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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 2.

## The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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LAT THIS PAPER AWAY. YOU WILL VERY PROBABLY WANT TO READ THE BLAZED TRAIL LATER IF NOT NOW.

CHAPTER III.

**T**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 doing 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 barrels—protection against fire—on top, was the dominant note. Near the mill coughed a little red painted structure from whose store-pipe 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 "Office." 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 clerks. One of these glanced up inquiringly as Thorpe came in.

"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 he.

The five apprentices 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 impression of a subtler weight and power than the merely physical. You felt his superiority even when he was most cordially with you. This man Thorpe was to meet under other conditions, 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 first of the men.

"I've been out," replied the lumberman. "Have you got anything for me, Mr. Daly?"

The mill owner laughed.

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

The lumberman grinned sheepishly.

"I don't know, sir. I didn't get that far."

"Better let it alone. I suppose you and Bill want to come back too?" he added, turning to the next two in line.

"All right; report to Tim. Do you

CHAPTER IV.

**F**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 valises into a low bobtail driven by a man muffled in a fur coat, assisted in loading the sleds with a variety of traps, from spearhead plug to raisins, and turned his face at last toward the land of his hopes and dreams.

The long drive to camp was at once a delight and a misery to him. First his feet became numb, then his hands, then his nose was nipped, and finally his warm clothes were lifted from him by invisible hands, and he was left naked to shivers and tremblings. He found it torture to sit still on the top of the bale of hay, and yet he could not bear to contemplate the cold shock of jumping from the sleigh to the ground. The driver pulled up to breathe his horses at the top of a hill.

"You're dressed pretty light," he advised. "Better hoof it a ways and get warm."

The words tipped the balance of Thorpe's decision. He descended stiffly, conscious of a disagreeable shock from a six inch jump.

In ten minutes the wallowing, slipping and leaping after the tail of the sled had sent his blood tingling to the last of his protesting members. Cold withdrew.

After a little while they arrived by way of a hill, 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, cookies and pies. The center was occupied by four long benches flanked tables, down whose middle strangled beans containing sugar, apple butter, condiments and sauces and whose edges were set as a New York bazaar.

Thorpe and four others were set to work on this road, which was to be cut through a creek bottom leading a road that had to be as smooth and level as a New York boulevard.

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"What can I do for you?" he inquired.

"I'm looking for work," Thorpe replied.

"What kind of work?"

"Any kind, so long as I can learn something about the lumber business."

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

"Want work?" he inquired of the last of the quartet, a big, bearded man, with the shoulders of a Hercules.

"Yes, sir," answered the latter, uncomfortable.

"What do you want?"

"I'm a cook book man, sir."

"Where have you worked?"

"I had a job with Morgan & Stew-

son on the Clear Creek last winter."

"All right; we need cook book men. Report at seven, and if they don't want you there are to be thirteen."

The man went out. Daly turned to Thorpe with the last flickers of amusement in his eyes.

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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 advised.

Thorpe entered a dim, overheated structure lit on two sides by a double tier of large banks partitioned from one another like cabins of a boat and center'd by a huge stove over which hung slender poles. The latter were to dry clothes on. Just outside the banks 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' deck seat."

Thorpe obediently took position on the bench, a "deacon seat." His eyes, more used to the light, soon made out a thin, tall, bent old man, with bare cranium, two visible teeth and a three days' stubble of white beard over his angular, twisted face.

He caught, perhaps, Thorpe's surprised expression.

"You think th' old man's no good, do you?" he cracked without the slightest malice. "Looks is deceivin'." He sprang up swiftly, seized the toe of his right foot in his left hand and jumped his left foot through the soap thus formed. Then he sat down again and laughed at Thorpe's astonishment.

"Old Jackson's still purty smart," said he. "I'm born bone. They isn't a man in th' country knows as much about bosses as I do. We ain't had but two sick this fall, as' between you an' me they's a skat lot. You're a greenhorn, ain't you?"

"No," said Daly over his shoulder.

Thorpe went out. He had made the elementary 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 Case branch. He needs men for roadin', I know, because he's behind. You'll get a job there."

"Where is it?" asked Thorpe.

"Ten miles from here. Slic' blurred, but you better wait for the supply train Friday. If you try to make be 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 walking boss. "Marshall, come here."

The peglegged boarding house keeper stamped in.

"What is it?" he trumpeted sniffling.

"This boy wants a job till Friday. Then be's going up to Radway's with the supply team. Now, quit your holloing 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."

"I'm very much obliged to you," began Thorpe to the walking boss, "and—"

"That's all right," interrupted the latter.

"Some day you can give me a job."

CHAPTER V.

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ay, and twice Radway himself came by, watched their operations for a moment and moved on without comment. After Thorpe had caught his second horse he enjoyed his task, finding a certain pleasure in the ease with which he handled his tool.

At the end of an interminable period a faint, mournful hallo swelled, echoed and died through the forest, mournful 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 swimmers, the skidders, the timbermen and the team men turned and stood behind trees and who has often crunched behind rocks and bushes to stamp out the miscreants, said a few days ago in speaking of blockaders and moonshiners:

"If you hanker for trouble so much," drawled the unexpected voice of old Jackson from the corner, "mebbe you could put on the gloves."

The rest was fact. Thorpe was built on true athletic lines—broad, straight shoulders, narrow hips, long, clean, smooth muscles. He possessed, besides, that hereditary toughness and bulk which no gymnasium will ever quite supply. The other man, while powerful and ugly in his rashes, was clumsy and did not use his head. Thorpe planted his hand, straight blow at will. Finally he saw his opening and let it with a swinging piven blow. The other picked himself out of a corner and drew a tia plane and cap from a pocket near at hand.

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

"Get out of that, you big tough!"

The men ate, perched in various attitudes and places. Thorpe found it difficult to keep warm. The violent ex-

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### MOONSHINERS' PROFITS.

So Large That Illicit Distilling Will Never be Stamped out.

Macon, Ga. Telegraph.

An old revenue officer who has had years of active experience in raiding stills and capturing blockaders, who has had many a battle with the outlaws and heard the bullets from their guns whistle past him, who has often crunched behind rocks and bushes to stamp out the miscreants, said a few days ago in speaking of blockaders and moonshiners:

"I have been a revenue officer for about twenty-five or thirty years, and have seen all kinds of service, under all kinds of circumstances, and don't believe blockade or illicit distilling will ever be stopped. The reason for my belief (and I am not the only one) is simply this:

"There is such a large profit in the business that the temptation is too great for most of that class of people, regardless of the law, not heeding what has befallen fellow moonshiners. Even forgetting that they have once been caught or suspected, and that the eyes of the officers are on them, they go right ahead and distill the grain. But at the same time they are