

# A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT NORTH TRAIL

## MIKE GOOLEY'S DAUGHTER

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

JUST across the border is the Great North Trail. One enters it in summer as a rule. In winter it becomes impassable. This trail is the forest primeval. On this side of it, before one enters, are men and books and railroads. Beyond—who knows? Who enters must leave hope behind. Not altogether, no. For there is one saving hope, and that hope is Gooley, the guide. Mike Gooley, that is he. His comfortable but is the lodge house of the Great North Trail. Mike Gooley, what a name—a name to conjure with. His nationality is ascertained and certain at the very instant of the revelation of his name. But yet there is a mistake somewhere, and due to the fact that his name is always heard but never seen. He has spelled it time and time again for some seven thousand men and women, for to that extent numbers the great army which he has escorted by twos and threes safely through the Great North Trail.

This same Gooley is a Celt. Ah, of course, to be sure. No one would think otherwise. But he is a different kind of Celt, is Gooley—for his name when spoken is Mike Gooley, true enough, but when written it is wholly something else—Michele Goulet then. A Frenchman—a Frenchman to the marrow. One knows that, finally, but only when his eye lights upon this same Michele Goulet—and one is glad, for in the lonely march through the Great North Trail, and in the nights around the camp fire, it is possible to lift the voice, in the midst of the great silence—to lift the voice in solemn song:—

Oh, Michele Goulet, Michele Goulet,  
The greatest Man-itoba ever knew.  
Oh, spell it Goulet, but never Gooley,  
Goulet, Goulet, Goulet, Goulet, do.

Goulet is the guide par excellence. Across the great north trail he has escorted many, many persons. The President of the United States? Assuredly. And many, many school teachers throughout the long vacation. In the printed itineraries of the railroads he is included, though not by name, in the list of "competent guides at every point." He is all things to all men. He is sublime; he is the great Northwest. He is Michele Goulet. Can man say more?

But there is more, for there is Maria, Michele's daughter. Another name too often the subject of mispronunciation. One must say an Ave Maria beneath the breath, and then he may know how to speak of Michele's daughter. Otherwise it were best to call her—well, Miss Goulet. But not now, though. That would never do, for at this time all is different. But one must not anticipate.

Up there, where men are plenty and women few and far between, the sight of Michele's daughter came as a surprise. One held his breath, for she was a flower, was Michele's daughter—a wood flower of the trail. She was worth while. And there were many who understood that and who hopelessly desired to wear this flower some day. Most of them did not bother Maria. She sent them off. Good men, they were, too—a bit rough and wild, but good as men of the forest go.

But there were three who were very close admirers. Each of these had sworn to have Maria for his own. One was a Canuck, pure and simple. Francois he was, a good sort of chap, but with a temper. The next was an American, a man with a French name, too. This was Johnny Le Boutillier, younger than Francois and lighter in complexion. The third admirer was the greatest of them all. His name was Michele Goulet. He was Maria's father. Francois whispered to himself that already she was his. Johnny Le Boutillier told her out and out that she was his. And old Michele Goulet, he shook his fist and insisted—sacred!—that she didn't belong to anybody at all—that is, except to him. He informed her that she could marry anybody she chose, only she must remain single always and live with him. Francois, bah! And Johnny Le Boutillier, bah, too! What like were they? Oh, yes, they were well enough in their way—but they were not her kind. Maria smiled—and on all three.

"There is yet time," she said.

"I shall marry," she informed Michele, "why not? Did not my mother marry?"

"Marry nothing," snapped old Michele, losing sight of the facts in order to prove his point. "What good young woman would marry and leave her old father? And besides," he added, as though making a guarded admission, "even if she did marry, she had no old father—she had nobody but me. So we married."

"She had a mother," insisted Maria Goulet.

"What has that to do with it?" retorted Michele. "A mother, bah! Yes, but what is a mother? She had no old father. Therefore, and only therefore, she married. And therefore you should not. Never marry. I do not expect to marry. Come now. What's good enough for me is good enough for you. Look at me."

Maria drove her other two admirers to the frenzy point as well. Francois, the jealous, the black browed, was easily aroused and hard to appease. Thrice he fought with Johnny

Le Boutillier—famous fights, too, by the light of torches, with many men around, the combatants bared to the waist. Twice did Johnny Le Boutillier go down and out.

At the next fight between Francois and Johnny, Johnny, who had treasured a few things up in his heart, was able, in the language of his pugilistic friend, to "hand it" to Francois in the most approved manner. Francois went down, not once, but eight, nine times. Then it was Johnny's turn to stroll around. Assuredly. But when Francois came around, after some days, Maria did not touch his bruises with her finger. She laughed, and Francois stormed.

But this could not go on forever. Francois said so. Johnny Le Boutillier acquiesced. Michele Goulet felt in his bones that a crisis was impending.

It was a cool night in the fall that all three met, without design, in the hut. Each had designed to be there. Yes, but none had designed that the other should be there also. Francois insinuated, he muttered; his jealousy would out. Johnny frowned. Old Goulet stormed. Everybody reasoned that no-

"You don't have to favor me," growled Goulet. "only don't marry. That is obedience, not to marry. Where would we all be if everybody married? I tell you the world would be in a great pickle. Don't favor me, my daughter. I don't ask anything at all at your hands. Only don't marry. You said you would be fair. Be fair. That is the way to be fair. Do not, therefore, marry. Then all will be satisfied."

"Satisfied?" retorted Francois. "How will I be satisfied if she does not marry?"

"Satisfied," nodded the old man, "satisfied—that you will not get her."

Maria had waited patiently for the remarks to end. "I shall be fair. Francois has fought for me. He has won. Johnny has fought for me. He has won, too. Pere Goulet has growled for me. It is worse than fighting—we may say that he has won. Well and good. Now there shall be no more fighting. There shall be no more growling. I shall marry Francois."

Francois leaped to his feet. "My angel!" he cried. Maria waved her hand.

"Or—I shall marry Johnny Le Boutillier." Johnny shuffled

Pere Goulet growled, but Francois leaped to his feet. "I am famous with the dice," he exclaimed. "It is good. I agree."

"Maria Goulet," laughed Johnny Le Boutillier, "you're a dead game sport. I go you."

Father Goulet sniffed the air. "You cubs think you know, but I will show you. I, Goulet, the great dice thrower, I smell victory. I am the winner at once. Let me show you how, youngsters."

He reached forth and grasped an old dice box from a shelf. There were two there and one upon the shelf above. The last box was the newest.

Old Goulet had one box. Another one Maria handed to Francois. The last she gave to Johnny.

"A box for each," she said, "that each may shake well to make well."

Johnny shook his box reminiscently. "The last time I played," he remarked, "was with the bull-bear from the States—the monster with the neck. I lost to him—I lost a bit, I tell you." He thought of the pugilistic trick he had learned. "He was a wonder, that man," he said aloud.

"My son," said Pere Goulet, "he was. That man with his two hands could throw a buck—perhaps a bull moose. Who knows? You say well; he was a monster. True."

Francois shook his box. "You first," said Goulet's daughter. "Each shall have three throws, and I shall keep—what do they say?—I shall keep tab. Your knife, Francois." He tossed it over and she held it, ready to notch the table as they played.

"Aha!" yelled Francois with excitement, as he rolled his dice. He made a fair throw—a very fair one.

Goulet followed. "Sacre!" he exclaimed in guttural tones. For his score was low.

"You've got me, Francois," remarked Johnny, as he smote his cubes upon the table; "but no you have not, either." For he had done well—as well as man could do. Maria, her face set to her task, was cutting notches thick and fast.

"This time," announced Francois, "I shall throw twice. It means luck and avoids delay." He threw poorly at first, but better on the second trial. He was exultant. It was not the first time he had thrown, and his skill was great.

"Papa Goulet," said he, "beat that if you can. Give it your best twist if you can." Goulet threw and growled. He, at any rate, was a loser.

"She is mine, she is mine!" called Francois. He smiled on Maria, and she returned the smile. So entranced was he by it that he did not notice the first throw from Johnny's box until the dice had come to a standstill. Then he frowned.

"I'm not so bad at this myself," said Johnny. "Still, you can never tell."

He threw again. Barely had he done so when Francois, with a mighty shout of anger, lunged at him across the table and nearly felled him. Johnny, with a heightened color in his face, good naturedly caught at him and, lifting him in the air, dropped him upon the floor.

"You must be polite," said Johnny. Old Goulet swore and kicked at the dog. In the excitement Maria gathered up the dice and replaced the boxes upon the shelf. Then she turned to Johnny.

"You—you have won, monsieur," she said, looking him in the face; "you have won and I am yours."

"My forest flower," said Johnny, with a bit of a catch in his voice, "come—come with me, my little bride."

In the Great North Trail when they marry, they marry. Through the night went Goulet's daughter with the arm of Johnny Le Boutillier about her. The priest's eye brightened when he saw them.

"Bless you, my children," said he in benediction.

As they wandered back toward Johnny's forest mansion, at one point they crossed a stream of swiftly running water.

Goulet's daughter suddenly held out her hand. It was closed tight upon something. "See," she exclaimed, "watch."

He looked. Then with a sudden movement a few white particles darted through the air and splashed into the stream beneath.

Johnny made a sudden movement, as though he would prevent her action. It had dawned upon him what they were.

"They are dice," he exclaimed, "the dice with which I won you. I would have kept them. But now they have sunk—I shall never see them more."

The girl laughed. "Sunk," she exclaimed, "of a surety they have sunk. How could they help it?" She drew his head down and whispered to him. "They sank; they could not help it, poor things." She drew a sharp breath inward and burst into a hysterical laugh. "They were loaded—they were loaded dice—of course they sank. Why not?"

"Loaded dice!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Surely," answered she. "The bull-bear man—they belonged to him, when you and others lost to him—and he gave them to me."

"Loaded!" exclaimed Johnny once again; "why, that's not"—He stopped, for a sudden light had broken in upon him. "Loaded, and you gave them to me to-night to play the game."

"Yes," she whispered breathlessly.

Johnny kissed her with vehemence. "Then," he continued, "it was not a game to-night. Then I had won you long before to-night."

She nodded. "Months, yes, years before," she answered.

Johnny drew her toward him. "My little wife," he said.

"Johnny Le Boutillier, my husband," answered she.

Side by side they plunged into the Great North Trail.



"I AM NOT SO BAD AT THIS MYSELF," SAID JOHNNY

body else had any business there—except Maria. Everybody reasoned that the room was big enough for two; that two was company, but three a crowd; and four—it was outrageous. Francois and Maria, that would have been well, reasoned Francois with himself. But that idiot, Le Boutillier! Johnny Le Boutillier amused himself by trying to stare Francois out of countenance. Michele Goulet—he would have cleared them all out; they had no business there. At length Maria spoke.

"I shall be fair," she said; "fair to all. I will favor no one. I shall favor not Francois, who wants to marry me; nor Johnny Le Boutillier, who would make me his wife." Here she kept her face slightly averted from the ardent glance of Johnny. "Nor will I favor Michele Goulet."

his feet with interest, and recognizing that he had at least a fighting chance, began to whistly softly.

"Or—I shall not marry. There!"

"Ha!" cried Father Goulet, "she shall not marry. There!"

"There shall be no more fighting and no more growling," proceeded Goulet's daughter, "but there shall be chance and wager. You shall play for me. There." They waited.

"You three shall throw dice," she added, "and this shall end it. It is the game. It is gaming. I am the stake. I shall go to the man who wins, whether," she added, "it be Francois."

"Ah!" This from Francois.

She turned her back upon Johnny Le Boutillier. "Or Johnny Le Boutillier," she continued, "or Pere Goulet."

## A BROTHER'S MAD REVENGE.---Lady Blake's Discovery of the Victim's Bones---By Stephen Chalmers.

ALTHOUGH Lady Blake is now in Hong Kong with Sir Henry, who is Governor of that island, it is not likely that she has forgotten her experience in a West Indian cave.

When Sir Henry was Governor of Jamaica, a few years ago, Lady Blake was as much in love with the scenic beauty of the island as her husband was with its politics. She spent most of her time in the jungle, exploring with her party the wonderful caverns with which the colony is quaintly enriched.

One afternoon her dauntless ladyship was lowered down a "sink hole" in the recesses of a cave near St. Ann's Bay. When, after wild signalling, she was hauled up her womanhood was much perturbed. At the bottom of the "sink hole" Lady Blake had discovered numerous skeletons, all with their heads battered in.

When her ladyship recovered her nerves sufficiently to make investigations she unearthed the story of the skeletons.

Early in the eighteenth century, it appeared, a Scotsman named Lewis Hutchison lived with an only sister on the estate of a young lord near Edinburgh. The sister was the only relative Hutchison possessed, and, apart from her great beauty, he loved her as a man loves his all in life.

The young lord referred to became enamoured of this beautiful girl, and in time she became the victim of a foolish and disastrous infatuation on her own part. Then love died, and the young woman did shortly afterward of shame and a broken heart.

Lewis Hutchison, the brother, then swore an oath of vengeance against all men and particularly against the young and thoughtless lord. One night the two men met on a lonely road on the outskirts of Edinburgh. There was an altercation, followed by a sword thrust, and Hutchison fled the country, leaving his first victim's body in a ditch.

In these days the Island of Jamaica, West Indies, was the dumping ground for every scapegrace son and ne'er-do-well disowned by indignant parents. The home of former pirates was also a harbor of refuge for criminals from the other side-walks of life.

Hutchison escaped to Jamaica, where he bought a tract of land near Pedro, St. Ann. There he built a residence, which in the bitterness of his heart he named Edinburgh Castle. The house had a conning tower with little windows, and was built on the summit of a ridge commanding a view of the country for miles around. Here the murderer lived with a number of brutal negroes, all of whom were enslaved to their master's criminal vows.

Hutchison never worked, never read books and seldom ate or slept, it is said. He spent his days in the conning tower, with a powerful telescope scanning the orange and pimento groves that stretched away in the vista of a man-cursed paradise. When a traveller hove in sight this mysterious man despatched a negro slave on horseback with a pressing invitation to the stranger to come and dine at "Edinburgh Castle"—Why, spend a few days or so.

There was nothing suspicious about this invitation. Even to this day Jamaica is famous for its hospitality. Not even an utter stranger need feel any hesitation to-day about accepting such an invitation as Hutchison urged if pressed by a modern Jamaican planter.

But in Hutchison's case hesitation and refusal meant a great deal to the invited guest. It was parallel with the old nursery rhyme:—

"Will you walk into my parlor?"  
Said the spider to the fly,

When the fly accepted the spider did the rest. For the "rest" Hutchison's memory is justly notorious to-day.

The murderer's guests were at first charmed by their host's irreproachable courtesy. His wines were of the finest quality

and he was most generous with them, although he personally did not imbibe over-freely. His slaves came to the table and vanished at a gesture of his hand. Certainly it was a most orderly house in this respect.

Strange to say, there was never more than one guest in the castle at a time. To this day it is said, "They were come and gone rapidly."

"They treat me badly," Hutchison used to say, with a queer smile. "They know I love to have them visit me, and I

am always sorry I could not keep them longer." It was the desire of this bloodthirsty tiger to have the pleasure of killing his victims over again.

Hutchison would award the finest room in the castle to the passing guest and the household would seemingly retire. But in the night the door leading to the conning tower would open and a ray of starlight reveal the demoniacal face of the betrayed girl's brother.

"Against all men!" he would mutter and steal into the guest's room. The explosion of a horse pistol was the signal for several stalwart slaves to drag the victim's body to a cave near the house.

In this cave no less than thirty bodies were hidden, their mutilated skeletons being afterward discovered.

This castle of crime continued to flourish until the year 1773, when a traveller who was seeking shelter one night saw and heard things which decided him in choosing the sword for a couch and the stars for a coverlet. He communicated his discovery to the government at Spanish Town, with the result that an investigation was ordered.

One of Hutchison's slaves heard that the soldiers were coming to look at the famous scenery around "Edinburgh Castle" and warned his master. The murderer thought that the scenery would in no way suffer by his absence and fled to the jungle.

When the soldiers arrived they found some interesting relics in the black cave, and sought to thank Mr. Hutchison for his hospitality. But the host at that moment was drifting in an open boat on the Caribbean Sea to the north of the island, intent upon reaching Cuba and safety.

The Jamaican government beat the jungle for several days, then gave up the chase after a supposed suicide.

Admiral Rodney, who was then cruising in West Indian waters, was returning to Port Royal, when from the quarter deck of his battle ship he espied a speck upon the ocean. It was a drifting boat. In it Rodney found a man dying of thirst. The castaway was picked up and restored to consciousness. It was Hutchison.

When the murderer learned that he was aboard of a British battle ship bound for Port Royal he wanted to jump overboard. Rodney's sailors restrained him, however, feeling some pity for the man, not knowing the real reason for his oft-attempted suicide. They believed his sufferings had rendered him insane.

In the meantime the Jamaican government had gathered such evidence that, when Hutchison arrived at the capital, Spanish Town, he was promptly tried and sentenced to be hanged.

On the night before his execution the murderer wrote his last will and testament upon the wall of his prison cell. He left freedom and wealth to his slaves (none of whom waited for freedom when the soldiers came), reserving only £100 for the erection of a tombstone over his own head. The following lines are engraved on the stone, in accordance with the desire expressed in his will:—

LEWIS HUTCHISON,

Hanged in Spanish Town, Jamaica,  
On the 10th Morning of March, in the Year of His Lord, 1773,  
Aged 40 Years.

"Their sentence, pride and malice I defy,  
Despite their power, and like a Roman die."

After writing these lines he cursed all men and died.



"AGAINST ALL MEN HE WOULD MUTTER."