Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

he was quite positive that she s going to dislike Jack Fyfe if he re thrown much in her way. ere was something about him that resented. The difference be- en him and the rest of the rude w among which she must, per- e, live was a question of degree, of kind. There was certainly e compelling magnetism about man. But along with it went t she considered an almost brutal ctness of speech and action. t of this conclusion came from rsay, part from observation, ited though her opportunities been for the latter. Miss Stella ton, for all her poise was not ve jumping at conclusions. There s something about Jack Fyfe that resented. She irritably dis- sed it as a foolish impression, but fact remained that the mere sical nearness of him seemed to her on the defensive as if he e in reality a hunter and she hunted.

Fyfe joined Charlie Benton about time she finished work. The e of them sat on the grass be- Benton's quarters, and every e Jack Fyfe's eyes rested on her steeled herself to resist—what, did not know. Something in- gible, something that disturbed She had never experienced thing like that before; it tan- zed her, roused her curiosity. re was nothing occult about the . He was nowise fascinating, er in face or manner. He made bid for her attention. Yet dur- the half hour he sat there la's mind revolved constantly ut him. She recalled all that had heard of him, much of it n her point of view, highly dis- ditable. Inevitably she fell to paring him with other men she w.

he had, in a way, unconsciously been prepared for just such a measure of concentration upon Jack Fyfe. For he was a power on Roaring Lake and power—physical, intellectual or financial—exacts its own tribute of consideration. He was a fighter, a dominant, hard bitten woodsman, so the tale ran. He had gathered about him the toughest crew on the lake, himself, upon occasion, the most turbulent of all. He controlled many square miles of big timber, and he had got it all by his own effort in the eight year ssince he came to Roaring lake as a hand logger. He was slow of speech, chain lightning in action, respected generally, feared a lot. All these things her brother and Katy John had sketched for Stella with much verbal embellishment.

There was no ignoring such a man. Brought into close contact with the man himself, Stella felt the radiating force of his personality. There it was, a thing to be reckoned with. She felt that whenever Jack Fyfe's gray eyes rested impersonally on her. His pleasant, freckled face hovered before her until she fell asleep, and in her sleep she dreamed of him.

CHAPTER V
Durance Vile

By Sept. 1 a growing uneasiness hardened into distasteful certainty upon Stella. It had become her firm resolve to get what money was due her when Charlie marketed his logs and try another field of labor. That camp on Roaring lake was becoming a nightmare to her. She had no inherent dislike for work. She was too vibrantly alive to be lazy. But she had had an overdose of unaccustomed drudgery, and she was growing desperate. If there had been anything to keep her mind from continual dwelling on the manifold disagreeableness she had to cope with, she might have felt differently, but there was not. She ate, slept, worked—ate, slept, and worked again—till every fibre of her being cried out in protest against the deadening round.

Benton left to make his delivery of logs to the mill company, and meantime Stella had leisure to think and plan for the future. She felt that she could not stand her surroundings any longer and determined to tell Charlie so.

Ten days later he and his loggers returned, all more or less exhilarated with liquor. He himself was fairly mellow and rejoicing over a 6,000,000 foot contract he had secured and which was to be delivered as early as possible in the spring.

(To be continued.)

All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

"I guess you can't learn an old dog to do new tricks," said the old man from his comfortable seat in the rocker. "If it hadn't been for yer ma, ye wouldn't have had no school-in'. So don't go thinkin' yerself better than your people."

"Oh, I don't father!" Sara returned quickly. "But I do want things to be nice when he comes. I do want him to like you."

"Of course you do, dear," interposed her mother gently. "But pa and I are old folks, you know. We can't get onto your new-fangled ways all at once."

"And if he's the right kind of a chap it won't make no difference whether I wear my coat all the time or not; and as for eatin' in the kitchen, it's nicer anyway."

Sara's mother shook her head remonstratingly ta the girl, who then said no more. She was not a snob; she had no wish to seem better than her people; but when she had promised to marry Jack King and he had promised to come down to the farm and spend a week afer her school had closed, she had been wondering what he would say to the fact that her father and mother, dear as they were, were just plain country people.

Sara had spent an eventful Christmast with Jack's sister, and the memory of their town home, with its simple but attractive furniture, the table loaded with silver and fine cut glass, the meals served in courses, and the perfection of the service, which seemed to be always just right, made her dread Jack's coming to the farm.

Sara's mother had insisted on a normal school education for her daughter, and after she had finished she had gone away to teach. The little girl who used to run around the farm in a sun bonnet and a gingham dress now wore her hair done up in soft braids on her head. She no longer answered to the name of Sallie, and her parents were almost uncomfortable in her presence so often did she compare their manner of living with that of her friends. It was no wonder that the advent of Jack King was not looked upon with great pleasure by any one in the house, Sara herself, included.

But the days passed and Jack cme. Sara met him at the station and they drove through the fragrant country to the old farm. Sara's heart was so filled with the joy of having Jack again that she almost forgot her family troubles, but when she turned in the driveway and saw her mother dodge hastily indoors at the sight of them, the old fear and worry came back.

"What a beautiful old place," Jack was saying. "You never told me how beautiful it was." And then Sara drew up before the old horse block and her father, looking uncomfortable in his coat and unaccostomed collar, came out to be introduced. Jack gripped the older man's hand heartily, which somewhat restored the confidence of which the clothes had robbed him, and then a farmhand came to take the carriage away and the three turned toward the house.

Inside there was a faint smell of delicious food. Freshly baked bread, and flaky pies, and sundry other good things. The big livingroom that ran almost the length of the house looked cool and inviting. Sara had rubbed the furniture until it shone and big bowls of flowers stood everywhere. Jack stared about him and then turned again to Sara.

"It's a peach of a place," he said enthusiastically and continued to praise everything he saw as soon as he saw it. At first Sara thought he was trying to be polite, but Jack was too genuine for that, and she saw he was actually enjoying himself. Supper in the diningroom with the big door open to the porch and the smell of honey-suckle floating in, was a wonderful meal to Jack. Sara had tabooed the kerosene lamps, and had substituted old candelabra that she had unearthed in the attic. The soft candle light flickered on the table that groaned with good things to eat.

Freshly-fried brook trout, crusty rolls, cold sliced ham, a whole chicken, honey and big pitchers of ice cold milk, everything was put on at once in the homely country fashion, but Jack did not seem to mind, thought Sara comfortably, and everything went along beautifully. Over the blackberries and chocolate cake, Sara's father asked suddenly.

"How'd you like to go fishin' tomorrow?"

"Great!" Jack responded promptly. "There, Sallie, I told you he'd like fishin'," the old man said, slapping his knee. Sara flushed. She did hate to be called Sallie.

"The three of us'll get an early start," the old man continued. "You can put us up a lunch, eh, mother?"

Mrs. Wicks smiled and nodded.

Afterward, down by the old garden gate, Sara and Jack stopped a minute to look into each other's eyes.

"Girl," said Jack, softly, "your father is a peach and your mother is the dearest thing I've ever met. I love the way your dad calls you Sallie. I'm going to have the time of my life down here. I can see that. Let's come down here often after we're married."

And Sara squeezed Jack's hand and wondered what he would think if he knew how she had worried about his coming.

CRUTCH BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE ROCKING CHAIR

A new crutch has made its appearance in England, where crutches just now are as numerous as walking sticks. Its principal feature is a rocker at the base, like that of a rocking chair. This is said to make walking easier. Instead of two sticks coming together to form a round stump the sticks of the new crutch are continued parallel from the shoulderrest to the rocker.—Popular Science Monthly.

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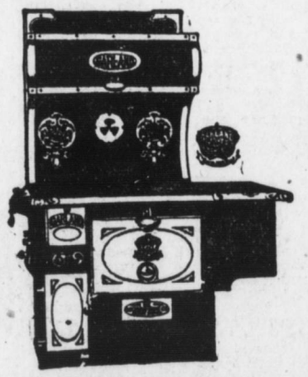

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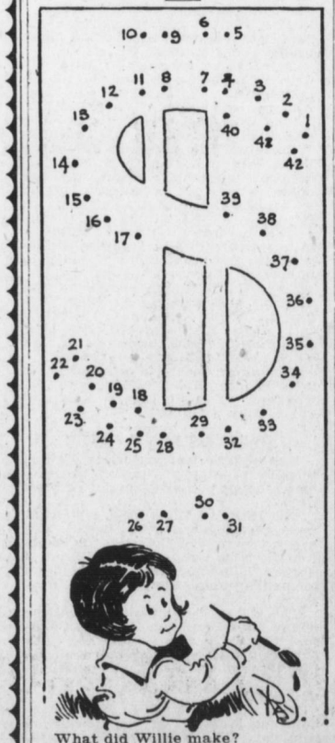

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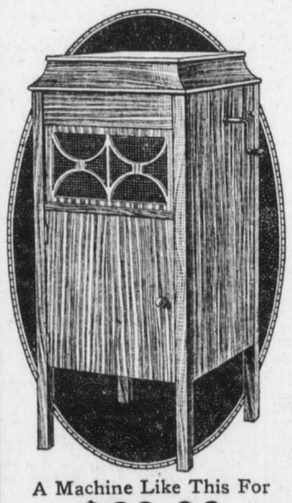

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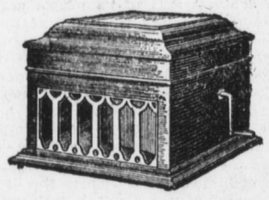

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