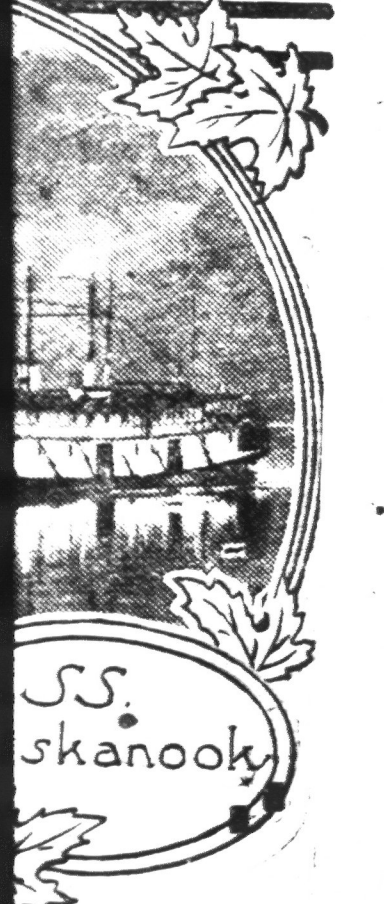


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Dod March's Girl

By KATE EDMONDS

The doctor from over-the-mountain stood on the door stone at Dod March's cabin and looked Jane March straight in the eyes.

"Your father's leg's pretty bad, Jane," he said kindly.

"You mean—he'll lose it?" demanded Jane in her direct way.

"He might. Needs care — better send him to Dr. Frames' place at Wawmut."

"How? He can't be moved."

"I'll fix that—we can get him over quite easily. The doctor has everything to make it easy. Your father will be all right by Christmas."

Jane nodded slowly. At last she spoke and tears were near her brave, brown eyes. "We haven't much money left, doctor," she confessed, "and dad, being sick, will miss all the fall work—you know the best guide on the mountains."

"I know it, Jane. It's a pity that bear clawed him."

"If I had been along—it wouldn't have happened. I wonder how I could earn some money, doctor?" she said anxiously.

The doctor thought rapidly. "Been with your father much? Know woods? Can you shoot?"

"He says I'm as good as he is, but of course I'm not. A girl couldn't be," she answered modestly. "Is there something I can do?" she asked with hope in her eyes.

"After your father goes to Dr. Frames I'll send Old Red Squirrel's squaw over here—you know Molly Basket? She's the best chaperon in seven counties—won't even let the stars blink at you! My idea is this. Jane March—just take your father's place. When his customers come—most of them are old codgers from the city, fat bankers and brokers who want a bit of hunting and a taste of camp life—you can guide 'em and Molly Basket can cook, and you can make believe your father is in the cabin if you want to!"

"Doctor, how splendid!" cried Jane, and ran in to tell the plan to Dod March, who listened at first with horror, then dismay and at last with resignation, for the leg was bothersome and old Molly Basket was a regular old she-bear to fight.

"I've only made two engagements," he said wearily, "but both of them are for six weeks each—Major Babb—he always comes, you know, and James Armstrong—they're old fellows and won't try to make love to you, Jane!"

Jane March felt quite excited the day she expected Major Babb, but the elderly sportsman was so intent upon shooting a big buck and one bear that he didn't care much who guided him to the right spot. "Just one big black bear, my dear," he said to Jane, with hardly a glance at her trim form in its hunting rig.

"I must find a bear for you," laughed Jane, as she left the major to Molly Basket's delicious camp cooking. She sang like a lark as she climbed the trail. It was so wonderful to be able to do this for her father. She had written him a long letter describing the major's arrival and forwarding the batch of newspapers and box of cigars the city man had brought for the old guide. Now she went back to the camp with shining eyes.

"Major Babb," she said, "your bear lives up by the clump of honey locusts—you remember where the black rocks are? He has a trail to the west."

"Good—good," purred the major, rubbing his fat hands.

The next day they found the bear and the major shot him with his accustomed skill, and Molly Basket went her son, Little Squirrel, to take care of the dead monster.

Then the major got his buck, and after several days of idleness, he departed for home again, leaving the Marches much richer than when he came. To Jane he gave a crisp hundred-dollar bill. "For the best guide I ever had," he chuckled as he wrote out the customary check.

Jane took a week off and went to see her father and told him all about the major's stay. "Mr. Armstrong will come next week—and when he goes it will be time for you to come home."

"Doctor suggests that I stay here until after Christmas—you might come, too, Jane, and get some more schooling and buy some clothes," smiled the old man.

"That's fine, father," she agreed, and went back to the camp glowing with anticipation of the winter months, often so lonely to the mountain girl, although she had been away to school.

The next week Mr. Armstrong appeared and with him a big, strapping young man, who stared with open surprise when Jane explained the situation.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Armstrong," she faltered; "you see, father was badly injured and we had to have money—I really can look out for you."

Mr. Armstrong's eyes twinkled. "Go ahead, Miss Jane," he said, heartily. "You've got grit. I brought my nephew along—Ray Armstrong—learning to be a forester."

Young Armstrong shook hands with Jane and then they all sat down to midday dinner. Jane believed in feeding her people well, and with her own hands she had baked an apple pie that

brought forth lavish praise from the hunters. "Your father couldn't do that, I'll warrant," chuckled the elder Armstrong, as he accepted a second piece of pie.

"You shall not take all of dad's medals away from him, Mr. Armstrong," she protested. "I am only a poor imitation of him—but I can certainly make good pie," she added convincingly.

They all laughed as Molly Basket came to clear away the meal. The next day they were going to start out, but that evening the men unpacked their bags and prepared their guns.

In the evening Jane sat beside the campfire and knitted while Ray Armstrong explained his work to her. In the intervals Mr. Armstrong played with the phonograph until he fell asleep.

At the end of six weeks there was a light snow on the ground and the Armstrongs were preparing to leave. The elder Armstrong had gone over the mountain to visit Jane's father, and the girl had one last tramp with Ray before he departed. Molly Basket was cooking and had promised them a wild pigeon pie for dinner.

"Time slips away so fast in the morning," sighed Jane as they reached the vicinity of the black rocks where the honey locusts grew.

Ray looked at her adoringly. He was careful that she never surprised his glances, for he was very tender of his "girl o' the woods," as he called her in secret. He looked away quickly, interested at the terror exhibited by a gray squirrel in a tree near by. At the same instant he felt a hot breath upon his neck and a heavy paw clutched his shoulder.

"Do not move," rang Jane's clear voice. The claws dug deeper, a shot rang out, there was a snarl of pain and then a muffled roar as a bear and man went down together. Ray extricated himself from the dying struggles of the beast and Jane ended the bear's life with another shot. Then she turned to Ray, whose shoulder was bleeding. "Let me dress the wound," she commanded, and he sat down on a rock and bared his shoulder.

There was an emergency kit strapped about her waist, and from this she produced the necessary relief. Neither spoke a word more than was necessary, but the girl was near to tears and young Armstrong was quite white.

At camp Molly Basket produced a browned pigeon pie, but there was little appetite for its toothsome. Then Ray rose to go and Jane walked a little way down the mountain with him.

"I can see you a long way from here—it is Lone Rock," she smiled wistfully. "I hope your arm will be all right now."

He turned and caught her hand in his. "Jane—my girl o' the woods—you saved my life," he said.

"I'm glad," she said gravely.

"Then—it is yours for the asking," he bent before her humbly—"I love you, dear."

Jane said nothing—but words are often superfluous. There was no one to see their parting save a chickadee, who didn't tell a soul about it.

SALARY OF U. S. SENATOR

Lawmakers Receive \$7,500 Plus Traveling Expenses—Must Be Citizen for Nine Years.

A member of the United States senate must have been a citizen of the United States for at least nine years prior to his election, must be a citizen of the state he represents and must be thirty years old. His salary is \$7,500 a year plus certain traveling expenses. A member of the United States house of representatives must have been a citizen of the United States seven years prior to his election, must be twenty-five years old and a resident of the state which he represents. His salary is the same as the senator's. In most of the general assemblies the qualifications for membership, in the words of the law, are: "No person shall be a senator or representative, who, at the time of his election, is not a citizen of the United States, nor anyone who has not been for two years next preceding his election, an inhabitant of this state, and for one year next preceding his election, an inhabitant of the county or district whence he may be chosen. Senators shall be at least twenty-five and representatives at least twenty-one years of age." The salary of senators and representatives is \$6 a day while the assembly is in session, with certain allowances for traveling expenses.—Indianapolis, News.

Much Wood in Sport.

About twenty-five million feet of wood of 32 kinds are consumed yearly in this country by manufacturers of appliances and apparatus for games and sports, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. Several industries require much more wood than this one and produce articles which, in the aggregate, sell for more money, but not one of all of them, with the possible exception of toys, affords as much enjoyment. In one direction, this industry surpasses toys as a producer of happiness; for toys concern children almost exclusively, while this concerns old, young and middle aged in the same way. Games are for the elderly as well as for youthful.

A Disciplinarian.

"Would you send your boy to a school where they permitted basing?" "I would," replied Farmer Cornsossel. "Josh is that bumptious an self-willed I think mebbe the hazin' 'ud be the most important part of his education."

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