

The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER VIII. The Walk in the Rain.

ONE by one, under her supervision, he made preparations for morning. He cut some shavings from a dead, dry branch of fir and put them under the fly and brought a bucket of water from the creek, and then together they dragged up the dead tree.

Had the young man been other than he was, the girl's purity, candor and self reliance would have conquered him, and when she withdrew to the little tent and let fall the frail barrier between them she was as safe from intrusion as if she had taken refuge behind gates of triple brass. Nothing in all his life had moved him so deeply as her solicitude, her sweet trust in his honor, and he sat long in profound meditation. Any man would be rich in the ownership of her love he admitted. That he possessed her pity and her friendship he knew, and he began to wonder if he had made a deeper appeal to her than this.

"Can it be that I am really a man to her," he thought, "I who am only a poor weakling whom the rain and snow can appeal?"

Then he thought of the effect of this night upon her life. What would Clifford Belden do now? To what depths would his rage descend if he should come to know of it?

Berrie was serene. Twice she spoke from her couch to say: "You'd better go to bed. Daddy can't get here till tomorrow now."

"I'll stay up awhile yet. My boots aren't entirely dried out."

After a silence she said: "You must not get chilled. Bring your bed into the tent. There is room for you."

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. I'm standing it very well."

"You'll be sick," she urged, in a voice of alarm. "Please drag your bed inside the door. What would I do if you should have pneumonia tomorrow? You must not take any risk of a fever."

The thought of a sheltered spot, of something to break the remorseless wind, overcame his scruples, and he drew his bed inside the tent and rearranged it there.

"You're half frozen," she said. "Your teeth are chattering."

"I'll be all right in a few moments," he said. "Please go to sleep. I shall be snug as a bug in a moment."

She watched his shadowy motions from her bed, and when at last he had nestled into his blankets she said, "If you don't lose your chill I'll heat a rock and put it at your feet."

He was ready to cry out in shame of his weakness, but he lay silent till he could command his voice, then he said: "That would drive me from the country in disgrace. Think of what the fellows down below will say when they know of my cold feet?"

"They won't hear of it, and, besides, it is better to carry a hot water bag than to be laid up with a fever."

flame, and Berrie, awakened by the crackle of the pine branches, called out, "Is it daylight?"

"Yes, but it's very dark daylight. Don't leave your warm bed for the dampness and cold out here. Stay where you are. I'll get breakfast."

"How are you this morning? Did you sleep?"

"I'm afraid you had a bad night," she insisted, in a tone which indicated her knowledge of his suffering.

"Camp life has its disadvantages," he admitted, as he put the coffee pot on the fire. "But I'm feeling better now. I never fried a bird in my life, but I'm going to try it this morning. I have some water heating for your bath."

He put the soap, towel and basin of hot water just inside the tent flap. "Here it is. I'm going to bathe in the lake. I must show my hardihood."

When he returned he found the girl full dressed, alert and glowing, but she greeted him with a touch of shyness and self consciousness new to her, and her eyes veiled themselves before his glance.

"Now, where do you suppose the supervisor is?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied, looking off seriously. "I'd hate to think of him camped in the high country without bedding or tent."

"Oughtn't I to take a turn up the trail and see? I feel guilty, somehow. I must do something."

"You can't help matters any by hoofing about in the mud. No, we'll just hold the fort till he comes. That's what he'll expect us to do."

He submitted once more to the force of her argument, and they ate breakfast in such intimacy and good cheer that the night's discomforts and anxieties counted for little.

"We have to camp here again tonight," she explained demurely.

"Worse things could happen than that," he gallantly answered. "I wouldn't mind a month of it, only I shouldn't want it to rain or snow all the time."

"Poor boy! You did suffer, didn't you? I was afraid you would. Did you sleep at all?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, yes, after I came inside; but, of course, I was more or less restless expecting your father to ride up."

"That's funny. I never feel that way. I slept like a log after I knew you were comfortable. You must have a better bed and more blankets. It's always cold up here."

The sunlight was short lived. The clouds settled over the peaks, and ragged wisps of gray vapor dropped down the timbered slopes of the prodigious amphitheater in which the lake lay. Again Berrie made everything snug while her young woodsman toiled at bringing logs for the fire.

At last fully provided for, they sat contentedly side by side under the awning and watched the falling rain as it splashed and sizzled on the sturdy fire. "It's a little like being shipwrecked on a desert island, isn't it?" he said. "As if our boats had drifted away."

At noon she again prepared an elaborate meal. She served potatoes and grouse, hot biscuit with sugar sirup and canned peaches and coffee done to just the right color and aroma. He declared it wonderful, and they ate with repeated wishes that the supervisor might turn up in time to share their feast, but he did not. Then Berrie said firmly: "Now you must take a snooze. You look tired."

He was in truth not only drowsy, but lame and tired. Therefore he yielded to her suggestion.

She covered him with blankets and put him away like a child. "Now you have a good sleep," she said tenderly. "I'll call you when daddy comes."

camp and go down there? It is now 3 o'clock. We can walk it in five hours."

She shook her head. "No, I think we'd better stay right here. It's a long, hard walk, and the trail is muddy."

"But, dear girl," he began desperately, "it won't do for us to camp here alone in this way another night. What will Cliff say?"

She flamed red, then whitened. "I don't care what Cliff thinks. I'm done with him, and no one that I really care about would blame us." She was fully aware of his anxiety now. "It isn't our fault."

"It will be my fault if I keep you here longer," he answered. "We must reach a telephone and send word out. Something may have happened to your father."

"I'm not worried a bit about him. It may be that there's been a big snow-fall up above us, or else a windstorm. The trail may be blocked, but don't worry. He may have to go round by Lost Lake pass." She pondered a moment. "I reckon you're right. We'd better pack up and rack down the trail to the ranger's cabin—not on my account, but on yours. I'm afraid you've taken cold."

"I'm all right, except I'm very lame, but I am anxious to go on. By the way, is this ranger Settle married?"

"No; his station is one of the loneliest cabins on the forest. No woman will stay there."

"This made Wayland ponder. "Nevertheless," he decided, "we'll go. After all, the man is a forest officer, and you are the supervisor's daughter."

She made no further protest, but busied herself closing the pack and putting away the camp utensils. She seemed to recognize that his judgment was sound.

It was after 3 when they left the tent and started down the trail, carrying nothing but a few toilet articles.

He stopped at the edge of the clearing. "Should we have left a note for the supervisor?"

"The trees were dripping, the willows heavy with water, and the mud ankle deep in places, but she pushed on steadily, and he, following in her tracks, could only marvel at her strength and sturdy self reliance. The swing of her shoulders, the poise of her head and the lilie movement of her waist made his own body seem a poor thing."

For two hours they zigzagged down a narrow canyon heavily timbered with fir and spruce, a dark, stern avenue, crossed by roaring streams and filled with frequent boggy meadows, whereon the water lay middle deep.

"We'll get out of this very soon," she called cheerily.

By degrees the gorge widened, grew more open, more genial. Aspen thickets of pale gold flashed upon their eyes.

The sunlight, and grassy bunches afforded firmer footing, but on the slopes their feet slipped and slid painfully. Still Berrie kept her stride. "We must get to the middle fork before dark," she stopped to explain, "for I don't know the trail down there, and there's a lot of down timber just above the station. Now that we're out loose from our camp I feel nervous. As long as I have a tent I am all right, but now we are in the open I worry. How are you standing it?" She studied him with keen and anxious glance, her hand upon his arm.

"Fine as a fiddle," he replied, assuming a spirit he did not possess.

"Oh, yes, after I came inside; but, of course, I was more or less restless expecting your father to ride up."

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She covered him with blankets and put him away like a child. "Now you have a good sleep," she said tenderly. "I'll call you when daddy comes."

When he woke the ground was again covered with snow, and the girl was feeding the fire with wood which her own hands had supplied.

Hearing him stir, she turned and fixed her eyes upon him with clear, soft gaze. "How do you feel by now?" she asked.

"Quite made over," he replied, rising alertly.

His cheer, however, was only pretense. He was greatly worried. "Something has happened to your father," he said. "His horse has thrown him, or he has slipped and fallen." His peace and exhilaration were gone. "How far is it down to the ranger station?"

Cut This Out— It Is Worth Money

Cut out this advertisement, enclose 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2322 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, dizziness, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, stiff joints, backache and rheumatism.

(3) Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing, cathartic. Especially comforting to stout persons, and a purgative needed by everybody with starchy bowels and torpid liver. You can try these three family remedies for only 5c.

Sold Everywhere.

some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in desolate confusion. Here the girl made her first mistake. She leapt on toward the river, although Wayland called attention to a trail leading to the right up over the low grassy hills. For a mile the path was clear, but she soon found herself confronted by an endless maze of blackened tree trunks, and at last the path ended abruptly.

Disoriented and halting, she said: "We've got to go back to that trail which branched off to the right. I reckon that was the highland trail which Settle made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't. Back we go."

She was suffering keenly now, not on her own account, but on his, for she could see that he was very tired, and to add to that his hands again were like punishing him a second time.

When she picked up the blazed trail it was so dark that she could scarcely follow it, but she felt her way onward, turning often to be sure that he was following. Once she saw him fall and cried out: "It's a shame to make you climb this hill again. It's silly, faith. I ought to have known that that lower road led down into the timber."

Standing close beside him in the darkness, knowing that he was weary, wet and ill, she permitted herself the expression of her love and pity. Putting her arm about him, she drew his cheek against her own, saying: "Poor boy. Your hands are cold as ice." She took them in her own warm clasp.

"Oh, I wish we had never left the camp! What does it matter what people say? Then she broke down and wept. "I shall never forgive myself if you—"

He bravely reassured her: "I'm not defeated. I'm just tired. That's all I can go on."

"But you are shivering."

"That is merely a nervous chill. I'm good for another hour. It's better to keep moving anyhow."

She thrust her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. "You are tired out," she said, and there was anguish in her voice. "Your heart is pounding terribly. You mustn't do any more climbing. And, bark, there's a wolf!"

He listened. "I hear him, but we are both armed. There's no danger from wild animals."

"Come," she said, instantly recovering her natural resolution. "We can't stand here. The station can't be far away. We must go on."

(To Be Continued.)

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Charles C. Parmelee, Plaintiff, vs. C. H. Kieeman, et al., Defendants. To C. H. Kieeman, first real name unknown, Mrs. C. H. Kieeman, first real name unknown, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of C. H. Kieeman, first real name unknown, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. C. H. Kieeman, first real name unknown, defendants: You are hereby notified that on July 29th, 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) in 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. Kieeman, said lot, dated August 18th, 1911, and filed for record August 20th, 1912, and, recorded in Book 51, at page 28, of the deed records of Cass County, Nebraska; and to enjoin you and each of you from having or claiming any right, title or interest in or to said real estate, and forever quieting the title hereunto 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 22nd day of August, A. D. 1915.

CHARLES C. PARMELEE, Plaintiff. C. A. RAWLS, Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-9-4twk

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. 8-9-4twkly

BILL BONE, POET-ENTERTAINER

Bill Bone's evening programs are not entire evenings of tiresome verse. While he gives many quaint dialect poems that will bring the tear or the hearty laugh—they are so beautifully interwoven into a humorous, philosophical, common sense lecture that you never tire.

He takes a theme or subject and sticks to it, fitting his humor, pathos and poetry in and around it, in a way no other entertainer does, thus giving that most desired variety that you never tire.



BILL BONE

over keeps his audience expectant, watching and pleasantly contemplating—what next?

His programs are entirely original, hence no decrepit jokes—at all times giving a clean, wholesome, logical, as well as mirth provoking lecture-entertainment. And he makes good on return dates. Possessing as he does a sympathetic heart, optimistic spirit, winsome manner and a homely philosophy, with a strong sense of humor, he will make you laugh, make you cry, make you think—send you away with greater faith in humanity, in God and in future civilization.

Them Meistersingers. Hiram Brown in a fictitious name, but he voiced the feeling of many patrons of the lecture course when he felt moved to produce the verses given below. The Meistersingers deserve all the fair things said of them, and the opportunity to hear them should not be overlooked by any one.

(Dedicated to them by "Hiram Brown.")

I've heard them Meistersingers sing One night at our op'ra house. They raised the roof, they did, by jing.

One night at our op'ra house! I hitched the boys to the old turnout After the milkin' and chorin' about. And then 'th plenty of laughter and shout We druv to the op'ra house.

The house was jammed, I dew declare! Chuck full wuz that op'ra house. The tarntationst lot of folks wuz there—

There in that op'ra house. Then them fellers come on to sing A-drest in clothes—the funnest thing I ever did see—all in a string On the stage of that op'ra house.

And then come some music, I dunno where. Right in that op'ra house. Seemed jest a floatin' in the air Right in that op'ra house. Seemed like an organ jest broke loose With the purtiest sound it could produce.

'Twas just them fellers op'nin' their sluice Down in our op'ra house. They sung up one side and down t'other On the stage of that op'ra house; Then they'd break out all together, Wakin' up that op'ra house. They made you think they'd break the winders.

Then back up and kind a-hinders Things a spell, then smash to flinders Things in that op'ra house.

'Twas the greatest singin' I ever heard In the old op'ra house. So plain and distinct that ev'ry word Wuz clear in that op'ra house. And the tunny things! I laughed till sore; Felt just like rollin' on the floor. I'd never heard the like before In the old op'ra house.

I've heard the quartet from the county seat In the old op'ra house. And the bell rinzers, they say was never beat In the old op'ra house. But them Meistersingers! I want to tell! Et I go to heaven and they're—not there, I'd change my abode to hear 'em a spell Like 'twas in our op'ra house.



MURRAY

(Continued on Page Six.)

J. D. Shrader made a business trip to Weeping Water last Monday.

Charles Heeren has been threshing his wheat this week, between showers.

J. D. Shrader, William Gilmour and Uncle George Shrader went to Omaha last Monday evening to attend the Billy Sunday meeting.

Philip Hill, who has been very ill for the past few weeks, is again able to be up and around, and has been improving very rapidly for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shrader have been rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy at their home a few days ago. The little boy is now about two weeks old and is getting along nicely.

Bert Philpot, the Weeping Water auto man, has been suffering for the past week with a severe attack of eczema. He has been confined to his room most of the time and relief from the attack has been very slow.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reeves a baby girl on Tuesday, September 28. Charley says the little lady is without a doubt the finest in the land, and looks just like her dad. The mother and little one are getting along nicely.

Next Saturday will be Murray day at the Billy Sunday meetings in Omaha. Rev. Robb has succeeded in securing a reservation for 100 people at this meeting, and there is a movement to get that many people to attend from Murray and vicinity. Those who are planning on attending are kindly requested to let either Rev. Hutchmann or Rev. Robb know of their intentions to attend and seats will be held for them.

There will be another one of those social dances given at the Puls & Gausemer hall on Saturday evening, October 28, given by the Murray Dancing club. The usual good time will be in store for you, and you are cordially invited to attend. Good music and a good time.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Baker & Nickels are requested to call and settle same by the 15th of September, or proceedings will be taken to collect same.

A few extra good March Duroc males. Oldhams.

Everyone reads the want ads.

WHEN IN OMAHA VISIT THE Gayety "Omaha's Fun Centre"

Grand New Show MUSICAL BURLESQUE EVERY WEEK

Clean, Class Entertainment. Everybody Goes! Ask Anybody. LADIES' DINE MATINEE DAILY

DON'T GO HOME SAYING I DIDN'T VISIT THE GAYETY

Base Ball

—SUNDAY—
3:00 P. M.

Bourgeoise

—VS—

Red Sox

The Bourgeoise are among the fast organizations of Omaha and will give the fans a run for their money in the game here. Come out and boost the Red Sox on to another victory.

DID THE OLD MAN GOOD.

Geo. W. Clough, of Prentiss, Miss., is seventy-seven years old and had trouble with his kidneys for many years. He writes that Foley Kidney Pills did him much good. He used many remedies, but this is the only one that ever helped him. No, man, young or old, can afford to neglect symptoms of kidney trouble. Sold everywhere.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—80 acres, very choice, half mile east and one mile north of Murray, \$175 per acre. T. H. POLLOCK, Riley Block, Plattsmouth.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Eight-room house, steam heat, two lots, \$1,400. Eight-room house, modern, furnace, \$1,500. Eight-room modern house, \$2,500. Cottages on monthly payments. Vacant lots. Windham Investment & Loan Co. 9-28-3rd-2tw

FOR SALE OR RENT—

Corner store room in Murray, known as the old Holmes and Smith stand. There are four good living rooms in connection with the room. For particulars call or write J. W. Holmes, Murray, Neb.

WANTED—A good, steady, gentlemanly salesman to handle a Ward's wagon in Cass county. No experience needed. For full particulars write promptly to Dr. Ward's Medical Company, Winona, Minn. Established 1856. 8-12-8twkly

COAL.

Will have another car of best grade of soft coal the last of the week, at \$4.85, delivered.

J. B. MOORE. Phone 93-J. The Journal delivered at your door for only 10 cents a week.

For Sale.

100 acres, 5 miles southeast of Murray. Would do well to see me soon. R. Shrader. 9-28-1mo-wkly

Fähny stationery in different varieties at the Journal office. Come and see us when you want stationery.

WHEN IN OMAHA VISIT THE Gayety "Omaha's Fun Centre"

Grand New Show MUSICAL BURLESQUE EVERY WEEK

Clean, Class Entertainment. Everybody Goes! Ask Anybody. LADIES' DINE MATINEE DAILY

DON'T GO HOME SAYING I DIDN'T VISIT THE GAYETY



-VICTROLAS-

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Come in and Hear Them!

Records, Needles, Etc.

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