

# Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE CASE OF LEE VIRGINIA AND ROSS.  
LEE and Ross stood in silence on the Redfield veranda. There was no moon, and the mountains rose darkly, a sheer wall at the end of the garden, their tops cutting into the starry sky with a dull edge, over which a dim white cone peered.

"That snow peak is Wolftooth and thirty miles from here and at the head of my 'beat,'" said the ranger after a pause as they leaned against the railing and looked away to the south. "I go up that ridge which you see faintly at the left of the main canyon and through that deep notch which is above timber line."

The girl's eyes widened with awe of the big, silent, dark world he indicated. "Aren't you afraid to start out on such a trip alone—I mean, don't you dread it?"

"I'll be sorry to start back, yes, but not because of the dark. I've enjoyed my visit here so much it will be hard to say good night."

"It seems strange to me that you should prefer this wild country to England."

"Do you like the east better than the west?"

"In some ways; but, then, you see, I was born out here."

"So was I—I mean to say I was regenerated out here. The truth is I was a good deal of a scapegrace when I left England. I was always for hunting and horses, and naturally I came directly to the wild west country, and here I've been ever since. I've had my turn at each phase of it—cowpuncher, soldier, rough rider and finally forest ranger. I reckon I've found my job at last."

"Do you like it so much?"

"At the present time I am perfectly contented. I'm associated now with a country that will never yield to the plow. Yes, I like my work. I love the forests and the streams. I wish I might show them to you. You don't know how beautiful they are. The most beautiful parks in the world are commonplace to what I can show you. My only sorrow is to think of them given over to the sawmill. Perhaps you and your mother will come up some time and let me show you my lakes and streams. There are waters so lovely they make the heart ache. Hugh is planning to come up soon; perhaps you and Mrs. Redfield will come with him."

"I'd like it above everything," she responded fervently. Then her voice changed. "But all depends on my mother's health."

It hurt him to hear her call Eliza Wetherford mother. He wanted to forget her origin for the moment. He was not in love with her—far from it! But she was so alluring, and the proprietress of the Wetherford House was not nice, and that made one doubt the daughter.

She broke the silence. "It seems dreadfully dark and mysterious up there." She indicated his path.

"It isn't as bad as it looks. There is a good trail, and my pony knows it as well as I do. I enjoy riding by night."

"But there are bears and other wild things, are there not?"

"Not as much as I wish there were."

"Why do you say that?"

"I hate to see all the wild life killed off. Some day all these forests will have game refuges like the Yellowstone National park. They are coming each year to have greater and greater value to the people of the plains. They are playgrounds, like the Alps. If I should ever settle down to a home it would be in a canyon like this, with a great peak at my front door."

"It is beautiful," the girl said in the tone of sadness with which we confront the perfect night, the perfect flower, the flawless landscape. "It is both grand and peaceful."

This tone of sadness pleased him. It showed her depth of perception, and he reflected that she had not uttered a vacuous or silly phrase since their first meeting. "She is capable of great development," he thought. Aloud he said: "You are a strange mingling of east and west. Do you realize it?"

"In what way?" she asked, feeling something ardent in his tone.

"You typify to me at this moment this whole state. You fill me with enthusiasm for its future. Here you are, derived from the lawless west, yet taking on the culture and restraint of the east so readily that you seem not in the least related to it."

He checked himself at this point, and she said, "My mother is not as rough as she seems, Mr. Cavanagh."

"She must be more of the woman than appears or she could not have borne such a daughter. But do you feel your relationship to her? Tell me honestly, for you interest me."

"I didn't at first, but I do now. I begin to understand her, and, besides, I feel in myself certain things that are in her, though I think I am more like the Wetherfords. My father's family home was in Maryland."

Ross could have talked on all night, so alluring was the girl's dimly seen yet warmly felt figure at his side, but a sense of danger and a knowledge that he should be riding led him at

# Forest



WILL JONES

last to say: "It is getting chill. We must go in, but before we do so let me say how much I've enjoyed seeing you again. I hope the doctor will make favorable report on your mother's case. You'll write me the result of the examination, won't you?"

"If you wish me to."

"I shall be most anxious to know."

They were standing very near to each other at the moment, and the ranger, made very sensitive to woman's charm by his lonely life, shook with newly created love of her. A suspicion, a hope, that beneath her cultivated manner lay the passionate nature of her mother gave an added force to his desire. He was sorely tempted to touch her, to test her, but her sweet voice, a little sad and perfectly unconscious of evil, calmed him. She said:

"I hope to persuade my mother to leave the Forks. All the best people there are against us. Some of them have been very cruel to her and to me, and, besides, I despise and fear the men who come to our table."

"You must not exchange words with them," he all but commanded. "Beware of Gregg; he is a vile lot. Do not trust him for an instant. Do not permit any of those loafers to talk with you, for if you do they will go away to defame you. I know them. They are unspeakably vile. It makes me angry to think that Gregg and his like have the right to speak to you every day, while I can see you only at long intervals. I wish my station were not so far away. But I'll ride down as often as my duties will permit, and you must let me know how things go. And if any of those fellows persecute you you'll tell me, won't you? I wish you'd look upon me as your big brother. Will you do that?" His voice entreated, and as she remained silent he continued: "Roaring Fork is one of the worst towns in the state, and a girl like you needs some one as a protector. I don't know just how to put it so that you will not misunderstand me, but, you see, I protect the forest, the streams and the game, I help the settler in time of trouble, I am a kind of all round big brother to everybody who needs help in the forest. In fact, I'm paid for protecting things that can't protect themselves, and so—here he tried to lend his voice the accent of humor—"why shouldn't I be the protector of a girl like you, alone—worse than alone—in this little cow town?"

She remained dumb at one or two points where he clearly hoped for a word, and she was unable to thank him when he had finished. In this silence a curious constriction came into his throat. It was almost as if he had put his passion into definite words, and as the light fell upon her he perceived that her bosom was heaving with deep emotion.

"I am lonely," she faltered out at last—"horribly lonely. And I know now how people feel toward my mother, and it hurts me—it all hurts me. But I'm going to stay and help her!" She paused to recover her voice. "And you do seem different. I—I trust you!"

"I'm glad you understand me, and you will let me know if I can help you, won't you?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Good night," he said, extending his hand.

She placed her palm to his quite frankly, but the touch of it made further speech at the moment impossible.

They went in with such telltale faces that even Redfield wondered what had passed between them.

Excusing himself almost at once, Cavanagh left the room, and when he looked in a few moments later he was clothed in the ranger's dusty green uniform, booted and spurred for his long, hard ride. Mrs. Redfield followed him into the hall and out on the doorstep to say: "Ross, you must be careful. This girl is very alluring in herself, but her mother, you know, is impossible."

"You're needlessly alarmed, as usual," he smilingly replied. "She interests me, that's patent. But beyond that, why, nonsense! Good night."

Nevertheless, despite his protestations, he went away up the trail with his mind so filled with Lee Virginia's appealing face and form that he would certainly have ridden over a precipice had it not been for his experienced pony, which had fortunately but one aim, and that was to cross the range safely and to reach the home pasture at the earliest moment.

Left alone, Lee Virginia thought over her past. She was not entirely without experience as regards respectful courtship. Her life in the east had brought her to know a number of at-

# Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1910, by Hamlin Garland

tractive lads and a few men, but none of these had become more than a good companion or friend, and, though she wrote to one or two of these youths letters of the utmost friendliness, there was no passion in them, and she felt as yet the sting of nothing more intense in her liking for Cavanagh. But he meant more to her now that she was lonely and beleaguered.

That he had ridden all that long, rough way merely to see her she was not vain enough to believe, but she had nevertheless something of every woman's secret belief in her individual charm. Cavanagh had shown a flattering interest in her, and his wish to be her protector filled her with joy and confidence.

She heard a good deal more about this particular forest ranger next morning at breakfast. "He is throwing himself away," Mrs. Redfield passionately declared. "Think of a man of Ross' refinement living in a mountain shack miles from anybody, watching poachers, marking trees and cooking his own food! It's a shameful waste of genius."

"That's as you look at it, my dear," responded Redfield. "Ross is the guardian of an immense treasure chest which belongs to the nation. Furthermore, he is quite certain, as I am,



THE TOUCH OF IT MADE FURTHER SPEECH IMPOSSIBLE.

that this forest service is the policy of the future and that it offers fine chances for promotion, and then, finally, he likes it."

"That is all well enough for a young man, but Ross is at least thirty-five and should be thinking of settling down. I can't understand his point of view."

"My dear, you have never seen the procession of the seasons from such a point of view as that which he enjoys."

"No, and I do not care to. It is quite lonely enough for me right here."

Redfield looked at Lee with comic blankness. "Mrs. Redfield is hopelessly urban. As the wife of a forest supervisor she cares more for pavements and tramcars than for the most splendid mountain park."

"I most certainly do," his wife vigorously agreed, "and if I had my way we should be living in London."

"Listen to that! She's ten times more English than Mrs. Enderby."

"I'm not, but I long for the civilized instead of the wild. I like comfort and society."

"So do I," returned he.

"Yes; the comfort of an easy chair on the porch and the society of your forest rangers. This ranch life is all very well for a summer outing, but to be tied down here all the year round is to be denied one's birthright as a modern."

All this more or less cheerful complaint expressed the minds of many others who live amid these superb scenes. When autumn comes, when the sky is gray and the peaks are hid in mist, they long for the music, the lights, the comfort of the city. But when the April sun begins to go down in a smother of crimson and flame and the mountains loom with epic dignity, or when at dawn the air is like some divine flood descending from the unstained mysterious heights, then the dweller in the foothills cries out: "How fortunate we are! Here are health and happiness! Here poverty is unknown!"

Mrs. Redfield was becoming more and more interested in Virginia, who had not merely the malodorous reputation of her mother to contend with, but the memory of a traitorous sire to live down, and when the girl went to her room to pack her bag the wife turned to her husband and said: "Ross is terribly smitten with her."

Redfield coughed uneasily. "I hope not. Of course he admires her, as any man must. She's physically attractive, very attractive, and, besides, Ross is so susceptible as a cowpuncher. He was deeply impressed the first time he saw her; I could see that."

"I didn't like his going out on the veranda with her last night," continued Mrs. Redfield, "and when they came in her eyes and color indicated that he'd been saying something exciting to her. Hugh, Ross Cavanagh must not get involved with that girl. It's your duty as his superior to warn him."



# ALFALFA

will soon be ready to cut, and you will need to sharpen your old sickle. This grinder if furnished with a carbundum cone fore grinding sickles.

Carboundum is 26 times faster than ordinary grinding. The machine is also equipped with a disc harrow and plow coupler attachment, and in addition to these it has a stone for grinding all ordinary tools and a wheel for polishing. These machines can be seen at

# JOHN BAUER'S,

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

THE HARDWARE MAN

## SHOWER GIVEN IN HONOR OF MISS LIBERSHALL

Tendered Prospective Bride Friday Afternoon at the Home of Mrs. M. Hild.

From Saturday's Daily.

A very pleasant function was given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. M. Hild and Mrs. L. W. Lorenze at the home of Mrs. Hild, in honor of Miss Anna Libershall, whose marriage to Mr. Meisinger will occur next Wednesday. The party was in the nature of a handkerchief shower and was attended by twenty-six invited young lady friends of the bride-to-be. Mesdames Hild and Lorenze entertained from 3 until 6, and the afternoon passed all too quickly for the guest of honor and her young friends.

Each of the invited guests was requested to bring a recipe for cooking, baking and the like. These were read by Miss Libershall and added to her collection, to be filed away with her cookbook. A feature of the entertainment was a bowl containing a quantity of peanuts, each guest being given fishing tackle and allowed three minutes to angle for the pods. Miss Anna Polacek captured the king prize, while Miss Agnes Ward received the booby prize. Music was furnished by Miss Sophia Hild and Miss Libershall. A three-course lunch was served.

Rudolph Meisinger and Miss Eva Theirolf of Cedar Creek came down on No. 4 this morning and spent the day with their Plattsmouth friends.

Mr. A. Kaffenberger of Eight Mile Grove precinct was looking after business matters in the city today.

## DR. Herman Greeder,

Graduate Veterinary Surgeon (Formerly with U. S. Department Agriculture)

Licensed by Nebraska State Board

Calls Answered Promptly Telephone 378 White, Plattsmouth

### We Make Correction.

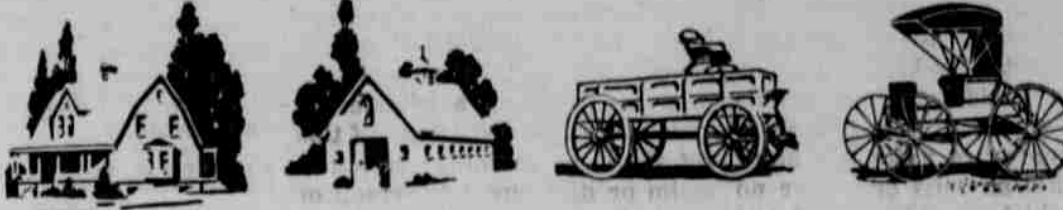
In the article appearing in the Evening Journal of the 9th inst., making mention of the funeral of Miss Ivy L. Spies, the writer was in error in stating that "interment was made in the Holy Sepulcher cemetery," whereas we should have stated that interment was in Oak Hill cemetery. Mr. Spies owns a family lot in Oak Hill and it was here that his daughter's remains were laid to rest. We are sorry the mistake occurred and gladly correct the misstatement, and we make the correction at the request of Mr. Spies himself.

### Forty-four Years in Cass County.

Mr. J. C. Smith of Murray, who has been for forty-four years a Cass county citizen, having crossed the Missouri river when a young man of 40, was in the city today, feeling hale and hearty. Mr. Smith, despite his 84 years, is quite active, and says he would be good for a coon hunt yet. He was accompanied by his son, P. B. Smith.

Frank Washburn and wife and babe left for Omaha this morning to spend Sunday with relatives.

## These need paint to keep them in good shape



Says the Little Paint Man.

We don't always realize what harm the wear and tear of the weather does to our houses and barns and buggies and wagons that are not protected by good paint. Buildings that have not been painted or on which the paint has worn off, are exposed one day to the wet and the rain, the next day to the hot sun and so on, until the unprotected wood twists and warps and cracks and the rot starts. So a building that should be in good repair at the end of 50 years, if it had been kept properly painted, goes to rack and ruin in 15 or 20. And think how it looks.

Why don't you paint this spring with Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared? Made of pure lead, pure zinc, pure linseed oil and the necessary coloring pigments and driers, all mixed and ground by special machinery. Come and see us, we want to talk paint to you.

# F. G. Fricke & Co.

Plattsmouth - - - Nebraska