

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXII.

FOR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it.

Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curiosity. He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination.

When the snows are deep and snowshoes not the property of every man who cares to journey, the old fashioned "pole trail" comes into use.

Thorp 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.

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.

At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the awe-stricken peace he had experienced after the moonlight adventure.

When he saw her again from the shelter of the pole trail he dared not, and so stood there prey to a novel sensation, that of being baffled in an intention.

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.

He did not move. One on either side of the spike-marked old Norway log of the trail they stood, and for an appreciable interval the dust of their glances lasted—her masterful, passionate, exigent, she proud, cool, defensive in the aloofness of her beauty.

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

"How did you know my name?" he asked. She planted both elbows on the Norway and framed her little face delicately with her long pointed hands.

question," she replied, "he is not quite so impolite as I had thought him."

"But I never received the letter. I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the mill. You see, I've been up in the woods for nearly a month."

"I see," cried Thorpe, enlightened. "But I'm sorry I didn't know. I'm sorry you didn't let me know. I'm sorry 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 some business came up, and he couldn't get away. We are having the loveliest time, though. I do adore the woods."

"Thorp crossed the pole trail and to the first time found himself by her side. The warm summer odors were in the air; a dozen lively little birds were in the brush along the rail; the sunlight danced and flickered through the openings.

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 hours.

"I do not think you had better come with me," she said. "Make your call and be forgiven on your own account. 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. "Quick—now—before I kiss her!"

"How strong he is," she said to herself, "how brave looking, how honest! He is different from the other men. He is magnificent!"

Nothing could exceed his solicitude to make her comfortable and amuse her. He inspected personally the arrangement of the tents and suggested appropriate

changes conducive to the littered camp-forts. 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.

"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.

"You are more beautiful than the sea at night," he said directly. The others laughed. "There's sincerity for you, Miss Hilda," said young Mr. Morton.

"Who is he?" asked the girl after they had moved on. "Our chere boy," answered Thorpe, with great brevity.

"Why don't you come to the pine grove any more?" he asked bluntly. "Why?" countered Hilda in the manner of war.

"I want to see you there. I want to see you in the pine grove."

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

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"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.

ENCAUSTIC PAINTING.

The Art was Practiced by Ancient Greeks and Romans. The use of paint brushes is of great antiquity. But as late as the fifteenth century it was customary to apply varnish by smearing it on with the fingers or with a bit of sponge.

Another method is said to have been to melt the wax with rosin, and after the pigment was added the compound 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.

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.

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.

So the two will alternate, advancing and retreating and bowing to each other by turns. Sometimes one will pick up a bit of grass or a feather and offer it to the other.

Started the Englishmen. A London paper relates that an enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a shop in Birmingham.

Licorice was once highly esteemed medicinally, and its cultivation in England began early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Little four-year-old Margie was a model of politeness. "How is your baby brother this mornin' mornin'?" asked the doctor when she opened the door in answer to his ring.

The farmer having the bones of King Henry's queen to dig except the last, who survived her husband, and, as the farmer expressed it, "didn't count," he showed me to my room.

"How is your baby brother this mornin' mornin'?" asked the doctor when she opened the door in answer to his ring.

asked me to my room. I overheard a certain lecture he received from his wife, which somewhat diminished my respect for her opinion of women in general and the unblinded character of his excuses for the great British royal bluebird.

A PREJUDICED VIEW

One night while traveling in the country I stopped at a farmhouse. I could see plainly that the farmer's wife was not a person to be lived with on amiable terms.

"Waal, stranger, I ain't so sartin about that. I don't know that he was quite excusable in the matter of his first wife, the Spanish woman; but, ye see, a man to git ahead of six women has got to be mighty sharp.

"You surely don't approve of his beheading Anne Boleyn, his second wife?"

"Waal, now, I ain't so sartin about that neither. Henry's conscience was a very tender one, and, as I said afore, always pricked him at a convenient time.

"The Cleves woman was the only sensible one o' the lot, the only one that come any ways near gittin' even with the king. When he said, 'You git' she was very much pleased to go.

"Lemme see. What did she do? There's so many o' 'em I forgit."

"As a mere child she had been led into several indiscretions, including a sort of marriage with a low bred fellow who afterward turned pirate.

"There's another point in Henry's favor. He had two gals to leave the crown to and only one boy, an' he a weakling. Henry had a natural insight into women's outness to run things, and, having a tender conscience, it grieved him to think o' leavin' his people to suffer under 'em.

"Both Died as They Wished To. Tennyson, who was a shy, reserved man, could never understand Robert Browning's love of society.

"Miss Chatterton? I think I've heard her word that I'm out."

Surprise For His College Boy. Mr. Modestgram—When you're in the shop to buy a pair of socks, why, my son Zeke's up to college boys for a sheepskin, he says, and you got to surprise him with a ball of wool. Chicago Post.

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 as German universities exist.

The customs and ceremonies incident to these student duels are queer and peculiarly fascinating, the costumes and fighting attire unique and interesting.

Those of Long Standing and Those Made in Later Life. People make friends later than they used to, or at least so it seems to us, probably because they grow old in general later than they did.

And constancy lives in realms above, And life is thorny, and youth is vain.

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 the power of making a few new friends in age as we need them to supplement those inherited from youth.

An Interested Jeonor. An instance of an interested jeonor was reported not long ago. A jury had been impaneled, when a man stepped forward and explained that, having been summoned to serve, he wished to be allowed to do so at once.

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A ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees.

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

F. A. MITCHELL.