

THE QUARTERBREED

A Tale of Adventures on An Indian Reservation

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The two preceding installments described the rescue of a quarterbreed girl and two men from an Indian attack at the edge of Lakotah Indian reservation, by Capt. Floyd Hardy, U. S. A., the new Indian agent. The rescued ones are Reginald Vandervyn, nephew of United States Senator Clemmer and agency clerk, Jacques Dupont, post trader, and his daughter, Marie. Vandervyn tells Hardy of disaffection among the Indians, of the murder of Nogen, the last agent, and of his having been promised the agency. Hardy calls a council of chiefs at the agency. Redbear, the halfbreed interpreter, brings his sister, Oinna, to the valley. Captain Hardy accepts a dinner invitation from the Duponts and learns something which amazes him and causes all sorts of

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

The hostess signed her Indian boy to left a bottle of champagne. As he guests from the table.

"I shall now permit myself to be fatigued," she said. "Good evening," Mr. Vandervyn. Good evening, Captain Hardy."

Vandervyn nodded, and followed Dupont with a nonchalant bearing that turning out worthless?" drew attention from the slight uncertainty of his step. Hardy lingered for a word of appreciation: "This has been a most enjoyable evening, Miss Dupont."

She chose to disregard the sincerity and warmth behind the formal phrase. "You are very kind, Captain Hardy. But pray do not overestimate. Where all else is off-color, three-quarters white seems dazzling."

"Believe me, it is not a question of contrast or comparison," he protested. "Not even in New York or Washing-

"You flatter me. And now, as I am tired-'

He bowed and left her, concealing the game." the sting of her polite rebuff under his grave smile. The Indian boy, who was standing at the parlor door, closed it behind the guest at a sign from Marie.

Dupont took the drink that he had poured out for himself and undertook the perilous operation of opening the champagne. He fumbled the bottle and would have dropped it had not Vandervyn jumped up and taken it from him. Thrust aside by the younger man, he lurched and sat down in a chair near Hardy.

"Shelipp'ry-ben in ice," he explained with solemn emphasis. He threw back his head and burst into an uproarious laugh. "Shelipp'ry - like that gobe-mouche Redbear. Him trying to smooth me down-zif that'd give him a show with M'rie! An' me the squarest trader in the U. S.! Why, lash time I got goods on credit, they shent me a skeshule to lisht my il'bil'ties, 'n' I jush took my pen in han' 'n' wrote 'cross tha' shere lish. 'I don't owe no man nushing." He again drew back his head and let out a hoarse

"Poor grammar, but rich rhetoric, Jake," remarked Vandervyn as he filled the champagne glasses. "You told me they gave you the credit you asked

"I got the goods," said Dupont, pulling himself together and sobering his tongue with an effort. "Nothing like being on the square. That's what makes me sore at them there chiefs, Cap. Won't let me help out the bucks and squaws what's aching for workgood pay in trade goods, and us taking all risks on the ore smelting out N. G. What'll the tribe do after they git their last issue next spring? That's what I'd like to know."

"Yes, captain," said Vandervyn. "Next spring will come the last issue of goods that is provided for in the government treaty with this tribe. They will be in a bad fix if something is not done to get them used to white

"How about a new treaty, to part!tion the reservation and give land in severalty to each head of a family?" suggested Hardy.

That would take a long time to bring about, and meantime the young bucks should be taught to work. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for us to take charge of the mine—pay all who want to work at fair wages, and take the risk of getting our money back out of the ore shipments?"

As Vandervyn made the suggestion he smiled ingenuously, and his handsome, fushed face shone with philanthropic enthusiasm. Hardy's face lighted with a responsive glow. He smiled

inte the boyish blue eyes. "The proposal does you credit," he responded. "You may count on me to

contribute my share." "You will, will you, Cap?" exclaimed Dupont. He reached out his thick-fingered hand. "You're in, hey? Put it there, old pard! Just you make them damn ki-yi-s savvy they've got to hustle for what we give 'em, like Nogen done, and we'll round up fifty thousand apiece before snow flies."

"What's that?" demanded Hardy, in-

stantly stiffening to stern rigidity. He failed to catch the furious glance from Vandervyn that sent their halffuddled host lurching over to the whisky bottle. When he did turn, the chief clerk met his hard glance with a knowing wink and a chuckling comment: "Shraled!"

Hardy did not smile. "Explain," he

ordered. "Oh-you mean Jake's pipe dream take the hox into the parlor, together that this low-grade stuff may some with the ice bucket, in which was still time turn into a streak of solid gold. But of course you wouldn't stand for obeyed, she bowed her dismissal of the three of us dividing up the proceeds, even if it did turn out a bonanza?"

"Certainly not."

"Your idea would be to give all the profits to the tribe, even if we had bought the ore and taken the risk of its

"I am the acting agent, not a trader." "Nom'chien!" muttered Dupont. "That ain't no way to treat a white man, Cap. Won't you let 'em trade me no more ore?"

"I shall investigate before I decide," said Hardy, and he rose to leave, "Good evening. Good evening, Mr. Vandervyn." He went out. Dupont gaped after him, and grunted incredulously: "Fifty thousand-made it fifty thousand, and

he didn't jump at it!" "Told you so," snapped Vandervyn. "But we'll fix him yet—two more cards up our sleeve. If one fails to take the trick, we'll play the other. We're not going to be bluffed out at this stage of

Dupont caught at the whisky bottle with a shaking hand. "No, by Gar," he protested. "We don't play that other card, Mr. Van. I quit first."

"Oh, well," replied Vandervyn, "If you're going to throw down, I shall not try to play it alone. But you're in on the next play."

Dupont grunted, and poured himself a full glass of whisky.

CHAPTER V.

By-Play. Sunrise found Vandervyn riding pinto. He left the road and cantered out of it—if Hardy stays. It's up to across into the bend where Redbear had pointed out his new house to and get your share; or you fall down, Redbear was shoveling clay upon the uncovered brush thatch at one corner of the roof. The halfbreed did not stop work until his visitor drew rein almost within arm's reach. Vandervyn met his civil greeting with a cynical

"So you've builded you a home. Charlie, How's your sister Winna? That's the name, isn't it?"

"No, we say it O-ee-nah. The school people made her get up at four. I told her to sleep all day, if she liked."

"Come up the creek. I want to tell you something," replied Vandervyn. When they had gone beyond earshot of the cabin, he stopped his pony and faced the uneasy halfbreed with a look of sympathetic concern. "Charlie, it's

Redbear's face turned a mottled gray. 'All—all up?" he gasped.

"Amounts to the same thing," answered Vandervyn. "We sounded him last night. He won't sit in to the game -the board-backed fool! No chance



"It's Up to Us to Bluff Him or Throw

to deal with him, and you know what that means. Next thing, he'll have it all out of the chiefs—the mine—every-

thing." "No, no, Mr. Van! He can't find out. They don't know about what you and

Vandervyn shrugged. "I'm not so sure of that. You are not a full-blood a reed. Unlike her brother, she had intracker. But what if that is covered? herited only the good features of her nies started off on a lope. The R

there'd been a fresh track anywhere

out about the mine, he will kick the in her face was far from unpleasing. whole bunch of us off the reservation. That's the kind of fool he is."

"He can't put me off. I'm a member of the tribe." "Yes, and Jake is a member by mar-

both-in the guardhouse." Redbear cringed at the word. "But my sister- He won't put me in." "Wait and see when he finds out

how things have been going here. Let him find out anything against you, and It's Charlie in the jug, with his job gone glimmering."

The halfbreed looked up, his eyes desperate, his face set in the grin of a cornered rat. He muttered a curse.

"That's it, boy!" encouraged Vandervyn. "Don't lay down. We're with you. But remember, we've got to make a bluff. It's up to us to bluff him off, or throw down."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Van." "Here it is, then. He doesn't know a word of Lakotah. The tribe doesn't know English. You are the interpreter. Get that?"

Redbear shook his head. "No, I don't."

"Yes, you do, Charlie. We've already told Hardy that there is a lot of bad blood stirred up. It will be easy to translate the talk of the chiefs that way. You can start in by telling them how he pacified the Moros. He killed nearly as many of them as there are members of this tribe. The chiefs he put in jail. All the rest he moved to another island-you can say, to another reservation."

"But if that is a lie-"

"It isn't. It's exactly what happened. The Moro head chief was kept in jail until he was hung. Be sure to tell that to old Thunderbolt. If it fails to warm him—'

"Hoganny-hunk!" gasped Redbear. "They once put him in jail for a week. If I tell him, it will make him fighting

"That's what we want. I'll post you to interpret what he says, in a way that will get Hardy's goat. No man has nerve to stand up to a whole tribe. He will have to quit. Then the job comes to me. You know what that

"You promised me a full share." "Yes, and that means a third of the net proceeds, now that Nogen is out of the way. Only, remember, you get down the valley on his nimble-footed | nothing—none of us gets a cent more you now, Charlie. You turn the trick Hardy. When Vandervyn rode up. lose share and job, and go to the guardhouse-on your way to the federal penitentiary. Which is it to be?"

> Redbear's ratlike grin had changed to the grimace of a rabid coyote. "Curse him!" he snarled. "I'll make him run clean to town."

> "Good boy!" praised Vandervyn. "Had your breakfast? Yes? Then trot up to the agency and pass the time of day to the chiefs as they come in. It will help things along to post them beforehand. Don't forget that Hardy is a cold-hearted army martinet who despises Indians. He is planning to stop all issue goods, and intends to punish the chiefs for the killing of Nogen. But if he leaves the reservation. I become the agent. I will make no trouble over Nogen, and will see that the government keeps giving issue goods to the tribe for a long time. That's the talk. Now trot along and get them screwed up."

"Oinna?" said Redbear.

"Don't waste time going back," replied Vandervyn. "I'll stop and tell your sister not to expect you home until after the council. Get busy-Walt. We can work in the police. Tell them they are ordered to wait at the guardhouse until the council is under way. They are then to march around and post themselves behind Hardy, fully armed. If the chiefs get angry, they are to close up around Hardy. Are you

Redbear responded with an eager nod, and started off at a jog trot. Vandervyn smiled, turned his pony about, and rode back to the cabin. Without dismounting, he reached down and knocked, the door opened a scant inch and Oinna peeped out at the visitor.

"'Lo," he said in an indifferent tone. "I brought word to your brother that pont waiting." he was wanted at once. Told him I would let you know. He will not be home until after the council."

"Thank you, sir," murmured the girl. "No trouble at all," replied Vandervyn. "You don't happen to have s drink of good water handy, do you?" Instinctive hospitality overcame the

girl's shyness. Her tall young figure and handsome face appeared as the door swung open. "I boil the water. Do you like tea?

she asked in a flutelike voice. "All right." When she returned to the door, he was tightening his saddle girth. He kept her waiting several moments beme- Nobody saw us-nobody. If fore he turned to take the cup of tea. The hand that held the cup was rough inside a quarter-mile, I couldn't have from hard work, but the girl's cheap

calico dress was neat and clean and it

covered a form as supple and erect as

She kept her soft brown eyes shyly downcast. Yet she must have watched him covertly through her long lashes. The tea was hot. He sipped it slowly and gloated on the girl's confusion. Unriage. Lots of good that will do you able longer to endure the strain, Olnna at last faltered in timid desperation: "You-you are Mr. Van. Charlie-he said you and he are partners."

"Partners?" repeated Vandervyn with a quick frown. "He said that?" The girl shrank back. *Please, sir,

he didn't mean anything wrong." "What more did he say?" "Nothing-only that. Please, it's

only his way of talking." "That's all right. Don't be afraid," Vandervyn reassured her with a quick change to smiling friendliness. "I am

Charlie's best friend." "Oh, thank you, thank you! He is my only brother. We have nobody else; only ourselves."

In her gratitude the girl forgot her self-consciousness. She raised her soft eyes and looked full at Vandervyn. He smiled and bent nearer. Though she blushed scarlet, she was unable to turn her gaze away from his ardent blue eyes.

"O-ee-nah," he drew out her name in the caressing tone that he would have used in fondling a pet dog.

She smiled even as she trembled. He came closer. Her gaze wavered and sank before the look in his glowing eyes, and she shrank back. He sought to put his arm about her, but she sprang clear with the agility of a startled doe.

"Oh, come now!" he urged. "Just a kiss. What's the harm of a kiss?"

The girl had retreated into the cabin. He blocked the door. There was no way for her to elude him if he wished to press his vantage.

"No, no, please!" she begged. "At school they told me only bad girls let men kiss them."

"Bah!" he scoffed. "What do those old fossils know about it?" His voice deepened to an alluring richness. "Come. I will not hurt you, Oinna Give me a kiss."

"Let me-let me out!" she panted. "Not unless you pay toll."

She looked around for some way of escape. There was none. She stared wildly out through the window and same- That's old Ti-owa-konza, the then looked at him over her shoulder. head chief. If he's feeling bad, we'd The sudden stillness of her pose better look out." checked and disquieted him. Was it possible that she had seen her brother trouble," said Hardy. "We have only returning?

He sprang outside and around to the corner of the cabin. A short distance away he saw Marie Dupont riding across from the road at a smart canter. He waved his hat to her and faced about just as Oinna was gliding from the door.

"Stop!" he called in a tone that meant no harm. If you run now, Miss Dupont will think we have been doing something wrong."

"Oh, I don't want her to. She was good to me. Don't let her think bad of me," implored the girl. "Then go in and get her a cup of

tea. Quick—here she comes." The girl disappeared as Marie's pony swung around the corner of the cabin. Vandervyn stooped to fiddle with his stirrup leather. He straightened, and looked over his pony's back. Marie had pulled up a few feet away, and was staring past him toward the door of the cabin, her cheeks ablaze and

"Hello!" he exclaimed, glancing over his shoulder with well-feigned surprise. "What's the matter?" "You ask that?" she cried. "I met

her eyes flashing with anger.

Charlie half way to the agency. He said you were riding out of the val-

"Yes. Stopped here to get a drink from his sister. They have only creek water. I've had to wait while she boiled some for tea. But it was a lucky delay-you're here. You'll ride

with me?" "I wish to speak to that girl," replied Marie. "Going to hire her for a kitchen

maid?" he asked, and he called over his shoulder in a rough tone: "Hurry up in there. You're keeping Miss Du-"You should not speak that way to

Oinna. She is not a dog," reproved "See; you have frightened Marie. her- It's all right, Oinna. Mr. Van didn't mean to be cross."

The girl had stopped in the doorway, her eyes timidly downcast. Without looking up, she came around to Marie and offered her the cup of lukewarm tea that she had brought in obedience to Vandervyn's command. Marie took a sip and paused to peer down into the dark brew.

"Merci!" she cried. "It is half "You were good to me," naively explained Oinna. Marie laughed and handed back the

"You child! Drink it yourself. can guess how few sweets you've had of the headmen told me he said he at school. Come on, Reggie." Vandervyn mounted, and their

man kept his eyes to the front. Marie soon glanced about.

"Look!" she said. He turned and saw Oinna with the big granite-ware cup to her uptilted lips, draining the moist sugar from the bottom. The action was laughably childish, but the girl's attitude was the

look that flitted across Vandervyn's face, and her eyes flashed. "So I was right!" she exclaimed.

perfection of grace. Marie caught the

"You were flirting with her." "I-flirting with her?" he wonderingly queried, and he turned sideways in his saddle, to stare wide-eyed at his companion, from the tip of her dainty riding boot up to the feather felt hat on her coal-black hair.

Under that prolonged scrutiny the had Oinna's. He smiled. The girl was good to look upon.

Mid-morning was past when they walked their ponies up the slope of the terrace. The bare level, back of the warehouse, was dotted with groups of stolid, half-naked Indians.

"Look!" exclaimed the girl.

"What is it?" he asked. "Don't you see? There is not a woman or child among them. Let us go and find out what Pere thinks of it."

CHAPTER VI.

Thunderbolt.

But Dupont was not at home. When stepped to the door for another look at the Indians, and then calmly went in to prepare a noon dinner.

Vandervyn sauntered over to the ofing unobtrusively from one group of Indians to another. Hardy was at his desk in the office, intent on the government treaty with the tribe.

At noon, as the head chief of the tribe had not yet arrived, Hardy and Vandervyn started to go for their mid- on the chair that Redbear had brought day meal. As they rounded Hardy's cabin, they were overtaken by Dupont. who came from the direction of the stable. His face was as stolid as the faces of the chiefs and headmen among whom he had passed.

"Well, Jake, what's the good word?" inquired Vandervyn.

The trader gloomily shook his head. 'Ain't none, Mr. Van. No women, no children, no old men-just bucks. No trading- I been over to the p'leece camp. Ponies all in; tepees down. They're gitting ready to slip down

"Do you mean they expect trouble?" asked Hardy.

"Well, it kind of looks that way," answered Dupont.

"Explain," ordered Hardy. "You remember I told you there was a lot of bad blood stirred up. It all turns on whether Thunderbolt feels the

"I am confident there will be no The Bare Level Was Dotted With to find out the cause of the ill feeling and remove it."

"If it can be removed," qualified Vandervyn.

"Better figure on letting the warehouse go and piling into my place, Cap, if they start to ki-yi," suggested Dupont. "I'll show you how I got it all loopholed. Water inside and a lot of forced the girl to obey. "Don't be silly, grub and ammunition-we can hold it Olnna. You have my word for it I ag'in the whole tribe, if the p'lecce don't go back on us."

"They will not, nor will there be any outbreak," insisted Hardy. "Do not needlessly alarm your daughter."

"Can't scare her," grunted Dupont. They were now almost at the house porch. Marie appeared in the doorway, aglow with animation.

"Good day, Captain Hardy. I fear we had breakfast too early for you. Pere, you look sober as an awl. You can't be afraid of an outbreak. What if they do turn loose? I have everything ready-all the loopholes opened and the meat brought in from the icehouse. It will keep in the cellar."

Hardy followed the others into the parlor, and looked at the slots cut through the wallpaper to expose the loopholes, from which the chinks had been removed.

"Miss Dupont," he said, "you are a very brave young lady." "Yes, it took courage to cut my wallpaper," she replied.

"And all for nothing, I feel sure," he declared. "Well, it's best to be ready, in case," muttered Dupont.

The girl's eyes sparkled. "I wouldn't mind a day or two of fighting. What fun it must have been in the old days!" "Fun?" exclaimed Vandervyn.

"I have no doubt we could defend the house," remarked Hardy. "We could hold out until the arrival of troops. But there will be no uprising. no trouble." "Oh, captain!" protested Marie.

They passed on into the dining room, where the silent Indian boy at once served dinner. It was a plain family meal. But the china and plated ware were artistic, the table linen was clean, and the food very well cooked. Dupont was still gormandizing when

Redbear came with the news that Ti-owa-konza had at last reached the agency. The halfbreed looked so worried that Vandervyn rose from the table as quickly as Hardy. Dupont paused with a slice of pumpkin pie upraised in his hand.

"What's the rumpus, Charlie?" he asked. "Old Thunderbolt ain't gone on the warpath, has he?"

"No, he looks quiet now. But one would wipe out the agency if the new agent didn't do what he wanted."

Dupont muttered one of the

But | oaths ever ready on his tongue: "Ne d'un chien! Cap, you sure ain't going to risk all our scalps by bucking his

game?" "I shall see what he wants, and then do what I consider right," replied Hardy. "Miss Dupont, I ask you to stay close indoors. May I ask you to have your Indian boy take my mare down to Redbear's sister, with orders for her to escape if she hears any firing? Mr. Vandervyn, you may remain here or join myself and Redbear, as you prefer."

"I'll go along with you, captain. You may have to fight your way back here." Hardy nodded in approbation of the spirited reply, bowed to Marie, and started for the agency buildings with a step that was brisk yet dignified. The scarlet of the girl's anger changed to Indians had assembled for the council rose, and her eyes sank as coyly as in a semicircle, three rows deep, facing the rear of the warehouse. Hardy went first to his cabin, where he "broke" his rifle and put a piece of the mechanism into his pocket.

"There shall be no display of weapons on our part," he ordered. "You will not take your rifles. At close quarters your revolvers will be more effective. Carry them concealed." "We will put on coats," said Vander-

vyn. "Come to my cabin." "Meet me at the office," directed Hardy, and he walked on ahead, cool

and resolute. The others soon rejoined him, Redbear in an old shooting jacket, and Vandervyn in a frock coat and tile, to they failed to find him either in the Hardy reminiscent of smart society. store or the living rooms, Marie but to the Indians emblematic of paleface dignity. When the little party came around the end of the warehouse to take up their position before the silently awaiting assembly, the covert fice. On the way back he observed Red- glances of the many beadlike eyes first bear, out back of the warehouse, drift- turned upon the chief clerk. Soon, however, they shifted to the erect milltary figure of the new agent, and re-

> mained fixed. The Indian police, fully armed, started to file out of the guardhouse. Hardy waved them back, and seated himself



Stolid, Half-Naked Indians.

from the office. With a calm, direct gaze, Hardy studied the appearance of the triple row of Indians. To an inexperienced eye they could not have appeared more peaceably disposed. But Hardy's keen eyes noted that the blankets of some of the men in the rear were hunched out over well-filled quivers of arrows. Here and there on the ground beside the subchiefs who formed the front row a muzzle of a rifle thrust from under the outspread blanket ends.

Hardy at last fixed his gaze on Thunderbolt, who sat in the center of the row of subchlefs, and after a deliberative silence that accorded with the Indian idea of etiquette, spoke to Redbear! "Tell them that I am please to meet in council with the head chief and subchiefs and headmen of the tribe. I am here to find out what has troubled the tribe and to see whatever

is wrong shall be made right." Redbear glanced at Vandervyn, who stood behind Hardy. The eyes of the chief clerk narrowed, and his small, red mouth straightened. Redbear drew in a quick breath, faced about, and addressed the assembly. What he said took several moments to deliver.

The hush that followed seemed to quiver with suppressed hostility, though the faces of the Indians remained stolld. At last old Ti-owakonza ventured a response. His tone and bearing were mild. He first spoke soothingly to his fellow councilors, and then addressed Hardy in dignified remonstrance. When he sat down again, Redbear stood silent, uneasy and vacil-

"Interpret," ordered Hardy. "I—I—it isn't easy. You mightn't like it," mumbled the halfbreed.

"Never mind that. Proceed." "Well, it's not easy to get it just the same," hesitated Redbear. He glanced at Vandervyn, licked his lips, and be-

"He says all this land belongs to the tribe; that the white man has no business here. He says that he is not sorry Mr. Nogen was killed, but he is sorry that you have come here. He says his people do not like the Longknives, who used to kill them, and they do not want you for agent, because you are a chief of the Longknives. He says they like Mr. Van. and they want him to be their agent."

How long do you think it will take Hardy to find out that he is being double-crossed by Vandervyn and Redbear? Will Marie help him-or do you think she is crooked too?

(TO BE CONTENUED)