

Blazed Trail Stories

... AND ...

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE LIFE OF THE WINDS OF HEAVEN

(Continued.)

Barbara elevated her small nose in righteous indignation. After a long time she just peeped in his direction. He was laughing to himself. She hastily elevated her nose again. After all it was very lonely in the woods.

"Supper is ready," he announced after a time.

"I do not think I care for any," she replied, with dignity. She was very tired and hungry and cross, and her eyes were hot.

"Oh, yes you do," he insisted, carelessly. "Come now, before it gets cold."

"I tell you I do not care for any," she returned, haughtily.

For answer he picked her up bodily, carried her ten feet, and deposited her on another log. Beside her lay a clean bit of bark containing a broiled deer steak, toasted bread, and a cup of tea. She struggled angrily.

"Don't be a fool," the man commanded, sternly, "you need food. You will eat supper, now!"

Barbara looked up at him with wide eyes. Then she began to eat the venison. By and by she remarked, "You are rather nice," and after she had drained the last drop of tea she even smiled, a trifle humbly. "Thank you," said she.

It was now dark, and the night had stolen down through the sentry trees to the very outposts of the fire. The man arranged the rubber blanket before it. Barbara sat upon the blanket and leaned her back against the log. He perched above her, producing a pipe.

"May I?" he asked.

Then, when he had puffed a few moments in quiet content, he inquired:—"How did you come to get lost?"

She told him.

"That was very foolish," he scolded, severely. "Don't you know any better than to go into the woods without your bearings? It was idiotic!"

"Thank you," replied Barbara, meekly.

"Well, it was," he insisted, the bronze on his cheek deepening a little.

She watched him for some time, while he watched the flames. She liked to see the light defining boldly the clean-shaven outline of his jaw; she liked to guess at the fire of his gray eyes beneath the shadow of his brow. Not once did he look toward her. Meekly she told herself that this was just. He was dreaming of larger things, seeing in the coals pictures of that romantic, strenuous, mysterious life of which he was a part. He had no room in the fulness of his existence for such as she—she, silly little Barbara, whose only claim was a maddening notion of pointing outward her adorable chin. She asked him about it, this life of the winds of heaven.

"Are you always in the woods?" she inquired.

Your name is Barbara Lowe; you come from Detroit, where you are not yet 'out'; you are an only child; and eighteen or nineteen years of age."

"Why, who has been telling you about me?" cried Barbara, astonished.

"Nobody," he replied.

"Don't you know that we woodmen live by our observation? Do you see anything peculiar about that tree?"

Barbara examined the vegetable in question attentively. "No," she confessed at last.

"There is an animal in it. Look again."

"I can see nothing," repeated Barbara, after a second scrutiny.

Stanton arose. Seizing a brand from the fire, he rapped sharply on the trunk. Then slowly what had appeared to be a portion of the bole began to disintegrate, and in a moment a drowsy porcupine climbed rattling to a place of safety.

"That is how I know about you," explained the woodman, returning to the fire. "Your remark about staying overnight told me that you were visiting the Maxwells rather than the Adamses; I knew the latter must be relative, because a girl who wears pretty summer dresses would not visit mere friends in the wilderness; you would get tired of this life in a few weeks, and so will not care to stay longer; you wear your school-pin still, so you are not yet 'out'; the maker's name in your parcel caused me to guess you from Detroit."

"And about my being an only child?"

"Well," replied Stanton, "you see, you have a little the manner of one who has been a trifle."

"Spoke!" finished Barbara, with wide-eyed emphasis.

Stanton merely laughed.

"That is not nice," she reproved, with vast dignity.

A cry, inexpressibly mournful, quivered from the woods close at hand.

"Oh, what is that?" she exclaimed.

"Our friend the porcupine. Don't be frightened."

Down through the trees sighed a little wind. "Who? who? who?" droned an owl, monotonously. The sparks from the fire shot up and eddied. A chill was in the air. Barbara's eyes grew heavier and heavier. She tucked her feet under her and expanded in the warmth like a fire-side kitten. Then, had she known it, the man was looking at her, looking at her with a strange, wistful tenderness in his gray eyes. Dear, harmless, innocent little Barbara, who had so confidently trusted in his goodness!

"Come, little girl," he said, softly, at last.

He arose and held out his hand. Awakened from her abstraction, she looked at him with a faint smile and eyes from which all coquetry had gone, leaving only the child.

"Come," he repeated, "time to turn in."

She arose dutifully. The little tent

really looked inviting. The balm bed proved luxurious, soft as feathers.

"When you are ready," he told her, "let me know. I want to open the tent-flap for the sake of warmth."

The soft woollen blanket was very grateful. When the flap was open, Barbara found that a second fire had been built with a backing of green logs so arranged as to reflect the heat directly into her shelter.

She was very sleepy, yet for a long time she lay awake. The noises of the woods approached mysteriously, and drew about the little camp their mystic circle. Some of them were exceedingly terrifying, but Barbara did not mind them, for he sat there, his strong, graceful figure silhouetted against the light, smoking his pipe in contemplation. Barbara watched him for a long time, until finally the firelight blurred, and the great, solemn shadows stopped dancing across the forest, and she dozed.

Hours later, as it seemed, some trifling sound awakened her. The heat still streamed gratefully into the tiny shelter; the solemn shadows still danced across the forest; the contemplative figure still stared into the embers, strongly silhouetted by the firelight. A tender compassion stole into Barbara's tender little heart.

"The poor dear," said she, "he has no place to sleep. He is guarding me from the dangers of the forest." Which was quite ridiculous, as any woodman will know.

(To be continued.)

SICK HEADACHE

Many varieties of headache exist, those most prevalent being sick or bilious headache, nervous headache, headache from constipation, etc.

Headache is an effect of disease, the cry of the suffering body for relief from some depressing disorder.

Undoubtedly the cause must be removed in order to cure the headache permanently. Wrong action of the stomach, liver or bowels is responsible for nine out of ten cases of headache.

In sick headache (a very common form) there is sometimes nausea and vomiting and usually constipation.

In nearly all forms of headache

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has proved itself a specific—a medicine that has cured where all others failed.

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B.B.B. is for sale at all druggists and general stores. Do not accept something just as good.

In the old south it was customary for slaves who could neither read nor write to ask some member of their master's family to do their correspondence.

One morning Aunt Chloe approached her young miss and requested her to write a love letter to Uncle Billy, an aged suitor.

"What shall I say, Aunt Chloe?" the young lady inquired.

"Dlaw! Miss Annie! Write it jes lak you was er writin' to one er your own beaux; but I tink notwithstanding is er mighty purty word, jes put dat in somers."—Harper's Weekly.

BALLOT BOX CASE ENDED

Police Magistrate Harryette Found Not Guilty of Conspiracy—Last of Famous Cases.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 2.—(Special.)

The last of the famous bogus ballot box cases was disposed of at the assizes here yesterday afternoon, when Police Magistrate Sam Harryette of Bancroft was found not guilty of conspiracy in connection with the bogus boxes. E. F. B. Johnston, counsel for the defence, practically accused John Bremner of trying to shift the blame which rightly belonged to him on to Harryette and built up rather a strong case against Bremner.

The judge summed up clearly and quite impartially. The jury was out 35 minutes, returning with a verdict of not guilty.

The criminal libel case of King vs. Carman, which arose out of some strictures made by the Ontario, Carman's paper, on Geo. Porter, M. P., in connection with the bogus boxes, was settled by the defendant agreeing to publish an apology and pay the costs. This ends the libel proceedings in the celebrated ballot box scandal in West Hastings.

SACKVILLE.

SACKVILLE, Nov. 1.—Mrs. C. C. Avar returned yesterday from a visit of several weeks in Kings Co. and Shediac.

Mrs. E. H. Fowler has returned from an extended visit in New York.

James Main of Upper Cape, is in town today.

R. S. Pridham of Montreal is home for a short time.

Mrs. Hackett returned yesterday to Taunton, Mass., after spending two months here the guest of Mrs. Gains Fawcett.

A very handsome bell has arrived for the new church at Middle Sackville. It is a gift from S. L. Black & Sons. The bell cost \$200 and weighs 1300 pounds. It bears the inscription: Presented by J. L. Black & Sons to East Sackville Baptist church.

Middle Sackville Division, Sons of Temperance, celebrated their 47th anniversary last evening. There was a large number present. Westmorland and Amherst Divisions were represented. A pleasant evening was enjoyed with music, speeches and games. At the close of the evening supper was served.

Miss Frances Harper gave a delightful Halloween party last evening.

Mrs. B. C. Borden entertained the students of the Ladies' College last evening.

Mrs. Albert Webster, Shediac, is the guest of Mrs. F. B. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rogers spent Sunday at Shediac.

The ladies of the Bethel Baptist church will have a fancy sale and hot supper on the 10th inst.

Geo. Campbell, Sen., is recovering from his recent illness.

Frank, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Burke was seriously injured yesterday by falling from a cart. His face and head were badly cut.

Friend—How's business now, old boy? Bad as ever?

Manufacturer—No; doing better than we was a year ago.

"Glad to hear that. You told me some weeks ago that your mills were running at a loss."

"No loss now; not a cent."

"Prices gone up?"

"No. Men are on a strike."—New York Weekly.

Backache

is more than tiredness. Hard work does not bring sharp, shooting pains. And a dull, nagging pain—that a night's sleep won't drive away—is never due to weariness.

Nine times in ten, backache says Kidney Trouble. Pain is nature's way of telling you that your Kidneys are weak—that

they cannot do nature's work—that they want help to get well and strong again!

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