THE .

A Romance of the Bear **Tooth Range** By HAMLIN GARLAND

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the party, a middle aged, rather person, just being eased down from her horse, turned on Berrie with a bat-tery of questions. "Good Lord! Berrie McParlane, what are you doing over in this forsaken hole? Where's your dad? And where is Tony? If Chif

in and get some coffee,

reled, for she treated the girl with maternal familiarity. She was a good naa most renowned tattler, and the girl 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 attention by saying. "It's plain that you. like myself, do not belong to these parts, Miss Moore." "What makes you think so?" she

brightly queried. "Your costume is too appropriate Haven't von noticed that the

Sunday go to meeting clothes, whereas I can 'rig out proper.' I'm glad you like my 'rig.'"

At the moment he was bent on drawing the girl's attention from Berrie, on as she went on he came to like her. She said: "No, I don't belong here but I come out every year during vaca-tion with my father. I love this coun-try. It's so big and wide and wild. Father has built a little bungalow lows at the lower mill, and we enjoy every day of our stay." fou're a Smith girl," he abrupth

the delicity of the state of th

parase was unfortunate. I girls," he hastened to say, we minutes they were on lest terms—talking of mu equilibrances a fact which both pured and burt Berea. Their laughte them and detected Siona lookin Wayland's face with coquettis she was embittered. She was did not relax, though he

ered the dangers of cross exammas mistaken, for no sooner was seen edge of Mrs. Belden's hunger led than her curiosity sharpened. re did you say the supervisor

" she repeated.
he horses got away, and he had to
ack after them," again responded
he, who found the scrutiny of the

er girl deeply disconcerting.
When do you expect him back?"
Any minute sow," she replied, a his she was not deceiving them, alormation which might embareither Wayland or herself. ross tried to create a divers this a charming valley?"

na took up the cue. "Isn't tt? Stone took up the cue. "Isn't ft? t's romantic enough to be the backrop in a Bret Harte play. I love it?"
Moore turned to Wayland. "I know Noccous. a Michigan lumberman, its president of the association. Is e by any chance a relative?"
"Only a father," retorted Wayland, with a smile. "But don't hold me re-

e for anything he has done

ot lost upon Siona, who ceased het inter and studied the young man with seper interest, while Mrs. Belden, de-cting some restraint in Berrie's tone, newed her questioning, "Where did up last night?" "Right here."

"I don't see how the horses got away. There's a pasture here, for we rode right through it."

Berrie was aware that each moment of delay in explaining the situation looked like evasion and deepened the significance of her predicament, and yet she could not bring herself to the task of minutely accounting for he time during the last two days.

Belden came to her relief. ell we'll have to be moving on. We're going into camp at the mouth of the west fork," he said as he rose. "Pell Tony and the supervisor that we tiest possible moment."

soldier. I am on duty. I'm not at all sure that I shall have a moment's eave, but I will call if I can possibly

They started off at last without having learned in detail anything of the intimate relationship into which the supervisor's daughter and young Norcess had been thrown, and Mrs. Beln was still so much in the dark that called to Berrie: "I'm going to send word to Cliff that you are over here. He'll be crazy to come the min-

"Don't do that!" protested Berrie.
Wayland turned to Berrie. "Phat asant," be said smilingly. would be pleasant." he said smilingly.
But she did not return his smile. On
the contrary, she remained very grave.
"I wish that old talebearer had kept away. She's going to make trouble for us all. And that girl, isn't she a

"Why, what's wrong with ber? She

secretly suffering. It hurt her to think that he could forget his aches and be so free and easy with a stranger at a moment's notice. Under the influence of that girl's smile be seemed to have quite forgotten his exhaustion and his pain. It was wonderful how cheerful he had been while she was in sight.

In all this Berrie did him an injustice. He had been keenly conscious, during every moment of the time, not only of his bodily ills, but of Berrie and he had kept a brave face in order that he might prevent further ques tioning on the part of a malicious girl. it was his only way of being beroic. Now that the crisis was passed he was CHAPTER X.

Further Perplexities. ERCEIVING Wayland's return set to work preparing dinner. "There is no telling when father will get here," she said. "And Tony will be hungry when he comes. Lie down

to the bunk, at once fell asleep. How long he slept he could not tell, but he was awakened by the voice of the

about thirty-five, plainly of the fron-tier type, but a man of intelligence. At the end of a brief explanation Berand bring our camp outfit down. can't go back that way anyhow." The ranger glanced toward Wayland. "All right, Miss Berrie, but perhaps

your tenderfoot needs a doctor."

Wayland rose painfully, but resolutely. "Oh, no, I am not sick. I'm a lit-



tle lame, that's all. I'll go along with

"No," said Berrie decisively. "You're not well enough for that. Get up your horses, Tony, and by that time I'll have some dinner ready."
"All right, Miss Berrie," replied the

man and turned away. Hardly had he crossed the bridge on his way to the pasture when Berrie cried out, "There comes daddy."

Wayland joined her at the door and stood beside her watching the supervisor as he came zigzagging down the steep hill to the east with all his horses trailing behind him roped to-gether head to tail. "He's had to come round by Lost

lake," she exclaimed. "He'll be tired out and absolutely starved Wahoo!"

Well, now, daughter, that being the case, it's all the more certain that he don't belong to our world, and you

a dere was something superb in the day's work, and when he reined in beore the door and dropped from his

"All right, daddy. But what ab you? Where have you been?" "Clean back to Mill park. The plamed cayuses kept just ahead of all the way."

"Poor old dad! And on top of that Old Baldy took a notion not to lead. Oh. I've had a peach of a time, but here I am, Have you seen Moore and

his party?" He and Alec Belden and two women. Are you hungry?"

"Am I hungry? Sister, I am a wolf. Norcross, take my borses down to the

sed up. You see, we started down tere into yesterday afternoon. If was aining and horribly muddy, and I took

Wayland acknowledged his weak-McFarlane was quick to u

"I didn't intend to pitchfork you into the forest life quite so suddenly," he said. "Don't give up yet awhile. You'll "Here comes Tony," said Berrie.

"He'll look after the ponies." Nevertheless Wayland went out, believing that Berrie wished to be alone with her father for a short time. As he took his seat McFarlage said: "You stayed in camp till yesterday aft-

ernoon. did you?" "Yes, we were expecting you every He saw nothing in this to re

apon. "Did it snow at the lake?" "Yes. a little: it mostly rained." "It stormed up on the divide the a January blizzard. When did Moore and his party arrive?"

"About 10 o'clock this morning." "I'll ride right up and see them. What about the outfit? That's at the lake, [reckon?"

"Yes, I was just sending Tony after.
But, father, if you go up to Moore's when you took the back trail and just how long Wayland and I were in "Why not?"

She reddened with confusion. "Be cause— You know what an old gossip Mrs. Belden is. I don't want ber know. She's an awful talker, and our being together up there all that time will give her a chance."

rain. In the midst of his preoccupation as a forester he suddenly be the father. His eyes narrowed and his face darkened. "That's so. old rip could make a whole lot of capital out of your being left in camp that way. At the same time I don't speak up and say, "Never mind, I'm believe in dodging. The worst thing the trail. Was Tony here last night

when you came?" "No: he was down the valley after his mail." His face darkened again. "That's another piece of bad luck too. How

much does the old woman know at "Nothing at all." "Didn't she cross examine you?"

"Sure she did, but Wayland side tracked her. Of course it only delays things. She'll know all about it sooner or later. She's great at putting two

and two together. Two and two with her always make five." "See here, daughter, you do seem to be terribly interested in this tourist." won't help any. When the seem to be terribly interested in this tourist." who you were?"

"I didn't think it necessary. What difference does it make? I have nothing glance. "He isn't your kind, daughter. He's a nice clean boy, but he's different. He don't belong in our not mine."

body could have been nicer all through these days than he has been. He was

McFariane fixed a keen glance upon Her eyes fell. "Not the way you mean, daddy, but I think be-likes me. But do you know who he is? He's the son of W. W. Norcross, that big Michigan lumberman."

know that?" "Mr. Moore asked him if he was any relation to W. W. Norcross, and he said. 'Yes, a son.' You should have the topic." seen how that Moore girl changed her tune the moment he admitted that. that time. But when she found out ful he was a rich man's son she became as quiet and innocent as a kitten. I hate her! She's a deceitful snip!"

"Well now danghter that being the

don't belong to our world, and you

th't ux your mind on keeping

"I know I did. But I despise him Berrie insisted that her father and Wayland occupy the bunk."

"Poor Cliff! But the thing we've got to guard against is old lady Belden's or said: "Let her alone. She's better tongue. She and that Belden gung have it in for me and all the said able to sleep on the floor than alone. kept them from open was has been Cliff's relationship to you. They'll take a keen delight in making the worst of all this camping business." McFarlane was now very grave. "I wish your mother was here this min-ute. I guess we had better cut out this timber cruise and go right back."

would only make more talk. Go on with your plans. I'll stay here with you. It won's take you but a couple of days to do the work, and Wayland ds the rest."

"But suppose Cliff hears of this business between you and Norcross and comes galloping over the ridge?" "Well, let him. He has no claim on

rose uneasily. "It's all mighty y business, and it's my fault. I tart on this trip.

"Don't you worry about me, daddy.
Pil pull through somehow. Anybody
that knows me will understand how little there is in-in old lady Belden's I've had a beautiful trip, and I won't let her nor anybody else spoil it

Wayland was down on the bridge eaning over the rail listening to the ong of the water.

McFarlane approached gravely, but

when he spoke it was in his asual soft monotone. "Mr. Norcross," he began, with candid inflection, "I am very sorry to say it, but I wish you and my daughter had never started "I know what you mean, supervisor,

omplication as this, but now that we are snarled up in it we'll have to make the best of it. No one of us is to blame. At was all accidental." The youth's frank words, and his

sympathetic voice disarmed McFarane completely. Even the slight resentment be felt melted away. "It's no use saying "it." he remarked at length: "What we've got to meet is Seth Beiden's report—Berrie has cut loose from Cliff, and be's red headed already. When he drops on to this story, when he learns that I had to chase back after the horses and that you and Berrie were alone together for three days, he'll have a fine club to swing, and be'll swing it, and Ale will help him. They're all waiting a chance to get me, and they're mean

enough to get me through my girl."
"What can I do?" asked Wayland. McFarlane pondered. "Til try to head of Marm Belden and I'll bave a with Moore. He's a pretty rea-

onable chap."
"But you forget there's another tale Moore's daughter is with "That's so. I'd forgotten her, Good

Lord, we are in for it! There's no use trying to cover anything up."
Here was the place for Norcross

going to ask Berrie to be my wife"

in his throat which prevented speech. A strange repugnance, a kind of sul-len resentment at being forced into a deciaration kept him silent, and Mc-Fariane, disappointed, wondering and hurt, kept stience also. Norcross was the first to speak. "Of

course those who know your daughter will not listen for an instant to the story of an unclean old thing like Mrs.

"I'm not so sure about that," re plied the father gloomily. "People al-ways listen to such stories, and a girl McFarlane mused. "Cliff will be plumb crazy if she gets his ear first."

"I don't care anything about Cliff, daddy. I don't care what he thinks or does if he will only let Wayland alone."

"See here, daughter, you do seem to be terribly interested in this tourist." always gets the worst of a situation

He looked at her with the source of the sour

she has been very sweet and lovely to her. "Has he said anything to you! me. and it breaks my heart to think that her kindness and your friendship should bring all this trouble and picion upon her. Let's go up to the Moore camp and have it out with them. I'H make any statement you think

gan lumberman."

"I reckon the less said about it the better," responded the older man. "I'm better," responded the older man. "I'm going up to the camp, but not to talk about my daughter." "How can you help it? They'll force

"If they do I'll force them to let it She'd been very free with bim up to went away disappointed and sorrow alone," retorted McFarlane, but he

not improved.

haid peevishly. "I lied out of one night, but they know that you were here last night. Of course they were respectful enough so long as I had an eye on them, but their tongues are wagging

able to sleep on the floor than either

of his bruised and aching body, lace beside the stove. It seemed pitifully uninst that she should have this physical hardship in addition to her measiness of mind.

Berea suffered a restless night. ost painful and broken she had iged that Siona Moore was prettie nd that she stood more nearly Vaviand's plane than herself, but the enlization of this fact did not bring der. She was not of that tem er. All her life she had been called erate women, and she had no intention of yielding her place to a pert coight say.

Wayland," she decided. "I know what She is trying to get him away from me.

The more she dwelt on this the hotter her jealous fever burned. The floor on which she lay was full of knots. She could not lose herself in sleep, tired as she was. The planks no longer turned their soft spots to her flesh, and he rolled from side to side in torment. Her plan of action was simple. "I shall go home tomorrow and take Wayland with me. I will not have him going with that girl: that's set

The hard trip of the day before had seemingly done him no permanent injury On the contrary, a few hours' had almost restored him to his normal self. "Tomorrow he will be sble to ride again." And this thought reconciled her to her hard bed. She did not look beyond the long, delicious day which they must spend in returning to the Springs.

She fell asleep at last and was awak-

ened only by her father tinkering about CHAPTER XI.

The Camp on the Pass. As soon as she was alone with her father Berrie said, "I'm going home today, dad." "Going home! What for?" He glanced at her bed on the I can't say I blame you any."

oor," she replied. "But I want to get ack. I don't want to meet those men. Another thing, you'd better use Mr. Norcross at the Springs instead of leaving him here with Tony."

Well, he isn't quite well enough to run the risk. It's a long way from re to a doctor."

"He 'pears to be on deck this morn-ng. Besides, I haven't anything in office to offer him? "Then send him up to Meeker. Landon needs help, and he's a better for-

ester than Tony anyway." Tony and a much better forester. I thought of sending Norcross up there at first, but he told me that Frank and his gang had it in for him. Of course he's only nominally in the service, but

want him to begin right." Berrie went further. "I want him to ride back with me today." He looked at her with grave inquiry. "Do you think that a wise thing to do?

Won't that make more talk?" We'll start early and ride straight "You'll have to go by Lost lake, and

that means a long, hard hike. Can he "If I find we can't make it I'll pul to a ranch. But I'm sure we can." When Wayland came in the supervisor inquired. "Do you feel able to ride back over the hill today?"

"Entirely so. It isn't the riding that ses me up, it is the walking, and, bemust obey orders—especially orders to

They breakfasted hurriedly and hile McFarlane and Tony were thus side by side, she recovered her dominion over him and at the same time regained her own cheerful

self confidence.
"You're a wonder!" he exclaimed as he watched her deft adjustment of the dishes and furniture. "You're ambi-

dextrous." laughingly replied. "A feller must play all the parts when be's up here." It was still early morning as they

mounted and set off up the trail, but Moore's camp was astir, and as Me-Farlane turned in-much against Berrie's will-the lumberman and his daughter both came out to meet them. 'Come in and have some breakfast," said Siona, with cordial inclusiveness. while her eyes met Wayland's glance with mocking glee.

"Thank you." said McFarlane, "we can't stop. I'm going to set my daugh-

cer over the divide. She has had enough camping, and Norcross is pretty well battered up, so I'm going to help them across. I'll be buck tonight and we'll take our turn up the valley morrow Nash will he have then."

Berrie did not mind her futfiers explanation. On the contrary, she took a distinct pleasure in letting the other girl know of the long and intimate day she was about to spend with her

appointment, expressed polite regret. "I hope you won't get storm bound." she said, showing her white teeth in a meaning smile.

"If there is any sign of a storm won't cross." declared McFarlane "We're going round by the lower pass anyhow. If I'm not here by dark you may know I've stayed to set 'em down

There was charm in Siona's alert poise and in the neatness of her camp dress. Her dainty tent, with its stook but a park. She reminded Norcross of the troops of tourists of the Tyrol, and her tent was of a kind to be with the tea houses on the path to the summit of the Matterhorn. Then, too something triumphantly feminine shop



in her bright eyes and glowed in her softly rounded cheeks. Her hand was little and pointed, not fitted like Berrie's for tightening a cinch or wielding an ax, and as he said "Goodby" he added, "I hope I shall see you again soon," and at the moment he meant it.
"We'll return to the Springs in a few
days," she replied. "Come and see us.

the river. And you too," she address Berrie, but her tone was so convention ally polite that the ranch girl, bur

McFarlane led the way to the lake rapidly and in silence. The splendors of the foliage, subdued by the rains; he grandeur of the peaks, the song of nothing but a big, clumsy, coarse handed skirt and her man's shoes had been made hateful to her by that sn ster than Tony anyway." made hateful to her by that smug, sheer cliffs on their shadowed sides "I don't know but you're right. Langraceful, play acting tourist with the were violently purple. Everywhere the cool, keen eyes and smirking lips. "She landscape exhibited crashing contrast pretends to be a kitten, but she isn't of primary pigments which bit into accused, but she could not deny the tial band.

charm of her personality.

Wayland was forced to acknowledge hat Berrie in this dark mood was not the delightful companion she had hith-erto been. Something sweet and con-fiding had gone out of their relation-ship, and he was too keen witted not to know what it was. He estimated precisely the value of the malicious parting words of Siona Moore.

That Berrie was suffering and that her jealor ! touchingly proved the depth of h.r love for him brought no elation, only perplexity. He was not seeking such devotion. As a companon on the trail she had been a joy; as jealous sweetheart she was less ad-nirable. He realized perfectly that this return journey was of her arrangement, not McFarlane's, and, white he was not resentful of her care, he was in doubt of the outcome. It hurried him into a further intimacy which might prove embarrassing.

At the camp by the lake the et visor became sharply command "Now, let's throw these packs on live-ly. It will be slippery on the high trail, and you'll just naturally have to hit leather hard and keep jouncing if you reach the wagon road before dark. But you'll make it." "Make it!" said Berrie. "Of course

ve'll make it. Don't you worry about hat for a minute. Once I get out of the green timber the dark won't worry ne. We'll push right through." In packing the camp stuff on the addles Berrie, almost as swift and

owerful as her father, acted with perect understanding of every task, and Wayland's admiration of her skill inreased mightily. She insisted on her father's turning

back. "We don't need you," she said.

'I can find the pass." McFarlane's faith in his daughte ad been tested many times, and yet ie was a little loath to have her start off on a trail new to her. He argued against if briefly, but she laughed at

his fears. "I can go anywhere you

can." she said. "Stand clear!" With

6. Il admonition he stood clear. "Goodby." he called. "If you meet Nash hurry him along. Moore is anxlous to run those lines. Keen in touch with Lendon, and if anybody turns up

August and a second activation of the first and an interest and active and

on Friday. Good luck?"

"Same to you. So long!" Rerea led the way, and Norcross fell in behind the pack horses, feeling as unimportant as a small boy at the neels of a circus parade. His girl cap tain was so competent, so self reliant and so sure that nothing he could or do assisted in the slightest of

Her leadership was a curious' reproduction of her father's numuried and graceful action. Her seat in the saddle was as easy as Landon's, and her eyes were alert to every rock and stream in the road. She was at home iere. where the other girl would have been a bewildered child, and his words of praise lifted the shadow from her

Wayland called out, "The air feels like Thanksgiving morning, doesn't it? "It is Thanksgiving for me, and I'm going to get a grouse for dinner," she replied, and in less than an hour the snap of her rifle made good her prom-

After leaving the upper lake she turned to the right and followed the course of a swift and splendid stream which came churning through a cheeress, mossy swamp of spruce trees. Inexperienced as he was, Wayland knew that this was not a well marked trail, but his confidence in his guide was too great to permit of any worry over the pass, and be amused himself by watching the water robins as they flitted from stone to stone in the torrent, and in calculating just where he would drop a line for trout if he had time to do so, and in recovered serenity enjoyed his ride. Gradually he put aside his perplexities concerning the future, permitting his mind to prefigure nothing but his duties with Lanlon at Meeker's mill.

He was rather glad of the decision o send him there, for it promised aborbing sport. "I shall see how Lanlon and Belden work out their problem." he said. He had no fear of Frank Meeker now. "As a forest guard with official duties to perform I can meet that young savage on other and more nearly equal terms," be assured

The trail grew slippery and in places ran full of water. "But there's a bot-tom somewhere." Berrie confidently declared, and pushed ahead with resolute mien. It was noon when they rose above timber and entered upon the wide, smooth slopes of the pass. Snow filled the grass here, and the wind, keen, cutting, unhindered, came out of the desolate west with savage fury, but the sun occasionally shone through the clouds with vivid splen-dor. "It is December now," shouted Wayland as he put on his slicker and

cowered low to his saddle. "It will be January soon." "We will make it Christmas dinner." she laughed, and her glowing good humor warmed his heart. She was en-

tirely her cheerful self again.

As they rose the view became mag-As they rose the view became magnificent, wintry, sparkling. The great clouds, drifting like ancient warships heavy with armament, sent down chill showers of half over the frosted gold of the grassy slopes, but when the shadows passed the sunlight descended in silent cataracts deliciously springlike. The conies squeaked from the rocky ridges and a brace of eagles circular about a long grass as if a synthage. cling about a lone crag, as if exucing in their sovereign mastery of the air, screamed in shrill ecstatic due. The heer cliffs on their shadowed sides

It was nearly 2 o'clock when they began to drop down behind the rocky ridges of the eastern slope, and soon, in the bottom of a warm and sheltered hollow just at timber line, Berrie drew her horse to stand and slipped from the saddle. "We'll rest here as hour," she said, "and cook our grouse, or are you too hungry to wait?"
"I can wait." he answered dramati-

cally. "But it seems as if I had never "Well, then, we'll s' e the grouse till tomorrow, but I'll nake some coffee. You bring some water while I start a

And so, while the tired horses cropped the russet grass, she boiled some coffee and laid out some bread and meat while he sat by watching her and absorbing the beauty of the scene, the charm of the hour. "It is exactly "There now, sit by and eat," she

said, with humor, and in perfectly re-stored tranquillity they are and drank, with no thought of critics or of rivals. They were alone, and content to be 80. It was deliciously sweet and restful there in that sunny nollow on the breast of the mountain. The wind swept through the worn branches of the dwarfed spruce with immemorial wistfulness, but these young souls heard it only as a far off song. Side by side on the soft Alpine clover they rested and talked, looking away at the shining peaks, and down over the dark green billows of fir beneath them. Half the forest was under their eyes at the moment, and the man said: "Is it not magnificent! It makes me proud of my country. Just think, all this glorious spread of bill and valley is under your father's direction—1 may say under your direction, for I notice be does just about what you tell him to

"You've noticed that?" she laughed. "If I were a man I'd rather be supervisor of this forest than congressman. "So would I," he agreed. "Nash says you are the supervisor. I wonder if your father realizes how efficient you are? Does he ever sorrow over your ALL REVENUE OF THE PARTY OF THE

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