

# The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



## A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### Storm Bound.

Wayland was awakened by the mellow voice of his chief calling: "All out! All out! Light down the creek! Then, breathing a prayer of thankfulness, the boy sat up and looked about him. "The long night is over at last, and I am alive," he said and congratulated himself.

"How did you sleep?" asked the supervisor. "First rate—at least during the latter part of the night," Wayland briskly replied.

"That's good. I was afraid that Ad-tronack bed of yours might let the white wolf in."

"My blankets did seem a trifle thin, confessed Norcross. "It doesn't pay to sleep cold," the supervisor went on. "A man wants to wake up refreshed, not tired out with fighting the night wind and frost. I always carry a good bed."

It was instructive to see how quietly and methodically the old mountaineer went about his task of getting breakfast. First he cut and laid a couple of eight inch logs on either side of the fire, so that the wind drew through them properly; then, placing the Dutch oven cover on the fire, he laid the bottom part where the flames touched it. Next he filled his coffeepot with water and set it on the coals. From his pan-ner he took his dishes and the flour and salt and pepper, arranging them all within reach, and at last laid some slices of bacon in the skillet.

At this stage of the work a smothered cry, half groan, half complaint, came from the tent. "Oh, hum! It's morning!" inquired Berrie.

"Morning," replied her father. "It's going toward noon. You get up as you'll have no breakfast."

Thereupon Wayland called: "Can I get you anything, Miss Berrie? Watch you like some warm water?"

"What for?" interposed McFarlane before the girl could reply. "To bathe in," replied the youth. "To bathe in! If a daughter of mine should ask for warm water to wash with I'd throw her in the creek!"

Berrie checked. "Sometimes I feel daddy has no feeling for me. I reckon he thinks I'm a boy."

Under Berrie's direction Wayland worked busily putting the camp equipment in proper parcels, taking no special thought of time till the tent was down and folded, the paniers filled and closed and the fire carefully covered. Then the girl said: "I hope the horses haven't been stampeded. There are bears in this valley, and horses are afraid of bears. Father ought to have been back before this. I hope they haven't quit us."

"Shall I go and see?" "No, he'll bring 'em if they're in the land of the living. He picked the saddle horse, so he's not afoot. Nobody can teach him anything about trailing horses, and, besides, you might get lost. You'd better keep close to camp."

Thereupon Wayland put aside all responsibility. "Let's see if we can catch some more fish," he urged. "To this she agreed, and together they went again to the outlet of the lake, where the trout could be seen darting to and fro on the clear, dark food, and there cast their flies till they had secured ten good sized fish.

"Well, stop now," declared the girl. "I don't believe in being wasteful!"

Once more at the camp they prepared the fish for the pan. As they were unpacking the paniers and getting out the dishes for their usual dinner, Berrie called to her father above the lake, and the girl called out:

"Quick! It's going to rain! We must reset the tent and get things under cover!"

Once more he was put to shame by the decision, the skill and the strength with which she went about re-establishing the camp. She led, he followed in every action. In ten minutes the canvas was up, the beds rolled, the paniers protected, the food stowed safely. But they were none too soon, for the thick gray veil of rain which had clothed the loftiest crags for half an hour swung out over the water, laden gray under its folds, and with a roar which began in the tall pines, a roar which deepened, rushed only when the clouds crashed resonantly down the crag to crest, the tempest fell upon the camp and the world of sun and odorous pine vanished almost instantly, and a dark, threatening and forbidding world took its place.

But the young people, huddled close together beneath the tent, would have enjoyed the change had it not been for the thought of the supervisor. "I hope he took his sliker," the girl said between the tearing, ripping flashes of the lightning. "It's raining hard up there."

"How quickly it came. Who would have thought it could rain like this after so beautiful a morning!"

"It storms when it storms in the mountains," she responded with the sententious air of her father. "You never can tell what the sky is going to do up here. It is probably snowing on the high divide. Looks now as though these cayuses pulled out some time in the night and have hit the trail for home. That's the trouble with stall feed stock. They'll quit you any time they feel cold and hungry. Here comes the hail!" she shouted as a sharper, more spiteful roar sounded far away and approaching. "Now keep from under!"

"What'll your father do?" he called. "Don't worry about him. He's at home any place there's a tree. He's probably under a balsam somewhere, waiting for this ice to spill out. The only point is, they may get over the divide, and if they do it will be slippery coming back."

For the first time the thought that the supervisor might not be able to return entered Wayland's mind, but he said nothing of his fear.

ing an ax," she said. "That's part of the job."

Gradually the storm lightened, the snow changed back into rain and finally to mist, but up on the heights the clouds still rolled wildly, and through their openings the white drifts bleakly shone.

"It won't be so beautiful if you had to wallow through ten miles of it," she snazely responded. "Daddy will be wet to the skin, for I found he didn't take his sliker. However, the sun may be out before night. That's the way the thing goes in the hills."

"It's all in the trip," said Berrie. "You have to take the weather as it comes on the trail." As the storm lessened she resumed the business of



"You'll have to take lessons in swinging an ax," she said. "That's part of the job."

To the youth, though the peaks were storm hid, the afternoon was joyous. Berrie was a sweet companion. Under her supervision he practiced at chopping wood and took a hand at cooking.

He had to admit that she was better able to care for herself in the wilderness than most men, even western men, and, though he had not yet witnessed a display of her skill with a rifle, he was ready to believe that she could shoot as well as her sire. Nevertheless he liked her better when engaged in purely feminine duties, and he led the talk back to subjects concerning which her speech was less blunt and manlike.

He liked her when she was joking, for delicious little curves of laughter played about her lips. She became very amusing as she told of her "visits east" and of her embarrassments in the homes of city friends. "I just have to own up that about all the schooling I've got is from the magazines. Sometimes I wish I had pulled out for town when I was about fourteen; but, you see, I didn't feel like leaving mother, and she didn't feel like letting me go, and so I just got what I could at Bear Tooth." She sprang up. "There's a patch of blue sky. Let's go see if we can't get a grouse."

Together they strolled along the edge of the willows. "The grouse come down to feed about this time," she said. "We'll put up a covery soon."

Within a quarter of a mile they found their birds, and she killed four with five shots. "This is all we need," she said, "and I don't believe in killing for the sake of killing. Rangers should set good examples in way of game preservation. They are deputy game wardens in most states, and good ones too."

The night rose formidably from the valley while they ate their supper, but Berrie remained tranquil. "These horses probably went clean back to the ranch. If they did, daddy can't possibly get back before 8 o'clock, and he may not get back till tomorrow."

Notcross, with his city training, was acutely conscious of the delicacy of the situation. In his sister's circle a girl left alone in this way with a man would have been very seriously embarrassed, but it was evident that Berrie took it all joyously. Innocently, their being together was something which had happened in the natural course of weather, a condition for which they were in no way responsible. Therefore she permitted herself to be frankly happy in the charm of their enforced intimacy.

She had never known a youth of his quality. He was so considerate, so refined, so quick of understanding and so swift to serve. He filled her mind to the exclusion of unimportant matters like the snow, which was beginning again. Indeed, her only anxiety concerned his health, and as he toiled amid the falling flakes, intent upon heaping up wood enough to last out the night, she became solicitous.

"You'll be soaked," she warningly cried. "Don't stay out any more. Come to the fire. I'll bring in the wood."

"The supervisor will not be able to get back tonight—perhaps not for a couple of nights. We will need a lot of fuel."

He did not voice the fear of the storm which filled his thought, but the girl understood it. "It won't be very cold," she calmly replied. "It never is during these early blizzards, and, besides, all we need to do is to drop down the trail ten miles, and we'll be entirely out of it."

"I'll feel safer with plenty of wood," he argued, but soon found it necessary to rest from his labors. Coming in to camp, he seated himself beside her on a roll of blankets, and so together they tended the fire and watched the darkness roll over the lake till the shining crystals seemed to drop from a measureless black arch, soundless and oppressive.

"What time is it now?" she asked abruptly. He looked at his watch. "Half after eight."

"If father isn't on this side of the divide now he won't try to cross. If he's coming down the slope he'll be here in an hour, although that trail is a terribly tough proposition this minute. A patch of dead timber on a dark night is sure a nuisance even to a good man. He may not make it."

"Couldn't I rig up a torch and go to meet him?" She put her hand on his arm. "You stay right here!" she commanded. "You couldn't follow that trail five minutes."

"You have a very poor opinion of my skill." "No, I haven't; but I know how hard it is to keep direction on a night like this, and I don't want you wandering around in the timber. Father can take care of himself. He's probably sitting under a big tree smoking his pipe before his fire—or else he's at home. He knows where all right, and we are. We have wood and grub and plenty of blankets and a roof over us. You can make your bed under this fly," she said, looking up at the canvas. "It beats the old balsam as a roof. You mustn't sleep cold again."

"I think I'd better sit up and keep the fire going," he replied heroically. "There's a big log out there that I'm going to bring in to roll up on the windward side."

"It'll be cold and wet early in the morning, and I don't like to hunt kindling in the snow," she said. "I'll always get everything ready the night before. I wish you had a better bed. It seems selfish of me to have the tent while you are gone!"

(To Be Continued.)

Another excursion will be conducted by Rosenkrans & Bonner to Chase county on Sunday, October 3d. Watch for further announcements. 9-18-15

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Charles S. Wortman, Deceased. Creditors interested in said estate are hereby given that Clifton S. Wortman, executor of said estate, will receive and pay to the creditors of said estate, on the 10th day of September, 1915, at the County Courtroom in the City of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 10th day of September, 1915, at the hour of 9 o'clock A. M., all claims against said estate, and all other persons interested in said estate, to file their claims on or before the 29th day of March, 1916, or before the 1st day of September, 1915. ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 9-2-4wks

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA. Charles C. Farnelle, Plaintiff, vs. C. H. Kleeman, et al., Defendants. To C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown, Mrs. C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of C. H. Kleeman, first name unknown, and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown, defendants: You are hereby notified that on July 25th, A. D. 1915, plaintiff filed his suit in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, to quiet the title to the following described lands in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, to-wit: Lot Five (5), of Block Thirty-three (33), in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska. The object and prayer of which suit are to have expunged from the record and declared null and void one certain deed purporting to convey to the defendant, C. H. Kleeman, said lot, dated August 15th, 1911, and filed for record August 23rd, 1911, and one deed having or claiming any right, title or interest in or to said real estate, and forever quieting the title thereto in the plaintiff, and for equitable relief. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, September 20th, A. D. 1915. Dated this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1915. CHARLES C. FARNELLE, Plaintiff. C. A. RAWLFS, Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-9-4wks

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska. In Re Estate of Francis Kushinsky, Deceased. To All Persons Interested: You are hereby notified that hearing upon claims against said estate will be had at the office of the County Judge, Court House, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 8th day of September, A. D. 1915, and on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m. on each of said days. All claims not filed before said hour on said last day of hearing will be forever barred. By the Court, ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney. 8-9-4wks

## BAPTISM INTO CHRIST

### WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

#### Only the Spirit-Begotten Can Comprehend Spiritual Things.

Each Must Make His Own Calling and Election Sure—Baptism into Christ's Death—Not Completed Until Life's Close—The Opened Heavens—Powers of a Perfect Man—Results of Spiritual Illumination—The Savior Makes Up For Unavoidable Deficiencies of His Disciples—Membership in Christ's Body—Counting Earthly Things Dross. Miraculous Gifts of Spirit Temporary. Spiritual Fruits Permanent.



Providence, R. I., Sept. 26, 1915.—Pastor Russell is here today. He delivered a very impressive discourse from the text, "By one Spirit we are all baptized into one Body." (1 Corinthians 12:13.) He said in part: The blessings that are ours as Christians are first, the possession of the hearing ear, when the majority of people have no ears to hear; second, the great favor of God in that He has made all the arrangements by which we who have the hearing ear might receive the begetting and anointing of His Holy Spirit. But after we are begetten of the Spirit, although we have still more abundant favor, the issue is with us. It is an individual matter. Each must make sure his own calling and election. God is doing His part in leading, and in covering, making up for all our blemishes, through Christ. The primary thing that God requires of us is loyalty of heart. We had this loyalty of heart at the beginning of our course; by one Spirit we were all baptized into the one Body of Christ, the Church. And it is by keeping this same Spirit that we are to make our calling and election sure.

Christ's Baptism Finished on Calvary. It is a good thing to be able to say, "I have made a full consecration to God." But that consecration must continue; it is a daily matter. The same Spirit that led you into the baptism must remain with you in the baptism to its completion. "Is not our baptism complete when we have taken the step of entire consecration?" asks one; "was not Jesus' baptism complete when He had been immersed by John in Jordan?" I answer, You remember that when Jesus came to the close of His ministry, three and a half years after His baptism in Jordan. He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished" (Luke 12:50.) You see His baptism was not fully accomplished at consecration. But He was anxious that it should be accomplished, and it was completed the following day; for on the cross He exclaimed, "It is finished!" His baptism was there fully consummated.

So our baptism will be finished only in death. It may be that as we come down nearer to the close of our earthly experience we shall realize that there are dregs in our cup for us to drink, as there were in the Master's cup for Him. It is of his cup that we are to partake. But there should be no alarm. We wish to share the Lord's cup of sufferings, and we are glad that he is letting us have similar experiences to His own. The Master will say to each of us, as He said to St. Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Corinthians 12:9.) We have a sure promise that covers every circumstance and condition. Our baptism into death will not be finished until we expire. Our wills must continue to be immersed into God's will until the end.

The Heavens Were Opened Upon Him. Let us note how fully our Lord Jesus received the Spirit of God. You remember the account is given us in the Gospels that when Jesus came up out of the water, after He had been baptized of John, the Holy Spirit descended upon Him like a dove, "and the heavens were opened upon Him" (Matthew 3:16.) This means that the spiritual things were opened to Him, the spiritual things.

As a boy Jesus had lived in Nazareth, He habitually attended the synagogue. Although He had never had any "schooling," He was able to read fluently; and so it seems to have been customary for Him to be called upon to serve as public reader. He would stand up and read the daily Scripture. Not many could read. But being a perfect man, Jesus would have talents and powers above all the others; for He was perfectly balanced. During the time that Jesus was in Nazareth, up to thirty years of age, He was still "under in the synagogue when present" (Luke 4:16.) This brought Him into contact with the people. The custom was that one part of the lesson would be chosen from the Law and another part from the Prophets. In this way Jesus gained full knowledge of all the Old Testament.

As you have known people of our fallen race who after one reading of a poem "could repeat it verbatim. We are sure

that our Lord would know every word of the Scriptures from Genesis to Malachi. No wonder that at twelve years of age He was in the Temple questioning the Doctors of the Law; He wished to know the meaning of all He had read. As He asked these questions, they were astonished. Think of a boy of twelve knowing all about the contents of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, the Psalms and all the Prophets! No wonder they were astonished, just as were the people of His home town when they asked, "How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?"

When Jesus went up from the baptismal waters, and the Heavenly things were opened to Him, this meant, we understand, that He began to see more deeply into these statements of the Old Testament than ever before. Up to this time Jesus was a man—a natural man, not a sinful man, however. He was "holy, harmless, unguiled, and separate from sinners." The Apostle says that the natural man (even though perfect) receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned" (1 Corinthians 2:14.) Jesus had known about these things before. As a thoughtful man He had studied over all these matters in the Scriptures, but He could not understand them clearly, because He had not yet been begetten of the Holy Spirit. But now, after His anointing of the Spirit, these Heavenly things that had seemed strange and obscure began to open up to Him without measure.

Our Lord, being perfect, could upon His begetting receive the full measure of God's mind, God's Spirit. Immediately following His baptism and illumination, His mind being active, He was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness. It was thus His own Spirit that drove Him there. He said to Himself, "My mind is opening; all these hitherto-obscure Scriptures are unfolding before me. I must go away into the wilderness alone to think over these things." And there he had a forty-day Bible study. The Scriptures imply that during that period, while he was thinking of the types of the Law and the prophecies, He did not even get hungry.

Some of the Heavenly Things Unfolded. The account states that Jesus "afterwards abounded." He was thoroughly absorbed in Bible study. We can surmise what Jesus was thinking of during all that time. One of the subjects must have been the Passover—what it meant—who it was that was to be passed over. Whom did the lamb typify? Why was not a bone of it broken? What did the bitter herbs eaten with the Passover lamb signify? What did the coming out of Egypt prefigure? What was the significance of the overthrow of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea? What was the meaning of the giving of the Law at Mount Sinai? What was the wilderness journey and the entrance into Canaan? What the fiery serpents in the wilderness and the lifting up of the brazen serpent on a pole?

You and I would not have known had not the Holy Spirit through the Apostles shown us these things. So Jesus, until He was Spirit-begotten, knew not the significance of all these wonderful types. Then, coming down to His ministry, three and a half years after His baptism in Jordan. He said, "I will not leave My soul in Sheol, neither will Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." (Psalm 16:10; Isaiah 53:7.) Now He began to see the meaning of these Scriptures that He had long wondered about. He saw that He was to be the Lamb dumb before His shearers. He saw that He was to be the Passover Lamb; that He was to let evil men take His life from Him and not interfere, not even asking God to hinder them, simply yielding in His life in harmony with the Father's will. Then He considered the typical Day of Atonement—the bullock and the Lord's goat for sacrifice, the scape goat, the burning of the fat, the kidneys, etc., upon the altar, the carrying of the blood within the second veil of the Tabernacle, the sprinkling of it there, the burning of the carcass out side the camp; He saw that these were all to be fulfilled in Himself and in His followers.

How We Are Made Perfect in Him. We are only copying Jesus' course here to a small degree when we have Bible study classes and conventions for Bible study. We can have the Holy Spirit only by measure, can understand only by measure, because of our imperfections. But it is the privilege of each to have his vessel filled to its capacity. As you keep it full, you will find your capacity increasing, so that you can contain more.

The Apostle Paul says, "We are all baptized into one Body." Again, of himself, "If by any means I might attain unto His resurrection." (Philippians 3:10, 11.) Was there any doubt about St. Paul's attaining unto Christ's resurrection? He realizes the possibility of failure. "Then what chance have I?" some one may ask. We reply, As good a chance as the Apostle. The Lord manages this matter most wonderfully. Our Lord had one hundred points of character, we will say. He was "blissed by sin, may have only ten, fifteen, twenty, or even thirty-five points. That is about as far as we dare go, we think. Humanity has fallen far below the perfection in which Adam was created.

You say, Those who have thirty-five points have the best chance. No they will not have one whit more chance than those who have ten. God makes up in Christ's merit to each one as he needs. The one who has only ten points of character needs that the Holy supply ninety points. The one who

has thirty-five points needs sixty-five supplied. Where one has greater need, grace is more abundantly supplied. The Apostle declares, (Romans 5:19-21) It is just as easy for you and me as for St. Paul. He said, "I count all things but loss and will refuse that I may win Christ and be found in Him." How could he win Christ? How could he be in Christ?

Counting All Things but Dross. The thought is this: The word Christ is not merely a personal name. The name Christ is the name of the office. Jesus is the Head of the Church, the Church are the members of the Body. What St. Paul means is, "If by any means I might attain to membership in the Christ." This clarifies the passage. What are the terms for gaining this membership? The Apostle knew—he must give up everything. Had he done it? Yes. What had he to give up? A great deal. He had been a lawyer. He was favored in being a Roman citizen by birth. His family was wealthy. (He used some of his wealth in Rome when he paid for his own hired house.) He had a good education. Yet he said, "I count all this but loss and dross."

Some one might ask, "Do you not often feel sorry, Paul, that you had to give up so much? I wonder that you did not think of how much you were sacrificing when you gave up these opportunities?" "I count these but dross, if by any means I may win a share in the Christ and be found in Him, a member of His Body," he replies.

Then he continues, "That I may attain unto the resurrection out from among the dead"—the First Resurrection, the highest resurrection. That was St. Paul's hope. May we have that resurrection? Yes. The Body of Christ are to share the same resurrection that Jesus had. We are to be exalted from the fallen, human condition to a condition far above angels—even to the Divine nature. The Apostle tells us the conditions: "If I might know Him, the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being conformed unto His death."

Christ's death was a very special death. Other people die because they have to die, because they share Adam's death penalty. The Church class do not die because they share Adam's penalty. We have been redeemed from him. We are dying voluntarily with Jesus. We might have had share in the future Resurrection. But we gave up all these earthly interests that we might be included with Christ in the Mystery hidden from the ages—that we might share His nature and glory. For this reward we follow in His sacrificial footsteps.

What is the Holy Spirit? Let us each maintain this one Spirit by which we were all baptized into this one Body. Let us abide in Christ. How may we do this? By cultivating the fruits of the Holy Spirit, through study of the Word and prayer. "But," says one, "this matter of having the Holy Spirit is so confusing. We have heard people say that the Holy Spirit enters into each of us. How can one person enter into another, or into many persons?" We reply, It would show that there was something wrong with your reasoning faculties if you could get anything out of that idea. It is just as the Bible tells us.

The Holy Spirit is the mind, disposition, energy of the Father. It is also the mind, energy, disposition of the Son, received from the Father. We are partakers of the same Spirit. If we have been begotten of the Spirit, it is the Lord's animating power in each one of us. It will manifest itself if we have it. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, meekness, faith, self-control.

Fruits and Gifts of the Holy Spirit. As the fruits of the Spirit and the gifts of the Spirit are the same? No. The early Church received the gifts of the Spirit in addition. The Apostle declared that the gifts would pass away. (1 Corinthians 13:8, 13.) They did pass away when the Church had become fully established. The fruits remained, and these are far more important. These fruits, if present, are manifest in the life. Meekness is one of them, gentleness another. You find that you are not so rude as you used to be. You do not slam doors so often. You speak more gently. Sometimes you make a slip, but you make amends for it. You say, "Please pardon me, I will try to be more gentle the next time." Every time you feel some one you are sorry you did something wrong it re-creates patience and humility. It humiliates one to apologize, but each time you thus apologize for a thoughtless word or deed, you are growing in meekness, gentleness and love.

If you have these qualities abounding, "they make you that ye shall be neither idle nor unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord." You thus have more of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is not a person. No Scripture, properly translated, gives any such thought. We need a supernatural illumination to understand the deep things of God and our relationship to Him. If these spiritual fruits abound in you, "an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, dear friends, I leave the matter with you. We have been baptized with this Holy Spirit of God. We received the Spirit when we made our consecration. We were then begetten as New Creatures. It is under this Holy influence that we are developing the fruits of the Spirit. This brings us into closer and closer fellowship with God. His Truth is sanctifying us more and more as the days go by. Shortly, if we thus continue on, we shall hear the Master's, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."