BREY."

very long.

pleaded the girl.

very generous."

ter for \$1,000.

/lewed his sister.

plied distinctly.

it into the grate.

the girl coldly.

"What do you mean?"

now.'

rend:

plied Thorpe.

"And in the meantime stay with Mrs.

"Yes. I hope it will not have to be for

"How long do you think, Harry?"

"That depends on circumstances," re

"Harry," she ventured after a time.

"why not write to Uncle Amos? His

wanting us to come to him seems to me

"You will do nothing of the kind."

commanded Thorpe sternly. "Amos

Thorpe is an unscrupulous man who

became unscrupulously rich. He delib-

erately used our father as a tool and

then destroyed him. I consider that

any one of our family who would have

Next morning Thorpe felt uneasily

repentant for his strong language. Aft-

er all, the girl did lead a monotonous

Her remarks had been born of the re-

bellion; they had meant nothing in

themselves. He could not doubt for a

That night he wrote Wallace Carpen-

Wallace Carpenter was not in town.

Before the letter had followed him to

his new address and the answer had

returned a week had passed. Of course

the money was gladly put at Thorpe's

lisposal. The latter at once inter-

"Helen," he said, "I have made ar-

She raised her head and looked at

him with clear, bright gaze. If he

could so easily raise the money, why

had he not done so before? He knew

how much she wanted it. Her happi-

ness did not count. Only when his

quixotic ideas of family honor were at-

"I am geing to Uncle Amos'," she re-

"What?" asked Thorpe incredulously.

For answer she pointed to a letter ly-

ing on the table. Thorpe took it and

My Dear Niece-Both Mrs. Thorpe and

myself more than rejoice that time and reflection have removed that, I must con-

tunate family affair, to which I will not allude, raised in your mind against us.

As we said long ago, our home is yours when you may wish to make it so. You

state your present readiness to come immediately. Unless you wire to the con-

trary we shall expect you next Tuesday evening on the 4:40 train. I shall be at

If your brother is now with you I should

be pleased to see him also and will be

most happy to give him a position with the firm. Aff. your unele,

New York, June 6, 1883.

"I am sorry that you did that, Hel-

on," said be, "but I don't blame you.

and it can't be helped. We won't need

to take advantage of his 'kind offer'

"I intend to do so, however," replied

"I mean," she cried, "that I am sick

of waiting on your good pleasure. I

waited and slaved and stood unbear-

cheerfully, and in return I don't get a

civil word, not a decent explanation.

out the last word, "I can't stand it

any longer. I have tried and tried and

tried, and then when I've come to you

you have told me I was young and

ought to finish my education. You

what I want, but you raise money

quick enough when your old family is

insulted. Isn't it my family too? And

then you blame me because, after

walting in vain for two years for you

to do something, I start out to do the

best I can for myself. I'm not of age,

During this long speech Thorpe had

stood motionless, growing paler and

paler. Like most noble natures, when

absolutely in the right he was incapa-

ble of defending himself against mis-

"You know that is not true, Helen,"

"It is true," she asseverated, "and

"It's a little bard." said Thorpe, pass-

ing his hand wearily before his e; ...

"to work hard this way for years and

She laughed with a hard little note

"Helen." said Thorne, with new ener-

gy, "I forbid you to have anything to

do with Amos Thorpe. I think he is a

but you're not my guardian."

be replied, almost sternly.

understandings.

I'm through."

then"-

of scorn.

Central station myself to meet you

tacked did he bestir himself.

tess, natural prejudice which

rangements for some money. What

would you like to do this year?"

moment her loyalty to the family.

anything to do with him is a traitor!"

The girl did not reply.

"Oh!" she cried indignantly.

Renwick?" flashed Helen.

Lou berr' answered Scotty, with all that later when it becomes enthuslamn.

"All right," concluded Thorps. Next day Scotty established bimself. as had been agreed. He did not need to shoot anybody. Daly himself came down to investigate the state of affairs. He attempted to parley, but

Scotty would have none of it. "Get out!" was his first and last word.

At the mouth of the river booms of logs chained together at the ends had been prepared. Into the juclosure the drive was floated and stopped. Then a raft was formed by passing new manila ropes over the logs, to each one of which the line was fastened by a hardwood forked pin driven astride of it. A tug dragged the raft to Murquette.

Now Thorpe was summoned legally on two counts. First, Judge Sherman cited bim for contempt of court; second, Morrison & Daly sued him for alleged damages in obstructing their drive for holding open the dam sluice beyond the legal head of water.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NDING the call of trial Thorpe took a three weeks' vacation to visit his sister. Time, filled with excitement and responsibillity, had erased from his mind the bitterness of their parting. Now he found himself so impatient that he could hardly wait to get there.

He learned on his arrival that she was not at home. Mrs. Renwick proved not pearly so cordial as the year before, but Thorpe, absorbed in his engerness, did not notice it. Mrs. Renwick thought Helen had gone over to the Hugheses.

Thorpe found the Hughes residence without difficulty and turned up the straight walk to the verands. On the steps of the latter a rug had been spread. A dozen youths and maldens lounged on its soft surface. Thorpe, as he approached the light from a tall lamp just inside the hall, hesitated, vainly trying to make out the figures

before him. So it was that Helen Thorpe saw him first and came fluttering to meet

"Oh, Harry! What a surprise!" she cried, and flung her arms about his neck to kiss him.

"How do you do, Helen?" he replied

sedately. This was the meeting he had an-

ticipated so long. The presence of others brought out in him irresistibly the repression of public display which was so strong an element of his career.

A little chilled, Helen turned to introduce him to her friends. He took a place on the steps and sat without saying a word all the evening. There was nothing for him to say. These young people talked thoughtlessly, as young people do, of the affairs belonging to their own little circle. He had thought pine and forest and the trail so long that he found these square elbowed subjects refusing to be jostled aside by any trivialities,

He took Helen back to Mrs. Renwick's about 10 o'clock. They walked slowly beneath the broad leaved maples, whose shadows danced under the tall electric lights, and talked.

"How have you done, Harry?" she inquired auxiously. "Your letters have been so vague."

"Pretty well," he replied. "If things go right I hope some day to have a better place for you than this,"

Her heart contracted suddenly. It was all she could do to keep from bursting into tears. The indefiniteness of his answer exasperated her and filled her with sullen despair. She said nothing for twenty steps. Then:

"Harry." she said quietly, "can you take me away from Mrs. Renwick's?" "I don't know, Helen. I can't tell yet. Not just now, at any rate."

"Harry," she cried, "you don't know what you're doing. I tell you I can't stand Mrs. Renwick any longer. I know you've worked bard and that you'd give me more if you could, But so have I worked hard. Now we ought to change this in some way. I can get a position as teacher or some other work somewhere. Won't you let use do that?"

Thorpe was thinking that it would be easy enough to obtain Wallace Carpenter's consent to his taking \$1,000 from the profits of the year. But he knew also that the struggle in the courts might need every cent the new company could spare. It would look much better were he to wait until after the verdict. If favorable, there would be no difficulty about sparing the money. If adverse, there would be no money to spure. And so until the thing was absolutely certain he hesitated to explain the situation to Helen for fear of disappointing her.

safe be. "There 'll be time enough for | scoundrel and a speak,"

"I shall do as I please," she replied, crossing her hands behind her. Thorpe's eyes darkened.

"We have talked this over a great many times," he warned, "and you've always agreed with me. Remember, you owe something to the family."

"Most of the family seem to owe something," she replied, with a flip-pant laugh. "I'm sure I didn't choose



life, and he could not blame ber for re-belling against it from time to time. 'Helen," said Thorpe, with new energy.

> the family. If I had I'd have picked out a better one."

"You may take your choice, Helen," he said formally. "If you go into the household of Amos Thorpe, if you deliberately prefer your comfort to your honor, we will have nothing more in

They faced each other with the cool, deadly glance of the race, so similar in appearance, but so unlike in nature. "I, too, offer you a home, such as it

ts," repeated the man. "Choose." At the mention of the home for which means were so quickly forthcoming when Thorpe, not she, considered it needful, the girl's eyes flashed. She stooped and dragged violently from beneath the bed a flat steamer trunk, the lid of which she threw open. A dress lay on the bed. With a fine gesture she folded the garment and laid it in the bottom of the trunk. Then she knelt and without another glance at her brother standing rigid at the door began feverishly to arrange the folds.

The choice was made. He turned and went out.

CHAPTER XIX.

TAT ITH Thorpe there could be no

halfway measure. He saw that the rupture with his sister was final, and the thrust attacked him in one of his few unprotected points. At first the spring of his life seemed broken. He did not care for money, and at present disappointment had numbed his interest in the game. It seemed hardly worth the candle.

Then in a few days he began to look about him mentally. Unconsciously the combative justinct was aroused. In lack of other object on which to expend On finishing the last paragraph the itself Thorpe's fighting spirit turned with energy to the subject of the lawrender crumpled the letter and threw

After his sister left the Renwicks Thorpe himself went to Detroit, where he interviewed at once Northrop, the brilliant young lawyer whom the firm had engaged to defend its case.

"I'm afraid we have no show," he replied to Thorpe's question. "You see, you fellows were on the wrong side of the fence in trying to enforce the law yourselves. Of course you may well say that justice was all on your side. able things for two years. I did it That does not count. The only recourse recognized for injustice lies in the law courts. I'm afraid you are due to lose not even a-curess!" She fairly sobbed your case."

"Well," said Thorpe, "they can't prove much damage."

"I don't expect that they will be able for the littlest word of encouragement to procure a very heavy judgment," replied Northrop, "The facts I shall be able to adduce will cut down damages. haven't a cent when it is a question of But the costs will be very heavy."

"Yes," agreed Thorpe. "And," then pursued Northrop, with a dry smile, "they practically own Sherman. You may be in for contempt of court-at their instigation. As I understand it, they are trying rather to injure you than to get anything out of

It themselves." "That's it," nodded Thorpe.

"In other words, it's a case for compromise."

"Just what I wanted to get at," said Thorpe, with satisfaction. "Now answer me a question. Suppose a man injures government or state land by trespass. The land is afterward bought by another party. Has the latter any claim for damage against the trespasser? Understand me, the purchaser bought after the trespass was committed.'

"Certainly," answered Northrop without hesitation, "provided suit is brought within six years of the time-the trespass was committed."

"Good! Now, see here. These M. & D. people stole about a section of government pine up on that river, and I

don't believe they've ever bought in Thorpe changed two men known to believe they suspect that any one knows they've been stealing. How would it do if I were to buy that section at the land office and threaten to sue them for the value of the pine that

originally stood on it?" The lawyer's eyes glimmered behind the lenses of his pince-nez.

"It would do very well indeed," he replied, "but you'd have to prove they did the cutting, and you'll have to pay experts to estimate the probable amount of the timber. How much, on a broad guess, would you estimate the timber to come to?"

"There ought to be eight or ten miltions," guessed Thorpe after an instant's silence, "worth in the stump anywhere from sixteen to twenty thousand dollars. It would cost me only eight hundred to buy it."

"Do so by all means. Get your documents and evidence all in shape and let me have them. I'll see that the suit is discontinued then."

The next day Thorpe took the train north. By the time he had bought the sixteen forties constituting the section, searched out a dozen witnesses to the theft and spent a week with the Marquette expert in looking over the ground he had fallen into the swing of work again. His experience still ached,

but dully, Only now he possessed no interests outside of those in the new country, no affections save the half protecting. good natured comradeship with Wallace, the mutual self restraint respect that subststed between Tim Shearer and himself and the dumb, unreasoning dog liking he shared with Injun Charley. His eye became clearer and steadier, his methods more simple and direct. The taciturnity of his mood redoubled in thickness. He was less charitable to failure on the part of subordinates. And the new firm on the Ossawinamakee prospered.

CHAPTER XX.

TIVE years passed. In that time Thorpe had succeeded in cutting 100,000,000 feet of pine. The money received for this had all been turned back into the company's funds. From a single camp of twentyfive men the concern had increased to

six large, well equipped communities of 80 to 100 men apiece, using nearly 200 horses and hauling as far as eight or nine miles.

Near the port stood a mammoth sawmill capable of taking care of 22,000,-000 feet a year, about which a lumber town had sprung up. Besides its original holding the company had acquired about 150,000,000 more back near the hendwaters of the Ossawinamikee.

During the four years in which the Morrison & Daly company shared the stream with Thorpe the two firms lived in complete amity and understanding. Northrop had played his cards skillfully. The older capitalists had withdrawn suit. Afterward they and saw to it that no more careless openings were left for Thorpe's

shrewdness. And as the younger man on his side pever attempted to overstep his own rights the interests of the rival firms rarely clashed. As to the few disputes that did arise Thorpe found Mr. Daly singularly anxious to please. In the Thorpe was watchful for treachery and could hardly believe the affair finished when at the end of the fourth year the M. & D. transferred its operations to another stream a few miles

"They're altogether too confounded auxious to help us on that freight, Wallace," said Thorpe, wrinkling his brow uneasily. "I don't like it. It isn't natural.

Thorpe's Camp One was celebrated in three states. Thorpe had set out to gather around him a band of good woodsmen. Except on a pinch he would employ no others.

"I don't care if I get in only 2,000 feet this winter, and if a boy does that," he answered Shearer's expostulations, "it's got to be a good boy."

The result of his policy began to show even in the second year. Men were a little proud to say that they had put in a winter at "Thorpe's One." Those who had worked there during the first year were loyally enthusiastic. As they were ley, authorities others perforce had to accept the dictum. There grew a desire among the better class to see what "Thorpe's One" might be like. In the autumn Harry had more applicants than he knew what to do with. Eighteen of the old men returned. He took them all, but when it came to distribution three found themselves assigned to one or the other of the new camps, And quietly the rumor gained that these three had shown the least willing spirit during the previous winter.

Tim Shearer was foreman of Camp One, Scotty Parsons was drafted from the veterans to take charge of Two,

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Tim to boss Three and Four, but in selecting the "push" for Five he sought out John Radway and induced him to accept the commission.

"You can do it, John," said he, "and I know it. I want you to try, and if you don't make her go I'll call it nobody's

fault but my own." The result proved his sagneity. Radway was one of the best foremen in the outfit. He got more out of his men, he rose better to emergencies, and he accomplished more with the same resources than any of the others excepting Tim Shearer. As long as the work was done for some one else he was capable and efficient. Only when he was called upon to demand on his own account did the paralyzing shyness affect

But the one feature that did more to ittract the very best element among woodsmen was Camp One. Old woodsmen will still tell you about it, with a longing reminiscent glimmer in the corners of their eyes as they recall its glories and the men who worked in it. To have "put in" a winter in Camp One was the mark of a master and the ambition of every raw recruit to the

But Camp One was a privilege. A man entered it only after having proved himself; he remained in it only as long as his efficiency deserved the honor. Its members were invariably recruited from one of the other four camps, never from applicants who had not been in Thorpe's employ.

So Shearer was foreman of a picked crew. Probably no finer body of men was ever gathered at one camp. Some of them had the reputation of being the hardest citizens in three states; others were mild as turtledoves. They were all pioneers. They had the independence, the unabashed eye, the insubordination even, of the man who has drawn his intellectual and moral nourishment at the breast of a wild nature. They were afraid of nothin. alive. From no one, were he chore boy or president, would they take a single word, with the exception always of Tim Shearer and Thorpe.

And they were loyal. It was a point of honor with them to stay "until the last dog was hung." He who deserted in the hour of need was not only a renegade, but a fool, for he thus earned a magnificent licking if ever he ran up Forty." A band of soldiers were they. ready to attempt anything their commander ordered, and, it must be confessed, they were also somewhat on the order of a band of pirates. Marquette thought so each spring after the ny Hogan's saloon. Denny had to buy new fixtures when they went away,

but it was worth it. Proud! It was no name for ft. Boast! kiling in the o'ling. He felt tired. It's
The fame of Camp One spread abroad rare moments a uch as these, when the over the land. Some people thought muscles of his striving relaxed, his Camp One must be a sort of hellhole mind turned to the past. Old sorrows of roaring, fighting devils. Others rose before him at a looked at him with sighed and made rapid calculations of their sad eyes. He wondered where the number of logs they could put in if only they could get hold of help like that.

Thorpe himself, of course, made his beadquarters at Camp One. During the five years he had never crossed the

strait of Mackinaw. The rupture with his sister had made repugnant to him desire was no friendliness, however, all the southern country. All winter long he was more than busy at his logging. Summers he spent at the mill. Occasionally he visited Marquette, but always on business.

He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The insist-ent need of success which he had created for himself absorbed all other sentiments. He demanded it of others rigorously. He could do no less than demand it of himself. The chief end of any man, as he saw it, was to do well and successfully what his life found ready.

Success, success, success. Nothing could be of more importance. Its attainment argued a man's efficiency in the scheme of things. Anything that interfered with it-personal comfort, inclination, affection, desire, love of ease, individual liking-was bad.

Thorpe cared for just three people, and none of them happened to clash with his machine. They were Wallace Carpenter, little Phil and Injun Char-

Wallace was always personally agreeable to Thorpe. Latterly, since the erection of the mill, he had developed unexpected acumen in the disposal of the season's cut to wholesale dealers in Chicago. Thereafter he was often in the woods both for pleasure and to get his partner's ideas on what the firm would have to offer. The entire responsibility of the city end of the business was in his hands. Injun Charley continued to hunt and

trap in the country round about. Once or twice a month the lumberman would snowshoe down to the little cabin at the forks. Entering, he would nod briefly and seat himself on a cracker box.

"How do, Charley?" said he. "How do?" replied Charley. They filled pipes and smoked. At

rare intervals one of them made a remark tersely: "Catch um beaver last week," re

marked Charley. "Good haul," commented Thorpe.

"I saw a mink track by the big bowlder," offered Thorpe. "H'm!" responded Charley in a

drawn falsetto whine,

Yet somehow the men came to know each other better and better, and each feit that in an emergency he could depend on the other to the uttermost in spite of the difference in race.

As for Phillip, he was like some strange, shy animal, retaining all its wild instincts, but led by affection to become domestic. He drew the water, cut the wood-none better. In the evening he played atroclously his violinnone worse-bending his great white brow forward with the wolf glare in his eyes, swaying his shoulders with a flerce delight in the subtle dissonance. of the horrible tunes he played. And often be went into the forest and gaz al wondering at occult things. Above all he worshiped Thorpe. And in turn the lumberman accorded him a good natured affection.

Financially the company was rated high and yet was heavily in debt. This condition of affairs by no means constitutes an anomaly in the lumbering business.

The profits of the first five years had been immediately reinvested in tho business. Thorne intended to establish in a few years more a big plant which would be returning benefices in proportion not only to the capital originally invested, but also in ratio to the energy, time and genius he had himself

expended. Every autumn the company found itself suddenly in easy circumstances.

At any moment that Thorpe had chosen to be content with the progress made he could have, so to speak, declared dividends with his partner. Instead of undertaking more improve-ments, for part of which he borrowed some money, he could have divided the profits of the season's cut. But this he

was not yet ready to do.

He had established five more camps: he had acquired over 150,000,000 more of timber lying contiguous to his own; he had built and equipped a modern high efficiency mill; he had constructed a harbor breakwater and the necessary booms; he had bought a tug; built a boarding house. All this cost money. He wished now to construct a logging railroad. Then he promised himself and Wallace that they would be ready to commence paying operations. He had made all the estimates and even the preliminary survey. He was therefore the more grievously disappoli ted when Wallace Carpenter made it im possible for him to do so.

It was about the middle of July. He was sitting back idly in the clean painted mill office with the big square desk and the three chairs. Through the door he could see Collins perched drive, when, hat tilted, they surged, on a hig,'s stool before the shelf-like swearing and shouting, down to Denclear, music al note of the circular saw, the fresh, as omntic smell of new lumber, the brack og air from Superior sparhis sister was. She would be twenty two years old now . A tenderness haupting, tearful, in vaded his beart. At such moments the , and shell of his rough woods life seeme. ' to rend apart. He longed with a great longing for

sympathy, for love. The outer door, beyond a be cage behind which Collins and his shelf desk were placed, flew open. Tho, pe heard a brief greeting, and Wallace Carpens ter stood before him.

"Why, . Wallace, I didn't know you were coming!" began Thorpe, and s. opped. The boy, usually so fresh and happily buoyant, looked ten years older. Wrinkles had guthered between his eyes. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Thorpe.

one rough will of those dating and it with

Continued on 5th page.



