# The Blazed Trail so WHITE

CONTINUED. CHAPTER XXIII.

IORPE returned to Camp One 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 hammering 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 proteeted now, thanks to yet, and am not at all afraid of losing my holdings. The only difficulty is that I am unable to predict exactly when the other feland they have nee

haver they are about and bet up. It may not be before next year In that case I couldn't help you out on those notes when they come due. So put in your best licks, old man. You may have to pony up for a little while, though of course sconer or later 1 can put it all back. Then, you bet your life, I keep out of it. Lumbering's good enough for yours truly. "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 'nto 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 Lecause 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

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

"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 ansaid: "Tell me about what you do up her

-your life-all about it." "Well," replied Thorpe formally, "w

haven't much to interest a girl likyou. It is a question of saw logs wit And he went on in his dryes technical manner to detail th process of manufacture. It might : well have been bricks.

The girl did not understand. Si was hurt. As surely as the sun tai gled in the distant pine frond, she ha seen in his eyes a great passion. No it was coldly withdrawn.

"What has happened to you?" slasked finally out of her great sincerity

"Me? Nothing," replied Thorpe. A forced silence fell upon him. Hild seemed gradually to lose herself in reverie. After a time she said softiy:

"Don't you love this woods?" plied Thorpe bluntly. "It'll cut 3,000,-000 at least."

"Oh!" she cried, drawing back, ber hands pressed against the log either side of her, her eyes wide.

convulsively, and Thorpe became conscious that she was studying him furtively with a quickening doubt.

After that, by the mercy of God. there was no more talk between them. from his partner, which to some extent pause, "you must promise to leave this Unconsciously the first strain of oppoattion and of hurt surprise relaxed. Each thought vaguely his thoughts. Then in the depths of the forest, pernotes, followed by a slight rhetorical pause as of contemplation, and then deliberately three notes more on a differshadows and the warm soft air it offered to the heart an almost irresistible Harry, and I've made a mess of it. Of Thorpe remained silent, nism modified, the woman's disenthe face of it. They're going to involve son's cut he had included in his esti-

chantment began to seem unreal. Then subtly over and through the down with me. sound, spreading before the awakened man. If you don't, the firm 'll bust

sic the girl had started and caught her an awful fool, and I've no right to do breath at the exquisite pleasure of it. the getting into trouble and leave you

As it went on they both torgot everything but the harmony and each other
"Ah, beautiful?" size murmured.
"What is it?" he whispered, marvel
ing.

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

The bird suddenly hushed, and at once the strain abandoned the woods note and took mather motif. At first it played will be the higher notes, a and walked buoyantly to the pines.

Sufforming Morrison & Daily's unnut. It is this or nothing. It is this or nothing. "Why not nothing, then?"

"Why not nothing, then?"

"It want the money this will bring."

It is this or nothing. "Why not nothing, then?"

"It want the money this will bring."

It is this or nothing. "It is this or nothing."

"It want the money this will bring."

It is this or nothing. "It is this or nothing."

"It want the money this will bring."

It is this or nothing. "It is this or nothing."

"It want the money this will bring."

It is this or nothing. "It is this or nothing." "A viello-played by a master." tight a fee some little melody that The two boars out there all the after. hate.

stirred a kindly surface smile over a full heart. Then suddenly, without transition, it dropped to the lower regshortly after dark. He found there a number of letters. ister and began to sob and wail in the full vibrating power of a great pas-

And the theme it treated was love. At last the poignant ecstasy seemed slowly, slowly to die. Fainter and fainter ebbed the music. Through it as through a mist the solemn aloof forest began to show to the consciousness of the two. They sought each other's eyes, gently smiling. The music was very soft and dim and sad. They leaned to each other, with a sob; their lips met; the music ceased.

And over behind the trees, out of the light and the love and the beauty, little 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



They sought each other's eyes. heart song of the violin and, uttering

the world-his friend.

ing with him his violin, but leaving his we'll have to keep on the keen move to broken bow. Thorpe has it even to finish our cutting before the deep snow this day. The lumberman caused to haul our logs before the spring search and inquiry on all sides. The thaws, to float them down the river

cripple was never heard of again. Thorpe-"long, long ago, when I was tory, when the wilderness puts us back quite a young girl. I had been visit | an hour we have suffered a defeat." ing in Detroit and was on my way all The girl placed her hand on his shoulalone 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, unted 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 "It's an excellent bunch of pine," re- 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 unsentimental leader of men, persuaded himself and her that he had After a moment she caught her breath 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 awakened him to the realities.

"My dear Harry," it ran, "I have made a startling discovery. The other do not want to be here to see after it is fellow is Morrison. I have been a bilm! all over. Men do not care much for haps near at hand, perhaps far away, a stupid dolt and am caught nicely. You keepsakes, do they, Harry? But even a single hermit thrush began to sing. His can't call me any more names than I man can feel the value of a great beausong was of three solemn, deep, liquid have already called myself. Morrison has been in it from the start. By an ac- dear? Our meeting place-do you recident I learned he was behind the fel. member how I found you down there low who induced me to invest, and it is by the old pole trail staring as though ent key. It is the most dignified, the he who had been hammering the stock you had seen a ghost? It must always most spiritual, the holiest of woods ut- down ever since. They couldn't lick be our most sacred memory. Promis terances. Combined with the evening you at your game, so they tackled me me you will save it until the very, very at mine. I'm not the man you are, last." appeal. The man's artificial antago- course their scheme is plain enough on ; me so deeply that I will drag the firm mates this very grove. Other bodies of

"If you can fix it to meet those notes bird song another sound became audi-ble. At first it merely repeated the they can't do it. I have ample margir and time now lacked for the cutting of three notes faintly like an echo, but to cover any more declines they may be roads to more distant forties. with a rich, sad undertone that brought able to bring about. Don't fret about tears. Then timidly and still softly it that. Just as sure as you can pay that elaborated the theme, weaving in and \$60,000, just so sure we'll be ahead of to this very timber." out through the original three the glitter and shimmer of a splendid web of heaven's sake, get a move on you, old imagination a broad river of woods imbecause she can't pay. I'll bust because aginary that reflected on its surface all. I'll flave to let my stock go on margins With the drat sight of the wonder mu-As it went on they both forgot every- to the hard work of getting out again. 1y.

surrounding Morrison & Daly's unnat-

noon 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 by a fest mather 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 perper at hand, and the sharp ring of an ax sounded through the for-

CHAPTER XXIV.

OR 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 petu lance 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 poet enough for the life you are liv ing. 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 teat way." he agreed, with a laugh. 'Sit there," she breathed very soft-

ly, pointing to the dried needles on which her feet rested, He obeyed. "Now tell me," she breathed, still in

the fascinated monotone. "What?" be 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, : battle. Those men you hear there ar it, had bestowed love. But he had that only the skirmishers extending the day lost what he cared for most in all firing line. I'll have to hurry now to get those roads done and a certain Little Phil disappeared utterly, tak- creek cleared before the snow. They while the freshet water lasts. When "I saw you long ago," said Hilda to we gain a day we have scored a vic

der. 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 glaring 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 uneas lly and withdrew his hand.

"Harry," she said again after a woods until the very last. I suppose it must all be cut down some day, but I tiful keepsake such as this, can't he.

In selecting the districts for the seatimber promising a return of \$10,00 were not to be found near the river

"Hilda," he broke in abruptly at last "the men you hear are clearing a road

"What do you mean?" she asked. "This timber is marked for cutting this very winter." She had not a suspicion of the true state of affairs, "Isn't it lucky I spoke of it!" she exclaimed. "You must se

She sprang up impulsively and stood waiting for him. He arose more slow

"Hilds, I cannot," be said. She stood very still for some seconds "Why not?" she asked quietly. "Because I have not time to cut a read through to another bunch of pine.

"Will you tell me for what you want DEMOCRATIC the money?" she asked.

The young man caught the note of distrust. At once, instinctively, his own confidence vanished. He drew within himself again the power of justifying himself with the needed

"The firm needs it in the business, said he.

Her next grastion countered instan-"Does the firm need the money more

than you do me? They stared at each other in the si ence of the situation that had so suddenly developed as a dust cloud springs

"You do not mean that, Hilda?" said Thorpe quietly. "It hardly comes to

than any tirm."

after the bread and butter." Thorpe reminded her gently, although he knew that was not the real reason at all. "If your firm can't supply it, I can." she answered. "It seems strange that you won't grant my first request of you merely because you need a little

"It isn't a little money," he objected. catching manlike at the practical question. "You don't realize what an amount a clump of pine like this stands for. Just in saw logs, before it is madinto lumber, it will be worth about \$30,000. There's \$10,000 profit in it."

The girl, exasperated by cold details at such a time, blazed out. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!" she cried. "Either you are not at all the man I thought you, or you have some better reason than you have given. Tell me, Harry; tell me at once

You don't know what you are doing." "The firm needs it, Hilda," said Thorpe, "in order to succeed. If we do

not cut this pine we may fail." "If I were a man," she said, and her voice was tense-"if I were a man and loved a woman, I would be ready to give up everything for her. My riches, my pride, my life, my honor, my soul even, they would be as nothing, as less than nothing, to me if I loved. Harry. don't let me think I am mistaken. Let this miserable firm of yours fail, if fail it must for lack of my poor little temple of dreams." She held out her hands affair had gone beyond the preservation of a few trees. It had become the question of an ideal. Gradually, in spite of herseif, the conviction was forcing itself upon her that the man she had loved was so different from the rest that the greed of the dollar had corrupted him too. By the mere yielding to her wishes she wanted to prove the

suspicion wrong

He was in the right.

he had been following diligently the now let them do it. trail he had blazed for his conduct. Now his feet carried him unconsciouser way out. In answer to Hilda's question he merely inclined his head.

"I have seen a vision," said she simagain. "There can be nothing better eleven games. than love," she said. "Yes, one thing," said Thorpe-"the

duty of success." The man had stated his creed, the

woman hers.

She left him then and did not see Angeles, 3. him again. Four days later the camping party left. Thorpe sent Tinf Shear er over as his most efficient man to see WANTS HAINES that they got off without difficulty, but bimself retired on some excuse to Camp Four. Three weeks gone in October he received a marked newspaper announcing the engagement of Miss Hilda Farrand to Mr. Hildreth Morton of Chicago.

CONTINUED.

Trustful.

"A woman will not esteem a man whom she cannot trust," said the mor-"Yes," answered Mr. Meekin, "and I

am deligated to note that Henrietta always trusts me to put the cat out and fix the furnace fire and lock the basement door and do a lot of things." Washington Star.

Perhaps It Was.

"I wonder what time Mary's your man left last night," said mamma. "It must 'a' been exactly 1 o'clock ma," said the younger brother.

"The idea! How do you know?" "Why, just as he was leavin' I he bim ask Mary some question, and said, 'Just one, only one.' "-Philad phin Ledger.

Would Then Be Useful. Grinder-What! Asleep at your desl and work so pressing! Meckly-Exemme, sir, baby kept me awake all night Grinder-Then you should have bre it with you to the office.-Town ar Country.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant

### **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 7.h, "Indeed it does," she replied, every at 7:30 o'clock, to make the nomira- home near here. Still they continue nerve of her fine organization strung to tions for delegates to be voted for at excitement. "I should be more to you the primaries Saturday, April 9th. as them are well pleased with our cli sloflow "Sometimes it is necessary to look

North Eugene, No. 1, at Socialist

tiall. Entitled to 8 bouth Eugene, No. 2," at McFar land'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 ball. En-

titled 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

The loss of yesterday's game at San Francisco may be attributed to Pitcher John Thielman's indifference with a tender gesture of appeal. The and apparent effort to throw down the Portland management. It has been reported on good authority that Thiel man is dissatisfied over some financia. 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 perceptage of 1000, "I cannot, Hilda," he answered stead- his services would not be worth 16 cents a season if he would dleiberate "You sell me for \$10,000! I cannot ly lose a game because of any misunbelieve it! Harry, Harry, must I put it derstanding with the management, to you as a choice? Don't you love me Last year two members of the present He did not reply. As long as it remained a dilemma he would not reply. their exhibitions proved very raw. in the Oregon City Mining Compa-"Do you need the money more than the Portland ball nine he had better The property is situated on Simmons you do me, more than you do love?" come to his senses at once. Any de- creek and the strike was made while she begged, her soul in her eyes, for she viation from the honorable ethics of crosscutting the ledge while driving a was begging also for herself. "Think, the game should be deemed sufficient 65-foot tunnel. Harry, it is the last chance?"

He was face to face with a vital decision. He experienced no conflict of control of the finest ball teams in the control of the control of the finest ball teams in the control of the finest ball teams in the control of the finest ball teams in the control of the control of the finest ball teams in the control of the finest ball teams in the control of the contro mind, no hesitation, for the moment league and can win games, if they the discovery. The close proximity no regret. During all his woods life play ball. They know how to do it, to the county road and easy access to

ly to the same end. There was no othteam yesterday by the score of 2 to 1. the stream on which the property is The Weidemans have been winning a situated. There are seven claims in ply, and lowered her head to conceal number of games in California lately the group, all of which show good her eyes. Then she looked at him and this is their second defeat in gold values.

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

# 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 to move the tannery from Eugene kinds of "on work in the best man several months ago, on account of ex- per possible. A big new lathe has cessive freight tariffs and a scarcity just been added, 'so a shaper. The tanning. The proprietors have since under the direction of P. L. Gilman, visited a number of cities on the low- turning out some fine work. er coast. Aberdeen has also offered All next week Dr. Loze, the coulethey will locate."

# M'KINLEY SETS UP

not been credited. He prays for an al-

lowance of a counter claim. The answer was filed yesterday afternoon. McKinley gives the amount paid and dates as follows: January, 1901, 8180; November, 1901, \$100. February, 1902, \$100; March, 1902, \$100; May, 1903, \$100; October, 1903, \$100.-Portland Journal,

### I ving 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 to come and the best thing is most of

Geo Beyd left for Portland on Wed

nesday's train. Miss Livia Bond returned to Pili math Tuesday morning after a fe days' visit at home.

Jno. Barton went to Eugene Tuesday to work in the mat h factory. Miss Lizzie Keopp came down from Eugene Wonday 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.

### RICH FIND AT

Warren, Miss Etta M.

## BLUE RIVER

J. L. PAGE, P. M.

Gregon City Mining Co., Strikes Good Ore---Will Erect a Mill.

According to J. W. Mitchell, of If John Thielman wants to remain on my's property in Blue River district.

the mine make it a favorable property to develop. It is the intention of The Albany amateurs defeated the the owners to erect a mili, which will

### **REV. FATHER** BEUTGEN LEAVES

Rev. Father Bentgen, 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 re moval.

C. C. Matlock's bicycle and hardof the Haines tannery, which is to be ware establishment in the Walton moved from Eugene, to locate at block has recently added some new South Bend, and a building location iron working machinery and abop fixhas been offered free. It was expected tures and ther to now able to do all of hemlock bark, which is used for establishment now has two lathes and been looking for a location, and have a splendid mechanic, the place is

a free building site. The tannerymen optician, will be in his Eugene office, have not positively decided where if you have head or ere sele or frouoled with nervous irritability, don't fail to have him test your ayen. Possibly glasses is all you treat

The lawyers in the Pickets will con-COUNTER CLAIM test fluished their evolutent before Judge Kinculd last eventue and the judge has taken the case under edvisement before mak's a dacking.

In his answer to the suit for \$500, Drives out all impure migles that alleged to be due on a note given the Bank of Brownsville, Horace G. Mc-Kinley claims that he has paid the institution \$680 with which he has