

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Rapidly thought through through his brain, and with a gasp he pressed with eager haste the brush and bracken of the riverbed. Oratoga had given no hint of his direction—was it up or down the stream? Down, he would have had to row against the current, and past the village, with more show of detection. Nevertheless, Winslow thought it more likely that he had taken that course. Westward, was ever the Indian's watch-eyes, and against the wave, Oratoga's giant strength would have less chance of being overtaken. The possibility of observation was small; it had been a Sabbath day, and in the heat of noon, when all would avoid the river.

It was this Oratoga had doubtless considered, thought Winslow, as he tramped the water's edge up and down, peering into every clump and shade. His legs had led him well to the east when, suddenly, half-way between the water and a ferny copse, he spied something small and dark lying on the ground. He stooped to pick it up, and as he recognized the black bag—the silk trifle still had worn at church the previous day. He took it to the bank, overcome by the feelings of relief and tenderness in him by the intimate touch of it, and of silk that had dangled from her waist.

He raised it from the damp, sandy bed as though it were sacred, fondling with reverent care. He touched it with his hand, and as he touched it, it rushed over him, too, a sense of its practical value! Here was proof of her presence on this spot; that Oratoga had brought her, and that he was on the right track at last!

Folding the bag, he was about to stow it in his pocket, when from it dropped a yellow envelope, he stooped to regain it—it was his own. In her possession; this note, which causing his presence in the forest on that fatal night had caused all the confusion, trust and suffering and apprehension—all the wretched coil. The slight of the yellow paper filled him with disgust, and he felt the reminder of that night in something of hers—to see it in this dainty pocket which should hold only delicate, dainty things—she shivered, hurt in all his finer feelings.

Regaling the letter, he put the bag in his knapsack, and with a sigh, then, as if throwing aside sentiment for practical things, he looked carefully about. She had been here—there was proof of it, but Oratoga mentioned two boats—where could the other one fall upon something which looked like two ends of broken wood, together in a way that proved man's handwork. The boat! He made a dash for it, and as he pulled it, he pulled a light canoe. For one moment he stood surveying it, in thankful, silent ecstasy; then he pushed it from shore and rowed out on the broad reach of the Missouri.

For an idle moment the boat swung with its current; the man at the oars felt it drift—up or down the river, he hesitated, the sun rose from a grove of trees beyond the bend of the river, he pulled long fingers of light straight up the stream, and motioned to his oars, beckoned him to follow.

"An omen!" he exclaimed, in sudden burst of boyish enthusiasm, and straight against the current he headed the boat.

"Westward we go," he said, playfully giving rein to the wave. "Follow at your leisure," and he waved his hand to the sun, which now burst a huge copper globe on the horizon. It was yet early day when he returned past the village—drowsy still with the sloth of the previous Sabbath. The boat was steering, took no care to blink through the forest, and the solitary figure in the boat toiling up river.

And hard work it was! Even the Indian's strength felt the strain, and to this man, weakened by the efforts of those powers of endurance were rather of more than strain, it was effort indeed. Yet, buoyed by the hope that had sprung in his heart at the sight of the gracious souvenir of her presence, he toiled on, scanning each change in the outline of shore, anxious to catch the first sight of swamp and grove of tamaracs. He felt almost sure it would be on the northern bank; Oratoga had given no hint to cross the river. Besides, many of the Osage tribe were scattered to the north, and it was likely that he would find the "hunting grounds" of his own people.

An hour or two at noon, he put ashore at the foot of a poplar-crowned bluff, one-on-a-hill, with the forest back of the afternoon sun stretched across back, the grove of tamaracs caved in sight. His dome, swampy shade lurked with promise of shelter and rest. "Yes, you owe your life to this man," Daniel Boone said, impressively. "Yes, you owe your life to this man," Daniel Boone said, impressively. "Yes, you owe your life to this man," Daniel Boone said, impressively.

"Then you know where I live at present? It was with difficulty, 'I go home with you.' " "Then you know where I live at present? It was with difficulty, 'I go home with you.' " "Then you know where I live at present? It was with difficulty, 'I go home with you.' "

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and he laughed aloud, triumphantly. On the ground he spied scraps of corn-bread and an empty bottle. Winslow waited, and against the wave, Oratoga's giant strength would have less chance of being overtaken. The possibility of observation was small; it had been a Sabbath day, and in the heat of noon, when all would avoid the river.

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woods. But he would waste no time in vain hope and idle speculation. Aloud he said: "This Indian is something to be feared." He paused, and the other finished the phrase: "But he is wounded, helpless; we can't leave him to die." "Come," and slowly they climbed the hill. Winslow and his new-found friend, with the red man's hand on his arm, and slowly they climbed the hill. Winslow and his new-found friend, with the red man's hand on his arm, and slowly they climbed the hill.

At the brow of the hill they paused and looked down. "The shed is there but you cannot see it," Boone said, and the other, looking at the Indian retorted: "But it has been seen! The white man is no match for the red brother—the old man's hat has been seen." "This was said with such telling emphasis that the listeners were filled with vague apprehension. From this man, alone, they learned, they had nothing to fear, but might there not be others?

Each, however, forbore to question, and Winslow relapsed into silent silence. They descended the opposite side of the hill, and still no sign of dwelling when at last the light shone clear, and a slight glow behind a break in the thick grove hedging it about.

There, at the entrance of the cabin stood a woman, whose face was pale as a sheet, and whose heart stood still with a tumult of feeling.

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THE TEN VIRGINS

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 14, 1919

LESSION TEXT—Matt. 25:1-13

COMMENTARY AND SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

1. "Then," At the time which had been spoken of in the preceding chapter; that is, at the Lord's coming. "The kingdom of heaven." The members of Christ's kingdom on earth.

2. "Five wise," five foolish. The ten virgins who were invited to the wedding. The church is often called the bride of Christ (Eph. 5:23-27; 21:2). But here at the wedding of the church, the church is the bride of Christ.

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COAT OF PAINT SAVED BANK.

Clever Device Stopped Run That Would Have Been Disastrous.

Runs on bars, as all the world knows are often stopped or restricted by the bank.

A rich bank knew that a run was to set in on a certain Monday morning.

Before sunrise on Monday morning a man put a fresh coat of paint on the front doors of the bank on the wall panels, and on the counters.

The result was that the people who made their runs on Monday made rather a walk of it. They wanted their money, but they rushed on one.

On the contrary, they came on with caution and deliberation. So carefully, they had

lest they get paid on their clothes that it took longer to pay off one of them than it would have taken ordinarily to pay five.

This is one of many odd tricks whereby, in a run, a bank has saved itself from disaster.

NO REST NIGHT OR DAY.

With Irritating Skin Humor—Hair Began to Fall Out—Wonderful Result from Cuticura Remedies.

"About the latter part of July my whole body began to itch. I did not take much notice of it at first, but began to get worse all the time, and I began to get uneasy and tried to get to bed. Especially when I was at night, just as soon as I would get in bed and get my whole body to begin to itch, my hair began to fall out, and my scalp began to get very sore. My nails would keep it itched, and it was not long before I could not rest night or day. A friend asked me to try the Cuticura, and my hair stopped falling out. D. E. Blankenship, 319 N. Del. St., Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 27, 1905.

Chandler's Joke on Conkling.

Roscoe Conkling was a capital humorist and quite proud of his skill. One evening after considerable banter he invited Senator Ross to "put on the gloves" with him. He played Conkling and the first application helped me wonderfully. For about four weeks I would take a hot bath every night and use Cuticura Ointment to my whole body; and I kept getting better, and by the time the four hours' Cuticura had been entirely used, and my hair stopped falling out. D. E. Blankenship, 319 N. Del. St., Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 27, 1905.

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