The Bear's Face

Continued from Page 8

wasn't there. But in place of it was a big brown paw reachin' round the edge of the rock all by itself, an' clawin' quietly within about a foot o' my ear. That was all the furthest it could reach, however, so I tried jest to keep my mind off it. In a minute or two it disappeared; an' then back come the face. I didn't like it. I preferred the paw. But then, it kept the situation from gittin' monotonous.

"I suppose it was about this time the bear remembered somethin' that wanted seein' to down the valley. The face disappeared once more; and this time it didn't come back. After I hadn't seen it fer a half hour, I began to think maybe it had really gone away; but I knew how foxy a bear could be, an' thought jest as like as not he was waitin', patient as a cat, on the other side o' the rock fer me to look round so's he could git a swipe at me that would jest wipe my face clean off. I didn't try to look 'round. But I kept yellin' every little while; an' all at once a voice answered, right over my head. I tell you it sounded good, if 'twasn't much of a voice. It was Steevens, my packer, lookin' down at me.

"'Hello, what in deuce are ye doin' down there, Job' he demanded.

"'Waitin' fer you to git a rope an' hoist me up!' says I. 'But look out fer the bear!'

"'Bear nothin'!' says he.

"'Chuck an eye down the other side,' says I.

"He disappeared, but came right back. 'Bear nothin',' says he agin, havin' no originality.

"'Well, he was there, an' he stayed all the afternoon,' says I.

"'Reckon he must a' heard ye was an animal trainer, an' got skeered!' says Steevens. But I wasn't jokin' jest then.

"'You cut fer camp, an' bring a rope, an' git me out o' this, quick, d'ye hear?' says I. 'There's a rattler lives here, an' he's comin' back presently, an' I don't want to meet him. Slide!'

"Well, boys, that's all. That bear wasn't jest what I'd wanted; but feelin' ugly about him, I decided to take him an' break him in. We trailed him, an' after a lot o' trouble we trapped him. He was a sight more trouble after we'd got him, I tell you. But afterwards, when I set myself to tryin' to train him, why I might jest as well have tried to train an earthquake. Do you suppose that grizzly was goin' to be afraid o' me? He'd seen me afraid o' him, all right. He'd seen it in my eyes! An' what's more, I couldn't forgit it; but when I'd look at him I'd feel, every time, the nightmare o' that great, wicked face hangin' there over the cliff, close to mine. So, he don't perform. What'll ye take, boys? It's hot milk, this time, fer mine."

Goldilocks

Continued from Page 14

"Where's my daughter?" cried the beloved voice. "Who's hidden my daughter? She what?" he demanded—" a letter? Goodness, how formal!"

He read the letter standing on the step below the window. "Heavens, Jane!" he caught his sister's face in his hands, "what's all this about?"

"I don't know," she answered, kissing him, with a smile of relief. "I thought it must be serious. The poor child seemed to feel bad over it."

He tucked the letter into her hands. "The blue room?" he asked, and was off before she nodded. Then Mrs. Remson read the letter:

Dear Father:—I should like to go to some convent, please, and be a nun, if you will just say yes. I think I had better go. I am sorry I cannot see you. but you must not talk to a perspective nun because men can't. I would like to kiss you good-bye to-night when it is dark. Your loving daughter,

—Rosa Fredericka Stephenson.

P. S.—I am sorry not to be a Presbiteran any more, but of course I can't and be a nun.

He had bounded up the stairs and was standing at her door.

"Daughter!" he said, softly.

"Father, dear!" cried Rosa, "please, please go away till it is dark!"

"It's nearly dark now. Hurry out! They're all waiting! We're all going down the river for a ride and dinner!" The door did not open.

"Daughter," his voice was stern now, "I want you to come out directly."

"I can't—I can't," insisted Rosa, stubbornly. "You mustn't ask me, for I can't."

"If it's the nun business," he said, brusquely, "you can tell me that tomorrow. Come, open the door!"

"I won't!" she sobbed.

The quick temper he thought he had lost in his years of suffering flared out. The door gave way with a crash that sent her flying wildly to the farthest corner. She was weak with fright when she heard him stumbling over her little stool in the darkness. He fumbled for the light, caught at the swinging bulb and snapped it on sharply.

Her slender form looked almost ludicrously small, shrinking back against the darkly polished door of the wardrobe. Her dress was disordered, her head swathed ridiculously in a fringed bath-towel, and her eyes, swollen with weeping, blinked. She shielded them from the light with a quick lift of her crooked elbow. Somehow the movement irritated him.

"Good Lord! I'm not going to beat you," he burst out, angrily. "Come here to me!"

She did not move. "Come here!" he repeated.

"Go away!" she begged, piteously. "Please go away!"

The abject terror in her voice gave him a' curious thrill of sympathetic fright. "What's the matter?" he asked, more gently.

"I can't tell," she murmured. "You—you—mustn't ask me."

He stood still a moment, completely bewildered.

"If I were you," he said, awkwardly, as though he were wheedling an hysterical woman, "I'd wash my face and take off that silly towel and put on a pretty frock. They're waiting, you know.

"I can't!" she moaned.

"What utter nonsense!" he said, sharply, stepping toward her, "what foolish—" In front of the little dressing-table he stopped abruptly.

The locket was there. It was propped open on top of a pile of schoolbooks, and the curl, which had been imprisoned for so many years, lay loose beside it. He was silent so long, standing with his back to her, that she hid her face in her hands.

"Rosalie," he murmured, "Rosalie—" The room was quite still; Rosalie's daughter was forgotten. He drew a long breath and reached for the locket. It was then that he saw for the first time the tall bottle with the gaudy label that stood beside the books. He picked it up, curiously, and began reading the delusive words that his daughter had read the fateful day she scrubbed Mrs. Thompson's empty bottle: "Warranted to produce a rich, glossy, natural golden shade defying detection. Unusually lasting in results, exceptionally easy to apply!"

He strode across the room and jerked the towel from her head. Matted and dampened, one side oddly splotched with brown and the other bleached a vivid yellow, the little head bent low under his startled gaze. She flung herself at his feet in the agony of her humiliation.

"Don't—don't look at it," she cried. "It—it said beautiful golden, but it told an awful lie—that bottle! I truly didn't mean to be bad—I just wanted to make it nice so's you'd love me. But if I'm a nun it won't matter. Their hair don't show at all. Please let me be a nun, and don't—don't scold me! Anyway not to-night, because to-night I thought you'd be calling me Goldilocks!"

In the long moment that he stared down at the ridiculous little figure, a sharp consciousness of his years of selfish devotion to the dead and his grudging love for the living swept over him. He turned down the merciless light and in the darkness bent over his little girl.

"Daughter, dear!" he murmured, pityingly, as he caught her in his arms and kissed the stained tresses. "Daughter, dear!"

The long-ago endearment faltered on his lips, the memory of it was cruelly poignant, but his broken whispers sounded in her ears like heavenly music.

"Goldilocks!" he sighed. "My dear little Goldilocks!"

Deep Sea Trawling as Laddie Sees It

Continued from Page 16

They had a bit of biscuit and water, but the cold almost prevented them eating. All that day they rowed and bailed, drifting and tossing. The bowman's eyes bothered him and he snuggled into the bow. In the morning he was dead, and the lonely survivor worked on desperately. Sometime later he made an isolated ledge or island, and managed to drag the dory up a bit, and to carry the body of his mate ashore. Later again he found the island to be but a desolate rock and he carried the body back and finally managed to get the dory afloat once more. His frosted hands were giving him such pain that rowing was a torture. Finally, during the night, the cold increased so that he had to let his hands freeze to the oars to make any progress. What course he steered no man can tell. He made the shore, but he lost all fingers of both hands, poor chap. Now you and I will say: "I bet he never went afloat again." I want you to imagine the most unlikely thing that he could do. Say, for argument, that he sailed off for a hundred miles alone; he did much better than that. This sailor-fisherman, with nothing but the stumps of his hands left, embarked in a single-masted, tiny sailing boat, not big enough to be called a vessel, and started off for —England! This is the same Gloucester man I am telling you of who made the trip, alone and unaided, and landed safely across the great Atlantic. He is a United States citizen, but one of the thousands of brave, hardy seamen a fellow meets or hears of hereabouts.

I have collected these sea yarns, true ones all of them, for you, my readers, as I am trying to solve where the "old lady" gets her tars, gets these men who are absolutely fearless on the great waters (one hundred thousand British seamen are needed by the navy every decade). They grow up in these long narrow, wild harbours, where the every-day struggle has become so much a habit that danger is really unknown when met.

But, as Peter says, "You want to keep your eye open or the bit of fish slime on the deck some day will plop you over, or the tangled end will foul you, or, as occurred here this very month, the up and out heave will hurl you clear over, and your boots and oilskins will do the rest.

The more we see of these hardy Nova Scotians the more we admire their every-day sterling courage.

SONG OF THE WASTER

I have followed fast on pleasure's trail,
And drank of her lazy wine;
I have basked in bowers of roses pale,
And claimed the best for mine;
But the path that beckoned my restless feet,
Is losing its old-time lure:
The wine and the roses I once thought sweet
Now but for a day endure.

I've roamed 'neath the sun of Eastern skies,
And acted the idler's part;
O, I heeded little how swift Time flies,
So care-free was my heart.
He has taken toll, and I knew it not;
Has whitened my empty head;
I seek for old friends in the dear home spot—
They are "missing" now or dead.

I brooked no bounds 'twixt a right or wrong,
For I lived for self alone:
I was found where the gay and giddy throng;
I bowed at Beauty's throne;
But the right and wrong had their eyes on me
As I danced unthinking by;
Now the wreck of my life I clearly see:
For the vanished years I sigh.

I buried my talents deeply down,
And I squandered my time in play;
I was pleased with the gilt in Folly's crown,
Her saucy quips so gay.
Now I see Old Age from behind the screen
Leer out with a bleary gaze;
He mouths and he mutters, "O Wastrel keen!
Weep now for thy golden days."

—Frances.

Caribou feeding on barren ground