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VOL. XXX.

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"Mine is Thorpe," replied the other.

"Thank you." Thorpe followed and found himself on the frozen platform of a little dark railway station. Directly across the track from the railway station a single building was pricked from the dark by a solitary lamp in a lower story room. The four who had descended before Thorpe made over toward this light, stumbling and laughing uncertainly, so he knew it was probably the boarding house and prepared to follow

The five were met at the steps by the proprietor of the boarding house. This man was short and stout, with a harelip and cleft palate, which at once gave him the well known slurring speech of persons so afflicted and imparted also to the timbre of his voice a peculiarly hollow, resonant, trumpetlike note. He stumped about energetically on a wooden leg of home manufacture It was a cumbersome instrument. heavy, with deep pine socket for the stump and a projecting brace which passed under a leather belt around the man's waist. This instrument he used with the dexterity of a third hand. As Thorpe watched him he drove in a projecting nail, kicked two "turkeys" inside the open door and stuck the armed end of his peg leg through the top and bottom of the whisky jug that one of the new arrivals had set down near the door. The whisky promptly ran out. At this the cripple filrted the impaled jug from the wooden leg far out over the rail of the veranda into the

A growl went up. "What 'n thunder's that for?" snar!ed one of the owners of the whisky threateningly.

"Don't allow no whisky here," snuff-

ed the harelip. The men were very angry. They advanced toward the cripple, who retreated with astonishing agility to the lighted room. There he bent the wooden leg behind him, slipped the end of the brace from beneath the leather belt, seized the other peg end in his right hand and so became possessed of a murderous bludgeon. This he brandished, hopping at the same time back and forth in such perfect poise and yet with so ludicrous an effect of popping corn that the men-were surprised into

"Bully for you, pegleg!" they cried. the latter, without, however, a shade of compromising in his tones. "Had

CHAPTER III. HORPE was awakened a long time before daylight by the ringing of a noisy bell. He dressed, shivering, and stumbled downstairs to the round stove, big

as a boiler, into which the cripple dumped huge logs of wood from time to time. After breakfast Thorpe returned to this stove and sat half dozing for what seemed to him untold ages. The cold of the northern country was initiating him. Men came in, smoked a brief pipe and went out. After a time he himself put on his overcoat and ventured out into the town. It seemed to Thorpe a meager affair, built of lumber, mostly

unpainted, with always the dark, menacing fringe of the forest behind. The great sawmill, with its tall stacks and its rows of water to reis-protection against fire—on top, was the dominant note. Near the mill coughed a little red painted structure from whose stovepipe a column of white smoke arose, attesting the cold, a clear hundred feet straight upward, and to whose door a number of men were directing their steps through the snow. Over the door Thorpe could distinguish the word "Of-

fice." He followed and entered. In a narrow aisle railed off from the main part of the room waited Thorpe's companions of the night before. The remainder of the office gave accommodation to three cierks. One of these gianced up inquiringly as Thorpe came

"I am looking for work," said Thorpe.

"Wait there," briefly commanded the clerk. In a few moments the door of the inner room opened and Shearer came out. A man's head peered from within.

"Come on, boys," said be. The five applicants shuffled through. Thorpe found himself in the presence of a man whom he felt to be the natural leader of these wild, independent spirits. He was already a little past middle life, and his form had lost the elastic vigor of youth. But his eye was keen, clear and wrinkled to a certain dry facetiousness, and his figure was of that bulk which gives an imion of a subtler weight and power than the merely physical. You felt his superiority even when he was most comradely with you. This man Thorpe was to meet under other condition wherein the steel hand would more

plainly clink the metal. He was now seated in a worn office chair before a littered desk. In the close air hung the smell of stale cigars and the clear fragrance of pine. "What is it, Dennis?" he asked the

"I've been out," replied the lumberfirst of the men. "Have you got anything for me,

Mr. Daly?"

added, turning to the next two in line. "All right; report to Tim. Do you want work?" he inquired of the last of the quartet, a hig, bashful man, with the shoulders of a Hercules. "Yes, sir," answered the latter, un-

in ten minutes the wallowing, slipping and leaping after the tail of the sied had sent his blood tingling to the ast of his protesting members. Cold After a little while they arrived by

way of a bill, over which they plunged into the middle of the camp. Thorpe saw three large buildings, backed end to end, and two smaller ones, all built of heavy logs, roofed with plank and lighted sparsely through one or two windows apiece. The driver pulled up opposite the space between two larger buildings and began to unload his provisions. Thorpe set about aiding him and so found himself for the first time

in a "cook camp." . It was a commodious building. One end furnished space for two cooking ranges and two bunks placed one over the other. Along one side ran a broad table shelf, with other shelves over it and numerous barrels underneath, all filled with cans, loaves of bread, cookles and pies. The center was occupied by four long bench flanked tables, down whose middle straggled utensils containing sugar, apple butter, condiments and sauces and whose edges were set with tin dishes for about forty men. The cook, a rather thin faced man with a mustache, directed where the provisions were to be stowed, and the 'cookee," a bulking youth, assisted Thorpe and the driver to carry them in. In a few moments the task was finished, with the exception of a half dozen other cases, which the driver designated as for the "van." The horses were unhitched and stabled in the third of the big log buildings. The

driver indicated the second. "Better go into the men's camp and sit down till th' boss gets in," he ad-

Thorpe entered a dim, overheated structure lined on two sides by a dou-ble tier of large bunks partitioned from one another like cabins of a boat and centered by a huge stove over which hung siender poles. The latter were to dry clothes on. Just outside the bunks ran a straight, hard bench. Thorpe stood at the entrance trying to accustom his eyes to the dimness.

"Set down," said a voice, "on th' floor if you want to, but I'd prefer th' deacon seat."

Thorpe obediently took position on the bench, or "deacon seat." His eyes, more used to the light, could make out The man went out. Daly turned to a thin, tall, bent old man, with bare cranium, two visible teeth and a three days' stubble of white beard over his meager, twisted face. He caught, perhaps, Thorpe's surpris-

ed expression.
"You think th' old man's no good, do you?" he cackled without the slightest "Looks is deceivin'." sprang up swiftly, selzed the toe of his right foot in his left hand and jumped his left foot through the loop thus formed. Then he sat down again and

laughed at Thorpe's astonishment.
"Old Jackson's still puriy smart,"
said he. "I'm barn boss. They ain't a man in th' country knows as much about hosses as I do. We min't had but two sick this fall, an' between you an' me they's a skate lot. You're a "Yes." confessed Thorpe.

"Well," said Jackson reflectively, but rapidly, "Le Fabian, he's quiet, but ban; and O'Grady, he talks loud, but you can bluff him; and Perry, he's only bad when he gets full of red likker; and Norton, he's bad when he gets mad like, and will use axes." Thorpe did not know he was getting

valuable points on the camp bull At dark the old man lit two lamps, which served dimly to gloze the shadows, and thrust logs of wood into the cast iron stove. Soon after, the men came in. They were a queer, mixed lot. There were active, clear built, precise Frenchmen, with small hands and feet and a peculiarly trim way of wearing their rough garments; typical native born American lumber jacks, powerful in frame, rakish in air, reckess in manner; big blond Scandinavians and Swedes, strong men at the sawing; an Indian or so, strangely in Irishmen, Englishmen and Canadiana. These men tramped in without a word and set busily to work at various tasks. Some sat on the "deacon seat" and began to take off their socks and rubbers. Still others selected and lit lanterns from a pendant row near the window and followed old Jackson out of doors. They were the teamsters.

"You'll find the old man in the office," small log chbin indicated as the office,

and pushed open the door. A man sat at a desk placing figures on a sheet of paper. He obtained the figures from statistics penciled on three thin leaves of beechwood riveted to gether. In a chair by the stove lounged a bulkler figure, which Thorpe con-

cluded to be that of the "old man."
"I was sent here by Shearer," said Thorpe directly. "He said you might give me some work." So long a silence fell that the appli-

cant began to wonder if his question had been heard. "I might," replied the man dryly at

"I'm very much obliged to you," began Thorpe to the walking boss, "and"—
"That's all right," interrupted the lat-"Well, will you?" Thorpe inquired, the humor of the situation overcoming "Have you ever worked in the woods?"

> "I'll put you on the road in the morning," he concluded, as though this were the deciding qualification. One of the men entered abruptly and approached the counter. The writer at the desk laid aside his tablets.

What is it, Albert?' he asked. "Jot of chewin'," was the reply. The scaler took from the shelf a long plug of tobacco and cut off two inc "Ain't bittin' the van much, are you, Albert?' he commented, putting the man's name and the amount in a little book. Thorpe went out after leaving book. There were book, enlightened as to the method of obtaining supplies. ing from the van when he sho

worked out the necessary credit. At supper he learned something must not talk at table. one thing, supper was a much briefer affair than it would have been had ev-ery man felt privileged to take his will conversation, not to speak of the ab-ce of noise and the presence of ice. Each man asked for what he

Besides the beans were fried salt WINTER CARE OF POULTRY. pork, boiled potatoes, canned corn, mince pie, a variety of cookies and doughnuts, and strong green tea. Thorpe found himself eating ravenous-

ly of the crude fare. That evening he underwent a catechism, a few practical jokes, which he took good naturedly, and a vast deal of chaffing. At 9 o'clock the lights were all out. By daylight he and a dozen other men were at work hewing a road that had to be as smooth and level as a New York boulevard.

Thorpe and four others were set to work on this road, which was to be cut through a creek bottom leading, he was told, to "seventeen." He learned to use a double bitted ax.

From shortly after daylight he worked. Four other men bore him company, and twice Radway himself came by, watched their operations for a moment and moved on without comment. After Thorpe had caught his second wind he enjoyed his task, finding a certain pleasure in the ease with which he handled his tool. At the end of an interminable pe-

riod a faint, musical hallo swelled, echoed and died through the forest, beautiful as a spirit. It was taken up by another voice and repeated. Then by another. Now near at hand, now far away, it rang as hollow as a bell.

The sawyers, the swampers, the skidders and the team men turned and put on their heavy blanket coats. Down on the road Thorpe, heard it, too, and wondered what it might be.

"Come on, bub. She means chew," explained old man Heath kindly. Thorpe resumed his coat and fell in behind the little procession. After a short time he came upon a horse and sledge. Beyond it the cookee had built a little camp fire, around and over which he had grouped big fifty pound lard tins half full of hot things to eat. Each man as he approached picked up a tin plate and cup from a pile near at hand.

The cookee was plainly master of the situation. He issued peremptory orders. When Erickson, the blond Swede, attempted surreptitiously to appropriate a doughnut the youth turned on him savagely and shouted:

"Get out of that, you big towhead!" The men ate, perched in various attitudes and places. Thorpe found it



now the north country cold penetrated to his bones. He huddled close to the fire and drank hot ten, but it did not do him very much good. In his secret mind he resolved to buy one of the blanket mackinaws that very evening. The newcomer's first day of hard work had tired him completely. He was ready for nothing so much as his bunk. But he had forgotten that it was Saturday night. His status was still to assure.

They began with a few mild tricks. Shuffle the brogan followed hot back. Thorpe took all of it good naturedly. Finally a tall individual with a thin, white face, a reptilian forehead, reddish hair and long, babboon arms sug-Thorpe made his way across to the gested tossing in a blanket. Thorpe looked at the low ceiling and declined

"I'm with the game as long as you can say, boys," said be, "and I'll have as much fun as anybody, but that's going too far for a tired man."

be translated, "We'll see about that!" Thorpe was a good boxer, but he knew by now the lumber jacks' method of fighting - anything to hurt the other fellow. And in a genuine, old fashioned, knock-down-and-drag-out rough and tumble your woodsman about the toughest customer to handle you will be likely to meet. He is ught up on fighting. Nothing pleases him better than to get drunk and, with a few companions, to emberk in an earnest effort to "clean out" a rival town. And he will accept cheerfully hment enough to kill three ordi-

Thorpe at the first hostile moveme sprang back to the door, seized one of the three-foot billets of hard wood innded for the stove and faced his op-

[TO ME CONTINUED.]

Lulu, who was my constant cor panion for about six weeks two ears ago in Florida, was a cross etween the fox terrier and pug. She would hunt for and find s much as a good setter would find quail. She killed all she found till. much to the disgust of my friends, who owned chickens, I told her she mustn't. I have the skin of a six foot chicken snake which she detained for me till I took it with a forked stick. She one day, at my command, held at bay, by harking, a nine foot king snake for about half an hour till I had studied it all I wished and called her off.

Much to my regret, I learned that she was afterward bitten by a rattlar and died.—Forest and Stream.

Fowls Must Be Protected From Cold.

Now that the season of cold and storms has arrived, it is necessary to keep the fowls and chicks from taking cold. If the roup should get in your flock it will mean a great loss, says O. P. Greer in Commercial Poultry, Noth ing is more discouraging than to find half a dozen or more of your best chicks or fowls with symptoms of roup. It means if your flock has roup that every bird, no difference how valuable, must be killed and buried Roup is a very bad disease, and any breeder that will keep roupy fowis ing a mistake. The fowls and chickshould be kept comfortable, and their roosting piace should be proof against rain or rats and arranged to prevent drafts of air. If the chickens are roosting in coops, wooden bottoms should be placed under the coops, as

A little extra precaution may save you the loss of many chicks. . Cockerels should be penned to them-

the ground will get damp and cold.

selves. Pullets do not have any peace when unning in the same inclosure with cockerels. If you want your pullets to do well, do not keep them with the cockerels. When cockerels are put by themselves they will fight and spar around for awhile, but always quiet down in a short time and will be con tented together.

Pine Tar In the Poultry House. Poultry raisers seem to have failed o discover the value of pine tar. It is very useful and valuable in many ways, says Poultry World. Some preeders tar their poultry yard fences in preference to whitewashing them, though we do not like to see it done for it gives the surroundings such a gloomy, forbidding look. It undoubtedly contributes largely to the durability of the wood, protecting it from

the ravages of storm and time. It is in the poultry house, however that the value of tar is the greatest, for it conduces greatly toward healthulness. When that scourge of the poultryman, cholera, makes its appearince, we would advise first a thorough cleaning of the house, next a generous application of Carolina tar on all the oints, cracks and crevices of the inside of the building and plenty of fresh whitewash properly applied. The tar absorbs or drives away the taint of disease and makes the premises wholesome. The smell is not offensive -in fact, many people like it-and it is directly opposite to unhealthy. To vermin, lice, etc., the smell of tar is very repulsive, and but few will re main after you have tarred the cracks,

A friend of ours was once troubled with chicken cholera and by adopting the above in connection with removing affected fowls he soon put a stop to the ravages. A small lump of tar in it is the Carolina tar, which is very different from the petroleum product.

Water For the Fowls. If necessary food is not given to the swer me that, sir. hen in her own special place she will find enough to keep her busy, but she is not so successful in obtaining water to drink, says A. V. Meersch in Western Poultry Journal. The farmer or his wife will usually provide some feed, but "Biddy" many times takes her chance for water. Yet it is fully prov-

ed that 84 per cent of the egg is water. Drinking vessels should be thoroughly cleaned every day and if posso made that the hens cannot stand in it. In winter time these drink ng vessels should be empiled at night prevent them from freezing, and it advisable to give fowls a warm drink n the early morning in winter when they first come from the roosts, as at that time they usually drink freely. If this is practiced the hens will come for this water as quickly as they will ome for food.

Separate the Sexes. It is the height of foollshness to allow the male birds to run with the bens during the fall and winter offinths unless eggs are wanted for hatching. says Commercial Poultry. It should be remembered that an unfertilized egg is dend matter, while a fertilized one contains a life germ that is ready to take on animal existence as soon as the proper conditions are furnished Even at the low temperature of 60 degrees a fertilized egg will begin to lecny long before an unfertilized one would show the least change. Keep the males and females separate.

Feeding the Layers. The laying hens in the Australian contest had cracked corn for supper nearly every day, occasionally varied by wheat, but they had rape when not on grass, pure water and ground shells were always before them, two ounces of raw chopped liver a hen were fed twice a week, and their morning mash of bran and middlings was often mixd with liver soup, all of which shows that the skilled feeder can use considerable cheap corn.

Poultry Notes. Did it ever occur to you that swallow nests in the vicinity of poultry ses barbor mites and lice? Put the perches far enough away from the door or windows to avoid

draft or roup will result. Never build the nexts high. Have them so low that the heart can step in fnatend of fumping in.

Chicks batched from eggs kept to: long are not so vigorous as those batched from fresh ones, a few days or a week old.

The advantage of raising ducks that they grow very rapidly, and the money invested in them can be turned

The Third Eye. The rudiment of a third eye exiets in a lizard. Disregard for a time his two bright eyes, one on each eide of his head, and look diectly down the center of the skull ween them. Here we will find an

FISHING A WATERFALL.

The Way a Big Trout Was Landed by

One late afternoon the big head forester appeared on the Bavarian stream where I was fishing. He carried a huge bamboo pole in one hand and a little tin pail in the oth-For a little while he stood, watching me land one or two good fish. Then a peculiarly polite expression came over his face, and he begged to know if it would inconvenience me if he fished. "No, indeed," I said quickly.

"Where are you going to begin?"
"There," he replied, pointing to
an incline over which the water

rushed like lightning.
"You can't catch fish there," said, for I did not believe it possible that a fish could maintain itself in such an avalanche of water or that he could keep his bait from being swept to the bottom of the

However, he tied on a chunk of lead, hooked a live minnow to the end of the rope which served as a line and hurled bait and sinker into the foam. The sinker was carried a few yards down the incline and finally stuck among the stores. ly stuck among the stones.

and twenty-one inches long.

good forester would not have undertain—no trout of that size had ever even winked his eye at any fly I had thrown on the pools of the Red Valepp. Let the reader draw his stood. One thing, however, was cerown conclusions and point his own morals, if he has any.-Harper's

All the Difference. Stranger-If a man falls down an open coal hole can he sue the owner of the premises for damages? Lawyer-Certainly, sir, certainly. Big damages, and get them too. Stranger — Well, as my brother was passing your house this morn-

ing he fell through a coal hole and broke his leg. Lawyer—Hem! Did he use or the drinking water supplied to the dinary vigilance to prevent such an fowl will be found beneficial, provided accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of the pavement before treading upon it? An-

Stranger-Stop? Why, no-Lawyer-Aha! I thought as much. He is guilty of criminal negligence, for he might have fallen upon one of my family under the coal hole. Might have killed us all, sir. As it is, I shall sue him for

trespass. A Japanese Humorous Story. The following is given as a typical Japanese humorous story: The term "yabu" is applied to doctors who prescribe wrong medicines. Now, it happened once that, a quack having been the means of killing the only son of a certain house, the parents determined to have their revenge on him. So they sued him at a court of The affair was eventually patched up by the worthy quack giving the bereaved parents his own

gerously ill and that his present taking you from me."

Something Lacking In the Variety. "Hope ye've got some variety about yer show," said the manager the Plunkville Grand Opera House as he laboriously affixed his ignature to the contract.

pointed. "Hain't ye got no mind reader

Good Spirits. Good spirits don't all com e from

Bavarian Angler.

"Now the gracious gentleman shall see what he shall see," observed the head forester, and the next moment, to my horror, he lifted 3 bodily from the torrent a huge trout. The fish fell on the stones, bouncing like a football. The forester calmly gave it the coup de grace and lifted it on my pocket scales—five pounds less an ounce

son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this event the said quack heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that one of his neighbor's wives was danwas required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in their

"Lots of it," replied the gentle manly advance agent. "Our performance comprises circus, comic opera, ballet, vaudeville, comedy concert, grand opera, minstrels, tragedy, drama, pantomime and extravaganza." The local manager looked disap

ner hypnotic perfesser?" he inquir-ed.—Pittsburg Post.

Kentucky. The main sou ce is the iver and all the fine spirits eve made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hunred-and-one ill effects it produce. We want energetic men to can't have good spirits and and maintain District A tred-and-one ill effects it produce ad liver at the same time. Your this company, one of the besiver must be in fine condition it largest and oldest of the Old Live iver must be in fine condition if ou would feel buoyant, happy and no peful, bright of eye, light of ste vigorous and successful in your put suit. You can put your liver in nesi condition by using Green's tugust Flower—the greatest of all redicines for the liver and stomaci and a certain cure for dyspepsia or adigestion. It has been a favorite rousehold remedy for over thirty oddly shaped scale marked with a little depression, and this is indeed what is left of our Cyclopean eye. The horse, the bat, the mole, the monkey and the seal all have a trace of this third eye.

This time of the year To see a noble trout of that size erked from the element with a Take Taraxacum Comroung tree for a pole and a cable for pound now. It may a line is peculiarly painful to any save you a spell of fe-angler. But I said nothing. The ver. It will regulate your bowels, set your

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"We are a very busy firm here," he said.

"What do you want?" "I'm a cant book man, sir." "Where have you worked?" "I had a job with Morgan & Stebbins on the Clear river last winter." "All right; we need cant book men. Report at 'seven,' and if they don't

want you there go to 'thirteen.' "

Thorpe with the last flickers of amusement in his eyes. "What can I do for you?" he inquired. "I aw looking for work," Therpe re-

"Any kind, so long as I can learn something about the lumber business." The older man studied him keenly for "Have you had any other business experience?"

"What kind of work?"

"What have you been doing?" "Nothing." The lumberman's eyes hardened. "We are a very busy firm here," he said, with a certain deliberation. "We do not enrry a big force of men in any ns, boys," replied one department, and each of those men has to fill his place and slop some over the sides. We do not pretend or attempt to teach here. If you want to be a lumberman you must learn the lumber business more directly than through the windows of a bookkeeper's office. Go into the woods. Learn a few

first principles. Find out the difference between Norway and white pine anyway." After his speech the business man whirled back to his desk. "Have you anything for me to do in the woods, then?" the other asked

quietly.
"No," said Daly over his shoulder. Thorpe went out. He had made the lementary discovery that even in chopping wood skilled labor counts. He did not know where to turn next, and he would not have had the money to go far in any case; so, although Shearer's brusque greeting that morning had argued a lack of cordiality, he resolved to remind the river man of his promised assistance.

That noon he carried out his resolve.

"Go up and tackle Radway," said Shearer. "He's jobbing for us on the Cass branch. He needs men for roading, I know, because he's behind. You'll "Where is it?" asked Thorpe. "Ten miles from here. She's biazed, but you better wait for the supply

yourself you'll get lost on some of the old logging roads." Thorpe considered. "I'm busted," he said at last frankly. "Oh, that's all right," replied the

team Friday. If you try to make her

walking boss. "Marshall, come here." The peglegged boarding house keeper stumped "What is it?" be trumpeted snuff-

"This boy wants a job till Friday. Then he's going up to Radway's with the supply team. Now, quit your holering for a chore boy for a few days." "All right," snorted Marshall. "Take that ax and split some dry wood that you'll find behind the house."

"Some day you can give me a CHAPTER IV. OR five days Thorpe cut wood, made fires, drew water, swept floors and ran errands. At the end of the week he received \$4 from his employer, dumped his va-lise into a low bobsleigh driven by a man muffled in a fur coat, assisted in loading the sleigh with a variety of things, from Spearhead plug to raisins, and turned his face at last toward the

The long drive to camp was at once a delight and a misery to him. First his feet became numb, then his bands, then his nose was nipped, and finally his warm clothes were lifted from him by The mill owner laughed.

"I guess so. Report to Shearer. Did you vote for the right man, Denny?"

The lumberman grinned sheepishly. "I don't know, sir. I didn't get that "Better let it alone. I suppose you and Bill want to come back too?" he added, turning to the pext two in line. invisible hands, and he was left naked

"You're dressed pretty light," he ad-teed. "Better hoof it a ways and get

ercise had beated him through, and

The reptilian gentieman let out a string of oaths whose meaning might

ed for me till I took it with a