

COMMISSION IS COMPLETED

Seventh Man From Pacific Coast—President Signs Canal Treaty

(Special to the Coast Mail.)
Washington, Feb. 25—The President this morning completed the selection of the members of the Panama Canal Commission by determining upon C. E. Wald Grunsky, of San Francisco as the seventh member. Grunsky is a well known hydraulic engineer and has been identified with many large enterprises on the Pacific coast. Senator Perkins

has assured the President that Grunsky will accept.
The other members of the commission are stated to be Admiral Walker, General Davis, Frank Hecker, of Detroit, Prof. Burr, of Columbian University, William Parsons, engineer of the New York subway and B. Harrod, of New Orleans.
At 11:04 the President signed the Panama treaty.

BRIDGES AND BOOTH HOLD OVER

Special to the Mail.
Washington, Feb. 24—President Roosevelt has promised to reappoint Joseph T. Bridges register, and James H. Booth receiver of the Roseburg land office, and the nomination of both men will be sent to the Senate within a few days.

CANAL TREATY RATIFIED

(Special to the Coast Mail.)
Washington, Feb. 23—Consideration of the Panama canal was resumed this morning in the senate, and the treaty was ratified at 2 o'clock. It carried by a vote of 66 to 14.

CONVENTION WILL BE AT CAPITAL

Special to the Mail.
Salem, Feb. 24—At a meeting of the Republican congressional committee of this district, held in Portland yesterday it was decided to hold the next convention at Salem, April 13th.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution, and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Coos, to me directed and delivered, and dated the 8th day of February 1904, upon a judgment and decree rendered in a cause No. 144 of the 14th day of September 1903. Whereas Dora Hermann, was Plaintiff and Geo. U. Holcomb, Ida Holcomb, John Gammit, Thomas R. Spencer, and Coos Bay Land Co. were Defendants, being case No. 2078, of said Court, commanding me to make sale of the certain real property herein after particularly described, to satisfy the sum of Two Thousand Four Hundred Thirty Eight and 70/100 Dollars, (\$2,438.70), and interest at Eight (8) per cent per annum, from September 14th, 1903 and the further sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars (\$150.00) attorney fee, also the sum of Two Hundred Fifty Two and 46/100 Dollars (\$252.46) principal and interest for taxes together with interest thereon at eight (8) per cent per annum from September 14th, 1903, and for her costs and disbursements in this suit, now due on said judgment to the said Plaintiff from said Defendants. I have levied upon and will on Monday the 14th day of March, 1904, at the front door of the County Court House, in the town of Coquille, in said Coos County, of the State of Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. offer for sale and sell at public auction, according to law, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the following described real property to-wit: The Northeast quarter, and the West half of the Southeast quarter, and Lot Two all in Section Thirty-six, (36) in Township Twenty-five (25), South of Range Thirteen (13) West of the Willamette Meridian, all in the County of Coos and State of Oregon, and all other rights conveyed by John and Dora Norman to Geo. U. Holcomb by deed dated May 5th, 1890, or a sufficiency thereof to satisfy the above amounts together with accruing cost and costs on said execution.
Dated at Coquille this 10th day of February, 1904.

STEPHEN GALLIER,
Sheriff of Coos County, Oregon,
HALL & HALL,
Attorney for Plaintiff,

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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He rose and swiftly shut the door into the outer office. Wallace sent himself mechanically.
"Everything! Everything!" he said in despair. "I've been a fool. I've been blind."
So bitter was his tone that Thorpe was startled. The lumberman sat down on the other side of the desk.
"That'll do, Wallace," he said sharply. "Tell me briefly what is the matter."
"I've been speculating" burst out the boy.
"Ah!" said his partner.
"I bought on a margin. There came a slump. I met the margins because I am sure there will be a rally, but now all my fortune is in the thing. I'm going to be penniless. I'll lose it all."
"Ah!" said Thorpe.
"And the name of Carpenter is so old established, so honorable!" cried the unhappy boy. "And my sister!"
"Easy!" warned Thorpe. "Being penniless isn't the worst thing that can happen to a man."
"No, but I am in debt," went on the boy more calmly. "I have given notes. When they come due I'm a goner."
"How much?" asked Thorpe laconically.
"Thirty thousand dollars."
"Well, you have that amount in this firm."
"What do you mean?"
"If you want it you can have it."
Wallace considered a moment.
"That would leave me without a cent," he replied.
"But it would save your commercial honor."
"Harry," cried Wallace suddenly, "couldn't this firm go on my note for

ten by some genius from their own ranks.
"Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan,
Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to a shanty man.
On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow,
Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumbering we go."
Here was the bold unabashed front of the pioneer, here was absolute certainty in the superiority of his calling, absolute scorn of all others. Thorpe passed his hand across his brow. The same spirit was once fully and freely his.
"The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground.
At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while the rude winds blow,
Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumbering we go!"
That was what he was here for. Things were going right. It would be pitiful to fall merely on account of this idiotic lassitude, this unmanly weakness, this boyish impatience and desire for play. He a woodsman! He a fellow with these big strong men!
A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure:
"I am a jolly shanty boy,
As you will soon discover;
To all the dodges I am fly,
A hustling pine wood rover.
A peevy hook it is my pride;
An ax I will call handier!
To fell a tree or punch a butt
Get rattling Danny Randall!"
And then, with a rattle and crash, the whole Fighting Forty shrieked out the chorus:
"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"
Active, alert, prepared for any emergency that might arise; hearty, ready for everything, from punching bulls to felling trees—that was something like! Thorpe despised himself. The song went on:
"I love a girl in Saginaw;
She lives with her mother.
I defy all Michigan
To find such another.
She's tall and slim; her hair is red;
Her face is plump and pretty.
She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl,
And her front name stands for Kitty."
And again, as before, the Fighting Forty howled truculently:
"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"
The words were vulgar, the air a mere minor chant. Yet Thorpe's mind was stilled. His aroused subconsciousness had been engaged in reconstructing these men entire as their songs voiced rudely the inner characteristics of their beings. Now his spirit halted. Their bravery, pride of caste, resource, bravado, boastfulness—all these he had checked off approvingly. Here now was the idea of the mate. Somewhere for each of them was a "Kitty," a "daisy Sunday best-day girl." At the present or in the past these woods colporters, this Fighting Forty, had known love. Thorpe rose abruptly and turned at random into the forest. The song pursued him as he went.
"I took her to a dance one night,
A mawkish fellow gave the bidding;
Silver Jack bowed the shaming,
And Big Dan played the fiddle.
We danced and drank the liveliest night,
With fights between the dancing,
Till Silver Jack cleaned out the cash,
And sent the mawkish dancing."
And with the increasing war and turmoil of the quick water the last stave of the Fighting Forty mingled faintly and was lost.
"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"
Thorpe found himself at the edge of the woods facing a little glade into which streamed the radiance of a full moon.
Thorpe he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood listening.
Her small, fair head was inclined over so little sideways, and her finger was on her lips as though she wished to still the very bush of night, to which imagination the inclination of her supple body lent its grace. The moonlight shone full upon her countenance. A little white tress it was, with wide, clear eyes and a sensitive, proud mouth that now half parted like a child's. Her eyebrows arched from her straight nose in the peculiarly graceful curve that falls just short of pride on the one side and of power on the other to fill the eyes with a pathos of trust and innocence. The man watching could catch the pulse of her long white neck and the sudden moon fire from her turned hair—the color of corn silk, but finer.
Behind her lurked the low, even shadow of the forest where the moon was not, a band of velvet against which the girl and the light-touched twigs and bushes and grass blades were etched like frost against a black window pane. There was something, too, of the frostwork's evanescent spiritual quality in the scene, as though at any moment, with a buff of the balmy summer wind, the radiant glade, the hovering figure, the silver of the entire setting would melt into the accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer and the voices of its sterner calling.
Thorpe held his breath and waited. Again the white-throat lifted his clear, spiritual note across the brightness, slow, trembling with ecstasy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, wholly divine, listening to the



Wallace Carpenter stood before him, thirty thousand more? Its credit is good, and that amount would save my margins."
"You are partner," replied Thorpe. "Your signature is as good as mine in this firm."
"But you know I wouldn't do it without your consent," replied Wallace reproachfully. "Oh, Harry!" cried the boy. "When you needed the amount I let you have it!"
Thorpe smiled.
"You know you can have it if it's to be had, Wallace. I wasn't hating on that account. I was merely trying to figure out where we can raise such a sum as \$30,000. We haven't got it."
"But you'll never have to pay it," assured Wallace eagerly. "If I can save my margins I'll be all right."
"A man has to figure on paying whatever he puts his signature to," asserted Thorpe. "I can give you our note payable at the end of a year. Then I'll hustle in enough timber to make up the amount. It means we don't get our railroad; that's all."
"I knew you'd help me out. Now it's all right," said Wallace, with a relieved air.
Thorpe shook his head. He was already trying to figure how to increase us out to 30,000,000 feet.
"I'll do it," he muttered to himself after Wallace had gone out to visit the mill. "I've been demanding success of others for a good many years; now I'll demand it of myself."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE moment had struck for the woman. Thorpe did not know it, but it was true. A solitary, brooding life in the midst of grand surroundings; an active, strenuous life among great responsibilities; a starved, hungry life of the affections whence even the sister had withdrawn

ten by some genius from their own ranks.
"Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan,
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The girl stood listening.
For the same time the song shivered across the night; then Thorpe, with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curiously, speculation, longing—all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the needs of the Fighting Forty at Camp One. He was vaguely conscious of a great peace within him, a great stillness of the spirit.

Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curiosity. He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination. Almost immediately the answer leaped at him from his heart. Since she was so certainly flesh and blood, whence did she come? What was she doing there in the wilderness? His mind pushed the query aside as unimportant, rushing eagerly to the essential point. When could he see her again? His placidity had gone. That morning he made some vague excuse to Shearer and set out blindly down the river. And so, without thought, without clear intentions even, he saw her again. It was near the "pole trail," which was less like a trail than a rut fence.

When the glades are deep and snow-shoes not the property of every man who comes to the woods, the old fashioned "pole trail" comes into use. It is merely a series of logs built of timber, across which such Norway logs are laid about four feet from the ground to form a continuous pathway. In summer it resembles nothing so much as a thick one rail fence of considerable height, across which a fringe of light brush has grown.

Thorpe reached the fringe of bushes and was about to go on under the place when he saw her. He stopped short, gazed at the leaves and the timber trees.

She stood on a knoll in the middle of a grove of mountain hemlock. There was something of the cathedral in the spot. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure on an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing—just standing there—but the awe of the forest was in her wide, clear eyes.
In a moment she stirred slightly and turned. Drawing herself to her full height, she extended her hands over her head, palm outward, and with an indescribably graceful gesture bowed a ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees. Then, with a little laugh, she moved away in the direction of the river.
At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the awe-stricken peace he had experienced after the moonlight adventure. He wanted the sight of her as he had never wanted anything before. The strong man desired it. And finding it impossible he raged inwardly and tore the tranquillities of his heart.
So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept ill and discovered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.
And next day he saw her again, and the next, because the need of his heart demanded it and because, simply enough, she came every afternoon to the clump of pines by the old pole trail. But now curiosity awoke and a desire for something more. He must speak to her, touch her hand, look into her eyes. He resolved to approach her, and the mere thought choked him and sent him weak.

When he saw her again from the shelter of the pole trail he dared not and an aching there, urex to a novel.

(To be Continued)