

Half-Revealed, Half-Concealed—Such is Life

THE old hunter twisted the net he was mending this way, and that, until he found another rent and looked it over carefully, before he replied to the golden haired, beautifully dressed lady from the summer hotel.

"Yes, Miss, I knew Doctor Jack, as he was called; this, (glancing at the cabin,) belonged to him. He gave it to me; I was with him when he died."

"Tell me about it," the girl urged, "they say so many things, one can never tell what is true and what is not."

"I knew him best of all. I know more of the truth than anyone." He paused a moment, looking out on the river, where the white capped waves were playing in the sunshine, then taking off his cap and running his fingers through his jet-black hair, and speaking as it were in to the distance, he began :

"He was the only son of a wealthy man in the City; some said he was wild, but I, I knew he was good at heart, and as for his pranks and fun, it was thoughtlessness, besides what else could you expect, boys will be boys. Once, just after he came home from that big college, when some of the men were here on a hunting trip, he doctored and nursed me until I was cured of the fever, and Missy, I was that grateful I couldn't do enough for him. He just laughed at me, and said 'some day perhaps I'll come to you for help,' and he came.

"I had had a lonely time in the cabin, and was glad when the hunting season came nigh. One day just before the season opened, Doctor Jack sent word to see if I could get ready for a party of hunters at two days' notice. I could do anything in those days, so I said yes." The old man laughed to himself, tossed his straggly hair from his wrinkled forehead, and after a moment went on. "There never was such a time as that. The air in the early morning was so sharp it made your blood tingle, and the plunge in the river made a new man of you, and at night, when we were all tired out from tramping, how we lounged around the camp fire, smoking our pipes and telling yarns, until one after another got sleepy, and crawled into his bed, all but Doctor Jack. He would pile the wood on the fire until the sparks flew so high they seemed to be going to meet the stars, and then he would