

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

CHAPTER VI.
IN THE VIOLENT PAST.

TALKING about Cavanagh was quite too absorbingly interesting to both Lee and Redfield to permit of any study of the landscape, which went by as dismissed by the chariot wheels of some contemptuous magician. Redfield's eyes were mostly on the road in the manner of the careful auto driver, but when he did look up it was to admire the color and poise of his seat mate, who made the landscape of small account.

She kept the conversation to the desired point. "Mr. Cavanagh's work interests me very much. It seems very important, and it must be new, for I never heard of a forest ranger when I was a child."

"The forester is new, at least in America," he answered. "My dear young lady, you are returned just in the most momentous period in the history of the west. The old dominion—the cattle range—is passing. The supremacy of the cowboy is ended. The cowboy boss is raising oats. The cowboy is pitching alfalfa and swearing horribly as he blisters his hands. Some of the rangers at the moment are men of western training, like Ross, but whose allegiance is now to Uncle Sam. With others that transfer of allegiance is not quite complete; hence the insolence of men like Gregg, who think they can bribe or intimidate these forest guards and so obtain favors. The newer men are college bred, real foresters. But you can't know what it all means till you see Ross or some other ranger on his own head. We'll make up a little party some day and drop down upon him and have him show us about. It's a lonely life, and so the ranger keeps a open house. Would you like to go?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I'm eager to get into the mountains. Every night as I see the sun go down over them I wonder what the world is like up there."

Then he began very delicately to inquire about her eastern experience. "There was not much to tell. In a lovely old town not far from Philadelphia where her aunt lived, she had spent ten years of happy exile. "I was horribly lonely and homesick at first," she said. "Mother wrote only short letters, and my father never wrote at all. I didn't know he was dead then. He was always good to me. He wasn't a bad man, was he?"

"No," responded Redfield without hesitation. "He was very like the rest of us, only a little more reckless and a little more partisan, that's all. He was a dashing horseman and a dead shot, and so naturally a leader of these daredevils. He was popular with both sides of the controversy up to the very moment when he went south to lead the invaders against the rustlers."

"What was it all about? I never understood it. What were they fighting about?"

"In a sense it was all very simple. Do you see, Uncle Sam in his careless, do-nothing way has always left his range to the man who got there first. That was the cattleman. At first there was grass enough for us all, but as we built sheds and corrals about watering places we came to claim rights on the range. We usually secured by fraud homesteads in the sections containing water and so, gun in hand, 'stood off' the man who came after. Gradually, after much shooting and lawing, we parceled out the range and settled down, covering practically the whole state. Our adjustments were not perfect, but our system was working smoothly for us who controlled the range. We had convinced ourselves and pretty nearly everybody else that the state was only fit for cattle grazing and that we were the most competent grazers; furthermore, we were in possession, and no man could come in without our consent."

"However, a very curious law of our own making was our undoing. Of course the 'nester' or 'punkin roller,' as we contemptuously called the small farmer, began sifting in here and there in spite of our guns, but he was only a mosquito bite in comparison with the trouble which our cowpunchers stirred up. Perhaps you remember enough about the business to know that an unbranded yearling calf without its mother is called a maverick?"

"Yes, I remember that. It belongs to the man who finds him and brands him."

"Precisely. Now, that law worked very nicely so long as the poor cowboy was willing to catch and brand him for his employer, but it proved a 'joker' when he woke up and said to his fellows, 'Why brand these mavericks at \$5 per head for this or that outfit when the law says they belong to the man who finds them?'"

Lee Virginia looked up brightly. "That seems right to me."

"Ah, yes, but wait! We cattlemen had large herds, and the probabilities were that the calf belonged to some one of us, whereas the cowboy, having no herd at all, knew the maverick belonged to some one's herd. True, the law said it was his, but the law did not mean to reward the freebooter. Yet that is exactly what it did. At first only a few outlaws took advantage of it, but hard years came on, the cattle business became less and less profitable, we were forced to lay off

our men, and so at last the range swarmed with idle cowpunchers. Then came the breakdown in our scheme. The cowboys took to 'mavericking' on their own account. Some of them had the grace to go into partnership with some farmer and so claim a small bunch of cows, but others suddenly and miraculously acquired herds of their own. From keeping within the law they passed to violent methods. They slit the tongues of calves for the purpose of separating them from their mothers. Finding he could not suck, bossy would at last wander away from his dam and so become a maverick. In short, anarchy reigned on the range."

"But surely my father had nothing to do with this?"

"No; your father up to this time had been on good terms with everybody. He had a small herd of cattle down the river, which he owned in common with a man named Hart."

"I remember him."

"He was well thought of by all the big outfits, and when the situation became intolerable and we got together to weed out 'the rustlers,' as these cattle thieves were called, your father was approached and converted to a belief in drastic measures. He had suffered less than the rest of us because of his small herd and the fact that he was very popular among the cowboys. So far as I was concerned, the use of violent methods revolted me. My training in the east had made me a respecter of the law. 'Change the law,' I said. 'The law is all right; they replied; 'the trouble is with these rustlers. We'll hang a few of 'em, and that will break up the business.'"

Parts of this story came back to the girl's mind, producing momentary flashes of perfect recollection. She heard again the voices of excited men arguing over and over the question of "mavericking," and she saw her father as he rode up to the house that last day before he went south.

Redfield went on. "The whole plan as developed was silly, and I wonder still that Ed Wetherford, who knew the 'nester' and the cowboy so well, should have lent his aid to it. The cattleman, some from Cheyenne, some from Denver and a few from New York and Chicago, agreed to finance a sort of vigilante corps composed of men from the outside on the understanding that this polling body should be commanded by one of their own number. Your father was chosen second in command and was to guide the party, for he knew almost every one of the rustlers and could ride directly to their doors."

"I wish he hadn't done that," murmured the girl.

"I must be frank with you, Virginia. I can't excuse that in him. It was a kind of treachery. He must have been warped by his associates. They convinced him by some means that it was his duty, and one fine day the role was started by a messenger who rode in to say that the cattle barons were coming with a hundred Texas bad men to 'clean out the town' and to put their own men into office. This last was silly rot to me, but the people believed it."

The girl was frowning now. "I remember! I remember the men who rode into the town to give the alarm. I was scared almost breathless."

"I was in Sulphur City and did not hear of it till it was nearly all over," Redfield resumed, his speech showing a little of the excitement which thrilled through the girl's voice. "Well, the first act of vengeance was so ill considered that it practically ended the whole campaign. The invaders fell upon and killed two ranchers, one of whom was probably not a rustler at all, but a peaceable settler, and the other one they most barbarously hanged. More than this, they attacked and vainly tried to kill two settlers whom they met on the road—German farmers, with no connection, so far as known, with the thieves. These men escaped and gave the alarm. In a few hours the whole range was aflame with vengeance fire. The Forks, as you may recall, was like a swarm of humbees. Every man and boy was armed and mounted. The storekeepers distributed guns and ammunition, leaders developed, and the embattled 'punkin rollers,' rustlers and townsmen rode out to meet the invaders."

The girl paled with memory of it. "It was terrible. I went all day without eating, and for two nights we were all too excited to sleep. It seemed as if the world were coming to an end. Mother cried because they wouldn't let her go with them. She didn't know father was leading the other army."

"She must have known soon, for it was reported that your father was among them. She certainly knew when they were driven to earth in that log fort, for they were obliged to restrain her by force from going to your father. As I run over those furious days it all seems incredible, like a sudden reversal to barbarism."

"How did it all end? The soldiers came, didn't they?"

"Yes; the log arm of Uncle Sam reached out and took hold upon the necks of both parties. I guess your father and his band would have died right there had not the regular army interfered. It only required a sergeant wearing Uncle Sam's uniform to come among those armed and furious cowboys and remove their prisoners."

"I saw that. It was very strange—that sergeant was so young and so brave."

He turned and smiled at her. "Do you know who that was?"

Her eyes flashed. She drew her breath with a gasp. "Was it Mr. Cavanagh?"

"Yes, it was Ross. He was serving in the regular army at the time. He has told me since that he felt no fear whatever. 'Uncle Sam's blue coat was like Shogrieh's magic armor,' he said. 'It was the kind of thing the mounted police of Canada had been called upon to do many a time, and I went in and got my men.' That ended the war, so far as violent measures went, and it really ended the sovereignty of the cattlemen. The power of the 'nester' has steadily increased from that moment."

"But my father—what became of him? They took him away to the east, and that is all I ever knew. What do you think became of him?"

"I could never make up my mind. All sorts of rumors come to us concerning him. As a matter of fact, the state authorities sympathized with the cattle barons, and my own opinion is that your father was permitted to escape. He was afterward seen in Texas, and later it was reported that he had been killed there."

The girl sat still, listening to the tireless whirl of the machine and looking out at the purpling range with tear mist eyes. At last she said, "I shall never think of my father as a bad man—he was always so gentle to me."

"You need not condemn him, my dear young lady. The people of the Forks—some of them, at least—consider him a traitor and regard you as the daughter of a renegade, but what does it matter? Each year sees the old west dimming, and already, in the work of the forest service, law and order advance. Notwithstanding all the shooting of herders and the beating to death of sheep, no hostile shot has ever been fired within the bounds of a national forest. In the work of the forest rangers lies the hope of ultimate peace and order over all the public lands."

The girl fell silent again, her mind filled with larger conceptions of life than her judgment had hitherto been called upon to meet. She knew that Redfield was right, and yet that world of the past—the world of the swift horseman and his tramping, long-haired, half wild kine—still appealed to her imagination. The west of her girlhood seemed heroic in memory. Even the quiet account of it to which she had just listened could not conceal its epic largeness of movement. The part which troubled her most was her father's treachery to his neighbors. That he should fight, that he should kill men in honorable warfare, she could understand, but not his recreancy, his desertion of her mother and herself.

She came back to dwell at last on the action of that slim young soldier who had calmly ridden through the infuriated mob. She remembered that she had thrilled even then at the vague and impersonal power which he represented. To her childish mind he seemed to bear a charm, like the heroes of her story books—something which made him invulnerable.

After a long pause Redfield spoke again. "The memory of your father will make life for a time a bit hard for you in Boaring Fork. Perhaps your mother's advice is sound. Why not come to Sulphur City, which is almost entirely of the new spirit?"

"If I can get my mother to come, too, I will be glad to do so, for I hate the Forks. But I will not leave her there, sick and alone."

"Much depends upon the doctor's examination tomorrow."

They had topped the divide now between the Fork and Sulphur creek basins, and the green fields, the alfalfa meadows and the painted farmhouses thickened beneath them. Strange how significant all these signs were now! A few days ago they had appeared doubtful improvements; now they represented the on-coming dominion of the east. They meant cleanliness and decent speech, good bread and sweet butter.

Redfield swept through the town, then turned up the stream directly toward the high wall of the range, which was ragged and abrupt at this point. They passed several charming farmhouses, and the western sky grew ever more glorious with its plum color and saffron, and the range asserted its mastery over the girl. At last they came to the very jaws of the canyon, and there, in a deep natural grove of lofty cottonwood trees, Redfield passed before a high rustic gate which marked the beginning of his estate. The driveway was of gravel, and the intermingling of transplanted shrubs and pine trees showed the care of the professional gardener.

The house was far from being a castle. Indeed, it was very like a house in Bryn Mawr, except that it was built entirely of half hewn logs, with a wide projecting roof. Giant hydrangeas and other flowering shrubs bordered the drive, and on the rustic terrace a lady in white was waiting.

Redfield slowed down and scrambled ungracefully out. But his voice was charming as he said: "Eleanor, this is Miss Wetherford. She was on the point of getting the blues, so I brought her away," he explained.

Mrs. Redfield, quite as urban as the house, was a slim little woman of delicate habit, very far from the ordinary conception of a rancher's wife. Her manner was politely considerate, but not heartily cordial (the visitor was not precisely hers), and though she warmed a little after looking into Virginia's face, she could not by any stretch of phrase be called cordial.

"Are you tired? Would you like to lie down before dinner?" she asked.

"Oh, no, indeed. Nothing ever tires me," Virginia responded, with a smile.

"You look like one in perfect health," continued her hostess in the envious tone of one who knew all too well what ill health meant. "Let me show you to your room."

The house was not precisely the palace the cowboy had reported it to be, but it was charmingly decorated, and the furnishings were tasteful. To the girl it was as if she had been transported with instant magic from the horrible little town back to the



"ELEANOR, THIS IS MISS WETHERFORD," home of one of her dearest friends in Chester. She was at once exalted and humbly grateful.

"We dine at 7," Mrs. Redfield was saying, "so you can take a cup of tea without spoiling your dinner. Will you venture it?"

"If you please."

"Very well, come down soon and I'll have it ready. Mr. Redfield, I'm sure, will want some."

Virginia's heart was dancing with delight of this home as she came down the stairs a little later. As they talked Mrs. Redfield studied the girl with increasing interest and favor and soon got at her point of view. She even secured a little more of her story which matched fairly well with the account her husband had given. Her prejudices were swept away, and she treated her young guest as one well born and well educated woman treats another.

At last she said: "We dress for dinner, but any frock you have will do. We are not ironed in our rules. There will be some neighbors in, but it isn't in any sense a party."

Lee Virginia went to her room borne high upon a new conception of the possibilities of the west. It was glorious to think that one could enjoy the refinement, the comfort, of the east at the same time that one dwelt within the inspiring shadow of the range. Her hands were atremble as she put on the bright muslin gown which was all she had for evening wear. She felt very much like the schoolgirl again, and after she had done her best to look nice she took a seat in the little rocker with intent to compose herself for her meeting with strangers. "I wish we were dining without visitors," she said as she heard a carriage drive up. A little later a galloping horse entered the yard and stopped at the door.

She heard voices in the hall and among them one with a very English accent, one that sounded precisely like those she had heard on the stage.

At last she dared wait no longer and, taking courage from necessity, descended the stairs, a pleasant picture of vigorous yet somewhat maidenhood.

[CONTINUED.]

Free Sample For Baby's Ills

Something can and must be done for the puny, crying baby, for the child that refuses to eat and is restless in its sleep. And since the basis of all health is the proper working of the digestive organs, look first to the condition of the stomach and bowels.

A child should have two full and free movements of the bowels a day. This as with it comes a clear head, a lightness of step, good appetite and sound sleep. But it is equally important to know what to give the child in the emergency of constipation and indigestion. Cathartics are too strong and salts and other purgatives are not only too strong, but the child refuses them because of their bad taste. Have you ever tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin? It is a liquid tonic that families have been using for a quarter of a century. It is mild, pleasant-tasting and promptly effective. It is good for you as well as the child, but there is nothing better to be found for children. They like its taste—you will not have to force them to take it.

First of all, if you have not yet used it, Dr. Caldwell would like to send you a sample bottle free of charge. In this way you can try it before buying. Later, when convinced of its merits, you can get it of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, just as thousands of other families are doing. The family of Mr. D. W. Sandler of Strattonville, Pa., as well as that of Mr. A. F. Johnson of Walnut Grove, Tenn., started with it in that way and now write that it is their one family necessity next to food itself. If you are unfortunate enough to have a sickly child, one given to constipation and indigestion you should send for a free sample of this remedy.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R. 500 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

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JUST A LITTLE MOTHER.

She's just a little mother in a cabin far away; Since I kissed her in the gloaming, 'tis forever and a day. In my dreams I hear her calling, calling o'er the weary sea. "Come ye back to Bally-shannon, Katy, dear, come back to me."

She's standing in the doorway, filling up the space. With the kerchief o'er her bosom and the frills around her face: She is smiling as Our Lady smiles above the Holy Child. And my heart runs forth to meet her o'er the waste of water's wild.

Do you know our Bally-shannon, where the very winds are sweet With the saltness of the sea foam and the tang of smoldering peat? Do you know our mists that fold us in a blanket soft and gray. Do you know our Bally-shannon in the red rose down of day?

Then you see the little mother, just herself, so small and old. With a look I'm sure would warm you were you shivering with the cold. Oh, so mirthful, Oh, so patient, she whose work is never done. Oh, so ready with her laughter at the rise and set of sun.

In the great house where I'm serving folk are ever kind to me. But they do not guess my yearning for the cabin over the sea. Wage I earn and wage I send her, yet I cannot longer bide; I must seek my little mother, I must nestle at her side.

She's just a little mother in a cabin far away; Since I kissed her in the gloaming, 'tis forever and a day. In my dreams she's calling, calling! "Mother, darling, yes, I'll come; I'll go back to Bally-shannon, to my mother and my home."

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Thomas L. Hilliard, Railroad St., Marion, Ky., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills came to my relief after I had suffered a great deal from kidney trouble and had spent much money for medicine without receiving any benefit. Two years ago I was taken with an attack of typhoid fever and upon recovering found that my kidneys were badly disordered. The pains in my back were so severe that frequently I had to leave my work and lie down for several hours. There was a constant desire to pass the kidney secretions and I was obliged to arise several times during the night. The kidney secretions were also highly colored and the passages were attended with pain. I became dizzy and dark spots floated before my eyes. A relative, hearing about my condition, advised me to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial and I procured a supply at Haynes & Taylor's Drug Store. They cured me in less than two months. For over two years I have had no return attack of my old complaint and am bound to look upon my cure as a permanent one."

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

M16-23

MATTOON

(Delayed from last week.)

J. R. Summerville went to Louisville last week on business.

J. R. Summerville and family went to Marion Sunday.

James Baker has the measles.

Bob Brown of this place, has moved on Crooked Creek.

Mrs. G. D. Summerville visited Mrs. Rhoda Fritts Friday afternoon.

Frank Summerville went with Mr. Farley to Marion last week with a load of tobacco.

The Powell brothers have sold their farm; and Ben Gray has bought out Frank Burton.

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