Quarterbreed

A Modern Indian Reservation Story by Robert Ames Bennet

Capt. Floyd Hardy, U. S. A., coming to take charge of the agency at Lakotah Indian reservation, following the murder of Agent Nogen, rescues a quarterbreed girl and two men from an Indian attack. They are Reginald Vandervyn, agency clerk and nephew of Senator Clemmer; Jacques Dupont, post trader, and his daughter Marie. Hardy learns that Vandervyn had been promised the agency position, discovers that the Indians are disaffected because they have been cheated in a tribal mine which Vandervyn and Dupont have been working, is puzzled when his friendly speech to tribesmen, interpreted by Vandervyn's tool, angers the Indians, and determines to make further investigation. New influences arising at this point make his position difficult. How his life and honor are endangered through dark plotting is graphically described in this installment.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

Vandervyn had arranged to be gone a week. There was no cause to discuss the time of his return, and as Marie seldom mentioned him, Hardy was tween himself and the girl.

seen how the rides in the pure moun- stopped within two strides, and twisttain air and the delight of the girl's ed her head about to look at her fallen companionship were bringing back master. The manner in which he had strength and vigor to the officer's fallen showed that the shot had come tropic-weakened body. Soon a healthy from up the coulee. Flinging herself red appeared under the tan of his from her pony, she plucked Hardy's cheeks. The lines of severity and re- rifle out of its sheath and leveled it

when he rode over to join Marie for ond bullet came whirring across the a ride out to the butte on Wolf river, coulee. Without a second look up the at his temples, he looked nearer kerchiefs served for a compress, Swiftshaved off his bristly mustache!

"Positively, captain," she bantered, bleeding. "you startle me. You are growing so be feeling myself a grandmother in contrast."

"You are the Spirit of Youth. Being lous tone of a sick child: "Motherwith you is what makes me seem so mother!" much younger than I am. Yet I shall never see thirty-two again."

"You're barely of age this morning!" shaven lip.

my aid to mount."

hand, rose with the lightness of a eyes were tender and lustrous with feather and perched herself sideways sympathy for his suffering. strange behavior, the pony began to buck. Hardy sprang to seize the beast by the head. Marie waved him aside, and proceeded to give an impromptu serious it is." exhibition of her skill as a horsewoman. With one knee crooked around the pony subsided.

"You've ridden to hounds," stated Hardy as the girl swung astride and they started off down the valley.

She smiled with gratification. "Reggle never notices such things; but you- The first time I saw a sidesaddle I thought it ridiculous."

On their way down the valley they met no one, for the families of the police had moved back to their old camp site opposite the agency. Marie suggested that they climb the butte. With subtle coquetry, she gave Hardy the privilege of assisting her up the ledges, though, had she chosen, she could have outclimbed him. They mounted to the top of the highest crag, where they sat down on the bare rock to view the plains and mountains through Hardy's glasses. The utter stillness and solitude, the immensity of the cloudless blue dome above them, the great sweep of the landscape-all tended to quiet the excitement of their lively ascent. A hush fell upon them. Marie let the hand that held the glasses sink into her lap. She gazed off up the river, dreamy-eyed.

After a prolonged silence Hardy murmured in a half-whisper: "How alone we are! The world is young-It is the beginning of time. And in all the new, young world, you and I are alone-Marie,"

It was the first time that he had ever used her given name in speaking to her. She started from her daydream, the color deepening in her cheeks. In the same moment she became aware that she had been looking at a moving object.

"Look !" she said, lifting the glasses to her eyes. "That must be the head and shoulders of a man. He is riding along on the far side of the ridgean Indian; his head is muffled in a blanket."

"Marie!" softly repeated Hardy. The girl sprang to her feet. "He has disappeared—but we are no longer alone in the world, Captain Hardy. Let us go down."

With instant repression of his disappointment, Hardy took the glasses and offered his hand to assist her down the first ledge. She ignored the offer. Nor did she permit him to help her at all during the descent.

Her pony leaped away with the usual jumping start of a bronco. The mare stepped clear of the low scrub near the rill edge, out upon the sandy level of the coulee bottom. She was in the act of breaking into a trot when her

rider's hat whirled from his head and he pitched sideways out of the saddle

as if struck by lightning.

A moment later the report of the shot reached Marie. She glanced over her shoulder and saw Hardy outstretched not often annoyed by the vision of the on the ground, flaceid and inert. handsome young fellow interposing be- With a suddenness that almost threw her pony off his nimble feet, she From day to day it could plainly be wrenched him around. The mare had pressed grief began to smooth away, across the saddle. But she could see On the morning of the seventh day, no sign of the assassin, and no secten years seemed to have dropped from | coulee, she bent over to rip the hem him. Even when he lifted his hat to from her underskirt. This gave her a the girl and exposed the silvered hair bandage. Her own and Hardy's hand- man. twenty-five than thirty. He had by she bound them on the long wound above his temple and stopped the

When at last he opened his eyes, his young! First thing I know, I shall head was in her lap. He gazed up into her down-bent face, his mind still in a daze. A frown of pain creased his "Impossible," he gallantly replied. forehead. He murmured, in the queru-

Instinctively her soft hand began to smooth away the frown with a gentle, caressing touch. His eyes closed in she said, smiling at his shapely clean- restful contentment. The girl continued to stroke his forehead. Sud-"In that case you must humor my dealy his eyelids lifted, and he looked pulled up before them, he was seemingcallowness by pretending you need up with the clear, bright gaze of full consciousness. He saw the womanly She put one small booted foot in his | compassion in her beautiful face. Her

on her man's saddle. Unused to such "Marie!" he murmured. "It is you! I-I thought my mother-"

"Hush!" she said. "You have been shot in the head. I do not know how

"Shot? In the head?" He lay still, considering this. Her look had not born of her saddle, she kept her diffi- altered under his gaze. From her utter cult seat like a circus rider, until the lack of self-consciousness he divined that she thought him dangerously if not fatally wounded. After a pause, he began to speak with the calmness that sometimes masks the most profound feeling:

> "You scarcely know me-but, in the circumstances, I trust you will pardon me for-not waiting. I love you. From the first I thought you the most beauti- Hardy. I'll run him down." ful girl I had ever seen. Now I know



"Marie!" He Murmured. "It Is You!"

you to be the most lovely-your soul as beautiful as your face. Do not shake your head. It is the truth."

She averted her shame-flushed face.

calm voice. "I know about him. I ness." know I have no chance, dear. He is young and handsome; while I-" The

pale lips curved in a quizzical smile. The girl's bosom heaved. The tears overran her brimming eyes. "You are -are generous! I did not think any man could be so generous!"

Again his lips curved whimsically. "Perhaps I am generous because there is no other course open. I would ask ment," said Hardy, and his firmly you-would urge you-to marry me, if | compressed lips curved in a smile at I thought I had even a fighting chance the girl. "I shall take your advice, again she wrenched herself free from until I have got rid of Ella." of winning you."

"Marry you! You would ask me? Yet you know what my father is like; and concern in Marie's voice. Hardy's reyou army people are so proud. I, an sponse started the veins of his fore-

what he is!"

memory of her."

The girl turned her face still farther away from him. "I cannot endure-You shall not think of me that way!" "I beg your pardon, Miss Dupont," he

apologized. "It is most inconsiderate and ungenerous of me to lie here claiming your sympathy on false pretenses. I feel my strength coming back. It must jaded pinto had slowed to a walk be that the bullet merely grazed my while going up the valley. head."

Before she could prevent him, he elbow.

"Oh!" she remonstrated. "You should not move."

He forced a laugh between his clenched teeth. "No, it's what I thought-only a

scratch. All right now, except for a little dizziness. I have been imposing on your sympathy- Did you see where the shot came from? I must go and rout out the rascal."

up away from him.

"You shall not go," she declared. "I'm sure he ran away the moment you

Hardy straightened on his knees and rose unsteadily to his feet. His voice was as firm as his pose was tottery: "Be so kind as to help me to mount."

Hardy turned his mare down the coulee. Marie, despite his protests, rode between him and the ridge behind which she had seen the blanketed

CHAPTER IX.

The Coquette.

Unable to endure the jar of a trot or gallop, Hardy urged the mare to her fastest walk. They had gone less than a mile when a horseman came loping up the slope from Sloux creek.

"It is Mr. Vandervyn," said Hardy in an even tone."

"Yes," she replied. She handed back the glasses, but did not look at him until Vandervyn rode up.

The young man's face was flushed, as if he had been drinking. When he ly so struck with Hardy's appearance that he scarcely heeded Marie's joyful greeting.

"What's the matter, captain?" he exclaimed. "You're as white as a ghost -and your head tied up! You must have come a nasty cropper.'

"Bit of an accident. Not serious," replied Hardy.

"It could not well have been closer." said Marie. "Captain Hardy has been

shot." "Shot?" cried Vandervyn.

"The bullet grazed the bone above the temple. Had it been half an inch lower or farther back, it must have killed him."

"Half an inch," repeated Vandervyn. His face crimsoned, and the veins of his forehead began to swell, "Where is the fellow? Did he get away? How long ago was it? Loan me the mare,

"Very good of you to offer," said Hardy. "But the rascal might ambush you. We'll order out a squad of police. Besides, I wish your report on your trip. I presume Redbear is at the agency."

"No." Vandervyn turned a scowling face towards the butte, as if angrily eager to be off in pursuit of the wouldbe assassin. "Charlie went back to Thunderbolt's camp to see if his sister was getting along all right with the old chief. I told him that if he was welcomed, he had better stay a few days. If he and the girl make themselves agreeable, we shall have a better chance to quiet the tribe."

"You found conditions still unfavorable?"

"Yes. All the chiefs took a violent dislike to you; and they had stirred up the whole tribe. Charlie and I talked and talked. You know a white man can talk Indians into anything, if he

keeps at it." "What result?" snapped Hardy. Vandervyn shrugged. "I know we made some impression, especially on old Thunderbolt. The chiefs no doubt would be willing to let you visit the camps on safe conduct, so to speak; but I doubt if they could keep the wild-

'I-I cannot permit you to speak to me est of the young bucks in hand. This shooting proves it. I tell you, captain, "You are too good and kind to refuse none of us here would think any the to hear me," he replied in the same less of you if you cut the whole busi-"I shall start for the mountains tomorrow." "Tomorrow?" remonstrated Marie.

"Your wound-you must wait at least until it has begun to heal. And in the meantime Redbear and Oinna will be talking Ti-owa-konza and his camp into a milder mood."

"Tnat last is a most excellent argu-Miss Dupont."

Vandervyn had frowced over the

New I shall always have the thought down the scoundrel. Jake can inter-thinking her. of your goodness in addition to the dear pret, if I'm unable to make them understand."

"Good!" said Hardy.

jealous anger, and put spurs to his be." pinto. But when they reached the valley and saw through the glasses the squad of police only just leaving the agency, Marie conjectured that the

At last Marie and Hardy reached the ngency. With the assistance of Vantwisted about and raised himself on his dervyn, who came out of the Dupont house to meet them, he was helped down from his mare to a cot in the shady porch. Here in the open air Marie washed the wound and took several stitches to draw the edges together.

During the operation, which Hardy endured without a groan, Vandervyn stood by, watching Marie's face with sullen jealousy. The moment she had rebandaged the wound, he suggested The girl grasped his rifle and sprang that it would be well to leave Hardy quiet. In reply she asked him to go for ice. When he returned, he found her sitting beside the cot, fan in hand. Hardy had fallen asleep. She rose and went into the house, and Vandervyn followed her.

The young man made no attempt to conceal his anger. He closed the parlor door and turned upon her accusingly. "So that's what you've been up to all the time I've been away?"

"Up to what, pray?" "Coquetting with that old fossil of a tin soldier." "Am I not a dutiful daughter?" the

girl parried. "Mon pere said I must make myself agreeable to the agent." "He did?" "Why not go and ask him, if you

doubt what I say?" "I don't. That's just it-damn it

The girl's eyes flashed with resentment, but her voice was sweetly mocking: "Oh, Mr. Vandervyn, how can you? Captain Hardy never swore once during all our delightful rides,"

"You've been riding with him every day?" "All except one. I've been sowy ever since that I missed that one. He

was invariably courteous. He is a gentleman." and smooth and slick, is he? One

might know that you've been raised in the backwoods." "You forget I spent four years at

the capital of Canada." "In a convent! No wonder you've

let him play you."

The girl met the jeer with a tantalizing smile. "It has been a most amusing game.

He treats me with as much respect as

if I were a young lady of his own set." "There's no one else here for him to flirt with." "That is an advantage, is it not?" The girl dropped into her English man-

ner. "I daresay he will forget me as soon as he gets back to civilizationunless I decide to accept his proposal." Vandervyn stared at her cynically.

"You needn't try to rag me, Marie." She smiled. "So you do doubt what say. Yet it is true. Captain Hardy did me the honor of declaring that he wished to marry me."

"Hardy asked you?-he, a captain in the regular army!" "And I a quarterbreed, the daughter

of my father. Amazing, is it not?" Vandervyn caught himself up as he saw the proud humility of her expres- me to congratulate you." sion. It was a new look to him. He had often seen her proud, but never did you answer him? You didn't ac-

"Yes and no, that is, not yet," the

girl teased. Vandervyn stepped grasped her arm. "Be so kind as to release me, Mr.

Vandervyn." "You coquette! You're trying to play me against him."

"So that is what you think of me?"

The girl wrenched herself free and

turned from him haughtily. He stepped forward, and again

have you!" "Indeed! May I ask what right you have to dictate?"

"You love me, that is why," he flung back at her. "You love me, Marie. a deep, ardent, golden note that sent more in control of her emotions. a tremor through her. "You are mine -mine! You know it. Your arm cannot hide your love, Marie-sweet- gaged." heart !"

He sought to embrace her. But him. She could no longer feign hauteur. Her face was rosy with blushes; her bosom heaved; her eyes, behind their veiling lashes, glowed with ten-Indian quarterbreed, and my father head swelling. He looked off away der passion. Yet she kept her head I'll have you yet! You shan't get from the two, and remarked in a cas- | despite the letoxicating ardor of his away from me!" "My mother—passed away—only a ual voice: "I'll ride in ahead and or- look. Unlike Oinna, she was not so

"You take a good deal for granted. Mr. Vandervyn," she attempted a blood can shrug. "That is to be seen, mocking tone. "I am not yet your Mr. Vandervyn. And now, if you'll Vandervyn shot at Marie a glance of sweetheart, nor am I so sure I shall kindly excuse me, I must give a fair

> color of violets and sparkling with tiny golden gleams. He held out his arms. His voice was low and enticing: "Sweetheart-sweetheart!"

He came nearer to her, his eyes the

She swayed toward him, checked herself in the act of yielding, and sideboard. eluded his grasp.

"No!" she cried. "You're a bit too sure. I've no mother, halfbreed or otherwise, to advise me, my dear Reggie. I must be my own chaperon. You charge Captain Hardy with trying his house, Hardy was still on the cot to play me. Yet when he spoke to me on the porch. Vandervyn stood at the of his love he also spoke of marriage."

Vandervyn's eyes narrowed and as quickly widened in their most childlike stare.

"How can you, Marie?" he re proached. "You say that as if you think I have been trifling with you all these months, when you know as well as I- But of course, if you do not trust me, I have no show against him.



"You've Been Riding With Him Every Day?"

claimed Vandervyn. "So he's courteous down by the uncertainty of my posi- the party. tion.

"That is quite sad, is it not?" she nate. Whether or not there is any uncertainty about my position, I am not bound to anyone, nor am I bound to bind myself to anyone."

"Why are you so hard to me?" he pleaded. "You know that if my uncle got even a hint that I am interested in a girl out here it would be all off with me. He doesn't know what you are like, and it would be impossible in writing to convince him how charming you are."

"What a misfortune! Only, as it happens, I have no wish to marry Senator Clemmer. He already has a

wife." "That's just it-a wife and half a dozen daughters. It's all cut and dried that I am to marry Ella, the oldest un-

married one." "Ah-so that is why-" faltered Marie, the rich color ebbing from her cheeks. But she was only momentarily overcome. Her spirit rallied almost as soon as it drooped. "It is most kind of you, Mr. Vandervyn, to tell me the delightful secret. Permit

His brows peaked in a doleful frown. You are cruel to take it that way. I humble. His jealousy flared: "How | don't love the girl. You ought to know that-you do know it! Can't you see cept-you refused the old board the hole I'm in? Even if it wasn't for Ella, they'd all think of you as a-an agency girl. I wouldn't stand a ghost of a show of being appointed agent

when Hardy quits." "Does he intend to quit?"

"If you turn him down, he'll leave just as soon as he finds the tribe still against him. Then-don't you see, sweetheart?-I shall get the appointment as agent. Your father and I can rip into the little old mine as fast as we please. It's a real mine, sweetheart In a few months we'll have grasped her arm. His voice shook enough ore shipped to the smelter for with jealous anger: "You shall have me to cut loose from my uncle and nothing to do with him! He shall not do as I please. You know what that means,

Again he came toward her, his eyes softly glowing, his arms open to embrace her. And again she eluded him, this time with no hesitancy or waver-You can't deny it." His voice sank to ing. Her smile showed she was once

"Aren't you rather previous, Reggie?" she asked, from the other side quivers-that look in your eyes! You of the tea table. "We are not yet en-"You coquette!" he cried. "You

> "How honorable you are!" she praised him, and he could detect no irony in her voice or look.

> know I can't formally propose to you

Vandervyn stifled an oath. "Ry-

"Indeed?" she mocked, though she

few months ago. She was all I had | der out a squad of policemen to track | unsophisticated as he persisted in | quivered from the passionate ardor in his voice. To cover her emotion she shrugged as only a woman of French share of my time to my other devoted suitor."

She slipped out onto the porch before Vandervyn could interfere. He muttered a curse and went into the dining room to get one of Dupont's whisky bottles out of the dainty little

CHAPTER X.

At the Broken Mountain.

When, at dusk, Dupont rode up to far end, pulling hard at a cigar as he watched Dupont approach.

The sound of the trader's bluff voice wakened Hardy from his doze and brought Marie to the door.

"No, not a track; not one single sign nowhere," Dupont was saying to Vandervyn. "Thought I'd ride in and send

out more of the p'leece with food." "Very good," said Hardy. "We must rack down the man, else others may follow his example."

The next day the search for the would-be assassin was continued, with no better results than the first. It was the same on the two succeeding days. At last Dupont declared that there was no hope of finding the mysterious lost trail, and Hardy called in the track-

The period of the search had been as agreeable to Hardy as it had been annoying to Vandervyn. To check Vandervyn's wooing-or it may have been to redouble his ardor through jealousy-she spent as much time as possible in Hardy's company. She was so gracious that Hardy began to show openly that he thought he might have a fighting chance to win her. This made Vandervyn furious. Yet he had to restrain himself from any outburst.

Noon of the fourth day Hardy stated at dinner that he was quite himself again and would start on the trip into the mountains the next morning. Redbear had not yet returned to the agency, and Dupont, in his friendliest manner, offered his services as inter-"You infer that I am not!" ex He is free. I am, as you know, tied preter until the halfbreed should join

When Hardy accepted Vandervyn looked at him in his guilemocked. "I am rather more fortu- less way and remarked in a casual tone: "With the tribe so uneasy, 1 suppose you will want me to stay here and look after Marie."

Marie objected: "I am a member of the tribe. If Pere is going into the mountains, I am going with him."

"No!" cried Vandervyn.

"I cannot permit that," declared

Hardy. "Oh, yes, you can and will," confidently replied the girl. "I shall be in no danger. If anyone is attacked, it

will be you only," Unobservant of Vandervyn's look, Dupont paused with a knifeful of food halfway to his mouth to agree with his daughter: "Ain't none of 'em what wants to lift her scalp. She'd be safer 'n me and you. Mr. Van-which is

good as saying dead safe." "Yet if I should be attacked?" said

Hardy. "If you are, it won't be no general outbreak, Cap. It will be a few young bloods a laying for you, or mebbe just one, like the buck done down at the coulee."

Reggie and I go, as well as Pere, there will be that much less chance of a small party firing at you." "Very well," acquiesced Hardy. "I rely on your father's judgment. If there is the slightest chance of danger to you, he should know it. But as you are to be with the party, I shall take

"You see," argued Marie. "You are

the only one in danger of attack. If

vyn, you may remain in charge of the agency, if you prefer." "No, thanks," snapped Vandervyn. "If you intend to let Marie run the risk of getting into a massacre, I most

along a squad of police. Mr. Vander-

certainly shall go along." The girl was unusually gracious to Hardy at supper. At breakfast she divided her smiles between the two with strict impartiality. But when, shortly before sunrise, the party started off up the valley, Hardy began talking about tribal customs with Dupont and became so engrossed in the discussion that he failed to give his usual courteous attention to Marie. Vandervyn was quick to make the most of the girl's pique. The half-dozen Indian police of the escort were strung out in front with the pack horses. He suggested that it would be well to avoid the dust by getting in the lead.

Do you believe that Marie is deliberately aiding the plotters against Hardy, and do you fear an ambuscade for the new agent on this visit to the Indians?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)