

SMOKY DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRE-FIGHTERS.

"HUSH, there's mother's good little girl! Hush, Ann Susan! I thought I heard Peter shouting."

"Shut yer head, Ann Susan! Don't you hear yer maw?" said David Armstrong, the pioneer.

Ann Susan, weary of the smoky and still air that had covered her backwoods world for three days, rubbed her sore eyes and screamed more vigorously. By night the smoke shrouded away the moon and stars. By day the sun was never distinctly visible, except when in mid-sky, where it now hung, red and solid looking, apparently little farther above the Armstrongs' clearing