Trail J. By STEWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XIV.

NT day the articles of partnership were drawn, and Carpenter gave his note for the necessary expenses. Then, in answer to a penciled card which Mr. Morrison had evidently left at Thorpe's botel in person, both young men called at the lumberman's place of business. They were ushered immediately into the private office.

Mr. Morrison was a smart little man. with an ingratiating manner and a fishy eye. He greeted Thorpe with marked geniality.

"My opponent of yesterday," he cried jocularly. "Sit down, Mr. Thorpe. Although you did me out of some land I had made every preparation to purchase, I can't but admire your grit and resourcefulness. How did you get here ahead of us?"

"I walked across the upper peninsula and caught a boat," replied Thorpe briefly.

"Indeed, indeed!" replied Mr. Morrison, placing the tips of his fingers together. "Extraordinary! Well, Mr. Thorpe, you overreached us nicely, and I suppose we must pay for our carelessness. We must have that pine even though we pay stumpage on it. Now, what would you consider a fair price

"It is not for sale," answered Thorpe. "We'll waive all that. Of course it is to your interest to make difficulties and run the price up as high as you can. But my time is somewhat occupied just at present, so I would be very glad to hear your top price. We will come to an agreement afterward."

"You do not understand me, Mr. Morrison. I told you the pine is not for sale, and I mean it.

"But surely - What did you buy it for, then?" cried Mr. Morrison, with widences of a growing excitement. "We intend to manufacture it."

Mr. Morrison's fishy eyes nearly popped out of his head. He controlled limself with an effort.

"Mr. Thorpe," said he, "let us try to be reasonable. Our case stands this way: We have gone to a great deal of expense on the Ossawinamakee in expectation of undertaking very extensive operations there. To that end we have cleared the stream, built three dams and have laid the foundations of a harbor and boom. This has been very expensive. Now, your purchase includes most of what we had meant to log. You have, roughly speaking, about 300,000,000 in your holding, in addition to which there are several millions scattered near it which would pay nobody but yourself to get in. Our holdings are farther up stream and comprise only about the equal of yours."

"Three hundred millions are not to be sneezed at," replied Thorpe.

"Certainly not," agreed Morrison suavely, gaining confidence in the sound of his own voice. "Not in this a man goes into the northern peninsula only because he can get something better there than here. When the firm of Morrison & Daly establishes itself now enough timber to do us for the rest of the time we are in business."

"In that case you will have to hunt up another locality," replied Thorpe

Morrison's eyes flashed, but he retained his appearance of geniality and appealed to Wallace Carpenter.

Then you will retain the advantage of our dams and improvements?" said "Is that fair?"

"No, not on the face of it," admitted Thorpe. "But you did your work in a navigable stream for private purposes without the consent of the board of control. Your presence on the river is illegal. You should have taken out a charter as an improvement company. Then as long as you attended to business and kept the concern in repair we'd have paid you a toll per thousand feet. As soon as you let it slide, however, the works would revert to the state. I won't hinder your doing that yet, although I might. Take out your

charter and fix your rate of toll." "In other words, you force us to stay there and run a little two by four improvement company for your benefit or else lose the value of our improve-

ments?" "Sult yourself," answered Thorpe carelessly. "You can always log your present holdings."

"Very well," cried Morrison, so suddenly in a passion that Wallace started back. "It's war! And let me tell you this, young man-you're a new condern, and we're an old one. We'll crush you like that!" He crisped an envelope vindictively and threw it in the waste-

Crush sheed regited Thorpe, with reat good humer. "Goodby, Mr. Mor-And the two went out.

biling with pervous excitement. was one of those temperaments which required action to relieve the stress of a stormy interview. He wanted to do something at once. "Hadn't we better see a lawyer?" he asked. "Oughtn't we to look out that they don't take some of our plue? Oughtn't we"-

"You just leave all that to me," replied Thorpe. "The first thing we want to do is to rustle some money."

"And you can leave that to me," echoed Wallace, "I know a little of such things, and I have business connections who know more. You just get the camp running."

"I'll start for Bay City tonight," submitted Thorpe. "There ought to be a good lot of lumber jacks lying around idle at this time of year, and it's a good place to outfit from, because we can probably get freight rates direct by boat. We'll be a little late in starting. but we'll get in some logs this winter anyway."

CHAPTER XV.

NTOW, in August, however, the first turmoll had died. The "jam" had boiled into town, "taken it apart" and left the inhabitants to piece it together again as they could. The "rear" had not yet arrived. As a consequence Thorpe found the city comparatively quiet.

Although his ideas were not as yet formulated, he hoped to be able to pick up a crew of first class men from those who had come down with the advance, or "jam," of the spring's drive. They should have finished their orgies by now and, empty of pocket, should be found hanging about the boarding houses and the quieter saloons. Thorpe intended to offer good wages for good men. He would not need more than twenty at first, for during the approaching winter he intended to log on a very small scale indeed. The time for expansion would come later.

With this object in view he set out from his hotel about half past 7 on the dry of his arrival to cruise about in the lumber jack district. The hotel clerk had obligingly given him the names of a number of the quieter saloons where the boys "hung out" between bursts of prosperity. In the first of these Thorpe was helped matericily in his vague and uncertain quest by encountering an old acquaintance, Jackson Hines.

The old man peered at Thorpe. inquired

Thorpe. "Know you? You bet I do. How are you, Harry? Where have you been fat as a stall fed knittin' needle."

"I've been land looking in the upper peninsula," explained Thorpe, "on the Ossawinamakee, up in the Marquette

"Sho!" commented Jackson in woncountry. But you must remember that fer. "Way up there where the moon changes!

"It's a fine country," went on Thorpe so every one could hear, "with a great cutting of white pine. It runs as high it must be for the last time. We want as twelve hundred thousand to the forty sometimes."

"Trees clean an' free of limbs?" asked Jackson.

"They're as good as the stuff over on seventeen.' You remember that."

"Clean as a baby's leg," agreed Jack-

"Have a glass of beer?" asked Thorpe.

"Dry as a tobacco box," confessed Jackson.

So they all drank. On a sudden inspiration Thorpe resolved to ask the old man's advice as to crew and horses. It might not be good for much, but it would do no

Jackson listened attentively to the other's brief recital.

"Why don't you see Tim Shearer" He ain't doin' nothin' since the jam came down," was his comment.

"Isn't he with the M. & D. people?" asked Thorpe.

"Nope. Quit." "How's that?"

"'Count of Morrison. He's been filin' his teeth for M. & D. right along Somethin' behind it all, I reckon."

"Where'll I find him?" asked Thorpe. Jackson gave the name of a small boarding house. Shortly after Thorpe left him to amuse the others with his unique conversation and hunted up

Shearer's stopping place. The boarding house proved to be of the typical lumber jack class-a narrow stoop, a hallway and stair in the center and an office and bar on either side. Shearer and a half dozen other men about his own age sat, their chairs on two legs and their "cork" beots on the rounds of the chairs, smoking placidly in the tepid evening nity might come in need. And he air. He approached and attempted an identifying scrutiny. The men, with

the tacifurnity of their class in the

presence of a stranger, said nothing. "Well, bub," finally drawled a voice from the corner, "blowed that stake you made out of Radway yet?"

"That you, Shearer?" inquired Thorpe, advancing. "You're the man I'm looking for." "You've found me," replied the old

man dryly.

Thorpe was requested elaborately to "shake hands" with the owners of, six names. Then he had a chance to intimate quietly to Shearer that he wanted a word with him alone. The river man rose silently and led the way up the straight, uncarpeted stairs, along a narrow, uncarpeted hall, to a square, uncarpeted bedroom. The walls and ceilings of this apartment were of unpainted planed pine. It contained a cheap bureau, one chair and a bed and washstand to match the bureau. Shearer lit the lamp and sat on the bed.

"What is it?" he asked. "I have a little pine up in the northern peninsula within walking distance of Marquette," said Thorpe, "and I want to get a crew of about twenty men. It occurred to me that you might be willing to help me."

The river man frowned steadily at his interlocutor from under his bushy brows.

"How much pine you got?" he asked finally. "About 300,000,000," replied Thorpe

quietly. The old man's blue eyes fixed themselves with unwavering steadiness on

Thorpe's face. "You're jobbing some of it, ch?" he submitted finally as the only probable conclusion. "Do you think you know enough about it? Who does it belong

"It belongs to a man named Carpenter and myself."

The river man pondered this slowly for an appreciable interval, and then shot out another question: "How'd you get it?"

Thorpe told him simply, omitting nothing except the name of the firm up river. When he had finished Shearer evinced no astonishment nor approval.

"You done well," he commented finally. Then, after another interval: "Have you found out who was the

men stealin' the pine?" "Yes," replied Thorpe quietly, "It was Morrison & Daly."

The old man flickered not an evelid. He slowly filled his pipe and lit it. "I'll get you a crew of men." said he, "if you'll take me as foreman."

"But it's a little job at first," protested Thorpe. "I only want a camp of twenty. It wouldn't be worth your while.

"That's my lookout. I'll take the job," replied the logger grimly. "You got 300,000,000 there, afn't you? And you're goin' to cut it? It ain't such a small job."

Thorpe could hardly believe his good fortune in having gained so important a recruit. With a practical man as foreman, his mind would be relieved of strings was evidently a mg some iar details. He saw at once that be would himself be able to perform all City?" the duties of scaler, keep in touch with the needs of the camp and supervise keepin' yourself? You look about as the campaign. Nevertheless he answered the older man's glance with one as keen and said:

"Look here, Shearer, if you take this job we may as well understand each other at the start. This is going to be my camp, and I'm going to be boss. I don't know much about logging, and I shall want you to take charge of all that, but I shall want to know just why you do each thing, and if my judgment advises otherwise, my judgment goes. If I want to discharge a man, he walks without any question. I know about what I shall expect of each man, and I intend to get it out of him. And in questions of policy mine is the say so every trip. Now, I know you're a good man-one of the best there isand I presume I shall find your judgment the best, but I don't want any mistakes to start with. If you want to be my foreman on those terms just tay so, and I'll be tickled to death to have you."

For the first time the lumbering man's face lost, during a single instant, its mask of immobility. His steel blue eyes flashed; his mouth twitched with some strong emotion. For the first time, too, he spoke without contemplative pause of preparation.

"That's the way to talk!" he cried. "Go with you? Well, I should rise to remark! You're the boss, and I always said it. I'll get you a gang of bully boys that will roll logs till there's skating in Tophet."

Thorpe left, after making an appointment at his own hotel for the following day, more than pleased with his luck. None the less, he anticipated his next step with shaky confidence. He would now be called upon to buy four or five teams of horses and enough feed to last them the entire winter, and he would have to arrange for provisions in abundance and variety for his men; he would have to figure on blankets, harness, cook camp utensils, stoves, blacksmith's tools, iron, axes, chains, cant books, van goods, pails, lamps, oil, matches, all sorts of hardware-in short, all the thousand and one things, from needles to court plaster, of which a seif sufficing comminwould have to figure out his require-

ments for the and

havigation closed he could import noth-

Deep in these thoughts he wandered on at random. He suddenly came to himself in the toughest quarter of Bay

Through the summer night thrilled the sound of cachinnations pointed to the colors of mirth. A cheap plane rattled and thumped through an open window. Men's and women's voices mingled in rising and falling graduations of harshness. Lights streamed irregularly across the dark.

Thorpe became aware of a figure crouched in the doorway almost at his feet. The flickering rays of a distant street iamp threw into relief the high lights of a violin and a head. The face upturned to him was thin and white and wolfish under a broad white brow. Dark eyes gleamed at him with the expression of a fierce animal. Across the forehead ran a long but shallow cut from which blood dripped. The creature clasped both arms around a violin. He crouched there and stared up at Thorpe, who stared down at him.

"What's the matter?" asked the latter finally.

The creature made no reply, but drew his arms closer about his instrument. Thorpe made a sign to the unknown to rise.

"Come with me," said he, "and I'll have your forehead attended to." The eyes gleamed into his with a sudden savage concentration. Then

their owner obediently arose. Thorpe now saw that the body before him was of a cripple, short legged, hunchbacked, long armed, pigeon

but sullen despair that brooded on the white countenance. At the hotel Thorpe, examining the cut, found it more serious in appearance than in reality. With a few pieces of sticking plaster be drew its

edges together. Then he attempted to interrogate his

find. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Phil." "Phil what?"

Silence. "How did you get hurt?" No reply.

"Were you playing your fiddle in one of those houses?"

The cripple nodded slowly. "Are you hungry?" asked Thorpe,

with a sudden thoughtfulness. "Yes," replied the cripple, with Aghtning gleam in his wolf eyes.

Thorpe rang the bell. To the boy who answered it he said: "Bring me half a dozen beef sandwiches and a glass of milk, and be

quick about it." "Do you play the fiddle much?" confinued Thorpe.

The cripple nodded again. "Let's hear what you can do." "They cut my strings?" cried Phil,

with a passionate wall. The cry came from the heart, and "I'll get you more in said he. "Would you like to leave Bay

"Yes!" cried the boy, with passion. "You would have to work. You would have to be chore boy in a lumber camp and play fiddle for the men

when they wanted you to."
"I'll do it," said the cripple. "All right; then I'll take you," replied Thorpe.

The cripple said nothing nor moved a muscle of his face, but the gleam of the wolf faded to give place to the soft, affectionate glow seen in the eyes of a setter dog. Thorpe was startled at the change.

A knock announced the sandwiches and milk. The cripple fell upon them with both hands in a sudden ecstasy of hunger. When he had finished, he looked again at Thorpe, and this time there were tears in his eyes.

A little later Thorpe interviewed the proprietor of the hotel. 'I wish you'd give this boy a good cheap room and charge his keep to

me," said he. "He's going north with Thorpe lay awake for some time after retiring. Phil claimed a share of his thought. In an hour or so he dozed.

He dreamed that the cripple had grown

to enormous proportions and was over-

shadowing his life. A slight noise outside his bedroom door brought him to his feet. He opened the door and found that in the stiliness of the night the poor deformed creature had taken the blankets from his bed and had spread them

across the doorsill of the man who had befriended him,

CHAPTER XVI. HREE weeks later the steam

barge Pole Star sailed down the reach of Saginaw bay. Thorpe had received letters from Carpenter advising him of a credit to him at a Marquette bank and inclosing a draft sufficient for current expenses. Tim Shearer had helped make out the list of necessaries. In time everything was loaded, the gangplank hauled in, and the little band of argonauts set their faces toward the

point where the Big Dipper swings. The weather was beautiful. Each morning the sun rose out of the frosty blue lake water and set in a sea of deep purple. The moon, once again at pathless waste. From the southeast

blew daily the lake trades, to die st sunset and then to return in the soft

still nights from the west. The ten horses in the hold munched their hay and oats as peaceably as though at home in their own stables. Jackson Hines had helped select them from the stock of firms changing locality or going out of business. His judgment in such matters was infallible, but he had resolutely refused to take the position of barn boss which Thorpe offered him.

"No," said he, "she's too far north, I'm gettin' old, and the rheumatics ain't what you might call abandonin' of me. Up there it's colder than hades on a stoker's holiday."

So Shearer had picked out a barn boss of his own. This man was important, for the horses are the mainstay of logging operations. He had selected also a blacksmith, a cook, four teamsters, half a dozen cant book men and as many handy with ax or saw.

"The blacksmith is also a good wood butcher (carpenter)," explained Shear-"Four teams is all we ought to keep going at a clip. If we need a few axmen we can pick 'em up at Marquette. I think this gang 'll stick. I picked 'em."

There was not a young man in the lot. They were most of them in the prime of middle life, between thirty and forty, rugged in appearance, "cocky" in manner, with the swagger and the oath of so many buccaneers, hard as nails. Altogether Thorpe thought them about as rough a set of customers as he bad ever seen. Throughout the day they played cards breasted. The large head sat strangely on deck and spat tobacco juice abroad top beavy between even the broad and swore incessantly. Toward himshoulders. It confirmed the hopeless self and Shearer their manner was an odd mixture of independent equality and a slight deference. It was as much as to say, "You're the boss, but I'm as good a man as you any day."

Constituting the elite of the profession, as they did, Thorpe might have wondered at their consenting to work for an obscure little camp belonging to a greenhorn. Loyalty to and pride in the firm for which he works are strong characteristics of the lumber jack. For this reason he feels that he owes it to his reputation to ally himself only with firms of creditable size and efficiency. The small camps are for the youngsters. Occasionally you will see two or three of the veterans in such a camp, but it is generally a case of lacking something better.

The truth is Shearer had managed to inspire in the minds of his cronies an idea that they were about to participate in a fight. He retold Thorpe's story artistically. The men agreed that the "young fellow had sand enough for a lake front." After that there needed but a little skillful maneuvering to inspire them with the idea that it would be a great thing to take a hand, to "make a camp" in spite of the big concern up river.

Shearer knew that this attitude was tentative. Everything depended on how well Thorpe lived up to his reputation at the outset. But Tim himself believed in Thorpe blindly. So he had

io fears. A little incident at the beginning of

the voyage did much to reassure him. Thorpe had given orders that no whisky was to be brought aboard. Soon after leaving dock he saw one of the teamsters drinking from a pint flask. Without a word be stepped briskly forward, snatched the bottle from the man's lips and threw it overboard. Then he turned sharp on his beel and walked away without troubling himself as to how the fellow

was going to take it.

The occurrence pleased the men, for It showed them they had made no mistake. But it meant little else. The chief danger really was lest they become too settled in the protective attitude. As they took it, they were about, good naturedly, to help along a worthy greenborn. This they considered exceedingly generous on their part, and in their own minds they were inclined to look on Thorpe much as a grown -an would look on a child.

Fine weather followed them up the long blue reach of Lake Huron, into the noble breadth of the Detour passage, past the opening through the Thousand islands of the Georgian bay, into the St. Mary's river. They were locked through after some delay on account of the grain barges from Duluth and at last turned their prow westward in the Big Sea water, beyond which lay Hiawatha's Po-ne-mab, the Land of the Hereafter.

Next morning by daybreak every man was at work. The hatches were opened, and soon between-decks was cumbered with boxes, packing cases, barrels and crates. In their improvised stalls the patient horses seemed to catch a hint of shore going and whinnled. By 10 o'clock there loomed against the strange coast line of the Pictured rocks a shallow bay and what looked to be a dock distorted by the

northern mirage. "That's her," said the captain. Two hours later the steamboat slid between the yellow waters of two outlying reefs and with slackened speed moved slowly toward the wharf of log

cribs filled with stone. Thorpe knew very well that the structure had been erected by and belonged to Morrison & Daly, but the young man had had the foresight to purchase the land lying on the deep the full, drew broad paths across the water side of the bay. He therefore anticipated no trouble in unloading, for,

while Morrison & Daly owned the pa itself, the land on which it abutted belonged to him.

From the arms of the bay he could make out a dozen figures standing near the end of the wharf. When, with propeller reversed, the Pole Star borg slowly down toward her moorings, Thorpe recognized Dyer at the head of eight or ten woodsmen. It looked suspicious.

"Catch this line!" sung out the mate, hurling the coil of a hand line on the wharf.

No one moved, and the little rope after a moment slid overboard with a eplash.

The captain, with a curse, signaled full speed astern.

"Captain Morse," cried Dyer, stepping forward, "my orders are that you are to land here nothing but M. & D. merchandise."

"I have a right to land," answered Thorpe. "The shore belongs to me." "This dock doesn't," retorted the oth-

er sharply, "and you can't set foot on "You have no legal status. You had

no business building in the first place"-began Thorpe, and then stopped with a choke of anger at the futility of arguing legality in such a case.

The men had gathered interestedly in the waist of the ship, cool, impartial, severely critical. The vessel swung her bow in toward the dock. Thorpe ran swiftly forward and during the instant of rubbing contact leaped.

He alighted squarely upon his feet. Without an instant's hesitation he rushed on Dyer and with one full, clean in-blow stretched him stunned on the dock. For a moment there was a pause of astonishment. Then the woodsmen closed upon him.

During that instant Thorpe had become possessed of a weapon. It came hurling through the air from above to fall at his feet. Shearer, with the cool calculation of the pioneer, had seen that it would be impossible to follow his chief and so had done the next best



The men were on him again. thing, thrown him a heavy iron beinying pin.

Thorpe hit with all his strength and quickness. He was conscious once of being on the point of defeat. Then be had cleared a little space for himself. Then the men were on him again more savagely than ever. One fellow even succeeded in hitting him a glancing blow on the shoulder.

Then came a sudden crash. Thorps was nearly thrown from his feet. The next instant a score of yelling men leaped behind and all around him. There ensued a moment's scuffle, the sound of dull blows, and the dock was clear of all but Dyer and three others who were, like himself, unconscious, The captain, yielding to the excitement. had run his prow plump against the wharf.

Some of the crew received the mooring lines. All was ready for disembarkation.

Bryan Moloney, a strapping Irish-American of the big boned, red cheeked type, threw some water over the four stunned combatants. Slowly they came to life. They were promptly yanked to their feet by the trate river men, who commenced at once to bestow sundry vigorous kicks and shakings by way of punishment. Thorpe interposed.

"Quit it," he commanded. "Let them

The men grumbled. One or two were inclined to be openly rebellious.

"If I hear another peep out of you," said Thorpe to these latter, "you can climb right aboard and take the return trip." He looked them in the eye until they muttered and then went on: "Now, we've got to get unloaded and our goods ashore before those fellows report to camp. Get right moving and

hustle!" So Dyer and his men picked themselves out of the trouble sullenly and departed. The ex-scaler had nothing to say as long as he was within reach, but when he bad gained the shore he

turned. Continued on Third Page.)