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vented his entire ease; yet, better the pocket and the loathed tobacco, according to his views, than the best nut-stored, leaf-lined hole in any tree.

He was still in the coat when Wynn put it on that evening, pulled down his cap and started out. Fastening the borrowed canoe behind his own, he paddled down to the old man's ground, and went up to the log house.

Wanota let him in unsmilingly. The room was rosy with the reflection of an open fire, and sweet scented from the burning hemlock logs. Rugs of bear and blue-wolf skin covered the clay floor, and for furniture there were a couple of odd chairs, fashioned from twisted spruce roots, a table and a rough sort of couch, hidden by the skin of a grizzly.

On a shelf stood half a dozen books, and above a rack for guns and rods was fastened the skeleton head of a moose, its branching antlers throwing fantastic shadows across the room. Snowshoes hung on the log wall, the dangling strings of babiche new and unknotted, for the old man had made ready for winter before the stroke felled him. A beautifully carved spruce paddle hung by the snowshoes, and a poling iron and landing-net stood in one corner. Upon a chair was a beaverskin coat in the making, and a needle glittered in the fur where Wanota had left it. The pictures of Romeo and Peg Woffington were fastened up between McCullough's hunting license and a birch-bark calling horn. A sheet-iron stove at the end of the cabin was the one note of discord, but its usefulness warranted its existence, for life in a shack without a sheet-iron stove is full of trouble. There were a few cooking utensils shelved above it, and some tin cups and plates, amongst them a plate and cup and saucer of pink china.

Wynn stood with his back to the fire, and the details of the strange room printed themselves on his mind. He had not seen it before by fire-light, and he wondered still more just how the old man, unaided, had got the effect; how alone in the wilderness he had made such a home. Then Nance came in.

"O! Mr. Wynn!" she cried, holding out her hand. "I am so glad you are here! Granddad wants to come in by the fire, and Wanota and I are afraid to lift him, he is so big." Her lips quivered. "Francois is away, and we could do nothing. Granddad got impatient and determined to try and walk in by himself, but," lowering her voice, "you know he couldn't even stand without falling." The words broke and the blue-grey eyes lifted to the man's face filled with sudden tears.

"Don't," he said softly, bending down. Then with a quick change of tone. "Certainly he must come in here if he wants to. That's easy. He's a—well, he's a pretty husky boy, as we used to say at college, but I've been knocked around a bit at rugby and a few other things, and I think I can lift him in without breaking, or even bending him badly. Later in the fall he can try it alone."

He laughed his low boyish laugh, and Nance tried to join in.

"If you only could," she said. "We couldn't. The strength all slipped out of my arms—and Wanota is so little."

"Wanota is," he consented. "That's settled then. Isn't this a jolly fire though?"

"If we only had some chestnuts now," said Nance. I have always wanted to roast chestnuts, as granddad says they do in England."

"You may yet. By the same token—speaking of nuts reminds me of this chap," returned Wynn. "I'd better get him out of my pocket," lifting out the chipmunk.

"Is that the one?" the girl asked, touching the little animal with a soft finger.

"That's the one," Wynn nodded, "and a more know-it-all, cheeky little beggar never lived. For cool nerve he is unsurpassed. The simple sincerity with which he speaks the unadorned truth may hurt the object of his friendly solicitude, but it accomplishes its purpose. I am positive that in a former existence he preached for a living. I've often wondered why I like him. Perhaps because he is so