

# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1922,  
By Stewart Edward White

Carpenter, Morton, Helen Thorpe and Hilda Farrand boarded the north bound train.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

**T**HE train of the South Shore railroad shot its way across the broad reaches of the northern peninsula.

Thorpe welcomed the smell of the northland. He became almost eager, explaining, indicating to the girl at his side.

"There is the Canada balsam," he cried. "Do you remember how I showed it to you first? And yonder the spruce. How stuck up your teeth were when you tried to chew the gum before it had been heated! Do you remember? Look, look there! It's a white pine! Isn't it a grand tree? It's the finest tree in the forest, by my way of thinking, so tall, so straight, so feathery and so dignified. See, Hilda, look quick! There's an old logging road all filled with raspberry vines. We'd find lots of partridges there, and perhaps a bear. Wouldn't you like to walk down it about sunset?"

"Yes, Harry."

"I wonder what we're stopping for. Seems to me they are stopping at every squirrel's trail. Oh, this must be Seney. Yes, it is. Queer little place, isn't it, but sort of attractive? Good deal like our town. You have never seen Carpenter, have you? Location's fine anyway, and to me it's sort of picturesque. You'll like Mrs. Hathaway. She's a buxom, motherly woman who runs the boarding house for eighty men and still finds time to mend my clothes for me. And you'll like Solly. Solly's the tug captain, a mighty good fellow, true as a gun barrel. We'll have him take us out some still day. We'll be there in a few minutes now. See the cranberry marshes. Sometimes there's a good deal of pine on little islands scattered over it, but it's very hard to log unless you get a good winter. We had just such a proposition when I worked for Radway. Oh, you'll like Radway. He's as good as gold. Helen!"

"Yes," replied his sister.

"I want you to know Radway. He's the man who gave me my start."

"All right, Harry," laughed Helen. "I'll meet anybody or anything from bears to Indians."

"I know an Indian, too—Geezguit, an Ojibway. We called him Injun Charley. He was my first friend in the north woods. He helped me get my timber. This spring he killed a man—a good job, too—and is hiding now. I wish I knew where he is. But we'll see him some day. He'll come back when the thing blows over. See! See!"

"What?" they all asked, breathless.

"It's gone. Over beyond the hills there I caught a glimpse of Superior."

"You are ridiculous, Harry," protested Helen Thorpe laughingly. "I never saw you so. You are a regular boy."

"Do you like boys?" he asked gravely of Hilda.

"Adore them!" she cried.

"All right; I don't care," he answered his sister in triumph.

The air brakes began to make themselves felt, and shortly the train came to a grinding stop.

"What station is this?" Thorpe asked the colored porter.

"Shingleville, sah," the latter replied.

"I thought so. Wallace, when did their mill burn, anyway? I haven't heard about it."

"Last spring, about the time you went down."

"Is that so? How did it happen?"

"They claim incendiaryism," parried Wallace cautiously.

Thorpe pondered a moment, then laughed. "I am in the mixed attitude of the small boy," he observed, "who isn't wicked enough to wish anybody's property destroyed, but who wishes that if there is a fire, to be where he can see it. I am sorry those fellows had to lose their mill, but it was a good thing for us. The man who set that fire did us a good turn. If it hadn't been for the burning of their mill they would have made a stronger fight against us in the stock market."

Wallace and Hilda exchanged glances. The girl was long since aware of the inside history of those days.

"You'll have to tell them that," she whispered over the back of her seat. "It will please them."

"Our station is next!" cried Thorpe. "And it's only a little ways. Come, get ready!"

They all crowded into the narrow passageway near the door, for the train barely paused.

"All right, sah," said the porter, swinging down his little step.

Thorpe ran down to help the ladies. He was nearly taken from his feet by

a wildest yell, and a moment later that result was actually accomplished by a rush of men that tossed him bodily on to its shoulders. At the same moment the mill and tug whistles began to screech and miscellaneous firearms exploded. Even the locomotive engineer, in the spirit of the occasion, leaned down heartily on his whistle rope. The sawdust street was filled with screaming, jostling men. The homes of the town were brilliantly draped with cheesecloth, flags and bunting.

For a moment Thorpe could not make out what had happened. This turmoil was so different from the dead quiet of desolation he had expected that he was unable to gather his faculties. All about him were familiar faces upturned to his own. He distinguished the broad, square shoulders of Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Kerlie, Bryan Moloney; Ellis grinned at him from the press; Billy Camp, the fat and shiny drive cook; Mason, the foreman of the mill; over beyond bowed Solly, the tug captain; Rollway Charley, Sborny, the chore boy; everywhere were features that he knew.

As his dimming eyes traveled here and there, one by one the Fighting Forty, the best crew of men ever gathered in the northland, impressed themselves in his consciousness. On the outskirts sauntered the tall form of Tim Shearer, a straw peeping from beneath his flax white mustache, his eyes glimmering under his flax white eyebrows.

Big Junko and Anderson deposited their burden on the raised platform of the office steps. Thorpe turned and routed the crowd.

At once pandemonium broke loose, as though the previous performance had been nothing but a low voiced rehearsal.

"Oh, aren't you proud of him?" gasped Hilda, squeezing Helen's arm with a little sob.

In a moment Wallace Carpenter, his countenance glowing with pride and pleasure, mounted the platform and stood beside his friend, while Morton and the two young ladies stopped half way up the steps.

At once the racket ceased. Every one stood at attention.

"Mr. Thorpe," Wallace began, "at the request of your friends here, I have a most pleasant duty to fulfill. They have asked me to tell you how glad they are to see you. That is surely unnecessary. They have also asked me to congratulate you on having won the fight with our rivals."

"You done 'em good?" "Can't down the old fellow?" muttered joyous voices.

"But," said Wallace, "I think that I first have a story to tell on my own account."

"At the time the jam broke this spring we owed the men here for a



"Men," cried Thorpe.

year's work. At that time I considered their demand for wages ill timed and grasping. I wish to apologize. After the money was paid them, instead of scattering, they set to work under Jack Radway. They have worked long hours all summer. They have invested every cent of their year's earnings in supplies and tools, and now they are prepared to show you in the company's booms 3,000,000 feet of logs rescued by their grit and hard labor from total loss."

At this point the speaker was interrupted. "Saw off!" "Shut up!" "Give us a rest!" growled the audience. "Three million feet ain't worth talkin' about!" "You make me tired!" "Say your little say the way you oughter!" "Found purty nigh two millions pocketed on Mare's Island, or we wouldn't 'a' had that much!" "Fool's undertaking, anyhow!"

"Men," cried Thorpe, "I have been very fortunate. From failure success has come. But never have I been more fortunate than in my friends. The firm is now on its feet. It could afford to lose three times the logs it lost this year!"

He paused and scanned their faces.

"But," he continued suddenly, "it cannot now or ever can afford to lose what those 3,000,000 feet represent—the friends it has made. I can pay you

back the money you have spent and the time you have put in"—Again he looked them over, and then for the first time since they had known him his face lighted up with a rare and tender smile of affection. "But, comrades, I shall not offer to do it. The grade is accepted in the spirit with which it was offered."

He got no further. The air was rent with sound. Even the members of his own party cheered. From every direction the crowd surged toward. The women and Morton were forced up the platform to Thorpe. The latter motioned for silence.

"Now, boys, we have done it," said he, "and so will go back to work. From now on you are my comrades in the fight."

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the worn, hard faces glowed the affection and admiration of a dog for its master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching her arms out to them passionately. "Oh, I love you. I love you all!"

THE END.

## MUSCOVY DUCKS.

As What Respects They Differ From Other Domestic Varieties.

South America is the native home of the Muscovy ducks. They are found largely in Guiana, Brazil and adjoining equatorial countries. In their native state they are a wild variety and, while a duck, are decidedly different from any other domesticated or wild variety known to man. A peculiar feature of the Muscovy is that it never quacks like all other ducks. The drakes are at some seasons of the year very pugnacious, especially at laying time, and will battle vigorously among themselves. Other domestic varieties stand no show whatever with a Muscovy in a test of strength and endurance qualities.

The standard of perfection recognizes two varieties of the Muscovy—the colored and white. There is practically no difference except in color. The drakes are large, nearly double the size of the ducks, and often weigh nine or eleven pounds each; are large in frame, long in body and broad across the back; are shorter in shank, with broad web feet, with long hawklike claws, and are the most powerful of any variety of the duck family. The wings are of good length, very compact, and are the chief means of battle and defense, striking sleek hammer blows at a surprising rapidity. During the autumn and spring we find it necessary to wing both males and females, as they delight to fly all over the farm and also adjoining farms simply for exercise. This is easily accomplished by cutting off the end of seven flights of one primary. They are not a migratory bird and fly simply as a means of transit about their home surroundings.

They are largely bred at the present time nearly all over the civilized world. In the United States they are mostly found in the southern states and along the Atlantic coast. One drake will mate with ten or a dozen ducks. However, if the flock contains enough males they will mate in pairs. Being less of pudger and swimmer than other ducks, they do not require as much water and require not over half as much food as other domestic varieties. Some writers have quoted them as poor or ordinary layers. This we have found incorrect.

Having bred them for many years and in large numbers, we believe them to produce more eggs than any other standard variety. They usually commence to lay in April and, if not allowed to sit, will continue until November.

Unlike all other varieties of ducks, unless it be the little ornamental Cails, Carolinas and Mandarins, the Muscovies invariably prepare their nests and deposit their eggs, while other domestic varieties must be penned at night; otherwise they scatter them broadcast. The duck prefers a hollow log or stump for her nest and will usually lay fifteen to nineteen eggs for a laying, and all will invariably prove fertile.

The young are active and strong from the shell and, barring accidents, will grow to maturity. Another peculiar feature of the Muscovy is that it requires five weeks to hatch its eggs instead of four with all other varieties of the duck and goose family. If not allowed to sit and hatch, the Muscovies will continue to lay until late autumn. Unlike other ducks, they molt but once a year, and, being natives of or near the equator, they cannot stand the weather as well as some other varieties. It is no uncommon sight to see one or more Muscovies sitting on the fence or some building just as contented as if on the ground. The original color of the Muscovy was mixed black and white, the latter predominating. By careful selection for many generations the white has been produced. However, the young the first year will nearly all have a black patch of feathers on top of the head and occasionally a few colored feathers on the hollow of the back, which disappear usually after the first month.—Farmer's Voice.

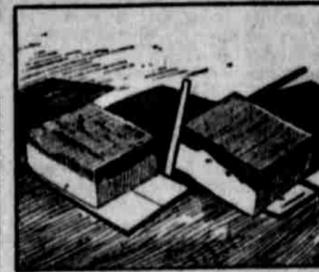
## KENTUCKY TRIES OIL.

Experiments With It In Road Improvement Prove Successful.

Oil has been used on a road near Lexington, Ky., to render it dustless and more durable, and it is said the results are all that could be hoped for. After a considerable expense and preparation a mile and a half on the reconstruction part of the Newtown pike were treated, beginning one mile from the limits, says the Lexington Herald. A White's oiler, similar in many respects to a street sprinkler, spread the crude oil, over which sand was scattered to a depth of half an inch.

Recently a large roller was passed over it. In the time intervening between laying and rolling the lighter oils had evaporated and the sand and penetrated limestone had set in an asphalt coat, the effect of the roller being still further to compress and smooth the surface. Despite several disadvantages, of which inability to heat the oil and the cool season were chief, the results are probably all that could have been hoped for. Waterproof, dustless and elastic, the road has also been made more durable. This last feature of the process, the discovery of which was incidental to the original use of oil as a dust layer, has brought it to the attention of the entire country.

In the west the first treatment of oil is charged to the construction account.



BLOCKS CUT FROM AN OILED ROAD.

and after that the cost is much less than keeping a road sprinkled. After the third year it is unnecessary to use the oil except for patching, and it is calculated that a well oiled road will remain dustless and waterproof for ten years or longer. The saving in repairing alone will be large, the added comfort being incidental.

About 4,000 gallons of oil and 1,000 bushels of sand were required on the mile which furnishes the test. The oil cost 62 cents per barrel. The road had been reconstructed two years ago and is a type of the fifty-two miles around Lexington which the Home Construction company is remaking. If the county finds it advisable to oil all of the reconstructed pike the goal of perfection will have been closely approached. On the basis of a mile the cost of oiling the Newtown pike, exclusive of machinery, was \$244.

## Feathering an Elephant.

The tools for trimming elephants' feet are a carpenter's drawknife and a rasp for the soles and a horseshoer's knife and sandpaper for the toe nails. The operator places a beer keg or a strong box behind one huge hind foot, lightly prods the thick ankle with his elephant hook and commands the beast to "Hold up!" Up comes the mighty foot, slowly and heavily, but obediently as the velvety paw of a kitten. The foot is rested on the box or the keg, where it remains while the expert works on it much as a horseshoer pares the hoof of a horse. Great slivers of the horny sole are sliced off until it is cut nearly to proper thickness, when the rasp is used to smooth off. Similarly the toe nails are treated with the knife and the sandpaper, while the big patient stands with swinging trunk and an occasional wag of an ear, too full of satisfaction for utterance. When the turn of the forefoot comes, the great beast is made to lie down on its side and the hoofs are propped up and treated.—McClure's.

## Very Easy.

"Don't you wish you were as smart as Conan Doyle's detective?"

"My dear sir," replied the modern detective, "if they'd let me plan the crimes in the first place I could discover the facts in ways quite as extraordinary as those of any detective, that an author ever put into a book."—Chicago Post.

## Omar Khayyam's Translator.

To FitzGerald, careless, disorderly, unconventional, who had for so long followed his own sweet will, punctilious etiquette and fastidious neatness in attire were above all things hateful. He once said to a friend: "I couldn't be bothered with all those whims—dressing for this and dressing for that. I couldn't put up with it."

He and a friend were dining at a hotel, and among the good things set before them was a noble fruit pie. But they had eaten so heartily of the first course that when it came to the pie's turn they were beaten. FitzGerald looked troubled. "Mrs. So-and-so (the hostess), who knows my partiality for fruit," said he, "will take it as a slight if we leave the pie untouched." So without more ado he cut out a good sized wedge with a fair allowance of fruit and dropped it into his hat, which he covered with his yellow silk handkerchief, and rang the bell for the bill.—Wright's "Life of FitzGerald."

## TESTS AT THE CREAMERY.

A Buttermaker Names Some of the Causes of Varying Tests.

There is, and there always will be, more or less disappointment and complaint possible from patrons about the test of their milk at the creamery or cheese factory. Sometimes there may be abundant cause for complaint, for buttermakers and cheesemakers, even with the best intentions, may sometimes make mistakes, and we regret to say that there may be buttermakers and cheesemakers who do not always have the best intentions.

But even under the most favorable conditions tests will vary, and more often than otherwise, perhaps, no sufficient explanation can be given for this variation. A Minnesota buttermaker, Mr. B. B. Scripture of the Pleasant Valley creamery, writes to the Dairy Record on this subject as follows:

"At the end of each month we are asked many times: 'What is the matter with my test? It is several points lower than last month.'"

"They should ask themselves this question: 'What have I done to lower my test?'"

"I will mention a few of the things that will make the test vary."

"Sometimes the whole herd is excited by some unusual noise, or possibly the dog was sent after them at milking time, or it may be they came in contact with the hard side of the milking stool. These things will lower your test every time."

"Treat your cows kindly and induce them to come up at milking time of their own free will. It is a good plan to give them a handful of feed each time they come in the barn. They will soon learn that you are their friend, and they will pay you well for your extra trouble."

"Sometimes we forget when we are in a hurry that the last part of the milk is the richest in butter fat. It also has a tendency to dry your cows up when not milked dry. Milk regularly, feed and water as near the same time each day as possible, keep your cows comfortable every day in the year. All these things will increase the flow of milk and have a tendency to raise your test."

"Sometimes we haul milk to the factory in large cans, and to prevent the milk from slopping out a cloth is used between the cans and milk, and by the time it reaches the factory the cloth is saturated with cream."

"During warm weather and when the roads are rough the cans that are not full are so badly churned when they reach the factory it is impossible to get a fair sample of the milk. Always fill your cans full. In the winter some of us forget to cover our cans and find when we reach the factory that the cream is frozen into the bottoms of the covers. We pour in the remainder of the milk and then ask the buttermaker, 'What makes my test drop off so suddenly?'"

"The last point that I will mention, but not least, and possibly some of us never thought about it, is part of the year we may be milking cows that are very poor testers, and the rest of the year the majority of them may be extra good cows and still give a good flow of milk."

A billposter is a superstitious man. He believes in signs.

## Health Pads on the Brain.

To get all sorts of health pads on the brain is a disease in itself. It is a very prevalent disease too. With a few foolish rules to observe, a whole lot of hygienic quirks to adjust to and a schedule of superstitious sanitary notions diligently followed by day and dreamed of by night, is a malady which begins as a mental derangement and ends in a complete physical flaxie. No room left for a spontaneous life, no place for free, joyous liberty. Not a minute's space for rollicking disregard. Everything fixed, every minute disposed of, introspections without number. Forebodings, misgivings, hovering vaguely about the mind, like flocks of carrion crows. Such a life is not worth living.—Medical Talk.

## Victoria Was Exclusive.

When Queen Victoria visited any of her subjects it was by no means a matter of course that people staying in the house should have the privilege of sitting down at table with their august fellow visitor. It was her majesty's custom not only to take with her to the house where she was designed to "lie" (as the old phrase was) for a night or two her own bed and bedding, carriages, horses and servants (including occasionally her cook), but also to confine herself at meals to the company of her own suit, sometimes inviting her host and hostess to join her at luncheon or dinner.

## The Pickle Fair Ones.

Engagements are entered into far more lightly and broken far more easily than used to be the case, when a betrothal was as serious an affair as marriage. Now it is not unusual for a girl to be engaged once or twice before she is married, and people think none the worse of her. Young girls' ways are beginning to resemble those of nursemaids, who walk out with a man, but not always with a view to matrimony.—Lady Greville in London Graphic.