

BENJAMIN WILLIAM BRIGHT

bag of clothing, on the floor, had dropped wearily beside them.

The Oriental carving on the cane and the silver head which glistened with the monogram, "B.W.B.," had excited the wonder of the group almost as much as the new arrival, whose reserve was tantalizing to the frank, free souls of Sunshine-Shadder.

He had come to stay, and a few days later staked his claim. There was land in the valley to spare, but, stealing up to the hill-top, he chose a location amid the grandeur of ages where, after a few months' labor, a tiny three-roomed house of logs surprised the view. Surrounded by a forest of maple, spruce and pine, the thin blue curl from the stove-pipe chimney was barely visible to the valley eye. In time a clearing of several acres stretched to view, and the tall, gaunt man who had wrought the transformation was silently proud of his endeavour. The coal-like orbs which radiated a halo over the thin brown beardless face spoke volumes in luminous anticipation as year in and year out he busily cleared, planted and sold his gleanings.

Down below the settlers who toiled more advantageously were heard to remark that "Beniman Willum Bright wus doin' well."

In fact, Limpy was the first to set this idea afloat by emphatic grunts and knowing nods when the weight of Benjamin's purse was commented upon. Two and two were put together, and as multiplication exceeds subtraction in such a case, Benjamin was rated as a man of means. The observant readily con-