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Youth Rides West

By **Will Irwin**

(Continued)
I had lifted my foot to step forth and boldly to pass the jail, when he stooped, picked up the reins, led his horse's head and foreshoulders into the belt of light. The motion stirred in me a faint memory which held me, searching my brain, to the spot. The face was new. Yet that motion reminded of something significant, dramatic, buried preplexingly in the depths of memory. Charlie, talking in low tones over his shoulder, thrust his key into the lock of the jail. A forward motion of the horse blotted out his figure. The stranger mounted; the horse swung round backward and sideward as an independent steed will. On his buckskin flank lay a white marking—shaped like the upper half of a pear, the head and shoulders of a veiled woman.

That was the horse I had seen in the bushes after the robbery of the Cottonwood stage! And the rider... when I saw him before, he was masked. But that motion, that figure were the same. As certainly as though he had confessed it, I knew that this was the man whom I had seen lying along the rock covering the stage passengers, whom I had seen mounting that same horse with the pear-shaped marking.

Charlie stepped into the jail; the rider sent his horse at a walk through the belt of shadow into the light of Main street. At a run I rounded the corner after him. I caught up, slowed down just behind him, and followed. Still at a walk, he was weaving through the late traffic. Before the Black Jack I stopped, threw the horse's reins over a pin of the hitching rail, walked a little unsteadily through the door. I waited until he was gone, and made a swift inspection of his mount. I had not been mistaken—a rangy American horse, buckskin in color, and with that distinguishing mark on his flank. I entered. There stood the rider at the end of the crowded bar, tilting into himself a glass of whiskey. I pushed into the convivial knot next to him, watched him furtively. His hand, as he reached toward his waistcoat pocket to pay, missed twice; then came down hard as he rang his silver dollar on the bar. His gray eye, as he turned it casually a moment in my direction, seemed filmed. He had "been drinking," as we expressed it in that day—not yet drunk, but on the way. His face, seen now in full light, was less comely than at first glance. There lay a kind of blackness under the smooth, young blond skin. He was dressed like a miner or a prospector; but he wore his rough frieze coat, his corduroy trousers, his top-boots and his blue flannel shirt with a touch of jauntyness; his trousers seemed draped above his boot-tops rather than tucked into them. He gathered up his change, stabbed it into his pocket, rolled upstairs to the gambling-room.

When after a discreet interval I followed him, he had just staked a twenty-dollar gold piece at roulette. I joined the group of spectators, who stood watching with fascinated interest the descending whirl of the wheel. He lost; the dealer's hand raked in his coin. He was reaching again to his pocket when from the spectators a man stepped up beside him as though to play; but instead laid a hand stealthily on his arm. This was a tall man; I caught a glimpse of a full, black beard. The smaller man turned angrily, then froze for a second in position. Some signal, evidently, had passed from eye to eye; a movement of the larger man's beard showed that he was speaking; though I could not catch even the sound of the words through the babble of night in the Black Jack. The smaller man's hand went away from his pocket. He pushed through the crowd to the stairs. I followed his closely as with only a second of hesitation when he passed the bar, he walked out of doors. Through the front windows of the borrom I watched to mark the direction in which he rode. But he did not advance toward his horse. A moment he stood as though undecided; then turned to the right and strode rapidly down Main street.

Thrilled with the adventure of shadowing a man, exulting with the thought of a scoop I was going to score for the Courier, I shot as unostentatiously as possible through the door of the Black Jack, followed. For a moment I lost him in the congested crowd before Myer's Variety theater. When I had crammed my way through that, I picked him up again at the head of Main street. There he turned to the right toward the Addition, the route which I followed every day to my meals. That was odd—did he live in the Addition? Had the enactors of this stage robbery dwelt so near me—and Constance—all this time? Past Mrs. Barnaby's he strode and stopped dead. Here was a consiguency I had not foreseen. If he went on, I should pass him and forfeit my usefulness as a shadow. If I stood and he saw me standing—he would suspect. Hastily, I dodged into the shade of the big tent. I waited for a few seconds, then ventured a cautious look round the corner. He was nowhere in sight. Just above Mrs. Barnaby's the street threw off a side-orbit running up the hill. Doubtless he had taken that. I sped on tip-toe to the other end of the tent. There he was again—but he was not taking the trail. He had stopped before the little tent where lodged Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Deane.

"Hoo-hoo!" he was calling, gently. I dropped to the ground, less from caution than from weakness in all my limbs. The edging of a light along the tent-flap became a triangle. Some one had emerged. It was Constance Deane. I could not see her face in the moonlight, but did I not know the tripping move and trim figure of her, the poise of the bore head? Surely, he had mistaken the place! She would tell him so, and go back. But she laid a hand on his arm, led him a little way from the tent; they stood talking in whispers whose vocalization did not reach me; talking with swift gestures. Now I could see her face in the moonlight, upturned toward... Again she laid her hand upon his arm... she who had told me that she would not receive men in the evening... she who had been on the robbed stage... In letters of red that phrase of Mike's not danced before my eyes... "Somebody in town informs."

Was this Mrs. Deane? ... She had been curious, overcurious about affairs in the camp... and Edridge was agent for the stage company... Hutchins worked in the bank... and I... I had had told her everything I knew... She had advised me to leave her, to go away... She had played with me... Oh, but it was impossible... I would rush upon her and beg her to tell me it was impossible... no, unwillingly, I was an eavesdropper, a spy... I had not even the consolation of a dignified position.

(To Be Continued)

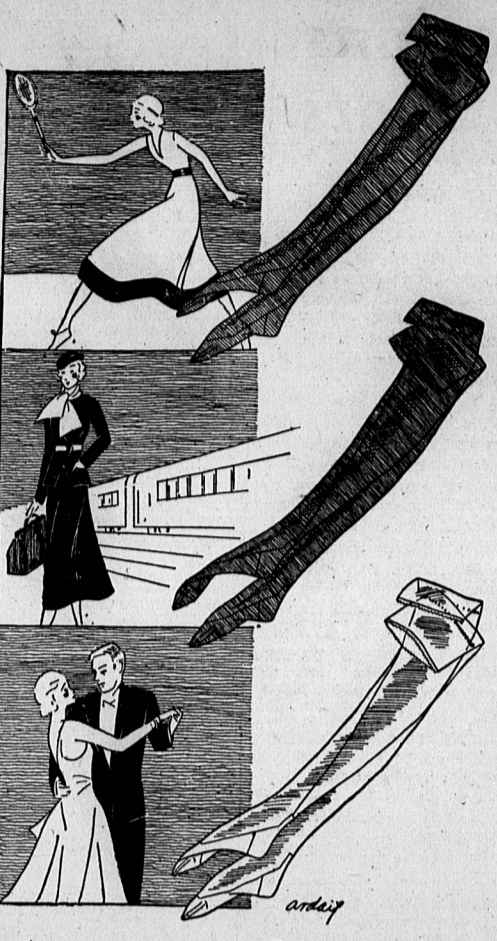
NOTRE DAME ACADEMY

HONOR ROLL OF NOTRE DAME

The following pupils of Notre Dame Academy secured an average of 75% for the month of September:
Grade X—Enid Cantwell, Marie Arsenault, Winnifred Moran, Eleanor O'Connor, Imelda MacLellan, Cecilia Shelton, equal; Gertrude McCarron, Florence Martin, Mary Martin.
Grade IX—Lillian Peters.
Grade VIII—Alma Sheehan, Bonita Taylor, equal, Irene Peters, Lucy DesRoche, Elwin Ayers, Josephine Mooney.
Grade VII—Blanche Griffith, Genevieve Monaghan, Clarice MacGuigan, Lillian McCarron, Mary McKinnon, Martina Gallant.
Grade VI—Reta Doucette, Marjorie Dwyer.
Grade V—Isabel Goodwin, Norma Peppin, Bernadette Trainor.
Grade IV—B. Leightizer, M. McCloskey, E. Reid.
Grade III—N. Thompson, A. Lappin, M. Quinn, M. Doyle.
Grade II—Marion Mitchell, Florence Laundres, equal, Francis Peters, Mary Duncan, Marion Burke, Genevieve Walsh, Marion McKin-

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-SMILES-



Dorothy: The professor said my bathing suit was rather exiguous.
Myrtle: Was that a compliment?
Dorothy: I don't know, I'm going after the dictionary now.

EATING MUSHROOMS
A man must know what he's about, or else he'll go the roundabout route.



"Was that a second story man the suburbanites were pelting with stale tomatoes?"
"No, it was the chap who draws the vegetable pictures you see in the seed catalogs."



"Someone has said that the ocean never sleeps."
"But I'm sure it looks calm enough now to be taking a nap."
"How's that?"
"Why all except the part astern that is a wake you know."



"Well, I've got one record to be proud of anyhow."
"What's that?"
"I've lived in this town seven years and haven't been run over by an automobile yet."

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I will sell by auction on Wednesday, October 7th, at 1 o'clock, on Clovis Gallant's estate at Oyster Bed Bridge, the following:
14 head of young cattle, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 years old, 200 stooks of oats, 3 tons of hay.
Terms, \$10.00 and under, cash; over \$10.00, twelve months credit on approved joint note.
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MT. STEWART SCHOOL
Report for September.
Principal's Department
Grade X (Sr.)—1. Margaret Martin; 2. Alitha MacDonald; 3. Margaret MacLeod.
Grade X (Jr.)—1. Danny McAskill.
Grade IX—1. Ida Clark; 2. Eleanor Douglas.
Grade VIII—1. Ruth MacKenzie; 2. Marjorie Affleck; 3. Carl McAdam.
Grade VII—1. Elsie Kneebone; 2.

CRAPAUD SCHOOL
Honor Roll for the month of August and September.
Grade X Sr.—1. Elaine Leard; 2. Ellsworth Large; 3. Edward Norton.
Grade X Jr.—1. Robert Dawson; 2. Robert Norton; 3. Lyman Sturdy.
Grade VIII—1. Lloyd Harvey; 2. Flo Jean MacDonald; 3. Douglas Sherren.
Grade VI—1. Jeanett Dawson; 2. Ethel Dawson; 3. Phillip Parker.
Grade V—1. Annilea MacDonald; 2. Muriel Cobb; 3. Elma Large.
Grade IV—1. John L. Sturdy; 2. Kenneth Cobb and Clayton Simmons (equal).
Grade III—1. Ernest Norton.
Grade II—1. Eleanor Wood and Willard Fall (equal).
Grade I (A)—1. Norman MacDonald and Allison Sturdy (equal).

MOSCOW, Oct. 4.—(U.P.)—A famous old marketing street, Hunter's Row, will soon lose its character, a modern hotel replacing the co-operative shops which now stretch along the south side of the street.
For several centuries Hunter's Row was noted as a trading center. Even after the revolution it retained this character, with hundreds of peasants from the environs of Moscow bringing their goods there for display.
About two years ago this private trade was driven from Hunter's Row and a series of new co-operative shops was all that remained to symbolize its historic character.

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