

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.)

Her drowsy eyes watched him wistfully—her mystery, her hero of romance. Again the fire blurred, again the solemn shadows passed. A last thought shaped itself in Barbara's consciousness.

"Why, he must be very old," she said to herself. "He must be twenty-six."

So she fell asleep.

III.

Barbara awoke to the sun and the crisp morning air and a delightful feeling that she had slept well and had not been uncomfortable at all. The flap of the tent was discreetly closed. When ready she peeped through the crack and saw Stanton bending over the fire.

In a moment he straightened and approached the tent. When within a few feet he paused. Through the hollow of his hands he cried out the long, rustic, morning call of the woodsman.

"Bo-o-o-ll out!" he cried. The forest took up the sound in dying modulations.

For answer Barbara threw aside the tent-flap and stepped into the sun.

"Good morning," said she.

"Salut!" he replied. "Come and I will show you the spring."

"I am sorry I cannot offer you a better variety for your breakfast. It is only the supper over again," he explained, after he had returned, and had perched like a fluffy bird of paradise on the log.

Her cheeks were very pink from the cold water, and her eyes were very beautiful from the dregs of dreams, and her hair very glittering from the kissing of the early sun. And, wonderful to say, she forgot to thrust out her pointed chin in the fashion so entirely adorable.

She ate with relish, for the woods-hunger was here. Stanton said nothing. The time was pregnant with unspoken things. All the charming elements of the little episode were crystallising for them, and instinctively Barbara felt that in a few moments she would be compelled to read their meaning.

At last the man said, without stirring: "Well, I suppose we'd better be going."

"I suppose so," she replied.

They sat there some time longer, staring abstractedly at the kindly green forest; then Stanton abruptly arose and began to construct his pack. The girl did not move.

"Come," he said at last.

She arose obediently.

"Follow close behind me," he advised.

"Yes," said she.

They set off through the greenery. It opened silently before them. Barbara looked back. It had already closed silent-

ly behind them, shutting out the episode forever. The little camp had ceased to exist; the great, ruthless, calm forest had reclaimed its own. Nothing was left. Nothing was left but the memory and the dream—yes, and the beginning. Barbara knew it must be that—the beginning. He would come to see her. She would wear the chignon, another chignon, altogether glorious. She would sit on the highest root of the old elm, and he would lie at her feet. Then he could tell her of the enchanted land, of the life of the winds of heaven. He would be her knight, to plunge into the wilderness on the Quest, returning always to her. The picture became at once inexpressibly dear to her.

Then she noticed that he had stopped, and was looking at her in deprecation, and was holding aside the screen of moose-maples. Beyond she could see the familiar clearing, and the smoke from the Maxwell cabin.

She had slept almost within sight of her own doorstep.

"Please forgive me," he was saying. "I meant it only as an interesting little adventure. It has been harmless enough, surely—to you."

His eyes were hungry. Barbara could not find words.

"Good-by," he concluded. "Good-by. You will forgive me in time—or forget, which is much the same. Believe me, if I have offended you, my punishment is going to be severe. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Barbara, a little breathlessly. She had already forgotten the trick. She could think only that the forest, the unfriendly forest, was about to recall her son.

"Good-by," he repeated again. He should have gone, but did not. The situation became strained.

"When are you coming to see me?" she inquired at length. "I shall be here two weeks yet."

"Never," he replied.

"What do you mean?" she asked after a moment.

"After Painted Rock, the wilderness," he explained, almost bitterly, "the wilderness and solitude for many years—forever!"

"Don't go until to-morrow," she urged.

"I must," he replied.

"Because I must be at Painted Rock by Friday, and to reach it I must travel fast and long."

"And if you do not?"

"My mission fails," he replied.

They stood there silent. Barbara dug

tiny holes with the tip of her parasol.

"And that is ruin?" she asked softly, without looking up.

"I have struggled hard for many years. The result is this chance."

"I see," she replied, bending her head lower. "It would be a very foolish thing for you to stay, then, wouldn't it?"

He did not reply.

"But you are going to, aren't you?" she went on in a voice almost inaudible.

"You must not go like that. I ask you to stay."

Again the pause.

"I cannot," he replied.

She looked up. He was standing erect and tall, his face set in the bronze lines of a resolution, his gray eyes levelled straight and steady beyond her head. Instantly her own spirit flashed.

"I think now you'd better go!" said she superbly.

They faced each other for a moment. Then Barbara dropped her head again, extending her hand.

"You do not know," she whispered, "I have much to forgive."

He hesitated, then touched the tips of her fingers with his lips. She did not look up. With a gesture, which she did not see, he stooped to his pack and swung into the woods.

Barbara stood motionless. Not a line of her figure stirred. Only the chignon parasol dropped suddenly to the ground.

(THE END.)

SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, Nov. 1.—The remains of the late Mrs. Thomas P. Thompson, who died in Fredericton on Sunday, were brought to Sheffield Wednesday afternoon and interred in the Baptist cemetery at Lakeville Corner. Robert Adams of Fredericton was in charge.

Mrs. David Burpee of Upper Sheffield is visiting friends in St. John.

Mrs. Willard Reid and daughter, Geraldine, of Marysville, have returned home after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Reid's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. W. Bridges.

Miss Eva White entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly to a "Hal-love-en" party on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. (Dr.) Camp is spending a few days with friends in St. John.

Mrs. Jack Randall and family of Lakeville Corner left this morning by steamer "Polkanoket" for St. John, where they purpose spending a few days with relatives.

Miss Mary Perley, Miss Lizzy Harrison and Chester Foster of Mauderville were all in Sheffield this week.

Miss Fannie L. Tapley went to St. John Monday on a business trip.

Miss Lulu Briggs of Lakeville Corner has returned home from a lengthy visit to friends in Fredericton.

Nervous Women

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The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.

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SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, Nov. 2.—R. K. Raworth of Upper Cape, and J. B. Allen of Cape Tormentine are in town today.

The ladies of Baie Verte Methodist church will give a harvest tea on Nov. 6th.

Mt. Allison and Acadia have a match game of football on the 10th which promises to be very interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. John Healey have returned to their home at North Sydney, after a visit in Port Elgin, where they were the guests of Mrs. Healey's parents, Capt. and Mrs. Sunby.

Mrs. J. P. Allison gave a pleasant whist party yesterday afternoon.

Miss Leah B. Goodwin is visiting friends in St. John.

Miss Gussie Wain has returned to her home in Rockport, after an absence of two years in Glasgow, Scotland.

Miss Luella Richardson of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. Amos Patterson.

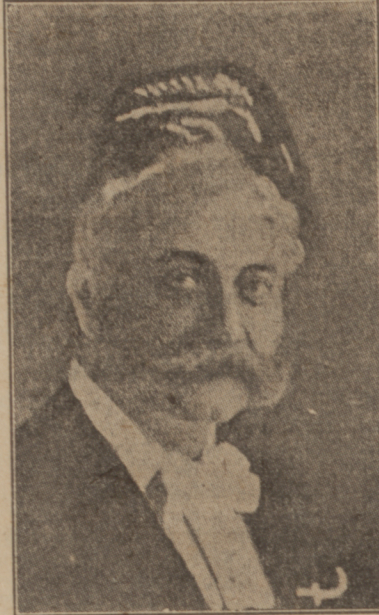
W. H. Tinker, eastern secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., will address the Mt. Allison students this evening.

HARRY A. COLLINS

Has Been Potentate of Rameses Temple Twenty Years—Will Not Run Again.

Harry A. Collins, whose picture appears herewith, and to whom the article refers, is well known to Mystic Shriners hereabouts, and also to members of the Independent Order of Foresters, being an officer of the supreme court of the order. The article is quoted from the Toronto Globe of recent date:—

"The nobles of Rameses Temple of Mystic Shriners received with regret at their ceremonial session last night an announcement that their potentate, Harry A. Col-



HARRY A. COLLINS

lins, would not seek re-election at the annual meeting in December. Potentate Collins has been in office for nearly twenty years. He is at the present time Potentate of the Imperial Council, the governing body of the Shriners in North America.

"There were about 300 nobles from all parts of the Province present at last night's session when the Imperial Potentate was formally introduced by Hon. J. W. St. John, the Oriental Guide, and given an enthusiastic reception. The class of candidates numbered 39, and for their instruction some new and novel features were introduced. Damascus Temple, Rochester; Kismet, Brooklyn; Ishmalia, New York; Kismet, Detroit; Arripp, Boston, and Mecca, New York, were largely represented. The session closed with an enjoyable banquet and musical programme."

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