

The Coming of the Father

angry that Chubb had eluded him, he picked it up again, and swinging it as a club, he followed after his boy.

The excitement and exercise had been too much for the poor little fellow, and he fell exhausted, and fainted. Jennie had been watching the whole of the proceedings from a corner of the window. When she saw her brother fall, she forgot his words to remain in, and ran to his assistance. She reached him only a moment before her father.

'You young rascal, are you here also?' he said, and gave his little girl such a blow with his hand that it sent her staggering back in pain.

'Oh, pa!' she said, partially recovering from the blow, and trying to keep back her tears, 'oh, don't kill Chubb! he's been awful hurt with a bear.'

'Get away home with you!' shouted the father.

Then seizing his boy he shook him. But Chubb showed no signs of consciousness.

'I'll bring you round,' said he, 'see if I don't!'

Then, to Jennie's horror, she saw her father pick Chubb up, carry him back to the lake, and souse his head in the water.