

# THE BAIL JUMPER

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## CHAPTER I

### A FRIEND AND AN ENEMY

" We have felt the cold of winter—cursed by those  
who know it not—  
We have braved the blizzard's vengeance, dared its  
most deceptive plot ;  
We have learned that hardy races grow from hardy  
circumstance,  
And we face a dozen dangers to attend a country  
dance ;  
Though our means are nothing lavish we have always  
time for play,  
And our social life commences at the closing of the  
day ;  
We have time for thought and culture, time for  
friendliness and friend,  
And we catch a broader vision as our aspirations  
blend."

*Prairie Borr.*

THE short winter day was at an end. The  
gloom of five-o'clock twilight gathered about the  
frost-shrouded team and the farm sleigh which  
crunched complainingly behind. For twenty