

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER XXIII.

THORPE returned to Camp One shortly after dark. He found there a number of letters, among which was one from Wallace Carpenter.

After commending the camping party to his companion's care the young fellow went on to say that affairs were going badly on the board.

"Some interest that I haven't been able to make out yet has been hampering our stocks down day after day," he wrote. "I don't understand it, for the stocks are good and intrinsically are worth more than is bid for them right now. Some powerful concern is beating them down for a purpose of its own. Sooner or later they will let up, and then we'll get things back in good shape. I am amply protected now, thanks to you, and am not at all afraid of losing my holdings. The only difficulty is that I am unable to predict exactly when the other fellows will let up."

"By the way, you might shine up to Hilda Farrand and join the rest of the fortune hunters. She's got it to throw to the birds and in her own right. Seriously, old fellow, don't put yourself into a false position through ignorance; not that there is any danger to a hardened old woodsman like you."

Thorpe went to the group of pines by the pole trail the following afternoon because he had said he would, but with a new attitude of mind. He had come into contact with the artificiality of conventional relations, and it stiffened him.

They sat down on a log. Hilda turned to him with her graceful air of confidence.

"Now talk to me," said she.

"Certainly," replied Thorpe in a practical tone of voice. "What do you want me to talk about?"

She shot a swift, troubled glance at him, concluded herself mistaken and said:

"Tell me about what you do up here—your life—all about it."

"Well," replied Thorpe formally, "we haven't much to interest a girl like you. It is a question of saw logs with us. And he went on in his driest, most technical manner to detail the process of manufacture. It might as well have been bricks.

The girl did not understand. She was hurt. As surely as the sun tugged in the distant pine forest, she shined in his eyes a great passion. Now it was coldly withdrawn.

"What has happened to you?" she asked finally out of her great sincerity.

"Me? Nothing," replied Thorpe.

And over behind the trees, out of the light and the love and the beauty, lit the Phil huddled, his great shaggy head bowed in his arms. Beside him lay his violin and beside that his bow, broken. He had snapped it across his knee. That day he had heard at last the

heart song of the violin and, uttering it, had bestowed love. But he had that day lost what he cared for most in all the world—his friend.

Little Phil disappeared utterly, taking with him his violin, but leaving his broken bow. Thorpe has it even to this day. The lumberman caused search and inquiry on all sides. The cripple was never heard of again.

"I saw you long ago," said Hilda to Thorpe—"long, long ago, when I was quite a young girl. I had been visiting in Detroit and was on my way all alone to catch an early train. You stood on the corner thinking, tall and straight and brown, with a weather beaten old hat and a weather beaten old coat and weather beaten old moccasins, and such a proud, clear, undimmed look on your face. I have remembered you ever since."

And then he told her of the race to the land office, while her eyes grew brighter and brighter with the epic splendor of the story. She told him that she had loved him from that moment, and believed her telling while he, the unselfish leader of men, always in some mysterious manner carried her image prophetically in his heart. So much for the love of it.

In the last days of the month of delight Thorpe received a second letter from his partner, which to some extent awakened him to the realities.

"My dear Harry," it ran. "I have made a startling discovery. The other fellow is Morrison. I have been a blind, stupid dolt and am caught nicely. You can't call me any more names than I have already called myself. Morrison has been in it from the start. By an accident I learned he was behind the fellow who induced me to invest, and it is he who had been hammering the stock down ever since. They couldn't lick you at your game, so they tackled me at mine. I'm not the man you are, Harry, and I've made a mess of it. Of course their scheme is plain enough on the face of it. They're going to involve me so deeply that I will drag the firm down with me."

"If you can fix it to meet those notes, they can't do it. I have ample margin to cover any more declines they may be able to bring about. Don't fret about that. Just as sure as you can pay that \$200,000, just so sure we'll be ahead of the game at this time next year. For heaven's sake, get a move on you, old man. If you don't, the firm 'll bust because she can't pay. I'll bust because I'll have to let my stock go on margin. I'll be an awful smash. But you'll get there, so we needn't worry. I've been an awful fool, and I've no right to do the getting into trouble and leave you to the hard work of getting out again. But as partner I'm going to insist on your having a salary, etc."

The news aroused all Thorpe's martial spirit. Now at last the mystery surrounding Morrison & Daly's unnatural complaisance was given. It had come to grapple again. He was glad of it. He thrust the letter in his pocket and walked buoyantly to the pines.

The two boys sat there all the afternoon drinking in half sadly the joy of the forest and of being near each other. In a week the camping party would be breaking up, and Hilda must return to the city. It was uncertain when they would be able to see each other again.

Suddenly the girl broke off and put her fingers to her lips. For some time dimly an intermittent and faint sound had been a far rather than actually heard, like the irregular muffled beating of a heart. Gradually it had insisted on the attention.

"What is it?" she asked.

Thorpe listened. Then his face lit mightily with the joy of battle.

"My axmen," he cried. "They are cutting the road."

A faint call echoed. Then without warning Thorpe at hand, and the sharp ring of an ax sounded through the forest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR a moment they sat listening to the clear staccato knocking of the distant blows and the more forceful thuds of the man nearer at hand.

"What are they doing? Are they cutting lumber?" asked Hilda.

"No," answered Thorpe; "we do not cut saw logs at this time of year. They are clearing out a road."

"Where does it go to?"

"Well, nowhere in particular—that is, it is a logging road that starts at the river and wanders up through the woods where the pine is."

"How clear the axes sound. I would like to know more about it," she sighed, a quaint little air of childish petulance graving two lines between her eyebrows.

"Do you know, Harry, you are a singularly uncommunicative sort of a being. I have to guess that your life is interesting and picturesque. Sometimes I think you are not nearly poor enough for the life you are living. Why, you are wonderful, you men of the north, and you let us ordinary mortals who have not the gift of divination imagine you entirely occupied with how many pounds of iron chain you are going to need during the winter." She said these things lightly, as one who speaks things not for serious belief.

"It is something that way," he agreed, with a laugh.

"Sit there," she breathed very softly, pointing to the dried needles on which her feet rested.

He obeyed.

"Now tell me," she breathed, still in the fascinated monotone.

"What?" he inquired.

"Your life; what you do; all about it. You must tell me a story."

Thorpe settled himself more lazily and laughed with quiet enjoyment.

"The story of the woods," he began. "The story of the saw log. It would take a bigger man than I to tell it. I doubt if any one man ever would be big enough. It is a dream, a struggle, a battle. Those men you hear there are only the skimmishers extending the drying line. I'll have to hurry now to get those roads done and a certain creek cleared before the snow. Then we'll have to keep on the level now to finish our cutting before the deep snow to haul our logs before the spring thaws, to float them down the river while the freshest water lasts. When we gain a day we have scored a victory, when the wilderness puts us back an hour we have suffered a defeat."

The girl placed her hand on his shoulder. He covered it with his own.

"But we win!" he cried. "We win!"

"That is what I like," she said softly. "The strong spirit that wins." She hesitated, then went on gently: "I went walking yesterday morning before you came over, and after awhile I found myself in the most awful place—the stumps of trees, the dead branches, the trunks lying all about and the glare, hot sun over everything. Harry, there was not a single bird in all that waste, a single green thing." She seized his fingers in her other hand. "Harry," she said earnestly, "I don't believe I can ever forget that experience any more than I could have forgotten a battlefield were I to see one."

"The man twisted his shoulder uneasily and withdrew his hand.

"Harry," she said again after a pause, "you must promise to leave this woods until the very last. I suppose it must all be cut down some day, but I do not want to be here to see after it is all over. Men do not care much for keepsakes, do they, Harry? But even a man can feel the value of a great beautiful keepsake such as this, can't he, dear? Our meeting place—do you remember how I found you down there by the old pole trail staring as though you had seen a ghost? It must always be our most sacred memory. Promise me you will save it until the very, very last."

Thorpe remained silent.

In selecting the districts for the season's cut he had included in his estimates this very grove. Other bodies of timber promising a return of \$10,000 were not to be found near the river, and time now lacked for the cutting of roads to more distant forests.

"Hilda," he broke in abruptly at last, "the men you hear are clearing a road to this very timber."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting, this very winter."

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY NOMINATIONS

Eugene Precincts Will Hold Conventions Tomorrow Evening at Voting Places.

The Democratic voters of the Eugene precincts are requested to meet at their several places of voting this evening, Thursday, April 7th, at 7:30 o'clock, to make the nominations for delegates to be voted for at the primaries Saturday, April 9th, as follows:

North Eugene, No. 1, at Socialist hall. Entitled to 8.

South Eugene, No. 2, at McFarland's new building, West Eighth street. Entitled to 7.

North Eugene, No. 1, hose house on Eleventh street. Entitled to 7.

South Eugene, No. 2, city hall. Entitled to 6.

JOHN HIGGINS, J. J. WALTON, J. D. MATLOCK, L. BILYEU, Precinct Chairmen

PLAYERS THROW GAME AWAY

Reason Why Portland Baseball Team Has Not Been Winning More Games.

The Portland Journal of yesterday says: The loss of yesterday's game at San Francisco may be attributed to Pitcher John Thielman's indifference and apparent effort to throw down the Portland management. It has been reported on good authority that Thielman is dissatisfied over some financial arrangement with Manager Ely, and he is taking unfair means to get "even," as he terms it.

If John Thielman could strike out 27 men in a game, steal every base, and field with a percentage of 1000, his services would not be worth 10 cents a season if he would deliberately lose a game because of any misunderstanding with the management.

Last year two members of the present team employed similar tricks, but their exhibitions proved very raw. If John Thielman wants to remain on the Portland ball nine he had better come to his senses at once. Any deviation from the honorable ethics of the game should be deemed sufficient cause for the immediate benching of the violating player. Portland has one of the finest ball teams in the league and can win games, if they play ball. They know how to do it, now let them do it.

The Albany amateurs defeated the Weideman theatrical troupe's baseball team yesterday by the score of 2 to 1. The Weidemans have been winning a number of games in California lately and this is their second defeat in eleven games.

Yesterday's Coast League scores: Oakland, 2; Portland, 1; Tacoma, 7; San Francisco, 1. Seattle, 6; Los Angeles, 3.

WANTS HAINES TANNERY

The following dispatch appeared in yesterday's Portland Journal: "Ilwaco, Wash., April 6.—Business men of South Bend are making strenuous efforts to induce the proprietors of the Haines tannery, which is to be moved from Eugene, to locate at South Bend, and a building location has been offered free. It was expected to move the tannery from Eugene several months ago, on account of excessive freight tariffs and a scarcity of hemlock bark, which is used for tanning. The proprietors have since been looking for a location, and have visited a number of cities on the lower coast. Aberdeen has also offered a free building site. The tannerymen have not positively decided where they will locate."

M'KINLEY SETS UP COUNTER CLAIM

In his answer to the suit for \$500, alleged to be due on a note given the Bank of Brownsville, Horace G. McKinley claims that he has paid the institution \$280 with which he has

not been credited, and prays for an allowance of a counter claim.

The answer was filed yesterday afternoon. McKinley gives the amount paid and dates as follows: January, 1901, \$180; November, 1901, \$100; February, 1902, \$100; March, 1902, \$100; May, 1903, \$100; October, 1903, \$100.—Portland Journal.

Living Items.

(Guard Special Service.)

Irving, April 6.—D. C. Bruce, of Roseburg, is visiting in Irving.

Fred Parker has arrived from Ogden, Utah. He expects to make his home near here. Still they continue to come and the best thing is most of them are well pleased with our climate.

Geo. Boyd left for Portland on Wednesday's train.

Miss Livia Bond returned to Pihlmath Tuesday morning after a few days' visit at home.

Jno. Barton went to Eugene Tuesday to work in the mat-factory.

Miss Lizzie Keopp came down from Eugene Monday for a short visit with her parents.

This fine weather is well improved by the farmers and all are busy. There are a few prophesying that April will be a wet month, that there will be continued rain. We sincerely hope they may prove false prophets.

Letter List.

Eugene, Oregon, April 7, 1904
Callahan, C. S.
Gamer, Barry.
McCallister, H.
Plank, Charley.
Pickens, Al.
Potter, Chas.
Sorensen, S. D.
Walker, Mrs. Kate.
Warren, Miss Etta M.
J. L. PAGE, P. M.

RICH FIND AT BLUE RIVER

Oregon City Mining Co., Strikes Good Ore—Will Erect a Mill.

According to J. W. Mitchell, of Blue River, a rich find has been made in the Oregon City Mining Company's property in Blue River district. The property is situated on Simmons creek and the strike was made while prospecting the ledge while driving a 65-foot tunnel.

The owners, S. R. Green and H. B. Nichols, are pushing development work and are very enthusiastic over the discovery. The close proximity to the county road and easy access to the mine make it a favorable property to develop. It is the intention of the owners to erect a mill, which will be run by electric power generated by the stream on which the property is situated. There are seven claims in the group, all of which show good gold values.

REV. FATHER BEUTGEN LEAVES

Rev. Father Beutgen, rector of the Eugene Catholic church for the past two years, has been transferred to Portland and will leave here in a few days to take up his new work. The reverend father has won much popularity among the people of Eugene during his stay here and it is with regret that they hear of his intended removal.

C. C. Matlock's bicycle and hardware establishment in the Walton block has recently added some new iron working machinery and shop fixtures and they are now able to do all kinds of work in the best manner possible. A big new lathe has just been added, also a shaper. The establishment now has two lathes and under the direction of P. L. Gilman, a splendid mechanic, the place is turning out some fine work.

All next week Dr. Lavee, the oculist, will be in his Eugene office. If you have had or even when troubled with nervous irritability, don't fail to have him test your eyes. Possibly glasses is all you need.

The lawyers in the Fickels will contest finished their argument before Judge Kincaid last evening and the judge has taken the case under advisement before making a decision.

Drives out all inure mules that collect in one's tent. Cleanse, strengthens and builds up the entire body. That's what Mother's Rocky Mountain Tea does. Get it in a bottle or tablet form. Ask your druggist.