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THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER 2. 2. A Romance of the Bear **Tooth Range** By HAMLIN GARLAND Copyright, 1914, by Bamfin Garland commence

zines.

up.

too."

their enforced intimacy.

ters like the snow, which was begin

ning again. Indeed, her only anxiety

concerned his health, and as he toiled

amid the falling dakes, intent upon

"You will be soaked," she warning-

ly cried. "Don't stay out any more.

the night, she became solicitous.

we'll be entirely out of it."

and oppressive.

abruptly

"If ful

er 8/

wood."

of fuel."

\*

"What will your father do?" he called.

"Don't worry shout him. He's at home any place there's a tree. He's Norcross, with his city training, was probably under a balsam somewhere, acutely conscious of the delicacy of waiting for this ice to split out. The 'the situation. In his sister's circle a only point is, they may get over the girl left alone in this way with a man divide, and if they do it will be slip-pery coming back."

For the first time the thought that rie took it all joyously, innocently the supervisor might not be able to return entered Wayland's mind, but he which had happened in the natura said nothing of his fear.

The hall soon changed to snow, great, clinging, drowsy, soft, slow moving dakes, and with their coming the roar died away and the forest became as silent as a grave of bronze. Nothing moved save the thick fulling. feathery, frozen vapor, and the world was again very boautiful and very so swift to serve. He filed her mind mysterious,

"We must keep the fire going," warned the girl. "It will be hard to start after this sonking."

He threw upon the fire all of the wood which lay near, and Berrie, taking the ax, went to the big fir and began to chop off the dry branches which hung beneath, working almost as effectively as a man. Wayland insisted on taking a turn with the tool, but his efforts were so awkward that ahe laughed and took it away again. You'll have to take lessons in swinging an ax," she said. "That's part of the job.

Gradually the storm lightened, the snow changed back into rain and finally to mist, but up on the heights the clouds still rolled wildly, and through their openings the white drifts bleakly

"It's all in the trip," said Berrie. "You have to take the weather as it comes on the trafi.". As the storm lessened she resumed the business of



That he possessed her pity and her east" and of her embarrassments in friendably be knew, and he began to of course, I was more or less restless the homes of city friends. "I just wonder if he had made a deeper aphave to own up that about all the peal to her than this. schooling I've got is from the maga-"Can it be that I am really a man Sometimes I wish I had pulled to her," he thought, "I who am only out for town when I was about fourteen; but, you see, I didn't feel like a poor weakling whom the rain and snow can appall?" leaving mother, and she didn't feel like

Then he thought of the effect of this letting me go, and so I just got what I could at Bear Tooth." She sprang ford Belden do now? To what deeps "There's a patch of blue sky. would his rage descend if he should Let's go see if we can't get a grouse." ome to know of it? Together they strolled along the edge Berrie was serene. Twice she spoke of the willows. "The grouse come from her couch to say: "You'd better down to feed about this time," she

go to bed. Daddy can't get here till tosaid. "We'll put up a covey soon." morrow now." Within a quarter of a mile they found "I'll stay up awhile yet. My boots their birds, and she killed four with aren't entirely dried out." five shots. "This is all we need," she

After a silence she said: "You must said, "and I don't believe in killing for ot get chilled. Bring your bed into, the sake of killing. Rangers should set the tent. There is room for you." good examples in way of game preser-"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. I'm vation. They are deputy game war dens in most states, and good ones standing it very well." "You'll be sick!" she urged, in a voice

The night rose formidably from the of alarm. "Please drag your bed invalley while they ate their supper. side the door. What would I do if you should have pneumonia tomorrow? You but Berrie remained tranquil. "Those must not take any risk of a fever." horses probably went clean back to the The thought of a sheltered spot, of ranch. If they did, daddy can't posomething to break the remorseless sibly get back before 8 o'clock, and he wind, overcame his scruples, and he may not get back till tomorrow." drew his bed inside the tent and rear-

ranged it there. "You're half frozen," she said. "Your teeth are chattering."

would have been very seriously em-"I'll be all right in a few momenta." barrassed, but it was evident that Berhe said. "Please go to sleep, I shall be snug as a bug in a moment."

Their being together was something She watched his shadowy motions from her bed, and when at last he had cestled into his blankets she said. "If course of weather, a condition for which they were in no way responsiyou don't lose your chill I'll heat a ble. Therefore she permitted herself

rock and put it at your feet" to be frankly happy in the charm of He was ready to cry out in shame of his weakness, but he lay silent till he could command his voice, then he said: She had never known a youth of his quality. He was so considerate, so re-"That would drive me from the country in disgrace. Think of what the fined, so quick of understanding and fellows down below will say when to the exclusion of unimportant matthey know of my cold feet?"

"They won't hear of it, and, besides it is better to carry a hot water bag

than to be laid up with a fever." Her anxiety lessened as his voice reheaping up wood enough to last out sumed its pleasant tenor flow. "Dear girl," he said, "no one could have been

sweeter-more like a guardian angel to me. Don't place me under any greater Come to the fire. I'll bring in the obligation. Go to sleep, I am bettermuch better now."

She did not speak for a few moments, Something primeval, some strength then in a voice that conveyed to him a he did not know he possessed sustained him, and he tolled on. "Suppose knowledge that his words of endearthis snow keeps failing?" he retorted. ment had deeply moved her she softly said. "Good night."

"The supervisor will not be able to He heard her sigh drowsly thereget back tonight-perhaps not for a couple of nights. We will need a lot after once or twice, and then she slept. and her slumber redoubled in him his

sense of guardianship, of responsibili-He did not voice the fear of the storm which filled his thought, but ty. Lying there in the shelter of her tent, the whole situation seemed simthe girl understood it. "It won't be very cold," she calmly replied. "It ple, innocent and poetic. But looked at from the standpoint of Clifford Belden never is during these early blizzards. It held an accusation. and, besides, all we need to do is to

"It cannot be helped," he said. "The drop down the trail ten miles, and only thing we can do is to conceal the fact that we spent the night beneath "I'll feel safer with plenty of wood," this tent alone."

he argued, but soon found it necessary In the bellef that the way would to rest from his labors. Coming in to camp, he seated himself beside her clear with the dawn, he, too, fell on a roll of blankets, and so together asleep, while the fire sputtered and they tended the fire and watched the smudged in the fitful mountain wind. darkness roll over the lake till the The second dawn came slowly, as shining crystals seemed to drop from though crippled by the storm and walla measureless black arch, soundless ed back by the clouds, With a dull ache in his bones, Way-

"What time is it now?" she asked land crept out to the fire and set to work fanning the coals with his hat. He looked at his watch. "Half aftas he had seen the supervisor do. He worked desperately till one of the emry howan to anorily markla and to

"Yes, but it's very dark daylight.

"How are you this morning? Did

He put the soap, towel and ba

When he returned he found the girl

her eyes velled themselves before his

"Now, where do you suppose the su-

"I hope he's at home," she replied

"Oughtn't 1 to take a turn up the

trail and see? I feel guilty, somehow,

"You can't belp matters any by hoof-

ing about in the mud. No, we'll just

hold the fort till he comes. That's

He submitted once more to the force

of her argument, and they ate break-

culte seriously. "I'd hate to think of him camped in the high country with-

pervisor is?" he asked.

out bedding or tent."

I must do something."

what he'll expect us to do."

"Fine!"

glance.

especting your father to ride up." "That's funny. I never feel that way. I slept like a log after I knew you were comfortable. You must have a better bed and more blankets. It's always cold up here."

The sunlight was short lived. The aight upon her life. What would Cliff clouds settled over the peaks, and ragged wisps of gray vapor dropped down the timbered slopes of the prodigious amplifitheater in which the lake lay. Again Berrie made everything song while her young woodsman toiled at bringing logs for the fire.

At last fully provided for, they sat contentedly side by side under the awaing and watched the falling rain as it splashed and similed on the sturdy "It's a little like being shipfire. wrecked on a desert island, ian't it?" he said. "As if our boats had drifted away."

At noon she again prepared an elaborate meal. She served potatoes and grouse, hot biscuit with sugar sirup and canned peaches and coffee done to just the right color and aroma. He declared it wonderful, and they ate with repeated wishes that the supervisor might turn up in time to share their feast, but he did not. Then Berrie said firmly; "Now you must take a shooze. You look tired.

He was in truth not only drowsy, but lame and tired Therefore he yielded to her suggestion.

She covered him with blankets and put him away like a child. "Now you have a good sleep," she said tenderly. T'll call you when daddy comes."

When he woke the ground was again overed with snow, and the girl was feeding the fire with wood which her own hands had supplied.

Hearing him stir, she turned and fixed her eyes upon him with clear, soft gaze. "How do you feel by now?" she asked.

"Quite made over," he replied, rising alertly.

His cheer, however, was only preense. He was greatly worried. "Something has happened to your father." he said. "His horse has thrown him, or he has slipped and fallen." His peace and exultation were gone. 'How far is it down to the ranger station?"

"About twelve miles." 'Don't you think we'd better close camp and go down there? It is now 3 o'clock. We can walk it in five hours."

She shook her head. "No, I think we'd better stay right here. It's a long, hard walk, and the trail is muddy.

"But, dear girl," he began desperate ly, "it won't do for us to camp here alone in this way another night. What will Cliff say?"

She finmed red, then whitened. dou't care what Cliff thinks. I'm done with him, and no one that I really care about would blame us." She was fully aware of his anxiety now. "It isn't our fault.'

"It will be my fault if I keep you here longer!" he answered. "We must reach a telephone and send word out. Something may have happened to your father."

"I'm not worried a bit about him. It may be that there's been a big snowfall up above us, or else a windstorm. The trail may be blocked, but don't worry. He may have to go round by Lost Lake pass." She pondered a moment. "I reckon you're right. We'd better pack up and rack down the trall



Leading him toward the middle of the room, Berrie said: "Stand here till strike a light."

As her match flamed up Norcross found himself in a rough wailed cabin, in which stood a square cook stove, a rude table littered with dishen, and three stools made of slabs. It was all very rude, but it had all the value of a palace at the moment.

The girl's quick eye saw much elsa She located an oil lamp, some pine wood and a corner cupboard. In a few moments the lamp was lit, the store refilled with fuel and she was stripping Wayland's wet coat from his back, cheerily discoursing as she did so. "Here's one of Tony's old jackets, put that on while I see if I can't find some dry stockings for you. Sit right down here by the stove; put your feet in the oven. I'll have a fire in a jiffy. There, that's right. Now I'll start the coffee pot." She soon found the coffee, but it was unground. "Wonder where he keeps his coffee mill." She rummaged about for a few minutes, then gave up the search. "Well, no matter, here's the coffee, and here's a hammer. One

of the laws of the trail is this: If you can't do a thing one way, do it another. I depend on this coffee to brace you up," she said. After hanging a blanket over the

broken window, she set out some cold meat and a half dozen baking powder biscults, which she found in the cupboard, and as soon as the coffee was ready she poured it for him, but she would not let him leave the fire. She brought his supper to him and sat beside him while he ate and drank.

The hot, strong coffee revived him physically and brought back a little of his courage, and be said. "I'm ashamed to be such a weakling."

"Now, hush," she commanded. "It's not your fault that you are weak. Now, while I am eating my supper you slip off your wet clothes and creep into Tony's bunk, and I'll fill one of these sirup cans with hot water to put at your feet." It was of no use for him to protest

against her further care. She insisted. and while she ate he meekly carried out her instructions, and from the delicious warmth and security of his bed watched her moving about the stove till the shadows of the room became one with the dusky figures of his sleep. A moment later, as it seemed, something falling woke him with a start, and, looking up, he found the sun shining and Berrie confronting him with an

anxious face. "Did I waken you?" she

## eeded in putting on his clothes his shoes, though he found tying the inces the hardest task of all and h was at the wash basin bathing us for and hands when Berrie burriedly a entered. "Some tourists are to she announced in an excited tone party of five or six people, a w among them, is just coming down to slope. Now, who do you suppose it of be? It would be just our tuck it should turn out to be some one fr

the mill." He divined at once the reason for he dismay. The visit of a woman at this oment would not merely embarra them both, it would torture Berry What is to be done?" he asked, r to alertness.

"Nothing; all we can do is to sta put and not us if we belonged here." Very well." he'replied, moving sigly toward the door. "Here's where can be of some service. I am ha er cellent white llar"

The bent of hoofs upon the brids drew his attention to the cavalcada which the keen eyes of the girl he detected as it came over the ridge to the enst. The party consisted of two me and two women and three pack home completely outfitted for the trail.

One of the women, spurring by horse to the front, rode screnely up to where Wayland stood and called out "Good morning! Are you the ranger?" "No; I'm only the guard. The ranger

has goue down the trail." He perceived at once that the speaker was an allen like himself, for the wore tan colored riding boots, a divided skirt of expensive cloth and a jaunty, wide rimmed sombrero. Sh looked indeed precisely like the hereine of the prevalent western drama Her sleeves, rolled to the elbow, dis closed shapely brown arms, and her neck, bare to her bosom, was equalt sun smit, but she was so round cheek. ed, so childishly charming, that the most critical observer could find no

fault with her makeup. One of the men rode up. "Hell Norcross. What are you doing over here?"

The youth smilled blandiy. "Good norning, Mr. Belden. I'm serving my apprenticeship. I'm in the service iow!

"The mischief you are!" exclaime the other. "Where's Tooy?" "Gone for his mail. He'll return soon.

What are you doing over here, may I nsk? "I'm here as guide to Mr. Moor Mr. Moore, this is Norcross, one of

McFarlane's men. Mr. Moore is connected with the tie camp operations of the rallway." Moore was a tall, thin man with a gray beard and keen blue eyes.

'Where's McFariane? We were to meet him here. Didn't he come over with you?" "We started together, but the borses

got away, and he was obliged to go back after them. He also is likely to turn up soon." "I am frightfully hungry." interrupt-

ed the girl. "Can't you hand me out a hunk of brend and ment? We've been riding since daylight" Berrie suddenly appeared at the door.

"Sure thing," she called out. "Silde down and come in." Moore removed his hat and bowed,

Good morning, Miss McFarlane, I didn't know you were here. You know my daughter Siona?"

Berrie nodded coldly. "I've met her." He indicated the other woman. "And

Mrs. Belden, of course, you know." Mrs. Belden, the fourth member of the party, a middle aged, rather flabby person, just being eased down from her horse, turned on Berrie with a battery of questions. "Good Lord! Berrie McFarlane, what are you doing over in this forsaken hole? Where's your dad? And where is Tony? If Cliff had known you was over here he'd have come too." Berrie retained her self possession. "Come in and get some coffee, and we'll straighten things out." Apparently Mrs. Belden did not know that Cliff and Berrie had quarreled, for she treated the girl with maternal familiarity. She was a good mtured, well intentioned old sloven, but a most renowned tattler, and the girl feared her more than she feared any other woman in the valley. She had always avoided her, but she showed nothing of this dislike at the moment. Wayland drew the younger woman's She laughed happily. "It's only the attention by saying. "It's plain that you, like myself, do not belong to these parts, Miss Moore." "What makes you think so?" she "Your costume is too appropriate. Haven't you noticed that the women who live out here carefully avoid convenient and artistic dress? Now, your sutfit is precisely what they should wear and don't."

the path ended abruptly.

"We've got to go back to that trail which branched off to the right. I reckon that was the highland trail which Settle made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't. Back we go,"

She was suffering keenly now, not on her own account, but on his, for she could see that he was very tired. and to climb up that bill again was like punishing him a second time.

When she picked up the blazed trail It was so dark that she could scarcely follow it, but she felt her way onward, turning often to be sure that he was following. Once she saw him fall and cried out: "It's a shama to make yo elimb this hill again. It's all my fault, I ought to have known that that lower road led down into the timber." Standing close beside him in the darkness, knowing that he was weary. wet and ill, she permitted herself the expression of her love and pity. Put ting her arm about him, she drew his cheek against her own, saying: "Poor boy. Your hands are cold as ice." She took them in her own warm clasp. "Oh, I wish we had never left the camp! What does it matter what peo ple say?" Then she broke down and wailed. "I shall never forgive myself if you"- Her voice failed her. He bravely reassured her: "I'm not defeated. I'm just tired. That's all I can go on."

but you are marvelous. I thought owgiris couldn't walk." "I can do anything when I have to," she replied. "We've got three hours

She Found Herself Confronted by

Maze of Blackened

Endless

Trunks.

ANERE .

Tree

more of it." And she warningly exclaimed, "Look back there!" They had reached a point from which

the range could be seen, and, behold, it was covered deep with a seamless robe of new snow.

"That's why dad didn't get back last night. He's probably wallowing along up there this minute." And she set off again with resolute stride. Wayland's pale face and infored breath alarmed ber. She was filled with love and pily, but she pressed forward desperately.

At last they came to the valley floor, over which a devastating fire had run some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in desolate confusion. Here the girl made her first mistake. She kept on toward the river, although Wayland called attention

to a trail feeding to the right up over the low grassy bills. For a mile the path was clear, but she soon found herself confronted by an endless maze of blackened tree trunks, and at last

Dismayed and halting, she said:

'Vou'll have to take lessons in swing ing an ax," she said. "That's part of the job."

cooking the midday meal, and at 2 o'clock they were able to eat in comparative comfort, though the unmelted snow still covered the trees, and the water dripped from the branches.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Wny land, with glowing, boyish face. "The tandscape is like a Christmas card."

"It wouldn't be so beautiful if you had to wallow through ten miles of it," she sagely responded. "Daildy will be wet to the skin, for I found he didn't take his slicker. However, the sun may be out before night. That's the way the thing goes in the hills."

To the youth, though the peaks were atorm bld, the afternoon was joyous. Herrie was a sweet companion. Un der her supervision he practiced at chopping wood and took a hand at cooking.

He had to admit that she was better able to care for herself in the wilderness than most men, even western men, and, though he had not yet witnessed a display of her skill with a rifle, he was ready to believe that she could self rellance would have conquered aboot as well as her size. Neverthe-Ions he liked her better when engaged little tent and let fall the frail barrier in purely feminine duties, and he led the talk back to subjects concerning which her speech was less blunt and maalike.

He fixed her when she was joking, as her solicitude, her aweet trust in for delicious little curves of laughter his honor, and he sat long in profound emusing as she told of her "visits the ownership of her love he admitted.

divide now he won't try to cross. If smoke, he's coming down the slope he'll be earshot, he broke an armful of dry fir here in an hour, although that trail is branches to heap above the wet, chara tolerably tough proposition this min- red logs. Soon these twigs broke into ute. A patch of dead timber on a dark fame, and Berrie, awakened by the night is sure a nuisance even to a good crackle of the pine branches, called man. He may not make it." out, "Is it davlight?"

"Couldn't I rig up a torch and go to meet him ?"

Don't leave your warm bed for the She put her hand on his arm. "You dampness and cold out here. Stay stay right here?" she commanded. "You where you are. I'll get breakfast." ouldn't follow that trail five minutes." "You have a very poor optnion of my you sleep?" skill

'No, I haven't; but I know how hard "I'm afraid you had a had night." she It is to keep direction on a night like insisted, in a tone which indicated her this, and 1 don't want you wandering knowledge of his suffering. around in the timber. Father can take "Camp life has its disadvantages, care of himself. He's probably sitting he admitted, as he put the coffee pot unifer a big tree smoking his pipe beon the fire. "But I'm feeling better fore his fire-or else he's at home. He now, I never fried a bird in my life. knows we're all right, and we are, but I'm going to try it this morning, We have wood and grub and plenty of 1 have some water heating for you blankets and a roof over us. You can bath." make your bed under this dy," she sin of hot water just inside the tent anid, looking up at the canvas. "It flap. "Here it is. I'm going to bathe beats the old balaam as a roof. You in the lake. I must show my hardi-

musto't sleep cold again." bood." "I think I'd better sit up and keep the fire going," he replied herolcally. full dressed, alert and glowing, but she "There's a blg log out there that I'm greeted him with a touch of shyness going to bring in to roll up on the and self consciousness new to her, and

windward side. "It'll be cold and wet early in the morning, and I don't like to hunt kin dling in the snow," she said. "1 at ways get everything ready the night before. I wish you had a better bed It seems selfsh of me to have the tent while you are cold."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Walk In the Rain.

NE by one, under her supervision, he unde preparations for moraing. He cut some shavings from a dead, dry branch of fir and put them under the fly and brought a bucket of water from

the creek, and then together they dragged up the dead tree.

fast in such intimacy and good cheer Had the young man been other than that the night's discomforts and anxbe was, the giri's purity, candor and leties counted for little. "We have to camp here again tohim, and when she withdrew to the night," she explained demurely.

"Worse things could happen than between them she was as safe from inthat," he gallantly answered. trusion as if she had taken refuge bewouldn't mind a month of R, only hind gates of triple brass. Nothing in shouldn't want it to rain or snow all all his life had moved him so deeply the time.

"Poor boy! You did suffer, didn't you? I was afraid you would. Did played about her lips. She became very meditation. Any man would be rich in you sleep at all?" she asked tenderty. "Oh, yes, after I came inside; but,

the ranger's cabin-not on my ac-Then, slipping away out of count, but on yours. I'm afraid you've taken cold."

> "I'm all right, except I'm very lame, but I am anxious to go on. By the way, is this ranger Settle married?" "No; his station is one of the ionesomest caoins on the forest. No wo man will stay there."

This made Wayland ponder. "Nevertheless," he decided, "we'll go. After all, the man is a forest officer, and you are the supervisor's daughter." She made no further protest, but busied herself closing the panniers and putting away the camp utensils. She seemed to recognize that his judgment was sound.

It was after 3 when they left the tent and started down the trall, carrying nothing but a few toilet articles. He stopped at the edge of the clear ing. "Should we have left a note for the supervisor?"

The trees were dripping, the willows heavy with water, and the mud ankle deep in places, but she pushed or steadily, and he, following in her tracks, could only marvel at her strength and sturdy self reliance. The swing of her shoulders, the poise of her head and the lithe movement of her walst made his own body seem a poor both armed. There's no danger from thing.

For two hours they signagged down a narrow canyon heavily timbered with fir and spruce, a dark, stern ave nue, crossed by roaring streams and

filled with frequent boggy mendows. whereon the water lay midleg deep. "We'll get out of this very soon." she called cheerily.

By degrees the gorge widened, grey re open, more genial. Aspen thickets of pale gold flashed upon their eyes like sunlight, and grassy bunches afforded firmer footing, but on the slopes their feet slipped and slid painfully. Still Berea kept her stride. "We must get to the middle fork before dark." she stopped to explain. "for I don't know the trail down there, and there's a lot of down timber just above the station. Now that we're cut loose from our camp I feel nervous. As long as t have a tent I am all right, but now we are in the open I worry. How are you standing it?" She studied him She studied him with keen and anxious glance, her hand upon his arm.

"Fine as a fiddle," he repiled, an suming a spirit he did not possess

"But you are shaking." "That is merely a nervous chill. I'm good for another hour. It's better to

keep moving anyhow. She thrust her hand under his cont and laid it over his beart. "You are tired out," she said, and there was have a temperature. I just feel lazy, brightly queried.

any more climbing. And, hark, there's a wolf!" He listened. "I hear blm, but we are then.

wild antmais." "Come!" she said, instantly recover ing her natural resolution. "We can't stand here. The station can't be far

## CHAPTER IX. The Other Girl.

THE girl's voice stirred the be numbed youth into action again and he followed her mechanically, often stumbling against

the trees, slipping and sliding, till at last his guide, pitching down a sharp slope, came directly upon a wire fence. "Glory be!" she called. "Here is a fence, and the cabin should be near, although I see no light. Hello! Tony!" No voice replied, and, keeping Wayland's hand, she felt her way along the fence till it revealed a gate; then she turned toward the roaring of the stream, which grew louder as they advanced. "The cabin is near the fails, that much I know," she assured him. Then a moment later she joyfully cried out, "Here it is!"

Out of the darkness a blacker, sharper shadow rose. Again she called, but no one answered. "The ranger is away," she exclaimed, in a voice of in-

This amused her. "I know, but they all sny they have to wear out their Sunday go to meeting clothes, whereas I can 'rig out proper.' I'm glad yea like my 'rig.'"

At the moment he was bent on drawing the girl's attention from Berrie. but as she went on he came to like her. She snid: "No, I don't belong here, but I come out every year during vachtion with my father. I love this country. It's so big and wide and wild. Father has built a little bungalow

down at the lower mill, and we enjoy



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their compromising intimacy, had added and was still adding to the weight of evidence against them both. The presence of the ranger or the supervisor himself could not now save Berea from the gosalps. She brought his breakfast to him and sat beside him while he ate,

every day of our stay." chatting the while of their good for-



tune. "It is glorious outside, and I am sure daddy will get across today, and Tony is certain to turn up before noon. He probably went down to Coal City to get his mail."

"I must get up at once," he said, in a panic of fear and shame. "The supervisor must not find me laid out on my back. Please leave me alone for a

ment." She went out, closing the door behind her, and as he crawled from his bed every muscle in his body seemed to cry out against being moved. Nevertheless he persisted and at last suc(Continued next Saturday.)

companion had involved him deeper in a mesh from which honorable escape was almost impossible. The ranger's cabin, so far from being an end of

"If you can't do a thing one another.

asked. "I'm awfully sorry. I'm trying to be extra quiet. I dropped a pan. How do you feel this morning?" He pondered this question a moment. "Is it tomorrow or the next week?"

next day." He laid his hands together and then feit of his pulse. "I don't seem to

anguish in her voice. "Your heart is limp and lazy, but I'm going to get pounding terribly. You mustn't do up, if you'll just leave the room for a ment"-

"Don't try it now. Wait till you have had your breakfast. You'll feel stronger

At this point came again the disturb ing realization that this night of strug gle and the ministrations of his brave

away. We must go on.'