



THE  
FOREST CROSSING.

CHAPTER I.

MINNIE'S FATHER.



It was time to get up, no doubt. Minnie could see through her half-open eyes that the light was creeping in at the sides of the window where the curtains did not fall, and a rooster was crowing in the distance somewhere. In fact, she could hear her father's step on the uncarpeted stairs; but she knew it was chilly, for the tip