of which this was the result.

"We can't discuss it, Miss Drake. Some one from your side of the line killed my dog and then fired at me. I'll admit I was trespassing, but not until the dog was shot. He was on Lady Bazelhurst's land when he was shot. It was not until after that that I trespassed. If you are pleased to call it such. But I was unarmed, hang the luck!" The way he said it conveyed much to her understanding.

"Tell me, please."
"I've had murder in my heart for half an hour, Miss Drake. Somehow you soothe me." He sat down on the log again and leaned his head upon his

hand. With his eyes upon the dead dog he went on, controlling his anger with an effort: "I rode down the river road this morning for a change, intending to go up later on to our trysting place through the wood." She heard him call it a trysting place without a thought of resentment or shame. "When I came to the log there I stopped, but Bonaparte, lawless old chap, kept on. I paid no attention to him, for I was thinking of—of something else. He had raced around in the forbidden underbrush for some time before I heard the report of a gun near at hand. The dog actually screamed like a human being. I saw him leap up from the ground and then roll over. Of course, I—well, I trespassed. Without thinking of my own safety I flew to where the dog was lying. He looked up into my face and whined just as he died. I don't remember how I got off the horse. The next I knew I was rushing blindly into the brush toward a place where I saw smoke curling like a fiend. Then came the second shot and the stinging in my arm. It brought me to my senses. I stopped and a moment later I saw a man running down along the bank of the stream. I—oh, well, there isn't any more to tell. I don't know who fired the shots. I couldn't see his face."

"It was Tompkins," she cried. "I know it was. He had his orders"—but she checked herself in confusion.

"His orders? Do you mean to say—Miss Drake, did your brother instruct him to kill me?" She quailed beneath his look.

"I—I can't say anything more about it, Mr. Shaw," she murmured, so pitifully that he was touched. For a seemingly interminable length of time his hard eyes looked into hers, and then they softened.

"I understand," he said simply. "You cannot talk about it. I'll not ask any questions."

"My brother is weak in her hands," she managed to say in extenuation.

"After all, it isn't a pleasant subject. If you don't mind we'll let it drop—that is, between you and me, Miss Drake. I hope the war won't break off our"—

"Don't suggest it, please. I'd rather you wouldn't. We are friends, after all. I thought it was playing at war, and I can't tell you how shocked I am."

"Poor old Bonaparte!" was all he said in reply. She stooped and laid her hand on the fast chilling coat of the dog. There were tears in her eyes as she arose and turned away, moving toward her horse. Shaw deliberately lifted the dead animal into his arms and strode off toward his own land. She followed after a moment of indecision, leading the horse. Across the line he went and up the side of the knoll to his right. At the foot of a great tree he tenderly deposited his burden. Then he turned to find her almost beside him.

"You won't mind my coming over here, will you?" she asked softly. He reached out and clasped her hand thoughtlessly with his blood covered fingers. It was not until long afterward that she discovered his blood upon the hand from which she had drawn her riding glove.

"You are always welcome," he said. "I am going to bury him here this afternoon. No; please don't come. I'll bring the men down to help me. I suppose they think I'm a coward and a bouncer over at your place. Do you remember the challenge you gave me yesterday? You dared me to come over the line as far into Bazelhurst land as you had come into mine. Well, I dared last night."

"You dared? You came?"

"Yes, and I went farther than you have gone, because I thought it was play, comedy, fun. I even sat upon your gallery just outside the billiard room—and smoked two cigarettes. You'll find the stubs on the porch railing if her ladyship's servants are not too exemplary." She was looking at him in wide-eyed unbelief. "I was there when you came out on the lawn with the Frenchman."

"Did you hear what he was—what we were saying?" she asked nervously and going pale.

"No. I was not eavesdropping. Besides, you returned to the house very abruptly, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember," she said, a sigh of relief accompanying the warm glow that came to her cheek. "But were you not afraid of being discovered? How imprudent of you!"

"It was a bit risky, but I rather enjoyed it. The count spoke to me as I left the place. It was dark, and he mistook me for one of your party. I couldn't wait to see if you returned to renew the tete-a-tete—"

"I did not return," she said. It was his turn to be relieved.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Knights of the Maccabees held an interesting session Tuesday night at which several candidates were initiated into the mysteries of Knighthood.

C. F. Miller departed the first of the week for an extended trip through Coos and Curry counties. Mr. Miller, who is an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, will combine business with pleasure, and devote considerable time to his rod and gun.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Haynie, in this city, occurred a double wedding Thanksgiving night, Rev. C. H. Hilton officiating. Mrs. Molly Pauline Stearns became the bride of Rex Smith, of Portland, an employee of Eiler's Music house, and Mrs. Maybelle E. Ellis was united to George W. Neff, of New York City. The brides are sisters and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Haynie. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Neff in the eastern metropolis.

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