

would have returned to the Figut

hours.

Thorpe had replied.

is magnificent."

now-before I kiss her!"

"All right. I'll come this afternoon,"

"I love her; I must have her. I must

"How strong he is," she said to her-

self, "how brave looking, how honest!

made quite a little encampment.

go-at once," his soul cried, "quick-

[CONTINUED.]

sensation, that of being bailed in an intention. As he hesitated he saw that she was walking slowly in his direction. Perhaps a hundred paces sepnrated the two. She took them deliberately. Her progression was a series of poses, the one which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition.

In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They stood face to face.

46.50

She gave a little start of surprise, and her Land leaped to her breast. where it enught and stayed. Her childlike down-dropping mouth parted a little more, and the breath quickened through it. But her eyes, her wide, trusting, innocent eyes, sought his and rested.

He did not move. One on either side of the spike-marked old Norway log of | nel to consist of first of all Mrs. Cary. the trail they stood, and for an appreclable interval the duel of their glances lasted-he masterful, passionate, exigent; she proud, cool, defensive in the alonfness of her beauty. Then at last his prevailed. A faint color rose from her neck, deepened and spread over her face and forehead. In a moment she drooped her eyes.

"Don't you think you stare a little rudely, Mr. Thorpe?" she asked. The vision was over.

"How did you know my name?" be

asked. She planted both elbows on the Nor-

way and framed her little face dellclously with hes long pointed hands. "If Mr. Harry Thorpe can ask that question," she replied, "he is not quite so impolite as I had thought him."

"How is that?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Don't you know who I am?" she gaked in return.

"A goddess, a beautiful woman!" he answered ridiculously enough.

She looked straight at him. This time his gaze dropped. "I am a friend of Elizabeth Carpen-

ter, who is Wallace Carpenter's sister, who, I believe, is ldr. Harry Thorpe's partner."

She paused as though for comment. The young man opposite was occupied in many other more important direc-

at night," he said directly.

"There's sin-The others laughed. cerity for you, Miss Hilds," said young Mr. Morton "Who is he?" asked the girl after

they had moved on.

"Our chore boy," answered Thorps, with great brevity. The rest of the party had gone ahead,

leaving them sauntering more slowly down the trall.

"Why don't you come to the pine grove any more?" he asked bluntly. "Why ?" countered Hilds in the man-

per of women. " want to see you there. L.want to

talk with you. I can't talk with all that crowd about."

"I'll come tomorrow," she said; then Forty more tranquilly, while she would with a little mischlevous laugh, "if probably not have returned to the that'll make you talk."

"You must think I'm awfully stupid." camping party at all for a number of agreed Thorpe bitterly.

"I do not think you had better come "Ah, no; ah, no!" she protested softwith me," she said. "Make your call ly. "You must not say that."

She was looking at him very tenderand be forgiven on your own account. I don't want to drag you in at my chariot wheels." ly, if he had only known it, but he did not, for his face was set in discontented lines straight before him. "It is true," he replied.

They walked on in silence, while gradually the dangerous fascination of the woods crept down on them. Just before sunset a hush falls on nature. The wind has died: the birds have not



A ceremonious adeu to the solemn trees.

of the ten's and suggested one or two yet begun their levening songs; the light itself seems p have left off sparforta. Simple things enough they were kling and to lie still across the land--it was as though a city man were to scape. Such a hub now lay on their | the subtler moods of the fo rest. direct a newcomer to Central park-yet Thorpe's new friends were profoundly spirits. Over the way a creeper was With the first sigh of the wonder mu-impressed with his knowledge of occult droning sleepily a little change the only sic the girl had started and caught her Upstaris Bennett & Walter Block voice in the wildeness. In the heart

Deserventional relations, and it enterened They sat down on a log. Hilda turned to him with her graceful air of con-

"Now talk to me," said she. "Certainly," replied Thorpe in a practical tone of voice. "What do you want me to talk about?"

She shot a swift, troubled glance at him, concluded herself mistaken and said:

"Tell me about what you do up here -your life-all about it."

"Well," replied Thorpe formally, "we haven't much to interest a girl like you. It is a question of saw logs with 118.13 And he went on in his dryest, most technical manner to detail the process of manufacture. It might as well have been bricks.

The girl did not understand. She was burt. As surely as the sun tangled in the distant pine frond, she had seen in his eyes a great passion. Now it was coldly withdrawn.

"What has happened to you?" she asked finally out of her great sincerity. "Me? Nothing," replied Thorpe.

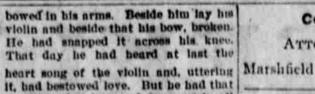
A forced silence fell upon him. Hilda seemed gradually to lose herself in reverie. After a time she said softly: "Den't you love this woods?"

"It's an excellent bunch of pine," replied Thorpe bluntly, "It'll cut 3,000,-

000 at least." "Oh!" she cried, drawing back, her Holland Building, side of her, her eyes wide.

After a moment she caught her breath convulsively, and Thorpe became conscions that she was studying him furtively with a quickening doubt.

there was no more talk between them. Unconsciously the first strain of opposition and of burt surprise relaxed. Each thought vaguely his thoughts. Then in the depths of the forest, perhaps near at hand, perhaps far away, a single hermit thrush began to sing. His song was of three solemn, deep, liquid notes, followed by a slight rhetorical special attention given to diseases of pause as of contemplation, and then depause as of contemplation, and then deliberately three notes more on a different key. It is the most dignified, the most spiritual, the holiest of woods utterances. Combined with the evening shadows and the warm soft air it offered to the heart an almost irresistible sppeal. 'The man's artificial antagonism modified, the woman's disenchantment began to seem unrerd.



day lost what he cared for most in all the world-his friend.

Little Phil disappeared utterly, taking with him his violin, but leaving his broken bow. Thorpe has it even to this day. The lumberman caused Marshfield search and inquiry on all sides. The cripple was never heard of again.

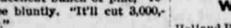
"I saw you long ago," said Hilda to TLorpe-"long, long ago, when I was quite a young girl. I had been visit-

Continued on 5:h page.

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hands pressed against the log either MARSHFIELD

After that, by the mercy of God, MARSHFIELD, MARSHFIELD

Then subtly over and through the bird song another sound became audible. At first it merely repeated the three notes faintly like an escho, but with a rich, sad undertone that brought tears. Then timidly and still softly it elaborated the theme, weaving in and out through the original three the glitter and shimmer of a splenclid web of sound, spreading before the awakened imagination a broad river of woods imaginary that reflected on its surface all



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we were about to descend on his dis- | most, more or less of a mystery unfathtrict with wagons and tents and Indians and thin gs, and asked him to come and see us."

The girl 'moked at him for a moment steadily, then smiled. The change of countenance brought Thorpe to laimself. "But I never received the letter. I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the

mill. You see, I've been up in the woods for nearly a month." "Then we'll have to forgive yot L"

"But I should think they would I have done something for you at the mi ll"-"Oh, we didn't come by way o. ! your

mill. We drove from Marquette."

"I see," cried Thorpe, enligh tened. "But I'm sorry I didn't know. I's a sorry you didn't let me know. I su ppose How did you get along? Is Wa lince with you?

"No," she replied, dropping h er h ands "It's horrid. He was coming, and then some business came up, and he ; cou kin't get away. We are having the : love liest time, though. I do adore the woods. Come," she cried impatiently, streep-

ng aside to leave a way cit mr. "You hall most my friends."

Thorps imagined she refer red to the rest of the tenting party. I Ie hesit'st-

"I am hardly in fit condition," he objected.

She laughed, parting het : red lips. "You are extremely pictur esque just as you are," she said, with "rathe," embarrassiag. directness. "I wou,'dn't have you any different for the wo.rld. But my friends don't mind. They a re used to it." She hughed ag run.

Thorpe crossed the pole to all and for the first, time found him self by her side. The warm summer odors were in the air; a dozen lively little birds sang in the brush along the rail; the sublight danced and flickerer I through the openings. Then suddenly they were : mong the

pines, and the air was cool , the vista dim and the birds' songs inc ;onceivably far away.

He said little, and that lamely, for he dreaded to say too mr, ch. To her playful sallies he had ne, reposte, and in consequence he fell mon + silent with another boding-that he, we is losing his couse outright for lo.ck , of a ready ward.

And so the last spotten a tchange be tween them meant nothing. but if efch oulvered on the other's he art Thorpe,

Mr. Harry Thorpe that | things. The forest was to them, as to omable except to the favored of genius. A man who could interpret it even a little into the speech of everyday com-

ger in doubt.

fort and expediency possessed a strong claim to the'lr imaginations. When he and finished these practical affairs they wanted him to sit down and tell them more things-to dine with them, to smoke about their camp fire in the evening. But here they encountered a decided check. Thorpe became silent, almost morose. He talked in monosyllables and soon went away. They did not know what to make of him and so were of course the more profoundly interested. The truth was his babitual

inspected personally the arrangement

changes couddeive to the littler com-

reticence would not have permitted a great degree of expansion in any case. you thought I was still at the mill. but now the presence of Hilda made any bas an attitude of hushed waiting for her words utterly impossible to him. However, when he discovered that ad straightening her erec't figure., Hilda had ceased visiting the clump of pincs near the pole trail his desire forced him back among these people. He used to walk in swiftly at almost any time of day, casting quick glances here and there in search of his divinity.

"How do, Mrs. Cary," he would say. "Nice weather. Enjoying yourself?" On receiving the reply he would answer heartily, "That's good," and lapse into silence. When Hilda was about he followed every movement of hers with his eyes, so that his strange conduct incked no explanation or interpretation, in the minds of the women at least. Thrice he redeemed his reputation for being an interesting chara ster by conducting the party on little ex, wditions here and there about the country. Then his woodcraft and resourcafulness spoke for him. They asked him about the lumbering opvrations, but he seemed indifferent.

"Nothing to interest you," he affirm-"We're just cutting roads now. of ought to be here for the drive," Oue, ' he took them over to see Camp You One. They were immensely pleased and wer, ' correspondingly loud in exclamations . Thorpe's comments were brief and a ry. On the way back for the first the ne Thorpe found that chance-and & 'rs. Cary-had allotted

A hundred yards down the trail they Hilda to his care.

encountered Phil. The dwarf stopped short, boked attentively at the girl and then softly approached. When quite near to her he again stop, red, gazing could have read the ussails words that at her with his soul in his liq, 'id eyes. "You are more beautiful than the sea

of the man, top, a lttle voice raised itself along,

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart."" It breathed over an over again. After awhile he said it gotly in a half voice. "No, no; hush!" aid the girl. And she laid the soft, wirm fingers of one hand across his lipsand looked at, him from a height of aperior soft eyed tenderness as a worpn might bok at a child. "You must nt. It is not right." Then he kissed th fingers very gently before they we withdrawn, and she said nothing atall in rebuke, but looked straight befre her with troubled eyes.

CHAPTE XXIII.

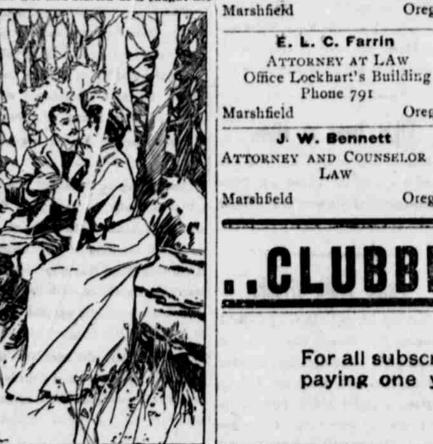
HORPE retuged to Camp One shortly after dark. He found there a umber of letters. among whith was one from Wallace Carpenter, i

After commending the camping party to his companiots care the young fellow went on to sa that affairs were going badly on the bard.

"Some interest the I haven't been able to make out y has been ham-mering our stocks lown day after day," he wrote. "I lon't understa ...d it, for the stocks are good and int cin-sically are worth mot than is bl' i for them right now. Som powerfu', con-cern is beating them jown for 's purpose of its own. Soon or lat ar they will let up, and then le'll g'A things back in good shape. Lam ramply pro-tected now, thanks to yu, and am not at all afraid of losing my holdings. The only difficulty is hat I am unable to predict exactly when the other fel-lows will decide that they have accom-plished whatever they are about and let up. It may not be before next year. In that case I couldn't help you out on those notes when they come due. So put in your best licks, old man. You may have to pony up for a little while, though of course sooner or later I can ister and began to sob and wall in th put it all back. Then, you bet your full vibrating power of a great pi life, I keep out of it. Lumbering's sion. good enough for yours truly.

"By the way, you might shine up to Hilda Farrand and join the rest of the fortune hunters. She's got it to throw to the birds and in her own right. Sariously, old fellow, don't put yourself began to show to the consciousness of into a false position through ignorance: the two. They sought each other's eyes, not that there is any danger to a hardened old woodsman like you."

Thorpe went to the group of pines by the pole trail the following afternoon the music ceased." because he had said he would, but with a new attitude of mind. He had come into contact with the artificiality of the Phil huddled, his great shaggy bead

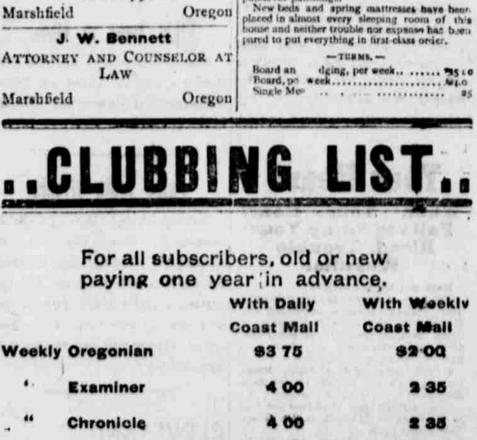


They sought each other's eyes. preato at the exquisite piensure of m As it went on they both forgot everything but the harmony and each other. "Ah, beautiful!" she murmured. "What is it?" he whispered, marvel-

ing. "A violin-played by a master." The bird suddenly hushed, and once the strain abandoned the woo note and took another motif. At fir it played softly in the higher notes, tinkling, lightsome little melody th stirred a kindly surface smile over full heart. Then suddenly, witho transition, it dropped to the lower re-

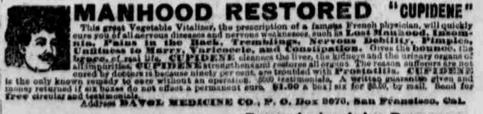
And the theme it treated was love. At last the polgnant ecstasy seemed slowly, slowly to die. Fainter and fainter ebbed the music. Through it as through a mist the solemn aloof forest gently smiling. The music was very soft and dim and sad. They leaned to each other, with a sob; their lips met;

And over behind the trees, out of the light and the love and the beauty, lit-



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