

# The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



## A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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### CHAPTER XVIII. The Private Car.

ANCE, in the midst of a lamé pursuit of other topics, the elder Norcross again fixed his eyes on Borea, saying, "I wish my girls had your weight and color." He paused a moment, then resumed with weary induction: "Mrs. Norcross has always been delicate, and all her children—even her son—take after her. I've maintained a private and very expensive hospital for nearly thirty years."

This regretful note in his father's voice gave Wayland confidence. His spirits rose.

"Come, let's adjourn to the parlor and talk things over at our ease."

They all followed him, and after showing the mother and daughter to their seats near a window, he drew his father into a corner, and in rapid undertone related the story of his first meeting with Borea, of his trouble with young Belden, of his camping trip, minutely describing the encounter on the mountainside and ended by saying, with manly directness: "I would be up there in the mountains in a box if Boria had not intervened. She's a noble girl, father, and is foolish enough to like me, and I'm going to marry her and try to make her happy."

The old lumberman, who had listened intently all through this impassioned story, displayed no sign of surprise at his closing declaration, but his eyes explored his son's soul with calm abstraction. "Send her over to me," he said at last. "Marriage is a serious matter. I want to talk with her—"

Wayland went back to the women with an air of victory. "He wants to see you, Boria. He's mellowing. Don't be afraid of him."

She might have resented the father's lack of candor, but she did not. On the contrary, she rose and walked resolutely over to where he sat, quite ready to defend herself. He did not rise to meet her, but she did not count that against him, for there was nothing essentially male in his manner. He was merely her elder and inert.

"Sit down," he said, not unkindly. "I want to have you tell me about my son. He has been telling me all about you. Now, let's have your side of the story."

She took a seat and faced him with eyes as steady as his own. "Where shall I begin?" she blunely challenged. "I want to marry you. Now, it seems to me that seven weeks is very short acquaintance for a decision like that. Are you sure you want him?"

"Yes, sir, I am." Her answer was most decided.

His voice was slightly cynical as he went on. "But you were tolerably sure about that other fellow—that rancher with the fancy name—weren't you?" She flushed at this, but waited for him to go on. "Don't you think it possible that your fancy for Wayland is also temporary?"

"No, sir," she bravely declared. "I never felt toward any one the way I do toward Wayland. He's different. I shall never change toward him."

Her tone, her expression of eyes stopped this line of inquiry. He took up another. "Now, my dear young lady, I am a business man as well as a father, and the marriage of my son is a weighty matter. He is my main dependence. I am hoping to have him take up and carry on my business. To be quite candid, I didn't expect him to select his wife from a Colorado ranch. I considered him out of the danger zone. I have always understood that women were scarce in the mountains. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not one of those fools who are always trying to marry their sons and daughters into the ranks of the idle rich. I don't care a hang about social position, and I've got money enough for my son and my son's wife. But he's all the boy I have, and I don't want him to make a mistake."

"Neither do I," she answered simply, her eyes suffused with tears. "If I thought he would be sorry—"

He interrupted again. "Oh, you can't tell that now! Any marriage is a risk. I don't say he's making a mistake in selecting you. You may be just the woman he needs. Only I want to be convinced. I want to know more about you. He tells me you have taken an active part in the management of the ranch and the forest. Is that true?"

"I've always worked with my father—yes, sir."

"You like that kind of life?"

"I don't know much about any other kind. Yes, I like it. But I've had

east. I will go with him."

They had moved slowly back toward the others, and as Wayland came to meet them Norcross said, with dry humor: "I admire your lady of the chinch hand. She seems to be a person of singular good nature and most uncommon shrewd."

Wayland, interrupting, caught at his father's hand and wrung it fondly. "I'm glad."

"Here! Here!" A look of pain covered the father's face. "That's the dot she put in the press."

They all laughed, and then he gravely resumed: "I say I admire her, but it's a shame to ask such a girl to marry an invalid like you. Furthermore, I won't have her taken east. She'd bleach out and lose that trip in a year. I won't have her contaminated by the city." He mused deeply while looking at his son. "Would life on a wheat ranch, accessible to this hotel by motor, be endurable to you?"

"You mean with Henry?"

"If she'll go, mind you, I don't advise her to do it," he added, interrupting his son's outcry. "I think she's taking all the chances." He turned to Mrs. McFarlane. "I'm old-fashioned in my notions of marriage. Mrs. McFarlane, I grew up when women were helpmates, such as, I judge, you've been. Of course it's all guesswork to me at the moment, but I have an impression that my son has fallen into an unusual run of luck. As I understand it, you're all out for a pleasure trip. Now, my private car is over in the yards, and I suggest you all come along with me to California!"

"Governor, you're a wonder!" exclaimed Wayland.

"Don't give us time to get better acquainted, and if we all like one another just as well when we get back—well, we'll buy the best farm in the North Platte, and—"

"It's a chinch we get that ranch!" interrupted Wayland, with a triumphant glance at Borea.

"Don't be so sure of it," replied the lumberman. "A private car like a yacht, is a terrible sort of fish-bait." But his warning held no terrors for the young lovers. They had entered upon certainties.

enough of it. I'm willing to change."

"Well, how about city life—house-keeping and all that?"

"So long as I am with Wayland I shan't mind what I do or where I live."

"At the same time you figure he's going to have a large income, I suppose? He's told you of his rich father, hasn't he?"

Boria's tone was a shade resentful of his indignation. "He has never said much about his family one way or another. He only said you wanted him to go into business in Chicago and that he wanted to do something else. Of course I could see by his ways and the clothes he wore that he'd been brought up in what we'd call luxury, but we never inquired into his affairs."

"And you didn't care?"

"Well, not that exactly. But money don't count for as much with us in the valley as it does in the east. Wayland seemed so kind of sick and lone some, and I felt sorry for him the first time I saw him. I felt like mothering him. And then his way of talking, of looking at things, was so new and beautiful to me I couldn't help caring for him. I had never met any one like him. I thought he was a 'tugger'—"

"A what?"

"A consumptive. That is, I did at first. And it bothered me. It seemed terrible that any one so fine should be condemned like that, and so I did all I could to help him, to make him happy. I thought he hadn't long to live. Everything he said and did was wonderful to me, like poetry and music. And then when he began to grow stronger and I saw that he was going to get well, and Cliff went on the rampage and showed the yellow streak and I gave him back his ring—I didn't know even then how much Wayland meant to me. But on our trip over the range I understood. He meant every breath he took. He made Cliff seem like a savage, and I wanted him to know it. I'm not ashamed of loving him. I want to make him happy, and if he wishes me to be his wife I'll go anywhere he says—only I think he should stay out here till he gets entirely well."

The old man's eyes softened during a pause, and at its close a slight smile showed the corners of his mouth.

"You've thought it all out, I see. Your mind is clear and your conscience easy. I like your spirit. I guess he's right. The decision is up to you. But he takes you and stays in Colorado. You can't expect me to share the profits of my business with him, can he? He'll have to make his own way." He rose and held out his hand. "However, I'm persuaded he's in good hands."

She took his hand, not knowing just what to reply. He examined her fingers with intent gaze.

"I didn't know any woman could have such a grip." He thoughtfully took her fingers in his left hand. "You are magnificent." Then in ironical protest he added: "Good God, no! I can't have you come into my family. You'd make caricatures of my wife and daughters. Are all the girls out in the valley like you?"

She laughed. "No. Most of them pride themselves on not being horse women. Mighty few of 'em ever ride a horse. I'm a kind of a tomboy to them."

"I'm sorry to hear that. It's the same old story. I suppose they'd all like to live in the city and wear low necked gowns and high heeled shoes. No, I can't consent to your marriage with my son. I must save you from corruption. Go back to the ranch. I can see already signs of your deterioration. Except for your color and that grip you look like upper Broadway."

She flushed redly, conscious of her new corset, her silk stockings and her pinching shoes. "It's all on the outside," she declared. "Under this tawdry I'm the same old trailer. It don't take long to get rid of these things. I'm just playing a part today—for you."

He smiled and dropped her hand. "No, no. You've said goodly to the end. I can see that. You're on the road to orn legs and limousines. What is your plan? What would you advise Wayland to do if you knew I was hat against his marrying you? Come, now, I can see you're a clear sighted individual. What can he do to earn a living? How will you live without my aid? Have you figured on these things?"

"Yes. I'm going to ask my father to buy a ranch near here, where mother can have more of the comforts of life, and where we can all live together till Wayland is able to stand city life again. Then, if you want him to go

Cut out this advertisement, enclose 5 cents to J. O. & Co., 215 1/2 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing:

(1) Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, the standard remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, influenza and all bronchitis in onset, grippe and influenza.

(2) Foley's Kidney Pills, for overworked and disordered kidneys and bladder ailments, pain in sides and back due to kidney trouble, sore muscles, stiff joints, backache and rheumatism.

(3) Foley's Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Especially comforting to stout persons, and a purgative needed by all who suffer from constipation and torpid liver. You can try these three family remedies for only 5c.

Sold Everywhere.

Local News

from Tuesday's Daily.

Road Supervisor C. P. Vallery was in the city today talking over road matters with the board of county commissioners.

County Commissioner C. E. Heeber came in this morning to attend the deliberations of the board of county commissioners.

John Busche, the road overseer of Eight Mile Grove, was in the city today attending the meeting of the county commissioners.

Will Jean returned home last evening from Valentine, Neb., where he has been for a few days looking after some matters of business.

Sheriff C. D. Quinton departed this morning for Ashland, where he was called to look after some matters for the county for a short time.

Mrs. J. D. Washam returned this afternoon from Dorell, Wyoming, where she was called by the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. John V. Rotter.

John Albert departed this morning for Lincoln, where he was called to serve on the panel of the federal grand jury, which is to meet this week.

Miss Mary E. Foster of Union was in this city today for a few hours between trains, being en route from her home to Omaha to look after some business matters.

Joseph Fetzer and wife were visitors in Union yesterday, where they attended the birthday celebration of their daughter, Mrs. Jack Patterson, at her home there.

Mrs. Henry Born and little son were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will spend the day with Miss Minnie Born at the hospital in that city.

Mrs. D. A. Hilton, who has been visiting in Omaha for the past few days with friends, returned to this city on No. 6 this morning and will visit here for a time before returning to Chicago.

William Ritkin, who has been here for a short time visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gopen, at their farm home near Murray, departed last evening for Chicago, and from there will go to Michigan for a visit before removing to his old home in Connecticut.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

Erma Reynolds, Plaintiff,

vs.

Joseph Reynolds, Defendant.

To Joseph Reynolds, Defendant:

You are hereby notified that on the 17th day of July, 1915, Erma Reynolds filed her petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the object and purpose of which is to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds of desertion and failure to support.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 29th day of November, 1915.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1915. ERMA REYNOLDS, Plaintiff.

10-21-4wks.

Carl Egenberger and Ed Lutz departed this morning for Omaha, where they will visit in that city for the day with friends.

Mrs. C. S. Johnson, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. O. Larson, at Scranton, Kansas, and relatives at Kansas City for the past two weeks, returned home Tuesday evening.

Miss Georgia Unthank of Arlington, Neb., was a visitor over night here as a guest of Miss Lillian Dwyer, a schoolmate at Peru, and this morning departed for Omaha to attend the teachers' meeting there.

Brighten the Corners—

## A Photo from Leonard's Studio

will do it Christmas Morn!

— GET BUSY! —

goes to consult a specialist in regard to his eyes, which have been causing him a great deal of trouble of late.

John Livingston, accompanied by his brother-in-law, W. R. McCrosky, of Grand Island, were visitors in the metropolis today, going to that city on the early Burlington train this morning.

Mrs. Noel B. Rawls and little daughter, of Boise, Idaho, who have been here for a few weeks visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rawls, departed this morning for their home in the west.

Mrs. Ed Tritsch and daughter, Adelin, and Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Meisinger were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day in that city looking after some matters of business.

Byron Golding departed this morning for Omaha, where he will meet the body of his aunt, Mrs. Mathilda Solomon, which arrives from Lincoln, and attend the funeral at the Pleasant Lawn cemetery.

LOCATING THE TROUBLE.

When one is suffering from backache, rheumatism, lumbago, biliousness, sharp pains, sore muscles, and stiff joints it is not always easy to locate the source of trouble, but nine times out of ten it can be traced to overworked, weakened or diseased kidneys. Foley's Kidney Pills have benefited thousands of sufferers. Sold everywhere.

F. E. Martin of the Concrete Construction company, was a visitor in Omaha today looking after the interests of his company in that city.

LIVE STOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA

Best Beeves Steady, Feeders Dull and Lower.

HOGS AVERAGE DIME LOWER

Fat lambs Make 10@15c Gain, Bulk Selling at \$2.75@2.85—Top is Highest Since Week Ago—Ewes Strong to 10@15c Up—Feeders Firm.

Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Nov. 4.—A liberal run of cattle arrived yesterday, about 2,200 head, making over 21,000 head for the three days. Strictly good to choice corn fed beeves are wanted at steady to strong figures, while the fair to poor grades are slow sale and prices lower. Some good low fed yearlings weighing around 350 pounds brought \$10.00. Demand from dressed beef men for the good to choice grass beeves was very fair and prices were firmly held, but on the fair to good grades it was a rather slow and unevenly lower trade as there was no competition from feeder buyers. Cows and heifers were in very good demand and strong to a shade higher than Tuesday. Business in stockers and feeders was quite dull, and prices ranged from a dime to a quarter lower than last week.

Cattle quotations: Prime beeves, \$2.75@3.00; good to choice beeves, \$2.00@2.50; fair to good beeves, \$1.50@2.00; common to fair beeves, \$1.00@1.50; good to choice yearlings, \$2.00@2.50; fair to good yearlings, \$1.50@2.00; common to fair yearlings, \$1.00@1.50; prime grass beeves, \$3.00@3.50; good to choice grass beeves, \$2.50@3.00; fair to good grass beeves, \$2.00@2.50; common to fair grass beeves, \$1.50@2.00; good to choice grass heifers, \$2.00@2.50; good to choice grass cows, \$1.50@2.00; fair to good cows, \$1.00@1.50; canners and cutters, \$1.50@2.00; veal calves, \$2.00@2.50; bulls, steers, etc., \$1.25@1.50; good to choice feeders, \$1.50@2.00; fair to good feeders, \$1.00@1.50; common to fair feeders, \$0.75@1.00; good to choice stockers, \$2.75@3.00; fair to good stockers, \$2.50@2.75; common to fair stockers, \$2.00@2.50; stock heifers, \$1.75@2.00; stock calves, \$1.50@1.75.

Only 3,200 hogs showed up yesterday. The market averaged a big dime lower than Tuesday. Tops reached \$7.10, while the bulk landed at \$6.80@6.95, with a sprinkling up to \$7.00.

Sheep and lamb receipts totaled 15,000 head. White fat lambs made up the big end of the run, the market opened in better shape, and prices more than recovered Tuesday's slump, showing in most cases a 10@15c advance. A good share of the offerings landed at \$5.75, with several bunches as high as \$5.85. The market was actively supplied and trade ruled stronger. Some feeder lambs reached \$5.60. The few loads of ewes offered found a ready outlet at prices that were strong to as much as 10@15c higher. Tops reached \$5.65.

Quotations on sheep and lambs: Lambs, good to choice, \$5.75@5.85; lambs, fair to good, \$5.60@5.75; lambs, feeders, \$5.25@5.50; yearlings, fair to choice, \$5.00@5.15; yearlings, feeders, \$4.50@4.75; ewes, good to choice, \$3.25@3.50; ewes, fair to good, \$3.00@3.25; ewes, feeders, \$2.50@2.75.

PHONES ACROSS ATLANTIC.

Human Voice Distinctly Heard by Wireless in Paris From Arlington.

Another epochal achievement in wireless intercontinental communication has been announced by the American Telephone and Telegraph company. About three weeks after the human voice was heard at Honolulu by wireless from Arlington, Va., observers here tonight at the Eiffel tower in Paris, heard an engineer of the company greet them at the Arlington station, 3,500 miles away. The Paris observers called confirmation of the feat to this country, and word was received also that the Honolulu engineers, listening at the Pearl Harbor navy yard station at the same time, had heard Arlington say "Hello" to Paris.

The successful transmission of speech from Arlington to Paris marks the conclusion of a remarkable chapter of experimental work begun last June, when expeditions to test the wireless telephone were sent to Panama, San Diego, Mare Island, Cal.; Honolulu and Paris. Now all have reported success.

Paris was the last to be heard from because of the war, though it is held not to be as difficult to talk across the ocean as to talk from New York to San Francisco. Facilities were limited in Paris to a few minutes' testing each day.

ANDORRA BACKS WILSON.

Tiny Republic Between France and Spain Maintains Strict Neutrality.

Lawrence Grant, a lecturer of London, who arrived in New York recently, brought a message to President Wilson from Pierre Pont, syndic of Andorra, a tiny republic over 1,000 years old, which lies in a valley of the Pyrenees mountains, between France and Spain, and is seventeen miles long and ten miles wide.

The message congratulates the president upon his attitude in the war and assures him that Andorra, too, is neutral and intends to remain so.

The annual salary of the president of Andorra consists of two checks, two coupons and a bun from each of the six counties of the republic.

## MURRAY

(Continued From Page Six.)

Julius Pitts was a Murray visitor last Sunday.

F. L. Rhoden and wife were Lincoln visitors Sunday.

Ted Barrows and W. H. Puls were Plattsmouth visitors Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Tutt were Sunday visitors at the Pitts home near Plattsmouth.

W. R. Good and wife were looking after business in Plattsmouth Friday afternoon.

John Bauer, of Plattsmouth, was looking after some business matters in Murray Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Hiatt were visiting at the home of Mrs. Hiatt's parents in Plattsmouth last Sunday.

C. F. Nickels and wife of Pierre left for their home Monday, after a few days' visit with William Nickels and family.

G. M. Minford has been erecting a fine large concrete water supply tank for his stock on his place east of Murray this week.

Born, Nov. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ross, near Nehawka, a fine nine pound baby boy. Mother and little one are doing nicely.

Mrs. Marion Flemming of Coleridge, Neb., arrived Monday for an extended visit with her mother, Mrs. Levi Rustholz, west of Murray.

Miss Carrie Barrer, who has been visiting with friends and relatives up at Ashland for the past two weeks, returned home Tuesday.

The ladies of the K. N. K. will meet with Miss Etta Nickels Saturday afternoon, November 6. All members requested to be present. Business session at 2 p. m.

A. F. Nickels has arrived home after sojourning at the springs near Kansas City for eight weeks. Mr. Nickels seems to be very much improved in health.

D. C. Crosser and wife, and Hillman Wickersham and wife, of Wood River, Neb., arrived Sunday for a few days' visit with Mrs. Crosser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Nickels.

James Holmes, who is still in the hospital at Omaha, has been gaining slowly for the past week, but is still very weak. His weakened condition will make his recovery very slow for some time, but the doctors have hopes of him being returned to his former good health.

A Worthy Boy.

Some months ago a suggestion was made to a number of boys, "Why not save some of your money for a more substantial purpose than candy, gum, etc.?" This appealed to Dick March and he began to save, and the result was that last week he bought an all-wool blue serge suit, and had a little left over. Dick says it is as easy to bank his earnings now as it was to spend it for foolishness. He is only a boy of nine years, and if he continues to cultivate the habit of saving a part of his earnings he will make a man worth while.

Social Dance at Murray.

Remember that the Murray Dancing Club will give another one of their social dances at the Puls & Gansemer hall, in Murray, on Saturday evening, November 6th. The music will be furnished by the Holly orchestra, and you know this means a good time, so do not fail to be present.

Mrs. Louie Puls Celebrates Birthday.

There was a very pleasant birthday party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louie Puls west of Murray on last Sunday, the occasion being given in honor of Mrs. Puls' Thirtieth birthday anniversary. There were a large number of relatives and friends present to enjoy the day with Mr. and Mrs. Puls and assist in properly celebrating the occasion. They remained all day and took dinner and supper with the host and hostess. It was a most pleasant occasion for all.

Please Settle.

I take this method of notifying all parties knowing themselves indebted to me, from the time I was in the hardware business alone, to call and settle same at once. I need the money at this time, and if not settled soon same will be placed in other hands for collection. George Nickels.

FOR SALE, at the Journal Office—Moore's Non-Leakable Fountain Pens.