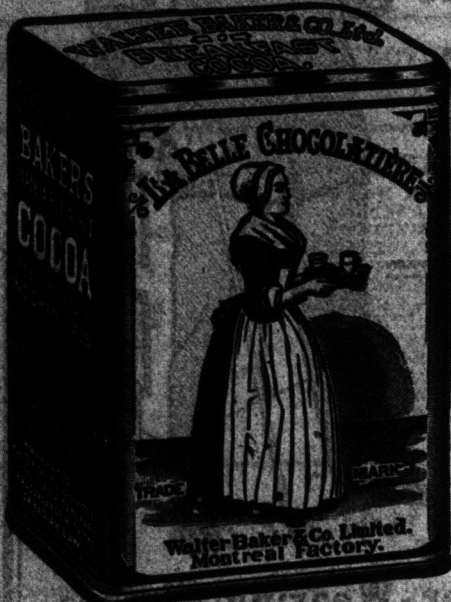


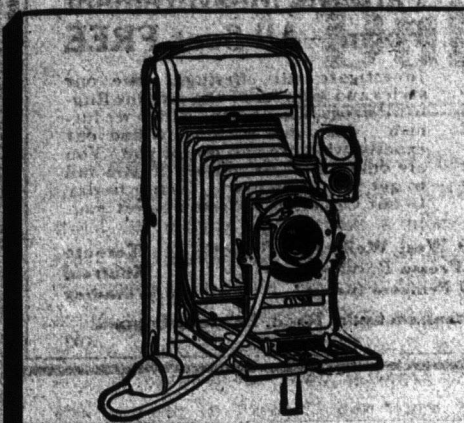
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The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by PostTrade"



He came out on a river which he recognized as the Big Smokey.

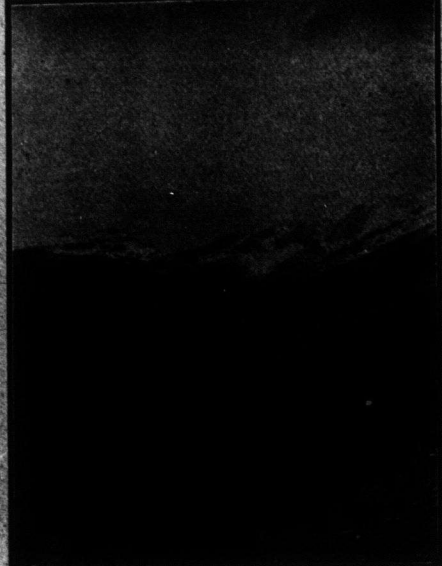
he was blocked by a river across which was an immense jam of logs and fallen lumber that looked as if it had been accumulating for years. He had come outside the first track. He attempted the crossing, though as he had no tools with him it was a perilous and difficult task.

His delight was unbounded when on reaching the opposite shore, he found two trails, one of which was fairly well beaten. It was this Inner Trail that was to be the gateway to his heart's desire.

Wearily, hungry, footsore, and with his uniform sadly frayed, he started out to follow it. Some time after he came out on a river which he recognized as the Big Smokey. The trail led on around a bend, where a cable was stretched across the river. Yet further, and he saw teepees and a tent. He stopped to rest and repaired his uniform as best he could. Advancing to the main tent at nightfall, he crept up and covered its occupants just as all the dogs in camp suddenly became aware of his presence.

At last, though Merrill scarcely could realize it, he faced the long lost man. His air of sullen caution and his furtive glances showed that the visit of the red-coat was hardly an agreeable one.

Still covering him, for fear he would flee away, Merrill explained to him that his partner had confessed to the embezzlement that the lost man had been suspected of and proved to him that as an innocent man it was his duty to return to his relatives, especially to the sister whose life was being marred by his absence.



Then he was balked; all traces disappeared.

The man agreed to accompany Merrill to the next post, though he had become so suspicious of his fellow-men that he believed the constable was deceiving him, and that he would be punished for a crime which he was innocent of, though the victim of circumstantial evidence. Once at the post, however, Merrill furnished his proofs, and the lost man admitted his identity, shaved and otherwise prepared to return to the outside.

Miss Martyn was at home, trying to read in the library the latest book, but her thoughts refused to dwell on the story. Not a line during his absence had she had from Merrill, though through other sources she had discovered his mission, and somehow she felt that he would not come back to her until he was successful.

At that moment she heard the door bell ring, and sat almost rigid as Merrill asked for her. She heard his spurs on the stairs and closed her eyes. He paused at the door a moment—the open fire, the girl, beautiful as ever, albeit thinner and paler, her white laces touched with the ruddy glow seemed the fitting sequel to the parting by the dying embers of the other fire, and the last line of the hymn that had been the beginning of all things flashed across his mind, as he thought of the personality of the two who had crossed his life.

"To that brightest of all meetings,
Bring us Jesus Christ at last."
Then he went in.

Make Way for the Young.

By Henry B. Fuller.

OF the twenty and more type-setters in the composing room of the Semicolon, the youngest and sprightliest was Frank Parlow. Daily, for the allotted number of hours, he would chasten his nimble spirit by a sturdy clanking at his linotype, as he reduced to print the innumerable small scraps of manuscript that reached him from the copy chopper. His recompense came later. Then he would light a little black pipe, unfold the perfected issue of the day's endeavor, bring down his cocky gray eye to a narrow squint, and treat himself—in a tone of airy tolerance that was but one remove from cynicism—to a review of the crudities, futilities, and insincerities of the "high-brows" downstairs. His comments were always tart and jocular and were frequently enough to the point.

These comments fell, as often as elsewhere, upon the head of Leopold Golson. Golson was one of the editorial writers and was responsible for the make up of the editorial page. He was a tall, lean man of saffron complexion and atrabilious temperament, and passed for a philosophical anarchist. It was the torment of his life that the Semicolon would not permit him an adequate expression of his ideas; and it was the

chief joy of his none too happy existence to circumvent, wherever the least opportunity offered, that unwary man, his employer.

This individual—known to varying departments of the business as the "old man" and the "lord proprietor"—was a representative of the capitalistic class. He addressed the prosperous and the satisfied, and his paper upheld the status quo. The tariff could not be disturbed; the railroads could do no wrong. His richly appointed office, to which few of his employees ever penetrated, took cognizance of the many interests beyond those of mere newspaper routine, and often knew private conferences with personages whom more radical journals handled with but scant respect.

In these circumstances Golson did the best he could. If instructions were positive, he would be as bourgeoisie and reactionary as possible—only to upset the apple cart slyly in his concluding paragraph. If his proprietor were absent from town for a day or two, the other members of the staff kept their eyes open for a subversive germ set here or a revolutionary petard planted there. If warned or cautioned, the hapless man would take refuge in subjects that were altogether nugatory, and would treat them with an anaemic aestheticism than which nothing could have been more futile. He was too clever and well-informed to be dismissed, and so averse to change as



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