

# The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



## A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### Berrie's Vigil.

As Wayland's mind cleared he became curious to know precisely what had taken place, but he did not feel free to ask her. "She will tell me if she wishes me to know." That she had vanquished Belden and sent him on his way was evident, although he had not been able to hear what she had said to him at the last. What lay between the enemy's furious onslaught and the aid he lent in making the camp could only be surmised. "I wonder if she used her pistol?" Wayland asked himself. "Something like death must have stared him in the face."

That she loved him with the complete passion of her powerful and simple nature he knew, for her voice had reached through the haze of his semi-unconsciousness with thrilling power. The touch of her lips to his, the close clasp of her strong arms were of ever greater convincing quality. And yet he wished the revelation had come in some other way. His pride was abraded. His manhood seemed somehow lessened. It was a disconcerting reversal of the ordinary relations between hero and heroine, and he saw no way of re-establishing the normal attitude of the male.

Entirely unaware of what was passing in the mind of her patient Berrie went about her duties with a cheerfulness which astonished the sufferer in the tent. She seemed about to hum a song as she set the skillet on the fire, but a moment later she called out, in a tone of irritation, "Here comes Nash!"

"I'm glad of that," answered Wayland, although he perceived something of her displeasure.

Nash, on his way to join the supervisor, raised a friendly greeting as he saw the girl and drew rein. "I expected to meet you farther down the hill," he said. "Tony phoned that you had started. Where did you leave the supervisor?"

"Over at the station waiting for you. Where's your outfit?"

"Carried down the trail a mile or so. I thought I'd better push through tonight. What about Norcross? Isn't he with you?"

She hesitated an instant. "He's in the tent. He fell and struck his head on a rock, and I had to go into camp here."

Nash was deeply concerned. "Is that so? Well, that's hard luck. Is he badly hurt?"

"Well, he had a terrible fall. But he's easier now. I think he's asleep." "May I look in on him?"

"I don't think you'd better take the time. It's a long, hard ride from here to the station. It will be deep night before you can make it."

"Don't you think the supervisor would want me to camp here tonight and do what I could for you? If Norcross is badly injured you will need me."

She liked Nash, and she knew he was right, and yet she was reluctant to give up the pleasure of her lone vigil. "He's not in any danger, and we'll be able to ride on in the morning."

Nash, thinking of her as Clifford Belden's promised wife, had no suspicion of her feeling toward Norcross. Therefore he readily agreed that to go on was quite out of order. "I can't think of leaving you here alone—certainly not till I see Norcross and find out how badly he is hurt."

She yielded. "I reckon you're right," she said. "I'll go see if he is awake."

He followed her to the door of the tent, apprehending something new and inexplicable in her attitude. In the music of her voice as she spoke to the sick man was the love note of the night. "You may come in," she called back, and Nash, stooping, entered the small tent.

"Hello, old man! What job been doing with yourself? Hitting the high spots?"

Norcross smiled feebly. "No, the hill drew up and bumped me."

"How did it all happen?"

"I don't exactly know. At all came of a sudden. I had no share in it. I didn't go for to do it."

"Whether you did or not, you seem to have made a good job of it."

Nash examined the wounded man carefully, and his skill and strength in handling Norcross pleased Berrie, though she was jealous of the warm friendship which seemed to exist between the men.

She had always liked Nash, but she resented him now, especially as he insisted on taking charge of the case, but she gave way finally and went back to her pots and pans with pensive countenance.

A little later, when Nash came out to make report, she was not very gracious in her manner. "He's not very badly hurt," he said. "There's an ugly gash in his scalp, and the shock has fused in his head, but he's going to be all right in a day or two. For a man seeking rest and recuperation he certainly has had a rough run of weather."

Through a serious minded, honorable forester, determined to keep sternly in mind that he was in the presence of the daughter of his chief, and that she was engaged to marry another, Nash was, after all, a man, and the witchery of the hour, the charm of the girl's graceful figure, asserted their power over him. His eyes grew tender, and his voice eloquent in spite of himself. His words he could guard, but it was hard to keep from his speech the song of the lover. The thought that he was to camp in her company, to help her about the fire, to see her from moment to moment, with full liberty to speak to her, to meet her glance, pleased him. It was the most romantic and moving episode in his life, and though of a rather dry and analytic temperament he had a sense of poesy.

The night, black, oppressive and silent, brought a closer bond of mutual help and understanding between them. She grew friendlier and asked him about his work and especially about his ambitions and plans for the future. They discussed the forest and its enemies, and he wondered at her freedom in speaking of the mill and saloon. He said: "Of course you know that Alec Belden is a partner in that business, and I'm told—of course I don't know this—that Clifford Belden is also interested."

She offered no defense of young Belden, and this unconcern puzzled him. He had expected indignant protest, but she merely replied: "I don't care who owns it. It should be rooted out. I hate that kind of thing. It's just another way of robbing those poor tie-jacks."

"Clifford should get out of it. Can't you persuade him to do so?"

"I don't think I can."

"His relationship to you?"

"He is not related to me."

"Her tone amazed him. "You know what I mean."

"Of course I do, but you're mistaken. We're not related that way any longer."

This silenced him for a few moments, then he said: "I'm rather glad of that. He isn't anything like the man you thought he was—but I couldn't say these things before—but he is as greedy as Alec, only not so open about it."

All this comment, which moved the forester so deeply to utter, seemed not to interest Berrie. She sat staring at the fire with the calm brow of an Indian. Clifford Belden had passed out of her life as completely as he had vanished out of the landscape. She felt an immense relief at being rid of him and resented his being brought back even as a subject of conversation.

Wayland, listening, fancied he understood her desire and said nothing that might arouse Nash's curiosity.

Nash on his part, knowing that she had broken with Belden, began to understand the tenderness, the anxious care of her face and voice, as she bent above young Norcross. As the night deepened and the cold air stung, he asked, "Have you plenty of blankets for a bed?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "But I don't intend to sleep."

"Oh, you must!" he declared. "Go to bed. I will keep the fire going."

At last she consented. "I will make my bed right here at the mouth of the tent close to the fire," she said, "and you can call me if you need me."

"Why not put your bed in the tent? It's going to be cold up here."

"I am all right outside," she protested.

"Put your bed inside, Miss Berrie. We can't let conventional custom above timber line. I shall rest better if I know you are properly sheltered."

And so it happened that for the third time she shared the same roof with her lover. But the nurse was uppermost in her now.

Nash was the first to arise in the dusk of dawn, and Berrie, awakened by the crackle of his fire, soon joined

him.

"If you'll round up our horses, Mr. Nash, I'll rustle breakfast and we'll get going," she said.

Nash, enthralled, lingered while she twisted her hair into place, then went out to bring in the ponies.

Wayland came out a little uncertainly, but looking very well. "I think I shall discourage my friends from coming to this region for their health," he said ruefully. "If I were a novelist now all this would be grist for my mill."

Beneath his joking he was profoundly chagrined. He had hoped by this time to be as sinewy, as alert as Nash instead of which here he sat, shivering over the fire like a sick girl, his head swollen, his blood sluggish, but this discouragement only increased Berrie's tenderness—a tenderness which melted all his reserve.

"I'm not worth all your care," he said to her, with poignant glance.

The sun rose clear and warm, and the fire, the coffee, put new courage into him as well as into the others, and while the morning was yet early and the forest chill and damp with rain, the surveyor brought up the horses and started packing the outfit.

In this Berrie again took part, doing her half of the work quite as dextrously as Nash himself. Indeed, the forester was noticeably confused and not quite up to his usual level of adroitness.

At last both packs were on, and as they stood together for a moment Nash said: "This has been a great experience—one I shall remember as long as I live."

She stirred uneasily under his frank admiration. "I'm mightily obliged to you," she replied, as heartily as she could command.

"Don't thank me, I'm indebted to you. There is so little in my life of such companionship as you and Norcross give me."

He helped Norcross mount his horse, and as he put the lead rope into her hand he said, with much feeling: "Good luck to you. I shall remember this night all the rest of my life, Miss Berrie."

"I'm going to be going to the rear," called



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ed Wayland, whose bare, bandaged head made him look like a wounded young officer. "But I guess it's better for me to lay off a week or two and recover my tone."

And so they parted, the surveyor riding his determined way up the naked mountain side toward the clouds, while Berrie and her ward plunged at once into the dark and dripping forest below. "If you can stand the grief," she said, "we'll go clear through."

Her caution was all for him. She tried each dangerous slough first and thus was able to advise him which way was safest. His head throbbled with pain and his knees were weary, but he rode on.

At last they came into open ground on a high ridge and were gladdened by the valley outspread below them, for it was still radiant with color, though not as brilliant as before the rain.

At 1 o'clock on the bank of a clear stream the girl halted. "I reckon we'd better camp awhile. You look tired, and I am hungry."

She unsaddled one pack animal and spread some blankets on the grass. "Lie down and rest while I boil some coffee," she commanded, and he obeyed, too tired to make pretension toward assisting.

Lying so, feeling the magic of the sun, hearing the music of the water and watching the girl, he regained a serene mood, and when she came back with his food he thanked her for it with a glance before which her eyes fell. "I don't see why you are so kind to me. I really believe you like to do things for me." Her head drooped to hide her face, and he went on: "Why do you care for me? Tell me."

"I don't know," she murmured. Then she added, with a flash of bravery, "But I do."

"What a mystery it all is! You with from a splendid fellow like Landon to a 'skate' like me. Landon worships you—you know that—don't you?"

"I know—he—she ended, vaguely distressed.

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you? He's just the mate for you. He's a man of high

character and education." She made no answer to this, and he went on: "Dear girl, I'm not worth your care truly. I'm not. I resented your engagement to Belden, for he was a brute, but Landon is different. He thinks the world of you. He'll go high in the service. I've never done any thing in the world—I never shall. It will be better for you if I go—tomorrow."

She took his hand and pressed it to her cheek, then, putting her arm about his neck, drew him to her bosom and kissed him passionately. "You break my heart when you talk like that," she protested, with tears. "You mustn't say such gloomy things—I won't let you give up. You shall come right home with me, and I will nurse you till you are well. It was all my fault."

"I will not have it go that way," he said. "I've brought you only care and unhappiness thus far. I'm an alien my ways are not your ways."

"I can change," she answered. "I hate my ways, and I like yours."

As they argued she felt no shame and he voiced no resentment. She knew his mood. She understood his doubt, his depression. She pleaded as a man might have done, ready to prove her love, eager to restore his self respect, while he remained both bitter and sadly contemptuous.

A cow hand riding up the trail greeted Berrie respectfully, but a cynical smile broke out on his lips as he passed on. Another witness; another gossip.

She did not care. She had no further concern of the valley's comment. Her life's happiness hung on the drooping eyelashes of this wounded boy, and to win him back to cheerful acceptance of life was her only concern.

"I've never had any motives," he confessed. "I've always done what pleased me at the moment—or because it was easier to do as others were doing. I went to college that way. Truth is, I never had any surplus vitality, and my father never demanded anything of me. I haven't any motives now. A few days ago I was interested in forestry. At this time it all seems futile. What's the use of my trying to live?"

Races at the County Fair—On Saturday, in the foot race, Bud Smith got first money and George Foster (colored) second. In the afternoon race Jas Woodard won first and Foster again was second. In the horse races Friday Kearney's horse, John Gantt, won first money, against Streight's Broncho Jim; owing to the track being so wet, Streight's horse could not make time. Saturday there were a number of running races, mostly won by Rieckebnugh, an Iowa professional, and one trot between Jones' Black Bess and Pettit's stallion; Jones won. No time on any of the races.

Weeping Water Notes—Weeping Water has only five doctors.

Geo. Heirstant, Mrs. Potter's brother, is in town.

There is to be a mock trial in the Hyer's school house next Saturday evening.

Ed Ashman's school closes next week.

Jno. Cropsey and family have moved to Belvidere, in this state.

The "Bird and Mickle Map Co." are still here, at work on a map of the county.

At the rhetorical exercises of the high school last Friday the following question was discussed: "Should a certain amount of education be required of every voter?" The question isn't given above, verbatim, as discussed.

The time set for rendering "Ten Nights in a Barroom," is February 28 instead of the 21st.

It is not yet decided who is to become landlord of the Weeping Water House when Dave Woodard leaves, though the aspirants to that opening are numerous.

A. J. McDonald has purchased the building erected by Black, for agricultural use, for a restaurant, which, by the way is a much needed improvement in this place.

Never take pepsin and preparations containing pepsin or other digestive ferments for indigestion, as the more you will have to take. What is needed is a tonic like Chamberlain's Tablets that will enable the stomach to perform its functions naturally. Obtainable everywhere.

FOR SALE—Three steer calves. V. Belohlavy, Maiden Lane, Plattsmouth. 10-6-2td12w

FOR RENT.

M. E. parsonage at Mynard. Grant Wetenkamp, Mynard, Neb. Phone 4020. 9-24-tf-d&w

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Breaks Ankle Bone.

From Saturday's Daily.

J. D. Lidgett, living one and a half miles northwest of here, had the misfortune of causing a bad fracture to one of his ankles last week. In some way or other he was unhitching a team of colts and before he had all the tugs loose the team started off, and in so doing caused the tongue of the wagon to swing around in such a manner as to knock him down, and as they did not stop the wagon was pulled over his ankle right at the bone. He came to town where a physician dressed it and it will be some six or eight weeks before he will regain the use of his foot.—Union Ledger.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO.

Peter Mumm can't get along without the Herald. Thank for specie.

Ex-Judge Newell called and paid for the Herald and Inter-Ocean for another year.

Robert Metteer brings 31 bushels of corn on subscription. Who's the next lucky man?

Ben Drost came up to the Herald and paid for the Inter-Ocean and American Agriculturist, in connection with the Herald.

Mr. Higginson, who has been in the employ of the B. & M. company here, has given up his position and will return to Chicago temporarily.

Captain Boyton has or is about attempting to float from Pittsburg to New Orleans in the patent sub-marine armor of Mr. Merriman's which has been so much talked of lately. It is not generally known that this armor was invented and patented by Mr. Merriman from Iowa, that it's first trial was in the Missouri here at Plattsmouth, and that John Fitzgerald of this place is the half owner of the patent, such is the case, however. We became acquainted with Mr. Merriman at Washington last spring and found him a perfect gentleman. Boynton has exhibited the armor over the known world almost, and it has been adopted by several European governments.

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NEHAWKA.

News.

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Mark Todd came in Friday afternoon from Imperial, Neb., for a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Nutzman returned home Saturday after an absence of several weeks taking in the exposition and visiting relatives.

Clarence Heebner, Merritt Pollard and Paul Wolph left Monday morning for Lincoln, where they will attend the school at the state farm. Mr. B. Wolph and wife accompanied them to Lincoln.

The editor was having a friendly scuffle last Saturday and came out with a nice little cut on his left arm near the elbow which is now sewed up. As the result his father is doing the necessary work in the mechanical line on the News.

Chancellor Avery of the state university, Dr. Lee, professor of Greek, and Ed Brown one of the regents of the same institution, and Mr. Hogan of Chicago, who is architect on the state university and farm buildings, were guests of E. M. Pollard over Sunday.

F. F. Schlichtemier, one of Cass county most prosperous farmers, who lives north of Nehawka, has recently finished one of the best and most convenient granaries in this community. It consists of upper bins for small grain, while the larger is stored below. It has an equipment to elevate the grain.

Dr. J. W. Thomas, who has been taking a two weeks' post graduate course in Chicago, returned home Sunday ready to resume his old business. While there he received many new pointers and much helpful advice along the medical and surgical work and is now ready to be of greater service to his patrons than before.

Lester Sprague, who lives northwest of Nehawka, met with a very serious accident while dising Monday afternoon. A horse which he was driving kicked and struck him on the right leg below the knee, breaking both bones and mangling the same very badly. Dr. Thomas was called, and after caring for him rushed him in the car to St. Joseph's hospital in Omaha, where he will receive constant care. He is reported as getting along nicely.

MISS KITTIE WORLEY came down from Omaha Wednesday morning for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Worley.

Edwin Burke, who has been confined to his bed for several days, is now improving, and hopes are entertained that he will shortly be around as usual.

H. B. Gipson and family arrived on Tuesday from Odell, Neb., and will occupy the Breckenfeld property. Mr. Gipson is assistant cashier of the Elmwood State bank.

L. F. Langhorst has been a busy man the past few weeks. He has been buying and shipping apples. He has been buying up orchards and has had quite a force of men at work picking the fruit.

J. D. Brittel returned last week from a visit to his son at O'Neil, Neb., and other western points. He reports splendid crops, but that the rains have been heavy and it has made it hard to handle the heavy hay crop.

W. L. Clites, who went to Montana last fall, but who returned because he did not like the country, has rented one of James Gamble's farms and will farm there next year. We are glad to know that he has decided to stay in this county.

Mrs. B. A. Green is enjoying a visit from her twin brother, T. S. Bosley, of Seattle, Washington. Mr. Bosley has been an engineer on the Great Northern road for thirty-nine years. He goes from here to Iowa for a visit with relatives at different points in that state before returning home.

Carl Lewis, a youth of near Alvo, sustained a broken forearm last Saturday when he attempted to crank his mother's auto, both bones being broken. Medical attention was immediately given, the arm set in a cast, and Carl is now doing as well as could be expected. The accident was caused by the engine backfiring.

Last Saturday evening a large party of neighbors and friends assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gustin to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary. The evening was spent in games and in a social way. Refreshments were served. Many tokens in the shape of silver were left for Mr. and Mrs. Gustin as reminders of the occasion.

W. A. ROBERTSON, Lawyer, Coates' Block, East of Riley Hotel, Second Floor.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Philpot leave

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