

# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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By Stewart Edward White

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to the other, keeping a sharp eye on the details of the work. His practical experience was sufficient to solve readily such problems as broken tackle, extra expedients or facility which the days brought forth. The fact that in him was vested the power to discharge kept the men at work.

Dyer was in the habit of starting for the marsh an hour or so after sunrise. The crew, of course, were at work by daylight. Dyer heard them often through his door, just as he heard the shore boy come in to build the fire and fill the water pail afresh. After a time the fire, built of kerosene and pitchy black pine, would get so hot that in self defense he would arise and dress. Then he would breakfast leisurely.

Thus he incurred the enmity of the cook and cookess. Those individuals have to prepare food three times a day for half a hundred eaters, besides which on sleigh haul they are supposed to serve breakfast at 3 o'clock for the loaders and a variety of lunches up to midnight for the sprinkler men. As a consequence they resent infractions of the little system they may have been able to introduce.

Now, the business of a foreman is to be up as soon as anybody. He does none of the work himself, but he must see that somebody else does it and does it well. He must know how a thing ought to be done, and he must be on hand unexpectedly to see how its accomplishment is progressing. Dyer should have been out of bed at first horn blow.

One morning he slept until nearly 10 o'clock. It was inexplicable! He hurried from his bunk, made a hasty toilet and started for the dining room to get some sort of a lunch to do him until dinner time. As he stepped from the door of the office he caught sight of two men hurrying from the cook camp to the men's camp. He thought he heard the hum of conversation in the latter building. The cookess set hot coffee before him. For the rest he took what he could find cold on the table.

Dyer sat down, feeling for the first time a little guilty. This was not because of a sense of a dereliction in duty, but because he feared the strong man's contempt for inefficiency.

"I sort of pounded my ear a little long this morning," he remarked, with an unwonted air of bonhomie.

The cook creased his paper with one hand and went on reading.

"I suppose the men got out to the marsh on time," suggested Dyer, still easily.

The cook laid aside his paper and looked the sealer in the eye.

"You're the foreman; I'm the cook," said he. "You ought to know."

Dyer was no weakling. The problem presenting, he rose to the emergency.



"How's this, men?" cried Dyer sharply. Without another word he pushed back his coffee cup and crossed the narrow, open passage to the men's camp.

When he opened the door a silence fell. He could see dimly that the room was full of lounging and smoking lumberjacks. As a matter of fact, not a man had stirred that morning.

"How's this, men?" cried Dyer sharply. "Why aren't you out on the marsh?"

No one answered for a moment. Then Baptiste:

"He mak' too tam cole for de marsh. Meester Roadway he spik dat we kip off dat marsh w'en he mak' cole."

Dyer knew that the precedent was indisputable.

"Why didn't you cut on 'eight' then?" he asked still in peremptory tones.

"Didn't have no one to show us where to begin," drawled a voice in the corner.

Dyer turned on his heel and went out.

The crew worked on the marsh that afternoon and the subsequent days of the week. They labored conscientiously, but not zealously. The work moved slowly. At Christmas a number of the men "went out." Most of them were back again after four or five days, for while men were not plenty neither was work. The equilibrium was nearly exact.

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(To be Continued)

**Drying preparations simply deval-**  
op dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snuffs and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size. Ely Brothers, 55 Warren St., N. Y.

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## Obeded Instructions.

The city editor summoned the photographer of his staff. "Colonel Wellington's house is burning," he said, "and I want a picture of the fire. Get out there as quick as you can with your camera and take a view of what's left of the building from the inside of the fence corner."

"But," said the photographer, "it's—That's the point I want it taken from—right in the corner."

"But I think there's—"

"I don't care whether there's a better point or not. You know what I want. Hurry up. You are losing time."

The photographer took his camera and departed. A few hours later he came in with the proof of a picture he had taken from the desired point of view.

"What is this?" said the city editor.

"That is a photograph of the ruins of Colonel Wellington's house from the inside corner of the fence near the street."

"I can't see anything of the house."

"I couldn't, either," responded the photographer. "I tried to tell you there was a big tree standing between that corner and the house, but you wouldn't let me."

## Tibet, the Strange Land.

It is a wonderful country and a strange people. Think of a tract of land where hot springs abound, round which the deposits are of such rainbow tints as blue, purple, green, red and yellow. It is easy to imagine that the landscape effects of such coloring are wondrous. The social customs of the people are scarcely less astounding. Polygamy is common where the men are rich enough, for wives seem to be a question of wealth. When poverty compels them, several men will have one wife in common. Brothers usually enter into those strange partnerships. The people rarely wash, finding it warmer to be dirty. The men anoint their faces with butter, while the women stain their countenances mahogany color with wood chips and lacquer the bridges of their noses jet black. Cleanliness is an unesteemed practice.—London Outlook.

## Fatal Precaution.

A farmer in Cumberland county was driving across a railroad track when a train killed both his horses and knocked him about ten rods off his course. In the resulting suit for damages the plaintiff was on the witness stand, making out a good case, when the defendant's lawyer asked him:

"Did you take any precaution before driving upon the track?"

The witness seemed reluctant to answer, but, being pressed to do so, finally stammered out:

"Waal, squire, I took a little—just a couple of swallows, that's all."

This started a new line of defense, and it turned out that the couple of swallows were the last in a pint flask that had consoled the honest old farmer along the road. This put a new face on the situation.—Lewisston Journal.

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## Love's Constancy

"From the sublime to the ridiculous 'Tis but a step."—Spokeshave.

To the perusal of those, and there were a few, who considered my last little poem in the COAST MAIL, "The Hospital Patient" too lugubrious and melancholy, I wish to recommend the following ditty of quite a different, and even what some might call a superficial and lively strain.

He was a child, and she was a child,  
In the paradise of Coos Bay;  
And they lov'd and play'd through many a glade  
On many a summer day;  
Thus the years soon pass'd—Oh! would they could last!  
Till Bobby went away.

Then what did Nell do?" now I'll tell it to you—  
She didn't her garments rend;  
She struck up with a Swede, who gave her a feed  
Of candy—the newest blend;  
Then she boarded the Cruiser and went with the snoozer  
To a dance at New North Bend.

Now, Bobby he went to work in the woods  
That grow around Myrtle Point;  
But he made no gold, so that soon "got old,"  
So his boots he did anoint;  
And growing bold, bad whiskey sold  
In a San Francisco "joint."

Now, what is the matter with our poor Swede,  
He looks so meek and glum?  
He's awfully chummy with our old friend  
"Gummy,"  
And drinks whiskey and hot rum;  
In fact, he looks "on the back of the books,"  
Like an editor on the bum.

Well, I'll tell you;—Sweet Nell a letter has got  
From her dear Robert, you know;  
And he's got the dough, and he's coming, you know,  
To make the thing a "go;"  
So, she wrote her Swede a bit of a screed,  
Which meant—"You get and go!"

Now, after this, Coos Bay-ites all  
Will place their best reliance  
On the constancy of love, and bid  
All doubts and cares defiance;  
So—Here's to love and the turtle dove  
Robert's coming on the "Alliance."

MICHAEL LINER.

Marshfield, Ore., Jan. 22, 1904.

## ABERDEEN HAS ROUGH TRIP FROM EUREKA

Brings Large Passenger List From That Point—Good Boat and Popular Skipper

From Tuesday's Daily.

The steamer Aberdeen, Captain Daniels, arrived from Eureka early yesterday morning after one of the roughest trips the craft ever made. The steamer encountered a heavy north-west wind on Humboldt bar which endured for thirty-six hours, at times making less than three knots an hour. The Aberdeen arrived off the bar about midnight, but owing to the intense darkness and the rough condition of the bar, Captain Daniels awaited outside for day light.

The Aberdeen brought twenty-six passengers, eight of whom were from Marshfield, four for Empire City, while the remainder are en route for Portland. The master of the Aberdeen Captain Daniels, who is a comparative stranger in this port, is one of the best known skippers on the Pacific Coast and is considered a very careful as well as a competent navigator. At any rate he is according to the consensus of opinion of passengers on the ship, a "prince of good fellows." One of the passengers said to a MARSHFIELD reporter that it was worth the fare to come in contact with such whole-souled good humor as is possessed by the master of the Aberdeen.

This is the second trip to Coos Bay of the Aberdeen, which is on this route in place of the Alliance. The latter vessel is at present in San Francisco undergoing needed repairs.

## UNION SAVING AND LOAN ASS'N

Affairs not so Desperate as Has Been Feared

From Tuesday's Daily.

Quite a number of people on the Bay will be interested in a letter, received by Henry Sengetacken, in relation to the affairs of the Union Saving and Loan Association of Portland. It is dated Jan. 20th and reads as follows: Mr. Henry S. Sengetacken, Marshfield, Oregon.

Dear Sir:—

Replying to your communication under date of Jan. 18, have to advise you that the affairs of this Association are in my hands as trustee, and I have been doing all I could for the past two years to collect funds with which to satisfy claims of stock holders and others, but so far have been unable to make sufficient collections to pay a dividend. The greater part of the assets of the Association consists of unimproved real property and was largely encumbered with taxes when I took charge of its affairs. Have been doing what I could to straighten up the titles and protect the odds and ends for the benefit of the stock holders. Trust that in the early spring I may be able to sell sufficient of its property to pay a handsome dividend.

Will be pleased at any time to give you all the information I can regarding the affairs of the Association. Yours most respectfully, C. W. Miller, Trustee.

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Proprietors.

F. S. DOW, Agent, Marshfield, Oregon  
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MARSHFIELD, OREGON

## TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land office, Roseburg, Oregon.  
Sept. 3, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1894.

AUGUST W. PETERSON.

of Lutsen, County of Cook, State of Minnesota, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5681 for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 20 in Township No. 25 South of Range No. 10 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday to 15th day of February, 1904.

He names as witnesses: J. M. Weatherby, Wm. Felloes, Charles Thom, John Thom, all of Roseburg, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of February, 1904. 12 5 J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

## THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

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