

# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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## CHAPTER XXI.

THE moment had struck for the woman. Thorpe did not know it, but it was true. A solitary, brooding life in the midst of grand surroundings; an active, strenuous life among great responsibilities; a starved, hungry life of the affections whence even the sister had withdrawn her love—all these had worked unobtrusively toward the formation of a single psychological condition. Such a moment comes to every man. Then are happiness and misery beside which the mere struggle to dominate men becomes trivial, the petty striving with the forces of nature a little thing, and the woman he at that time meets is more than a woman; she is the best of that man made visible.

Thorpe found himself for the first time filled with the spirit of restlessness. His customary iron evenness of temper was gone, so that he wandered quickly from one detail of his work to another without seeming to penetrate below the surface need of any one task. But a week before he had felt himself absorbed in the component parts of his enterprise. Now he was outside of it. Thorpe took this state of mind much to heart and combated it. Invariably he held himself to his task. By an effort, a tremendous effort, he succeeded in doing so. The effort left him limp. He found himself often standing or moving gently, his eyes staring sightless, his lips chained so softly and yet so firmly that he felt no strength and hardly the desire to break from the dream that lulled him. Then he was conscious of the physical warmth of the sun, the faint sweet wood smells, the soothing caress of the breeze, the sleepy cicada-like note of the pine creeper. He wanted nothing so much as to sit on the pine needles there in the golden flood of radiance and dream—dream on—vaguely, comfortably, sweetly.

"Lord, Lord!" he cried impatiently. "What's coming to me? I must be a little off my feed!" And he hurried rapidly to his duties. After an hour of the hardest concentration he had ever been required to bestow on a trivial subject he again unconsciously sank by degrees into the old apathy.

"Glad it isn't the busy season!" he commented to himself. "Here, I must quit this! Guess it's the warm weather. I'll get down to the mill for a day or two."

There he found himself incapable of even the most petty routine work. He sat at his desk at 8 o'clock and began the perusal of a sheaf of letters. The first three he read carefully, the following two rather hurriedly, of the next one he seized only the salient and essential points, the seventh and eighth he skimmed, the remainder of the bundle he thrust aside in uncontrollable impatience. Next day he returned to the woods.

The incident of the letters had aroused to the full his old fighting spirit, before which no mere instincts could stand. Once more his mental process became clear and incisive, his commands direct and to the point. To all outward appearance Thorpe was as before.

He had Camp One, and the Fighting Forty came back from distant drinking joints. This was in early September. That able-bodied and devoted band of men was on hand when needed. Shearer in some subtle manner of his own had let them feel that this year meant 30,000,000 or "just." They tightened their leather belts and stood ready for command. After much discussion with Shearer the young man decided to take out the logs from "eleven" by driving them down French creek.

To this end a gang was put to clearing the creek bed. It was a tremendous job. Centuries of forest life had choked the little stream nearly to the level of its banks. Old snags and stumps lay imbedded in the ooze; decayed trunks, moss grown, blocked the current; leaning tamaracs, felled timber, tangled vines, dense thickets, gave to its course more the appearance of a tropical jungle than of a north country brook bed. All these things had to be removed one by one and either piled to one side or burned. In the end, however, it would pay. French creek was not a large stream, but it could be driven during the time of the spring freshets.

Each night the men returned in the beautiful dreamlike twilight to the camp. There they sat after eating, smoking their pipes in the open air. Much of the time they sang, while Phil, crouching wolf-like over his violin, rasped out an accompaniment of dissonances. The men's voices leapt themselves well to the weird minor strains of the chanters. These times, when the men sang and the night wind rose and died in the hemlock tops, were Thorpe's worst moments. His soul, tired with the day's iron struggle, fell to brooding. He wanted something, he knew not what.

The men were singing in a mighty chorus, swaying their heads in unison and bringing out with a roar the emphatic words of the crude ditties written by some genius from their own ranks. "Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan."

"Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to a shanty man. On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow. Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberin' we go."

Here was the bold unabashed front of the pioneer, here was absolute certainty in the superiority of his calling, absolute scorn of all others. Thorpe passed his hand across his brow. The same spirit was once fully and freely his.

"The music of our burnished axe shall make the woods resound, And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground. At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow. Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberin' we go!"

That was what he was here for. Things were going right. It would be pitiful to fall merely on account of this idiotic lassitude, this unmanly weakness, this boyish impatience and desire for play. He a woodsman! He a fellow with these big strong men!

A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure: "I am a jolly shanty boy, As you will soon discover; To all the dodges I am fly, A bustling pine wood rover. A peavey hook it is my pride; An axe I well can handle; To fell a tree or punch a bull, Get rattling Danny Randall."

And then, with a rattle and crash, the whole Fighting Forty shrieked out the chorus: "Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!" Active, alert, prepared for any emergency that might arise; hearty, ready for everything, from punching bulls to felling trees—that was something like Thorpe despised himself. The song went on:

"I love a girl in Saginaw; She lives with her mother; I defy all Michigan To find such another. She's tall and slim; her hair is red; Her face is plump and pretty. She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl, And her front name stands for Kitty."

And again, as before, the Fighting Forty howled truculently: "Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"

The words were vulgar, the air a



The girl stood listening.

mere minor chant. Yet Thorpe's mind was stirred. His aroused subconsciousness had been engaged in reconstructing these men entire as their songs voiced rudely the inner characteristics of their beings. Now his spirit lapsed. Their bravery, pride of caste, resource, bravado, boastfulness—all these he had checked off approvingly. Here now was the idea of the mate. Somewhere for each of them was a "Kitty," a "daisy Sunday best-day girl." At the present or in the past these woods roisterers, this Fighting Forty, had known love. Thorpe rose abruptly and turned at random into the forest. The song pursued him as he went.

"I took her to a dance one night, A mossback gave me the bidding; Silver Jack bossed the shebang, And Big Dan played the fiddle. We danced and drank the liveliest night, With fights between the dancing. Till Silver Jack cleaned out the ranch, And sent the mossbacks prancing."

And with the increasing war and turmoil of the quick water the last shout of the Fighting Forty mingled faintly and was lost.

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!" Thorpe found himself at the edge of the woods facing a little glade into which streamed the radiance of a full moon.

There he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood listening.

Her small, fair head was inclined ever so little sideways, and her finger was on her lips as though she wished to still the very hush of night, to which impression the inclination of her supple body lent its grace. The moonlight shone full upon her countenance. A little white face it was, with wide, clear eyes and a sensitive, proud mouth that now half parted like a child's. Her eyebrows arched from her straight nose in the peculiarly graceful curve that falls just short of pride on the one side, and of power on the other to fill the eyes with a pathos of trust and innocence. The man watching could catch the poise of her long white neck and the molten moon fire from her tumbled hair—the color of corn silk, but finer.

Behind her lurked the low, even shadow of the forest where the moon was not, a band of velvet against which the girl and the light-touched twigs and bushes and grass blades were etched like frost against a black

window pane. There was something, too, of the frostwork's evanescent application quality in the scene, as though at any moment, with a puff of the balmy summer wind, the radiant glade, the hovering figure, the filigreed silver of the entire setting would melt into the accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer and the voices of its sterner calling.

Thorpe held his breath and waited. Again the white-throat lifted his clear, spiritual note across the brightness, slow, trembling with ecstasy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, wholly divine, listening to the little bird's message.

For the third time the song shivered across the night; then Thorpe, with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SIMMONS RE-ELECTED.

### State Executive Committee by a Unanimous Vote Select Senator Simmons to Succeed Himself as Chairman.

### CENTRAL COMMITTEE CHOSEN. Four Democrats From Each Congressional District Named—Henderson Gets One.

Raleigh, N. C., July 26.—The State Democratic Executive committee was in session last night in Raleigh with twenty-seven members present in person or by proxy, and a number of prominent visitors from over the State.

As the result of the enthusiastic meeting Senator Simmons was re-elected State Chairman, Mr. A. J. Field, secretary to the committee, a central committee of forty, composed of four members from each district, named, the chairman empowered to appoint an advisory committee of five, plans for an optional primary provided for, regulations for campaign clubs adopted, addresses made by the state chairman, and Hon. R. B. Glenn, democratic nominee for governor.

Besides this the committee provided that there should be a joint discussion with the republicans and that a notice to this effect be served on the chairman of that party, the discussions to be between the opposing nominees.

#### The Central Committee.

The Central Committee of forty as elected last night was as follows:

First District.—E. F. Lamb, Elizabeth City; B. B. Wimbor, Murfreesboro; Stephen C. Bragaw, Washington; R. R. Cotton, Bruce.

Second District.—T. W. Mason, Graysburg; Isaac E. Green, Weldon; H. A. Gilliam, Tarboro; J. W. Grainger, Kingston.

Third District.—C. E. Foy, New Bern; F. W. Hargett, Jackson; T. O. Whitaker, Trenton; Nathan O'Berry, Goldsboro.

Fourth District.—F. S. Spruill, Louisburg; H. A. London, Pittsboro; R. H. Bunn, Rocky Mount; E. C. Beddingfield, Raleigh.

Fifth District.—J. S. Carr, Durham; A. H. Eller, Winston; A. W. Hayward, Haw River; A. M. Scales, Greensboro.

Sixth District.—E. J. Hale, Fayetteville; C. C. Lyon, Elizabethtown; A. W. McLean, Lumberton; H. L. Goodwin, Dunn.

Seventh District.—M. L. John, Laurinburg; George Warburton, Rockingham; R. L. Stevens, Monroe; William Hammond, Asheboro.

Eighth District.—Dr. J. R. McLelland, Mooresville; Paul B. Means, Concord; R. A. Doughton, Sparta; Edmund Jones, Lenoir.

Ninth District.—R. J. Brevard, Charlotte; J. H. Weddington, Charlotte; H. F. Schenck, Lawndale; L. T. Avery, Morgan ton.

Tenth District.—M. L. Shipman, Hendersonville; S. Gallert, Rutherfordton; W. T. Crawford, Waynesville; Marcus Erwin, Asheville.

#### The Optional Primary.

The resolution for an optional primary, proposed by Hon. Walter E. Moore and formulated by Hon. James H. POU, after various amendments, was adopted as follows:

Resolved, That this committee will provide an optional primary, to be adopted by the executive committee of any county desiring to nominate county candidates and members of the legislature by a primary. That the chairman is authorized to appoint a sub-committee to formulate such a plan, and when approved by the chairman the said plan shall become a part of the plan of organization. Where any county executive committee has already called such a primary, such county executive committee may formulate and promulgate its own rule for such election already ordered. The plan provided for in this resolution will not supersede the present plan, except in those counties adopting this plan.

#### To Regulate the Clubs.

To regulate the clubs the following resolution was proposed by Mr. James H. POU and was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee that the organization of democratic clubs in various localities be promoted whenever, in the opinion of the chairman, the organization of such clubs will assist in the campaign work. In order that harmony may be preserved and unity of action attained, all democratic clubs will be

regarded as part of the democratic organization and under the jurisdiction of this committee; and they will perform their duties in harmony with and under the direction of the executive committees of the counties wherein they are situated.

**Not a Joint Discussion.**  
The following resolution introduced by Judge T. B. Womack was adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee that there shall be a joint discussion of the issues involved in this campaign between the candidates of the democratic party for political offices and the opposing candidates of the republican party, and that the chairman of this executive committee is authorized to arrange with the chairman of the republican state executive committee for such general joint discussion.

#### The Meeting Begins.

The meeting was held in the senate chamber, beginning at nine o'clock and was called to order by Senator Simmons who in doing so said that he did this by instruction of the new committee at a meeting held in Greensboro at the time of the nomination. He then retired from the chair, calling Hon. Duncan E. McIver, of Sanford, to preside.

Mr. William G. Lamb, of Williamston, stating that he believed he was the oldest continuous member of the committee having served under every chairman since Barringer, said that of all the distinguished chairmen none had been more positive in the demands made on him, none more courageous nor possessing more tact and ability than the retiring chairman, therefore he placed in nomination Hon. F. M. Simmons for re-election, and moved in be made unanimously.

There was great applause as he named Senator Simmons and many voices seconded the resolutions. The question was put and a loud chorus of voices, a solid vote re-elected Mr. Simmons, who came forward and addressed the committee:

He stated that after the past arduous campaign he really had wished to retire from the chairmanship, and have the burden placed on some one else, but that he never refused a democratic call to duty. That four years ago he had wished to retire and had said so, but that friends from all over the State had called on him, and having been identified with certain legislation he desired to have it presented fully to the people and consented to serve, and that now he had served in five campaigns but as the democratic party called and had honored him so signally, he obeyed, not with reluctance, but willingly.

He expressed his gratification at the unanimous re-election and pledged himself to labor for success just as vigorously as in the five campaigns in which he had led to victory. Here he reviewed briefly the events leading to the campaign from 1892 to the present, and in so doing paid handsome compliments to Hon. James H. POU and Hon. Clement Manly, the chairmen in 1894 and 1896, who though defeated, had made as magnificent and able campaigns as was possible for any men to make. Of Mr. POU he said the campaign of 1894 had been conducted ably, with great wisdom, foresight and energy, and of Mr. Manly that no man could have managed better, but that defeat was then inevitable. The victory in 1898 he ascribed to the people who had grown tired of the abominable conditions. In these and other campaigns he said some prestige had come to him.

He declared that he did not know when or how a division might come in the future and the democratic party lose control, but that the legislation which had done most for the white man and the black man was the amendment, which had forever made this a white man's state. "I will be proud to the last day of my life of the part I took in that," he said, and added, "it will be the proudest legacy I can leave to my children, the part I took in ridding the state of negro domination though as a young man and proudest of the honor that has been given me."

He pled for the democratic party to go forward on the great question of education, that it had assumed the obligation to go forward, and that if it did not do so in moral, material and intellectual development of the state it will find enough of the state. It would not be long before it would be driven from power and some other party put in charge. He praised Governor Aycock for his educational position and the legislature for its educational laws. Of Governor Aycock he said he was preaching practically the gospel of education, and the people were already seeing the fruits.

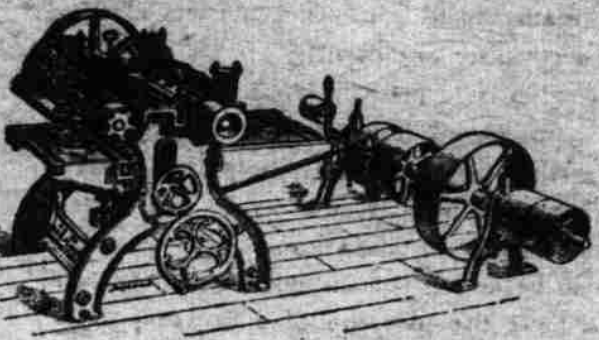
Then he discussed the great step taken in passing the White Law and spoke of its beneficial effect in North Carolina. Because of legislative enactment and of the action of the state convention he declared this a democratic measure. He called upon democrats everywhere to challenge the republicans to attack it. He prophesied a great democratic victory and called upon democrats to quit brokering and thus to end dissensions. He prophesied as great a majority in North Carolina as had been cast at the last election and that more, that we are not only going to carry North Carolina but the United States for democracy.

He closed by stating the pride he felt at being at the head of 180,000 of the very flower of North Carolina manhood and his remarks were loudly applauded.

On motion of Mr. J. R. Young the chairman was authorized to name the secretary of the committee. Later Mr. Simmons named Mr. A. J. Field, who was unanimously elected. On motion of Mr. P. M. Pearson all democratic present were given the privilege of the floor.

The central committee was next named on motion of Mr. Wilson G. Lamb, and on motion of Mr. H. A. Grady, the chairman was authorized to name an advisory committee of five.

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DEPOSITS.	DEC. 15, 1893,	ASSETS.
37,708.93.		130,367.29
329,184.73.	DEC. 15, 1895,	369,026.17
327,859.44.	DEC. 15, 1897,	469,751.16
781,018.11.	DEC. 15, 1899,	927,156.48
1,043,282.04.	DEC. 15, 1901,	1,180,295.70
2,237,075.14.	DEC. 15, 1903,	2,863,997.16
	April 14, 1904,	\$3,589,276.46

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