

Daisy and her mother—a mere matter of idle curiosity, he tried to make himself believe. He was certain there could be nothing in the strange fancy which had possessed him.

He learned that the mother was a young woman who had recently been left a widow, and was at present "helpin' Missus Krause." There were two children, Daisy, and a little baby boy of very tender age. "But wait," said Krause, seeing the old man's interest; "ain't no use me talkin' when the missus's around. She ain't done a thing sence the widder come to the diggings but talk about her and call her all the angels and saints ever heard of in Caribou."

Mrs. Krause answered the summons of her lord promptly, although already busy preparing the Christmas fare. She was a big, voluble, good-natured looking woman, who seized upon the opportunity to dilate upon the virtues and womanly-qualities of the widowed mother.

"She ain't none o' the ordinary," began Krause's helpmate. "There ain't no one ever came through to the Caribou could hold a candle to her. She's just a saint, that's what she is, though she can cook a roast just to a turn.

"But she's had a hard time ov it, poor thing. Mexican Bill told me all about it, though she don't say much about it herself. Her husband came out to the Caribou and located down White Horse way and then sent back south for her and the baby. Bill said he'd rather be hung twice over than ov druv the stage in from Ashcroft the day she cum. She was that happy, poor thing, abuildin' on seein' her husband again soon—an' all the time he wuz lyin' at the foot ov the rapids somewhere that God only knows. He got drowned just a week before she cum. The boys who knew she was cummin' in had picked on Bill to tell her. They all chipped in an' helped her the best way they knowed. Then her little boy was born less'n a week after she got here. When she got strong agin she wanted to get away from White Horse and get some work to do to keep herself and the little ones. Mexican Bill told me about her an' I jest told him to bring her up here by the fust stage. She's been here two weeks cum Sunday. Lor', me thinkin' I was doin' it just for charity to have her here! Work! ye never seen such a cook. The pies that woman does make! She says she took to it young like when she kept house for her father down in Californy."

Good-hearted Mrs. Krause did not notice the intense interest of Freeland, but rattled on in her own peculiar style:

"She don't jes' seem to know where her dad is an' she cries mostly when she speaks ov him, so of course I don't ask no questions."

"Her name; what's her name?" gasped Freeland.

"Mrs. Stenson's her name."

"Her own name, though? What is it—her maiden name, I mean?"

"It's Daisy, I reckon, cos she told me she had named the little girl after herself."

"Then it must be true," mused Freeland. No, it might not, but he would make sure before he ventured to make known his identity, and the reason of his peculiar interest in the story of romance no sadder than scores of others in that wilderness.

"Her father's name, her name before she married, what was that?" anxiously asked Freeland; but Mrs. Krause, content in having found one good auditor, never noticed his anxiety, and answered bluntly:

"Lord, I dunno. Oh, yes, lemme see; it's on the front of her little old Bible. Let me think a minit. Daisy—Daisy—Daisy Freeland. That's it. Same's your own. But it do seem strange for me up here in Twenty-Mile to be settin' here gossipin' with you all mornin' and know the Christmas dinner is cummin' along jes as well without me." With that she disappeared into the kitchen, leav-

ing the poor, astonished, over-joyed old man in a state bordering on insanity. He was consumed with varying feelings of sorrow at his own perverseness; joy at the thought of the reunion, and a strange, unaccountable shrinking from the daughter he had disowned.

Soon little Daisy, in her holiday attire, appeared and renewed the friendship of the early morning. As she climbed his knee the old man, nervously enquired if she had ever heard of her granddad, and he was rejoiced to learn from her childish lips that "Dandad was always in her prayer."

Then he realized that his daughter had prayed and had also taught even her little lisping child to pray for his safety and for his return to them, while he had cherished his enmity and had steeled his heart against her.

"Did you ever see granddad, Daisy, dearie?" he asked again.

"No, but I will some day," she replied, in childish confidence; for mamma says Dod'll bring him back to us since papa's gone."

This was more than the hardened reserve of old Freeland could stand, and he could contain his secret no longer.

"Daisy, dearie, I'm really granddad. God truly has brought me back in answer to your prayers. Now, Daisy, run and tell mother that granddad is here."

Away she trotted blithely in her girlish glee to tell her wonderful story. "Mamma, mamma, Dod's brought dandad back to us. He's here. Tam and see dandad."

While the amazed mother was listening to the voice and prattle of her child, old Mrs. Krause expressed her thoughts in the one exclamation, "It's old Freeland, sure, the child is talking about." That thrice happy woman clasped the child to her bosom, and next moment was in the embrace of her own dear Dad.

It was a happy throng that spent the wintry Christmas Day of 1861 in Twenty-Mile away up in the Caribou. Kindly Mrs. Krause declared she was the happiest of them all, but she could not know, could not realise the happiness which swelled the hearts of Henry Freeland and his long lost Daisy in their reunion after an estrangement of years.



FARMER: "I thought you said you'd been used to workin' on a dairy farm?"

THE NEW HAND: "So I have."

FARMER: "What! and you can't milk a cow?"

NEW HAND: "'Course I can't: all I done was to PUMP!"