

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel By HAMLIN GARLAND

He smiled in response to her question. "No; I feel nothing but weariness and a little depression. I can't help feeling somehow as if I were burning up a part of myself in that fire—the saddle I have ridden for years, my guns, ropes, spurs. Everything relating to the forest is gone, and with it my youth. I have been something of a careless freebooter myself, I fear, but that is all over with now."

"I am very glad of that," she said. "Yes; Dalton thinks I can qualify for the position of supervisor, and Redfield may offer me the supervision of this forest. If he does I will accept it—if you will go with me and share the small home which the supervisor's pay provides. Will you go?"

In the light of his burning cabin and in the shadow of the great peaks Lee Virginia could not fail of a certain largeness and dignity of mood. She neither blushed nor stammered as she responded. "I will go anywhere in the world with you."

He could not touch so much as the hem of her garment, but his eyes embraced her as he said. "God bless you for the faith you seem to have in me!"

Redfield's voice interrupted with hearty clamor. "And now, Miss Virginia, you go back and rustle some breakfast for us all. Swenson, bring the horses in and harness my team. I'm going to take these women down the canyon. And, Ross, you'd better saddle up as soon as you feel rested and ride across the divide and go into camp in that little old cabin by the dam above my house. You'll have to be sequestered for a few days, I reckon, till we see how you're coming out. I'll telephone over to the Fork and have the place made ready for you, and I'll have the doctor go up there to meet you and put you straight. If you're going to be sick we'll want you where we can look after you. Isn't that so, Lee Virginia?"

"Indeed it is," replied the girl earnestly.

"But I'm not going to be sick," retorted Cavanagh. "I refuse to be sick."

"Quite right," replied Redfield, "but all the same we want you where we



"I WILL GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD WITH YOU."

can get at you and where medical aid of the right sort is accessible. I'm going to fetch my bed over here and put you into it. You need rest."

Lee still lingered after Redfield left them. "Please do as Mr. Redfield tells you," she pleaded, "for I shall be very anxious till you get safely down the mountains. If that poor old man has any relatives they ought to be told how kind you have been. You could not have been kinder to one of your own people."

These words from her had a poignancy of meaning which made his reply difficult. His tone was designedly light as he retorted: "I would be as glad if I stood here listening to your prattle without saying, without confiding, how dead weary I got of this whole business. It was simply that there was nothing else to do. I had to go on."

Her mind still dwelt on the tragic part. "I wish he could have had some kind of service. It seems sort of barbarous to bury him without any one to say a prayer over him. But I suppose that was impossible. Surely some one ought to mark his grave, for some of his people may come and want to know where he lies."

She led her thoughts to pleasant paths. "I am glad you are going with the supervisor. You are going, are you not?"

"Yes, for a few days, till I'm sure I can do it."

MARSHALL, AUG. 11 FRIDAY, AUG. 11 THE CARL HAGENBECK AND GREAT WALLACE SHOWS COMBINED



POSITIVELY THE HIGHEST CLASS CIRCUS IN THE WORLD ACKNOWLEDGED GREATEST EXHIBITION TRAINED WILD BEASTS ON THE EARTH. Avaunt with the old--Hail to the new THE Rarest and Wildest Savage Creatures, Greatest Arenic Artist and Animal Actors. Most wonderful performance on earth and in the air. Best pageant splendors that can be transported. All Earth's Riding Champions--Trained Polar Bears.



Russian Dancers--Wallace High School Horses, KULLARVO who walks up and down The Flying Nelson's stairs on his head. MORE Thoroughbred horses than all others! New and original ideas. 3 HERDS OF TRAINED ELEPHANTS including "SATAN" the menage Pachyderm who dances the cake walk. Cornuted and Canine Congress--Trained and tractable Zebras and Zebrulas--Prodigies from the pigen. --The Horse and the Lion--The Elephants and Tiger. --To see is to believe. 50 CLOWNS Happyland's hosts herald hysterical hilarity. A band of jovial jesters



EVERY MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK A Prodigious Double Blazing STREET PARADE 2 Performances Daily--Rain or Shine--2 and 8 p. m. Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m. for Merrick's Military Band Concerts Reserved chairs and admission tickets may be secured on show day at Tillery's Pharmacy at exactly the same price charged on the show grounds.

sick just to keep you near me," he was saying when Redfield returned, bringing his sleeping couch. Unrolling this under a tree beside the creek, the supervisor said, "Now, get into that." Cavanagh resigned Lee with a smile. "Good night," he said. "Oh, but it's good to remember that I shall see you tomorrow!" With a happy glance and a low "Goodby" she turned away. Laying aside his blanket and his shoes, Cavanagh crept into the snug little camp bed. "Ah," he breathed, with a delicious sense of relief "I feel as if I could sleep a week!" And in an instant his eyes closed in slumber so profound that it was barren even of dreams.

CHAPTER XXII. OUT OF QUARANTINE INTO HEAVEN.

WHEN Cavanagh awoke it was noon, and Swenson, the guard, was standing over him. "I'm sorry, but it's time to go," he said. "It's a long ride home."

"What do you mean?" Cavanagh asked, looking up at the guard. "Hearty noon. I've got some coffee ready. Want some?"

A little later the keen eyes of the guard, sweeping the mountain side, were suddenly arrested. "There's a bunch of cowboys coming over the pass," he called.

"I see them," responded Cavanagh. "Get out your glasses and tell me who they are." Swenson mustered his fieldglasses and studied the party attentively. "Looks like Van Horn's sorrel in the lead, and that bald face lay just behind looks like the one Gregg rides. The other two I don't seem to know."

"Perhaps it's the sheriff after me for harboring Edwards," suggested Cavanagh.

But Swenson remained sober. He did not see the humor of the remark. "What are they doing on the forest, anyhow?" he asked.

Half an hour later the two parties came face to face on a little stretch of prairie in the midst of the wooded valleys. In the sheriff's party were Gregg, the deputy and a big man who was a stranger to Cavanagh. Their horses were all tired, and the big civilian looked saddle weary.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" called the sheriff in southern fashion as he drew near.

"Good evening, Mr. Sheriff," Cavanagh civilly answered. "What's the meaning of this invasion of my forest?"

The sheriff for answer presented the big stranger. "Mr. Cavanagh, this is Mr. Simpson, the county attorney."

Cavanagh nodded to the attorney. "I've heard of Mr. Simpson," he said.

Simpson answered the question Ross had asked. "We were on our way to your station, Mr. Cavanagh, because we understand that this old man Dunn who shot himself had visited you before his death, giving you information concerning the killing of the Mexican sheep herders. Is that true?"

"It is."

"When did he visit you?" "Two days ago or maybe three. I am a little mixed about it. You see, I have been pretty closely confined to my shack for a few days."

Gregg threw in a query. "How is the old man?" "He's all right. That is to say, he's dead. Died last night."

The sheriff looked at Simpson meaningly. "Well, I reckon that settles his score, judge. Even if he was implicated he's out of it now."

"He couldn't have been implicated," declared the ranger, "for he was with me at the time the murder was committed. I left him high on the mountain in the Basque herder's camp. I can prove an alibi for him. Furthermore, he had no motive for such work."

"What did Dunn tell you?" demanded the sheriff. "What names did he give you?"

"Wait a moment," replied Cavanagh, who felt himself to be on his own territory and not to be hurried. "There's a reward offered for the arrest of these men. Is there not?"

"There is," replied the attorney. "Well, before I make my statement I'd like to request that my share of the reward, if there is any coming to me, shall be paid over to the widow of the man who gave me the information. Poor chap, he sacrificed himself for the good of the state, and his family should be spared all the suffering possible."

"Quite right, Mr. Cavanagh. You may consider that request granted. Now for the facts."

"Before going into that, Mr. Attorney, I'd like to speak to you alone."

"Very well, sir," replied the attorney. Then, waving his hand toward the others, he said, "Boys, just ride off a little piece, will you?"

When they were alone Cavanagh remarked, "I don't think it wise to give these names to the wind, for if we do there will be more fugitives."

"I see your point," Simpson agreed. Thereupon rapidly and concisely the ranger reported what Dunn had said, and the attorney listened thoughtfully without speaking to the end. Then he added, "That tallies with what we have got from Ballard."

"Was Ballard in it?" asked Cavanagh. "Yes. We forced a confession from him."

"If he was in it it was merely for the pay. He represented some one else."

"What makes you think that?" "Because he was crazy to return to the show with which he used to perform and desperately in need of money. Have you thought that Gregg might have had a hand in this affair?"

Dunn said he had, although he was not present at any of the meetings. "This seemed to surprise the attorney very much. 'But he's a sheepman!' he exclaimed.

"I know he is. But he's also a silent partner in the Triangle cattle outfit and is making a lot of trouble. And, besides, he had it in for these degaos, as he calls them, because they were sheeping territory which he wanted himself."

"I don't think he's any too good for it," responded Simpson, "but I doubt if he had any hand in the killing. He's too cunning and too cowardly. But I'll keep in mind what you have said, and if he is involved in any degree he'll have to go down the road with the others. His money can't save him."

As they came back to the party Cavanagh thought he detected in Gregg's eyes a shifting light that was not there before, but he made no further attempt to impress his opinion upon the attorney or the sheriff. He only said: "Well, now, gentlemen, I must go on over the divide. I have an appointment with the doctor over there; she with a bad and a warmer sort of clothes than I have on. If I can be

of any service to you when I am out of quarantine I hope you will call upon me." "It is possible that we may need you in order to locate some of the men whose names you have given me." "Very good," replied Cavanagh. "If they come upon the forest anywhere the supervisor and I will find them for you." So they parted, and Cavanagh and his guard resumed their slow journey across the range.

To be continued

FROM OUR EXCHANGES MIAMI

The ladies of Rich Chapel M. E. Church, South, will give an ice cream social at the church on the evening of Saturday, August 5. The public generally is invited to attend and lend assistance to the ladies by their presence and their patronage. While J. M. Hisle was making the return trip from Marshall Tuesday with a load of groceries, his team was scared by a wagon that drove up behind it and ran away. Mr. Hisle's wagon was wrecked. Tom Mullins is to be congratulated on raising such a good crop of wheat. He had about 33 bushels to the acre and the wheat weighed heavier than any other that was delivered at the Crispin elevator. Jas. Reynolds has rented his farm south of town to a Mr. Fogge, of Tennessee, who will take possession next March. Mr. Reynolds and his family will probably make their home in California, although he has not yet fully decided to do so.

S. O. Grady's rye is all sold, and thereby hangs a tale. Mark Whitaker raised the field of rye. He offered Mr. Grady half the crop if he would cut it and thresh it. Mr. Grady accepted. It took half a day to cut the rye and two hours to thresh it. Mr. Grady's share sold for \$70. Quite a number of people from Miami attended the picnic at Nye's grove Saturday. The picnic, which was given under the auspices of the Jeter Stars baseball team, drew a large crowd. The baseball game in the afternoon between Malta Bend and the Jeter Stars was won by the former team, 21 to 5. News.

Life Saved at Death's Door

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years. Quick, safe, sure, it's the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles, 50c & \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by P. H. Franklin.

NELSON

Mrs. M. L. Finley has taken possession of the city meat market that she purchased of G. W. Walk. Their aim is to cater to the public in a way that everyone will be pleased. They will carry fresh and cured meats, bread and cookies; handle eggs and produce. Mrs. Finley has secured the service of Mr. Lem Hicks to assist her in the handling of her business. We wish Mrs. Finley success in her enterprise. Little Miss Thelma McClure returned home on Tuesday from a visit with her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McClure, at Grand Pass. Mrs. E. D. Sappington left yesterday morning for Winton Springs to spend the day, she will visit in Marshall until Saturday when she goes to Kansas City for a few weeks before leaving for an extended trip through Colorado and Yellow Stone Park. Mrs. T. E. Ray arrived here from Sweet Springs yesterday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hanley. She will be accompanied home by Messrs Tom and Sam Hanley. Mrs. J. M. McClelland, who has been confined to her home for several days on account of sickness, we are glad to state is much better and able to be out again. Record.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Be sure the signature of Dr. J. C. Williams

GILLIAM

Miss Carrie Jordan of St. Louis is here on a visit to her brothers, Will and Rudolph Jordan, this week. Mrs. C. H. O. Leimbrock and Miss Irene Lee went to Malta Bend Wednesday afternoon for a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. Bryan. Ben Smitzmyer, one of our old inhabitants, but who now resides in Lamar, Mo., is here on a visit to old acquaintances. Ben says he is perfectly satisfied with his location in Lamar. Grover Duncan, who moved to his farm near Piggott, Ark., several months ago, is here on a visit to home-folks. Grover says he is well satisfied with the conditions of things there, and also states that he will have a good crop of cotton etc. The country there has been visited with plenty of rain. Dave Weeks is walking around with a crippled foot this week, as the result of nearly having it cut off in a hay baler last week. Globe.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietor has so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ARROW ROCK

Mrs. R. M. Woodruff had a narrow escape Friday evening while driving near Ben Duvall's place a dog frightened her horse and he ran off but in some way she and her daughter, Catharine managed to stay in the buggy and fortunately neither were hurt. Died--The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Brockway, of near Concord, died a short while after its birth and was buried at Concord cemetery Thursday morning. C. C. Wisdom and wife of Marshall visited at the home of their son, W. P. Wadon here the latter part of last week. Statesman.

SWEET SPRINGS

Mrs. Frances Colyer, wife of the late R. G. Colyer, died at the home of her son, Kit Colyer, at Independence last February. The body has been kept in a receiving vault there since, until last Wednesday, when it was brought here and permanently buried in Fairview cemetery in a lot recently purchased by the family. J. H. Norman lost a valuable cow last week. She was found dead in the pasture east of town. A bullet hole was found in the cow's side. No one knows who shot her. John H. McGuire was at McAllister Springs Monday and rented a cottage on the grounds there in which Mrs. McGuire will stay for a week using the sulphur water for rheumatism of which she is suffering. Mrs. George Porter has been very sick for several days but is some better. Also her daughter, Miss Stella. Herald.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Leaf-Honey For Coughs and Colds.

SLATER

Chas. A. King, General Freight agent of the Alton, spent last Sunday in Norton. It was at Norton, when a boy, that Mr. King began railroading as a station agent. That place has always had a warm spot in his heart, and whenever he has an opportunity to get out of the busy city of Chicago he can be found at Norton. John Nunn has been down with typhoid fever for the past ten days. A. R. Grigsby, of Kansas City, and Jno. R. Teter and wife, of Vernon County, were the guests of J. A. Teter and wife last Sunday. Ernest Mancke and Miss Marguerite Lohse went to Kansas City Sunday to meet Miss Denise Mancke, who has been visiting in Ft. Scott, Kansas. Misses Lohse and Mancke remained for a few days visit in Kansas City. Jno. Schaefer, of Kansas City, arrived here Monday to look after his Slater real estate. He reports business in Kansas City as being dull and unsatisfactory, and being a shortage in the demand for labor. Rustler.