

found the littlest Simpsey crying again. Tish Ann, who held him in her arms while she tried to dish the dinner, looked heavy-eyed and anxious.

"He's ketched cold, somehow," she said.

Mrs. Newkin turned a flushed face to her husband.

"And I know how," she said quietly. "He caught cold sleeping in the loft, away from his own warm bedroom."

"Surely not!" returned the sportsman.

"Of course he didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpsey. "That there loft is as warm as an oven."

"Very well," said Caroline Newkin. "Then we will sleep there tonight."

The baby coughed croupily.

"Barelay, get the camphorated oil out of the medicine chest," commanded the lady. "Mrs. Simpsey, sit down with the child. I will attend to those potatoes."

For several seconds F. Barelay Newkin stared at his wife in amazement. Then he turned to the box which he had inadvertently salvaged from the wreck, and began fumbling about in it for the bottle of camphorated oil. Tish Ann looked almost as much astonished as the sportsman.

"No, no—thank 'e all the same," she cried, confusedly. "I kin manage it fine, Mrs. Newkin. Ye ain't used to sich work."

Caroline Newkin's face was still flushed, and her eyes shone. She took hold of the other and larger woman, and slowly forced her, with the baby still in her arms, into the rocking chair. Even the baby looked astonished. Then she tackled the potatoes and pork with vigorous tho unpractised hands.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Tish Ann in a choked voice. "This ain't like what I've heard of ye."

Mrs. Newkin turned from the stove with a dish of fried pork in her hands. Her eyes met and held the eyes of Tish Ann. Both faces were flaming guiltily.

"I can guess what you have heard," she said. "You have heard that my husband and I consider nobody but ourselves, nothing but our own comfort and sport. And you have heard the truth—as Heaven knows!"

"Caroline! Caroline! What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Mr. Newkin aghast.

"No! No!" whispered Tish Ann. "I wasn't thinkin' it, Mrs. Newkin—with you under my own roof! An' who are we to jedge the like of you, anyhow? You are rich, an' we are dirt poor. You pay in good money for what ye git, an' it ain't yer fault that ye don't hev to pay for yer livin' in sweat an' heartache like we folks do."

The "sports" did not say a word in reply to this. Mrs. Newkin took the oil from her husband and demanded flannel from her hostess. While the dinner grew cold, the two women rubbed the baby's chest with the oil and covered it with a square of warm flannel.

After that the baby was quiet for an hour. The mother was quiet, too. Now and again she glanced furtively and inquiringly at Mrs. Newkin.

As soon as the cold meal was concluded, Mrs. Newkin looked into the wood box, then into the lean-to shed. She stepped outside and beckoned Mr. Newkin to follow.

"The stove wood is all gone. You must chop some," she whispered.

"What on earth has happened to you?" he demanded.

"Don't you understand?" she replied. "Don't you see? This woman despises us. She thinks we are utterly selfish and of no use to the world. She has heard so—and from our own guide, I suppose. And we have proved it true by accepting the only bedroom without a word of protest, and allowing her baby to catch cold in the loft."

"Nonsense!" retorted Newkin.

"It is true," said Caroline quietly.

F. Barelay Newkin spent a strenuous hour at the wood pile. At first he worked very slowly and cautiously, in spite of his ruffled temper. He had never chopped wood before, and he was shy of the keen edge of the ax. But his fear of the blade gradually decreased, and his interest in the job grew. He found the occupation strangely fascinating. The novelty of it gripped him—and no wonder, for it was perhaps the first real work he had ever set his hands

to. His temper subsided as the blisters on his hands arose. At the end of the hour two of the blisters broke.

"Hang it all! I could have finished the pile by dark," he exclaimed.

The Newkins slept in the loft that night, in spite of all that Tish Ann could say and do to the contrary. Some time about midnight they were awakened by the coughing of the baby in the room below.

"I am sure that is croup," whispered Mrs. Newkin.

"What do you know about croup?" asked her husband sleepily.

"I have read about it. I have read somewhere that oil of eucalyptus is good if rubbed in well. There is some oil of eucalyptus in the box."

The sportsman sighed resignedly and got out of bed.

"No, you stay here," she whispered. "You are tired, after that wood chopping—and I have to go down, anyway, to show Mrs. Simpsey how to use it. Where are the matches?"

## IV

Joe Coombes ran his canoe ashore and stepped out among the cedar roots. It had taken him eight days to find the canoe and get back to Simpsey's with it.

"I guess them two sports must be

about crazy by this time," he muttered.

On reaching the edge of the clearing, the first things to catch his eye were the backs of F. Barelay Newkin and the three senior Simpsey children. Mr. Newkin stood on a short ladder and nailed strips of hemlock bark over the cracks in the side of the barn. The youngsters stood in a row at the foot of the ladder and stared upward.

"Jumpin' Ginger! He's mendin' Bill Simpsey's barn! Now what d'ye think of that?" murmured Joe. He advanced noiselessly. "Here I am, sir. Sorry to be late, but I had to go all the way to Dave Paxton's to git a canoe," he said.

Mr. Newkin turned sharply on the ladder.

"So it's you, Joe?" he said. "Managed to get a canoe, did you? How do you think this barn looks now? I've been fixing it up a bit to make it more comfortable for the animals."

"Yes, sir—it sure does look fine," gasped Joe. "An' I see your smokin', sir. Did ye find yer box of 'baccy'?"

"No, it is some that Bill left behind," replied the sportsman. "Not bad tobacco at all when one gets used to it."

He descended to the ground, lifted the next to the littlest Simpsey to his

shoulder, and started for the cabin. Joe followed, speechless with amazement. Mr. Newkin halted suddenly and turned to the guide.

"By the way, we'll not be leaving for a few days yet," he said. "The baby has had croup, you see, and we do not want to go until we are quite sure that it is fully recovered. Fact is, we are rather thinking of staying until Simpsey gets back. My wife agrees with me that it is scarcely safe to leave Tish Ann and the children alone here."

"But—but the Moose-Leg may freeze over any night, sir, an' then what would ye do?" queried Joe, staring.

"Wait for snow and go out on runners," replied the sportsman calmly.

"But—but—what about me, sir?" stammered Joe, searching the other's placid face for some twist or gleam of insanity. "What'll I do with the canoe?"

"Never mind the canoe. You can set to work getting out lumber for the new camp if you want to. We mean to build right over there, and we want it to be all ready for us by June."

Just then the door of the cabin opened, and Mrs. Newkin and Mrs. Simpsey issued forth.

"So it's yerself, Joe!" said Tish Ann. "Glad to see ye, but mighty sorry ye've

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