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A Romantic Story
 But a Matter of Fact Man Spoiled It
 By WILLARD COOK
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A number of men were lounging around a trading post in upper Canada. There was Jacques Trudeau, Jules Marier and others, including Silas Hutchins, a Connecticut Yankee, who had come up to trade miscellaneous articles for furs. Jacques Trudeau had the name of being a great story teller. Often of an evening in winter, when the trading of the day was ended, those living near his store would drop in, gather about the stove, get out their pipes and call on him for a story. His yarns, if they had been developed into novels, would have made "best sellers" today, for they were full of adventure, surprises and escapes. But these were favored with that rhapsody which the French people love so well. On this particular evening Jacques, having been called upon for a story, chose an especially romantic subject.
 "When I was a young man an English gentleman named Brewerton came up here with his daughter Clarissa. He bring gold monies to buy furs. He was ver' fine gentleman indeed, and his daughter Mees Brewerton was ver' fine young lady. Mademoiselle she haf nothing to do here, so her father, while he buy furs to take all together at one time down to Montreal to sell, wish to find amusement for her. So he get a young skill teacher named Antoine Brisson to teach Mees Brewerton to use skills.

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T. B. Taylor & Sons, Druggists, Watford

Antoine Brisson he ver' fine looking young man. His face handsome, his hair fall on his shoulders in long black curls from under his fur cap. His buckskin suit show a divine figure lak ze Apollo Belvedere statue. When he speak his voice was lak bass notes of ze organ."
 "See here, Trudeau," interrupted Hutchins, "wasn't there some dancer o' them two fallin' in love and puttin the ole man to a heap o' trouble?"
 The story teller and the listeners sitting around the stove all looked up reproachfully at the Yankee. They knew that there was bound to be a love affair between these two, but they wished to have it developed in good story form. Trudeau did not deny a reply, and when they had all recovered from the shock of the interruption he continued his story without changing in the slightest the lines he had laid down for its construction:
 "Meester Brewerton he wish his daughter to learn to trap. So he engage Edouard Rubidoux to teach her. Thees Rubidoux he ver' handsome man too. He haf eye lak the eagle—" "Hook nose?" interrupted the Yankee.
 "No, sare. Why you ask zat?" "Eagles have 'em. Go on with your yarn."
 "So Brisson he teach Mees Clarissa to walk on skills in ze morning, and in ze afternoon Rubidoux set ze traps for her, and another young man name Peter Garnier some time teach her to shoot ze rifle. Thees yar Meester Brewerton try to gif bees daughter something to do that she not be lonely in ze dark Canada woods in ze winter. When everyting covered with snow. She learn to shoot ver' fine and skill ver' fine, and she know how to set trap. One day she kill a bear, anudder day she kill a deer, and in ze traps she catch enough mink zat her fadder say he tak ze skins to Montreal and haf them made into cloak for her."
 "How much did he save," asked Silas Hutchins, "on the Montreal price?"
 "I dunno. Mees Brewerton want a cloak made of ze skins she trapped with her beautiful hands."
 "By thees time she go alone on her skills and some time long distance. She tak rifle, so eet see she some things to shoot she can shoot them, and when she come home somebody go out and bring in what she shoot. Ebery afternoon she go out in thees way to set her traps, and in ze morning she go again to see what she haf caught."
 "One day she went out on her skills with her rifle to set her traps, and no bodies knew she haf gone. That war ze day of ze great blizzard. Eet begin to snow at 4 o'clock in ze afternoon, and in half an hour ze flakes come down twisted by ze wind so they make one person dizzy. At 6 o'clock Meester Brewerton come in for his supper and ask for his daughter. Then he learn she is not at home, and he ver' much scare, for he thinks she go set her traps and not get back for ze storm."
 "He call on Antoine Brisson and Edouard Rubidoux and Pierre Garnier and say: 'You go find my daughter. Go by different ways, and whoever brings her home to me I gif him hundred pounds.'
 "Thees men go outside, and Brisson say, 'I go to ze nearest trap, and Rubidoux say, 'No; I go to ze nearest trap. You go to one of ze udder traps.' And Garnier he say, 'Which trap I go to?' And Brisson say, 'You go to ze third trap.' And Garnier say: 'No; I go to ze second trap. I got more chance to find ze lady.' Then they all talk at once, each man talking louder than ze udder man, and—"
 "Was it snowin' all this time?" asked Hutchins.
 "Snow? Eet snow harder all ze time. Bimeby Brisson he dash off in one direction and ze udders in two different ways, and all disappear in ze whirling snow flakes. Zey all know where ze traps are, and one go to one trap and anudder to anudder. But by thees time eet grow dark, and eet was hard to find ze way. But they all were used to go, in ze dark like ze animals, and thees does not make so much difference.
 "Meester Brewerton he walk up and down lak a bear much worried. He tink he not gif bees daughter back no more and she freeze to death under ze snow. Nine o'clock come, and nobody comes—11 comes, and Garnier he comes and says he find nothings of Mees Clarissa and he fear she freeze to death. At 12 o'clock Rubidoux he come in stiff with ze cold and haf not found ze young lady. Then Meester Brewerton he say all my hope is in Antoine Brisson."
 "Was he the feller with the curls?" asked Hutchins.
 "Hees haf war lak ze wing of ze raven—"
 "A raven is the same as a crow, isn't it?" asked Silas.
 "You call him crow. Most peoples call him raven. Story teller always call him raven."
 "Nobody come no more zat night, and Meester Brewerton he gif up bees daughter for lost. In ze morning eet

still snow, and eet was not before afternoon zat eet stop and ze people mak up party to go ze round of Mees Brewerton's traps to find her body and ze body of Antoine Brisson, for zey tink he die too. Zey go to ze first trap and find nothings. Then zey go to ze second and still zey find nothings. Between ze second and ze third there war big drift, and zey had to dig ze snow away to get through. When zey reach ze third trap zey find nothings, but one man say not far from here is deserted cabin. Mebbe Mees Brewerton find her way zere before ze snow comes down too thick.
 "Zey all went to where ze cabin was, but zere was nothings but a hill of snow. Then one of ze men gif sudden shout. He see a little smoke come from ze tip top of ze snow hill. Then elders see it. Ze chimney of ze cabin ees just below ze snow, and zere mus' be fire below.
 "Zey all climb to ze top of ze snow hill and see a leetle crater lak ze volcano, and in ze center was ze chimney top, with ze smoke coming out. Zey call down ze chimney, and ze sweet voice of Clarissa Brewerton replies: "Who is it?"
 "Zey tell her zey haf come to search for her, and she say yesterday, seeing ze snow come faster and faster and knowing where war ze empty cabin, she went zere, and before ze snow cover ze dead wood on ze ground she gadder eet, working till it snow ver' hard, and tak it in ze cabin. But, alas, she haf no way to light a fire. She had hoped to find a match or to strike a spark, but zere was no match, and she could not strike a spark."
 "See here, Trudeau," put in Silas. "You've got this yarn into a fix where you can't unravel it. You said the gal made a fire, didn't you? How the dickens was there a fire when she couldn't light it?"
 At this interruption Trudeau looked at the matter of fact Yankee triumphantly.
 "I come to zat," he said. "Mees Brewerton found nothing in ze cabin to keep her warm, and ze cold grew mare and mare bitter. She feared to go to sleep, but at last was about to do so when she see man's face look in ze top of ze window above ze snow. Eet was zat noble skill teacher, Antoine Brisson."
 "Antoine always carry match to light hees pipe. He hand Clarissa ze box, and she light ze fire. She ask Antoine to come in and warm himself. He say no, she must stay zere one, two, mebbe tree day. He not compromise her good name by going in. She tell him he die if he not come in. 'Ver' well, mademoiselle,' he say. 'I die for your sake; I love you so much.'
 "Antoine he dig hole in ze snow outside, and we look for him. We find him in ze hole, but ze cold had frozen him. He was dead."
 There were exclamations from all the listeners expressive of admiration for this noble act except the Yankee.
 "Wasn't he the least bit squeamish?" he remarked.
 "No, no. Ef he stay zere Mees Brewerton reputation gone forever."
 "How would it have been if there'd been an old woman with 'em, blind and deaf?" said Silas.
 No one paid any attention to this satirical reflection on French etiquette, and Trudeau continued:
 "When they tell Mees Brewerton zat Antoine war dead she faint. Her reputation was saved, but Antoine had given his life for eet. Zey carry her home to her fadder, and he war wild with joy to see her. When zey hear ze story of how ze noble Antoine haf given hees life for hees daughter's reputation he weep many tears. Then he say:
 "I gif ze hundred pounds I promised as a reward to saving my daughter to build fine monument to zis noble man."
 "Seems to me," remarked Hutchins, "if I'd been the skill teacher I'd rather have had my life than the monument."
 "Ze monument great honor."
 "What become o' the girl?" asked Silas.
 "Mees Brewerton she go to Montreal with her father. She come here when ze monument was put up and every year for long time."
 "I guess she'll get over it," was the Yankee's final criticism. "They all do."

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