The Blazed Trail -**EDWARD**

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CHAPTER XXII.

OR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curlosity, speculation, longing-all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the needs of the Fighting Forty at Camp One. He was vaguely conscious of a great peace within him, a great stillness of

the spirit. Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curios-He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination. Almost immediately the answer leaped at him from his heart. Since she was so certainly flesh and blood, whence did she What was she doing there in the wilderness? His mind pushed the query aside as unimportant, rushing eagerly to the essential point. When could be see her again? His placidity had gone. That morning he made some vague excuse to Shearer and set out blindly down the river. And so, without thought, without clear intentions even, he saw her again. It was near the "pole trail," which was less like a

trail than a rall fence. When the snows are deep and snowshoes not the property of every man "pole trail" comes into use. It is merely a series of horses built of timber. across which thick Norway logs are laid about four feet from the ground to form a continuous pathway. In summer it resembles nothing so much as a thick one rail fence of considerable height, around which a fringe of

light brush has grown. Thorpe reached the fringe of bushes and was about to dodge under the fence when he saw her. So he stopped short, concealed by the leaves and the timber horse.

She stood on a knoll in the middle of a grove of monster pines. There was something of the cathedral in the spot. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure on an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing-just standing there-but the awe of the forest was in her wide. clear eyes.

In a moment she stirred slightly and turned. Drawing herself to her full height, she extended her hands over her head, palm outward, and with an indescribably graceful gesture bowed a ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees. Then, with a little laugh, she moved away in the direction of the river.

At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the awestricken peace he had experienced after the moonlight adventure. He wanted the sight of her as he had never wanted anything before. The strong man desired it. And finding it impossible he raged inwardly and tore the tranquillities of his heart.

So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept ill and discovered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

And next day he saw her again, and the next, because the need of his heart demandai it and because, simply enough, she came every afternoon to the clump of pines by the old pole trail. But now curiosity awoke and a desire for something more. He must speak to her, touch her hand, look into her eyes. He resolved to approach her, and the mere thought choked him and sent him weak.

When he saw her again from the shelter of the pole trail be dared not, and so stood there prey to a novel sensation, that of being baffled in an intention. As he hesitated he saw that she was walking slowly in his direction. Perhaps a hundred paces separated tife two. She took them deliberately. Her progression was a series of poses, the one which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition.

In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They stood face to face.

She gave a little start of surprise. and her hand leaped to her breast, where it caught and stayed. Her childlike down-dropping mouth parted a little more, and the breath quickened through it. But her eyes, her wide. trusting, innocent eyes, sought his and

He did not move. One on either side of the spike-marked old Norway log of the trail they stood, and for an apprecable interest the duel of their glances lasted-he masterful, passionate, ex igent; she proud, cool, defensive in the alcofness of her beauty. Then at last his prevailed. A faint color rose from her neck, deepened and spread over her face and forehead. In a moment she

"Don't you think you stare a little rudely, Mr. Thorpe?" she asked.

The vision was over. "How did you know my name?" he

She planted both elbows on the Nor-

question." she replied, "he is not quite so impolite as I had thought him." "How is that?" he inquired breath lessly.

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked in return. "A goddess, a beautiful woman!" he

answered ridiculously enough. She looked straight at him. This time his gaze dropped. "I am a friend of Elizabeth Corpen ter, who is Wallace Carpenter's sister.

who, I believe, is Mr. Harry Thorpe's partner.' She paused as though for comment. The young man opposite was occupied in many other more important direc-

tions. "We wrote Mr. Harry Thorpe that we were about to descend on his district with wagons and tents and Indians and things, and asked him to come

The girl looked at him for a moment steadily, then smiled. The change of countenance brought Thorpe to himself. "But I never received the letter. I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the You see, I've been up in the

woods for nearly a month." "Then we'll have to forgive you." "But I should think they would have done something for you at the mill"-"Oh, we didn't come by way of your mill. We drove from Marquette."

"I see," cried Thorpe, enlightened. "But I'm sorry I didn't know. I'm sorwho cares to journey, the old fashioned ry you didn't let me know. I suppose you thought I was still at the mill. How did you get along? Is Wallace with you?"

"No." she replied, dropping her hands and straightening her erect figure. It's horrid. He was coming, and then oure business came up, and he could:." et away. We are having the lovell ne, though. I do adore the wood ome," she cried impatiently, swe ng aside to leave a way clear. "You hall meet my friends."

Thorpe imagined she referred to the est of the tenting party. He besita

I am hardly in fit condition." he o

· laughed, parting her red lipa are extremely picturesque just ou are," she said, with rather em rassing directness. "I wouldn't you any different for the work my friends don't mind. They are

to it." She laughed again. rpe crossed the pole trail and fo first time found himself by La The warm summer odors wer the air; a dozen lively little birs ong in the brush along the rall; the ight danced and flickered through

openings. Then suddenly they were among the nes, and the air was cool, the vista and the birds' songs inconcetvably

le said little, and that lamely, for dreaded to say too much. To her yful sailies he had no reposte, and consequence he fell more silent with nother boding-that he was losing his use outright for lack of a ready

And so the last spoken exchange between them meant nothing, but If each could have read the unsaid words that quivered on the other's heart Thorpe would have returned to the Fighting Forty more tranquilly, while she would probably not have returned to the camping party at all for a number of

"I do not think you had better come with me," she said. "Make your call and be forgiven on your own assount. I don't want to drag you in at my chariot wheels."

"All right. I'll come this afternoon," Thorpe had replied.

"I love her; I must have her. I must go-at once," his soul cried, "quicknow-before I kiss her!" "How strong he is," she said to her-

self, "how brave looking, how bonest! He is different from the other men. He is magnificent."

That afternoon Thorpe met the other members of the party, offered his apologies and explanations and was graciously forgiven. He found the personnel to consist of first of all Mrs. Cary. the chaperon, a very young married woman of twenty-two or theresbout: her husband, a youth of three years older, clean shaven, light haired, quiet mannered; Miss Elizabeth Carpenter. who resembled her brother in the characteristics of good looks, vivacious disposition and curly hair; an attendant satellite of the masculine persuasion called Morton, and last of all the girl whom Thorpe had already so variously encountered and whom he now met as Miss Hilda Farrand. Besides these were Ginger, a squat negro built to fit the galley of a yacht, and three Indian guides. They inhabited tents, which

made quite a little encampment. Thorpe was received with enthusi asm. Wallace Carpenter's stories of his woods partner, while never doing more than justice to the truth, had been warm. One and all owned a lively curiosity to see what a real woodsman scope. Such a hush now lay on their might be like. When he proved to be spirits. Over the way a creeper was handsome and well mannered as well as picturesque his reception was no lon-

way and framed her little face deleto to their comfort and nonsers. It clously with her long pointed hands. "If Mr. Harry Thorpe can ask the of the tents and suggested one or is

changes conducive to the littler comforts. Simple things enough they were -it was as though a city man were to direct a newcomer to Central park-yet Thorpe's new friends were profoundly impressed with his knowledge of occult things. The forest was to them, as to most, more or less of a mystery unfathomable except to the favored of genius. A man who could interpret it even a little into the speech of everyday comfort and expediency possessed a strong claim to their imaginations. When he had finished these practical affairs they wanted him to sit down and tell them more things-to dine with them, to smoke about their camp fire in the evening. But here they encountered a decided check. Thorpe became silent. almost morose. He talked in monosyllables and soos went away. They did not know what to make of him and so were of course the more profoundly interested. The truth was his habitual reticence would not have permitted a great degree of expansion in any case. but now the presence of Hilda made any but an attitude of hushed waiting for her words utterly impossible to him.

However, when he discovered that Hilda had ceased visiting the clump of pines near the pole trail his desire forced him back among these people. He used to walk in swiftly at almost any time of day, casting quick glances here and there in search of his divin-

"How do, Mrs. Cary." he would say. "Nice weather. Enjoying yourself?" On receiving the reply he would answer heartily, "That's good," and lapse into silence. When Hilda was about he followed every movement of hers with his eyes, so that his strange conduct lacked no explanation or interpretation, in the minds of the women at least. Thrice he redeemed his reputation for being an interesting character by conducting the party on little expeditions here and there about the country. Then his woodcraft and resourcefulness spoke for him. They asked him about the lumbering operations, but he seemed indifferent.

"Nothing to interest you," he affirm-"We're just cutting roads now. You ought to be here for the drive."

Once he took them over to see Camp One. They were immensely pleased and were correspondingly loud in exclamations. Thorpe's comments were brief and dry. On the way back for the first time Thorpe found that chance—and Mrs. Cary—had allotted Hilda to his care.

A hundred yards down the trail they encountered Phil. The dwarf stopped short, looked attentively at the girl and then softly approached. When quite near to her he again stopped, gazing at her with his soul in his liquid eyes. "You are more beautiful than the sea

at night," he said directly. The others laughed. "There's sincerity for you, Miss Hikla," said young Mr. Morton.

"Who is he?" asked the girl after they had moved on.
"Our chore boy," answered Thorpe,

with great brevity. leaving them sauntering more slowly

down the trail. "Why don't you come to the pine grove any more?" he asked bluntly. "Why?" countered Hilda in the man-

"I want to see you there. I want to



talk with you. I can't talk with all that crowd about." that'll make you talk."

"You must think I'm awfully stupid," agreed Thorpe bitterly. "Ab, no; ab, no!" she protested soft-

"You must not say that." She was looking at him very tender ly, if he had only known it, but he did not, for his face was set in discontented lines straight before him.

gradually the dangerous fascination of before sunset a hush falls on nature. light itself seems to have left off spar- bright and clear in color, kling and to lie still across the landdroning sleepily a little chant, the only | model of politeness.

"Sweethearf, sweetheart, sweetheart," rin :

it breathed over and over again. After | cob. he's dead, thank you?" s'in the behard. awhile he sold it gently in a half voice.

voice in the wilderness. In the heart

"No, no; hush!" said the girl. And she laid the soft, warm fingers of one hand across his lips and looked at him from a height of superior soft eyed tenderness as a woman might look at a child. "You must not. It is not right.

Then be kissed the fingers very gently before they were withdrawn, and she said nothing at all in rebuke, but not a person to be lived with on correspond to our own secret societies. looked straight before her with trou-

CONTINUED ENCAUSTIC PAINTING.

The Art Was Practiced by Ancient

Greeks and Romans, The use of paint brushes is of great on more thinly and evenly with the finrecord. The Egyptian mummy cases two of 'em neither." bear evidence of having been varnished in this manner.

The use of fresco, or water color paints, though the oldest, was not the he was quite excusable in the matter of versal "code of honor." only method known to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans especially practiced encaustic painting. Encaustic plaints were made of clarified beeswax, with which, when melted, pigments were mixed. These paints were applied hot with brushes or spatulæ, and when cold they were given a glazed surface by holding a torch or a hot iron married her in the first place, but it blood letting, but these are often not near them. The hot iron was called the "cauterium."

Another method is said to have been was allowed to cool to a hard and brittle mass, which would be pulverized. The colored powders made in this way were mixed with water, so that they could be applied with a brush like fresco paint, after which they were melted by the cauterium. If rosins were thus used with the wax, a sort of varnish was the result. If the wax was used alone, the finished painting was sometimes varnished. These colored waxes were also used for writing. The red especially was used for royal signatures, whence the use of red sealing wax for a seal, And this "incausticum. as it was called in the middle ages, is the origin of our word ink.-Cassier's Magazine.

THE ALBATROSS.

Curious and Elaborate Dances In Which It Participates.

It is well known that many of the cranes and other long legged wading birds indulge in curious antics that partake closely of the nature of the human dance, but it is not known to many persons that the albatross has the most elaborate and ceremonious dance of them all.

Only very few have ever seen the albatross on land; probably nine persons out of ten who have seen the wonder-The rest of the party had gone ahead, ful birds at all have observed them only on the ocean.

One of the nesting places of this great winged creature is the island of Laysan, in the Pacific ocean, and there at times the ground is absolutely covered with their nests. It is on Laysan that the albatross dance was first seen by a lucky scientist.

The ceremony begins when a lot of the birds are grouped in a circle. Two will advance toward each other, bending and nodding their heads in exact imitation of the human bow. Then they spar with their bills, crossing little bows. Then one bird will lower back till the bill points straight into the air. It puffs out its breast and advances with a queer, fantastic strut, uttering a curious grunt. The other bird begins to snap its bill till it produces the sound of custanets.

So the two will alternate, advancing and retreating and bowing to each other by tuens. Sometimes one will pick up a bit of grass or a feather and offer it to the other. Then a second couple will join the dance, and at last as many as forty of the huge birds may be engaged in the queer pastime.

Startled the Englishmen.

A London paper relates that an enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a shop in Birmingham. He obtained premises next door to a man who also kept a shop of the same description, but was of the men she loved, and loved her not very pushing in his business methods. The methods of the Yankes, however, caused the older trader to wake up, and with the spirit of originality strong upon him he affixed a notice over his shop with the words, "Established fifty years," painted in large "I'll come tomorrow," she said; then letters. Next day the Yankee replied with a little mischievous laugh, "if, to this with a notice over his store to this effect; "Established yesterday.
No old stock."

Licorice was once highly esteemed medicinally, and its cultivation in England began early in the reign of Queen thinking. Of late years we have had her word that I'm out." "It is true," he replied.

They walked on in silence, while from two Greek words signifying a very profitable crop. Its name comes the woods crept down on them. Just ported from Spain. The extract of The wind has died; the birds have not gos and, it is said, must be made from sinners. yet begun their evening songs; the the dried roots otherwise it is not so

The Polity Formula.

Over the way a creeper was | Little four-year-old Margie was a count," be showed me to my room. "How is your buby brother this morn- from his wife, which somewhat diminof the man, too, a little voice raised it- Inc. Margis?" asked the doctor when ished my respect for her opinion of we- people you meet and if alone.

Sweethearf, sweetheart, sweetheart!"

she opened the door in answer to his men in general and the unbiased char-

A PREJUDICED VIEW

One night while traveling in the country I stopped at a farmhouse. I could as German universities exat. Each see plainly that the farmer's wife was has its quota of fighting clubs, which amiable terms. After she had gone Every student is anxious to be invited to bed the farmer and I sat together to join one of these clubs, and, having chatting about the dull winters in the been initiated, it is not long before he country and the want of means of amusement, especially for the older these various organizations are distinpeople. I asked him if he liked to guished by their colored bands and

I do like to read of I kin git the books. aristocratic of the fighting corps are antiquity. But as late as the fifteenth | For a long time I had nothin' but | the Borussia at Bonn, to which all the century it was customary to apply var- Shakespeare and the Bible. But last Hohenzollern princes belong, and the nish by smearing it on with the fingers winter I got a historical book about Saxo-Borussia at Heidelberg, of which or with a bit of sponge, as the var- them kings and queens of England. I most of the German princes outside of nishes then used were too viscid to was interested in one of 'em, a king the Hohenzollerns are members. Other flow well with a brush and could be put called Henry VIII. That king was the prominent fighting corps are the Rheonly man I ever read or heered about gers. This practice was used in the that got ahead of six wimmen, all his Normania of Berlin, Franconia of Muearliest times of which there is any wives, and didn't hev to kill more'n nich and the famous corps of Hanno-"He was a monster," I protested.

sartin about that. I don't know that regulations, but all are bound by a enihis first wife, the Spanish woman; but, ye see, a man to git ahead of six wim- dent to these student duels are queer min has got to be mighty sharp. If I and peculiarly fascinating, the cosremember right, Henry hed married his tumes and fighting attire unique and brother's widder, which is contrary to interesting. The duels are of two Scripture, and after livin' with her kinds-the one an "honor duel," where twenty years his conscience troubled one student has insulted another, and him. It may be thet he hadn't orter honor has to be satisfied by a little makes a good deal of difference wheth- infrequently the result of purpose er a woman's young and amiable or rather than of actual insult just for the old and spiteful. No, I think, under sake of a little fighting. The German to melt the wax with rosin, and after the circumstances, Henry was excusa- student, like Pat, is often "spoiling for the pigment was added the compound ble for gittin' a tender conscience at a fight." The other kind of duel is genthe right time. Most people's consciences pricks 'em at the wrong time. Henry's come in remarkable handy."

"You surely don't approve of his bea very tender one and, as I said afore, other for "die mensur."-Fritz Moeris always pricked him at a convenient in Illustrated Sporting News. When his first wife died, he wanted to show her every mark of respec' and ordered his court to put on of a woman she was when she ordered her wimmen to wear yaller. That made with the hull six on 'em."

Seymour, was, I believe, the only one even the later stages of the journey. of the six who died a natural death Of two old men early friends who had while married to him. The next, Anne quantity Coloridge said: of Cleves, he divorced."

sensible one o' the lot, the only one Such an image of course gives powerthat come any ways near gittin' even fully the sense of fixity, the opposite of with the king. When he said. 'You git!' the fluid potentiality of youth. Yet in wounded the king sorely. A man don't not all is glorious in youth: like to be taken at his word by a woman, no matter how onruly she is."

Katherine Howard?"

"Lemme see. What did she do? There's so many of 'em I forgit." "As a mere child she had been led into several indiscretions, including a the power of making a few new sort of marriage with a low bred fellow who afterward turned pirate. As soon as she married the king all those

who had led her astray"-"I remember now. They all turned office seekers, and the queen had to her. Waal, now, I don't see how Henone o' them middle-o'-the-road wimits head and stand quite still in that min. She might 'a' lived ef she'd only pose, while the other throws its head given in. She wouldn't own up to her first marriage. The king couldn't git a 'nulment of his marriage on any other ground, so he had to chop her head off. She done that; Henry didn't. You see, stranger, there's a peculiarity about wimmin that it requires jist such a man as Henry to handle. They never give in. Katherine preferred to lose her head, and in doin' so she only showed a woman's natur'.

"There's another point in Henry's favor. He had two gals to leave the grown to and only one boy, an' he a weakling. Henry had a nateral insight into wimmen's onfitness to run things, and, having a tender conscience, it grieved him to think o' leavin' his people to suffer under 'em. And it turned out he was right. His first darter was Bloody Mary,' whose name speaks for her. Then comes Elizabeth, who cut off the heads cousin, Mary, queen o' Scots, so well that she cut her head off too.

"No. stranger: in summin' up the married life o' Henry VIII. I consider that he was a remarkable man and a very conscientious one. He done all he could to keep England from bein' pestered with wimmen rulers, and for that alone he orter be honored by his grateful countrymen. Six of 'em! Jist think of it, stranger. Six of 'em! What would you and I do with such a lot, restricted by law as we air? Henry VIII. was a great and good man."

The farmer's arguments set me to Elizabeth. It was thought a sovereign lives of Anron Burr, setting forth his remedy for coughs and at one time was virtues, and of Benedict Arnold, showing how had treatment and inexorable fate compelled him to betray his country. I confess the farmer's logic impressed me as favorably as many lives I have read of the world's prominent

The farmer having to more of King Henry's queens to dis except the last, who survived her husband, and as the farmer expressed it, "didn't overheard a curtain lecture he received acter of his excuses for the great Brit-

DUELING IN GERMANY.

It Is a Custom Firmly Established

Among the Students. In every German university there is still dueling, and there will be as long is assigned to a duel. The members of ead. caps, as our fraternity men are by "Waal, stranger," he said, "I reckon their Greek letter badges. The most nania of the University of Wurtzburg. vera, in which Bismarck was a famous fighter, of Gottingen. Every corps has "Waal, now, stranger, I hain't so its own officers, its own laws, rules,

The customs and ceremonials incierally a more serious matter and is known as "by agreement." It is by a challenge from one corps to another and partakes of the tournament order heading Anne Boleyn, his second wife?" A list of dates is drawn up, and on a "Waal, now, I hain't so sartin about certain day of each week a member of that neither. Henry's conscience was the one corps meets a member of the

FRIENDSHIPS.

black. Anne Boleyn showed what kind Those of Long Standing and Those

People make friends later than they Henry mad. It was a convenient time used to, or at least so it seems to us, to be mad. He was gittin' ready for probably because they grow old in genhis next wife. I reckor of he hadn't eral later than they did. Friendship been king and wise as a sarpint be- must change its nature with advancing sides he'd never 'a' done what he did years, but whatever makes later life full of activities and new beginnings "His third wife," I remarked, "Jane causes friendships also to begin at

f Cleves, he divorced."

They stood aloof, the scars remaining.

"The Cleves woman was the only Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.

she was very much pleased to go. This the same poem we have the hint that

And constancy lives in realms above, And life is thorny, and youth is vain. "What do you think of the case of Friendship becomes rid of some vanity, it becomes more noble and satisfying to the deeper thoughts and ideals, when the roots of it grow back into a long distant past, and if we can keep friends in age as we need them to supplement those inherited from youth, which grow fewer with the years, but riper and more select, friendship should play a satisfying role far along toward the end of life, the best role indeed of give 'em situations or they'd blow on its career, if, as Emerson thinks, a lifetime is needed for its complete ry could 'a' done any different. He while an hour or a day is enough for wouldn't believe nothin' ag'in her till toll or play. The late friendships of the them gently and still making funny the hull thing was out. Katherine was unmarried, the childless and the widowed have a special necessity and pathos of their own, for mates and children to a large extent at centain

An Interested Jacor.

periods naturally take the piace of

other friends.-Collier's Weekly

An instance of an interested imry-man was reported not long ago. A flary had been impaneled, when a man stepped forward and explained that, having been summoned to serve, be wished to be allowed to do so at once, as he had to attend a funeral at a dis tant place in the latter portion of the week. A place was therefore made for him in the jury box. The case was tried, and owing to this man's obstinacy a verdict of acquittal was secured. It was subsequently discovered that the man had never been summoned to serve at all and that the prisoner was his friend.-London Tit-Bits.

Both Died as They Wished To

Tennyson, who was a shy, resolved man, could never understand Report Browning's love of society. He had been heard to remark that Browning would die in a white choker at a Alinner party. The two poets died as they would have wished to die-Robert Browning in the grand Palazzo Ressonicco, with his son by his bedside, and Lord Tennyson in his bulgved Surrey home, surrounded by his leved ones.

Less Tiresome. "Miss Chatterton? I think I'll dend

"Won't the still, small voice remeanth

"Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice then to Miss Chatterton."-Puck.

Surprise For His College Say, Mr. Moddengrass What we meet to the sheep to, Bill? Mr. Rangaged Why, my son Zeb's up to cotton cotton for a shoopakin, he says and tra goto' ter surprise him with a half cities. Chicago Post.

Ask no man's advice has a - Ste and manners which v to you in others and c tries you find are hely F. A. MITCHALL -Detroit News-Tribu