

The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER III.

A Forester's Secret.

THE trail, hardly more than a wood road, grew wilder and lovelier as they climbed. Cattle fed on the hillside in scattered bands like elk. Here and there a small cabin stood on the bank of a stream, but for the most part the trail mounted the high slopes in perfect solitude.

The girl inhaled easily and leisurely, reading the brands of the ranchers, revealing the number of cattle they owned, quite as a young farmer would have done. She seemed not to be embarrassed in the slightest degree by the fact that she was guiding a strange man over a lonely road and gave no outward sign of special interest in him till she suddenly turned to ask, "What kind of a slicker—I mean a raincoat—did you bring?"

He looked blank. "I don't believe I brought any. I've a leather shooting jacket, however."

She shrugged her shoulders and looked up at the sky. "We're in for a storm. You'd ought to have a slicker, no fancy raincoat, but a real old-fashioned cow puncher's slicker. They make a business of shedding rain."

She rode on for a few minutes in silence, as if disgusted with his folly, but she was really worrying about him. "Door chap!" she said to herself. "He can't stand a chill. I ought to have thought of his slicker myself. He's helpless as a baby."

They were climbing fast now, winding upward along the bank of a stream, and the sky had grown suddenly gray, and the woodland path was dark and chill. The mountains were not less beautiful, but they were decidedly less amiable, and the youth shivered, casting an apprehensive eye at the thickening clouds.

Berea perceived something of his dismay and, drawing rein, dismounted. Behind her saddle was a tightly rolled bundle which, being untied and shaken out, proved to be a horseman's rain-proof oilskin coat. "Put this on!" she commanded.

"Oh, no," he protested. "I can't take your coat."

"Yes you can! You must! Don't you worry about me. I'm used to weather. Put this on over your jacket and all. You'll need it. Rain won't hurt me, but it will just about finish you."

The worst of this lay in its truth, and Norcross lost all his pride of sex for the moment. A wetting would not dim this girl's splendid color nor reduce her vitality one degree, while to him it might be a death warrant. "You could throw me over my own horse," he admitted in a kind of bitter admiration and slipped the coat on shivering with cold as he did so.

"You think me a poor excuse for a trailer, don't you?" he said ruefully as the thunder began to roll.

"You've got to be all made over new," she replied tolerantly. "Stay here a year and you'll be able to stand anything."

Remounting, she again led the way with cheery cry. The rain came dashing down in fitful, misty streams, but she merely pulled the rim of her sombrero closer over her eyes and rode steadily on, while he followed, plunged in gloom as cold and gray as the storm.

"These mountain showers don't last long," the girl called back, her face shining like a rose. "We'll get the sun in a few minutes."

And so it turned out. In less than an hour they rode into the warm light again, and in spite of himself Norcross returned her smile, though he said: "I feel like a selfish fool. You are soaked."

"I never take cold," she returned. "I'm used to all kinds of weather. Don't you bother about me."

Topping a low divide, the youth caught a glimpse of the range to the southeast, which took his breath. "Isn't that superb?" he exclaimed. "It's like the shining roof of the world!"

"Yes, that's the Continental divide," she confirmed usually, but the lyrical note which she struck again reached her heart. The man she knew had so few words for the beautiful in life. She wondered whether this man's illness had given him this refinement or whether it was native to his kind.

"I'm glad he took my coat," was her thought. She pushed on down the slope, riding hard, but it was nearly 2 o'clock when they drew up at Meeker's house, which was a long, low, stone struc-

ture built along the north side of the road. The place was distinguished not merely by its masonry, but also by its picket fence, which had once been whitewashed. Farm wagons of various degrees of decay stood by the gate, and in the barnyard plows and harrows—deeply buried by the woods—were rusting forlornly away. A little farther up the stream the tall pipe of a sawmill rose above the firs.

A pack of dogs of all sizes and signs came clamoring to the fence, followed

by a big, slovenly dressed, red bearded man of sixty or thereabouts. "Hello, Uncle Joe!" called the girl in offhand boyish fashion. "How are you today?"

"Howdy, girl," answered Meeker gravely. "What brings you up here this time?"

She laughed. "Here's a boarder who wants to learn how to raise cattle. Meeker's face lightened. 'I reckon you're Mr. Norcross? I'm glad to see ye. Light off and make yourself to home. Turn your horses into the corral. The boys will feed 'em.'"

Without ceremony Meeker led his guests directly into the dining room, a long and rather narrow room, where in a woman and six or seven roughly dressed young men were sitting at a rudely appointed table.

"Earth and seas!" exclaimed Mrs. Meeker. "Here's Berrie, and I'll bet that's Suter's friend, our boarder."

"Hist along there, boys, and give the company a chance," she commanded sharply. "Our dinner's terrible late today."

"The boys—they were in reality full grown cubs of eighteen or twenty—did as they were bid with much noise, chaffing Berrie with blunt humor."

Meeker read Suter's letter, which Norcross had handed him, and, after deliberation, remarked: "All right, we'll do the best we can for you, Mr. Norcross, but we haven't any fancy accommodations."

"He don't expect any," replied Berrie. "What he needs is a little roughing it."

"There's plenty of that to be had," said one of the herdsmen, who sat below the salt. "'Tis the soft life I'm nadin'."

One of the lads, Frank Meeker, a dark, intense youth of about twenty, was Berea's full cousin. The others were merely hired hands, but they all eyed the new comer with disfavor. The fact that Berrie had brought him and that she seemed interested in him added to the effect of the smart riding suit which he wore. "I'd like to roll him in the creek," muttered one of them to his neighbor.

This dislike Berrie perceived in some degree, and to Frank she privately said: "Now, you fellows have got to treat Mr. Norcross right. He's been very sick."

Frank maliciously grinned. "Oh, we'll treat him right. We won't do a thing to him."

"Now, Frank," she warned, "if you try any of your tricks on him you'll

hear from me."

"Why all this worry on your part?" he asked keenly. "How long since you found him?"

The girl herself did not understand the vital and almost painful interest which this young man had roused in her. He was both child and poet to her, and as she watched him trying to make friends with the men, her indignation rose against their clownish offensiveness. "I don't feel right in leaving you here," she said at last, "but I must be ridin'."

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And while Meeker ordered her horse brought out she walked to the gate with Norcross at her side. "I'm tremendously obliged to you," he said, and his voice was vibrant. "You have been most kind. How can I repay you?"

"Oh, that's all right," she replied, in true western fashion. "I wanted to see the folks up here, anyhow. This is no jump at all for me." And, looking at her powerful figure and feeling the tremble grip of her clenched hand, he knew she spoke the truth.

And so she rode away, leaving her ward to adjust himself to his new and strange surroundings as best he could, and with her going the whole valley darkened for the convalescent.

It was soon apparent to the eastern observer that the entire male population for thirty miles around not only knew McFarlane's girl, but that every unmarried man—and some who were both husbands and fathers—kept a deeply interested eye upon her daily motion, and certain shameless ones openly boasted among their fellows of their intention to win her favor, while the shy ones reveled in secret exultation over every chance meeting with her.

She was the topic of every lumber camp and the shining lure of every dance to which the ranch hands often rode over long and lonely trails.

Part of this intense interest was due, naturally, to the scarcity of desirable women, but a larger part was called out by Berea's frank freedom of manner. Her ready camaraderie was taken for carelessness, and the candid grip of her hand was often misunderstood, and yet most of the men respected her, and some feared her. After her avowed choice of Clifford Holden they all kept aloof, for he was hot tempered and formidably swift to avenge an insult.

At the end of a week Norcross found himself restless and discontented with the Meekers. He was tired of fishing, tired of the old man's endless arguments, and tired of the vulgar cow hands. The men around the mill did not interest him, and their Saturday night spree at the saloon disgusted him. The one person who piqued his curiosity was Landon, the ranger, who was stationed not far away and who could be seen occasionally riding by on a handsome black horse. There was something in his bearing, in his neat and serviceable drab uniform, which attracted the convalescent, and on Sunday morning he decided to venture a call, although Frank Meeker had said the ranger was a "grouch."

His cabin, a neat log structure, stood just above the road on a huge natural terrace of grassy bowlders, and the flag which fluttered from a tall staff before it could be seen for several miles, the bright sign of federal control, the symbol of law and order, just as the saloon and the mill were signs of lawless vice and destructive greed. Around the door flowers bloomed and kittens played.

The cabin's interior pleased Wayland almost as much as the garden. It was built of pine logs neatly matched and hewed on one side.

The ranger, spurred and belted, with his cuffs turned back, was pointing the typewriter when Wayland appeared at the open door, but he rose with grave courtesy. "Come in," he said, and his voice had a pleasant inflection. "I'm intrapping."

"Nothing serious; just a letter. There's no hurry. I'm always glad of an excuse to rest from this job." He was at once keenly interested in his visitor, and at once keenly interested in his visitor, and at once keenly interested in his visitor.

"I've heard of you," responded the ranger, "and I've been hoping you'd look in on me. The supervisor's daughter has just written me to look after you. She said you were not very well."

Again Wayland protested that he was not a convalescent, only a student who needed mountain air, but he added, "It is very kind of Miss McFarlane to think of me."

"Oh, she thinks of everybody," the young fellow declared. "She's one of the most unselfish creatures in the world."

Something in the music of this speech, and something in the look of the ranger's eyes, caused Wayland to wonder if here were not still another of Berrie's subjects. He became certain of it as the young officer went on with pleasing frankness, and it was not long before he had conveyed to Wayland his cause for success. "She's engaged to a man that is not her equal in a certain sense no man is her equal, but Belden is a pretty hard type, and I believe, although I can't prove it, that he is part owner of the saloon over there."

"How does that saloon happen to be here?"

"It's on patented land—a so called 'placer claim'—experts have reported against it. McFarlane has protested against it, but nothing is done. The mill is also on deeded land, and together they are a plague spot. I'm their enemy, and they know it, and they've threatened to burn me out. Of course they won't do that, but they're ready to play any kind of trick on me."

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money

Cut out this advertisement, enclose 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2335 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 family remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, tightness and soreness in chest, grippe and bronchial coughs.

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

(3) Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Especially comforting to old persons, and a purgative needed by everybody with sluggish bowels and torpid circulation. Can try these three family remedies for only 5c. Sold Everywhere.

"I can well believe that, for I am getting my share of practical jokes at Meeker's."

"They're not a bad lot over there—only just rowdy. I suppose they're irritating you," said Landon.

"I didn't come out here to be a cowboy," responded Norcross, "but Frank Meeker seems to be anxious to show me all the good old cowboy courtesies. On Monday he slipped a burr under my horse's saddle, and I came near to having my neck broken. Then he or some one else concealed a frog in my bed and fouled my hair brushes. In fact, I go to sleep each night in expectation of some new attack, but the air and the riding are doing me a great deal of good, and so I stay."

Thereafter Wayland spent nearly every day with the ranger, either in his cabin or riding the trail, and during these hours confidence grew until at last Landon confessed that his unrest arose from his rejection by Berrie.

"She was not to blame. She's so kind and free with every one I thought I had a chance. I was conceited enough to feel sorry for the other fellows, and now I can't even feel sorry for myself. I'm just dazed and hanging to the ropes. She was mighty gentle about it. You know how sunny her face is. Well, she just got grave and kind of faint voiced and said—Oh, you know what she said! She let me know there was another man. I didn't ask her who, and when I found out I lost my grip entirely. At first I thought I'd resign and get out of the country, but I couldn't do it. I can't yet. The chance of seeing her—of hearing from her once in awhile—she never writes except on business for her father, but—you'll laugh—I can't see her signature without a tremor."

He smiled, but his eyes were desperately sad. "Oh, I'm crazy! I admit it. I didn't know such a thing could happen to me, but it has."

As Wayland listened to this outpouring he wondered at the intensity of the forester's passion. He marveled, too, at Berrie's choice, for there was something fine and high in Landon's worship. A college man with a mining engineer's training, he should go high in the service. "He made the mistake of being too precipitate as a lover," concluded Wayland. "His forthright courtship repelled her."

(To Be Continued.)

LLOYD GEORGE SPURS BRITAIN ON

London Sept. 13.—That the central powers still have an overwhelming superiority in all the material of war and that the allies, to win, must put forth all their strength, is the statement of David Lloyd George, minister of munitions in the preface of a leaflet containing his speeches since the outbreak of the war, entitled "Through Terror to Triumph."

"The untoward incidents of the war," he says, "have not weakened my faith in ultimate victory, always provided that the nation always put forth its entire strength ere it is too late. Anything less must mean defeat."

GO RIGHT AT IT

Friends and Neighbors in Plattsmouth Will Show You a Way.

Get at the root of the trouble. Rubbing an aching back may relieve it. But won't cure it if the kidneys are weak.

You must reach the root of it—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills go right at it; Reach the cause; attack the pain. Are recommended by many Plattsmouth people.

B. Brooks, Main St., Plattsmouth, says: "I had a severe attack of kidney complaint, brought on by a bad cold. At times the pain extended from my back and hips into my shoulders. I couldn't get about and was laid up for two weeks. My head ached for hours at a time and I had dizzy spells, during which my sight blurred. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Gering & Co.'s Drug Store, restored my health."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Brooks had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOUISVILLE Courier.

Mrs. Sarah Cutforth went to Omaha Wednesday to consult an oculist. She was accompanied by E. C. Twiss.

The Louisville ball team carried away second money at the base ball tournament at Gretna, winning two out of three games.

Station Agent Wilson of the Missouri Pacific has been in a hospital at Omaha this week, where he underwent an operation for the removal of a growth in his nose.

The senior class in the High school starts out with eight members, as follows: Lester Sherman, Virgil Miller and Misses Edna Dietrich, Marjorie Twiss, Margaret Thomas, Jessie Dill, Helen Coon and Ruth Jacobson.

George Dolan, engineer at the Murphy quarries, went to Staplehurst to visit over Sunday with his brother, Robert Dolan, who is district superintendent of the Northwestern railroad, with headquarters at that place.

Miss Lottie Koop has gone to West Point, where she will teach again this year. Her sister, Miss Irma, who was graduated from the Peru Normal last spring, has accepted a school at that place to enter upon her duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boedecker of Wausa, Neb., are here for a several weeks' visit with relatives in and around Louisville. Mr. Boedecker has just retired from the elevator business in Wausa, and thought this was a good chance to take a vacation before trying himself down to some other business.

Miss Mary Polk has gone to Lincoln, where she joined the Boston Lyric Opera company as accompanist. They will tour Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. Miss Polk is a finished musician of exceptional ability as an accompanist and she will find her work both pleasurable and profitable we are assured.

Mr. and Mrs. August Stander say it is somewhat lonesome out at their country home. Monday their daughter, Miss Theresa, left for Carroll, Iowa, to enter school. She will also take a course in domestic science along with other school work. Thursday morning Misses Agnes and Rose Stander left for St. Joseph, Missouri, where they will attend the Sacred Heart academy.

ELMWOOD. Leader-Echo.

Cyrus Tyson and wife of Omaha visited a few days the fore part of the week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Tyson.

W. W. Reeder of Wetmore, Kansas, arrived Sunday for a visit with his uncle, George Reeder. The two had not met in twenty-seven years.

Miss Ruth Barnhart has resigned her position as teacher of a school near Eagle to accept a school at Beehive, Mont., where she will receive a larger salary.

J. E. Parsell of Alvo has rented the Brekenfeld property and will move his family into the same so that his children can attend school here the coming term.

Louis Eickhoff, of Waukomis, Okla., spent several days here last week visiting with Rev. F. Backemeyer and other friends. Mr. Eickhoff formerly lived near Murdock, just north of here.

Jas. Hendricks, who has been making his home with his sister, Mrs. Eliza Case, at Blair, Neb., came in Thursday evening of last week and spent a few days with his brother, Emanuel Hendricks.

Dr. D. J. Tighe and wife, newly wed, of West Point, Neb., were here for a couple of days the fore part of the week on their honeymoon trip. They were guests at the home of the groom's aunt, Mrs. William Smith.

J. J. Gustin and family of Murdock passed through Elmwood late Thursday afternoon of last week on their return trip from the Pacific coast. They made the journey in their Chalmers car and covered a considerable extent of territory.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown and family, who passed through Elmwood a week or so ago from Iowa City, Iowa, in an auto bound for the western part of the state on a visit, stopped on the return trip at the home of H. Reeve for another short visit. Mrs. Brown is a sister of Mr. Reeve.

EAGLE. Beacon.

G. J. Reitter is assisting in the treasurer's office at the state fair this week.

Miss Abbie Judkins left Sunday for Hastings, Neb., where she teaches school this year.

A. H. Vanlandingham shipped a carload of hogs to the Kansas City market.

NEHAWKA. News.

Mr. and Mrs. John Trumble of Bealton, Kansas, visited at the home of Henry Behrens the first of the week.

Miss Linnea Lundberg left the latter part of last week for Chappel, Neb., where she will teach in the High school the ensuing year.

Frank Hastings, wife and daughter of Rutland, Va., arrived in Nehawka last Thursday for a few weeks' visit with F. P. Sheldon and other relatives.

Misses Ethel and Genera Rough left Friday morning for Falls City where Genera will attend school and Ethel will teach in the High school there for this term.

John Doughty has been hauling sand, cement and other building material out to his farm for the past few days and expects to start the construction of a large barn shortly.

The recently established county highway running east from the home of George Reynolds is assuming a reality since workmen have begun the construction of a new bridge over the creek which it traverses.

E. M. Pollard of this place, one of Nebraska's foremost apple growers, has the next to the largest display of apples at the state fair. Every variety he has is there and he will undoubtedly carry off several good premiums.

Last Monday the bank installed a Burrows posting machine. This machine adds, subtracts and in short does everything but talk. It is one of the most expensive and best account machines in that line, being a great labor saver and one every bank can feel proud of.

We notice several of our exchanges bragging about some of their readers having a few nice messes of strawberries this late in the season. Mr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, who lives in the east part of town, has this beat a country block. Since the tenth of October he has had more berries than they could use and this will continue until frost. They are of an excellent quality and fit better than those of the spring or summer.

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