

CAVANAGH FOREST RANGER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HAMLIN GARLAND



CHAPTER XI.

LIZE PLAYS A MAN'S PART—ALSO LEE.

THE mob besieging Cavanaugh in Halsey's saloon had not found its leader. It hesitated and blustered, but did not strike and eventually edged out of the door and disappeared. But the silence which followed its retreat was more alarming to the ranger than its presence. Some sly mischief was in these minds. He feared that they were about to cut the electric light wires and so plunge him into darkness, and to prepare for that emergency he called upon the bartender (Halsey having vanished) for a lamp or a lantern.

The fellow sullenly set about this task, and Ross, turning to Gregg, said, "If you've any influence with this mob you'd better use it to keep them out of mischief, for I'm on this job to the bitter end, and somebody's going to be hurt."

Gregg, who seemed quite detached from the action and rather delighted with it, replied: "I have no influence. They don't care a hang about me. They have it in for you, that's all."

Edwards remained silent, with his hat drawn low over his eyes. It was evident that he was anxious to avoid being seen and quite willing to keep out of the conflict; but, with no handcuffs and the back door of the saloon unguarded, Ross was aware that his guard must be incessant and alertly vigilant.

"Such a thing could not happen under the English flag," he said to himself, and at the moment his adopted country seemed an insufferable makeshift. Only the thought of Redford and the chief nerved him for the long vigil. "The chief will understand if it comes up to him," he said.

Lize Wetherford came hurrying in, looking as though she had just risen from her bed. She was clothed in a long red robe, her grizzled hair was loose, her feet were bare, and she carried a huge old fashioned revolver in her hand. Her mouth was stern.

Stopping abruptly as she caught

sight of Ross standing in the middle of the floor, she exclaimed: "There you are! Are you all right?"

"As a trivet," he replied. "What was the shooting?"

"A little bluff on my part," "Anybody hurt?"

"No."

"I don't see any other way. Halsey turned the place over to me, but"—He looked at her suspiciously.

"Bring 'em into my place. Lee has had new locks put on our doors; they'll help some."

"I don't like to do that, Mrs. Wetherford," he replied, with greater respect and fear.

Ross leaped to her side. "Leave them to me!" he said. "I'll clear the room."

"Not on your life! This is my house. I have the right to smash the fools. And she beat them over the heads with her pistol barrel."

Recognizing that she was minded to kill, they retreated over the threshold, and Ross, drawing the door close behind them, turned to find Lee Virginia confronting Edwards, who had attempted to escape into the kitchen. The girl's face was white, but the eye of her revolver stared straight and true into her prisoner's face.

With a bound Ross seized him and flung him against the wall. "Get back there!" he shouted. "You must take your medicine with your boss."

The old fellow hurriedly replaced his ragged hat and, folding his arms, sank back into his chair with bowed head, while Lize turned upon Joe Gregg. "What did you go into this kind of deal for? You knew what the game laws was, didn't you? Your old dad is all for state regulation, and here you are breaking a state law. Why don't you stand up for the code like a sport?"

Joe, who had been boasting of the smiles he had drawn from Lee, did not relish this tongue lashing from her mother; but, assuming a careless air, he said, "I'm all out of smokes; get me a box, that's a good old soul."

Lize regarded him with the expression of one unimpaired. "You impudent little cub!" she exclaimed. "What you need is a booting!"

The ranger addressed himself to Lee. "I want to thank you for a very opportune intervention. I didn't know you could handle a gun so neatly."

She flushed with pleasure. "Oh, yes, I can shoot. My father taught me when I was only six years old."

As she spoke Ross caught the man Edwards studying them with furtive glance, but upon being observed he resumed his crouching attitude, which concealed his face beneath the rim of his weather worn hat. It was evident that he was afraid of being recognized. He had the sinking air of the convict, and his form, so despairing in its lax lines, appealed to Lee with even greater poignancy than his face. "I'm sorry," she said to him, "but it was my duty to help Mr. Cavanaugh."

He glanced up with a quick sidewise slant. "That's all right, miss. I should

Lee stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"To help Ross. Here!" She thrust the handle of a smaller weapon into Lee's hand. "Ed Wetherford's girl ought to be able to take care of herself. Come on!"

With a most heroic horror numbing her limbs, Lee followed her mother through the hall. The sound of shouts and the trampling of feet could be heard, and she came out into the restaurant just in time to photograph upon her brain a scene whose significance was at once apparent. In a chair between his two prisoners and confronting Ballard at the head of a crowd of frenzied villagers stood the ranger, a gleaming weapon in his hand, a look of resolution on his face.

What he had said or what he intended to do she did not learn, for her mother rushed at the invaders with the mad bravery of a she bear. "Get out of here!" she snarled, thrusting her revolver into the very mouth of the leader.

"They all fell back in astonishment and fear."

Ross leaped to her side. "Leave them to me!" he said. "I'll clear the room."

"Not on your life! This is my house. I have the right to smash the fools. And she beat them over the heads with her pistol barrel."

Recognizing that she was minded to kill, they retreated over the threshold, and Ross, drawing the door close behind them, turned to find Lee Virginia confronting Edwards, who had attempted to escape into the kitchen. The girl's face was white, but the eye of her revolver stared straight and true into her prisoner's face.

With a bound Ross seized him and flung him against the wall. "Get back there!" he shouted. "You must take your medicine with your boss."

The old fellow hurriedly replaced his ragged hat and, folding his arms, sank back into his chair with bowed head, while Lize turned upon Joe Gregg. "What did you go into this kind of deal for? You knew what the game laws was, didn't you? Your old dad is all for state regulation, and here you are breaking a state law. Why don't you stand up for the code like a sport?"

Joe, who had been boasting of the smiles he had drawn from Lee, did not relish this tongue lashing from her mother; but, assuming a careless air, he said, "I'm all out of smokes; get me a box, that's a good old soul."

Lize regarded him with the expression of one unimpaired. "You impudent little cub!" she exclaimed. "What you need is a booting!"

The ranger addressed himself to Lee. "I want to thank you for a very opportune intervention. I didn't know you could handle a gun so neatly."

She flushed with pleasure. "Oh, yes, I can shoot. My father taught me when I was only six years old."

As she spoke Ross caught the man Edwards studying them with furtive glance, but upon being observed he resumed his crouching attitude, which concealed his face beneath the rim of his weather worn hat. It was evident that he was afraid of being recognized. He had the sinking air of the convict, and his form, so despairing in its lax lines, appealed to Lee with even greater poignancy than his face. "I'm sorry," she said to him, "but it was my duty to help Mr. Cavanaugh."

He glanced up with a quick sidewise slant. "That's all right, miss. I should

my word is any good now, but if you'll let me do it I'll go out and round up Judge Higley. I think I know where he is."

"To this Lize objected. 'You can't do that, Ross; you better hold the fort here till morning.'"

Lee was rather sorry, too, for young Gregg, who bore his buffeting with the imperturbable face of the heroes of his class. He had gone into this enterprise with much the same spirit in which he had stolen gates and misplaced signs during his brief college career, and he was now disposed (in the presence of a pretty girl) to carry it out with undiminished impudence. "It only means a fine, anyway," he assured himself.

Cavanaugh did not trust Gregg, either, and as this was the first time he had been called upon to arrest men for killing game out of season he could not afford to fall of any precaution. Tired and sleepy as he was he must remain on guard. "But you and your daughter must go to bed at once," he urged.

Lize, under the spur of her dram, talked on with bitter boldness, berating the town and its people. Gregg listened to her with expressionless visage, his eyes dreamily fixed on Lee's face, but his companion, the old hermit, seemed to palpitate with shame and fear. And Ross had the feeling at the moment that in this regard, unkept old hobo was the shadow of one of the old time heroes. He was wasted with drink and worn by wind and rain, but he was very far from being commonplace.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAW STEPS IN.

"HERE THEY COME AGAIN!" called Lize as the hurry of feet along the walk threatened another attack. Ross Cavanaugh again drew his revolver and stood at guard, and Lize, recovering her own weapon, took a place by his side.

With the strength of a bear the new assailant shook the bolted door. "Let me in!" he roared.

"It's dad!" called young Gregg. "Go away, you chump!"

"Let me in or I'll smash this door!" roared Gregg.

"You smash that door, old Bullfrog," announced Lize, "and I'll carry one of your lungs away. If you want to get in here you hunt up the judge of this town and the constable."

The old rancher muttered a fierce curse, while Ross explained the situation. "I'm as eager to get rid of these culprits as any one can be, but they must be taken by proper authority. Bring a writ from the magistrate and you may have them and welcome."

Gregg went away without further word and Lize said, "He'll find Higley if he's in town, and he is in town, for I saw him this afternoon. He's hiding out to save himself trouble."

Lee Virginia, with an understanding of what the ranger had endured, asked: "Can't I get you something to eat? Would you like some coffee?"

"I would indeed," he answered, and his tone pleased her.

She hurried away to get it, while Cavanaugh disposed his prisoners behind a couple of tables in the corner. "I guess you're in for a night of it," he remarked grimly, "so make yourself as comfortable as you can. Perhaps your experience may be a discouragement to others of your kind."

Lee returned soon with a pot of fresh coffee and some sandwiches, the sight of which roused young Gregg to the impudent remark: "Well, notice that! And we're left out!" But Edwards shrunk into the shadow, as if the light hurt him.

Ross thanked Lee formally, but there was more than gratitude in his glance, and she turned away to hide her face from other eyes. Strange place it was for the blooming of love's roses, but they were in her cheeks as she faced her mother, and Lize, with fresh acknowledgment of her beauty, broke out again: "Well, this settles it. I'm going to get out of this town, dearie. I'm done. This ends the cattle country for me. I ought to have turned you back the day you landed here."

The feet halted. A sharp rap sounded on the door.

"Who's there?" demanded Lize. "The law!" replied a wheezy voice. "Open in the name of the law!"

"It's old Higley," announced Lize. "Open the door, Ross."

"Come in, law," she called ironically as the justice appeared. "You look kind of nice even, but you're all the law this blame town can sport. Come in and do your duty."

Higley (a tall man with a rusty brown beard, very much on his dignity) entered the room, followed by a short, bald headed citizen in a rumpled blue suit with a big star on his breast. Behind on the sidewalk Ballard and a dozen of his gang could be seen. Sam Gregg, the moving cause of this resurrection of law and order, followed the constable. Higley opened upon Cavanaugh. "Well, sir, what's all this row? What's your charge against these men?"

"Killing mountain sheep. I caught them with the head of a big ram upon their neck."

"Make 'em show his commission," shouted Gregg. "He's never been commissioned. He's no game warden."

Higley hemmed. "I—ah—oh, his authority is all right, Sam; I've seen it. If he can prove that these men killed the sheep we'll have to act."

Cavanaugh briefly related how he had captured the men on the trail. "The head of the ram is at the livery barn with my horse."

"How about that?" asked Higley, turning to Joe.

"I guess that's right," replied the in-

solent youth. "We killed the sheep all right."

Higley was in a corner. He didn't like to offend Gregg, and yet the case was plain. He met the issue blandly. "Marshal, take these men into custody." Then to Ross: "We'll retrieve you of your care, Mr. Cavanaugh. You may appear tomorrow at 9."

It was a farcical ending to a very arduous thirty-six hour campaign, and Ross, feeling like a man who, having rolled a huge stone to the top of a hill, has been ordered to drop it, said, "I insist on the maximum penalty of the law, Justice Higley, especially for this man!" He indicated Joe Gregg.

"No more sneaking, Higley," added Lize, uttering her distrust in blunt phrase. "You put these men through or I'll make you trouble."

Higley turned and with unsteady solemnity saluted. "Fear not my government, madam," said he and so made exit.

After the door had closed behind them Cavanaugh bitterly complained. "I've delivered my prisoners over into the hands of their friends. I feel like a fool. What assurance have I that they will ever be punished?"

"You have Higley's word," retorted Lize, with ironical inflection. "He'll fine 'em as much as \$10 apiece and confiscate the head, which is worth fifty."

"No matter what happens now, you've done your duty," added Lee Virginia, with intent to comfort him.

Lize, now that the stress of the battle was over, fell a-tremble. "I reckon I'll have to go to bed," she admitted. "I'm all in. This night service is wearing."

She did indeed resemble the wreck of a woman as she lay out upon her bed, her hands twitching, her eyes closed, and Ross was profoundly alarmed. "You need the doctor," he urged. "Let me bring him."

"No," she said huskily, but with decision. "I'm only tired. I'll be all right soon. Send the people away. Tell 'em to go to bed."

For half an hour Cavanaugh remained in the room waiting to see if the doctor's services would be required, but at the end of that time, as she had apparently fallen asleep, he rose and tiptoed out into the hall.

Lee followed, and they faced each other in such intimacy as the shipwrecked feel after the rescue.

When they were quite alone Lee said, "You must not go out into the streets tonight."

"There's no danger. These hoodlums would not dare to attack me."

"Nevertheless you shall not go," she declared. "Wait a moment," she commanded and re-entered her mother's room.

As he stood there at Lize Wetherford's door and his mind went back over her brave deed, which had gone far to atone for her vulgarity, his respect for her deepened. Lee Virginia opened the door and stepped out close beside him.

"Her breathing is quieter," she whispered. "I think she's going to sleep. It's been a terrible night! You must be horribly tired. I will find you some place to sleep. Please don't go till after breakfast," she smiled wanly. "I may need you."

He understood. "What did the doctor say?"

"He said mother was in a very low state of vitality and that she must be very careful, which was easy enough to say. But how can I get her to rest and to diet? You have seen how little she cares for the doctor's orders. He told her not to touch alcohol."

"She is more like a man than a woman," he answered.

She led the way into the small sitting room which lay at the front of

the house and directly opposite the door of her own room. It was filled with shabby parlor furniture, and in one corner stood a worn couch. "I'm sorry, but I can offer nothing better," she said. "Every bed is taken, but I have plenty of blankets."

There was something delightfully suggestive in being thus waited upon by a young and handsome woman, and the ranger submitted to it with the awkward grace of one unaccustomed to feminine care.

Each faced each other in silence, each filled with the same delicious sense of weakness, of danger, reluctant to say good night, longing for the closer touch which dawning love demanded, and yet something in the girl deflected her, defeated him.

"You must call me if I can be of any help," he repeated, and his voice was tremulous with feeling.

"I will do so," she answered.

Still they did not part. His voice was very tender as he said: "I don't like to see you exposed to such experiences. It angers me to think that the worst of these loafers, these drunken beasts, can glare at you, can

breath the same air with one like you."

She did not smile at this. His voice, his eyes, were filled with the gravity of the lover whose passion is not humorous. Against his training, his judgment, he was being drawn into closer and closer union with this daughter of violence, and he added, "You may not see me in the morning."

"You must not go without seeing my mother. You must have your breakfast with us. It hurt us to think you didn't come to us for supper."

Her words meant little, but the look in her eyes, the music in her voice, made him shiver. He stammered: "I— I must return to my duties tomorrow. I should go back tonight."

"You mustn't do that. You can't do that. You are to appear before the judge."

He smiled. "That is true. I'd forgotten that."

Across the Ocean

London Paris Bremen

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Express service to London, Paris, and Bremen every Tuesday.

Fast mail steamer to London, Paris, and Bremen every Thursday.

Mail steamer to Paris every Saturday.

Fast mail steamer to London, Paris, and Bremen every Wednesday.

Around-the-World Trips \$618

Tickets good for two years.

Write your nearest agent for booklet of particulars.

General Agents: **GEBLICH & CO.** 6 Broadway, New York

ROBERT CAPELLE, G. A. P. C. San Francisco, Cal., or local agent.

PATENTS

Trade-Marks and Copyrights registered. Send Sketch, Model or Photo for FREE REPORT on patentability. Patent practice exclusively. BANK REFERENCES.

Send 5 cents in stamps for invaluable book on HOW TO OBTAIN AND SELL PATENTS. Write once will pay. How to get a patent, patent law and other valuable information.

D. SWIFT & CO. PATENT LAWYERS, 303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

SEED CATALOG

READY TO MAIL

The leading Seed Catalog of the West—Lilly's Catalog. Your 1911 crop depends on GOOD seed—and for this Catalog and get the best. Write now to the CHAS. H. LILLY CO., Seattle, Wa.

YOUR HOME

Correct and Artistic Decoration at Moderate Cost.

Henry Bosch Company's WALL PAPERS

New York Chicago

For the Season of Nineteen-eleven represent the best the World affords

Simple books shown at your residence and most attractive prices named. There is no obligation to purchase. A postal card to address given below will receive immediate attention.

J. B. FOX

Phone Pacific 3003 GLADSTONE, OREGON

"THE ADRIAN" Wire Fence

Tied With "The Tie That Binds"

We received direct from the factory one carload of this fence and can quote you prices that will look very interesting to you. Users of wire fence have come to the conclusion that the requirements absolutely necessary for a wire fence are elasticity in the line wires, stiffness and rigidity in the stays, and a lock or tie that holds firmly.

By reason of special attention to its construction, the wire used in our fence is neither too hard nor too soft, but just enough points carbon to give it strength and elasticity. The wire is thoroughly galvanized, and each and every bundle of wire woven into our fence is inspected and approved before it is allowed to go to the machines.

Our stay, or top wire, is one continuous wire from the top to the bottom, and is of the same quality and gauge as the intermediate line wires. The method of tying the stay or apron wire to the line wire is where we differ materially from other makes of fence, and we were the first to apply this principle in the manufacture of wire fence.

Our knot is a LONG oval loop, with the two ends returning towards the stay, forming two locks. By having this long, oval loop it permits us to put a LONG bend in the line wire, thus preserving the full strength of the wire. We believe this to be one of the vital points in the manufacture of a wire fence. Most manufacturers of wire fences are compelled to put a short kink in the line wire, owing to the shortness of their lock, and each and every short kink you put in any wire weakens the wire.

Again, we construct our lock of the same hard, spring steel wire that is used in the line and stay wire. We positively DO NOT use a softer wire for our knot than the line and stays.

It is not necessary to anchor our fence between the posts because when properly stretched the rigid stay prevents a hog or any other small animal from going under our fence unless they raise the whole fence, and with the fence well stapled to the posts, this they cannot do.

We do not use half sized wire in any of our styles. The price of a wire fence depends on the quality of the wire and the weight of the fence per rod. The life of a wire fence depends on the quality of the wire, the galvanizing, the size of the wire and the method of tying the wires together so they WILL NOT SLIP or in any way injure the wire in the fence.

We have a fence that embodies all of these qualities and we guarantee every rod of fence we put out.

FRANK BUSCH OREGON CITY, OREGON

NURSING MOTHERS

show the beneficial effects of

Scott's Emulsion

in a very short time. It not only builds her up, but enriches the mother's milk and properly nourishes the child.

Nearly all mothers who nurse their children should take this splendid food-tonic, not only to keep up their own strength but to properly nourish their children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Scott's Emulsion and Little's Scotch-Balm. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

O. D. Eby

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

General Practice, Deeds, Mortgages and Abstracts carefully made. Money to loan on good security. Charges reasonable.

PACIFIC PHONES

Office, 71

Residence 130

Gilbert L. Hedges

Lawyer

Weinhard Bldg. Oregon City, Ore.

SAVE YOUR CROP OF FRUIT!

Buy the BOLTON Orchard Heaters

They pay for themselves in a season.

A. G. STEVENS, Agent, Gladstone.

Address, Milwaukee, Ore., RR. 1

G. B. DIMICK W. A. DIMICK

DIMICK & DIMICK

Attorneys at Law

Notary Public. Mortgages Foreclosed.

Abstracts Furnished. Money Loaned on Real and Chattel Security.

Andresen Building, Oregon City

E. H. COOPER

The Insurance Man

Fire, Life, Sick and Accident Insurance

Dwelling House Insurance A Specialty

OFFICE WITH

U'Ken & Schuebel Oregon City, Ore

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS

FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES



"THERE YOU ARE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

than he had ever shown her before.

"They may attack me there."

"All the better; I'll be on hand to help. But they're less likely to bolt in on you through a locked door."

"But your daughter? It will alarm her."

"She'll be in the other house, and, besides, she'd feel easier if you are in my place. She's all wrought up by the attack on you."

Ross turned to his prisoners. "Follow Mrs. Wetherford and—eyes front!"

"You needn't worry about me," said Joe. "I won't run."

"I don't intend to give you a chance," replied Ross.

Edwards seemed to have lost in both courage and physical stature. He slouched along with shuffling step, his head bent and his face pale. Ross was now profoundly sorry for him, so utterly craven and broken was his look.

As Ross brought his two prisoners to the Wetherford house Lee was waiting on the porch of the hotel, tense with excitement, straining her ears and eyes to see what was taking place.

The night had started with a small sickle of moon, but this had dropped below the range, leaving the street dark save where the lights from the windows of the all night eating houses and saloons lay out upon the walk, and while she stood peering out the sound of rancorous howling and shrill whooping came to her ears with such suggestion of ferocity that she shivered.

A few of the hotel guests had gone to bed, but the women were up, excited and nervous, starting at every fresh outburst of whooping, knowing that their sons or husbands were out in the street "to see the fun" and that they might meet trouble.

At last Lee discerned her mother returning from Halsey's, followed by three men. Withdrawing from the little porch where she had been standing, she re-entered the house to meet her mother in the hall. "Where is Mr. Cavanaugh?" she asked.

"Out in the dining room. You see, Mike Halsey is no kind of use. He vomited and left Ross down there alone with his two prisoners and the lights likely to be turned out on him, so I offered the caddy as a calaboose. They are sure in for a long and tedious night."

Lee was alarmed at her mother's appearance. "You must go to bed. You look ghastly."

"I reckon I'd better lay down for a little while,