

**The Blazed Trail**

By **STEWART EDWARD WHITE**

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**CHAPTER XXXV.**

**T**HORPE walked through the silent group of men without seeing them. He had no thought for what he had done, but for the triumphant discovery he had made in spite of himself.

It was then about 6 o'clock in the morning. Thorpe passed the boarding house, the store and the office, to take himself as far as the little open shed that served as a railway station. There he set the semaphore to flag the east bound train from Duluth. At 6:35, the train happening on time, he climbed aboard. He dropped heavily into a seat and stared straight in front of him until the conductor had spoken to him twice.

"Where to, Mr. Thorpe?" he asked.

"Oh, Mackinaw City."

Thorpe descended at Mackinaw City to find that the noon train had gone. He ate lunch at the hotel, borrowed \$100 from the agent of Louis Sands, a lumberman of his acquaintance, and seated himself rigidly in the little waiting room, there to remain until the 9:20 that night. When the cars were backed down from the siding he boarded the sleeper. In the doorway stood a disapproving colored porter.

"You'll find the smokin' cah up fo'wud, sah," said the latter, firmly barring the way.

"It's generally forward," answered Thorpe.

"This yeah's the sleepah," protested the functionary. "Yo' pays extra."

"I am aware of it," replied Thorpe curtly. "Give me a lower."

"Yes, sah," acquiesced the darky, giving way, but still in doubt. He followed Thorpe cautiously, peering into the smoking room on him from time to time. A little after 12 his patience gave out. The stolid, gloomy man of lower 6 seemed to intend sitting up all night.

"Yo' berth is ready, sah," he delicately suggested.

Thorpe awoke obediently, walked to lower 6 and without undressing threw himself on the bed. Afterward the porter in conscientious discharge of his duty looked diligently beneath the seat for boots to polish. Happening to glance up after fruitless search he discovered the boots still adorning the feet of their owner.

"Well, for the land's sake!" ejaculated the scandalized negro, beating a hasty retreat.

Thorpe descended at Twelfth street in Chicago without any clear notion of where he was going. For a moment he faced the long, parklike expanse of the lake front, then turned sharp to his left and picked his way south up the interminable reaches of Michigan avenue. Black after black he clicked along, the creaks of his boots striking fire from the pavement.

After an interval he seemed to have left the smoke and dirt behind. The street became quieter; boarding houses and tailors' shops ceased; here and there appeared a bit of lawn, shrubbery and flowers. By and by he came to himself to find that he was staring at the deep carved lettering in a stone horse block before a large dwelling.

His mind took the letters in one after the other, perceiving them plainly before it accorded them recognition. Finally he had completed the word "Farrand." He whirled sharp on his heel, mounted the broad white stone steps and rang the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a clean shaven, portly and dignified man with the most impressive countenance in the world. This man looked upon Thorpe with lofty disapproval.

"Is Miss Hilda Farrand at home?" he asked.

"I cannot say," replied the man. "If you will step to the back door I will ascertain."

"The flowers will do. Now see that the south room is ready, Annie," floated a voice from within.

Without a word, but with a deadly earnestness, Thorpe reached forward, seized the astonished servant by the collar, yanked him bodily outside the door, stepped inside and strode across the hall toward a closed portiere whence had come the voice. The river man's long spikes cut little triangular pieces from the hardwood floor. Thorpe did not notice that. He thrust aside the portiere.

Before him he saw a young and beautiful girl. She was seated, and her lap was filled with flowers. At his sudden apparition her hands flew to her heart, and her lips slightly parted. For a second the two stood looking at each other, just as nearly a year before their eyes had crossed over the old pole trail.

To Thorpe the girl seemed more beautiful than ever. The red of this violent unexpected encounter flushed to her face, her bosom rose and fell in a suffering catch for breath, but her eyes were steady and inquiring.

Then the butler pounced on Thorpe from behind with the intent to do great bodily harm.

"Hilda!" commanded Hilda sharply. "What are you doing?"

The man cut short his heroism in confusion.

"You may go," concluded Hilda.

Thorpe stood straight and unswerving by the portiere. After a moment he spoke.

"I have come to tell you that you were right and I was wrong," said he

steadily. "You told me there was nothing better than love. In the pride of my strength I told you this was not so. I was wrong."

He stood for another instant looking directly at her, then turned sharply and, head erect, walked from the room.

Before he had reached the outer door the girl was at his side.

"Why are you going?" she asked.

"I have nothing more to say."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing at all."

She laughed happily to herself.

"But I have—much. Come back."

They returned to the little morning room. Thorpe's caked boots gouging out the little triangular furrows in the hardwood floor. Neither noticed that.

"What are you going to do now?" she catechised, facing him in the middle of the room. A long tendril of her beautiful corn silk hair fell across her eyes; her red lips parted in a faint, wistful smile; beneath the draperies of her loose gown the pure slender lines of her figure leaned toward him.

"I am going back," he replied patiently.

"I knew you would come," said she. "I have been expecting you. Oh, Harry, she breathed, with a sudden flash of insight, "you are a man born to be much misunderstood."

He held himself rigid, but in his veins was creeping a molten fire, and the fire was beginning to glow dully in his eye. Her whole being called him.

And still she stood there before him, saying nothing, leaning slightly toward him, her red lips half parted, her eyes fixed almost wistfully on his face.

"Go away!" he whispered hoarsely at last. The voice was not his own. "Go away! Go away!"

Suddenly she swayed to him.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," she whispered, "must I tell you? Don't you see?"

The food broke through him. He seized her hungrily. He crushed her to him until she gasped; he pressed his lips against hers until she all but cried out with pain of it; he ran his great brown hands blindly through her hair until it came down about them both in a cloud of spun light.

"Tell me!" he whispered. "Tell me!"

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Please! What is it?"

"I do not believe it," he murmured savagely.

She drew herself from him with gentle dignity.

"I am not worthy to say it," she said sobberly, "but I love you with all my heart and soul."

Then for the first and only time in his life Thorpe fell to weeping, while she, understanding, stood by and comforted him.

The few moments of Thorpe's tears eased the emotional strain under which perhaps unconsciously he had been laboring for nearly a year past. The tenseness of his nerves relaxed. He savored deliberately the joy of a luxurious couch, rich hangings, polished floor, subdued light, warmed atmosphere. He watched with soul deep gratitude the soft girlish curves of Hilda's body, the poise of her flower head, the piquant half wistful, half childlike set of her red lips, the clear starlike glimmer of her dusky eyes. It was all near to him.

"Kiss me, dear," she said.

She leaned her cheeks against her hand and her hand against his shoulder.

"I have been reading a story lately," said she, "that has interested me very much. It was about a man who renounced all he held most dear to shield a friend."

"Yes," said Thorpe.

"Then he renounced all his most valuable possessions because a poor common man needed the sacrifice."

"Sounds like a medieval story," said he, with unconscious humor.

"It happened recently," rejoined Hilda. "I read it in the papers."

"Well, he blazed a good trail," was Thorpe's sighing comment. "Probably

it has been very exciting. Poor boy, you look tired."

He straightened himself suddenly. "I have forgotten—actually forgotten," he cried, a little bitterly. "Why, I am a pauper, a bankrupt. I—"

"Harry," she interrupted gently, but very firmly. "You must not say what you were going to say. I cannot allow it. Money came between us before. It must not do so again. Am I not right, dear?"

She smiled at him with the lips of a child and the eyes of a woman.

"Yes," he agreed after a struggle, "you are right. But now I must begin all over again. It will be a long time before I shall be able to claim you. I have my way to make."

"Yes," said she diplomatically.

"But you!" he cried suddenly. "The papers remind me. How about that Morton?"

"What about him?" asked the girl, astonished. "He is very happily engaged."

Thorpe's face slowly filled with blood.

"You'll break the engagement at once," he commanded, a little harshly.

"Why should I break the engagement?" demanded Hilda, eyeing him with some alarm.

"You actually don't think he's engaged to me!" she burst out finally.

"Isn't he?" asked Thorpe.

"Why, no, stupid! He's engaged to Elizabeth Carpenter, Wallace's sister. Now where did you get that silly idea?"

"I saw it in the paper."

"And you believe all you see? Why didn't you ask Wallace? But of course you wouldn't. Harry, you are the most incoherent dumb old brute I ever saw. I could shake you. You need a wife to interpret things for you. You speak a different language from most people." She said this between laughing and crying, between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word and a tender pathetic intuition of the suffering such a nature must endure.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

"Oh, Harry, I'd forgotten utterly!" she cried in laughing consternation. "I have a luncheon here at half past 1. It's almost that now. I must run and dress. Just look at me; just look! You did that."

"I'll wait here until the confounded thing is over," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no, you won't!" replied Hilda decidedly. "You are going downtown right now and get something to put on. Then you are coming back here to stay."

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver's clothes and his spiked boots.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "I should think so! How am I to get out without ruining the floor?"

Hilda laughed and drew aside the portiere.

"Don't you think you have done that pretty well already?" she asked.

"There, don't look so solemn. We're not going to be sorry for a single thing we've done today, are we?" She stood close to him, searching his face wistfully with her fathomless dusky eyes.

"No, sweetheart, we are not," replied Thorpe soberly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**Maddened Man Attacked Dentist.**

New York Dispatch to Baltimore Sun.

For days Benjamin Kling has been suffering from an ulcerated tooth. He dreaded visiting a dentist, but was finally persuaded to go to a man whose name is blazoned forth on every billboard in Brooklyn as the painless wonder—one who has pulled more teeth than any other person in the world.

Kling went to a branch establishment of the dentist in Fulton street. Nervously he waited until his turn came, when he went into a glass protected booth, one of several in the office. Dr. S. R. Adams, the operator, assured him it wouldn't hurt.

"It's a wisdom tooth," remarked the dentist, as he reached for his pliers.

"Very easy to extract. Sit still, you'll never—"

The sentence was never finished. With the extraction of the tooth, followed by a severe hemorrhage, Kling, with a yell, bounded from the chair. With eyes ablaze he dashed for the painless pupil of the painless dentist.

Seizing the dentist by the throat Kling bore him to the ground, barking and snapping and frothing at the mouth. Then he dashed into the reception room, where there were a dozen patients, many of them women, who fled in terror. In the adjoining booth was a woman patient. She fainted with fright as the maddened Kling smashed the glass partitions.

Dr. Adams grappled with the frenzied man, and, although the latter bit him, clung to him until the arrival of two policemen, was overpowered, placed in a straight jacket and taken to a hospital. The doctors there said he was temporarily insane.

**Death Last Night of L. F. Sorrells.**

A message was received here today from the state hospital at Morganton announcing the death there last night of L. F. Sorrells, of Asheville. The remains will be brought to Asheville and the interment will occur at Gash's Creek.

Mr. Sorrells was well known in Asheville and Buncombe county where he had many friends. He was at one time a member of the police force of Asheville and while thus in the service of the city was taken ill and subsequently taken to the hospital at Morganton during the early spring where he has since remained—Gazette-News.

Mr. Sorrells was once an overseer in the Pink Bed Valley for Mr. Vanderbilt, and was well and favorably known throughout Western North Carolina.



"Go away!" he whispered. He had his chance. We don't all of us get that. Things go crooked and get tangled up, so we have to do the best we can. I don't believe I'd have done it."

"Oh, you are delicious!" she cried. After a time she said very humbly: "I want to beg your pardon for misunderstanding you and causing you so much suffering. I was very stupid and didn't see why you could not do as I wanted you to."

"That is nothing to forgive. I acted like a fool."

"I have known about you," she went on. "It has all come out in the papers."

**To The Public,**

Mr. Editor:— Please allow me space to correct an erroneous report, which has been circulated by some one—either maliciously or through ignorance of facts—that I am going to move my business from Hendersonville to Asheville; this false report possibly grew out of the fact that Armour & Co., (the people I represent) have bought out the Armour Packing Co., in Asheville, N. C. and have made Asheville a distributing point, for Western North Carolina, instead of Lynchburg, Va., as heretofore—this change went into effect on Oct. 1st, 1924, and since that time there has been no Armour Packing Co., in Asheville, N. C. I have no intention of leaving Hendersonville—my business here has been beyond my expectation and the merchants have shown their appreciation, by their liberal patronage, of having the best and largest Packing House Amount, the World has in it, in their midst, which has enabled them to buy Packing House products from 1/4 to 1 cent per pound cheaper than they were doing prior to my coming here. Which not only benefits them individually, but enables them to give their customers cheaper prices as well. For the first 12 months, after I came to Hendersonville, I had all the combined forces of outside competition to contend with—they fought hard, with hope of driving me from the field, in order that they might have the opportunity of getting the averages, which had gotten to be such a sweet morsel, but I am here to stay, and will be here when you hear from me again and shall always take pleasure in keeping my customers closely posted in regard to all the changes in the market, which no other competitor has ever done for them, and I am truly glad to say that with very few exceptions, the merchants have shown their full appreciation of same.

Thanking you, I beg to remain,

Very truly,

J. D. BOYD.

The fact that the administration has made its self the backey of Great Britain, and a partisan of Japan in the Eastern war, has undoubtedly lost this country the friendship of Russia. Are terms of amity with that great nation, our friends in time, of need, of no consequence?

Workingmen are unable to understand what the President mean when he says, "the purchasing power of the wage-earner's dollar has grown faster than the cost of living." The Federation of Labor is angry, and insists that the President don't know what a wage-earner's dollar looks like, not having earned his salary, since he began to draw it.

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DEPOSITS.		ASSETS.
37,708.93	DEC. 15, 1893,	139,367.29
324,184.73	DEC. 15, 1896,	369,026.17
327,859.44	DEC. 15, 1897,	468,751.16
781,018.11	DEC. 15, 1899,	937,156.48
1,043,282.04	DEC. 15, 1901,	1,180,265.70
2,237,076.14	DEC. 15, 1903,	2,863,997.16
	April 14, 1904,	\$3,589,276.46

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