

# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

**T**HE train of the South Shore railroad shot its way across the broad reaches of the northern peninsula.

Thorpe welcomed the smell of the northland. He became almost eager, explaining, indicating to the girl at his side.

"There is the Canada balsam," he cried. "Do you remember how I showed it to you first? And yonder the spruce. How stuck up your teeth were when you tried to chew the gum before it had been heated! Do you remember? Look, look there! It's a white pine! Isn't it a grand tree? It's the finest tree in the forest, by my way of thinking, so tall, so straight, so feathery and so dignified. See, Hilda, look quick! There's an old logging road all filled with raspberry vines. We'd find lots of partridges there, and perhaps a bear. Wouldn't you like to walk down it about sunset?"

"Yes, Harry."

"I wonder what we're stopping for. Seems to me they are stopping at every squirrel's trail. Oh, this must be Seney. Yes, it is. Queer little place, isn't it, but sort of attractive? Good deal like our town. You have never seen Carpenter, have you? Location's fine anyway, and to me it's sort of picturesque. You'll like Mrs. Hathaway. She's a buxom, motherly woman who runs the boarding house for eighty men and still finds time to mend my clothes for me. And you'll like Solly. Solly's the tug captain, a mighty good fellow, true as a gun barrel. We'll have him take us out some still day. We'll be there in a few minutes now. See the cranberry marshes. Sometimes there's a good deal of pine on little islands scattered over it, but it's very hard to log unless you get a good winter. We had just such a proposition when I worked for Radway. Oh, you'll like Radway. He's as good as gold. Helen?"

"Yes," replied his sister.

"I want you to know Radway. He's the man who gave me my start."

"All right, Harry," laughed Helen. "I'll meet anybody or anything from bears to Indians."

"I know an Indian, too—Geezit, an Ojibway. We called him Injun Charley. He was my first friend in the north woods. He helped me get my timber. This spring he killed a man—a good job, too—and is hiding now. I wish I knew where he is. But we'll see him some day. He'll come back when the thing blows over. See! See!"

"What?" they all asked, breathless.

"It's gone. Over beyond the hills there I caught a glimpse of Superior."

"You are ridiculous, Harry," protested Helen Thorpe laughing. "I never saw you so. You are a regular boy."

"Do you like boys?" he asked gravely of Hilda.

"Adore them!" she cried.

"All right; I don't care," he answered his sister in triumph.

The air brakes began to make themselves felt, and shortly the train came to a grinding stop.

"What station is this?" Thorpe asked the colored porter.

"Slingeville, sah," the latter replied.

"I thought so," Wallace, when did they will burn, anyway? I haven't heard about it."

"Last spring, about the time you went down?"

"Is that so? How did it happen?"

"They claim incendiarism," parried Wallace cautiously.

Thorpe pondered a moment, then laughed. "I am in the mixed attitude of the small boy," he observed, "who isn't wicked enough to wish anybody's property destroyed, but who wishes that if there is a fire, to be where he can see it. I am sorry those fellows had to lose their mill, but it was a good thing for us. The man who set that fire did us a good turn. If it hadn't been for the burning of their mill they would have made a stronger fight against us in the stock market."

Wallace and Hilda exchanged glances. The girl was long since aware of the inside history of those days.

"You'll have to tell them that," she whispered over the back of her seat. "It will please them."

"Our station is next!" cried Thorpe, "and it's only a little ways. Come, get ready!"

They all crowded into the narrow passageway near the door, for the train barely paused.

"All right, sah," said the porter, swinging down his little step. Thorpe ran down to help the ladies. He was nearly taken from his feet by Big Junko and Anderson deposited their burden on the raised platform of the office steps. Thorpe turned and fronted the crowd.

At once pandemonium broke loose, as though the previous performance had been nothing but a low voiced rehearsal.

"Oh, aren't you proud of him?" gasped Hilda, squeezing Helen's arm with a little sob.

In a moment Wallace Carpenter, his countenance glowing with pride and pleasure, mounted the platform and stood beside his friend, while Morton and the two young ladies stopped half way up the steps.

At once the racket ceased. Every one stood at attention.

"Mr. Thorpe," Wallace began, "at the request of your friends here, I have a most pleasant duty to fulfill. They



"Men," cried Thorpe.

year's work. At that time I considered their demand for wages ill timed and grasping. I wish to apologize. After the money was paid them, instead of scattering, they set to work under Jack Radway. They have worked long hours all summer. They have invested every cent of their earnings in supplies and tools, and now they are prepared to show you in the company's booms 3,000,000 feet of logs rescued by their grit and hard labor from total loss."

At this point the speaker was interrupted. "Saw off!" "Shut up!" "Give us a rest!" growled the audience. "Three million feet ain't worth talkin' about!"

"You make me tired!" "Say your little say the way you oughter!" "Found purty nigh two millions pocketed on Mare's Island, or we wouldn't 'a' had that much!" "Fool's undertaking, anyhow!"

"Men," cried Thorpe, "I have been very fortunate. From failure success has come. But never have I been more fortunate than in my friends. The firm is now on its feet. It could afford to lose three times the logs it lost this year."

He paused and scanned their faces.

"But," he continued suddenly, "it can not now or ever can afford to lose what those 3,000,000 feet represent—the friends it has made. I can pay you back the money you have spent and the time you have put in—again he looked them over, and then for the first time since they had known him his face lighted up with a rare and tender smile of affection. "But, comrades, I shall not offer to do it. The gift is accepted in the spirit with which it was offered."

He got no further. The air was rent with sound. Even the members of his own party cheered. From every direction the crowd surged inward. The women and Morton were forced up the platform to Thorpe. The latter motioned for silence.

"Now, boys, we have done it," said he, "and so will go back to work. From now on you are my comrades in the fight."

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the worn, hard faces glowing the affection and admiration of a doz for its master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching her arms out to them passionately. "Oh, I love you, I love you all!"

### THE END.

#### The Quaker Nationals.

The Philadelphia National Baseball club's "winter of discontent" has been "made glorious by the sun" of prospective good fortune. With the treasury replenished by a 10 per cent assessment on the stockholders, cheerfully paid; with the ground improvements under way at reasonable cost, with a splendid schedule, with the valuable Kid Gleason finally permanently secured, and with a competent manager and pretty good team, it looks as if President Potter's tribulations were about over. The only clouds now hovering over the club are the damage suits, which, it is safe to predict, will not go against the club. With those suits out of the way President Potter will not spare money in securing a first class winning team.

## How He Landed The Sporting World, a Prize

(Original.)

Bob Collins and Jack Dutton were shipmates and friends on the schooner Sheridan. They had courted the same girl, Dutton had won. This would have made them enemies had it not been for a remarkable sense of justice, an absence of meanness, on the part of Collins.

"Here is my hand, Jack," he said when he learned of his friend's success. "I'm no dog in a manger, and I wish you joy. Whatever she wants I am glad that she shall have."

Collins was first, Dutton second, mate. Soon after the Dutton marriage the Sheridan started on her outward trip, reached port without adventure and when the year 1903 was nearing its end started back for America, the crew expecting to spend the Christmas holidays at home. But December is liable to be a tempestuous month, and the ship encountered one gale after another. Then began a run of bad luck for the crew. Two seamen were washed overboard, one died of heart disease, one fell from the rigging to the deck and was killed, while his mate, who was aloft with him, fell into the boiling ocean and was drowned. The captain, who stood on deck for hours soaked in ice water, died of pneumonia. This closed the death list, leaving Collins in command, Dutton and two ordinary seamen to work the vessel.

One day they met a derelict. It had been cut nearly in two by another ship and would have certainly gone down had it not been loaded with cotton. Collins saw the advantage of getting her into port and made preparations to take her in tow. Dutton and the two seamen protested, on the ground that they had enough to do to get themselves in, short handed as they were, without towing a derelict which might sink at any moment. In vain Collins pleaded with them, holding up the promise of prize money and assuring them that the cotton would keep the derelict afloat. They flatly refused to be further handicapped.

"Very well, Jack," said Collins. "You take the Sheridan in, and I'll go aboard the derelict and stay there till I get picked up by some vessel with a full crew."

Neither the hope of reward nor the shame of leaving their captain in a position they considered almost certain death could induce any one of the crew to give in. So Collins, taking plenty of provisions, went aboard the derelict, and the Sheridan sailed for home. The weather moderated, and the lone mariner managed to get up a sail that gave the hulk some headway. Then he got up another and another and, aided by the ship's instruments, put her head toward home. Every day he hoped he would meet a vessel, and every day he was disappointed. There came another storm that blew him far to the eastward. After that there was a long spell of good weather, and about the middle of January he sailed his prize into the harbor of New London.

His first question was, "Has the Sheridan arrived?" and when he learned that she had not he was troubled. He feared she had been caught in the last storm and lost.

But there was a different kind of buoyancy in cotton that Collins had not calculated upon. The day he made port cotton was quoted at 17 cents a pound, and his prize was worth nearly twice what it would have brought ordinarily. Collins succeeded in having the price fixed by the admiralty court at 19½ cents, nearly the highest price during the boom. When it was all over he went to see Mrs. Dalton.

"Jennie," he said, "whether you are to have your husband back I don't know. At any rate, you will be comfortable for the rest of your life. His share of the prize money—"

"His share? I thought it all belonged to you."

"No; it belongs to me and Jack and the two seamen who discovered it. It was agreed that they should stay aboard the Sheridan while I—"

Something in the man's halting manner convinced her that he was making up a story.

"Bob," she said, "you are not speaking the truth."

"Anyway, Jennie, I'll only take my share of the prize money, a total of \$120,000. Whatever the seamen's share is shall go to them, and Jack's share goes to you."

"Bob," she said, looking at him impressively, her bosom heaving, "I won't have a cent of it. You brought in the vessel. I have talked about the matter with those who know, and they say that finding a prize is nothing, but bringing it in is everything."

"But, Jennie!"

"Wait! If Jack is spared to confirm your story and says it was agreed that a good ship while you alone were to take the chances on a derelict, all sharing in the prize money, you can pay his share to him."

This ended the conference for the time being. One day a steamer came into port, and it was telegraphed all over the land that she had picked up a boat with the name "Sheridan" painted on the stern, containing the bodies of three men. They proved to be the Sheridan's crew, but the story of the vessel's loss never was told.

It is yet too early for developments as to the acceptance of Jack Dutton's share of the prize money by his widow, but her observing friends do not hesitate to predict that at the expiration of a year from the finding of the Sheridan's boat load of dead she will accept her widow's share and Bob Collins' share, with Bob Collins thrown in. They furthermore declare that Mrs. Dutton will be the principal part of Collins' prize. BUCHANAN HUNT.

## Topics of the Moment Among Horsemen and Pugilists. Jockey Robbins.

Jockey Walter F. Robbins is the latest pupil of the Crescent City Jockey club's kindergarten for riders who will make a bid for eastern patronage and money this season. He will ride on the New York tracks, but just who his employer will be has not been definitely decided upon. He has had two offers—one from James R. Keene and the other from Tom Healy, the trainer for R. T. Wilson, Jr.

Robbins is third on the winning list of riders at the New Orleans track. He has had great success with Doc Street's horses, which are all leased



YOUNG CORBETT PUNCHING THE BAG. (Young Corbett, the wonderful little Denver featherweight fighter, is a splendid bag puncher. He believes the exercise to be most valuable and always indulges in it while in training for a fight. Young Corbett recently wrote a book on bag punching, and in it he displayed a wonderful knowledge of the scientific side of the sport.)

thoroughbreds belonging to James R. Keene. Through this lad's clever handling these horses have won \$14,298, nearly \$3,000 more than any other stable secured during the winter.

It was this success and ability in the saddle that caused Mr. Keene, through an agent, to ask Robbins his terms for his services during the summer months. The lad wired that he would accept a \$1,000 retaining fee, with the additional \$25 and \$10 winning and losing mounts.

This offer had scarcely been sent when Robbins received a telegram from Healy asking him not to close with any other horseman before he had heard from the R. T. Wilson, Jr. Healy said that the young millionaire horseman was out of the city and that he would try to secure some proposition from him looking toward Robbins' services.

All this occurred but recently. Since then no further moves have been made toward the employment of Robbins. In all probability he will ride for Mr. Wilson this summer.

Robbins has had two years' experience in the saddle on the western tracks and is considered a first class rider, as he has nice hands and is an excellent judge of pace. His particular forte is riding in front of the field. He can ride at ninety-five pounds.

Physicians state that "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, who recently fought Tommy Ryan for the middleweight championship, is endangering his life by his continued activity. He has fought so many battles during the last two years that a well known medical man says that unless he takes a rest he will drop dead of heart disease within a year or two. Another specialist, however, has assured him that his heart is sound and all he need worry about is a slight disorder in his stomach. The next doctor who comes along will be claiming that O'Brien is suffering from enlargement of the chest if he keeps up his winning gait over the kind of company he fights.

O'Brien has a wonderful muscular development. The Quaker City boxer when stripped ready for the fray is a physical marvel. His arm, neck and shoulder muscles stand out like whiplashes. In this respect O'Brien is in a class by himself. He has all of the other boxers outclassed when it comes to muscles. Even Jim Jeffries has not the perfect muscular development O'Brien possesses.

Ordinarily the muscles of the fighter are little in evidence. When relaxed they are scarcely seen. Fighters do not believe that a heavy muscular development is necessary. Jeffries and Corbett have muscles that are supple, yet have power and strength. Fitzsimmons comes nearest to O'Brien in his muscular development than any of the other fighters. Notwithstanding the development of his body muscles, O'Brien possesses great speed. He is not muscle bound. He can land a terrific blow with as much speed as any of the topnotch boxers.

Few fighters have fought more battles than O'Brien.

## A SERVING MAID IT IS THE FACE

(Original.)

Olive Horton was a nursery maid. Had it not been for the dress of a servant, no one would ever have taken her to be one. She was refined looking, and there was something in her manner that also bespoke refinement. She seemed to have little in common with her fellow servants, who, though they were not admitted to her friendship, never turned against her. Real superiority is always sooner or later recognized, and Olive Horton came to be regarded by them as of a higher class. Most of them believed that she was the daughter of some gentleman who had broken down financially. What put a finishing touch to their sense of their own inferiority was the discovery that Olive kept singular looking books in her closet, which she brought out and studied after her charges were asleep.

Elliott White, a nephew of Olive's employer, on returning from a trip abroad, visited his aunt, and one morning, while recounting his travels, Olive came into the room. She gave but one glance at Elliott, but his eyes became fixed upon her and followed her till she left the room. He tried to resume the thread of his recital, but in vain. His tongue would not describe what had been driven from his thoughts. Since the girl was a servant he had the good taste not to show the interest she had created in him. The truth was that that silent figure which had entered the room had taken out with it all there was of value in his nature.

What came of this is only what comes in such cases. Elliott White's aunt one day was surprised at hearing a fragment of dialogue between her nephew and her servant.

"The fever! It never leaves me," he said.

"I have told you to go away from me and stay till you are cured."

"And you?"

"I shall never be cured, but I will not be your wife. My respect for myself may not be strong enough to hold me, but my love for you will never permit me to drag you down to my level."

"You are better educated than half the girls, who only learn as parrots learn. I am sure you came of gentle parents. There has been a financial crash in your family, and when it came you bravely began at the bottom and you will rise to the top."

"That is not so. If it were I would own it to you."

A step in the hall ended the dialogue. The aunt and mistress went away troubled, but she never mentioned what she had heard to the lovers or any one else.

Olive was taken ill, and a doctor was called to attend her. When he found downstairs after his first visit he found Elliott White in the library. Elliott had been waiting for him with feverish anxiety.

"Well, doctor?"

The doctor looked at him searchingly. He had heard those words too often in other cases of anxiety not to know that the young man was the girl's lover.

"Strange," said the doctor, looking at Elliott with a faraway expression.

"But, doctor, tell me—is it a bad case?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"For heaven's sake, don't tell me there is no hope!"

"There is hope," said the doctor, still looking at Elliott with the same singular expression. "Why are you so interested?"

"Doctor, I am in torture. I am wild. I can tell you, a physician, to whom many a secret is laid bare, that I, a gentleman, love this servant maid. If she dies I shall go mad; if she lives I shall go mad, for I can't marry her."

"No, you can't marry a servant unless you want to make your life a hell. But be of good cheer. I do not promise that she shall live, but I promise that if you marry her you will marry a lady."

Elliott stood staring, his expression plainly asking, "What do you mean?" But the doctor did not choose to explain just then and, seizing his hat, broke away.

Ten days later the servant was out of danger. One morning when the doctor called he brought with him a lady who went to Olive's room, where she stayed a long while. Elliott was in the house and wondered what it all meant. When the lady went away the doctor came downstairs with her, and the two stood for awhile talking in the hall, but all that Elliott could hear was the lady asking, "How soon can I take her home?" When the visitor had gone the doctor went into the library, where he found Elliott.

"I have something to tell you," he said to the young man. "Nineteen years ago I assisted at the birth of a girl, the child of wealthy parents. There was a malformation of the right clavicle—I mean shoulder blade—that I had not seen before. I never forget exceptional cases, and when putting a hot appliance to the shoulder of the girl upstairs I knew she was one of my medical children. This much I feel at liberty to tell you without revealing a professional secret. That the child was a foundling I may also say. But how she came to be a foundling I cannot reveal, though I may assure you that she was born in wedlock. The lady who has just gone is her mother."

The malformation of the shoulder blade troubled Mrs. Elliott White as any malformation, however slight, would trouble the person of whom it is a part, and she would like to have it operated upon. Her husband will not consent. He considers it the most important link in the chain of his life's happiness. Mrs. White is one of the prominent women in the city of her residence.

MARY ALICE BARKER.

It was in Rome and at the season of the year when the old world city is full of strangers from every part of the globe.

The rush of visitors made little difference to Paul Rizzo, the crowd currier, except that it brought him now and again a private order.

One day a stranger passed the little workshop and was attracted by a large, unfinished panel that leaned against the side of the window, and, glancing at the workmanship, he noticed the worker within.

Paul lifted his head and met the gaze of the stranger and the stranger smiled and hurried on. But after that he passed the corner constantly, and Paul got to look for his honest, cheery face and kind blue eyes. He was an old man and English, every bit of him.

At last one day he knocked at the low door, and Paul admitted him.

"Could you execute a little order for me?" he asked. "I want to surprise my little granddaughter with one of your beautiful crucifixes."

"Certainly," Paul answered. "It will give me great pleasure, but I am very busy, and you must allow me some time."

"I want it for an Easter gift."

Paul calculated. "Yes, I think I can let you have it."

"I am hindering you, I fear," the old man said, "but I have peeped at your work so often through the window, and that was so unsatisfactory. You are a great artist!"

"Do you find me so?" he said in his foreign way. "That panel will sell for 4 francs, and I shall get 1. Great artists are paid better than that, signor!"

"Why don't you demand a just value?"

"Oh, why should I care? If they gave me 1,000 francs it would be the same—I should only work on and on. Aye, signor, I love my art! Do you know, the petal of that rose took me one whole week to bring to perfection?"

"I can imagine it. It is superb! But I like your faces best. Those angels on that shield!"

"Ah, but they do not satisfy me. My angel's face I have not attempted yet, but I have seen it. I go to benediction at St. Mark's every night to watch it and carve it on my soul, and one day I shall produce it."

The old man took his departure, but he came again and again, making each time some excuse to speak about the crucifix, and gradually he won Paul's confidence, and the carver told him his story.

He belonged by birth to the old Italian aristocracy, but his boyhood had been passed in troublous times, and his family had had to fly from the country. Gradually he had worked his way back to his native Italy, the seat of all art and beauty, and there he had settled down to his life's dream.

That night in St. Mark's at benediction, when he knelt gazing at his angel's face, a sudden warm glow stole through his frame. His angel had turned her face and met his eyes, and she had flushed with emotion, and he realized it was the loveliness of a living woman; no ethereal spirit, as he had almost grown to believe.

His old friend wondered at his change, and at last Paul told him.

"I am in love," he cried restlessly, "and I must—I will possess her."

"But, my friend, I thought—"

"Yes, that is true. I only see her in church. We have never spoken."

"Most wonderful! The old man muttered to himself as he walked home. "But I wish it hadn't happened. I—I have been so slow. I ought to have brought him to see Eileen before. Now it is too late. Ah, and they were so suited—both so pure, so beautiful, so ideal!"

"Grandpa," Eileen said to him one evening—it was Easter eve—sitting at his feet in her white gown and resting her beautiful arm across his knees, "grandpa, I want to confess to you. I am in love."

"Eh? Eh? What's this?"

"Nothing, dear, for it is nothing! It is only a face—a face that haunts me night and day—that—that—oh, you cannot understand, but my soul goes out to that face!"

"A gentleman to see you, sir. I have asked him into the salon. A foreigner, I think, sir—Signor Ritz—Ritz!"

"I know. That will do. Excuse me a minute, my dear."

Paul was standing at his full height gazing into the fire, and the red glow lit up his distinguished features, and the old man, looking upon him, realized what a splendid man he was, and he wished Eileen could have seen his thus.

"How kind of you to bring the crucifix yourself, my dear friend. I see you have it."

With a cry of wonder, delight and amazement he seized it in his hands and touched the angel's face that stood out at the top of the cross.

"It is Eileen!" Then, recovering himself, he grasped the artist's hand. "I cannot thank you—it is all so marvelous—but come with me. Let her thank you—your angel, you know."

Paul followed the old man to Eileen's room in a dream and stood at the threshold gazing at the girl, who came toward them as if, after all, she could not be flesh and blood.

"Eileen, my child! What is it?"

She was tottering toward her grandfather. "That—that" she cried. "It is the face—the face I have loved so long!"—London News.

#### Then She Smiled.

"I'll bet my boots it isn't so."

It was not an elegant expression for a young lady, but it was very emphatic.

"But that would be such a very small wager," he urged.

Then she smiled sweetly upon him. —Detroit Free Press.