

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation
Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XX.

WITH THE AID OF THE PRESS.

LEE VIRGINIA was now living a romance stranger and more startling than any she had ever read. In imagination she was able to look back and down upon the fork as if she had been carried into another world—a world that was at once primeval, yet peaceful; a world of dreaming trees, singing streams and silent peaks; a realm in which law and order reigned, maintained by one determined young man whose power was derived from the president himself. She felt safe—entirely safe—for just across the roaring mountain torrent the two intrepid guardians of the forest were encamped. One of them, it is true, came of Swedish parentage, and the other was a native of England, but they were both American in the high sense of being loyal to the federal will, and she trusted them more unquestioningly than any other men in all that west save only Redfield. She had no doubt there were others equally loyal, equally to be trusted, but she did not know them.

She rose to a complete understanding of Cavanagh's love for "the high country" and his enthusiasm for the cause, a cause which was able to bring together the student from Yale and the graduates of Bergen and of Oxford and make them comrades in preserving the trees and streams of the mountain states against the encroachments of some of their own citizens, who were openly, shortsightedly and cynically bent upon destruction, spoliation and misuse.

She had listened to the talk of the forester and the supervisor, and she had learned from them that Cavanagh was sure of swift advancement now that he had shown his courage and his skill, and the thought that he might leave the state to take charge of another forest brought her some uneasiness, for she and Lize had planned to go to Sulphur City. She had consented to this because it still left to her the possibility of occasionally seeing or hearing from Cavanagh. But the thought that he might go away altogether took some of the music out of the sound of the stream and made the future vaguely sad.

For the next two days Cavanagh slept but little, for his patient grew steadily worse. As the flame of his fever mounted, Wetherford pleaded for air. The ranger threw open the doors, admitting freely the cool, sweet mountain wind. "He might as well die of a draft as smother," was his thought, and by the use of cold cloths he tried to allay the itching and the pain.

With the coming of the third night Wetherford was unconscious and unrecognizable to any one who had known him in the days of "the free range." He was going as the wild west was going, discredited, ulcerated, poisoned, incapable of rebirth, yet carrying something fine to his grave. He had acted the part of a brave man; that shall be said of him. He had gone to the rescue of the poor Basque instinctively, with the same reckless disregard of consequences to himself which marked his character when as a cow boss on the range he had let

assume the best of his own tasks for his own rope or gun. His regard for the ranger into whose care he was now about to commit his wife and daughter persisted in spite of his suffering. In him was his hope, his stay. Once again, in a lucid moment, he reverted to the promise which he had drawn from Cavanagh.

"If I go you must take care—of my girl—take care of Lize too. Promise me that. Do you promise?" he insisted.

"I promise—on honor." Ross repeated, and, with a faint pressure of his hand so slender and weak, Wetherford sank away into the drowse which deepened hour by hour, broken now and then by convulsions, which wrung the stern heart of the ranger till his hands trembled for pity.

The day was well advanced when the sound of rattling pebbles on the hill back of his cabin drew his attention, and a few moments later a man on a weary horse rode up to his door and dropped heavily from the saddle. He was a small, dark individual, with spectacles, plainly of the city.

"Beware! Smallpox!" called Ross as his visitor drew near the door.

The newcomer waved his hand contemptuously. "I've had it. Are you Ross Cavanagh?"

"I am."

"My name is Hartley. I represent

in this sheep herder killing—merely as a reporter," he added, with a fleeting smile. "Did you know old man Dunn of Deer Creek had committed suicide?"

Cavanagh started and his face set

"No!"

"They found him shot through the neck and dying—this morning. As he was gasping his last breath he said,

"The ranger knows," and when they asked, "What ranger?" he said, "Cavanagh." When I heard that I jumped a horse and beat 'em all over here. Is this true? Did he tell you who the murderers are?"

Cavanagh did not answer at once. He was like a man caught on a swaying bridge, and his first instinct was to catch the swing to get his balance. "Wait a minute. What is it all to you?"

Again that peculiar grin lighted the small man's dark, unwholesome face. "It's a fine detective stunt, and, besides, it means \$20 per column and maybe a 'boost.' I can't wait; you can't wait. It's up to us to strike now. If these men knew you have their names they'd hike for Texas or the high seas. Come now! Everybody tells me you're one of these idealistic highbrow rangers who care more for the future of the west than most natural born westerners. What's your plan? If you'll yoke up with me we'll run these devils into the earth and win great fame and you'll be doing the whole country a service."

The ranger studied the small figure before him with penetrating gaze. There was deliberate fearlessness in the stranger's face and eyes, and, notwithstanding his calm, almost languid movement, restless energy could be detected in his voice.

"What is your plan?" the ranger asked.

"Get ourselves deputized by the court and jump these men before they realize that there's anything doing. They count the whole country on their side, but they're mistaken. They've outdone themselves this time, and a tremendous reaction has set in. Everybody knows you've held an even hand over these warring Picts and Scots, and the court will be glad to deputize you to bring them to justice. The old sheriff is paralyzed. Everybody knows that the assassins are prominent cattle ranchers, and yet no one dares move. It's up to you fellows, who represent law and order, to act quick."

Cavanagh followed him with complete comprehension, and a desire to carry out the plan seized upon him.

"I'd do it if I could," he said, "but it happens I am nursing a sick man. I am perhaps already exposed to the same disease. I can't leave here for a week or more. It would not be right for me to expose others."

"Don't worry about that. Take a hot bath, fumigate your clothing, shave your head. I'll fix you up, and I'll get some one to take your place." Catching sight of Swenson and Lize on the bridge, he asked: "Who are those people? Can't they take your nursing job?"

"No," answered Cavanagh bluntly. "It's no use. I can't join you in this, at least not now."

"But you'll give me the names which Dunn gave you?"

"No; I can't do that. I shall tell the supervisor, and he can act as he sees fit. For the present I'm locked up here."

The other man looked the disappointment he felt. "I'm sorry you don't feel like opening up. You know



"I'VE HAD IT"

perfectly well that nothing will ever be done about this thing unless the press insists upon it. It's up to you and me (me representing the conscience of the east)—here he winked an eye—"and you federal authority) to do what we can to bring these men to their punishment. Better reconsider. I'm speaking now as a citizen as well as a reporter."

There was much truth in what he said, but Cavanagh refused to go further in the matter until he had consulted with Redfield.

"Very well," replied Hartley. "That's settled. By the way, who is your patient?"

Eloquently, concisely, Ross told the story. "Just a poor old mounted hobo, a survival of the cowboy west," he said, "but he had the heart of a hero in him, and I'm doing my best to save him."

"Keep him in the dark—that's the latest theory—or under a red light. White light brings out the ulcers."

"He hates darkness. That's one reason why I've opened the doors and windows."

"All wrong. According to Finzen, he wouldn't pit in the dark. However, it doesn't matter on a cowboy. You've a great story yourself. There's a fine situation here, which I'll play up if you don't object."

Cavanagh smiled. "Would my objection have any weight?"

The reporter laughed. "Not much. I've got to carry back some sort of game. Well, so long. I must hit the trail over the hill."

Cavanagh made civil answer and returned to his patient more than half convinced that Hartley was right. The "power of the press" might prove to be a very real force in

As the journalist

mount his horse he discovered Lee Virginia on the other side of the creek. "Hello!" said he. "I wonder what this pretty maiden means." And, dropping his bridle rein again, he walked down to the bridge.

Swenson interposed his tall figure. "What do you want?" he asked bluntly. "You don't want to get too close. You've been talking to the ranger."

Hartley studied him coolly. "Are you a ranger too?"

"No, only a guard."

"Why are you leaving Cavanagh to play it alone in there?"

Lee explained. "He won't let any of us come near him."

"Quite right," retorted Hartley promptly. "They say smallpox has lost its terrors, but when you're eight hours' hard trail from a doctor or a hospital it's still what I'd call a formidable enemy. However, Cavanagh's immune, so he says."

"We don't know that," Lee said, and her hands came together in a spasm of fear. "Are you a doctor?"

"No; I'm only a newspaper man, but I've had a lot of experience with plagues of all sorts—had the yellow fever in Porto Rico and the typhoid in South Africa; that's why I'm out here ricocheting over the hills. But who are you, may I ask? You look like the rose of Sharon."

"My name is Lee Wetherford," she answered, with childish directness, for there was something compelling in the man's voice and eyes. "And this is my mother." She indicated Lize, who was approaching.

"You are not out here for your health," he stated, rather thoughtfully. "How happens it you're here?"

"I was born here—in the Fork."

His face remained expressionless.

"I don't believe it. Can such maidens come out of Roaring Fork? No! But I don't mean that. What are you doing up here in this wilderness?"

Lize took a part in the conversation. "Another inspector?" she asked as she numbered up.

"That's me," he replied—"Sherlock Holmes, Vidocq, all rolled into one."

"My mother," again volunteered Lee. Hartley's eyes expressed incredulity, but he did not put his feelings into words, for he perceived in Lize a type with which he was entirely familiar—one to be handled with care. "What are you two women doing here? Are you related to one of these rangers?"

Lize resented this. "You're asking a good many questions, Mr. Man."

"That's my trade," was the unashamed reply, "and I'm not so old but that I can rise to a romantic situation." Thereupon he dropped all direct interrogation and with an air of candor told the story of his mission. Lize, entirely sympathetic, invited him to lunch, and he was soon in possession of their story, even to the tender relationship between Lee Virginia and the League deslaged forest ranger.

"We're not so slightly disinterested," he said, referring to his paper. "The Roundup represents the new west in part, but to us the new west means opportunity to loot water sites and pile up unearned increment. Oh, yes, we're on the side of the fruit and alfalfa grower, because it pays. If the boss of my paper happened to be in the sheep business, as Senator Blank White is, we would sing a different tune, or if I were a congressman representing a district of cattlemen I'd be very slow about helping to build up any system that would make me pay for my grass. As it is, I'm commissioned to make it hot for the ranchers that killed those daogoes, and I'm going to do it. If this country had a man like Cavanagh for sheriff we'd have the murderers in two days. He knows who the butchers are, and I'd like his help. But he's nailed down here, and there's no hope of his getting away. A few men like him could civilize this country."

Thereupon he drew from three pairs of lips a statement of the kind of man Ross Cavanagh was, but most significant of all were the few words of the girl, to whom this man of the pad and pencil was a magician, capable of ex-

alting her hero and of advancing light and civilization by the mere motion of his hand. She liked him and grew more and more willing to communicate, and he, perceiving in her something unusual, lingered on, questioning. Then he rose. "I must be going," he said to Lee. "You've given me a lovely afternoon."

Lee Virginia was all too ignorant of the ways of reporters to resent his note taking, and she accepted his hand, believing him to be a sincere admirer of her ranger. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going back to Sulphur to spread the report of Cavanagh's quarantine."

Again that meaning smile. "I don't want any other newspaper men mixed up in my game. I'm Lonesome Ned in stunts like this, and I hope if they do come up you'll be judiciously silent. Goodby."

(To Be Continued.)

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PARSONS TAKES ALL THE BLAME

Former Counsel for Sugar Trust
Says He Originated Combine.

SEVENTEEN REFINERIES UNITE.

Witness Asked What Efforts Were Made to Get Others into the Combination—Position of Politicians. Tammany Hall is Mentioned.

New York, July 21.—John E. Parsons, former counsel for the American Sugar Refining company, told the special congressional committee investigating the so-called trust, his version of the formation of the sugar combine. He said at first that he was willing to share all the blame "if there is any."

The mysterious resolution which H. O. Havemeyer put through the board of directors of the American Sugar Refining company in 1891 approving "applications made by political parties," is strangely lost. The committee instructed Secretary Freeman of the company to produce that resolution, but Freeman said his search for the important paper had failed.

Mr. Parsons followed Mr. Freeman on the stand. "I am willing to take the blame for originating the idea of consolidating the sugar interests into the big company in 1887," said Mr. Parsons. Mr. Parsons went further and said that this was the first big combination, even preceding the Standard Oil, and Representative Madison of Kansas remarked, "Ah, here is the real father of the trusts."

"There had been many makers of sugar prior to 1887," continued Mr. Parsons. "I was counsel for many of them. I was counsel for H. O. Havemeyer, Theodore A. Havemeyer, of Havemeyer & Elder, and John E. Searles."

He Did It Himself.

"Who suggested to you the idea of bringing these independent companies in 1887 into the sugar refineries company?"

"Well, I think it was in all their minds. I'm the man, though, who deserves credit or blame for actually forming that company, which, under reorganization, became the present American Sugar Refining company. I thoroughly believed in the combination of capital, in labor and any other interest for the benefit of those interested when it is legal."

"There were twenty-three refineries in the United States at the time that you welded seventeen of them into the Sugar Refineries company of 1887," said Mr. Garrett, "can you tell me what efforts were made to get in the other refineries?"

"The only man who can tell you is now dead. That is John E. Searles."

"How long did the refineries company last?"

"The change in its affairs began when a political party brought suit to disorganize the North River Refinery company," said Mr. Parsons.

"What party?" cried most of the congressmen.

"We call it Tammany Hall."

"Then all of them wanted to know why."

"Well, that was about the opening shot of a political war against the trusts and both parties have kept it up ever since. That's why I am not a good party man now."

STEEL TRUST CONTROLS ORE

Chairman Stanley Says Big Corporation Has a Monopoly.

Washington, July 21.—The United States Steel corporation, in obtaining the Tennessee Coal and Iron company and its southern ore lands, "cinched" its monopoly of the ores of the American continent and tied up available fields for independent concerns, according to Chairman Stanley of the house steel trust investigating committee.

Mr. Stanley made the surprising admission that he had discovered from his own investigation that the United States Steel corporation has no monopoly of coking coal, but addressing his remarks particularly to Richard Lindabury, counsel for the steel corporation, he said that if he could say the same of the ore and transportation facilities controlled by the trust, he would frankly do so.

Man Hunt Near LaCrosse.

LaCrosse, Wis., July 21.—The search for Edward Robinette, the young negro farmhand who shot and seriously wounded Silvia Price, the pretty daughter of his employer, who had repudiated his advances, went on all night without result. In all the townships north of LaCrosse, on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi, for thirty miles, farm work has been practically suspended while the people have turned out by the thousands to hunt the negro. It is expected that the fugitive will be captured.

Kansas City Jewelry Shop Robbed.

Kansas City, July 21.—Two men entered the shop of the Franklin Jewelry company, in the heart of the city, and held up B. J. Franklin at the point of a revolver, took a tray of diamonds and ran down the alley. When pursued by Franklin they fired at him, dangerously wounding B. A. Seitz, a bystander. One of the robbers was captured. He gave his name as John Brown.

RESEMBLES A MERMAID.

If the Dugong Had Long Hair It Would Make a Real Sea Woman.

The old stories about mermaids do not seem so improbable after all when one looks at a full sized dugong. The only thing it lacks to make it a real sea woman is long hair.

This enormous fish has flippers instead of fins and rudimentary arms. The flippers end in four distinct fingers and are startlingly like the human hand. The shoulders of this weird marine creature slope in to a short but perfectly defined neck, on which is set a round head. The eyes are like a human being's in shape and expression, but very much larger. They are set far apart on each side of the head and have a brown iris swimming in a white ball, but are lidless. The dugong has no nose, but the forehead is broad and well developed, and while the mouth is "fishy" in shape there is a distinct under lip.

The dugong is twice the height of a tall man when it is full grown, and a mother dugong moving about through the water holds her baby tenderly in her "arms" pressed to her breast, just as a human mother does.

Glimpses of this strange inhabitant of the sea no doubt gave rise to the old time belief in mermaids. The dugong is rapidly becoming extinct, but still can be found in fairly large numbers in the Indian ocean.—New York Press.

SICKROOM PLANTS.

Why They Should Be Put Out of Doors During the Night.

In his random suggestions to his students, printed in the Medical Record, Robert H. M. Dawburn, M. D., tells why it is considered best not to keep flowers or growing plants in a sickroom at night. Flowers give off moisture taken up from the soil; hence air becomes somewhat humid if many—particularly growing plants—are kept in the room. Flowers having a method of breathing, they use up the oxygen as human beings do and in exchange give off carbonic dioxide as waste matter.

The action of sunlight upon the stems, leaves and all green parts of flowers is to store carbonic dioxide within the plants and release oxygen. Thus in daylight there is a fair balance between the carbonic dioxide and the oxygen given and taken, leaving neither good nor ill results. But during the entire night the plant continues to breathe, and until the return of daylight the oxygen is used just like an additional person breathing in the room, thus leaving less oxygen for the use of the invalid. Therefore the standing order to remove all plants and flowers at night is based upon the facts of plant physiology and is right.

Chateaubriand's Early Struggles.

A new discovery has been made about Chateaubriand—nothing less than that he once sold stockings on commission. It was in 1790, when he was still an officer in the royal service. He had a debt of honor, amounting to £200. He wrote to a distant relative, one La Morandais, who manufactured stockings in Switzerland, appealing for help on the ground that he must either pay that debt or blow his brains out. La Morandais, instead of sending him money, sent him 100 dozen pairs of stockings, offering him a liberal commission if he would sell them among his distinguished friends. He gratefully accepted the offer and succeeded in disposing of the merchandise. There is reason to believe that he managed to plant a good deal of it on the stores department of his own regiment.—Westminster Gazette.

The Clever Brahman.

Speaking of the great power the Brahmins in India possess in localizing thought, a prominent Brahman once said: "We would consider a game of chess as played in this country mere child's play. An ordinary Brahman chess player could carry on three or four games at a time without inconvenience. The usual game played by the Brahmins consists in checkmating with one pawn designated when the play begins. I have seen a man perform a long problem in multiplication and division, at the same time noting the various sounds and discussions going on about him in the room. I have seen a man compose a triple acoustic in Sanskrit in a given meter, at the same time having three well versed men trying to overthrow him in his argument on religion."

Somewhat Unfortunate.

"There are some times in my life when I have felt that fate is indeed ironical," said the man who was seldom troubled by his debts.

"Do you refer to any special occasions?" inquired one of his oldest creditors.

"One of them came last week when I was in Chicago," said the cheerful debtor. "I had a money order for \$25, and the only person who could identify me was a man to whom I owed thirty."—Youth's Companion.

Contradicting a Proverb.

"People can't expect to get something for nothing," said the ready made philosopher.

"My landlord manages it," replied Mr. Growcher. "He makes me sign a contract to pay a full year's rent whether I live in his flat or not."—Washington Star.

Respect For the Aged.

"What's the matter, Miss Dallington?" asked the village wog. "You never laugh at any of my jokes."

"I have been taught never to laugh at the old and decrepit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CONTRADICTS HINES' STORY

Aldrich Tells of Talk With Lumberman About Lorimer.

HE SAW HIM THREE TIMES.

Former Senate Leader Told Hines That President Did Not Object to Boutell or Lorimer and That Taft Would Keep Out of It.

Washington, July 21.—Former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island told the senate Lorimer committee of the part he and President Taft took in the election of a senator from Illinois in 1909.

Instead of telling Edward Hines of Chicago, the storm center in the present Lorimer investigation, that he and the president were anxious to have Lorimer elected, Mr. Aldrich declared that he said Lorimer's candidacy was "not objectionable."

When attorneys for Lorimer, on cross examination, tried to show that the former senator might have said "acceptable," Mr. Aldrich emphatically declared that he said "not objectionable" and that he meant that word and nothing more.

He added that he knew Hines would use the information given him at Springfield.

Mr. Aldrich also denied that he told Hines that he considered Lorimer the only man who could be elected. He declared that he did not ask Senator Penrose to bring Hines to consult with him in regard to the Illinois election and added that he did not believe Senator Penrose brought Hines to his room.

According to Mr. Aldrich, all the conversations he had with Hines in regard to the senatorial situation were regarding the president's attitude toward candidates, first Hopkins, then Boutell, then finally Lorimer. The senator denied that he told Hines he wanted a senator elected because of the prospective close vote on the tariff.

What Hines Said.

Mr. Aldrich said he had three or four conversations with Hines about the Illinois election, but could not recall on whose initiative these occurred.

"Mr. Hines," continued Mr. Aldrich, "said at the first conversation that in his judgment Hopkins could not be elected and he asked me what the attitude of the president was. I said the president was desirous of the election of a Republican and while naturally he was friendly to Hopkins because of the primary result and perhaps other reasons, still he did not intend to take any active part in trying to influence the election of Hopkins or any other candidate."

"Mr. Hines then told me," said Mr. Aldrich, "that it was impossible to agree on Boutell and that he believed there was a possibility of agreeing on Lorimer. He was anxious to know the attitude of the president toward Mr. Lorimer. I told him I would give him an answer later. Later in the day I told him Mr. Lorimer's candidacy would not be objectionable to the president."

"Then," continued Mr. Aldrich, "Mr. Hines asked me if I would say that to anyone who inquired of me. I told him that I would say that Mr. Lorimer's election was not objectionable to the president. I said that the president occupied the same position that he had; that he didn't intend to take any part in the election, and that Mr. Lorimer's Republicanism was satisfactory to the president."

REMSEN BOARD TO BE PROBED

House Committee Wants Information as to Cost and Work.

Washington, July 21.—In connection with the charges against Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the chemistry bureau, the house committee on agricultural department expenditures called on the secretary of agriculture for complete information regarding the cost and work of the Remsen board of experts in pure food matters.

The committee decided that the board's work was an integral part of the Wiley case, which it will investigate in connection with the department personnel board's recent recommendation that Dr. Wiley be dismissed for a technical violation of the law under which pure food experts are employed.

The committee wants to know what the Remsen board has cost the government, what work it has accomplished, what recommendation it has made, and what has been done with those recommendations.

The Remsen board was appointed by President Roosevelt, to decide the famous benzene case of soda case. Dr. Wiley held that it was injurious to health and that its use in food preparations should not be allowed. The Remsen board held that when used in certain small quantities, benzene of soda could not be considered harmful.

Suit Filed Against Smelting Trust.

Denver, July 21.—Suit was filed in the federal court by Special Assistant United States Attorney General S. B. Townsend against the American Smelting and Refining company for \$2,500,000 damages for alleged conspiracy and fraud in acquiring 2,415 acres of coal lands in the Trinidad coal fields of the Pueblo land district.