## DAUGHTER

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

Onder Berrie's direction wayto busily putting the camp equipment in proper parcels, taking no special thought of time till the tent was lown and folded, the panniers filled d closed and the fire carefully cover-Then the girl said: "I hope the es haven't been stampeded. There ire bears in this valley, and horses are fraid of bears. Father ought to have een back before this. I hope they aven't quit us."

Shall I go and see?" "No, he'll bring 'em if they're in the of the living. He picketed his ody can teach him anything about trailing borses, and, besides, you might tost. You'd better keep close to

Thereupon Wavland put aside all re onsibility. "Let's see if we can catch

ome more fish." be arged.

To this she agreed, and together they ent again to the outlet of the lake. where the trout could be seen darting fro on the clear, dark flood, and cast their flies till they had sered ten good sized fish.

"We'll stop now." declared the giri. I don't believe in being wasteful." Once more at the camp they preired the fish for the pan.

As they were unpacking the panniers d getting out the dishes for their thunder broke from the high shove the lake, and the girl call-

ick! It's going to rain! We reset the tent and get things un-

the skill and the strength which she went about re-es he camp. She led, he followed ry action. In ten minutes the was up, the beds rolled, the rs protected, the food stored thick gray veil of rain which othed the loftiest crags for half ar swung out over the water, gray under its folds, and with which began in the tall pines, which deepened, hushed only the thought of the counding the transfer or the counding the transfer or the counding the three transfer or the counding the transfer or the counding the transfer or the counding the counding transfer or the country transfer or tra crag to crest, the tem the camp and the world of sun lorous pine vanished almost in-, and a dark, threatening and

ath the tent, would have red the change had it not been for

the it could rain like this peautiful a morning?"

ina," she responded with ous air of her father. "I can tell what the sky is go rup tiere. It is probably snewing the high divide. Looks now as gh those cayuses pulled out some That's the trouble with stall. They'll quit you any time nait?" she shouted as a sharper, spiteful roar sounded far away approaching. "Now keep from

any place there's a tree. He's ie, and if they do it will be slipthe first time the thought that

supervisor might not be able to re-

ball soon changed to clinging, drowsy, soft, slow died away and the forest be othing moved save the thick failing, to be frankly happy in their enforced intimacy. again very beautiful and very

d the girl. "It will be hard to start so swift to serve. He tilled her

ax, went to the big fir and egan to chop of the dry branches which hung beneath, working almost as effectively as a man. Wayland inisted on taking a turn with the tool, but his efforts were so awkward that she laughed and took it away again. "You'll have to take lessons in swinging as ax." she said. "That's part of

snow changed back into rain and fine

all in the trip." said



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

cooking the midday meal, and at 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 Way-

and, with glowing, boyish face. "The landscape is like a Christmas card." "It wouldn't be so beautiful if you had to wallow through ten miles of it. she sagely responded. "Daddy 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

To the youth, though the peaks were storm hid, the afternoon was joyous. Berrie was a sweet companion. Un-der her supervision he practiced at hopping wood and took a hand at

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 shoot as well as her sire. Nevertheess he liked her better when engager purely feminine duties, and he led e talk back to subjects concerning which her speech was less blunt and

have to own up that about all the schooling I've got is from the magaout for town when I was about four-teen; but, you see, I didn't feel like leaving mother, and she didn't feel like

letting me go, and so I just got what I could at Bear Tooth." She sprang up. "There's a patch of blue sky. Let's go see if we can't get a grouse." Together they strolled along the edge of the willows. "The grouse come down to feed about this time," she

"We'll put up a covey soon." Within a quarter of a mile they for heir birds, and she killed four with five shots. "This is all we need." she aid, "and I don't believe in killing for the sake of killing. Rangers should set good examples in way of game preser ion. They are deputy game war-is in most states, and good ones

night rose formidably from the alley while they ate their supper. orses probably went clean back to the anch. If they did, daddy can't poelbly get back before 8 o'clock, and he may not get back till tomorrow."

ss. with his city training. riri left alone in this way with a man would have been very seriously em barrassed, but it was evident that Ber de took it all joyously, innocently, Their being together was something had happened in the natura ble. Therefore she permitted herself

frankly happy in the charm quality. He was so considerate, so re-fined, so quick of understanding and

to the exclusion of unimportant mat-ters like the snow, which was begin-ning again. Indeed, her only anxiety oncerned his health, and as he toiled amid the falling flakes, intent upon aping up wood enough to last out the night, she became solicitous.

"You will be soaked," she warning by cried. "Don't stay out any more. Come to the fire. I'll bring in the

mething primeval, some strength e did not know he possessed sustain-d him, and he toiled on. "Suppose his snow keeps failing?" he retorted.
The supervisor will not be able to

storm which filled his thought, but the girl understood it. "It won't be never is during these early bluzards.

ret eack tonight-perhaps not for a

"I'll feel safer with plenty of wood," it held an accusation. ne argued, but soon found it necessary, to rest from his labors. Coming in to on a roll of blankets, and so together hey tended the fire and watched the darkness roll over the lake till the shining crystals seemed to drop from

What time is it now?" she asked

"If father isn't on this side of the "Couldn't I rig up a torch and go to

couldn't follow that trail five minutes." "You have a very poor opinion of my

"No. I haven't: but I know how hard it is to keep direction on a night like you sleep? this, and I don't want you wandering "Fine!" around in the timber. Father can take care of himself. He's probably sitting inder a big tree smoking his pipe fore his fire—or else he's at home. He knows we're all right, and we are. We have wood and grub and plenty of lankets and a roof over us. You can nake your bed under this fly," she said, looking up at the canvas, beats the old balsam as a roof. mustn't sleep cold again."

"I think I'd better sit up and keep the fire going." he replied heroically. There's a big log out there that I'm going to bring in to roll up on the vindward side."
"It'll be cold and wet early in

norning, and I don't like to hent kin dling in the snow," she said. "I always get everything ready the night before I wish you had a better bed. It seems selfish of me to have the tent. while you are cold."

> CHAPTER VIII. The Walk in the Rain.

NE by one, under her super vision, he made preparations 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. Had the young wan been other

e was, the girl's purity, candor and ittle tent and let fall the frail barrier on as if she had taken refuge ind gates of triple brass. Nothing in as her solicitude, her sweet trust his honor, and he sat long in profound meditation. Any man would be rich in the ownership of her love he admitted. That he possessed her pity and her wonder if he had made a deeper eal to her than this.

"Can it be that I am really a to ber," he thought, "I who am a poor weakling whom the rain and show can appall?"

Then be thought of the effect of this night upon her life. What would Clif-ford Belden do now? To what deeps would his rage descend if he should ne to know of it?

Berrie was serene. Twice she spoke from her couch to say: "You'd better to bed. Daddy can't get here till to morrow now." "I'll stay up awhile yet.

After a silence she said: "You not get chilled. Bring your bed the tent. There is room for you. "Oh, no, that isn't ne

standing it very well." "You'll be sick?" she urged, in a of alarm. "Please drag your bed side the door. What would I do if you should have pneumonia tomorrow?

The thought of a sheltered spot, comething to break the remorse wind, overcame his scruples, and he drew his bed inside the tent and rear ranged it there.

"You're half frozen," she said. "Your teeth are chattering." "I'll be all right in a few moments." he said. "Please go to sleep. I shall

be snug as a bug in a moment." She watched his shadowy motion from her bed, and when at last he had nestled into his blankets she said. "If you don't lose your chill I'll heat a rock and put it at your feet."

He was ready to cry out in shame o nis weakness, but he lay silent till he could command his voice, then he said "That would drive me from the country in disgrace. Think of what the fellows down below will say when they know of my cold feet!" "They won't hear of it, and, besides

t is better to carry a hot water bag than to be laid up with a fever." Her anxiety lessened as his voice resumed its pleasant tenor flow. "Dear girl," he said, "no one could have been weeter-more like a guardian angel to ure. Don't place me under any greater oligation. Go to sleep I am better-

meh better nów " she did not speak for a few moments. en in a voice that conveyed to him a

uple of nights. We will need a lot

nce or twice, and then she sle a slumber redoubled in him of guardianship, of responsi ty. Lying there in the shelter of he and, besides, all we need to do is to drop down the trail ten miles, and ple, innocent and poetic. But looked at from the standpoint of Clifford Belden

"It cannot be helped." he said. "The only thing we can do is to conceal the fact that we spent the night beneath this tent alone. In the belief that the way w

clear with the dawn, he. too, fell asleep, while the fire sputtered and smudged in the fitful mountain wind. The second dawn came slowly, as though crippled by the storm and walled back by the clouds

With a dull ache in his bones. Wayland crept out to the fire and set to work fanning the coals with his hat. divide now he won't try to cross. If as he had seen the supervisor do. He he's coming down the slope he'll be worked desperately till one of the embere in an hour, although that trail is bers began to angrily sparkle and to ute. A patch of dead timber on a dark | earshot, he broke an armful of dry fir night is sure a naisance even to a good | branches to heap above the wet, charred logs. Soon these twigs broke into flame, and Berrie, awakened by the crackle of the pine branches, called out, "Is it daylight?"

"Yes, but it's very dark daylight. Don't leave your warm bed for the dampness and cold out here. Stay where you are. I'll get breakfast." "How are you this morning? Did

sisted, in a tone which indicated

"Camp life has its disadvantages," he admitted, as he put the coffee pot on the fire. "But I'm feeling better now. I never-fried a bird in my life but I'm going to try it this morning. I have some water heating for your bath." He put the soap, towel and basin of hot water just inside the tent dap. "Here it is. I'm going to bathe in the lake. I must show my hardi-

When he returned he found the girl full dressed, alert and glowing, but she greeted him with a touch of shyness and self consciousness new to her, and her eyes veiled themselves before his

"I hope he's at home," she replied For two hours they signaged down quite seriously. "I'd hate to think of a narrow canyon beavily timbered

trail and see? I feel guilty, somehow. whereon the water lay midleg deep. "You can't help matters any by boof- she called cheerily.

ing about in the mud. No, we'll just By degrees the gorge widened, grew bold the fort till be comes. That's more open, more genial. Aspen thickwhat he'll expect us to do."

leties counted for little.

that." he gallantly answered. "I our camp I feel nervous. As long as wouldn't mind a month of it. only I I have a tent I am all right, but now the time.'

you sleep at all?" she asked tenderly. "Oh, yes, after I came inside: but of course, I was more or less restless expecting your father to ride up.

"That's funny. It never feel that cowgirls couldn't walk." way. I slept like a log after I knew : "I can do anything when I have to,"

always cold up here." The sunlight was short lived. The clouds settled over the peaks, and rage ged wisps of gray vapor dropped down

bringing logs for the fire. At last fully provided for, they sat as it spiashed and sizzled on the sturdy fire. "It's a little like being ship

At noon she again prepared an elab and canned peaches and coffee done to just the right color and aroma. He declared it wonderful, and they at path was clear, but she soon found with repeated wishes that the super-berself confronted by an endless maze visor might turn up in time to share of blackened tree trunks, and at last visor might turn up in time to share heir feast, but he did not. Then the path ended abruptly.

Berrie said firmly: "Now you must take a snooze. You look tired."

He was in truth not only drowsy, which branched off to the right. I but lame and tired. Therefore be recken that was the highland trail yielded to her suggestion. She covered him with blankets and

put him away like a child. "Now you we go. have a good sleep," she said tenderty. "I'll call you when daddy comes." When he woke the ground was again covered with snow, and the girl was feeding the fire with wood which het

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 pretense. He was greatly worried. "Some | road led down into the timber." thing has happened to your father." he "His horse has thrown him, of darkness, knowing that he was weary. he has slipped and fallen." His peace wet and ill, she permitted herself the and exultation were gone. How far is it down to the ranger station?"

About tweive mues "Don't you think we'd better close amp and go down there? It is now

we'd better stay right pere. It's a ong, hard walk, and the trail is mud-

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

She flamed red then whitened. "I don'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 auxiety now. "It isn't our

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

"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 mo-ment. "I reckon you're right. We'd better pack up and rack down the trail to the ranger's cabin-not on my account, but on yours. I'm afraid you've taken cold."

"I'm all right, except I'm very iam but I am anxious to go on. By the way, is this ranger Settle married?" "No; his station is one of the loneomest cabins on the forest. No wonan will stay there."

This made Wayland ponder. "Nevr all, the man is a forest officer, and you are the supervisor's daughter," She made no further protest, but busied berself closing the panniers and putting away the camp utensils. She seemed to recognize that his judgment

It was after 3 when they left th tent and started down the trail carry ing 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 on 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 ther head and the lithe movement of her waist made his own body seem a poor

him camped in the high country with | with fir and spruce, a dark, stern ave-"Oughtn't I to take a turn up the filled with frequent boggy meadows. "We'll get out of this very soon,"

He submitted once more to the force like sunlight, and grassy bunches afof her argument, and they are breakfast in such intimacy and good cheet their feet slipped and slid painfully.
that the night's discourforts and anzStill Berea kept her stride. "We must get to the middle fork before dark." "We have to camp here again size stopped to explain. "for I don't know the trail down there, and there's a lot of down timber inst above the worse thing court nappen than station. Now that we're cut loose frem shouldn't want it to rain or snow all we are in the open I worry. How are the time." you standing it?" She studied him "Poor boy! You did suffer, didn't' with keen and anxious giance, her hand

you were comfortable. You must have she replied. "We've got three hours a better bed and more blankets. It's more of it." And she warningly exclaimed, "Look back there?"

They had reached a point from which the range could be seen, and, behold, 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. pale face and labored breath alarmed her. She was filled with love and pity, but she pressed forward desper-

At last they came to the over which a devastating fire had run some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in confusion. Here the girl made her firs mistake. She kept on toward the riv-

Dismayed and halting "We've got to go back to that trail which Settle made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't.

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 hill 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 shame to make you climb this hill again. It's all my fault. I ought to have known that that lower Standing close beside him in the

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 walled: "I shall never foreign

f you"- Her voice failed ber He bravely reassured her: "I'm not defented. I'm just tired. That's all.

But you are shaking." "That is merely a nervous chill. I'm

She thrust her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. "You are tired out," she said, and there was anguish in her voice. "Your heart is pounding terribly. You mustn't do any more climbing. And, hark, there's

He listened. "I hear him, but we are both armed. There's no danger from wild animals."

"Come!" she said, instantly recover ing her natural resolution "We can't stand here. The station can't be far way. We must go on."

CHAPTER IX. The Other Girl.

HE girl's voice stirred the be-numbed youth into action again and he followed her mechan ically, often stumbling agains he 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 falls, that much I know." she assured him.



out, "Here it is!"
Out of the darkness a blacker. er shadow rose. Again she called, bu no one answered. "The ranger is away." she excluimed, in a voice of in-

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

ound himself in a rough walled cabin, in which stood a square cook stove, a rude table littered with dishes, 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 else.

he located an off tamp, some pine wood and a corner cupboard. In a few oments the lamp was lit, the stove Wayland's wet cost 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 right. Now I'll start the pot." She soon found the coffee, but it was unground. "Wonder where he keeps his coffee mill." She rummaged bout for a few minutes, then gave up the search. "Well, no matter, bere'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

After hanging a blanket over the proken window, she set out some cold meat and a half dozen baking powder oiscuits, which she found in the can poard, 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 he said, "I'm ashamed to be such a weakling." "Now, hush," she commanded. "It's

ot your fault that you are weak. Now, while I am eating my supper you slip off your wet clothes and creep into bunk, and I'll fill one of these sirup cans with hot water to put at

the transfer of the state of the second seco

habital Ibuliani abel ica erta tillastiani baktu post

against her further care. She insisted and while she ate he meekly carried out her instructions, and from the delcious warmth and security of his bed watched her moving about the stove ill 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

usked. "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?' She laughed happily. "It's only the wext day."

He laid his hands together and then telt of his pulse. "I don't seem to have a temperature. I just feel lazy. imp and lazy, but I'm going to get up, if you'll just leave the room for a

"Don't try it now. Wait till you have ad 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 companion had involved him deeper in mesh from which honorable escape was almost impossible. The ranger's cabin, so far from being an end of 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 rom the gossips.

She brought his breakfast to him, and sat beside him while he ate, chatting the while of their good fortune. "It is glorious outside, and I am sure daddy will get across today, and rony 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 foor and shame. "The supervisor must not find me said out on my back. Please leave me alone for a noment."

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. Neveress he persisted and at last succeeded in putting on his clothes, even his shoes, though he found tying the laces the hardest task of all. and he was at the wash basin bathing his face and hands when Berrie hurriedly reentered. "Some tourists are coming," she announced in an excited tone. "A party of five or six people. a woman among them, is just coming down the lope. Now, who do you suppose it can pe? It would be just our luck if it should turn out to be some one from

He divined at once the reason for her dismay. The visit of a woman at this moment would not merely embarrase them both, it would torture Berrie, "What is to be done?" he asked, roused

thing; all we can do is to stand pat and act as if we belonged here."
"Very well," he replied, moving stiff ly toward the door. "Here's where I can be of some service. I am an excellent white liar." The beat of hoofs upon the bridge

his attention to the cavalcade which the keen eyes of the girl had rected as it came over the ridge to the The party consisted of two men and two women and three pack horse completely outfitted for the trail.

One of the women, spurring

where Wayland stood and called out! "Good morning! Are you the ranger?" "No: I'm only the guard. The range tie perceived at once that the speak-

rie perceived at once that the spearer was an alien like himself, for she wore tan colored riding boots, a divided skirt of expensive cloth and a jaunty, wide rimmed sombrero. She looked indeed precisely like the heroine of the prevalent western drama, Her sleeves, rolled to the elbow, disclosed shapely, brown arms, and her neck, bare to her bosom, was equally sun smit, but she was so round cheeked, so childishly charming, that the most critical observer could find no most critical observer could find no fault with her makeup.

One of the men rode up. "Hello,

apprenticeship. I'm in the ser

What are you doing over

the other. "Where's Tony?"
"Gone for his mail. He'll return so What are you doing over here, may I Mr. Moore, this is Norcross, one of McFariane's men. Mr. Moore is connected with the tie camp operations of

he railway." 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 horses got away, and he was obliged to go back after them. He also is likely to "I am frightfully hungry." interrupted the girl. "Can't you hand me out a hunk of bread and meat? We've been

riding since daylight." Berrie suddenly appeared at the door. "Sure thing," she called out. "Slide 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

SECTION AND SERVE

TERRIA

ESTABI

Fighting Germa Infanti Meusetacks ery Ac

CANADIA

LONDO that fighting The Canadi oners taken The Car est English

PARIS. Germans l Dead Man's On the their attack The Wa heavily ye

TERRIFIC

tured the fo

LONDO new British sunk. It is

MADRI

according t

posed by Pr causing the I'RENCH A ATHEN nonading a and Doiran.

vantage. It

fortified pos

PRO-ALLY ATHEN of Greek inc ber of perso

Venizelos,"

BLUEF Powder Co. men were ki damaged ye

RICHAR - MOUN thor and wa heart troub BERL

BERLI submarine here, by the war with 6 pared with and 100,000

TURKS PETR Caucasian zinjan and which Turi