

## God's Country and the Woman

(Continued from page 14.)

sponse to Adare's roaring voice the pack slunk off. The beaten snow was crimson. Even Adare, as he faced Philip, could find no words in his horror. Philip pointed to the tepee.

"Josephine—there—safe," he gasped.

As Adare rushed into the tepee Philip swayed up to Father George. "I am dizzy—faint," he said. "Help me—"

He went to Lang and dropped upon his knee beside him. The man was unrecognizable. His head was almost gone. Philip thrust a hand inside his fang-torn coat—and pulled out a lone envelope. It was addressed to the master of Adare. He staggered to his feet, and went to Thoreau. In his pocket he found the second envelope.

Father George was close beside him as he thrust the two in his own pocket. He turned to the forest men, who stood like figures turned to stone, gazing upon the scene of the tragedy.

"Carry them—out there," said Philip, pointing into the forest. "And then—cover the blood with fresh snow."

He still clung to Father George's arm as he staggered toward a near birch.

"I feel weak—dizzy," he repeated again. "Help me—pull off some bark." A strange, inquiring look filled the Missioner's face as he tore down a handful of bark, and at Philip's request lighted a match. In an instant the bark was a mass of flame. Into the fire he put the letters.

"It is best—to burn their letters," he said. Beyond this he gave no explanation. And Father George asked no questions.

They followed Adare into the tepee. Josephine was sobbing in her father's arms. John Adare's face was that of a man who had risen out of black despair into day.

"Thank God she has not been harmed," he said.

Philip knelt beside them, and John Adare gave Josephine into his arms. He held her close to his breast, whispering only her name—and her arms crept up about him. Adare rose and stood beside Father George.

"I will go back and attend to the wounded, Philip," he said. "Jean is one of those hurt. It isn't fatal."

He went out. Father George was about to follow when Philip motioned him back.

"Will you wait outside for a few minutes?" he asked in a low voice. "We shall need you—alone—Josephine and I."

And now when they were gone, he raised Josephine's face, and said:

"They are all gone, Josephine—Lang, Thoreau, and the letters. Lang and Thoreau are dead, and I have burned the letters. Jean was shot. He thought he was dying, and he told me the truth that I might better protect you. Sweetheart, there is nothing more for me to know. The light is done. And Father George is waiting—out there—to make us man and wife. No one will ever know but ourselves—and Jean. I will tell Father George that it has been your desire to have a second marriage ceremony performed by him; that we want our marriage to be consecrated by a minister of the forests. Are you ready, dear? Shall I call him in?"

For a full minute she gazed steadily into his eyes, and Philip did not break the wonderful silence. And then, with a deep sigh, her head dropped to his breast. After a moment he heard her whisper:

"You may call him in, Philip. I guess—I've got to be—your wife."

And as the logs of the Devil's Nest met up a pall of smoke that rose to

the skies, Metoasin crouched shivering far back in the gloom of the pit, wondering if the dogs he had loosed had come to the end of the trail.

THE END.

## HOME CLUB

### An Enthusiastic Book-Lover Heard From

I WAS very pleased to notice Cousin Mae's letter about winter reading. Perhaps the following experience may interest her and other members of the Home Club.

One thing certain, we young people on the farm should use more time for self-improvement. Most of us do not get the chance of a high school or ourselves. Yet, at least have health, strength and active minds, which is more than can be said of many in the cities. The long winter evenings are at times rather a trial. Many young men have their lady friends, and two or three of what is known in our parts as "calico nights," but some of us have no such charms to drag us away from the warm, comfortable fireside.

"Cousin Mae" sure is to be congratulated on the success of her little club. It is to be hoped more will follow her example, for even if one has many other duties, one night out of six can surely be given for such an important purpose. It is quite a coincidence, but I had a somewhat similar experience to "Cousin Mae's" last winter. I am fond of reading, and got to know three other like-minded young fellows in our neighborhood. Deciding we could not afford to waste our time all winter, we formed a little private club, made a few simple rules—the most important of which was that any member absent from a meeting was fined 25 cents, which went to a fund for buying books for a common library. We met once a week at our four respective homes. The first part of the evening was spent in reading aloud and discussion. Sometimes we had a little debate on some points brought up. Promptly at ten o'clock, the women folk were allowed in, usually with some refreshments, and an hour would be spent with the family. At first we would often get to arguing and discussing side issues, but we overcame that by having the host of the evening preside as chairman to direct our work.

During last winter we read parts of six books, carefully selected: a number of biographical sketches from "The War Lords," by A. G. Gardiner; all of "Fisherman's Luck," by Henry Van Dyke; these were followed by several chapters from "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by G. H. Lortimer; and the last inspirational book, "Pushing to the Front," by Orison Swett Marden. Toward the end of the winter, just to vary our reading, we also took a few of Longfellow's poems. The last book selected was not read aloud. It was a novel, "The Broad Highway," by Jeffrey Farnol. Each one of us had to read this in a given period, and that one night we discussed it thoroughly. In that way we covered considerable ground.

In closing, I might say that I have had some experience in helping to form a debating society, and would be glad to write to the Home Club again should any readers would like information on the subject. I hope that "Cousin Mae" may have a pleasant and profitable winter.—"Brother Jonathan."

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