HERE AND THERE THROUGHOUT WIDE NORTHUMBERLAND

BOIESTOWN

The weather has turned cold, and has made our roads in a very bad condition as there is neither wagoning or sleighing.

Interesting Rally Service

On Sunday afternoon at three o'clock a Rally Service was held in the Methodist church by the Union Sunday school. The program was as folloys:

Banner of the King
Hymn—God is love—by Sunday School
Responsive Reading—By school
Hymn—Father Make us Loving—By school
Speech—By Mr. Joshua McNabb
Hymn—There's a Royal Banner Given for display—by school .
Hymn—Teach me day by day
Speech—By Rev. W. Tilley, about the Standard Efficiency Test for Boys
Hymn—Land of a Birth We Pledge to Thee, and closed with National Anthem.

Miss Muriel MacMillan was the organist and did her part admirably.

On Sunday evening the text taken by Rev. Geo. W. Tilley was to explain still further Standard Efficiency Test and Boys' Words, and to publicly test Festus Sharpe.

Among the guests at Fredericton this week were Mr. and Mrs. Willis Norrad and Mr. J. Victor Norrad, who was the guest of his father-in-law, Mr. Con J. Kelly.

Bither-Moir

A pretty wedding took place at Commonwealth Ave. Houlton, when Miss Gertrude Moir, granddaughter of Mr. Alex. Moir of this place and eldest daughter of Mr. James Moir, of Boiestown, and now of Houlton, was united in marriage, to Mr. Harry Bither, Postmaster of Linmeus. The wedding took place at residence of Mrs. Alexander Bubar, grandmother of the bride. The happy couple will reside at Linneus, Me.

Enjoyable Dance

A dance was held at Forrester Hall and was much enjoyed by the young people of this place. The violinist was Mr. Weston Hickey.

Pte. John Allen of 236th Battalion was a guest at the Duffy House on Saturday evening. We hear he is fond of Ponds.

A Tame Animal Now

Mr. Wm. Green of Bloomfield has succeeded in breaking his kicking horse. He was able at last to stand on her back and fire a gun and she remained perfectly quiet. He has taken a thorough course with Mr. Barry of Maine.

Miss Alice Norrad is confined to her home with jaundice. We are glad to report her condition is somewhat improved.

Mrs. Prudence Boies who was visiting her son and daughter at Parkers Ridge, has returned to her home at R. Alex. Norrads.

Mr. Roland Hinchey has purchased a new bay mare from ex-Coun. Chas. W. Pond, and is doing a regular jobbing business.

Miss Isabelle A. Hovey from Ludlow has returned to Bloomfield to finish her sewing.

Miss Margaret Allain and her mother, were calling on friends Sunday.

Miss Carrie Ferguson had the misfortune to fall and hurt herself quite badly.

Dr. Ryan is kept very busy on account of so much sickness.

Miss Olive Norrad is confined to her home with a bealed eye.

Miss Agnes Fairley is confined to her home with jaundice.

Among the guests to town this week, were Alex. Carson, Holtville, James McKay and Everett Black of Hayesville.

Mr. Randolph Hunter has finished with the fish warden business for this year and has gone to the lumber woods at Hinchey Camp.

Mr. Adam Cowie of Parker's Ridge was calling on friends at Bloomfield Sunday.

Talked on S. S. Convention

Rev. Geo. W. Tilley and assistant, Hewlett Uptown held a very interesting talk about the Sunday school Conventions which they had attended at Bloomfield on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Charles Palmer and Elijah Price have returned home after a trip to the West.

Methodist Mission Appointments

Sunday, Dec. 10th a memorial service for Stedman Price who has lost his life in this war, at Avery's Portage, 10.30 a. m.

Taxis River—11 a. m.
Bloomfield—3 p m.
New Bandon—3 p. m.
Doaktown—7 p. m.
Holtville—7 p .m.

Tuesday, Dec. 12—McGivney Jct, 7 p. m.; Wednesday, Dec. 13—Parker's Ridge, 7.30 p m.

BURNT CHURCH

Smelt season has again opened. The fishermen report smelts scarce.

Mr. Elrey Weeks arrived home Saturday accompanied by his bride, to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weeks. The bride was formerly Miss Eva Daley, Loggieville.

Mrs A. Burr has gone south to spend the winter months. She is greatly missed by all her friends.

Red Cross Society met at the home of Mrs. Wm. Anderson this week.

Mr. Joseph McKnight spent Sunday at his home, New Jersey

Mr. and Mrs. W. J Cassidy and family, New Jersey, have moved here for the winter.

Mrs. J. Sewell and children arrived home Saturday.

Mr W. Anderson and son Gordon, motored to town Friday

(Other County News on Page 4)

TROUT BROOK

The past week has been very disagreeable owing to the thaw.

Most of the young men around are in the lumber woods, which makes it very dull just now, but cheer up, Xmas is coming.

The many friends of Mrs. Joseph Hosford, sr., will be sorry to hear she is ill. All wish for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Patrick Keys who is ill, was removed to the Hotel Dieu, Chatham, last week.

Mr. Douglas Dunnett and Miss Emaline Lumsden were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Harris of Sevogle one evening last week. We hear wedding bells in the distance.

Pte. Harvey Waye of the 236th Kilties, has returned to his battalion.

Mr. James Waye, jr. who has been working all fall with Michael O'Shaughnessy returned to his home here on account of ill health

Frank Copp who was working with Hosford and Copp Company, is home with an attack of la grippe.

Bears Around

The girls of this vicinity are glad that it is moonlight nights again, as it is said there have been bears seen

A Close Call

What might have been a serious accident occurred recently, but fortunately all serious results were averted. Miss Annie Dunnett while lighting the fire in her home one morning, being unaware of the flames caught into her stray locks, but she quenched the flames before they had done much damage.

Scalded Foot

Mrs. Mary Cain while busily cooking, seriously scalded her foot.

Mr. Odo Mullin visited friends in Sevogle on Sunday last.

Mr. Wallace Stewart has voiced his intentions of returning to friends in Lambert Lake, Maine.

Miss Mary Nowlan was visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Copp on Sunday last

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hosford visited the latter's aunt last Sunday.

Miss Annie Ashton who is staying with Mrs Jed Copp cameh ome Sunday.

Boys Like Old Country

Several letters have been received from England from the boys of the 132nd Battalion. Many have been to London, and many other places of interest. They all seem to like the Auld Country.

The Leader in His Line

Jim Street is doing a rushing business in making axe handles and peavey stalks. We guarantee he can make a dozen axe handles in less time than any other man in Trout Brook.

Another Blacksmith

The thaw has made it very slippy for the horses but it will not be necessary for horses to go slip-shod as we have the second blacksmith shop in the District.

Picking Chickens

Plucking chickens is the order of the day but it won't last long as one woman has picked nine chickens in the course of ninety minutes.

Teacher Leaving

Miss Mary Copp, teacher, has given her resignation. We are sorry to see her go as we don't know her intentions.

Mrs. Jerry Mullin who was on the sick list is able to be around again.

Miss Mollie Mullen visited Miss Annie Dunnett.

UPPER BLACKVILLE

We are having real winter weather here again. There is plenty of snow for sleighing.

Our popular fur buyer, Lester N. Arbeau, is doing a rushing business at present.

Mr. Charles Morehouse had the misfortune to lose his valuable dog. It was shot by some unknown person.

Miss Mary Arbeau spent two weeks with her niece, Mrs. Wm. Urquhart.

Mr. James Harrigan of Chelmsford was in the village Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Conners paid a visit to the Conners Bros. camp which is situated on Beaver Brook, on Wednesday last.

Mr. James Morehouse passed through here en route for Blissfield one day this week.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Vernon Peterson is confined to his home having hurt his leg very badly in the lumber woods.

Our popular station agent, Mrs. Wm. Urquhart is back again in the station. We are glad to have such a capable person as Mrs. Urpuhart has proved in the past. Mrs. Urquhart deserves credit as her husband is wearing the khaki.

We are glad that the family at Otter Brook who were sick with diphtheria are on the mendnig side.

Sleigh Overturned

On Sunday Mr Alexander Conners was driving two young ladies Misses Daisy Morehouse and Maud Hill of Newcastle from church when his horse which is a very spirited animal took fright at something and ran over a steep embankment throwing Mr. Conners and the young ladies out. Fortunately no one was injured but the sleigh was badly damaged. Messrs. Douglas and Thonas Conners arrived along and conveyed the young ladiels safely home

Mr. H.H.Lamont of Douglastown was in the village on Tuesday being the guest of James Campbell.

Mr and Mrs Chas Morehouse gave an enjoyable party in honor of their guest Rev. A. K. Dunlop. About 20 guests were entertained. The evening was spent in music and parlor games the party broke up at eleven oclock and the people went to their homes after declaring Mrs Morehouse to be a charming hostess

Christmas Sale

Santa Clause's Headquarters is as usual to be found at *MACKAY'S*. Here you will find a large and varied assortment of gifts for the whole family. See large illustrated handbill.

Christmas is but 14 Shopping Days away, so don't delay doing your Xmas Shopping

Men's and Boys Clothing

MEN'S OVERCOATS
A splendid lot of new Overcoats priced at from $8.50 upwards.

Men's Reefers and Mackinaw Coats, also Boys' Reefers and Mackinaws at lowest prices

MEN'S TIES at 25 and 35c

MEN'S SUSPENDERS at 25 and 50c

MEN'S GLOVES in Woolen or Mocha at 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HOSE, etc. at lowest price.

MEN'S SWEATERS from $1.00 up.

LADIES' SWEATERS
At all prices from $1.00 to $3.50

MISSES' SWEATERS from 75c up.

Dress Goods, Whapperettes. Waistings, Cottons, Sheetings, Towelings, Table Linens, Flannelettes, etc.. We have a very heavy stock of all these lines and are still in a position to offer them at very low prices.

A splendid range of Baby Articles, including Coats, Bootees, Mitts, Hoods and Caps, Gaiters, etc.

BLANKETS
A large stock of these on hand which we are offering at from $2.50 upwards.

BOYS' SWEATERS from 50c up.

TOY DEPARTMENT

Santa Claus is here with the greatest array of Toys and Novelties. All Made in Canada or imported from England Japan and France.

Among the hundreds of articles to be found here are:—Dolls, Horses, Trains, Doll Furniture, Beds, Brooms, Sad Irons, Wash Tubs, Boats, Building Blocks, Picture Puzzles, Swords, Guns, Cannons, Soldiers, Bugles, Drums, Horns, Surprise Boxes, Picture Books, Musical Toys, Tin Toys, Iron Toys, Banks, Squeaking Animals, Reins, Sets Tools, Paints, etc., etc.

5c, 10c, 15c and 25c Dept.

A splendid variety of useful and fancy articles can be found here. On the 25c table are such articles as:

Tea Aprons, Colored Aprons, Towels, Pillow Shams, Tray Cloths, Pad Hose Supporters, Boxes Handkerchiefs, Men's Ties in fancy boxes, Mirrors, Plaques, Clothes Brushes, Hair Brushes, Fancy China, Glass Berry Bowls, Vases, Fancy Glassware, Water Pitchers, Cake Plates, Jewel Boxes, Cuff Links, Ink Wells, Armlets, Pipe Racks, Razor Hones, Tie Racks, Lanterns, Tea Pots, Fountain Pens, Boxes Stationery, Books for Boys or Girls, etc.

A. H. MACKAY
NEWCASTLE

Mrs P. Moran and Mrs Roary Abbeau spent Wednesday in Derby.

Mr. Thomas Washburn of Forks, was in the village one day this week visiting his son Patrick.

Misses Daisy Morehouse and teacher, Miss M. Hill, were calling on Mrs. Charles Morehouse Sunday last.

Surveyor Dolan of Nelson passed through this place en route for the Forks, where he is surveying lumber for O'Brien S. Maloney.

New Bell for Zion Church

Much improvement is added to the new Zion church in the purchasing of a new bell and much credit is given Mr. Jacob Arbeau, on the successful plans he carried out in raising the money to buy the bell. Sexton Jas. Morehouse rang it for the first time last Sunday. Rev. A. K. Dunlop conducted service.

Mrs. E. Ward was the guest of Mrs. Herbert Morehouse Monday last.

Miss Helen Calford of Blackville is at present visiting Mrs. P. Moran.

Misses Katherine and Helen Campbell visited Mrs. Chester Conners Sunday last.

DOUGLASTOWN

Mrs. Ross and son Earl spent Wednesday in town, the guest of Mrs. John McKenzie.

Mr. Cummings Reid and sister, Miss Annie, of Newcastle, spent Thursday in town the guests of Mrs. Jas. Buie.

Mr. R. H. Jessamine left for Moncton on Thursday to attend the Grand Division S. of T.

Miss Etta Simpson of Chatham, spent the week-end with her cousin, Miss Eliza Simpson.

Miss Eliza and Amanda Barron of Lower Derby, visited their sister, Mrs. William Cassie on Saturday.

Miss Annie Russell visited her sister, Mrs. Elmer Wood on Saturday.

Mrs. Elmer Wood and children spent the week-end with her parents in Newcastle.

Mr. Walter McKenzie of Nelson, spent Sunday in Douglastown.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Patterson of Nelson, were in town on Sunday.

Miss Maggie Kirkpatrick is visiting her aunt in Dery Junction.

Miss Mayme Mullin of Newcastle visited friends on Monday.

Mr. Alex. Buie spent Sunday in town the guest of his brother, Mr. James Buie.

SACRED CONCERT

A very enjoyable Sacred Concert was given by the choir of St. Mark's Presbyterian church, Douglastown, Sunday night, proceeds to purchase new music. The performance was excellent and the audience large. The programme was as follows:

Anthem—All Hail the Power—by choir,
Solo—H. A. Shaw.
Mixed Quartette—God Bless the Prince of Wales," —by Mrs. C. Jardine, Miss A .Morrison, A. C. Russell, J. Lamont.
Anthem by choir—"When the Lord Shall Build up Zion."
Male Quartette—"Unto the Hills," —by H. A. Shaw, A. C. Russell, A. E. Shaw and J. Lamont
Remarks—Rev. Mr. Firth
Organ Solo—by Miss Ruby Haviland and collection.
Mixed Quartette—Come Unto Me—Mrs. D. Atkinson, Miss A. Morrison, A. C. Russell, A. E. Shaw
Solo—A. Cassie
Duet—H. A. Shaw, A. C. Russell
Male Quartette—"The Church in the Vale"—A. C. Russell, H. A. Shaw, J. Lamont and A. E. Shaw
Anthem by choir—"Ye Shall Dwell in the Land."
God Save the King.

Miss Ruby Haviland was accompanist.

HONOR ROLL OF ST. MARK'S, DOUGLASTOWN

The following Honor Roll of the members of its congregation who have gone overseas, has been unrolled in St. Mark's Presbyterian church, Douglastown:

Chesley K. Gray,
Sterling Wood,
Willis McKenzie,
John Mather, jr.
Samuel Mather,
William Moore,
George Johnston
J. Graham McKnight,
F. W. Benn,
Arthur Jardine,
William Bransfield,
Ernest Cameron,
James Henderson,
Percy Henderson,
Edward McKenzie
Fred Stothart,
Perley Roy,
Andrew Cowie,
John Mather, sr.
Clair Geikie,
Dudley McCosh,
Allen Bass.

The river is again entirely open, but the steamers Alexandria and Miramich have been off the route since Saturday. The lower ferry is, however, running the same as usual, and the Miramichi Lumber Co.'s boat carries the workmen to and from the Rossing mill across the river, where a ship was loaded early in the week, and a few are still employed.

(Other County News on Page 4)

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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(Continued)

"If red-blooded be evidenced mainly by lacking of self control, perhaps I have not. Yet there are men that I have met that would not need to apologize for their qualities even to you, Mr. James Armstrong."

"Don't say that. Evidently I make but poor progress in my wooing. Never have I met with a woman quite like you"—and in that indeed lay some of her charm, and she might have replied in exactly the same language and with exactly the same meaning to him—"I am no longer a boy. I must be fifteen years older than you are, for I am thirty-five."

The difference between their years was not quite so great as he declared, but womanlike the girl let the statement pass unchallenged.

"And I wouldn't insult your intelligence by saying you are the only woman that I have ever made love to, but there is a vast difference between making love to a woman and loving one. I have just found that out for the first time. I marvel at the past, and I am ashamed of it, but I thank God that I have been saved for this opportunity. I want to win you, and I am going to do it, too. In many things I don't match up with the people with whom you train. I was born out here, and I've made myself. There are things that have happened in the making that I am not especially proud of, and I am not at all satisfied with the results, especially since I have met you. The better I know you the less pleased I am with Jim Armstrong, but there are possibilities in me, I rather believe, and with you for inspiration, God!"—the man flung out his hand with a fine gesture of determination. "They say that the east and west don't naturally mingle, but it's a lie; you and I can beat the world."

The woman thrilled to his gallant wooing. Any woman would have done so; some of them would have lost their heads, but Enid Maitland was an exceedingly cool young person, for she was not quite swept off her feet, and did not quite lose her balance.

"I like to hear you say things like that," she answered. "Nobody quite like you has ever made love to me, and certainly not in your way, and that's the reason I have given you a half way promise to think about it. I was sorry that you could not be with us on this adventure, but now I am rather glad, especially if the even temper of my way is to be interrupted by anything like the outburst of a few minutes since."

"I am glad, too," admitted the man. "For I declare I couldn't help it. If I have to be with you either you have got to be mine or else you would have to decide that it could never be, and then I'd go off and fight it out."

"Leave me to myself," said the girl earnestly "for a little while; it's best so; I would not take the finest, noblest man on earth—"

"And I am not that."

"Unless I loved him. There is something very attractive about your personality; I don't know in my heart whether it is that, or—"

"Good," said the man, as she hesitated. "That's enough." He gathered up the reins and whirled his horse suddenly in the road. "I am going back. I'll wait for your return to Denver, and then—"

"That's best," answered the girl.

She stretched out her hand to him, leaning backward. If he had been a different kind of a man he would have kissed it; as it was he took it in his own hand and almost crushed it with a fierce grip.

"We'll shake on that, little girl," he said, and then without a backward glance he put spurs to his horse and galloped furiously down the road.

No, she decided then and there, she did not love him, not yet. Whether she ever would she could not tell. And yet she was half bound to him. The recollection of his kiss was not altogether a pleasant memory; he had not done himself any good by that bold assault upon her modesty, that reckless attempt to rifle the treasure of her lips. No man had ever really touched her heart, although many had engaged her interest. Her experience therefore was not definitive or conclusive. If she had truly loved James Armstrong, in spite of all that she might have said, she would have thrilled to the remembrance of that wild caress. The chances, therefore, were somewhat heavily against him that morning as he rode down the trail alone.

His experiences in love affairs were much greater than hers. She was by no means the first woman he had kissed—remember, suspicious reader, that he was not from Philadelphia—hers were not the first ears into which he had poured passionate protestations. He was neither better nor worse than most men, perhaps he fairly enough represented the average; but surely fate had something better in store for such a superb woman. A girl of such attainments and such infinite possibilities, she must mate higher than with the average man. Perhaps there was a subconsciousness of this in her mind as she silently waited to be overtaken by the rest of the party.

There were curious glances and strange speculations in that little company as they saw her sitting her horse alone. A few moments before James Armstrong had passed them at a gallop, he had waved his hand as he dashed by and had smiled at them, hope giving him a certain assurance, although his confidence was scarcely warranted by the facts.

His demeanor was not in consonance

He Crushed Her to Him and Kissed Her.

with Enid's somewhat grave and somewhat troubled present aspect. She threw off her preoccupation instantly and easily, however, and joined readily enough in the merry conversation of the way.

Mr. Robert Maitland, as Armstrong has said, had known him from a boy. There were things in his career of which Maitland did not and could not approve, but they were of the past, he reflected, and Armstrong was after all a pretty good sort. Mr. Maitland's standards were not at all those of his Philadelphia brother, but they were very high. His experiences of men had been different; he thought that Armstrong, having certainly by this time reached years of discretion, could be safely entrusted with the precious treasure of the young girl who had been committed to his care, and for whom his affection grew as his knowledge of and acquaintanceship with her increased.

As for Mrs. Maitland and the two girls and the youngster, they were Armstrong's devoted friends. They knew nothing about his past, indeed there were things in it of which Maitland himself was ignorant, and which had they been known to him might have caused him to withhold even his tentative acquiescence in the possibilities.

Most of these things were known to old Kirkby, who with masterly skill, amusing nonchalance and amazing profanity, albeit most of it under his breath lest he shock the ladies, tooled along the four nervous, excited bronchos that drew the big supply wagon. Kirkby was Maitland's oldest and most valued friend. He had been the latter's deputy sheriff, he had been a cowboy and a lumberman, a mighty hunter and a successful miner, and now, although he had acquired a reasonable competence, and had a nice little wife and a pleasant home in the mountain village at the entrance to the canon, he drove stage for pleasure rather than for profit. He had given over his daily twenty-five mile jaunt from Morrison to Troutdale to other hands for a short space that he might spend a little time with his old friend and the family who were all greatly attached to him on this outing.

Enid Maitland, a girl of a kind that Kirkby had never seen before, had won the old man's heart during the weeks spent on the Maitland ranch. He had grown fond of her, and he did not think that Mr. James Armstrong merited that which he evidently so overwhelmingly desired. Kirkby was well along in years, but he was quite capable of playing a man's game for all that, and he intended to play it in this instance.

Nobody scanned Enid Maitland's face more closely than he, sitting humped up on the front seat of the wagon, one foot on the high break, his head sunk almost to the level of his knee, his long whip in his hand, his keen and somewhat fierce brown eyes taking in every detail of what was going on about him. Indeed there was but little that came before him that old Kirkby did not see.

CHAPTER III.

The Story and the Letters.

Imagine, if you please, the forest primeval; yes, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks of the poem as well, by the side of a rapidly rushing mountain torrent fed by the eternal snows of the lofty peaks of the great range. A level stretch of grassy land where a mountain brook joined the creek was dotted with clumps of pines and great boulders rolled down from the everlasting hills—half an acre of open clearing. On the opposite side of the brook the canon wall rose almost sheer for perhaps five hundred feet, ending in jagged, needle-edged pinnacles of rock, sharp, picturesque and beautiful. A thousand feet above ran the timber line, and four thousand feet above that the crest of the greatest peak in the main range.

The white tents of the little encampment which had gleamed so brightly in the clear air and radiant sunshine of Colorado, now stood dim and ghostlike in the red reflection of a huge campfire. It was the evening of the first day in the wilderness.

For two days since leaving the wagon, the Maitland party with its long train of burros heavily packed, its horsemen and the steady plodders on foot, had advanced into unexplored and almost inaccessible retreats of the mountains—into the primitive indeed! In this delightful spot they had pitched their tents and the permanent camp had been made. Wood was abundant, the water at hand was as cold as ice, as clear as crystal and as soft as milk. There was pasturage for the horses and burros on the other side of the mountain brook. The whole place was a little amphitheater which humanity occupied perhaps the first time since creation.

Unpacking the burros, setting up the tents, making the camp, building the fire, had used up the late remainder of the day which was theirs when they had arrived. Opportunity would come tomorrow to explore the country, to climb the range, to try the stream that tumbled down a succession of waterfalls to the right of the camp and roared and rushed merrily around its feet until, swelled by the volume of the brook, it lost itself in tree-clad depths far beneath. Tonight rest after labor, tomorrow play after rest.

The evening meal was over. Enid could not help think with what scorn and contempt her father would have regarded the menu, how his gorge would have risen—hers, too, for that matter!—had it been placed before him on the old colonial mahogany of the dining-room in Philadelphia. But up there in the wilds she had eaten the coarse homely fare with the zest and relish of the most seasoned rangers of the hills. Anxious to be of service, she had burned her hands and smoked her hair and scorched her face by usurping the functions of the young ranchman who had been brought along as cook, and had actually fried the bacon herself! Imagine a goddess with a frying pan! The black thick coffee and the condensed milk, drunk from the granite ware cup, had a more delicious aroma and a more delightful taste than the finest Mocha and Java in the daintiest porcelain of France. Optimum condimentum. The girl was frankly ravenously hungry, the air, the altitude, the exertion, the excitement made her able to eat anything and enjoy it.

She was gloriously beautiful, too; even her brief experience in the west had brought back the missing roses to her cheek, and had banished the bistre circles from beneath her eyes. Robert Maitland, lazily reclining propped up against a boulder, his feet to the fire, smoking an old pipe that would have given his brother the horrors, looked with approving com-

She Actually Fried the Bacon Herself.

placency upon her, confident and satisfied that his prescription was working well. Nor was he the only one who looked at her that way. Marion and Emma, his two daughters, worshipped their handsome Philadelphia cousin and they sat one on either side of her on the great log lying between the tents and the fire. Even Bob Junior condescended to give her approving glances. The whole camp was at her feet. Mrs. Maitland had been greatly taken by her young niece. Kirkby made no secret of his devotion, Arthur Bradshaw and Henry Philips, each a "tenderfoot" of the extremist character, friends of business connections in the east, who were spending their vacation with Maitland, shared in the general devotion; to say nothing of George the cook and Pete, the packer and horse wrangler.

Philips, who was an old acquaintance of Enid's, had tried his luck with her back east and had sense enough to accept as final his failure. Bradshaw was a solemn young man without that keen sense of humor which was characteristic of the west. The others were suitably dressed for adventure, for Bradshaw's idea of an appropriate costume was distinguished chiefly by long green felt puttees which swathed his huge calves and excited curious inquiry and ribald comment from the surprised denizens of each mountain hamlet through which they had passed, to all of which Bradshaw remained serenely oblivious. The young man, who does enter especially into this tale, was a vestryman of the church in his home in the suburbs of Philadelphia. His piety had been put to a severe strain in the mountains.

That day everybody had to work on the trail—everybody wanted to for that matter. The hardest labor consisted in the driving of the burros. Unfortunately there was no good and trained leader among them through an unavoidable mistake, and the campers had great difficulty in keeping the burros on the trail. To Arthur Bradshaw had been allotted the most obstinate, cross-grained and determined of the unruly band, and old Kirkby and George paid particular attention to instructing him in the gentle art of manipulating him over the rocky mountain trail.

"Wall," said Kirkby with his somewhat languid, drawling, nasal voice, "that there burro's like a ship w'ich I often seed 'em w'en I was a kid down east afore I come out to God's country. Nature has pervided 'em with a kind of a hellum. I remember if you wanted the boat to go to the right you shoved the hellum over to the left. Sta'boad an' port was the terms as I recollects 'em. It's jest the same with burros, you takes 'em by the tiller, that's by the tail, git a good tight twist on it an' ef you want him to head to the right, slew his stern sheets around to the left, an' you gets to be keerful you don't git no kick back w'ich ef it lands on you is worse 'n the ree-coil of a mule."

Arthur faithfully followed directions, narrowly escaping the outrageous brute's small but sharp pointed heels on occasion. His efforts not being productive of much success, finally in his despair he resorted to brute strength; he would pick the little animal up bodily, pack and all—he was a man of powerful physique—and swing him around until his head pointed in

(To be continued)