

THE BOSSIER BANNER.

Established July 1, 1859.

"A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns."

Subscription, \$1 per Year.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915.

NUMBER 33.

When in Shreveport, Ladies

Write your notes, brush your hair, wash your hands, powder your nose, and rest in our...

Ladies' Private Rest Room

Shreveport Drug Co

THE ORIGINAL CUT-RATE DRUG STORE

Texas at Market Street

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1914, by Hamlin Garland

SYNOPSIS

Wayland Norcross, an eastern youth seeking health in Colorado, meets Berta McFarlane, called Berrie, typical ranch girl, daughter of the supervising ranger of Bear Tooth forest.

Berrie is greeted by her lover, Cliff Belden, a cowboy, supposed to be interested in a saloon at Meeker's Mill, where Norcross is bound. Berrie guides Norcross to his destination.

A shower intercepts them and the girl gives the youth her raincoat. There is a rough element at Meeker's, and Norcross chooses Landon, the ranger, as his companion. Landon loves Berrie.

Nash, the ranger at Bear Tooth, gives Wayland points on forestry. Berrie's father offers him a place in the service. Berrie decides to go with them over the trail.

Cliff notices Berrie's interest in the tenderfoot and warns him away. He also takes his betrothal to task. She resents this and breaks their engagement.

They climb the high, rough trail and only make camp when Wayland is on the point of collapse. Night in the open charms Wayland.

Wayland blunders repeatedly. The supervisor goes after the horses which have wandered off. He is detained. Norcross arranges to sleep outside and Berrie inside a tent.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Walk in the Rain.

ONE by one, under her supervision, he made preparations for morning. He cut some shavings from a dead, dry branch of oak and put them under the dy and brought a bucket of water from the creek, and then together they dragged up the dead tree.

Had the young man been other than he was, the girl's purity, candor and self reliance would have conquered him, and when she withdrew to the little tent and let fall the trail barrier between them she was as safe from intrusion as if she had taken refuge behind gates of triple brass. Nothing in all his life had moved him so deeply as her solitude, her sweet trust in 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 friendship he knew, and he began to wonder if he had made a deeper appeal to her than this.

"Can it be that I am really a man to her," he thought, "I who am only a poor weakling whom the rain and snow can appall?"

Then he thought of the effect of this night upon her life. What would Clifford Belden do now? To what depths would his rage descend if he should come to know of it?

Berrie was serene. Twice she spoke from her couch to say: "You'd better go to bed. Daddy can't get here till tomorrow now."

"I'll stay up awhile yet. My boots aren't entirely dried out."

After a silence she said: "You must not get chilled. Bring your bed into the tent. There is room for you."

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. I'm standing it very well."

"You'll be sick," she urged, in a voice of alarm. "Please drag your bed inside the door. What would I do if you should have pneumonia tomorrow? You must not take any risk of a fever."

The thought of a sheltered spot, of something to break the remorseless wind, overcame his scruples, and he

drew his bed inside the tent and rearranged 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 motions 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 of his 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, it 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 sweeter—more like a guardian angel to me. Don't place me under any greater obligation. Go to sleep. I am better—much better now."

She did not speak for a few moments, then in a voice that conveyed to him a knowledge that his words of endeavor had deeply moved her she softly said, "Good night."

He heard her sigh drowsily thereafter once or twice, and then she slept, and her slumber redoubled in him his sense of guardianship, of responsibility. Lying there in the shelter of her tent, the whole situation seemed simple, innocent and poetic. But looked at from the standpoint of Clifford Belden it held an accusation.

"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 would 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 walked 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, as he had seen the supervisor do. He worked desperately till one of the embers began to angrily sparkle and to smoke. Then, slipping away out of earshot, he broke an armful of dry fir 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 you sleep?"

"Fine."

"I'm afraid you had a bad night," she insisted, in a tone which indicated her knowledge of his suffering.

"Camp life has its disadvantages," he admitted, as he put the coffee pot on the fire. "But I'm feeling better now. I never tried 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 flap. "Here it is. I'm going to bathe in the lake. I must show my hard-wood."

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 glance.

"Now, where do you suppose the supervisor is?" he asked.

"I hope he's at home," she replied quite seriously. "I'd hate to think of

him camped in the high country without bedding or tent."

"Oughtn't I to take a turn up the trail and see? I feel guilty, somehow. I must do something."

"You can't help matters any by hoofing about in the mud. No, we'll just hold the fort till he comes. That's what he'll expect us to do."

He submitted once more to the force of her argument, and they ate breakfast in such intimacy and good cheer that the night's discomforts and anxieties counted for little.

"We have to camp here again tonight," she explained demurely.

"Worse things could happen than that," he gallantly answered. "I wouldn't mind a month of it, only I shouldn't want it to rain or snow all the time."

"Poor boy! You did suffer, didn't you? I was afraid you would. Did 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. I never feel that way. I slept like a log after I knew you were comfortable. You must have a better bed and more blankets. It's always cold up here."

The sunlight was short lived. The clouds settled over the peaks, and ragged wisps of gray vapor dropped down the timbered slopes of the prodigious amphitheater in which the lake lay. Again Berrie made everything snug while her young woodsman toiled at bringing logs for the fire.

At last fully provided for, they sat contentedly side by side under the awning and watched the falling rain as it splashed and sizzled on the sturdy fire. "It's a little like being shipwrecked on a desert island, isn't it?" he said. "As if our boats had drifted away."

At noon she again prepared an elaborate meal. She served potatoes and grouse, hot biscuit with sugar syrup and canned peaches and coffee done to just the right color and aroma. He declared it wonderful, and they ate with repeated wishes that the supervisor might turn up in time to share their feast, but he did not. Then Berrie said firmly: "Now you must take a snooze. You look tired."

He was in truth not only drowsy, but lame and tired. Therefore he yielded to her suggestion.

She covered him with blankets and put him away like a child. "Now you have a good sleep," she said tenderly. "I'll call you when daddy comes."

filled with frequent boggy meadows, whereon the water lay midleg deep. "We'll get out of this very soon," she called cheerily.

By degrees the gorge widened, grew more open, more genial. Aspen thickets of pale gold flashed upon their eyes like sunlight, and grassy bunches afforded firmer footing, but on the slopes their feet slipped and slid painfully. Still Berrie kept her stride. "We must get to the middle fork before dark."

"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. Then a moment later she joyfully cried out, "Here it is!"

Out of the darkness a blacker, sharper shadow rose. Again she called, but no one answered. "The ranger is in the area," she exclaimed, in a voice of indignation.

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

As her match flamed up Norcross found himself in a rough walled cabin, in which stood a square coal 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. She located an oil lamp, some pine wood and a corner cupboard. In a few moments the lamp was lit, the stove refilled with fuel and she was stripping Wayland's wet coat from his back, cheerily discarding 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 oven. I'll have a fire in a jiffy. There, that's right. Now I'll start the coffee pot." She soon found the coffee, but it was unground. "Wonder where he keeps his coffee mill." She rummaged about for a few minutes, then gave up the search. "Well, no matter, here'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 you up," she said.

After hanging a blanket over the broken window, she set out some cold meat and a half dozen baking powder biscuits, which she found in the cupboard, 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 not your fault that you are weak. Now, while I am eating my supper you slip off your wet clothes and creep into Tony's bunk, and I'll fill one of these sirup cans with hot water to put at your feet."

It was of no use for him to protest against her further care. She insisted, and while she ate he meekly carried out her instructions, and from the delicious warmth and security of his bed watched her moving about the stove till the shadows of the room became one with the dusky figures of his slippers.

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 asked.

"But you are marvelous. I thought cowgirls couldn't walk."

"I can do anything when I have to," she replied. "We've got three hours more of it." And she warningly exclaimed, "Look back there!"

They had reached a point from which the range could be seen, and, behold, it was covered deep with a seamless 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. Wayland's pale face and labored breath alarmed her. She was filled with love and pity, but she pressed forward desperately.

At last they came to the valley floor, over which a devastating fire had run some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in desolate confusion. Here the girl made her first mistake. She kept on toward the river, although Wayland called attention to a trail leading to the right up over the low grassy hills. For a mile the path was clear, but she soon found herself confronted by an endless maze of blackened tree trunks, and at last the path ended abruptly.

Dismayed and halting, she said: "We've got to go back to that trail which branched off to the right. I reckon that was the highland trail which Settle made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't. Back we go."

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 blazing 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 road led down into the timber.'"

Standing close beside him in the darkness, knowing that he was weary, wet and ill, she permitted herself the expression of her love and pity. Putting her arm about him, she drew his 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 people say?" Then she broke down and wept.

"I shall never forgive myself if you—" Her voice faltered here.

He heavily reassured her: "I'm not defeated. I'm just tired. That's all. I can go on."

"But you are shaking."

"That's merely a nervous chill. I'm good for another hour. It's better to keep moving anyhow."

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 a wolf!"

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

"Come," she said, instantly recovering her natural resolution. "We can't stand here. The station can't be far away. We must go on."

CHAPTER IX.
The Other Girl.

THE girl's voice stirred the benumbed youth into action again and he followed her mechanically, often stumbling against the trees, slipping and sliding, till at last his guide, pitching down a sharp stone, 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. Then a moment later she joyfully cried out, "Here it is!"

Out of the darkness a blacker, sharper shadow rose. Again she called, but no one answered. "The ranger is in the area," she exclaimed, in a voice of indignation.

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

As her match flamed up Norcross found himself in a rough walled cabin, in which stood a square coal 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. She located an oil lamp, some pine wood and a corner cupboard. In a few moments the lamp was lit, the stove refilled with fuel and she was stripping Wayland's wet coat from his back, cheerily discarding 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 oven. I'll have a fire in a jiffy. There, that's right. Now I'll start the coffee pot." She soon found the coffee, but it was unground. "Wonder where he keeps his coffee mill." She rummaged about for a few minutes, then gave up the search. "Well, no matter, here'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 you up," she said.

After hanging a blanket over the broken window, she set out some cold meat and a half dozen baking powder biscuits, which she found in the cupboard, 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 not your fault that you are weak. Now, while I am eating my supper you slip off your wet clothes and creep into Tony's bunk, and I'll fill one of these sirup cans with hot water to put at your feet."

It was of no use for him to protest against her further care. She insisted, and while she ate he meekly carried out her instructions, and from the delicious warmth and security of his bed watched her moving about the stove till the shadows of the room became one with the dusky figures of his slippers.

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 asked.

"But you are marvelous. I thought cowgirls couldn't walk."

"I can do anything when I have to," she replied. "We've got three hours more of it." And she warningly exclaimed, "Look back there!"

They had reached a point from which the range could be seen, and, behold, it was covered deep with a seamless 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. Wayland's pale face and labored breath alarmed her. She was filled with love and pity, but she pressed forward desperately.

At last they came to the valley floor, over which a devastating fire had run some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in desolate confusion. Here the girl made her first mistake. She kept on toward the river, although Wayland called attention to a trail leading to the right up over the low grassy hills. For a mile the path was clear, but she soon found herself confronted by an endless maze of blackened tree trunks, and at last the path ended abruptly.

Dismayed and halting, she said: "We've got to go back to that trail which branched off to the right. I reckon that was the highland trail which Settle made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't. Back we go."

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 blazing 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 road led down into the timber.'"

Standing close beside him in the darkness, knowing that he was weary, wet and ill, she permitted herself the expression of her love and pity. Putting her arm about him, she drew his 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 people say?" Then she broke down and wept.

"I shall never forgive myself if you—" Her voice faltered here.

He heavily reassured her: "I'm not defeated. I'm just tired. That's all. I can go on."

"But you are shaking."

"That's merely a nervous chill. I'm good for another hour. It's better to keep moving anyhow."

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 a wolf!"

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

"Come," she said, instantly recovering her natural resolution. "We can't stand here. The station can't be far away. We must go on."

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 Berrie from 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 Tony 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 a panic of fear and shame. "The supervisor must not find me laid out on my back. Please leave me alone for a moment."

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. Nevertheless 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 slope. Now, who do you suppose it can be? It would be just our luck if it should turn out to be some one from the mill."

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

"Nothing; all we can do is to stand pat and act as if we belonged here."

"Very well," he replied, moving stiffly 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 drew his attention to the cavalcade, which the keen eyes of the girl had detected as it came over the ridge to the east. The party consisted of two men and two women and three pack horses completely outfitted for the trail.

One of the women, spurring her horse to the front, rode serenely up to where Wayland stood and called out: "Good morning! Are you the ranger?"

"No; I'm only the guard. The ranger has gone down the trail."

He perceived at once that the speaker 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 fault with her makeup.

One of the men rode up. "Hello, Norcross. What are you doing over here?"

The youth smiled blandly. "Good morning, Mr. Belden. I'm serving my apprenticeship. I'm in the service now."

"The mischief you are!" exclaimed the other. "Where's Tony?"

"Gone for his mail. He'll return soon. What are you doing over here, may I ask?"

"I'm here as guide to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore, this is Norcross, one of McFarlane's men. Mr. Moore is connected with the tie camp operations of the railway."

Moore was a tall, thin man with a grey beard and keen blue eyes. "Where's McFarlane?" 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 turn up soon."

"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 Slona?"

Berrie nodded coldly. "I've met her. He indicated the other woman. "And Mrs. Belden, of course, you know."

Mrs. Belden, the fourth member of the party, a middle aged, rather dumpy person, just being eased down from her horse, turned on Berrie with a battery of questions. "Good Lord! Berrie McFarlane, what are you doing over in this forsaken hole? Where's your dad? And where is Tony? If Cliff had known you was over here he'd have come to see you."

Berrie retained her self possession. "Come in and get some coffee, and we'll straighten things out."

Apparently Mrs. Belden did not know that Cliff and Berrie had quarreled, for she treated the girl with maternal familiarity. She was a good natured, well intentioned old sloven, but a most renowned tattler, and the girl feared her more than she feared any other woman in the valley. She had always avoided her, but she showed nothing of this dislike at the moment.

Wayland drew the younger woman's attention by saying, "It's plain that you, like myself, do not belong to these parts, Miss Moore."

"What makes you think so?" she brightly queried.

"Your costume is too appropriate. Haven't you noticed that the women who live out here carefully avoid convenient and artistic dress? Now, your outfit is precisely what they should wear and don't."

This amused her. "I know, but they all say they have to wear out their

Sunday go to meeting clothes, whereas I can 'rig out proper.' I'm glad you like my rig."

At the moment he was bent on drawing the girl's attention from Berrie, but as she went on he came to like her. She said: "No, I don't belong here, but I come out every year during vacation with my father. I love this country. It's so big and wide and wild. Father has built a little bungalow down at the lower mill, and we enjoy every day of our stay."

"You're a Smith girl," he abruptly asserted.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, there's something about you Smith girls that gives you dead away."

"Gives us away? I like that!"

"My phrase was unfortunate. I like Smith girls," he hastened to say.

In five minutes they were on the friendliest terms—talking of mutual acquaintances—a fact which both puzzled and hurt Berrie. Their laughter angered her, and whenever she glanced at them and detected Slona looking into Wayland's face with coquettish slimpers she was embittered. She was glad when Moore came in and interrupted the dialogue.

Norcross did not relax, though he considered the dangers of cross examination almost entirely passed. In this he was mistaken, for no sooner was the keen edge of Mrs. Belden's hunger dulled than her curiosity sharpened.

"Where did you say the supervisor was?" she repeated.

"The horses got away, and he had to go back after them," again responded Berrie, who found the scrutiny of the other girl deeply disconcerting.

"When do you expect him back?"

"Any minute now," she replied, and in this she was not deceiving them, although she did not intend to volunteer any information which might embarrass either Wayland or herself.

Norcross tried to create a diversion. "Isn't this a charming valley?"

Slona took up the cue. "Isn't it? It's romantic enough to be the backdrop in a Bret Harte play. I love it!"

Moore turned to Wayland. "I know a Norcross, a Michigan lumberman, vice president of the association. Is he by any chance a relative?"

"Only a father," ret