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Oceanic S.S. Company
Time Table

The steamers of this line will arrive and leave this port as hereunder:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Alameda	July 22
Sonoma	August 2
Alameda	August 12
Ventura	August 24
Alameda	September 2
Sierra	September 14
Alameda	September 25
Sonoma	October 5
Alameda	October 14
Ventura	October 26
Alameda	November 4
Sierra	November 16
Alameda	November 25
Sonoma	December 7
Alameda	December 16

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Alameda	July 27
Ventura	August 2
Alameda	August 17
Sierra	August 23
Alameda	September 7
Sonoma	September 15
Alameda	September 28
Ventura	October 4
Alameda	October 19
Sierra	October 23
Alameda	November 6
Sonoma	November 15
Alameda	November 30
Ventura	December 6
Alameda	December 21

In connection with the sailing of the above steamers the agents are prepared to issue, to intending passengers **Coupons Through Tickets** by any railroad from San Francisco to all points in the United States, and from New York by any steamship line to all European ports. For further particulars apply to

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All freight sent to ships by our launches will be charged to shippers unless accompanied by a written order from the captains of vessels.
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The Blazed Trail
By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
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As last the poignant ecstasy seemed slowly, slowly to die, fainter and fainter ebb'd the music. Through it as through a mist the solemn aloof forest began to show to the consciousness of the two. They sought each other's eyes, gently smiling. The music was very soft and dim and sad. They leaned to each other, with a sob; their lips met; the music ceased.

And over behind the trees, out of the light and the love and the beauty, little Phil huddled, his great shaggy head bowed in his arms. Beside him lay his violin and beside that his bow, broken. He had snapped it across his knee. That day he had heard at last the



They sought each other's eyes.

heart song of the violin and, uttering it, had bestowed love. But he had that day lost what he cared for most in all the world—his friend.

Little Phil disappeared utterly, taking with him his violin, but leaving his broken bow. Thorpe has it even to this day. The lumberman caused search and inquiry on all sides. The cripple was never heard of again.

"I saw you long ago," said Hilda to Thorpe—"long, long ago, when I was quite a young girl. I had been visiting in Detroit and was on my way all alone to catch an early train. You stood on the corner thinking, tall and straight and brown, with a weather-beaten old hat and a weather-beaten old coat and weather-beaten old moccasins, and such a proud, clear, undaunted look on your face. I have remembered you ever since."

And then he told her of the race to the land office, while her eyes grew brighter and brighter with the epic splendor of the story. She told him that she had loved him from that moment, and believed her telling, while he, the unsentimental leader of men, persuaded himself and her that he had always in some mysterious manner carried her image prophetically in his heart. So much for the love of it.

In the last days of the month of delight Thorpe received a second letter from his partner, which to some extent awakened him to the realities.

"My dear Harry," it ran, "I have made a startling discovery. The other fellow is Morrison. I have been a blind, stupid dolt and am caught nicely. You can't call me any more names than I have already called myself. Morrison has been in it from the start. By an accident I learned he was behind the fellow who induced me to invest, and it is he who had been hammering the stock down ever since. They couldn't lick you at your game, so they tackled me at mine. I'm not the man you are, Harry, and I've made a mess of it. Of course their scheme is plain enough on the face of it. They're going to involve me so deeply that I will drag the firm down with me.

"If you can fix it to meet those notes, they can't do it. I have ample margin to cover any more declines they may be able to bring about. Don't fret about that. Just as sure as you can pay that \$200,000, just so sure we'll be ahead of the game at this time next year. For heaven's sake, get a move on you, old man. If you don't, the firm 'll bust because she can't pay. I'll bust because I'll have to let my stock go on margins. I'll be an awful smash. But you'll get there, so we needn't worry. I've been an awful fool, and I've no right to do the getting into trouble and leave you to the hard work of getting out again. But as partner I'm going to insist on your having a salary," etc.

The news aroused all Thorpe's martial spirit. Now at last the mystery surrounding Morrison & Daly's unnatural complaisance was riven. It had come to grapples again. He was glad of it. He thrust the letter in his pocket and walked buoyantly to the pines.

The two lovers sat there all the afternoon drinking in half sadly the joy of the forest and of being near each other. In a week the camping party would be breaking up, and Hilda must return to the city. It was uncertain when they would be able to see each other again. Suddenly the girl broke off and put

her fingers to her lips. For some time dimly an intermittent and faint sound had been felt rather than actually heard, like the irregular muffled beating of a heart. Gradually it had insisted on the attention.

"What is it?" she asked.

Thorpe listened. Then his face lit mightily with the joy of battle.

"My axmen," he cried. "They are cutting the road."

A faint call echoed. Then without warning nearer at hand, and the sharp ring of an ax sounded through the forest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR a moment they sat listening, to the clear staccato knocking of the distant blows and the more forceful thuds of the man nearer at hand.

"What are they doing? Are they cutting lumber?" asked Hilda.

"No," answered Thorpe; "we do not cut saw logs at this time of year. They are clearing out a road."

"Where does it go to?"

"Well, nowhere in particular—that is, it is a logging road that starts at the river and wanders up through the woods where the pine is."

"How clear the axes sound. I would like to know more about it," she sighed, a quaint little air of childish petulance graying two lines between her eyebrows. "Do you know, Harry, you are a singularly uncommunicative sort of a being. I have to guess that your life is interesting and picturesque. Sometimes I think you are not nearly poet enough for the life you are living. Why, you are wonderful, you men of the north, and you let us ordinary mortals who have not the gift of divination imagine you entirely occupied with how many pounds of iron chain you are going to need during the winter." She said these things lightly, as one who speaks things not for serious belief.

"It is something that way," he agreed, with a laugh.

"Sit there," she breathed very softly, pointing to the dried needles on which her feet rested.

He obeyed.

"Now tell me," she breathed, still in the fascinated monotone.

"What?" he inquired.

"Your life; what you do; all about it. You must tell me a story."

Thorpe settled himself more lazily and laughed with quiet enjoyment.

"The story of the woods," he began, "the story of the saw log. It would take a bigger man than I to tell it. I doubt if any one man ever would be big enough. It is a dream, a struggle, a battle. Those men you hear there are only the skirmishers extending the firing line. I'll have to hurry now to get those roads done and a certain creek cleared before the snow. Then we'll have to keep on the keen move to finish our cutting before the deep snow, to haul our logs before the spring thaws, to float them down the river while the freshest water lasts. When we gain a day we have scored a victory, when the wilderness puts us back an hour we have suffered a defeat."

The girl placed her hand on his shoulder. He covered it with his own.

"But we win!" he cried. "We win!"

"That is what I like," she said softly, "the strong spirit that wins." She hesitated, then went on gently: "I went walking yesterday morning before you came over, and after awhile I found myself in the most awful place—the stumps of trees, the dead branches, the trunks lying all about and the glaring hot sun over everything. Harry, there was not a single bird in all that waste, a single green thing." She seized his fingers in her other hand. "Harry," she said earnestly, "I don't believe I can ever forget that experience any more than I could have forgotten a battle-field were I to see one."

The man twisted his shoulder uneasily and withdrew his hand.

"Harry," she said again after a pause, "you must promise to leave this woods until the very last. I suppose it must all be cut down some day, but I do not want to be here to see after it is all over. Men do not care much for keepsakes, do they, Harry? But even a man can feel the value of a great beautiful keepsake such as this, can't he, dear? Our meeting place—do you remember how I found you down there by the old pole trail staring as though you had seen a ghost? It must always be our most sacred memory. Promise me you will save it until the very, very last."

Thorpe remained silent.

In selecting the districts for the season's cut he had included in his estimates this very grove. Other bodies of timber promising a return of \$10,000 were not to be found near the river, and time now lacked for the cutting of roads to more distant forests.

"Hilda," he broke in abruptly at last, "the men you hear are clearing a road to this very timber."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This timber is marked for cutting this very winter."

She had not a suspicion of the true state of affairs. "Isn't it lucky I spoke of it?" she exclaimed. "You must see to it today, now!"

She sprang up impulsively and stood waiting for him. He arose more slowly.

On Steep Hill-Side



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