

# MOLLY McDONALD

## A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By **RANDALL PARRISH**  
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.  
Illustrations by **V. L. BARRETT**  
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### SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, needs a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace at the close of the war and enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Le Fevre of being responsible for his discharge. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over Le Fevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin she forced her to send him a warning note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for Le Fevre in an interview with her. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plan. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Riley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major. He finds McDonald's murdered body. Hamlin takes Wasson, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald of \$50,000 paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

The day grew dark and murky as they moved steadily forward, the wind blew cold from the northwest, the heavy canopy of cloud settled lower in a frosty fog, which gradually obscured the landscape. This mist became so thick that the men could scarcely see a hundred yards in any direction, and Hamlin placed a pocket compass on his saddle-pommel. The trail was less distinct as they traversed a wide streak of alkali, but what few signs remained convinced Wasson that the fugitives were still together, and riding southward. Under concealment of the fog his previous caution relaxed, and he led the way at a steady trot, only occasionally drawing rein to make certain there was no division of the party ahead. The alkali powdered them from head to foot, clinging to the horses' hides, reddening and blinding the eyes, poisoning the lips dry and parched with thirst. The two troopers swore grimly, but the sergeant and scout rode in silence, bent low over their pommels, eyes strained into the mist ahead. It was not yet dark when they rode in between the first sand-dunes, and Wasson, pulling his horse up short, checked the others with uplifted hand.

"That'll be a camp here soon," he said, swinging down from the saddle, and studying the ground. "The wind has 'bout blotted it all out, but you kin see yere back o' this ridge wath they turned in, an' they was walkin' their horses. Gittin' pretty tired, I reckon. We might as well stop yere too, Sergeant, an' eat some cold grub. You two men spear her out, an' rub down the horses, while Hamlin an' I poke about a bit. Better find out all we kin, 'Brick,' fore it gits dark."

He started forward on the faint trail, his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and the sergeant ranged up beside him. The sand was to their ankles, and off the ridge summit the wind whirled the sharp grit into their faces.

"What's comin', Sam; a storm?"

"Snow," answered the scout shortly, "a blizzard of it, er I lose my guess 'fore yer hand afore yer face. I've been out yere in them things afore, an' they're sure hell. If we don't git sight o' that outfit mighty soon, 'tain't likely we ever will. I've been expectin' that wind to shift northeast all day—then we'll get it." He got down on his knees, endeavoring to decipher some faint marks on the sand. "Two of 'em dismounted yere, an Injun an' a white—a big feller by his hoof prints—an' they went on leadin' their horses. Goin' into camp, I reckon—sure, here's the spot now—well, I'll be damned!"

Both men stood staring—under protection of a sand ridge was a little blackened space where some mesquite chips had been burned, and all about it freshly trampled sand, and slight impressions where men had outstretched themselves. Almost at Wasson's feet fluttered a pink ribbon, and beyond the fire circle lay the body of a man, face up to the sky. It was Connors, a ghastly bullet hole between his eyes, one cheek caked black with blood. The sergeant sprang across, and bent over the motionless form.

"Pockets turned inside out," he said, glancing back. "The poor devil!"

"Had quite a row here," returned the scout. "That stain over that is blood, an' it never come from him, fer he died when he fell. Most likely he shot fust, or used a knife. The girls' with 'em anyhow; I reckon this yere was her ribbon; that footprint is sure."

He stirred up the scattered ashes, and then passed over and looked at the dead man.

"What do yer think, Sergeant?"

"They stopped here to eat, maybe five hours ago," pushing the ashes about with his toe. "The fire has been out that long. Then they got into a quarrel—Connors and Dupont; for he was shot with a Colt '45; no Indian ever did that. Then they struck out again with two led horses. I should say they were three or four hours ahead, traveling slow."

"Good enough," and Wasson patted his arm. "You're a plainsman all right, 'Brick.' You kin sure read signs. That's just 'bout the whole story, as I make it. 'Nuthin' fer us to do but snatch a bite an' go on. Our hosses 're fresher'n theirs. No sense our stoppin' to bury Connors; he ain't worth it, an' the birds'll take care o' him. The outfit was still a headin' south—see!"

There could be no doubt of this, as the shelter of the sand ridge had preserved a plain trail, although a few yards beyond, the sweeping wind had already almost obliterated every sign of passage. The four men ate heartily of their cold provender, discussing the situation in a few brief sentences. Wasson argued that Dupont was heading for some Indian winter encampment, thinking to shift responsibility for the crime upon the savages, thus permitting him to return once more to civilization, but Hamlin clung to his original theory of a hide-out upon Dupont's old cattle-range and that a purpose other than the mere robbery of McDonald was in view. All alike, however, were convinced that the fugitives were seeking the wild bluffs of the Canadian river for concealment.

It was not yet dark when they again picked up the trail, rode around the dead body of Connors, and pushed forward into the maze of sand. For an hour the advance was without incident, the scout in the lead not even dismounting, his keen eyes picking up the faint "sign" unerringly. Then darkness shut down, the lowering bank of clouds completely blotting the stars, although the white glisten of the sand under foot yielded a slight guidance. Up to this time there had been no deviation in direction, and now when the trail could be no longer distinguished, the little party decided on riding straight southward until they struck the Cimarron. An hour or two later the moon arose, hardly visible and yet brightening the cloud canopy, so that the riders could see each other and proceed more rapidly. Suddenly Wasson lifted his hand, and turned his face up to the sky.

"Snow," he announced soberly. "Thought I felt it afore, and the wind's changed."

Hamlin turned in the saddle, feeling already the sharp sting of snow pellets on his face. Before he could even answer the air was full of whiteness, a fierce gust of wind hurling the flying particles against them. In an other instant they were in the very heart of the storm, almost hurled forward by the force of the wind, and blinded by the icy deluge. The pelting of the hail started the horses, and in spite of every effort of the riders, they drifted to the right, tails to the storm. The swift change was magical. The sharp particles of icy snow seemed to swirl upon them from every direction, sucking their very breath, bewildering them, robbing them of all sense of direction. Within two minutes the men found it impossible to penetrate the whirly about except for a few feet ahead of them.

The sergeant knew what it meant. For he had experience of these plains storms before. "Hold!" he cried, his voice barely audible in the blast. "Close up, men; come here to me—livey now! That you, Wade? Wasson; oh, all right, Sam. Here, pass that lariat back; now get a grip on it, every one of you and hold to it for your lives. Let me take the lead, Sam; we'll have to run by compass. Now, then, are you ready?"

The lariat rope, tied to Hamlin's pommel, straightened out and was grasped desperately by the gloved

hands of the men behind. The sergeant, shading his eyes, half smothered in the blast, could see merely ill-defined shadows.

"All caught!"

The answers were inaudible.

"For the Lord's sake, speak up; answer now—Wasson!"

"Here."

"Wade."

"Here."

"Carroll."

"Here."

"Good, now come on after me."

He drove his horse forward, head bent low over the compass, one arm flung up across his mouth to prevent inhaling the icy air. He felt the tug of the line; heard the labored breathing of the next horse behind, but saw nothing except that wall of swirling snow pellets hurled against him by a pitiless wind, fairly lacerating the flesh. It was freezing cold; already he felt numb, exhausted, heavy-eyed. The air seemed to penetrate his clothing, and prick the skin as with a thousand needles. The thought came that if he remained in the saddle he would freeze stiff. Again he turned, and sent the voice of command down the straggling line:

"Dismount; wind the rope around your pommels. Sam. How far is it to the Cimarron?"

"More'n twenty miles."

"All right! We've got to make it, boys," forcing a note of cheerfulness into his voice. "Hang on to the bit even if you drop. I may drift to the west, but that won't lose us much. Come on, now."

"Hamlin, let me break trail."

"We'll take it turn about, Sam. It'll be worse in an hour than it is now. All ready, boys."

Blinded by the sleet, staggering to the fierce pummeling of the wind, yet clinging desperately to his horse's bit, the sergeant struggled forward in the swirl of the storm.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### In the Blizzard.

There was no cessation, no abatement. Across a thousand miles of plain the ice-laden wind swept down upon them with the relentless fury of a hurricane, driving the snow crystals into their faces, buffeting them mercilessly, numbing their bodies, and blinding their eyes. In that awful grip they looked upon Death, but struggled on, as real men must until they fall. Breathing was agony; every step became a torture; fingers grasping the horses' bits grew stiff and deadened by frost; they reeled like drunken men, sightless in the mad swirl, deafened by the pounding of the blast against their ears. All consciousness left them! Only dumb instinct kept them battling for life, staggering forward, foot by foot, odd phantasies of



"Close Up, Men; Come Here to Me."

imagination beginning to beckon. In their weakness, delirium gripped their half-mad brains, yielding new strength to fight the snow fiend. Aching in every point, trembling from fatigue, they dare not rest an instant. The wind, veering more to the east, lashed their faces like a whip. They crouched behind the horses to keep out of the sting of it, crunching the snow, now in deep drifts, under their half-frozen feet.

Wade, a young fellow not overly strong, fell twice. They placed him in the center, with Carroll bringing up the rear. Again he went down, face buried in the snow, crying like a babe. Desperately the others lashed him into his saddle, binding a blanket about him, and went grimly staggering on, his limp figure rocking above them. Hour succeeded hour in ceaseless struggle; no one knew where they were, only the leader staggered on, his eyes upon the compass. Wasson and Hamlin took their turns tramping a trail, the snow often to their knees. They had stopped speaking, stopped thinking even. All their movements became automatic, instinctive, the result of iron discipline. They realized the only hope—attainment of the Cimarron bluffs. There was no shelter there in the open, to either man or horse; the sole choice left was to struggle on, or lie down and die. The last was likely to be the end of it, but while a drop of blood ran red and

warm in their veins they would keep their feet and fight.

Carroll's horse stumbled and rolled, catching the numbed trooper under his weight. The jerk on the lariat flung Wade out of the saddle, dangling head downward. With stiffened fingers, scarcely comprehending what they were about, the sergeant and Wasson came to the rescue, helped the frightened horse struggle to his feet, and, totally blinded by the fury of the storm which now beat fairly in their eyes, grasped the dangling body, swinging back and forth as the startled animal plunged in terror. It was a corpse they gripped, already stiff with cold, the eyes wide-open and staring. Carroll, bruised and limping, came to their help, groaning with pain, and the three men together managed to lift the dead weight to the horse's back, and to bind it safely with the turn of a rope. Then, breathless from exhaustion, crouching behind the animals, bunched helplessly together, the howl of the wind like the scream of lost souls, the three men looked into each other's faces.

"I reckon Jim died without ever knowin' it," said the scout, breaking again the film of ice over his eyes, and thrashing his arms. "I allers heard tell it was an easy way o' goin'. Looks to me he was better off than we are just now. Hurt much, Carroll?"

"Crunched my leg mighty bad; can't bear no weight on it. 'Twas darn near froze stiff before; that's why I couldn't get out o' the way quick."

"Sure; well, ye'll have ter ride, then. We'll take the blanket off Jim; he won't need it no more. 'Brick' an' I kin hoof it yet awhile—hey, 'Brick'?"

Hamlin lifted his head from the shelter of his horse's mane.

"I reckon I can make my feet move," he asserted doubtfully, "but they don't feel as though there was any life left in them." He stamped on the snow. "How long do these blizzards generally last, Sam?"

"Blow themselves out in about three days."

"Three days? God! We can never live it out here."

His eyes ranged over the dim outline of Wade stretched across the saddle, powdered with snow, rested an instant upon Carroll, who had sunk back upon the ground, nursing his injured limb, and then sought the face of Wasson.

"What the hell can we do?"

"Go on; that's all of it; go on till we drop, lad. Come, 'Brick,' my boy, and the scout gripped the sergeant's shoulder, "you're not the kind to lie down. We've been in worse boxes than this and pulled out. It's up to you and me to make good. Let's crunch some hard-tack and go on, afore the whole three of us freeze stiff."

The sergeant thrust out his hand. "That isn't what's taken the nerve out of me, Sam," he said soberly. "It's thinking of the girl out in all this with those devils."

"Likely as not she ain't," returned the other, tramping the snow under his feet. "I've been thinkin' 'bout that too. That outfit must hev had six hours the start o' us, didn't they?"

Hamlin nodded.

"Well, then, they couldn't a ben far from the Cimarron when the storm come. They'd be safe enough under the bluffs; have wood for a fire, and lay their mighty comfortable. That's whar them bucks are, all right. Why, damn it, man, we've got to get through. 'Tain't just our fool lives that's at stake. Brace up!"

"How far have we come?"

"A good ten miles, an' the compass has kep' us straight."

They drew in closer together, and munched a hard cracker apiece, occasionally exchanging a muttered word or two, thrashing their limbs about to keep up circulation, and dampening their lips with snow. They were but dim, spectral shapes in the darkness, the air filled with crystal pellets, swept about by a merciless wind, the horses standing tails to the storm and heads drooping. In spite of the light refraction of the snow the eyes could scarcely see two yards away through the smother. Above, about, the ceaseless wind howled, its icy breath chilling to the bone. Carroll clambered stiffly into his saddle, crying and swearing from weakness and pain. The others, stumbling about in the deep snow, which had drifted around them during the brief halt, stripped the blanket from Wade's dead body, and tucked it in about Carroll as best they could.

"Now keep kicking and thrashing about, George," ordered the sergeant sternly. "For God's sake, don't go to sleep, or you'll be where Jim is. We'll haul you out of this, old man. Sam, you take the rear, and hit Carroll a whack ever; few minutes; I'll break trail. Forward! now!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Delicacy on the Bench.**

When a desertion summons came before Mr. Symmons at Woolwich police court it was stated the husband was at present undergoing four ten days' imprisonment for an offense. Mr. Symmons, turning to the wife, observed: "I am afraid we must adjourn this, as your husband has other engagements which prevent his being here today."

## INCOME TAX PLAN TOLD BY TREASURY

### Details of New Law Explained in Statement.

### TELLS WHO ARE EXEMPTED

Method of Collection at Source Explained for Those Who Are Liable—Deductions To Be Made by Debtors.

Washington, Oct. 27.—On next Saturday the treasury department will begin the collection of the income tax at their source. Treasury officials made public its regulations governing the collection.

The tax applies to every citizen, whether residing at home or abroad, and to every alien residing in the United States.

### Divisions Made in Rulings.

The regulations cover the following heads:

When the tax shall be withheld by the debtor.

When the tax shall be withheld by the first collecting agency.

Payment of registered interest by debtors.

Designation of fiscal agencies.

Certificates claiming exemption.

Organizations whose interest coupons are not taxed at the source.

License required for collection of income from foreign countries.

By whom the tax is withheld.

Penalties for false statements.

Partnerships.

### Tax to Be Deducted at Source.

Under the income tax law, enacted October 3, 1913, a tax of one per cent, designated in the law as the normal tax, shall be deducted at "the source," beginning November 1, 1913, from all income accruing and payable to—

(A) Every citizen of the United States, whether residing at home or abroad, and to—

(B) Every person residing in the United States, though not a citizen thereof, which may be derived from interest on bonds and mortgages, or deeds of trust, or other similar obligations, including equipment trust agreements, and receiver's certificates of corporations, joint stock companies or associations, and insurance companies, although such interest does not amount to \$3,000; excepting only the interest upon the obligations of the United States or its possessions, or a state or any political subdivision thereof.

The term "debtor" is heretofore used shall be construed to cover all corporations, joint stock companies, or associations and insurance companies.

### Tax Withheld by Debtor.

For the purpose of collecting this tax on all coupons and registered interest, originating, or payable, in the United States the source shall be the debtor (or its paying agent in the United States), which shall deduct the tax when same is to be withheld, and no other bank, trust company, banking firm, or individual taking coupons for collection, or otherwise, shall withhold the tax thereon; provided that all such coupons, or orders for registered interest, are accompanied by certificates of ownership signed by the owners of the bonds from which the coupons were detached.

These certificates shall be in the forms heretofore prescribed and a separate certificate shall be made out by each owner of bonds for the coupons of interest orders for each separate issue of bonds or obligations of each debtor.

### Withheld by Collecting Agency.

If, however, the coupons are not accompanied by certificates as prescribed heretofore, the first bank, trust company, banking firm, or individual or collecting agency receiving the coupons for collection, or otherwise, shall deduct and withhold the tax and shall attach to such coupons its own certificate giving the name and address of the owner of or the person presenting such coupons if the owner is not known, with a description of the coupons; also setting forth the fact that they are withholding the tax upon them; whereupon the debtor shall not again withhold the tax on said coupons, but in lieu thereof shall deliver to the government the certificate of such bank, trust company, etc., which is withholding such tax money.

### Designating Fiscal Agents.

The debtor may appoint paying or fiscal agents to act for it in matters pertaining to the collection of this tax, upon filing with the collector of internal revenue for its district a proper notice of the appointment of such agent or agents.

If the owners of the bonds are individuals who are citizens or residents of the United States, the certificates shall accompany the coupons, or with respect to the interest on registered bonds shall be filed with payer of

said interest, and such certificates shall describe the bonds and show the amount of coupons attached, or the amount of interest due such owners on registered bonds and the full name and address of the owners and shall also state whether they claim, or do not then claim, exemption from taxation at the source provided for by paragraph C of section Z of the federal income tax law (\$3,000 and, under certain conditions \$4,000) as to the income represented by such coupons or interest.

### Not Taxed at Source.

If the owners of the bonds are corporations, joint stock companies, associations or insurance companies organized in the United States, no matter how created or organized, or organizations, fraternal societies, etc., which are either taxable or exempt from taxation as provided in paragraph G, subdivision A, of the act, the debtor is not required to withhold or deduct the tax upon income derived from interest on such bonds, provided coupons or orders for interest from such bonds shall be accompanied by a certificate of the owners thereof, certifying to such ownership, which certificates shall be filed with the debtor when such coupons or interest orders are presented for payment.

### Disposition of Certificates.

The debtor, or paying agents, shall deliver all certificates with the list of names and addresses of those for whom the tax has been withheld, showing amounts as required by law, to the collector of internal revenue for their district on or before the 20th day of the month succeeding that in which said certificates were received by them.

The tax shall not be withheld on coupons, or registered interest, maturing and payable before March 1, 1913, although presented for payment at a later date.

All persons, firms or corporations undertaking for accommodation or profit (this includes handling either by way of purchase or collection) the collection of coupons, checks or bills of exchange for or in payment of interest upon bonds issued in foreign countries and upon foreign mortgages, or like obligations, and for any dividends upon stock or interest upon obligations or insurance companies engaged in business in foreign countries, are required by law to obtain a license from the commissioner of internal revenue and to give bond in such amount and under such conditions as the commissioner of internal revenue may prescribe.

The licensed person, firm or corporation first receiving any such foreign items, for collection or otherwise, shall withhold therefrom the normal tax of one per cent and will be held responsible therefor.

The provisions for collection of the tax on foreign obligations set forth in this section of the regulations includes the interest upon all foreign bonds, even though the coupons may be, at the option of the holder, payable in the United States as well as in some foreign country.

Failure to obtain license or to comply with regulations is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$5,000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. Such licenses shall continue in force until revoked.

Application for such licenses should be made to the collectors of internal revenue.

### False Statement Penalty.

If any person, for the purpose of obtaining any allowance or reduction by virtue of a claim for exemption, either for himself or for any other, knowingly makes a false statement or false or fraudulent representation he is liable under the act to severe penalties.

This tax will not be deducted from the income which may be derived from interest on bonds, mortgages, equipment trusts, receiver's certificates, or other similar obligations of which the bona fide owners are citizens of foreign countries residing in foreign countries, provided that when such interest coupons or in case of wholly registered bonds the orders for the payment of such interest shall be accompanied by duly certified certificates to cover the cases of foreign and non-resident owners of bonds and other securities.

Unless such proof of foreign securities is duly furnished the normal tax of one per cent shall be deducted.

On or before February 1, 1914, certificates of ownership of any of the bonds from which were detached coupons, may be delivered to the debtor, and said debtor may thereupon return any sum withheld to which the owner of such bonds may be entitled under the law and regulations, upon the facts disclosed by such ownership certificates. Any temporary certificates relating to bonds for which certificates of ownership shall not have been delivered to the debtor shall on or before March 1, 1914, be delivered to the collector of internal revenue.

W. H. OSBORN,  
Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Approved, October 25, 1913.

W. G. MADDOX,  
Secretary of the Treasury.

## DEAF AND DUMB SWEETHEART

Another Proof of the Truth of the Time-Honored Saying That "Love Will Find a Way."

The way in which deaf and dumb people make love is rather queer. A gentleman belonging to a deaf and dumb asylum tells of a courtship recently carried on between mates.

"During the progress of the match," he says, "the young man experienced

but one difficulty, and that in a short time he surmounted. The thorn that lay in his bed of roses was a gas-jet, which, as he, of course, conversed with his adored one in the sign-language, it was always necessary to keep ablaze—a woeful embarrassing thing for lovers.

Finally they discovered that they could utilize their sense of touch in deciphering their sign-language. By holding one another's hands they found that they could carry on a conversation with tolerable facility, and

in about a week were adepts. Thus, deaf, dumb, and practically blind, they enjoyed all the pleasures of love. They have spread their discovery among their friends, and I believe the discovery has taken fast hold upon deaf and dumb lovers."

### Latest Fire Engine.

An interesting new type of automobile fire engine for Paris has just been decided upon by the municipal council. The machine will be of special light construction, and will carry

four men only, but will be fitted with a large tank containing four hundred liters of water. Thus as the engine arrives on the scene of a fire it can begin pumping water while the fire men are making in the necessary connection at the nearest main with a minimum waste of time. The new pattern is a vast improvement on the cumbersome automobile fire engines which the Paris brigade possesses at present, and which in the future will be used only as auxiliaries in exceptionally large fires.

### My Book.

My book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasure in yee deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.—Lady Jane Grey.

### New to Mr. Cumrox.

"Does your daughter play Weinstawski?" asked the musical guest. "If she does," replied Mr. Cumrox, "she always loses. She never says a word to me about it."—Washington Star.

### Good Done by Enemies.

People may sometimes better love their enemies than their friends. The attack which discloses a place that needs strengthening is more beneficial than the defense which is unaware of vulnerability.—The Christian Register.

### Handicap Can Be Too Great.

"Mind cure" is not always successful. "Of course not. They've got to have something to work on."—Baltimore American.