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"I told him I wouldn't stand for his coarse ways, and I won'ti"

If'll be dark long before you reach the cut-off. You'd better not try to ing the forest service. Landon filled make It."

"I think I can find my way," he an- mind the pay. I'm not in immediate awered, touched by her consideration need of money, but I do need an inter-"I'm not so helpless as I was when I est in life." "Good thing you didn't ask me if i could catch fish." He was recovering came."

"Just the same you mustn't go on," she insisted. "Father told me to ask you to come in and stay all night. He wants to meet you. I was afraid you you off." She took his horse by the done." rein and dashed a smilling glance up |

at him. "Come, now, do as the supervisor tells you." "Walt a moment," he pleaded. "On leaving home.

second thought I don't believe it's a good thing for me to go home with engaged with the problems which con-

you. It will only make further trouble fronted McFarlane, and his possible enrollment as a guard filled him with a "I know what you mean. I saw

clutch the handle of a gun. He was said: "You want to go well clothed and well shod. You'll have to meet all the horseman in all his training, and, though he owned hundreds of acres of kinds of weather. Every man in the land, he had never so much as held a service-I don't care what his technical plow or plied a spade. His manner job is-should be schooled in taking was that of the cow boss, the lord of care of himself in the forest and on great herds, the claimant of empires the trail. I often meet surveyors and of government grass land. Poor as his civil engineers, experts, who are belpless as children in camp, and when I house looked, he was in reality rich. Narrow minded in respect to his own want them to go into the hills and do Interests, he was well in advance of field work they are almost useless. The his neighbors on matters relating to old style ranger has his virtues. Settle the general welfare, a curious mixture is just the kind of instructor you young fellows need." of greed and generosity, as most men are, and, though he had been made Berrie also had keen eyes for his

outfit and his training, and under her supervisor at a time when political direction he learned to pack a horse, pull still crippled the service, he was loyal to the flag. "I'm mighty glad to set a tent, build a fire in the rain and see you," he heartly began. "We don't other duties, often get a man from the aca level.

spired by his attentive audience.

ed at himself for uttering them.

something or go back home."

"I can't tell you anything."

kindly as he said:

things."

Good night."

cross suld:

eled; I've studied in a tepid sort of

fashion; I went through college with-

"You want to remember that you and when we do we squeeze him dry.' carry your bed and board with you," she said, "and you must be prepared to His voice, low, languid and soft, was most insinuating, and for hours he camp anywhere and at any time." kept his guest talking of the east and

The girl's skill in these particulars defended against a storm. its industries and prejudices, and Berwas marvelous to him and added to rie and her mother listened with deep the admiration he already felt for her. admiration, for the youngster had seen Her hand was as deft, as sure, as the a good deal of the old world and was best of them, and her knowledge of inusually well rend on historical lines of inquiry. He talked well, too, inany of the men excepting her father. One day toward the end of his sec-Berrie's eyes, wide and eager, were ond week in the village the supervisor

fixed upon him, unwaveringly. He felt said: "Well, now, if you're ready to her wonder, her admiration, and was experiment I'll send you over to Settle, inspired to do his best. Something in the ranger, on the Horseshoe. He's a her absorbed attention led him to speak little lame on his pen hand side, and of things so personal that he wonderbe I'll ride over there with you. I "I've been dilettante all my life," want to line out some timber sales on was one of his confessions. "I've trav-

the west side of Ptarmigan." This commission delighted Norcross greatly. "I'm ready, sir, this moment," out any idea of doing anything with he answered, saluting soldier-wise.

what I got; I had a sort of pride in The next morning as he rode down keeping up with my fellows, and I had to the office to meet the supervisor he The dryness of his open mouth, the no ideasof preparing for any work in the world. Then came my breakdown Berea there. "I'm riding too," she anand my doctor ordered me out here. I nounced delightedly. "I've never been came intending to fish and loaf around, over that new trail, and father has he had overlooked another phase of but I can't do that. I've got to do agreed to let me go along." Then she added earnestly; "I think it's fine At last Mrs. McFarlane rose and you're going in for the service, but it's Berea, reluctantly, like a child loath to hard work, and you must be careful miss a fairy story, held out her hand till you're bardened to it. It's a long to say good night, and the young man way to a doctor from Settle's station." naw on her face that look of adoration He was anaoyed as well as touched which marks the birth of sudden love. by her warning, for it proclaimed that but his voice was frank and his giance he was still far from looking the brave

forester he felt himself to be. He re-"Here I've done all the talking when plied, "I'm not going to try anything wanted you to tell me all sorts of wild, but I do intend to master the trailer's craft." "I'll teach you how to camp if you'll

"Oh, yes, you can; and, besides, 1 let me," she continued. "I've been on want you to intercede for me with your lots of surveys with father, and I alfather and get me into the service. ways take my share of the work. I But we'll talk about that tomorrow. threw that hitch alone." She nodded toward the pack horse, whose neat After the women left the room Norload gave evidence of her skill. "I told father this was to be a real camp-"I really am in earnest about entering expedition, and as the grouse sea-

son is on we'll live on the country. me with enthusiasm about it. Never Can you fish?" "Just about that," he laughed.

McFarlane stared at him with kindly his spirits. "It will be great fun to perplexity. "I don't know exactly have you as instructor in camp sciwhat you can do, but I'll work you in ence. I seem to be in for all kinds of somehow. You ought to work under a good luck."

man like Settle, one that could put you They both grew uneasy as time might ride by after what happened to through a training in the rudiments passed for fear something or some one day, and so I came up here to head of the game. I'll see what can be would intervene to prevent this trip. which grew in interest each moment, "Thank you for that half promise." but at last the supervisor came out

said Wayland, and he went to his bed and mounted his horse, the pack pohappier than at any moment since nies fell in behind, Berrie followed and the student of woodcraft brought Young Norcross soon became vitally up the rear.

CHAPTER VI. In Camp.

aspens. On either hand rose

thick walls of snow white

tensity: "Isn't it wonderful? Don't

Her words were poor, ineffectual

but her look, her breathless voice,

made up for their lack of originality.

Once she said; "I never saw it so

lovely before. It is an enchanted

w hold on life after long illness.

Meanwhile the supervisor was calm-

ly leading the way upward, vaguely

nscious of the magical air and mys-

you wish it would last forever?"

ried to the spot, ready to aid, but was guite usele

"One of the first essentials of a ran ger's training is to learn to swing an ax," remarked McFarlane, "and you never want to be without a real tool. I won't stand for a hatchet ranger." The sky was overshadowed now and a thin drizzle of rain filled the air. The novice hastened to throw his raincoat over his shoulders, but McFarlane rode teadily on, clad only in his shirt sleeves, unmindful of the wet. Berrie, however, approved Wayland's caution. "That's | path. ight; keep dry," she called back, "Don't pay attention to father, he'd rather get soaked any day than unroll his slicker. You mustn't take him for a model yet awhile."

He no longer resented her sweet solicitude, although he considered himself unentitled to it, and he rejoiced under the shelter of his fine new coat. He began to perceive that one could be

After passing two depressing marsh es, they came to a hillside so steep, so slippery, so dark, so forbidding, that one of the pack horses balked, shook cayuse psychology more profound than his head and reared furiously, as if to say, "I can't do it, and I won't try.' And Wayland sympathized with him. The forest was gloomy and cold and apparently endless.

After coaxing him for a time with admirable gentleness, the supervisor, at Berrie's suggestion, shifted part of the you may be able to help him out. May load to her own saddle horse, and they went on.

Wayland, though incapable of comment, so great was the demand upon his lungs, was not too tired to admire the power and resolution of the girl. who seemed not to suffer any special inconvenience from the rarefied air. was surprised and delighted to find throbbing of his troubled pulse, the roaring of his breath, brought to him with increasing dismay the fact that

of a spiencid stream was heard. But still the supervisor kept his resolute way, making no promises as to dinner. though his daughter called: "We'd better go into camp at Beaver lake. I hope you're not starved." she called to

Wayland. "But I am," he replied so frankly that she never knew how faint he really was. His knees were trembling with weakness, and he stumbled dangerous ly as he trod the loose rocks in the

They were all afoot now descending swiftly, and the horses romped down the trail with expectant haste, so that in less than an hour from timber line they were back into the sunshine of the lower valley, and at 3 o'clock or thereabouts they came out upon the bank of an exquisite lake, and with a stately Ptarmigan. cheery shout McFarlane called out. "Here we are, out of the wilderness!"

you stand It?" "Just middling." replied Wayland,

of their camping place.

and lent a skillful hand at removing to do it." the panniers from the pack animals, while Wayland, willing, but a little un- alone, ride alone and work alone for certain, stood awkwardly about. Un- weeks at a time," she assured him. "A der her instruction he collected dead good trailer don't mind a night trip branches of a standing fir, and from any more than he does a day trip, or these a few cones kindled a blaze, if he does he never admits it. Rain, while the supervisor hobbled the horses snow, darkness, are all the same to him. and set the tent.

One by one the principles of camping miles from the postoffice." were taught by the kindly old rancher. but the hints which the girl gave were first class or perish in the attempt.

McFarlane went further and talked freely of the forest and what it meant the thieves till you youngsters learn get used to it."

how to make the best use of the domain.' Berrie was glowing with happiness.

"Let's stay here till the end of the week," she suggested. "I've always wanted to camp on this lake, and now I'm here I want time to enjoy it." "We'll stay a day or two," said her

father. "but I must get over to that the head of Poplar, and then Moore is coming over to look at some timber on Porcupine."

The young people cut willow rods and went angling at the outlet of the lake with prodigious success. The water rippled with trout, and in half an hour they had all they could use for supper and breakfast, and, behold, even as they were returning with their spoil they met a covey of grouse strolling leisurely down to the lake's edge. "Isn't it a wonderful place?" exclaimed the and it's too much work. You want to happy girl. "I wish we could stay a month

"It's like being on the Swiss Family Robinson's Island. I never was more content." he said fervently. 100 sky. wouldn't mind staying here all win-

"I would!" she laughed. "The snow falls four feet deep up here. It's like- still remained for the youth a score ly there's snow on the divide this min- of manifold excitations to wakefulness ute, and camping in the snow isn't so till at last he fell into an uneasy funny. Some people got snowed in drowse.

ly all their horses starved before they

shifted before their eyes like a noise sa yet prodigious drama. At last the girl rose. "It is getting dark. I must go back and get supper."

This reminded Wayland that he had

not yet made his own toilet, and, sein

ried away down the beach, where he

came face to face with the dawn. The

spiendor of it smote him full in the

eyes. From the waveless surface of

the water a spectral mist was rising, a

light vell, through which the stupen

dous cliffs loomed 3,000 feet in height

darkly shadowed, dim and far. The

willows along the western marge burn-

ed as if dipped in liquid gold, and on

the lofty crags the sun's coming cre-

ated keen edged shadows, violet as ink,

Truly this forestry business was not

so bad after all. It had its compen-

Back at the camptire be found Berris

at work, glowing, vigorous, laughing,

after they are clean. You can't mix

"Sis, I made camp bread for twenty

"It's a wonder you lived to tell of it."

In the heat of the fire, in the charm

and, as they sat at breakfast and the

sun rising over the high summits flood-

ed them with warmth and good cheer

and the frost melted like magic from

the tent, the experience had all the

satisfying elements of a picnic. It

seemed that nothing remained to do.

But McFarlane said, "Weil, now you

youngsters wash up and pack while

I reconnoiter the stock." And with

Under Berrie's direction Wayland

worked busily putting the camp equip

ment in proper parcels, taking no spe

cial thought of time till the tent was

down and folded, the panniers filled

and closed and the fire carefully cover-

been back before this. I hope they

"No, he'll bring 'em if they're in the

land of the living. He picketed his

snddle horse, so he's not afoot. No-

body can teach him anything about

get lost. You'd better keep close to

. Thereupon Wayland put aside all re-

sponsibility. "Let's see if we can catch

To this she agreed, and together they

went again to the outlet of the lake,

As they were unpacking the panniers

and getting out the dishes for their

meal thunder broke from the high

some more fish," he urged.

haven't quit us.'

"Shall I go and see?"

he went away down the trail.

bread with a spoon."

years afore you were born."

sations.

soap, towel and brushes, he bus

"We don't need any supper," he protested. "Father does, and you'll be hungry before morning," she retorted, with

sure knowledge of men. He turned from the scene reluctant ly, but once at the campfire cheerfully gave his best efforts to the work in hand, seconding Berrie's skill as best he could.

The trout, deliciously crisp, and some potatoes and batter cakes made a meal that tempted even his faint appetite, and when the dishes were washed and the towels hung out to dry deep night possessed even the high summit of

Her comradeship with her father was very charming, and at the moment she McFarlane then said, "I'll just take was rallying him on his method of a little turn to see that the horses are bread mixing. "You should rub the Then to Wayland, "Well, boy, how did all right, and then I think we'd better lard into the flour," she said. "Don't close in for the night." be afraid to get your hands into it-

When they were alone in the light reticent from weariness and with joy of the fire Wayland turned to Berrie: "I'm glad you're here. It must be With businesslike certitude Berrle awesome to camp. alone in a wilderunsaddled her horse, turned him loose ness, and yet, I suppose, I must learn

she retorted, and took the pan away "Yes, the ranger often has to camp from him. "That's another thing you must learn," she said to Wayland, "You must know how to make bread, You can't expect to find bakeshops or ranchers along the way." of the girl's presence, the young man Most of the boys are fifteen to forty forgot the discomforts of the night,

He smiled ruefully. "I begin to have new doubts about this ranger business. quite as valuable, for Wayland was It's a little more vigorous than I eager to show her that be could be thought it was. Suppose a fellow and intended to be a forester of the breaks a leg on one of those high trails?"

"He mustn't!" she hastened to say. "He can't afford really to take reckless to the government. "We're all green chances; but, then, father won't expect at the work," he said, "and we old as much of you as he does of the old his saddle and bridle on his shoulder chaps are only holding the fort against stagers. You'll have plenty of time to

McFarlane upon his return gave some advice relating to the care of horses. "All this stock which is accustomed to a barn or a pasture will quit you," he warned. "Watch your bronchos. Put them on the outward side of your camp when you bed down ed. Then the girl said: "I hope the and pitch your tent near the trail, then | horses haven't been stampeded. There you will hear the brutes if they start | are bears in this valley, and horses are back. Some men tie their stock all up, afraid of bears. Father ought to have ditch survey which is being made at but I usually picket my saddle horse

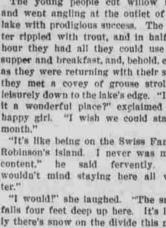
> It was a delightful hour for schooling, and Wayland would have been content to sit there till morning listening, but the air bit, and at last the supervisor asked: "Have you made your bed? If you have turn in. I shall | trailing horses, and, besides, you might get you out early tomorrow." As he saw the bed he added: "I see you've camp." laid out a bed of boughs. That shows how eastern you are. We don't do that out here. It's too cold in this climate,

hug the ground-if it's dry." The weary youth went to his couch with a sense of timorous elation, for

After the supervisor had rolled himself in the blanket, long after all sounds had ceased in the tent, there

crags above the lake, and the girl called out: "Quick! It's going to rain! We

nust reset the te ing: "All out! All out! Dayder cover." light down the creek!" Then, Once more he was put to shame by the decision, the skill and the strength with which she went about re-establishing the camp. She led, he followed in every action. In ten minutes the canvas was up, the beds rolled, the panniers protected, the food stored safely. But they were none too soon, for the thick gray vell of rain which had clothed the loftlest crags for half an hour swung out over the water, leaden gray under its folds, and with "That's good. I was afraid that Ad- a roar which began in the tall pines, , irondack bed of yours might let the a roar which deepened, hushed only when the thunder crashed resoundingly from crag to crest, the tempest fell upon the camp and the world of sun and odorous pine vanished almost stantly, and a dark, threatening and forbidding world took its place.



over at Deep lake last year, and near

"I couldn't chop a could get them out. This is a flerce hole through one of these windfalls in old place in winter time."

CHAPTER VII.

Storm Bound.

Y AYLAND was awakened by the mellow voice of his

where the trout could be seen darting to and fro on the clear, dark flood, and he never before slept beneath the open there cast their flies till they had secured ten good sized fish. "We'll stop now," declared the girl, "I don't believe in being wasteful." Once more at the camp they prepared the fish for the pan.

ACHBRO

"Don't you wish it would last forever?"

the ranger's job.

Cliff follow you. He jumped you, didn't he?"

"He overtook me, yes." "What did he say?"

He hesitated. "He was pretty hot and said things he'll be sorry for when he cools off."

"He told you not to come here any more-advised you to hit the outgoing trail-didn't he?"

He flushed with returning shame of it all, but quietly answered, "Yes, he said something about riding east." "Are you going to do it?"

"Not today, but I guess I'd better keep away from here."

She looked at him steadily. "Why?" "Because you've been very kind to me, and I wouldn't for the world do suything to hurt or embarrass you."

"Don't you mind about me," she re sponded bluntly, "What happened this morning wasn't your fault nor mina. Come; father will be tooking for you."

With a feeling that he was involving both the girl and himself in still darker storms, the young fellow yielded to her command, and together they walked along the weed bordered path, while she continued:

"This isn't the first time Cliff has started in to discipline me, but it's obliged to be the last. He's the kind that think they own a girl just as soon as they get her to wear an engagement ring. But Cliff don't own me. I told him I wouldn't stand for his coarse ways, and I won't!"

Wayland tried to bring her back to humor. "You're a kind of 'new wo-0000.7.10

She turned a stern look" on him 'You bet I ami! I was raised a free citizen. No man can make a slave of me. I thought he understood that, but it seems he didn't. He's all right in who possessed a self reliance, a knowl- to th." many ways-one of the best riders in edge of nature and a certain rough At last they left these lower, woodointneering.

with cordial word and carnest handclasp. "I'm glad to see you looking so well," and said, with charming sincer-

"I'm browner anyway," he answered. and turned to meet McFarlane, a abort, black bearded man with fine dark eyes and shapely hands-hands that had never done anything more interest in his apprentice, warningly tree, and each time the student hurtolisome than to lift a bridle rein or to

sense of proprietorship in the forest, which made him quite content with Bear Tooth. He set to work at once to acquire a better knowledge of the boles, and in the mystic glow of their extent and boundaries of the reservaglided leaves the face of the girl shone tion. It was, indeed, a noble posseswith unearthly beauty. sion. Containing nearly 800,000 acres Twice she stopped to gaze into Wayof woodland and reaching to the sumland's face to say, with hushed in

mits of the snow lined peaks to the east, south and west, it appealed to him with silent majesty. It drew upon his patriotism. Remembering how the timber of his own state had been slashed and burned, he began to feel a sense of personal responsibility.

He bought a horse of his own, alland!" with no suspicion that the though Berrie insisted upon his retaining Pete, and sent for a saddle of the the presence of her young and sympathetic companion. He, too, respond keep entirely clear of the cowboy ed to the beauty of the day, of the equipment procured putteen like those golden forest as one who had taken vorn by cavalry officers, and when he presented himself completely uniformed, he looked not unlike a slender young lieutenant of the cavalry on field duty, and in Berrie's eyes was wonrous alluring.

tic landscape in which his young folk He took quarters at the hotel, but floated as if on wings, thinking busily spent a larger part of each day in Ber- of the improvements which were still rie's company, a fact which was duly necessary in the trail and weighing reported to Clifford Belden. Hardly with care the clouds which still lin-

day passed without his taking at gered upon the tallest summits, as if least one meal at the supervisor's home. debating whether to go or to stay. He As he met the rangers one by one had never been an imaginative soul, he perceived by their outfits, as well as and now that age had somewhat dimby their speech, that they were sharp- med his eyes and blunted his senses ly divided upon old lines and new. The he was placidly content with his path. experts, the men of college training. The rapture of the lover, the song of were quite ready to be known as Un- the poet, had long since abandoned cle Sam's men. They held a pride in his heart. And yet he was not com-

their duties, a respect for their supe- pletely oblivious. To him it was a nice riors, and an understanding of the gov- day, but a "weather breeder." rnmental policy which gave them dig-"I wonder if I shall ever ride through

ally and a quiet authority. They were this mountain world as uumoved as he ess policemen than trusted agents of a seems to be?" Norcross asked himself federal department. Nevertheless, there after some jarring prosaic remark from was much to admire in the older men, his chief. "I am glad Berrie responds

the country-but he's pretty tolerable grace which made them interesting drous forest aisles and entered the un-BHOW. companions and rendered them effective broken cloak of firs whose dark and Mrs. McFarlane groeted Noreross teachers of camping and trailing, and attent deeps had a stern beauty all while they were secretly a little con- their own. temptuous of the "schoolboys," they

The horses began to labor with roarwere all quite ready to ask for expert ing breath. A dozen times he thought, aid when knotty problems arose. It "We must be nearly at the top," and was no longer a question of grazing, then other and far higher ridges sud-It was a question of lumbering and denly developed. Occasionally the supervisor was forced to unsling an ax Nash, who took an almost brotherly and chop his way through a fallen

cek," he admitted, as McFarlane's OR several miles they rode upblade again liberated them from a fallward through golden forests of eu tree

> He was beginning to be hungry also side on a rocky knoll, watched the -he had eaten a very early breakfast phantom gold lift from the willows -and he fell to wondering just where and climb slowly to the cliffs above. and when they were to camp, but he while the water deepened in shadow endured in silence. "So long as Berric and busy muskrats marked its glossy

> makes no complaint my month is surface with long slivery lines. Mis-shut," he told himself. "Surely I can chlevons camp birds peered at the stand it if she can." And so strugcouple from the branches of the pines, gled on. uttering satirical comment, while

> Up and up the pathway looped, squirrels, frankly insolent, dropped crossing minute little boggy mendows cones upon their heads and barked in on whose bottomless coze the grass saucy glee. shook like a blanket, descending ra-Wayland forgot all the outside world, vines and climbing back to dark and

> forgot that he was studying to be a muddy slopes. The forest was dripforest ranger, and was allve only to the fact that in this most bewitching ping, green and silent now-a mysterious menacing jungle. place, in this most entrancing hour, he

> had the companionship of a girl whose "I'm glad I'm not riding this pass alone," Wayland said as they paused eyes sought his with every new phase again for breath.

"So am I," she answered, but her thought was not his. She was happy at the prospect of teaching him how to camp,

At last they reached the ragged edge of timber line, and there, rolling away under the mist, lay the bare, grassy upward climbing naked neck of the great peak. The wind had grown cener moment by moment, and when they left the storm twisted pines below its breath had a wintry nip. The rain had ceased to fall, but the clouds still hung densely to the loftlest sum mits. It was a sinister yet beautiful world-a world as silent as a dream. and through the short, thick grass the stender trall ran like a timid serpent. "Now we're on the divide," called

Berea, and as she spoke they seemed To enter upon a boundless Alpine plain of velvet russet grass. "This is the Bear Tooth plateau." Low monuments of loose rock stood on small ledges, as though to mark the course, and in the hollows dark ponds of ley water lay, half surrounded by masses of compact

"This is a stormy place in winter," McFarlane explained. "These plies of stone are mighty valuable in a blizsard. I've crossed this divide in August in snow so thick I could not see it real.10

Half an hour inter they began to de scend. Wind twisted, storm bleached dwarf pines were first to show, then

the drs, then the blue green spruces, Seated Side by Side on a Rocky Knoll and then the sheltering deeps of the l undespoiled forest opened, and the roar of the silent and wonderful scene which dipperful."

As the sunset came on the young people again loitered down to the wa-

ter's edge, and there, seated side by breathing a prayer of thankfulness, the boy sat up and looked about him "The long night is over at last, and 1 am alive," be said and congratulated himself

"How did you sleep?" asked the supervisor. "First rate-at least during the latter

part of the night," Wayland briskly lled.

white wolf in." "My blankets did seem a triffe thin," confessed Norcross.

"It doesn't pay to sleep cold," the supervisor went on. "A man wants to wake up refreshed, not tired out with fighting the night wind and frost. I

always carry a good bed." It was instructive to see how quietly and methodically the old mountaineer went about his task of getting breakfast. First he cut and laid a couple of eight inch logs on either side of the fire, so that the wind drew through them properly; then, placing the Dutch oven cover on the fire, he laid the bottom part where the flames touched it. Next he filled his coffeepot with water and set it on the coals. From his pannier he took his dishes and the flour and salt and pepper, arranging them !

slices of bacon in the skillet. At this stage of the work a smoth-

morning?" inquired Berrie. "Morning," replied her father. "It's going toward noon. You get up or you'll have no breakfast."

Thereapon Wayland called: "Can 1 get you anything, Miss Berrie? Would you like some warm water?" "What for?" interposed McFarlane

before the girl could reply. * "To bathe in," replied the youth. "To bathe in! If a daughter of mine should ask for warm water to wash with I'd throw her in the creek." Berrie chuckled, "Sometimes I think

daddy has no feeling for me. I reckon he thinks I'm a boy." "Hot water is debilitating and very had for the complexion," retorted her father. "Ice cold water is what you need. And if you don't get out o' there in five minutes I'll douse you with a

But the young people, huddled close together beneath the tent, would have enjoyed the change had it not been for the thought of the supervisor. "I hope he took his slicker," the girl said between the tearing, ripping dashes of the lightning. "It's raining hard up there."

"How quickly it came. Who would have thought it could rain like this after so beautiful a morning?"

"It storms when it storms in the mountains," she responded with the sententious air of her father. "You never can tell what the sky is going to do up here. It is probably snowing all within reach, and at last laid some on the high divide. Looks now as though those cayuses pulled out some time in the night and have hit the trail ered cry, half yawn, half complaint. for home. That's the trouble with stall came from the tent. "Oh, humi Is it fed stock. They'll guit you any thee they feel cold and hungry. Here comes

the hail!" she shouled as a sharper. more spliteful roar sounded far away and approaching. "Now keep from under!"

(Continued next Saturday.)

