The End of The Trail.

By JEANNETTE WILSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

At last Helen had started. The rest of the family after "seeing her off" opened their comfortable cottage at the shore and awaited developments. They expected the worst to happen, for Helen, their tenderly and punctiliously reared daughter, had broken away from domestic restraint and put into action an incomprehensible impulse to spend her vacation in the backwoods of Maine.

"A reckless and decidedly unladylike procedure," Mr. Wright characterized it.

Mrs. Wright expressed her disapproval more tentatively.

"Won't there be very rough men there, Helen?"

"Nonsense, mother!" was Helen's emphatic reply. "Only really nice men go off to the woods—men who love fishing and hunting and beautiful scenery and—and things like that. But we girls shan't have anything to do with the men anyway. We're going to have a camp by ourselves, you know, and go off on long trips with the guides."

"With the guides!" gasped Mrs. Wright. "Have you lost all sense of propriety, Helen?"

"Guides, mother dear," explained Helen good naturedly, "are nothing but 'trees as men walking.' They haven't the least idea who's trailing on behind them. Men, women or children—it's all the same to them."

"A theory more ingenious than convincing," remarked her father sotto voce.

A week elapsed before any word came from Helen. It took the form of a postal and ran as follows:

"This is a heavenly place. Been off on several day trips. Have a guaranteed indigenous, danger proof guide. Very handsome, though, and fairly intelligent for a woodsman. Start today on a four or five days' jaunt over the mountains. Don't worry about me. Never was happier in my life."

In spite of the buoyant cheerfulness of Helen's message Mr. Wright looked worried, and his little wife shook her head dubiously.

"I'd give anything to see her this minute," she sighed, but a merciful Providence spared her the shock of it, for at the actual moment of her mother's solicitude Helen, her immaculate khaki skirt bedragged and mud stained, her stylish buckskins discolored and caked with bog soil, her sunburned face smeared with fly lotion, was sitting beside a spring in the woods hungrily devouring a luncheon of pork sandwiches and doughnuts. Incidentally, too, she was admiring the picturesque attitude of the guide as he stirred the coffee bubbling merrily in a tin pail suspended on an improvised crane over a fire of brushwood. As he filled a tin cup with the hot, fragrant beverage and passed it to her the sleeve of his flannel shirt slipped back slightly, and Helen was amazed at the whiteness of his arm in contrast with the copper colored wrists and hands. She almost voiced her surprise, but checked herself in time to spare him embarrassment.

As the days went on Helen utilized every opportunity to learn what thoughts lay behind this man's assumed mask of self effacement, for even a woodsman, she argued, must have ambitions and some powers of imagination. That he was tender hearted she discovered inadvertently. She would never forget the thrill she had felt when one morning as they were paddling silently and rhythmically down Clear river, she at the bow and the guide at the stern, he had whispered suddenly: "There's a deer. Sit perfectly still."

Nearer and nearer the unconscious little creature they stole until suddenly he raised his head, his whole body tent with alertness, and stood looking at them curiously. Then, with a snort of fear, he leaped into the bushes and disappeared through the crackling underbrush into the forest. For a moment no one spoke. Then Helen turned suddenly around, almost overturning the canoe in her eagerness.

"Do men shoot those exquisite creatures?" she asked, looking at the guide with wide, incredulous eyes.

"Some do," he answered laconically. "I'd rather put my arms around them myself."

Helen breathed a deep sigh of relief and took up the paddle again. She was unaware that after this the "danger proof guide," the while his keen eyes scanned the river on either side for a telltale sway of the bushes, watched with no less intentness the graceful swing of her rounded white arms. Nor did she guess that the contrary wind against which they were struggling seemed to him a special favor, as it blew back her wavy hair, in color suggestive of the bright tawny coat of a deer, but far more lustrous.

On the day set to turn back on the trail the rain fell in a steady downpour, and they were obliged to wait over till the sun should shine again. Late in the afternoon, there being some feeble signs of clearing, Helen proposed a fishing trip on the lake. The rest of the party vetoed the suggestion immediately, but Helen donned her sweater, tied on her cap with a long brown veil—an unconsciously becoming effect—and announced that she was going anyway.

After rowing out some distance the guide noticed that her rod still lay in the bottom of the boat.

"Your hook is baited, Miss Wright," he said courteously.

"Oh, bother the bait!" returned Helen unexpectedly. "Isn't it etiquette ever to go out rowing just for the fun of it? Must one always fish?"

Though the guide made no comment, Helen was sure she detected a twinkle of amusement in his eyes as he continued to row on with firm, even strokes.

At length, just as the sun broke through the clouds, the boat glided into a cool mirrored stream leading almost imperceptibly into the woods from the head of the lake. In and out among little groups of island bushes they made their way, and on and on into the sunset ever just beyond. The spell of enchantment was upon them.

"Do you like it?" asked the guide.

"It is paradise," was Helen's scarcely audible reply.

A long silence followed.

"I wish," said Helen finally, "you would tell me what you are thinking about this very moment, won't you?"

He hesitated, then answered modestly:

"My thoughts are too personal to interest you."

"That is impossible," returned Helen. "Please tell me."

"I was thinking," he began slowly after a moment's hesitation, "of some lines I once read somewhere, 'Never the time and the place and the loved one altogether.'"

"I know them," said Helen softly. "It's a pity the complete harmony happens so seldom, isn't it? I wish by some magic I could change places with the woman you are longing for now."

He smiled at her with a brightness that transfigured his usually serious face.

"I would have you stay where you are," he said gently, "only I would have you love me. There is not enough magic in the world for that, I fear."

When Helen woke the next morning the words "at the end of the trail, at the end of the trail," kept ringing in her ears. Soon their significance flashed across her. She had promised to give him an answer at the end of the trail, and today they were to start for home.

With each step of the way she debated the question, What did she know of him? Only that he was strong and handsome, full of certain shy humor, lover of nature, courteous and gentle, yet firm and masterful. Was that enough to justify her taking the unknown on faith?

From time to time she watched his manly figure swinging along with picturesque ease and freedom, and her heart thrilled with the pride of possession. He loved her, and she was quite sure— But she did not have to say the words until the end of the trail should come into view.

It came at last, just across a mountain stream that went surging noisily past them. On the edge of the stream the guide paused and waited for the others to catch up with him.

"There's no wading across today," he observed knowingly. "The stream has risen a foot since we forded it before. I'll have to carry you girls over."

One by one the others were landed safely on the opposite bank. Helen was oblivious of their squeals of fear and shouts of laughter. All she could think of was that in a few minutes it would be her turn. At last he stood before her, looking down thoughtfully upon her upturned face.

"Are you ready?" he asked gently.

"If the guide is," she answered.

Then he took her in his strong arms and stepped into the rapidly flowing stream. She could feel his labored breathing, but even when his foot slipped on a rolling stone she felt no fear.

Just as they reached the other side Helen suddenly let her head rest against his shoulder.

"That was lots more fun than wading," she whispered shyly.

In his glad surprise he almost lost his footing, but only for a moment. Observing that the rest of the party had already disappeared from sight, he held her close and kissed her again and again.

"It's side by side to the end of the trail now, dearest," he said, looking down lovingly into her eyes.

"Except over the hard places. You'll carry me then?"

"And never feel the burden, little one. But are you sure you'll be content to be a woodsman's wife?"

"Quite sure—as long as you are content to be a woodsman," she answered enigmatically.

"And what will your family say? They probably never even heard my name."

"They'll be terribly shocked, especially father," she answered mischievously, holding up to his astonished view a letter addressed to himself.

"I found it in the boat yesterday, Mr. Richard Millert, attorney at law," confessed Helen. "It's a wise child that knows her father's own handwriting."

And then, since they had reached the end of the trail, between laughter and kisses "the indigenous, danger proof" guide owned up to Helen how through the loving anxiety of her father the opportunity came to him of laying siege to her heart.

"IN A BAD WAY"

Many a Hood River Reader Will Feel Grateful for this Information.

When your back gives out;
Becomes lame, weak or aching;
When urinary troubles set in,
Your kidneys are "in a bad way."
Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you.

John Gotcher of 287 North Nineteenth St., Portland, Oregon, says: "Since the early part of 1903, when I gave a testimonial recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had some further occasions to use the remedy and have always found it of great value in relieving kidney complaint. It never fails to help me, and I therefore am pleased to recommend it on every occasion.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cts. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Bliss.

Is it true, what preachers tell us,
Will it happen as we hear,
That we cannot take our money
When we leave this mortal sphere?

Is it true, when gone to glory,
Of our earthly shekels stripped,
We will dress in flowing garments
Of a fashion nondescript?

Now, I do not ask for millions,
Like the plutocratic soul,
But I weep for joys denied me
While the endless ages roll.

Think what happiness would thrill us
In the regions of the blest
If we always found a quarter
In the previous season's vest!

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Press.

The old remedies are the best. Hickory Bark Cough Remedy has been in use for over one hundred years by the old Dutch Dunkards of Pennsylvania and is still in use by all the old families of Western Pennsylvania. Is absolutely pure: made from the bark of the whity or shell bark hickory tree. The bark is shipped from the east, and manufactured in Salem, Oregon. For sale by Chas. N. Clarke and all dealers.

THE KING OF CURES

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES . . . . . PREVENTS

PNEUMONIA AND CONSUMPTION

"Two years ago a severe cold settled on my lungs and so completely prostrated me that I was unable to work and scarcely able to stand. I then was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and after using one bottle I went back to work, as well as I ever was."
W. J. ATKINS, Banner Springs, Tenn.

PRICE 50c AND $1.00

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY CHAS. N. CLARKE

IMPROVEMENTS ON HIS DAD.

Some Signs of Advancement Discovered Down In Georgia.

I was in a Georgia postoffice when a young colored man who was hanging about the corridor approached and asked for 10 cents to buy himself something to eat. This gave me an opportunity to ask him if he thought his race was improving any, and he promptly replied:

"Yes, suh, de cull'd man am improvin' right along."

"You notice that, do you?"

"I does, sah."

"Take your own case. Do you believe that you are better posted than your father was?"

"Humph! De ole man couldn't hold a candle to me. I was arrested a month ago for stealin' chickens from Kurnel Johnson, and I's jest got outer jail. Dey proved dat I stole five chickens, sah."

"Well, if you were convicted of it I don't see where your sharpness comes in."

"Right yere, sah. I stole a pig at de same time, and de kurnel laid it off on to anodder man and had him sent to jail fur three months. If my fadder had been alive, de kurnel would have proved dat he stole his hull drove and had him sent up fur life!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FROM THE ANTILLES.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Benefits a City Councilman at Kingston, Jamaica.

Mr. W. [illegible] Fogarty, who is a member of the City Council at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, writes as follows: "One bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had good effect on a cough that was giving me trouble and I think I should have been more quickly relieved if I had continued the remedy. That it was beneficial and quick in relieving me there is no doubt and it is my intention to obtain another bottle." For sale by Keir & Cass.

Bad For the Plate.

Photographer—Not quite such a sunny smile, please, or you'll fog the plate.—Tatler.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Medicine for Children.

In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but, when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Whooping cough is not dangerous when this remedy is given as directed. It contains no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For Sale by Keir & Cass.

PARTIES WANTED—To clear 80 acres of stump or brush land. Phone 51 or see C. T. Early. j9

Club Chop House

—AND—

RESTAURANT

Merchants' and Famers'

DINNER

11 A. M. to 2 P. M

25c

Fish, Oysters and Poultry

A SPECIALTY

T. W. DeBUSSEY

JACKSON & JACKSON,

Dealer in General Merchandise and Lumbermen's Supplies,

Railroad Ties, Cordwood, Lumber and Cedar Posts

Free Delivery. Phone 931 HOOD RIVER, OR.

WHOLESALE RETAIL

THE DALLES NURSERIES

R. H. WEBER, Prop.

THE DALLES, OREGON.

GROWER AND DEALER IN

FRUIT, SHADE —AND— ORNAMENTAL TREES GRAPE VINES —AND— SMALL FRUITS

Evergeens, Roses and Shrubbey.

Remember, Our Trees are Grown Strictly Without Irrigation.

..MILLER'S DRUG STORE..

Has just received a shipment of American and Imported Perfumes, Lundberg's, Rieger's, Roger & Gallett's in bulk and presentation boxes.

The Finest Imported Soaps for the Toilet

Toilet Sets, Fancy Papetrie, and many other articles suitable for Presents.

On the Heights, Hood River, Ore.
Why Go Down the Hill?

C. P. R.

Next Door to McGuire Brothers.
Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired
All work done with Electric Iron and guaranteed

HOOD RIVER Laundry Co.

Does Washing at Reasonable Rates

Call Up Main 941

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 Trains to the East Daily

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping cars daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping car (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago. Reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily

Union Depot—	Leave.	Arrive
Chicago-Portland Special for the East via Huntington, daily	8:30 am	8:50 pm
Spokane Flyer for Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points, daily	8:15 pm	9:00 am
Atlantic Express for the East via Huntington, daily	9:00 pm	9:45 am
Portland-Pendleton [illegible] all points between Pendleton and Portland, daily	7:15 am	5:15 pm

RIVER SCHEDULE

FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with steamer for Hanaco and North Beach steamer Hassalo. Ash street dock (water per.)	8:00 P. M. Daily except Sunday, Saturday, 10:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M Daily except Sunday.
FOR Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points. Ash street dock (water per.)	7:00 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	7:30 P. M Daily except Sunday.
FOR LEWISTON, Idaho, and way points, from Riparia, Wash.	8:00 A. M. Daily except Saturday	4:00 P. M Daily except Friday

OFFICE HOURS

Freight House—8 a. m. to 12 noon; 1 to 5 p. m. No freight received or delivered after 5 p. m.

Passenger Depot—Hours for delivery of express and baggage will be 8 a. m. and 6 p. m.

WM. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
J. H. FREDICY, Agent, Hood River.

Comfort for Horses

5A Blankets bring comfort and health to the horse and save money for the owner. They protect horses from the wintry blasts; they keep horses well, save their lives. Strength, warmth and length of wear are characteristics of the 5A Blankets. Ask for 5A. Look for the 5A trade mark.

Buy a 5A Bias Girth for the Stable.
Buy a 5A Square for the Street.

We Sell Them

S. J. FRANK
Harness and Saddles

F. G. COE
Furniture Repairing
CARPENTERING
SCREENS
Shop opposite O. B. Hartley's residence

C. P. ROSS
Billiards and Bowling Alley
and Confectionery
PARLORS
THE BEST LINE OF
Tobaccos and Cigars
IN THE CITY
The Oregonian, Telegram and Journal
ON SALE SUNDAY.

Hotel Waucoma

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE

Moderate Rates
Excellent Service

Farmer's Dinner 25c

P. F. FOUTS, Prop. Hood River, Or

THOS. CALKINS WALTER ISENBERG

Riverside Dairy

We can supply you with any quantity of Fresh Milk
PRICES ON APPLICATION
Free Delivery. Phone 414

GOULD & SNYDER

PLUMBING

Steam and Hot Water Heating

All jobbing promptly attended to.

Our Closing Out Sale

Has progressed beyond our expectations, all on account of having the goods and giving the prices that attract.

The Iron Bed stock is still quite complete: forty different styles yet remaining.

We are selling $3.50 Beds for $2.80
" $4.15 " $3.50
" $10.50 " $8.10
" $12.00 " $9.55
" $22.50 " $18.25

Compare prices below with those you have been paying:

Sanitary Couches	$5.25	Yum Yum Springs	$2.40
" Davenports	$6.25	Fall Leaf Table	$2.20
Wool Top Mattresses	$3.55	Kitchen "	$1.60
Three-quarter "	3.55	H. H. Treasure	$3.45
Single "	2.45	D. Linoleum, 12 ft.	65c
Excelsior "	$2.15	All Wool Carpet	05

We invite your inspection

S. E. BARTMESS

CUPID FLOUR

The only flour on Hood River market made from old wheat. We intend to continue making it the best flour obtainable anywhere on the Coast. With our new appliances it is whiter than ever.

Patronize Home Industry and discourage Knockers.

Fresh Feed always on hand.

Hood River Milling Co.

FAULTLESS

Grubbing Machines

Wire Rope and Extras

Wire Fencing of all Kinds

Spray Pumps, Hose and Extras. Buckeye Well Pumps. SHARPLES CREAM SEPARATORS

VEHICLES and FARM MACHINERY

J. R. NICKELSEN

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Nitrate of Soda, Muriate of Potash

AND ALL KINDS OF FERTILIZERS

COME TO US DIRECT FOR

WOOD-FIBERED HOUSE PLASTER

CEMENT AND LIME

AS WE UNLOAD DIRECT FROM THE CARS

STRANAHAN & CLARK

Hood River, Oregon

Milwaukee Nurseries

Have to offer a good stock of Apple, Pear, Cherry, Peach and Prune trees for the coming season. Have 20,000 two-year-old Y. N. Pippin, Spitzenburg, Arkansas Black, Ortley, Hydes King, Winter Bannana. 30,000 one-year-old Y. N. Pippin and Spitzenburg. My stock is all first class this year in every respect, and true to name. Planters are invited to call and inspect this stock before placing your orders.

N. B. HARVEY, Proprietor
MILWAUKEE, OREGON.