TALES OF THE PINERIES

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

OLD MOSINEE TOM.

righted by Bacheller, Johnson & Bachel-ler, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily curnals of the large cities.

In the late fifties the Wisconsin valley above Portage was a wilderness. The lumbermen who trailed their way up the river passed through tamarack swamps so thick a deer could scarcely penetrate them, and over dry ridges clothed with splendid pine without underbrush, clean as a park and of inestimable value.

Old Mosince mountain rose out of the wide, green reach of the valley, dark with his robe of pines. All about was forest land unfouched by the ax, almost untraversed by the pioneer's rest-

But year by year the loggers pushed northward, seeking points where the pine trees could be felled into the river, or where skidways could be constructed to make handing unnecessary. The whole river had been ransacked and every favorable river point stripped of its timber before the movement back into the forest began. From short hands and heavy timber the movement was toward long bauls and smaller timber. Each year the attack widened as well as longthened its battle line against the pines.

Two young boys from La Crosse county in 1850 pushed up the river to "Clinny Bull fulls," and being attracted by old. Mosinee mountain planted their camp at its foot and set about preparatlens for winter. They were beyoud any other camp so far as they knew, and when they blazed out a trail in September they had before them a great deal of stern labor.

They had buy to cut in the marshes. wood to clear out and shanties to build They were sturdy young fellows, of that indomitable sort raised up in America to do such work in face of

Holland was a bridegroom of only was expected to be the cook for the camp when the snows come and work of logging actually begun. He was a tall, young fellow, with a broad, flat, ly. but powerful, chest, very erect and

Miller, his companion, was a short man, inclined to be fat when food and he did when it would embarrass the clean to your boot heels."

on him the stranger appeared a middle-aged man, very tall, with a ragged beard. He had a long and well-kept rifle in his hands.

"Did you fire, too?" asked Holland. "I didn't dast t' fire when he was lookin' in the winder an' when he got down I couldn't see 'im till you opened the door. But we got 'im.'

Miller appeared with the lantern and they all went out to the spot where the bear was last seen, but he was gone. There was blood on the ground, but not enough to trail him by.

'He's hit, but he's safe enough. If I had Zip, we'd tree him in fifteen minutes, but we might just as well give him up-without a dog," said the old man after a pause.

"All right," said Holland. "We was just eating supper. Come in an' take a snack.

"Don't care if I do," laughed the hunter.

"I didn't know y' was here till t'day," he said as he sat down at the table. "Jest made a camp m'self up here a couple o' miles and saw y'r smoke t'day; thought I'd come down and make y' a neighborly call." He laughed again till his mouth gaped wide and his little twinkling eyes disappeared.

"Glad you did. Jack, slap in a couple o' dabs' o' that pancake mortar-this fellow seems to appreciate my cook-

"By the way," put in Miller, as he set a couple of huge cakes sizzling, "what's your name when you're at home? Mine is Miller."

"Mine's Tom Welsh, otherwise Mostnee Tom.

"I've heard of you," said Holland.
"As I was sayin', thinks I'll jest drop in on 'em. So I built a fire an' I says to Zip: 'Now Zip, ol' boy, you better hug that fire purty close 'r the wolves 'll pinch y' '-an' come down." 'Glad y' did," said Miller. "I'm feel-

ing kind o' lonesome these days." "Lonesome!" the old fellow laughed. "Wy, young man I tramp from here to Lake Superior an' never see a human bein' from one month's end to another, and I don't know what lonesome means. O, of course, when it's handy three months' duration, and his wife I like to drop in this way an' have a little confab-but that ain't gittin'

> 'O. it ain't, eh?" said Miller, ironical-"Well that's the way I feel when I get lonesome. How's that f'r a mouthful?" he said, as he slid a huge cake in-

to the stranger's plate. "Bout my size," cackled the old felsleep were plenty. He was forever low, and he cut it into quarters and grunsbling, and yet was a great joker. rolled it up like a quilt. In fact he He assumed great airs at times, and kept Miller turning cakes till he cried told how well he lived at home. This out: "Look here, you must be holler

cook. He was, in fact, a comedian. | Supper being over, they drew round The work was hard, the fare mo the fire and lighted their pipes, and

don't go into no such business; he jests limps off in the woods and swears

Holland here related a story of a siege by wolves through which he had been. Long Tom listened with an occasional corroborative nod.

"That's jest it; they're sharks. Seems if they can smell a sick or wounded man ten miles. I used to live down in Portland when I was a boy, an' I know what a shark is. A shark is a wolf in the water. A wolf is a shark in the woods." A curious look came on his face, and

after a silence he said:

"If they ever set tooth in old Tom. he'll know his time has come to go." "I should think you'd keep out of their way if you're afraid of them," said Holland, cautiously.

The old man straightened up. His face darkened with anger. 'Say, d' y' mean that?"

Holland saw his mistake. Set down. Set down! I didn't mean anything. Still you speak as if you kind o' dreaded them," he added.

"Wall, I do," the hunter confessed. 'But I ain't afred of 'em. I know 'em. Know jest how to take 'em. I build a fire in front of my little shed, put a rifle handy and Zip at my feet and sleep sound's a baby in a cradle. If the fire gits low Zip growls and wakes me up and I throw on more wood.

"But some way I feel as if they'd git me yit. I'll make a mistake some day and then they'll pile on top of me an' that'll be the end of me. A pile of bones gnawed white. Jest such a pile as I've come across myself many a time in the woods." Spending his days alone in the somber shadows of the forest, he had grown superstitious like the sailors. Signs and omens filled up half his life. He traveled by signs and built his little open shed according to the moon and stars. The sound of the wind was in the sad droop of his voice.

"They killed my brother," he said, finally; "an' they'll git me." He rose slowly. "Wal, I guess I'll

pull out." "O, don't be in a hurry."

"Ol Zip'll git uneasy." "Better stay all night."

"O, no; couldn't think of it 'tall.

Wolves would clean out my whole camp before daylight. Hark!" He lifted his hand. "They're on the rampage now. They always are before a storm." Afar off, blent with the rising snarl of the winds in the pines they could hear the clamor of wolves hurrying after some flying deer. The old man grasped his rifle.

"I'll get back to my dog." "Hadn't one of us better go out with

"No, I'm all right; I'm worryin' 'bout Zip." Holland went with him to the clear-

ing and said: "Come and see us; our door is always

open. Good-by. Good luck." "Good luck," replied the old man, as he blended into the dense shadow of

Holland turned his face upward to the gray skies and felt fine flakes of snow beginning to sift down through the massive tops of the trees. Wolves were astir in the deeps of the wood,

and a wildcat across the river was growling as he scrambled up or down utered the warm-lighted shanty.

Holland awoke in the midst of a dream of a man sinking in the snow, he could not tell where his dream left to your cheeks and restore off and his waking began. All was flicker of the dying firelight on the Mothers, use it for your walls of the cabin. The wind was stronger without, steady and cold.

He sat up in bed to convince himself that he was in his cabin, and felt for asleep again when faint and far off, wolves and a long drawn cry:

"Help, he-e-l-p."
He sprang to his feet and stood irresolute in the middle of the floor, not sure of his senses yet. He leaned to listen. It came louder. The clamor of yelping wolves drew nearer, and now unmistakably the wild cry of a man. "Help! help! For God's sake open

the door!" Holland flung up the bar. The noise of beating feet was heard. He swung the door open, and with the speed of a desperate deer Long Tom shot across the clearing into the cabin, falling in a heap on the floor, while not a rod behind, their red tongues lapping, their eyes shining with greenish phosphorescent, terrifying glare, came a dozen wolves, tearing along in pursuit, and so savage and determined their hunger, if Holland had not swung the door in



"BAT CROUCHED OVER THE FIRE TILL MOBNING."

their faces, they would have plunged through the open door upon the exhausted hunter. The old man rose from the floor in-

sane with wrath. "Give me your rifle," he snorted, when he could got his breath. "Let me get a chance at them."

He had stayed away too long. The fire had burned down, and the waiting wolves had sprung upon the faithful dog. They were gnawing his bones when the hunter arrived. At the sound of his rifle they scattered, but almost instantly turned upon him and he fled. He loaded and fired once more, and then backed away, holding them at bay with his clubbed rifle. In this way he backed all the way down the river bank, facing the snarling pack. As he

He wept like a child, and swore to his weeping as he thought of his faith-

"To think I'd play him such a trick at last," he groaned, and swore, covering his face with his hands. "An' he trusting in me-sayin' to them hellhounds: 'Old Tom'll be back soon an' you'll git out o' here!' An' all the time me settin' here smokin' an' havin' a good time-my God, it's awful! Its unbeen with me more'n six years! He's hunter-I can get along without that

dog. My God, It's awful-awful-" He would not go to sleep, but sat around over the fire until morning. He ate breakfast in the same gloomy silence, and then he rose.

stay with us."

"No, I guess not. If I find my rifle I'll be all right-if I only-"

find his rifle. This he did without long seurch.

"Thankee-I guess I'll have to go

down to Ginny to git some ammyni-

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON. Queer Sounds Issuing from Underground

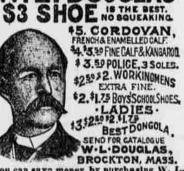
on the Shores of the Red Sea. A singular phenomenon occurs on

the borders of the Red sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost three hundred feet. This reach is eighty feet wide and resembles an amphitheater, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place occur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, become sostrong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are the sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action-probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

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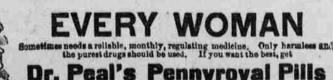
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Ag't, South Bethlehem. Pa.

ton station for Carbondale and in-termediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 s.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 8.10 and 11.20 p.m. For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 19.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15

p.m.
For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.
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Trains will arrive at Scrauton station from Carbondale and Intermediate points at 7.49, 840, 934 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17,231, 340, 454, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.83 p.m. From Honesdale, Waymart and Far-

view at 9.34 a.m., 12.30, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

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and home to be connections at Buf-alo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest. Bath accommodation, 9 a.m. Binghamton and way stations, 12.57 p.m. Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p.m. and 9 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05

m. Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego tica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a.m. and

tica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a.m. and 22 p.m.
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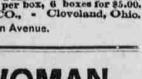
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All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p. m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 7.45 p.m

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.41 p.m.

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Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.66 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p.m.
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out during a severe sickness which

boys turn up with Mrs. Holland and some grab.

I don't want to say anything against

Miller turned his slap-jack over twice before he cut it and began eating. "Seems to me these things git leath-

worse than I do, old man."

"Of course not."

something."

He worked his jaws meditatively on 'All in y'r eye; they're right up to high-water mark. You're a little off y'r feed. I guess-Lampers down or

erer'n' leatherer every day. I may be

In secret Holland was a little bit worried about his partner. He changed the subject. "I heard a rifle to-day, Jack! Off to the north." 'Doc. Adams, I guess.'

so soon as that. It's some other Miller took little interest in this, but worked away stubbornly on his slapjacks. Suddenly his jaws stiffened

and his eyes distended. "Hank, look there!" Holland turned to the window, and saw the huge furry head, alert ears and looking in

"The rifle," he whispered. Miller raised his hand to feel for the rifle on the wall behind him, but the bear vanished so silently and swiftly it was hard to think there had been a bear there at all. As Miller leaped for the rifle Holland

flung the door open, and a broad path

of light streamed out toward the for-

est, and in the midst of it was a huge

rounded shadow, shambling swiftly Quiek! There he goes, fire!" Miller pulled up and fired at the vanishing shadow. And, like the echo of the shot, came another report from the edge of the clearing and a cry from a man beyond the circle of light.

'Y gorry, we've got 'im. Bring a Miller dashed in for the lantern while Holland waited for the voice to

embody itself. "I wish I had ol' Zip here, we'd have that feller shore's aigs," continued the voice, now getting near the house. As the light from the shanty shone

notonous, and his patience really gave | the old hunter told stories of the woods. He knew the woods as the Indians came upon him during October. He do. He could map the whole land in to be about again, but he the ashes of the hearth and he general-

wolves un' painters and links (panyour cookin', Hank. It's good, what | there and lynxes) is all bosh. Bears an' there is of it, but I'd like to have the links are mostly jest as glad t'git out o' your way as you are to git out their "You don't want to see her any their young uns are with 'em, or you corner 'em, or when they're mighty hungry. Most any critter 'll fight in a "You ought to stand it if I can," Hol- trap, but in a free space it's nacherl fr em t' run off the minute they see a

man. Same way with painters in daylight, or night either. They jest pucka-chee when they see yeh." "Ever had a tussle with 'em?"

a man will. with a significant look at Holland, who

had wolf stories to spare.

drew several whiffs from his pipe before he answered: "Wolves are different; they're vicious,

"No; the Doc. wouldn't be up here 'Especially when a lot of 'em git together.' The old man went on: pointed muzzle of a bear, wistfully | walk into any traps, but they'll eat a

> a trap and they don't bluster-they mean biz." He sat with his pipe in his mouth, his hands over his knees and his eyes fixed on the fire. His voice began to take on

"I've been chawed by bears, and clawed by wildcats and catamounts; I've had a buck deer trampin' me into the ground; but I never had a wolf's gone. They don't make no mistakes. When they take hold it's after takin' bullet, an' go in where he is sure to get but your wolf, he knows better; he saving him.

grumbled about Holland's cooking ized shrewdly about the wild life. "A good many yarns about bears an' way. They don't turn on a man unless

on me except when I began the fuss. Then they'll fight f'r dear life jest like "How about wolves?" asked Miller,

"O yes, but I've never had 'em turn

The old man's face grew grim and he no two ways about that. They mean

"Wolves aint cowardly, as some folks say. They've got sense and judgment. They know how to size up the other fellow so'st not t' tackle a crowd they can't whip. They're all-fired smart, wolves is. They don't feller up quicker'n lightnin' when the chance is good. They don't walk into

a reminiscent tone. The sound of the wind in the pines outside stirred through the silence with a somber note, and Holland stirred up the fire in the vast fireplace till it roared louder than the wind. The hunter resumed after knocking

the ashes out of his pipe and putting it

tooth into me yet. When I do, I'm all the chances and calc'latin' t' win. Now, a bear 'll git blind crazy with a neared the cabin he flung away his used up; so 'll a painter 'r a wildcat; rifle and ran-only his marvelous speed

ful dog cowering there in the center of that circle of hungry eyes.

civilized to treat an old friend the way I treated that dog. Why, that dog has been my only company, an' a better

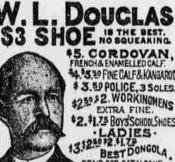
"Wal-I'll be goin'." "Better bring y'r things down and

He was in a softer mood now and he couldn't speak of his dog. Holland went with him to help him

"Well, now, come in any time. Our latch string is always out. Come back to dinner, anyway."

"Well, good luck." "Good luck," he answered; but his face was sorrowful to see. They never saw him again. They heard of him in Ginny. He bought a new outfit and struck off into the for-

"I don't want his quarters to-night." are suffering from weakness, R. M. STRATTON, OFFICE COAL EX-"By fingo, I should say not," said and feel exhausted and nerdaughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for



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