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"5,000 IN 1912"

SOME "DON'TS ABOUT FIRE"

The Oregon Conservation association is sending out some good advice regarding fire during the dry season. It is intended more especially for the information of campers in the mountains but some of the rules apply as well around town. In view of our recent experience here it is well to keep the following rules in mind. Don't toss away burning tobacco or matches.

Don't make a camp-fire in leaves, rotten wood, or against logs, where it may spread or you can't be sure it is put out.

Always clear all inflammable matter away from around your fire.

Never leave a fire until it is out.

Don't burn your slashing in the close season without a permit from the fire warden.

Don't operate an engine without a spark arrester in the close season.

Put out any fire you find if you can. If you can't, notify a fire warden or other public officer, or the land owner. Remember that any little fire may become a big one if left alone.

All these rules but the first and last are LAW, and violation is punishable.

Next to water, earth is the best thing to put out fire with. The best tools for fire fighting are the shovel, ax and mattock.

For addresses of fire wardens in your vicinity, write the secretary of the State Board of Forestry.

THE BARRIER
 By Rex Beach
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(Continued.)

me anyhow." The very thought thrilled her.

"Does he know you love him?" The tender, sobbing laugh she gave was ample answer.

"Well, what's your plan?" "I—I don't know. I am so torn and twisted with it all that I can't plan, but I have thought I ought to go away."

"Good!" he said quickly, but his acquiescence, instead of soothing her, had the contrary effect, and she burst out impulsively:

"Oh—I can't—I can't! I can't go away and never see him! I can't do it! I want to stay where he is!" She had been holding herself in stubbornly, but at last gave way with reckless abandon. "Why wasn't I born white like other girls? I've never felt like an Indian. I've always dreamed and fancied I was different, and I am in my soul. I know I am! The white is so strong in me that it has killed the red, and I'm one of father's people. I'm not like the other two. They are brown and silent and as cold as little toads. But I'm white and full of life all over. They never see the men and women that I see in my dreams. They never have my visions of the beautiful snow white mother with the tender mouth and the sad eyes that always smile at me."

"You have visions of such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I came a generation late, that's all, and I've got that other woman's soul. I'm not a half breed. I'm not me at all. I'm Merridy—Merridy! That's who I am."

Her face was turned away from him, so that she did not notice the frightful effect her words had upon Stark.

"Where did you get that name?" His voice was pitched in a different key now. Then after a moment he added, "From the story I told you at

the mine that night, I suppose?" "Oh, no," she answered. "I've always had it, though they call me Necla. Merridy was my father's mother. I guess I'm like her in many ways, for I often imagine she is a part of me, that her spirit is mine. It's the only way I can account for the sights I see."

"Your father's mother?" he said mechanically. "That's queer." He seemed to be trying to shake himself free from something. "It's heredity, I suppose. You have visions of a white woman, a woman named Merridy, eh?" Suddenly his manner changed, and he spoke so roughly that she looked at him in vague alarm.

"How do you know? How do you know she was his mother?"

"He told me so."

Stark snarled. "He lied!"

"I can show you her wedding ring. I've always worn it." She fumbled for the chain about her neck, but it eluded her trembling fingers. "It has her name in it—'From Dan to Merridy.'"

Stark's hand darted forward and tore the thing from her shoulders. Then he thrust it under the lamp and glared at the inscription, while his fingers shook so that he could barely distinguish the words. His eyes were blazing and his face livid.

Necla cried out, but he dropped the ornament and seized her fiercely, lifting her from the chair to her feet. Then with one swift, downward clutch he laid hold of her dress at the left shoulder and ripped it half to her waist. A hoarse sound came from his throat, a cry half of amazement, half of triumph.

"Let me go! Let me go!" She struggled to free herself, but he held her in a viselike grip, while he peered closely at a bluish well down upon her back. Then he let her slip from his grasp, and, seized with terror, she staggered away from him. He was leaning heavily with both hands upon the table, his thin lips quivering, his whole manner so terrifying that she shrank back.

She turned and made for the door, whereupon he straightened up and said in a queer, commanding voice:

"Wait. Don't go. I—I—you!" He flicked his lips as if they were dust dry, passed an uncertain hand across his bearded brow and, raising the water pail beside the door to his mouth, drank heavily in great, noisy gulps.

"Let me out of here!" the girl demanded imperiously.

"Don't be scared," he said, more quietly now. "You must excuse me. You—you gave me an awful fright. Yes, that was it. Don't worry. I didn't mean any harm."

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, almost ready to cry. "And you tore my dress," she added angrily—"my fine dress. Are you crazy?"

"You see, it's like this—that name of Merridy and that ring—well, the whole thing was so startling I—I went off my head. It came sudden, and I thought—it don't matter what I thought, but I'm sorry. I'll apologize, and I'll get you a whole lot of dresses if you like."

His first impulse had been to tell her everything, but his amazement had rendered him speechless, and now he was thankful for it. Care must be exercised. She must not learn too much, for if she suspected the truth she would go to her soldier lover at once, and no power on earth could hold her back. That would block the vengeance that he saw shaping in the dank recesses of his distorted brain.

First, and above all, he must get the girl away from Flambeau.

These last few moments had driven Necla's own worries from her mind, but he was bent on recalling them and so continued cautiously:

"You were saying that you thought you'd go away. I think that's a good plan, and you'd be wise to do it for



"Let me out of here!" the girl demanded imperiously.

more reasons than one. It will give you time to think it all over and know your own mind. I want to help you—I'm going to help you—because I've got an interest in you like you were mine." Again he betrayed that strange, mirthless amusement.

"There is no place for me to go," said Necla blankly, "except the mission, and I have no way of getting there."

"Don't you worry. I'll furnish the means, and you'd better go tonight!" she blurted—"yes, tonight. There's no use prolonging your agony. I'll get a boat ready and send a trusty man with you. The current is swift, and if he rows well you can make it by tomorrow evening. That's only one night out, and I'll put some blankets aboard so you can wrap up and have a sleep."

"I must go back and get some clothes," she said, at which he would have demurred had he not seen that she could not travel in her present condition.

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dition. "Very well. But don't let anybody see you."

"Of course not."

"It's getting late, and your folks will be abed." He looked at his watch. "Midnight! Be here in an hour."

The light of sacrifice was in Necla's eyes, and her cheeks were blanched with the pallor of a great resolution.

"I'll be here in an hour," she said simply.

He let her out, closed the door after her and locked it; then, drawing a deep breath, he raised his clenched hands above his head and gave a great sigh of exultation. Next he took out his six shooter and examined it carefully. The shells did not suit him, so he filled the gun with new ones, loosened the three lower buttons of his vest and slid the weapon inside his trousers band; then, facing the direction of Gale's trading post, he spoke aloud:

"I was a long time coming, Gaylord, but I'm here, and I've got you where I've wanted you these fifteen years! Yes, and I've got you, too, Burrell! By

heaven, this is my night!"

His lithe body became panther-like in poise, his bearing that of the meat eating animal, and his face set in a fierce, exultant cruelty as he blew out his light and left the cabin.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERY IS UNRAVELED.
LIEUTENANT BURRELL was considerably taken aback when a quarter of an hour after the young lover's ecstatic return to his quarters Gale knocked at his door, for the trader's visit, coupled with the late hour and his somber countenance, forecast new complications.

"He's here to object, but it won't go," thought the lieutenant as he made his visitor welcome.

Moade swung his big reading chair out beneath the hanging lamp and, going to the sideboard, brought back a bottle, some glasses and a pouch of tobacco. Noting the old man's sigh of fatigue as he sat himself down heavily, he remarked sympathetically:

"Mr. Gale, you've made a long trip

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