

# ON THE TRAIL TO BLUE LAKE

(By A. A. Major)

LOCATED somewhere in a northerly direction from her snuggled a lone cabin. For three long, weary, heart-breaking days she had been striving to reach it, but the never-ceasing and low clicking of snowshoes brought her no nearer to it. Before her the great roads of the endless forest stretched heavenward and she came to no indications of Blue Lake along the trail. His cabin was hidden among the brush on the shores of Blue Lake, but she had never seen it, never having been over the trail in the past.

Her steady, patient, and long strides denoted strength. The heavy pack on her shoulders had not begun to fatigue her. Her eyes were bright and her face ever watchful and searching the north and the vast woods. Her thoughts were far from her surroundings. The waning gray light of the afternoon called her to a sense of the present. She stopped short and looked at the giant timber to the right and left, then her eyes followed the trail in the snow again back to where it was lost in the gloom, which was quickly gathering. A feeling of loneliness came over her for the first time during the day. The immenseness of the stretches of timber, the calm stillness that seemed to reign, the falling dusk, all impressed her. But she did not remain idle long. Finding a spot between two giant trees, she scraped the first snow of winter away until dead leaves and dry twigs were laid bare, when she started a small fire. Taking from her pack a steppan, she melted some snow in it until the pan was nearly full of water. Then she laid on more dead sticks and twigs until the fire blazed up cheerfully, and set the water on to boil. She replenished the fire with some twigs at the sides of the pan to hasten it. The fire was a small, steady, clear sky and she spent nearly a full hour sipping it slowly from the pan. Rousing herself from her meditation, she extinguished the almost dead fire with snow, after hanging the empty pan on her belt and stepped into the sharp shadows, she stopped to fasten her snowshoes, straightened up, slung the pack, and proceeded to the north.

Harry made the journey to his winter cabin from the settlement in three days; surely she could cover the distance in four at most. She had never before been on more than one day's shoeing from the settlement, but gave no heed to that. She was not a very experienced shoeer or well acquainted with the trail, but strength and endurance were her main factors and counted a great deal. No thoughts of the trail caused her to worry or annoy her, but intuition blinled her north. She had often heard Harry and other trappers tell of the Blue Lake trail and its character. She kept on thinking that by perseverance she could not miss Blue Lake. As she advanced she observed the change in the nature of the timber. Now the lay of the woods extended towards the north and was more irregular. Just what this signified she had no knowledge of. She felt certain that Blue Lake was not much farther and determined to reach it that night. At the end of a long hour's hard and steady trudging she found herself near a little frozen stream, and discerned that its general course lay to the north. It must lead in the direction she was traveling—to Blue Lake—she was positive of it, though she understood not why she was so certain of it. Intuition in such matters is often a safe guide.

She proceeded ahead faster and with increased strength at the edge of the frozen stream. Faith and hope are stimulants of a strong character; they impart strength. The even surface of the snow now made the trail a trifle easier. Rapidly the stream widened. Her idea that Blue Lake was near by grew firmer the farther she traveled. The less dense timber and occasional rocks would have informed her Blue Lake was less than a mile away had she been familiar and acquainted with the North woods in that section. Where the stream and Blue Lake met she could not tell, the object of search being the great sheet of snow stretched before her in the bright moonlight. In the distance lying low was a dark, semi-circularly defined line between the clear, starry sky and the glaring expanse. It was the timber on the opposite shore. She traveled on to the north. The large Blue Lake stretched away to the left and right so far that the timber line 'twixt heaven and lake was indistinguishable. Turning and retracing her steps to the shore she descended in the shadows of the brush three pairs of greenish eyes—such that sent cold shivers down her spine and cold shrunks across her shoulders—glaring out at her. And these temporary trembling sensations were largely due to her thoughts and her wonder at how long the rifle had followed. She unsling the rifle that hung across her back and deftly slid a cartridge into the chamber and kept on the shore. The eyes backed out of sight; she had reckoned they would. Game was too plentiful for those gray devils to attack a human being. They were only prying. But the six eyes held close together and

darted into the deeper shadows as she advanced. While she skirted the edge of the lake to her left they followed her. They had frightened her; she kept an eye on them. After she had traveled nearly three hundred yards they halted, and she noticed that they ceased their following, sitting back on their haunches. The woman wondered, but she kept on. She picked her trail, at the same time watching the six eyes.

Another hundred yards had been covered—discovering the trail of two mammoth snowshoes, almost fresh. Her heart beating faster and with increasing hope within her breast, she followed it. It led into the woods near the shore and from the lake to the south and west. But those eyes of the gray demons—she could not forget them. Into the timber farther and farther she traveled. Once she thought her nose detected dry-wood fire. She sniffed again, but the scent was gone. She again imagined her nose scented fire after a few steps and she halted. It was fire she was positive; but where and how near? No cabin in the shadows of the distance could be seen. She proceeded again with senses more alert than ever. The smell of fire grew sharper. Whether to expect a cabin or the fire of some lone trapper on the trail, she did not know. She reasoned, and on second thought came to the conclusion it must be from a cabin. No trapper would kindle a fire near Harry's hut. He would not spend the night before a big fire unless he were an enemy. In that case his pot's fire would not be too close to Harry's. Doubtless the trail led to a cabin and she followed it the more eagerly.

She understood now why darting from shadow to shadow parallel to her trail six greenish eyes were not following. She was nearing the habitation of man—these hungry wolves knew better than to approach within the radius of his circle; while the woman, with eyes almost closed, had gone into it heedlessly except for the trail she was traveling.

The trail led straight in the direction she was going, into the thickening timber, and the fire smell was truly growing stronger. Perhaps there was a cabin nearby. Her imagination made her various huts among the distant shadows as she peered into them. It was necessary to give each a look the second time she passed again as she stuck close to the trail. Never had she heard Harry say anything about the distance of his cabin from Blue Lake. She debated she must have gone back into the timber at least a mile south and west. Instantly, and almost immediately in front of her, shot out a glare of dull red light upon her. In the centre of it looking directly at her stood a tall man. He had heard the approach of the interfering snowshoes and stepped into his doorway to locate it. The instant she overcame her surprise she recognized those broad shoulders and large, long limbs. He put a hand to aid his sight. She said nothing. Certainly that is no woman, he was thinking. Then he stepped out into the snow and looked closer. That could not be she? The red scarf and familiar skirt of blue—he knew them. His heart fairly jumped. So very queerly whirled his head that he could not distinguish anything now. His head whirled so swiftly and perplexedly that he could only stand with his jaws apart and gazing into the boiling whirlpool of moon, timber, and shadows.

Kicking off her oppressive and cumbersome snowshoes, she spoke to him, her breast pounding doubly hard. "Harry, my dear Harry, I still love you," and threw both her arms about him, and longingly looked up into his great red face. Tears welled in her eyes as she clung to him and buried her face in the folds of his heavy jacket. He was quiet, looking into the woods and the expanse beyond, his arms hanging awkwardly at his sides. His head ceased its whirling and the moon wended on its way in the starry sky, giving form to the shadows again. Strength and power of the Northern woods were again his—he felt it. The spirit of the man, strong and courageous, was returning to him. Two great arms found their way round her, and looking down on her head, he kissed it, then he proceeded to carry her into a low, fire-lit shack.

The reaction after the long, strained hours of the trail caused her to collapse, the force of soul and strength of body having left her. She was incapable of bearing up under the weakness of the instant, though she could work and labor under the great strain until the thread of life had nearly reached the parting point. Hers was his love again. With the joy it gave came the snap of the rigidity it produced. The tall, strong man poured a few swallows of red liquor down her throat from a dark-colored bottle after having laid her on a rough bunk. Unexpectedly, he bestirred himself and took off her damp and heavy packs, rubbing her cold feet until indications of life became apparent. They were not frozen, but only chilled. He deposited a stone in the coils of fire to heat. Wrapping it in a thick piece of blanket, he placed it at her feet. He chafed her cold hands, pulled off her jacket, scarf, skirt, woolen blouse, and wrapped her in heavy, warm blankets. Her lips were cold, pale, blue; the blood had left them. It seemed as though Death claimed her, her eyes being closed.

Harry placed another stone on the fire to heat and more dry wood, watching the woman meanwhile.

From the opposite side of the small log hut came a stir. There on another bunk lay a weak and feeble person who had stirred. Two sunken, deep blue eyes looked from between the blankets at the standing, tall man. The pair of the eyes at first did not notice the presence of a third person. Another stir was heard, the eyes came to a better position and looked at the figure on the opposite bunk.

"Harry," called the feeble person of the blue eyes.  
He turned about, startled. "What, Gretchen?"  
"Who been dat lady?"  
"It been my wife," he replied, accenting the last word.  
"She haf?"  
"Yes, she just arriv'd."  
A number of stir came from the bunk. The weak one turned to the wall and was very quiet. Her strength, too,

was slowly leaving. Afflicted with nausea for sixty days, as she had been, undermines life.

The tall man stepped to her bunk, tucked the blankets about her and said: "I reckon maybe she been soon help for you."

To those words he received no response. None was necessary. The trapper placed a warm stone at the feet of the chilled and exhausted woman for the third time. She drew back slightly to get away from it. He looked at her. She was staring at the log roof, her eyes wide open. Harry sat down on a large block at the head of the bunk his wife occupied. Taking both of her hands within his own, he rubbed them briskly. Her head turned toward him slowly—she was fast regaining her senses—and saw large tears slowly trickling down his bearded cheeks. No words were necessary to explain, to ask her forgiveness, to receive it, as they gave out to each other their deep natural souls, without speaking. His was a cup full of overflowing. The light they had always known until another had come between them flashed from eyes to eyes. He would not forget. The woman in her weakness had brought the strong man to knowledge and appreciation of her great affection. Where deception and trickery cease to interfere, love heals her own wounds. The tall, strong man folded her in his great arms. The language which her eyes gave forth invited it.

As the tall man had the weak Gretchen on the padded sled, his wife cautioned, "Place her down easy, Harry."

"Yes," he replied cheerfully, "Ay bane keeful."  
The trapper had devised a rest on the sled for the feeble woman's back, and she felt quite comfortable lying against it. A few days' care were the means of a great change in her strength. They were going back to the small settlement with her. Thanks to a woman's rough nursing and simple remedies, the fearful nausea had been quieted. She had been forgiven, had repented, and was resting unmoiled. The packs were adjusted and made



DAVIDSON, SASK.

secure, as well as the human load on the sled. Having closed and fastened the cabin door, Harry took up the sled-things and they commenced their homeward journey south along the snow-covered trail.

## Sporting Chat

### THE BOXING WORLD

A FRIEND has sent me a picture of his idol—James J. Jeffries—and asks me to note the fact that there are no rolls of cotton in Jeff's ribs, nor any cigarettes lying about.

I have noted these things and several more. One of them is that there is a small cut of that other James J.—Corbett—along with Jeff's picture, and there are a few words, too, which say that Corbett is Jeff's trainer. Of course, that's not exactly an item of news, because Corbett announced it himself some months ago. At that time, James J. the gentlemanly demeanor said that rather than have the black cloud of a colored champion hanging over the Balkans of sport any longer than necessary, he was to take hold and do his best to help Jeff hand Johnson a good thumping, and thus demonstrate the superiority of the proud and haughty Caucasian over all races, but especially over one that has the hardihood to turn out this Johnson man. It took a good big column of our fighting news to Pompadour to tell how he was going to help Jeff turn the trick, and it listened mightily good, but—hallo! there that mealy bit again; it's always butting in, so to speak, in a manner, seemingly, but this but is no less a butter than Jeff himself. When Jeff got at his bit of up was a caution. He took one good look at it and said: "Naw; tain't so."

And he has kept on saying that whenever he said anything—which isn't too often, you know, because Jeff is as stingy with words as he is with money, and that's making a world's record, I hear. And you know that looks bad and listen! bad. Allow that Corbett had a bit of an eye on the main chance when he handed out that column of dope, and what then? Everybody who is on the stage has to keep in the bright and get the glow of our fighting news as a diamond to be stolen, or a live divorce case on hand, he just must do something to land good, and James J. sure didn't put any hardwood bushels over his incandescent with that column call to the curious.

But what if he did? Was there any need for Jeff to put his N.S.P. on Corbett's little play to the peaks? If anybody gets you in a corner and insists on something definite, you may say in all sincerity that Jeff may do a deal worse than to have Mr. James J. Corbett for his spiritual adviser when—

son. Nay, Cynthia, go farther and hazard the prognostication that the manure-placed a warm stone at the feet of the chilled and exhausted woman for the third time. She drew back slightly to get away from it. He looked at her. She was staring at the log roof, her eyes wide open. Harry sat down on a large block at the head of the bunk his wife occupied. Taking both of her hands within his own, he rubbed them briskly. Her head turned toward him slowly—she was fast regaining her senses—and saw large tears slowly trickling down his bearded cheeks. No words were necessary to explain, to ask her forgiveness, to receive it, as they gave out to each other their deep natural souls, without speaking. His was a cup full of overflowing. The light they had always known until another had come between them flashed from eyes to eyes. He would not forget. The woman in her weakness had brought the strong man to knowledge and appreciation of her great affection. Where deception and trickery cease to interfere, love heals her own wounds. The tall, strong man folded her in his great arms. The language which her eyes gave forth invited it.

WHAT whipped Nelson's Headwork. To be sure, some of it was the thicker skull side, but Nelson always favored Jeff by scrapping. It was perhaps it would be more accurate to say it was the lack of headwork that lost Nelson the lightweight championship, but it comes pretty much to the same end in applying the statement to his case or Jeff's, and the fact stands out like a long nose from a short face that Nelson's painful lack of brains put it away out of his reach to beat Wiggins and it is equally clear that the same thing may stand in Jeff's way bigger than a mountain.

Certainly, Jeffries hasn't shown any more brains than a woodchuck so far. He went out and got a lot of money, but if he had been a driving idiot—and still had his reputation as a champion fighter, the coin would have come just the same. As for picking his managers, if there's anything in signs, Jeff ought to begin in the A. B. C. class for that. He's had some good managers and trainers, but he hasn't them now, and doesn't seem likely to, as far as I can see without a Lick Observatory.

Look at this guy that came to Winnipeg to arrange for showing Jeff and his outfit here. He wanted \$3,000, and rather than take fifty cents less, he goes down into a North Dakota town to proposition and pulls out about half what he asked to show in Winnipeg. I don't commend our home promoters, because it looks to me that they were as dead as Hardisty when they play in luck—but if Jeff's man had had a look of life, he would have gone in on a percentage and would have pulled down what he asked for more. It was a best-bet layout that the biggest place in Winnipeg wouldn't have held the men that would dig up

the modern movement in favor of aviation that is such a marked feature of today. Everyone now recognizes the influence exerted by Langley on the development of this art. The Wright brothers, too, have laid their tribute at his feet.

"The knowledge," they say, "that the head of the most prominent scientific institution of America believed in the possibility of human flight was one of the influences that led us to undertake the preliminary investigations that preceded our active work. He recommended to us the books which enabled us to form some ideas at the outset. It was a helping hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful."

Langley's experiments in aerodynamics gave to physicists, perhaps for the first time, firm ground on which to stand as to the long-disputed questions of air resistances and reactions. Chanute says: (a) They established a more reliable coefficient for rectangular pressures than that of Smeaton. (b) They proved that upon inclined planes the air pressures were really normal to the surface. (c) They disproved the Newtonian law that the normal pressure varied as the square of the angle of incidence on inclined planes. (d) They showed that the empirical formula of Duchemin, proposed in 1836 and ignored for fifty years, was approximately correct. (e) That the position of the centre of pressure varied with the angle of inclination, and that on planes its movements approximately followed the law formulated by Joessel. (f) That oblong planes, presented with their longest dimension to the line of motion, were more effective for support than when presented with their narrower side. (g) That planes might be superposed without loss of supporting power if spaced apart certain distances which varied with the speed, and the support of the machine in the air, should be reduced to a minimum.

After laying the foundations of a science of aerodynamics, Langley proceeded to reduce his theories to practice. Between 1891 and 1895 he built four aerodrome models: one driven by carbonic acid gas and three by steam engines.

On the 6th of May, 1896, his aerodrome No. 5 was tried upon the Potomac River near Quantico. It was myself a witness of this celebrated experiment and secured photographs of the machine in the air, which have been widely published.

This aerodrome carried a steam engine, and had a speed of wing of from 12 to 14 feet. It was shot into the air from the top of a house boat anchored in a quiet bay near Quantico. It made a beautiful flight of about 3,000 feet, considerably over half a mile. It was indeed a most inspiring spectacle to see a steam engine in the air flying with wings like a bird. The equilibrium seemed to be perfect, although no man was on board to control and guide the machine.

I witnessed two flights of this aerodrome on the same day; and came to the conclusion that the possibility of aerial flight by heavier-than-air machines had been fully demonstrated. The world took the same view; and the progress of practical aerodynamics was immensely stimulated by the experiments.

Langley afterward constructed a number of other aerodrome models which were flown with equal success, and he then felt that he had brought his researches to a conclusion, and desired to leave to others the task of bringing the experiments to the man-carrying stage.

Later, however, encouraged by the appreciation of the War Department, which recognized in the Langley aerodrome a possible new engine of war and stimulated by an appropriation of \$50,000, he constructed a full-sized aerodrome to carry a man.

Two attempts were made, with Mr. Charles Manly on board as aviator, to shoot the machine into the air from the top of a boathouse; but on each occasion the machine caught on the launching ways, and was precipitated into the water. The public, not knowing the nature of the defect which prevented the aerodrome from taking the air, received the impression that the machine itself was a failure and could not fly.

This conclusion was not warranted by the facts, and to me, and to others who have examined the apparatus, it seemed to be a perfectly good flying machine—excellently constructed, and the fruit of years of labor. It was simply never launched into the air, and so has never had the opportunity of showing what it could do. Who can say what a third trial might have demonstrated? The general ridicule, however, with which the first two failures were received prevented any further appropriation of money to give it another trial.

Langley never recovered from his disappointment. He was humiliated by the ridicule with which his efforts had been received; and had, shortly afterward, a stroke of paralysis. Within a few months a second stroke came, and deprived him of life.

His greatest achievements in practical aerodynamics consisted in the successful construction of power-driven models which actually flew. With their construction he thought that he had finished his work; and in 1901, in announcing the supposed conclusion of his labors, he said:

"I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight—and for the next stage, which is the commercial and practical development of the idea, it is probable that the world may look to others."

### THE JARR FAMILY

Uncle Henry Tries to 'Get Acquainted' DOGGONE IT!" said Uncle Henry apropos of nothing. "These yer city houses with a lot of families in 'em just like barns, only they're full of human critters instid of dum' ammile critters."

"I only know this one is as cold as a barn," said Mrs. Jarr, shivering under the little house show she wore on her shoulders. "Why is it the janitor won't send up any steam on a cold day and will send up so much on a warm one?"

Uncle Henry couldn't answer this question (Nimrod can). "Wall," he said, "it seems queer to me to live in this way, packed like the amilles in a Noah's ark. And what's more, I don't see nobody in overall; nobody seems to do any work. No wonder the honest farmer has to toil so hard from dawn to dark, summer and winter—there's so many city drones to keep."

"You've been dropping a little yourself," Uncle Henry," said Mrs. Jarr. "You haven't done any work in the weeks you've been visiting us."

"My wife, your Aunt Hetty, is on the farm doing the work," said Uncle Henry. "A man and his wife is one, so what she's doin' I'm doin'."

And Uncle Henry yawned and stretched as if just resting up between while for his wife.

Mrs. Jarr only tossed her head, and Uncle Henry went on with his criticisms of the ways of city folk.

"I got to go home pretty soon," said Uncle Henry, "and while I ain't got no use for city people, that ain't no reason why I shouldn't treat 'em nice. I ought to go around and be neighborly, and tell 'em if they want a good place to board in the country next summer—fresh milk and eggs, and rates reasonable—they kin come out to my farm at Swamp Corners. Plenty to eat there, and if we ain't got beds enough we can give them shake-downs."

"Oh, you'll give them 'shake-downs' all right!" said Mrs. Jarr.

She seldom used slang, but this time the temptation was too great to resist.

"Who lives next door to ye?" asked Uncle Henry.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It's a new family; only been there a year or so. I never looked what name was on the letter-box."

"Who lives down stairs?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Why, I've heard the children say there's a family named Williams," replied Mrs. Jarr. "They have a little boy that our Willie plays with sometimes. The Wilkinsons live on one side and a family named Brown lives on the other side, down stairs. No, I think the Browns moved before Christmas. There is a new family in that flat."

"Who lives up stairs, over ye?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Mrs. Kittingly lives above us, on the other side," was the reply.

"That's the purty little widdier?" said Uncle Henry. "Gosh! That reminds me I got to take the widdler to a church fair or suthin' before I go back."

"I don't think she'll care much for a church fair," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"You'll have to take Mrs. Kittingly to the theatre and to supper afterward."

"It'll be too late for supper," said Uncle Henry. "I'll take her to an ice cream parlor, if one's open after the theatre show. If she's a widder with money she'll pay for everything, won't she? I'll ask her," he added, "when I go visitin' round."

"Go visitin' around?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Surely you are not going to do that?"

"Where'd my manners be?" asked Uncle Henry. "How long you lived in this house? And you don't visit 'round?"

"We've lived here four years," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and certainly I haven't visited around. I wouldn't do such a thing. I know no one in this house except Mrs. Kittingly, and we got acquainted with her by chance."

"Ain't neighbors neighbors?" asked Uncle Henry. "What's the matter with San Francisco folks? They regard each other as hoss thieves."

"It's the best way to get along in a flat. San Francisco people have found that out," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I'll show you," said Uncle Henry. "I'm going around to see the neighbors and make myself at home."

And, despite all Mrs. Jarr could say to dissuade him, he started out.

Who first had knocked at a woman's shrill voice called through the door and asked who was there.

"I's a neighbor," said Uncle Henry, heartily.

"Let neighbors mind their own business and go away," replied the voice. Mrs. Kittingly wasn't at home.

In response to his knocks at other doors Uncle Henry was greeted by old and young with suspicion.

Doors were opened but slightly and were held inhospitably on chains.

He could not convince the various tenants that he wasn't a beggar, a flat house thief, a peddler or an industrial insurance agent.

"By gosh, I'll sit on the steps and git acquainted as they come out and go in!" said Uncle Henry.