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THE WHITE LEADER

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

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ALEX MC GILLIVRAY, THE WHITE LEADER

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nature o' Alexander McGillivray as well as for him havin' a white man's name. 'Twas a sad day for Tennessee settlers that saw that red mongrel become chief o' such a large an' warlike nation as the Creeks! Jim believes the Spanish Man is helpin' McGillivray. An' 'tis the mtwo fiends that's sendin' us out on trail to-night. I feel bad about it, laddie." He put his hand over his son's briefly, then withdrew it. "For 'tis more'n likely we'll never get back alive, even if we get to the far place Jim's sendin' us. I don't care for mysel'," he added.

"Well, Father, that's nothin' new i' the Cumberland," was all Lachlan said. It was true. Death had walked with men as their own shadow, in that lonely district of Middle Tennessee, for the past half-dozen years.

"Seems to me I ought to be doin' somethin' better for my only son an' child than leadin' him into one danger after another," said Ross, with a troubled look. There flashed across his mind a poignant memory of the Scotch Highlands, of green misty hills, a peaceful cot, bands of gently moving, cropping cattle or the smaller, whiter bodies of sheep, coming and going in a tender ghostly calm through the violet-gray wet haze, a tinkle of bells; and a pang smote him that he could not give his son a boyhood of safety among those loved hills.

"I'm thinkin' there's nothin' better for a boy than jus' learnin' to be a man; for a man's what I'll get to be, an' nothin' else, if I live long enough. So 'tis best I'm forced to learn now," was Lachlan's very

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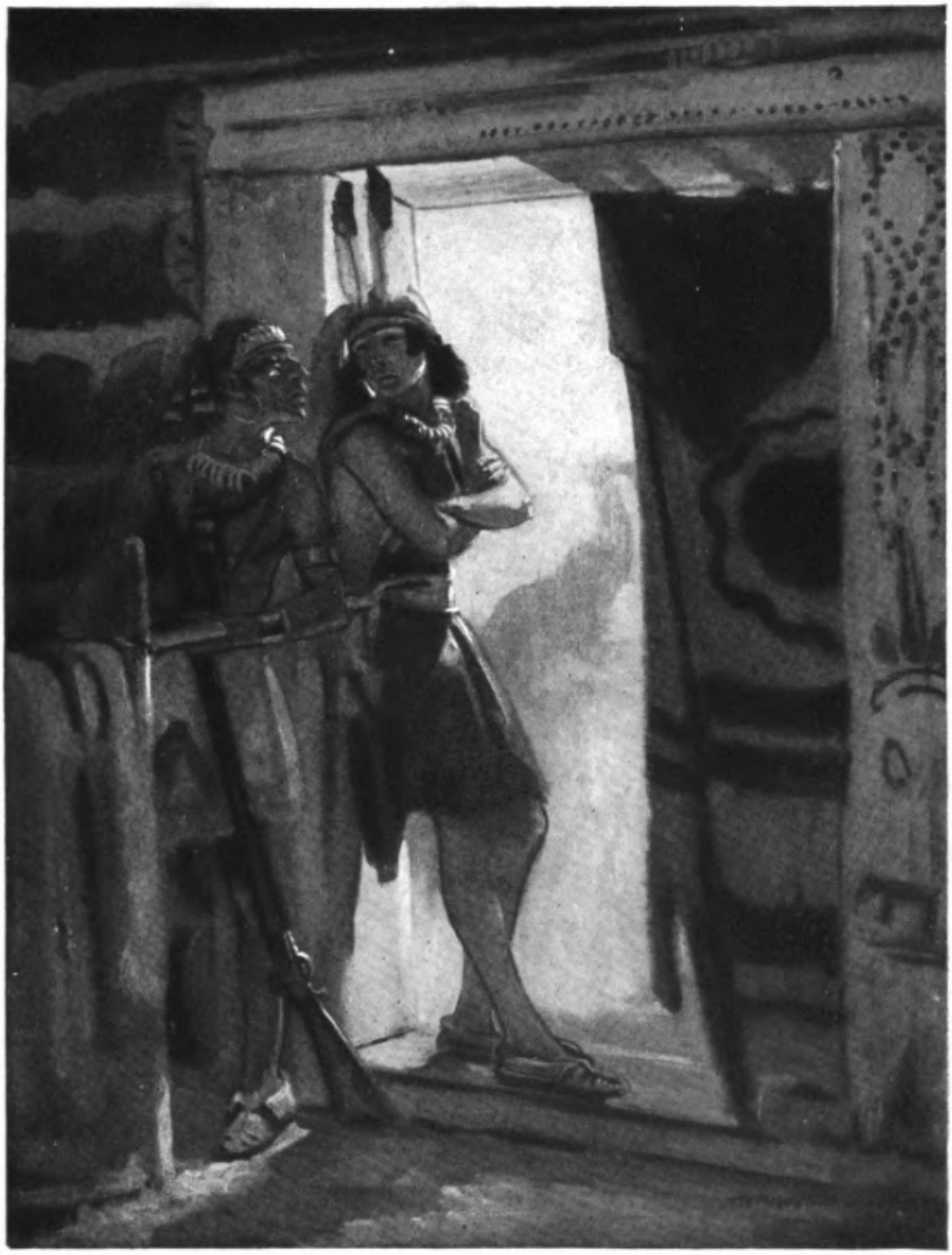

HE TURNED FROM THE BLAZING, WHIRLING ROOM TO THE DARK, STILL SHADOWS OF THE OUTDOORS, AND SAW BLUE ARROW

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HE HURLED HIMSELF AT VALDEZ, AND KNOCKED HIM DOWN

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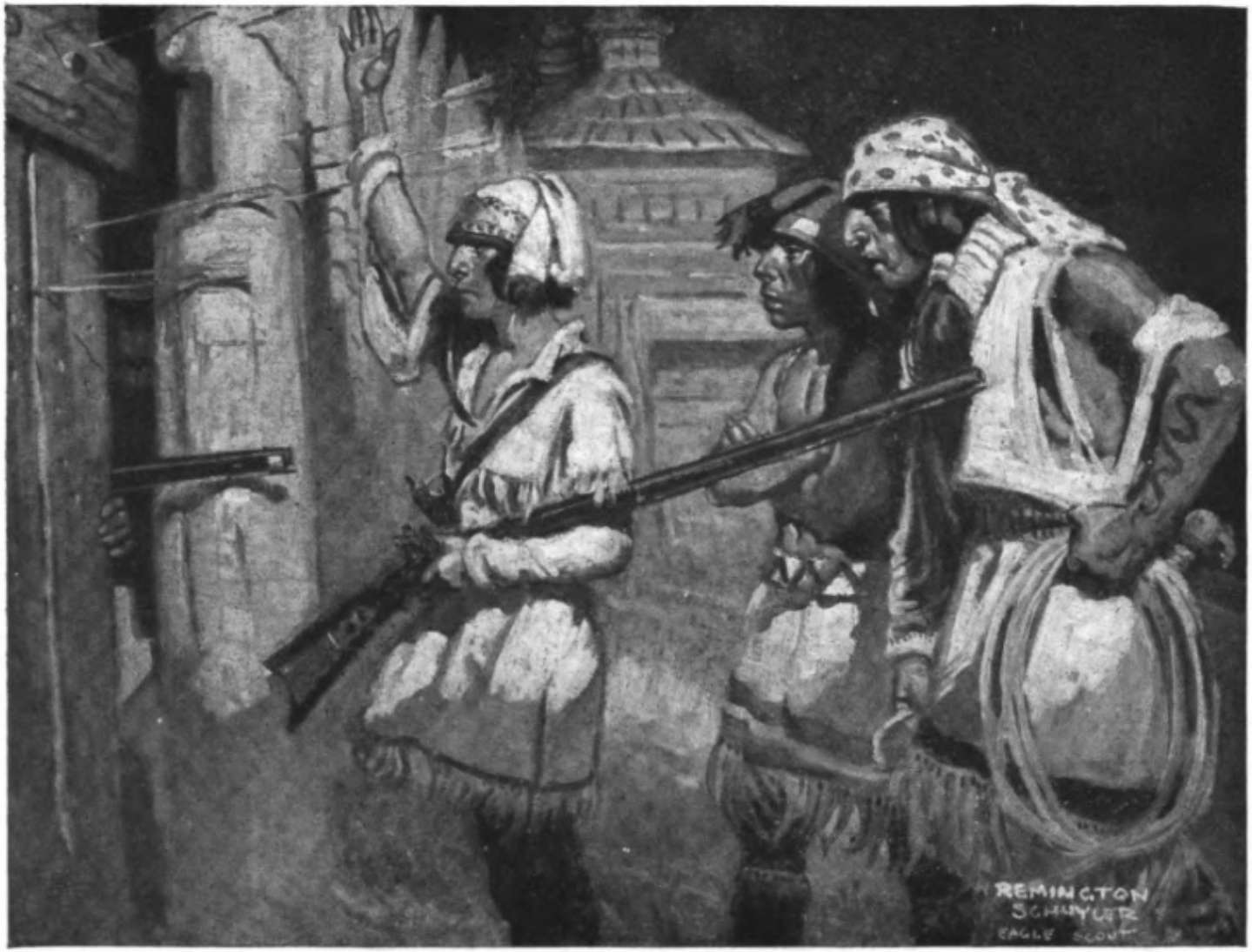

"LET ME IN, JIM," HE CRIED, "'TIS LACHLAN DOUGLAS COME TO MAKE PEACE WI' YE FOR ALEX MC GILLIVRAY"

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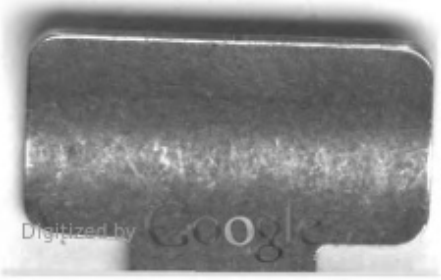

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