

The Grip in Deep Hole

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dead salmon. His heart jumped sickeningly with sudden hope as an extravagant notion flashed into his brain. Here was his rescuer—a perilous one, to be sure—vouchsafed to him by some whim of the inscrutable forest fates. He drew down another branchy twig before his face, fearful lest his concealment should not be adequate. But in his excitement he disturbed his balance, and with the effort of his recovery the water swirled noticeably all about him. His heart sank. Assuredly, the bear would take alarm at this and be afraid to come for the fish.

But to his surprise the great beast, which had seemed to hesitate, plunged impetuously into the stream. Nothing, according to a bear's knowledge of life, could have made that sudden disturbance in the pool but some fish-loving otter or mink, intent upon seizing the booty. Indignant at the prospect of being forestalled by any such furtive marauder, the bear hurled himself forward with such force that the spray flew high into the branches, and the noise of his splashing was a clear notification that trespassers and meddlers had better keep off. That salmon was his, by right of discovery; and he was going to have it.

The bear, for all the seeming clumsiness of his bulk, was a redoubtable swimmer; and almost before Barnes had decided clearly on his proper course of action those heavy, grunting snorts and vast expulsions of breath were at his ear. Enormously loud they sounded, shot thus close along the surface of the water. Perforce, Barnes made up his mind on the instant.

The bunch of twigs which had arrested the approach of the floating salmon lay just about an arm's length from Barnes' face. Swimming high, his mighty shoulders thrusting up a wave before him which buried Barnes' head safely from view, the bear reached the salmon. Grabbing it triumphantly in its jaws, he turned to make for shore again.

This was Barnes' moment. Both arms shot out before him. Through the suffocating confusion his clutching fingers encountered the bear's haunches. Sinking into the long fur, they closed upon it with a grip of steel. Then, instinctively, Barnes shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, and waited for the shock, while his lungs felt as if in another minute they would burst.

But it was no long time he had to wait, perhaps two seconds, while amazement in the bear's brain translated itself through panic into action. Utterly horrified by this inexplicable attack from the rear and from the depths, the animal threw itself shoulder high from the water, and hurled himself forward with all his strength. Barnes felt those tremendous haunches heaving irresistibly beneath his clutching fingers. He felt himself drawn out straight, and dragged ahead till he thought his ankle would snap. Almost he came to letting go; to save the ankle. But he held on, as much with his will as with his grip. Then the slimy thing in the depths gave way. He felt himself being jerked out through the water—free. His fingers relaxed their clutch on the bear's fur, and he came to the surface, gasping, blinking and coughing.

For a moment or two he paddled softly, recovering his breath and shaking the water from nostrils and eyes. He had an instant of apprehensiveness, lest the bear should turn upon him and attack him at a disadvantage; and by way of precaution he gave forth the most savage and piercing yell that his laboring lungs were capable of. But he saw at once that on this score he had nothing to fear. It was a well-frightened bear, there swimming frantically for the sandpit; while the dead salmon, quite forgotten, was drifting slowly away on the sullen current.

Barnes' foot was hurting fiercely, but his heart was light. Swimming at leisure, so as to just keep head against the stream, he watched the bear scuttle out upon the sand. Once safe on dry land the great beast turned and glanced back with a timid air to see what manner of being it was that had so astoundingly assailed him. Man he had seen

before, but never man swimming like an otter; and the sight was nothing to reassure him. One longing look he cast upon the salmon, now floating some distance away; but that to his startled mind, was just a lure of this terrifying and perfidious creature whose bright gray eyes were staring at him so steadily from the surface of the water. He turned quickly and made off into the woods, followed by a loud, daunting laugh which spurred his pace to a panicky gallop.

When he was gone, Barnes swam to the sandpit. There he stripped, wrung out his dripping clothes, and lay down in the hot sand to let the sun soak deep into his chilled veins.

Light-Fingered

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doctor, in a voice that was a little strained. "You, Ruth, are not the only one who has some expiating to do."

He paused, fixed his gaze on a point over her left shoulder, carefully avoiding her eyes and went on:

"Thirteen years ago a young man in the employ of a business firm in a distant city—a college city—decided that he was much too smart a fellow to grub for a living. He, too, decided to be a law unto himself. He knew he was clever—as the world regards cleverness. He said to himself that the world owed him a living. People had owed his father money. So he did a little series of juggling tricks with the firm's books. Being quick at figures and desiring to become a—to enter a certain profession he almost managed his scheme. But not quite. There was one man there a little bit cleverer. He was caught."

"Oh!" came involuntarily from the listening girl.

"The other man was a good deal older. He had seen a bit of the world and was charitably inclined. In poor health, he was doing accountant work for various firms, but hadn't any steady employment. He seemed fond of the boy. But he told him he had better go, resign and clear out before he was tempted again. The boy wept like a girl. He was abased before the older man's kindness and gentleness. For the older man put back the money out of his own slender store. It amounted to several thousands of dollars. Eventually of course the lad would have been caught and dealt with as he richly deserved to be but I think he had some blind delusion that before that happened he could make his getaway. Well, he left. He knocked about and managed at last to enter college, the same college where the older man had been educated, and always from the hour he had left the firm he had wronged the youth put by little sums of money as he could manage them, for the purpose of some day repaying his faithful friend. Repay him fully of course he never could. But he endeavored to make up the money debt, even if he couldn't do more. He "coached," he became a waiter in summer hotels, he went without sufficient food and clothing. At last he won a coveted scholarship and graduated in due course. The years passed. The young man had moved to another city and begun to prosper. Occasionally he came across people of the same name as his friend-in-need, but they were never related, upon inquiry, so he ceased to ask and so actually missed a God-sent chance about three years ago. Strangely enough he fancied his friend to be a single man. I don't know just why. About all he really knew of him was that he had once lived in the tropics. The sum in the bank credited to Fides Achates grew. The debtor added ten per cent. as interest, on his own account. It was but justice—and a justice long delayed. At length the entire sum and more was made up. But—he had lost all track of Fides Achates."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Lister. "But didn't he ever find him?"

"He found him but by the merest accident. Life is full of such ironies. All his painstaking inquiries through one channel after another from the college and college friends all over the continent—following up every forlorn hope, every little clue—availed nothing. And no wonder! For he never thought to

find him where he did and in the manner he did."

"But as long as he did find him!" cried the girl as she rose. "All's well that ends well."

Dr. Service had risen also. He gathered up her money, placed it in the small envelope used for that purpose and in silence handed it to her. She took it and for a moment regarded him reflectively but quite impersonally.

"Fides Achates is Dad of course," she said, presently.

The doctor nodded.

"I recognized him," she went on. "He was always helping lame dogs over stiles—and never mentioning it. He abounds in charities and secret good works. That's what kept him poor! Do you suppose—could it be possible—that the legacy came from that young man he saved from the pen—whoever he was?"

The doctor smiled inscrutably.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," he said.

A Prescription

By G. G. Bostwick.

Are you weary? Are you grumpy?—Say, Don't forget that life is not all work. There's a thing you can't afford to shirk— You must take your hours off for play.

Are you feeling kind of seedy—blue? And disgusted with the whole blamed show? That's the very time you need the most to go

And learn some very foolish thing to do.

Is your work a burden on your heart? Do you find your meals an awful bore? What you need is just to lay around and soar—

Say, be a boy again—and play the part.

The First Snow at Night

By R. T. M. Scott

From out a moonlit vault of silver cold A fleecy cloud appears and, growing bold, Summons its mates from where the sky and land

Circle the world at some great god's command.

The august moon hath scarcely changed its place Before the flying fleece doth film its face, And now a darkness grows until the night

Hath lost all essence of the day in fright.

The lonely cloud hath called a thousand more, And each of these, in turn, hath brought a score.

Nor star nor moonshaft blurs infinity, Nor stirs the mind in its extremity.

The space that held familiar sights and sounds Now seems as naught or else devoid of bounds.

Imagination riots with a sense That here is all or else that all is hence.

Amid the blackness of this naught or all The earthly mind lies stunned by Nature's pall,

Nor knows the power that is bringing forth What was conceived by angels in the north.

At last the softness of a something falls And brings the heart a thousand tiny calls,

As if a band of unseen fairies threw The sweetness of their merry eyes to you

Unfelt at first, but growing like the sips Of rarest wine by rosy coral lips,

There falls that which in heaven had its birth

In order that it beautify the earth.

As crystal follows crystal, flake by flake, A phantom light of happiness doth wake,

Each twinkling miracle, upon its course, Searches for light wherever light hath source;

And from each frozen facet sends it o'er The universe; then sends out more and more.

Where darkness reigned a mystic light prevails, And shows a maiden world in virgin veils.

Now every view an artless fancy seems, That trembles in the heart as when sweet dreams

Give youth to age and to the youth give love; So doth the blessed snow fall from above.

Bonnie Scotland

By Alex. MacKintosh

Take me back to Bonnie Scotland, With its purple heather hills, There to roam among its mountains, And drink from its winding rills. To hear the dear old birdies singing, In its lovely woods and dells; And to smell the old bog myrtle, The primrose and the sweet bluebells.

The cuckoo and the little land rail, We will hear them once again. Mavis, blackbird, lark and chaffinch, Each singing with their might and main. We will breathe again the fragrance, Of the lilac and the limes. And hear the busy bees humming Among its blossoms and its leaves.

We will hear the church bells ringing, Calling us in on Sabbath morn, And hear the old precentor singing Some favorite psalms to tunes well known.

We will join them in the worship As we did in days of yore; But will miss the dear faces Of our loved ones gone before.

When You Come Home

When you come home, O lover-man, My happy woman's heart shall beat A merry melody of love In rhythm to my dancing feet. My eyes and lips shall cast a spell, Lest once again you go a-roam; My arms shall circle you about O lover-man, when you come home!

Winter

By Matthew L. Campbell

The wind is raging from the north, The snow is falling thick and fast; All life hies to its covert forth, And seeks a refuge from the blast.

The geese are honking towards the sun, The duck around the rapids wade; They, too, are going one by one, A warmer climate to invade.

The gopher to his hole has gone The squirrel primps among the trees; The rabbit scarce is seen upon The snow-white carpet in the breeze.

We miss the hopper's humming click, Among the long grass of the field; All Nature, as if fallen sick Beneath the blanket lies concealed.

The ground is carpeted with white, The trees stand naked in the blast; The prairie chicken wings her flight Among the poplars for repast.

The river that in summer flowed, The gurgling rivulets and streams Have sunk beneath the heavy load And ceased to heed the gay sunbeams.

In all the sky is not a cloud, The biting air is crisp and keen; All Nature lies within her shroud Asleep, till Spring shall ope her een.

And we who now rejoice to live, And all who've crossed life's great highway, Shall rise—a nobler life to have Renewed with immortality.

The Real Danger

A highly skilled workman in a new aircraft factory, named Sandy McTavish, was asked if he would like to accompany the works aviator on one of his trial flights in a new machine. After some hesitation Sandy agreed to go.

During the flight the aviator asked Sandy how he was enjoying himself.

"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on the ground."

"Tut! tut!" replied the flying man. "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."

"For heaven's sake, don't dae that!" yelled the now very nervous McTavish.

"I've some siller in my vest pocket, an Ah micht lose it."