

# The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



### A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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#### CHAPTER XV.

#### Wayland Hears From Home.

IT was almost noon of the fourth day when the supervisor called up to say that he was at the office and would reach the ranch at 6 o'clock.

"I wish you would come home at once," his wife argued, and something in her voice convinced him that he was more needed at home than in the town.

"All right, mother. Hold the fort an hour, and I'll be there."

Mrs. McFarlane met him at the hitching bar, and it required but a glance for him to read in her face a troubled state of mind.

"This has been a disastrous trip for Berrie," she said after one of the hands had relieved the supervisor of his horse.

"In what way?"

She was a bit impatient. "Mrs. Belden is filling the valley with the story of Berrie's stay in camp with Mr. Norcross."

His face showed a graver line. "It couldn't be helped. The horses had to be followed, and that youngster could not do it, and, besides, I expected to get back that night. Nobody but an old snook like Seth Belden would think evil of our girl, and, besides, Norcross is a man to be trusted."

"Of course he is, but the Beldens are ready to think evil of any one connected with us. And Cliff's assault on Wayland—"

He looked up quickly. "Assault! Did he make trouble?"

"Yes. He overtook them on the trail and would have killed Norcross if Berrie hadn't interfered. He was crazy with jealousy."

"Nash didn't say anything about any assault."

"He didn't know it. Berrie told him that Norcross fell from his horse."

"Good God! I never suspected a word of this. I didn't think he'd do that."

He fixed another penetrating look upon her face, and his voice was full of anxiety as he said, "You don't think there's anything wrong?"

"No, nothing wrong, but she's profoundly in love with him. I never have seen her so wrapped up in any one. She thinks of nothing else. It scares me to see it, for I've studied him closely and I can't believe he feels the same toward her. His world is so different from ours. I don't know what to do or say. I fear she is in for a period of great unhappiness."

The return of the crew from the corral cut short this conference, and when McFarlane went in Berrie greeted him with such frank and joyous expression that all his fears vanished.

"Did you come over the high trail?" she asked.

"No, I came your way. I didn't want to take any chances of being injured. It's still raining up there," he answered; then turned to Wayland: "Here's your mail, Norcross, a whole hatful of it—and one telegram in the bunch. Hope it isn't serious."

Wayland took the bundle of letters and retired to his room, glad to escape the persistent stare of the cowhands. The dispatch was from his father and was curt and specific as a command: "Shall be in Denver on the 23d. Meet me at the Palmer House. Am on my way to California. Come prepared to join me on the trip."

With the letters unopened in his lap he sat in silent thought, profoundly troubled by the instant decision which this message demanded of him. At first glance nothing was simpler than to pack up and go. He was only a tourist in the valley, with no intention of staying, but there was Berrie! To go meant a violent end of their pleasant romance. To think of flight saddened him, and yet his better judgment was clearly on the side of going. "Much as I like her, much as I admire her, I cannot marry her. The simplest way is to frankly tell her so and go. It seems cowardly, but in the end she will be happier."

His letters carried him back into his own world. One was from Will Halliday, who was going with Professor Holsman on an exploring trip up the Nile. "You must join us," Holsman has promised to take you on." Another classicist wrote to know if he did not want to go into a land deal on the Gulf of Mexico. A girl asked: "Are you to be in New York this winter? I am. I've decided to go into this suffrage movement." And so, one by one, the threads which bound him to eastern city life resun their filaments. After all, this Colorado out-

ing, even though it should last two years, would only be a vacation. His real life was in the cities of the east. Charming as Berre was, potent as she seemed, she was, after all, a fixed part of the mountain land and not to be taken from it. At the moment marriage with her appeared absurd.

A knock at his door and the supervisor's voice gave him a keen shock. "Come in," he called, springing to his feet with a thrill of dread, of alarm.

McFarlane entered slowly and shut the door behind him. His manner was serious and his voice gravely gentle as he said, "I hope that telegram does not call you away."

"It is from my father asking me to meet him in Denver," answered Norcross, with faltering breath. "He's on his way to California. Won't you sit down?"

The older man took a seat with quiet dignity. "Seems like a mighty fine chance, don't it? I've always wanted to see the coast. When do you plan for to pull out?"

"I haven't decided to go at all. I'm still dazed by the suddenness of it. I didn't know my father was planning this trip."

"I see. Well, before you decide to go I'd like to have a little talk with you. My daughter has told me part of what happened to you on the trail. I want to know all of it. You're young, but you've been out in the world, and you know what people can say about you and my girl. His voice became level and menacing as he added, "And I don't intend to have her put in wrong on account of you."

Norcross was quick to reply. "Nobody will dare accuse her of wrongdoing. She's a noble girl. No one will dare to criticise her for what she could not prevent."

"You don't know the Beldens. My girl's character will be on trial in every house in the county tomorrow. The Belden side of it will appear in the city papers. Sympathy will be with Clifford. Berrie will be made an issue by my enemies. They'll get me through her."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Norcross in sudden realization of the gravity of the case, "what beasts they are!"

Moore's gang will seize upon it and work it hard." McFarlane went on with calm insistence. "They want to bring the district forester down on me. This is a fine chance to hadger me. They will make a great deal of my putting you on the roll. Our little

"That's true," she sighed. "In some ways she's bigger and stronger than both of us. Sometimes I wish she were not so self-reliant."

When Wayland caught the startled look on Berrie's face he knew that she had learned from her father the contents of his telegram and that she would require an explanation.

"Are you going away?" she asked.

"Yes. At least, I must go down to Denver to see my father. I shall be gone only overnight."

"And will you tell him about our trip?" she pursued, with unflinching directness. "And about—me?"

He gave her a chair and took a seat himself before replying. "Yes, I shall tell him all about it and about you and your father and mother. He shall know how kind you've all been to me."

He said this bravely, and at the moment he meant it, but as his father's big, impassive face and cold, keen eyes came back to him his courage sank, and in spite of his firm resolution some part of his secret anxiety communicated itself to the girl, who asked many questions with intent to find out more particularly what kind of man the elder Norcross was.

Wayland's replies did not entirely reassure her. He admitted that his father was harsh and domineering in character and that he was ambitious to have his son take up and carry forward his work. "He was willing enough to have me go to college till he found I was specializing on wrong lines. Then I had to fight in order to keep my place. He's glad I'm out here, for he thinks I'm regaining my strength. But just as soon as I'm well enough he expects me to go to Chicago and take charge of the western office. Of course I don't want to do that. I'd rather work out some problem in chemistry that interests me, but I may have to give in for a time at least."

"Will your mother and sisters be with your father?"

"No, indeed! You couldn't get any one of them west of the Hudson river

sured: "You can at least stay on the ground and help fight. This is no time to stumped."

"You're right. I'll stay, and I'll make any statement you see fit. I'll do anything that will protect Berrie."

McFarlane again looked him squarely in the eyes. "Is there an agreement between you?"

"Nothing formal—that is, I mean I admire her, and I told her— He stopped, feeling himself on the verge of the irrevocable. "She's a splendid girl," he went on. "I like her exceedingly, but I've known her only a few weeks."

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McFarlane interrupted. "Girls are flighty critters," he said sadly. "I don't know why she's taken to you so terribly strong, but she has. She don't seem to care what people say so long as they do not blame you. But if you should pull out you might just as well cut her heart to pieces— His voice broke, and it was a long time before he could finish. "You're not at fault—I know that—but if you can stay on a little while and make it an ounce or two easier for her and for her mother I wish you'd do it."

Wayland extended his hand impulsively. "Of course I'll stay. I never really thought of leaving." In the grip of McFarlane's hand was something warm and tender.

Berrie could not be entirely deceived. She read in her father's face a subtle change of line which she related to something Wayland had said. "Did he tell you what was in the telegram? Has he got to go away?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, he said it was from his father."

"What does his father want of him?"

"He's on his way to California and wants Wayland to go with him, but Wayland says he's not going."

A pang shot through Berrie's heart. "He mustn't go—he isn't able to go," she exclaimed, and her pain, her fear, came out in her sharpened, constricted tone. "I won't let him go—till he's well."

Mrs. McFarlane gently interposed. "He'll have to go, honey, if his father needs him."

"Let his father come here." She rose and, going to his door, decisively knocked. "May I come in?" she demanded rather than asked before her mother could protest. "I must see you."

Wayland opened the door, and she entered, leaving her parents facing each other in mute helplessness.

Mrs. McFarlane turned toward her husband with a face of despair. "She's ours no longer, Joe. Our time of bereavement has come."

He took her in his arms. "There, there, mother, don't cry. It can't be helped. You cut loose from your parents and came to me in just the same way. Our daughter's a grown woman and must have her own life. All we can do is to defend her against the coyotes who are busy with her name."

"But what of him, Joe? He can't care for her as she does for him. Can't you see that?"

"He'll do the right thing, mother; he told me he would. He knows how much depends on his staying here now, and he intends to do it."

"But in the end, Joe, after this scandal is lived down, can he—will he—marry her? And if he marries her can they live together and be happy? His way of life is so different. He can't content himself here, and she can't fit in where he belongs. It all seems hopeless to me. Wouldn't it be better for her to suffer for a little while now than to make a mistake that may last a lifetime?"

"Maybe it would, mother, but the decision is not ours. She's too strong for us to control. She's of age, and if she comes to a full understanding of the situation she can decide the question a whole lot better than either of us."

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### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Also, cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

with a leg chain. My sisters were both born in Michigan, but they want to forget it. They pretend they have forgotten it. They both have New Yorkitis. Nothing but the big hotels will do them now."

"I suppose they think we're all 'Injuns' out here?"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that. But they wouldn't comprehend anything about you except your muscle. That would catch 'em. They'd worship your splendid health, just as I do. It's pitiful the way they both try to put on weight. They're always testing some new food, some new tonic. They'll do anything except exercise regularly and go to bed at 10 o'clock."

(To Be Continued.)

### Chronic Constipation.

"About two years ago when I began using Chamberlain's Tablets I had been suffering for some time with stomach trouble and chronic constipation. My condition improved rapidly through the use of these tablets. Since taking four or five bottles of them my health has been fine," writes Mrs. John Newton, Irving, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.

### For Sale.

18 horse-power Buffalo Pitts double cylinder engine. Good as new. Will sell it at a bargain; half cash, balance terms to suit. Inquire at this office. 10-7-tf wky.

### Will Buy.

We will buy your Clover, Alfalfa, Timothy, Cane and Millet Seed. Mail us samples or phone us at our expense. Gollaber Bros., Elmwood, Neb.

### FOR EXCHANGE.

FOR EXCHANGE for western land, eight-room house, steam heat, bath, etc., 3 lots. For Sale—New six-room house. A five-room cottage on monthly payments. Vacant building lots. Small acreage tracts. Windham Investment & Loan Co. 10-15-3rd-4tw

### Recommends Chamberlain's Cough

"Last winter I used a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a bad bronchial cough. I felt its beneficial effects immediately and before I had finished the bottle I was cured. I never tire of recommending this remedy to my friends," writes Mrs. William Bright, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Obtainable everywhere.

There will be a social dance given Sunday afternoon at the T. J. Sokol hall. Everybody invited. Music by the Holly orchestra.

### M. E. Ladies' Notice!

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church will be entertained by Mrs. John Cory and daughters in the parlors of the Perkins hotel Thursday afternoon at 2:30. Everybody invited.

### LEGAL NOTICE. In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

Erma Reynolds, Plaintiff, vs.

Joseph Reynolds, Defendant.

To Joseph Reynolds, Defendant:

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

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

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

## Now

is the proper time to see

## Leonard

in regard to your Christmas Photos! Hit the trail and see the new styles in Folders, Etc.

### Local News

#### From Friday's Daily.

George Reed of Weeping Water was in the city yesterday for a few hours visiting with his friends and looking after some items of business.

Percy Wheeler and sister, Miss Lillian, drove in this morning from their country home, south of this city, and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha to spend the day.

John M. Meisinger and wife came in this morning from their country home and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha to visit for the day, looking after some matters of business.

Albert Tschirren, wife and daughter, Miss Alice, and son, Elmer, came in this morning from their farm home, northwest of this city, and departed on the early train for Omaha, where they will spend the day.

#### From Saturday's Daily.

A. A. Barnett of Lynn Grove, Iowa, is here for a short visit in this city with his many friends over Sunday.

Adam Kaffenberger drove in this morning from his farm home to look after arrangements for moving to this city.

A. B. Farnoff of near Cedar Creek was in the city today for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

S. O. Pitman, George Nickels and Ed Tutt motored up from Murray yesterday to spend a few hours here with friends.

James McCulloch came in this morning from his farm home and spent a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Misses Delia Tartsch and Amelia Martens were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will visit over Sunday with friends.

John Gauer of near Cedar Creek was in the city today spending a few hours looking after some matters of business and calling on his friends.

William Starkjohn returned this morning from Custer county, where he had been for a short time looking after some local interests in that locality.

Watson Long was a passenger this morning for Omaha where he spent the day with his son, James Long, at the hospital, where he is recovering from an operation.

Mrs. Joseph Droege and daughter, Miss Teresa, were among those going to Omaha this morning where they will spend the day looking after some matters of business.

William S. Wetenkamp and wife came in this afternoon from their home near Mynard and departed on the afternoon train for Omaha to attend the Sunday meetings.

George Haynie of near Tabor, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott Norris of near Nehawka, were in the city today for a short time, being guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Christvasser.

Mrs. J. C. Petersen departed this morning for Padrona, Colorado, where she will visit for a short time with relatives. Mr. Petersen and Miss Myrtle accompanied her as far as Omaha.

Mrs. William Gilmour and daughter, Mrs. B. W. Livingston, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will spend the day looking after some matters of business.

J. L. Richey motored over from Des Moines this morning and departed at once for Lincoln, accompanied by B. A. Rosencrans, and they will take in the foot ball game in that city this afternoon.

Mrs. A. E. Swartout departed this morning for North Platte, Neb., where she will visit with relatives for a few days. Her brother, A. D. Despain, accompanied her as far as Omaha on her journey.

Mrs. George A. Kaffenberger was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she goes to meet her daughter, Miss Ola, who is returning home from Cedar Falls, Iowa, where she is attending school.

Mrs. Mary Murphy and son, Ed Murphy, who is here enjoying a visit with his mother for a short time, were visitors in Omaha yesterday for the day, taking in the sights and visiting with relatives and friends.

Mrs. John Schulhof and daughter, Miss Norine, and Mrs. F. B. Farmer and Mrs. Fred Kissing composed a party going to the metropolis this morning, where they will spend the day looking after some matters of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Farnoff and son, Jacob Farnoff, of the vicinity of Cedar Creek, drove to this city this morning and spent the day visiting county seat friends and attending to some business matters. While here Mr. Jacob Farnoff took time to call at this office and have his subscription to this paper extended for another year.

### The Easy Way This Year

Sit for Your Portrait and have one Dozen Gifts all ready for Xmas



The Greenwald Studio Coates Block

### TERRY'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IS NOT VERY SATISFACTORY

Terry's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gave an exhibition in this city Saturday evening before a fair-sized audience in the Parmele theater, and their rendition of the famous story of Harriett Beecher Stowe pleased the younger members of the audience, who are always pleased with the startling experiences of Eliza, and the thrilling chase by the bloodhounds, as well as the pathetic incidents of the life of little Eva and her death. The company was not as good perhaps as others that have appeared here, and the fact that the scenery of the house was used for the production detracted somewhat from the interest of the play, but as a whole the time-worn story was given in the usual manner and the same amount of smiles and tears bestowed by the audience on the different "big" scenes.

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

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

### Men's Fall Shoes



It's just about now that the Fall Shoe proposition confronts a Man! The Man, who values his Shoe Comfort and Shoe Money, will do well to turn his feet towards this store of Better Shoes for Men! Shoes of the best dull, bright or tan leathers. The smart English low toe, broad heel models. The conservative styles. Some are made with rubber soles and heels. Then, there are some very handsome new cloth top shoes.

\$3.50, \$4, \$4.50 or \$5 The Best Shoe Values These Prices Ever Bought!

We take pride and pleasure in showing the new fall shoes to men who are interested in particularly good shoes.

### Fetzer Shoe Co.

LEGAL NOTICE. NOTICE TO JOSEPHINE DUDA, Non-Resident Defendant. YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that on the 17th day of May, 1915, Max Duda filed a petition against you in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you upon the grounds of cruelty, desertion and infidelity, and for the custody of the infant child, the issue of said marriage, Marie Duda, aged two years, and that the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant may be dissolved, and for such other and further relief as may be equitable. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 15th day of November, 1915.

MAX DUDA, Plaintiff. 9-16-4wks

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR. To All Persons Interested in the Estate of John Pearsley, Deceased, and to the Public in General: You are hereby notified that on the 6th day of May, 1915, I was duly appointed by the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, administrator of the will annexed of the estate of John Pearsley, deceased. That I duly accepted said office, qualified myself according to law, and am now acting as such administrator. You are further notified that under and by virtue of the authority and power vested in me by the last will and testament of John Pearsley, deceased, which last will and testament has been duly probated and allowed, I will on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the north front door of the Bank of Union, in Union, Cass County, Nebraska, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit: The Southwest Quarter of Section eighteen (18), Township ten (10), Range fourteen (14), Cass County, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open for one hour. Dated this 1st day of October, A. D. 1915. F. H. McCAFFERTY, Administrator With Will Annexed of the Estate of John Pearsley, Deceased. 10-4-4wks

### DASTARDLY OUT-RAGE ON KANSAS SCHOOL TEACHER

Posses of Men Searching for the Assailant Who Killed Her and Choked Her to Death.

Dodge City, Kas., Oct. 23.—Posses of enraged men combed the southern part of Grant county, southwest of here, tonight, determined to run to earth the man who choked to death Nellie Byers, a school teacher, mistreated her, and then buried her body under a pile of leaves and dirt.

Threats of lynching were heard on every hand as the details of the brutal murder became known. The victim was 24 years old, and from one of the oldest families in the county. After finishing her school work yesterday, she walked toward the house where she boarded, but never reached it.

After waiting several hours, her friends sent out a general alarm and the search was taken up. All night long parties of armed men scoured the surrounding country without avail. Nobody had seen the girl, and it was not until midday that searchers discovered a pool of blood in a desolate and demote portion of the county. Marks of heavy shoes led to a pile of weeds, and there the tragedy was revealed.

Swollen, discolored finger marks on the throat showed clearly that her life had been choked out. Her clothing, what little of it remained, was in shreds, and other marks gave proof of horrible mistreatment. The murderer had raked together a quantity of leaves and weeds and thrown them over the corpse.