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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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DAD'S STORY

When I came to put last week's harangue in the chaises, as the square steel forms are called that hold the metal type for printing, I found "Dad's Story" heading the galleys. Now, that seems just as apt a title as I can think of for this dissertation. Dad's Story, why yes, that is as good as any head.

You see, about everything about this shop is somewhat of a family affair. The type is set by the daughter, the son is the "devil" around here, and can he mess things up, and the wife sort of bosses things, including Dad, around. Helps get the paper out, as they call it who are connected with the printing industry.

I can remember the cabin that Father built that fall after returning from the Illinois harvest fields with his "Steak". In fact there my two sisters next older than I were born, three of them, in fact, for the one next older than I was a twin. And I was born in that same little old log cabin though by the time my advent happened there had been constructed a lean-to, a sort of addition to the log house. No one ever thought of calling those buildings cabins. That was what the niggers of the South lived in. The building where I was born was a "log house" all right but I hardly know what would have happened had some misguided person been so indiscreet as to call it a "cabin".

But they were cabins, all right, if as Webster says, "a small house, especially one rudely constructed" is a cabin. Though perhaps if one knew the skill it took to hew out the planks for the floor, to carve out the wooden hinges for the door, to think up the cracks, one might have too much respect for the work done to think of those residences as cabins.

Ours faced the south, and stood right close to the section line running east and west between sections eighteen and nineteen. Along this line now a fine rock road runs, but when that log house was put up there were only the blazes made by the Government surveyor who "ran out" the sections. It stood on a little raise of ground which got higher to the north, just a gentle slope, not in any manner a hill.

I don't remember where the fireplace was located but think it was in the east end. Sixteen by twenty were the dimensions, and I'll warrant before the shakes were all rived out and smoothed off with the draw knife, and the floorboards smoothed with the draw knife and the jack plane, it seemed large enough for the man building it.

The front door, the one we used most often, was on the south side, about midway, and there was a window on each side of it. I hardly think these windows were put in when the house was first built but there they were when I remember it. There was one window in the east end and two in the west when I got big enough to notice though I have been told that one graced the building when first put up and that one covered with greased paper to keep out the wind and rain.

Ten logs high, I believe it was; anyway there was a little space upstairs between the floor and the eaves, two logs if I remember rightly. That is where the children slept even though there was no real floor, just some boards laid across the joists. That first winter there was nothing to lay across the joists and the snow sifted down onto those sleeping on the puncheon floor.

Perhaps I have neglected to mention that Father was a great hunter. And also a fisherman. That was the means of supplying the family with meat. Without his rifle and his fishline, there must have been many hungry days spent in that cabin. But the deer were plentiful, especially on section nineteen, just why I never knew, but it was only the work of an hour or two to go out and shoot one and bring it in. My family, none of us, are crazy about venison, probably because we were brought up on it.

The country contained many little lakes, from less than an acre in area to the larger ones, like Elk lake, seventeen miles long and from one to seven or eight miles wide. In these lakes were plenty of fish and as soon as the settlers became accustomed to the topography of the country they would go to these bodies of water and spear fish. Bass, black and rock varieties, pickerel, suckers, and in some instances trout and white fish, abounded. These pioneers would go to the shores of a lake, build a raft, make a fire on the end of the raft and spear fish by the light of the fire. Torch lights

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

She staggered and almost fell from the cramps in her leg muscles when she tried to rise. She hastened to the canoe and threw the duffle ashore. A tent was there, of balloon silk, packed in its bag.

This girl had been in the woods enough with her veteran father to know something about making camp. Swiftly she shook out the shelter and set it up over the spot where Steve lay. She placed a blanket gently over him after another inspection of the bandage, pausing only an instant to look into his white, still face.

She ran into the timber, gathered fuel, and heaped it in three piles along the beach, fifty paces apart, and with matches found in Franz's pack, ignited her fires.

Three smokes, three shots; these are to the woodsman what the S O S is to the mariner.

The fires, however, must burn continually, they must be fed, and with green wood, which would throw out dense smoke, but as she hurried back toward the canoe for a hand-ax she saw one of Steve's knees double and straighten again in a spasmodic movement.

She prayed again when she saw blood oozing from the wound. She watched the rain beat out her fires and did not dare leave off the task of holding that bandage tight. She just sat there and pressed her hands down. When the hard driven canoe passed her island, though it was within easy rifle shot, she had no indication of the nearness of friends.

The hours dragged on. For an interminable interval Kate Flynn sat holding the bandage firmly against Drake's side and then, as the mists gave way to a steady rain, he commenced to mutter and stir again.

A mumble came from his lips, her own name, spoken so clearly and sharply that the girl started.

"Yes, I'm here. It's Kate, here with you!"

His eyes opened and stared at her blankly.

"It's all right," she said. "The bleeding has stopped. Please lie still so it won't start again. Do you understand that?"

His lids fluttered closed but he lay still. Whether he had understood or not she could not know.

She had the tent up before the rain became more than scattered drops and with a piece of driftwood scraped a shallow trench about it in case the day produced a down-pour. Then more blankets were fetched and the pack tucked beneath Steve's head for a pillow.

Soon thereafter she left him for a few moments, taking the hand-ax and hunting feverishly through the timber for dry wood. She found a dead cedar stub and a dry tamarack standing, hacked at them and carried the slivers back to the tent. She cut green poles and managed to get the fly up to give their shelter added protection and to make a place to keep her fuel dry. Fortunately the rain had come with little wind.

But before she had gathered sufficient fuel to keep a fire going through the night, Drake was stirring and muttering again. When she sat down by his side and put a hand on his clammy forehead and spoke gently he locked his fingers about her small wrist and would not let go. After a time she tried to disengage his clasp so she might

start the fire going, but he clung the tighter and murmured thickly. Holding her so appeared to give him peace and so she sat there, shivering now and then, drawing the corner of a blanket about her shoulders, and it was not until nearly dusk that she could unlock his fingers and slip away without rousing him.

She dragged driftwood from the beach and made a pile of it behind the fire which served the double purpose of throwing heat into the open front of the tent and drying fuel for the night hours. Then she resumed her vigil beside the unconscious figure, determined to fight sleep with all the resources at her command.

So it was that Mary Wolf, paddling her light canoe through the steady rain, saw a point of warm light shining through the darkness.

This might be Franz, come to look for her despite Young Jim's command that he let her alone.

She went on, proceeding with utmost caution. But she wanted to know who was there. If it were Franz, she would not be forced to keep a watch for him afterward.

She thought she heard a sound, an odd noise which she could not identify. She arrested all movement. That was strange. Another woman, crying here in a camp.

So the Indian girl came upon Kate Flynn, kneeling at Steve's side, begging him to speak, to make some sign that he was aware of her being there.

Her words covered the small sounds of Mary's approach through the rushes and it was not until the new arrival's shadow fell across Steve's figure that Kate started up, alarm and relief mingled in her heart.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, you've come! . . . Look! This man is



"Look! This Man is Terribly Hurt!"

terribly hurt! He was stabbed and has bled most of his life out!"

Mary appeared to give no heed. She stood bent over, hands crossed on her breast, eyes fast on Drake's drawn face.

Her own countenance was in shadow and Kate, distracted as she was, did not observe her garments, did not recognize her as an Indian until she turned and asked:

"He bled now?"

"No. . . . Oh, you're . . . You should know what to do! Your people know how to treat wounds; Oh, can't we do something?"

She was almost hysterical in her relief at having aid in carrying this great burden of responsibility.

"Where he hurt?" Mary asked, and Kate drew back the blankets to reveal the ugly patch on Drake's bared body.

"See? It doesn't bleed any more. I held it tight for hours until it stopped. Oh, what else can be done?"

The Indian girl then did a strange thing. She knelt quickly and took one of Drake's hands in both hers.

"Yo'ng Jim!" she called softly.

"Yo'ng Jim!" Her voice husked.

"Yo'ng Jim, you all right?"

She held her breath for answer but none came, no indicating movement or change of expression, even. She turned a tragic face to the white girl who swayed away from her with something like shock as Franz's lying words came back to her. A squaw man, he had said this man was, and here was a young squaw, a stricken expression in her eyes. . . . The thought that this man, who had worked for her, perhaps was now dying for her and who, only a few hours ago, had kissed her, might be the lover of this dusky girl wrenched and tugged at something deep in her heart.

"He say no-thing," Mary whispered. "He won't say no-thing!"

She bent her body low, checked close to Drake's face and Kate started to turn her head away but when she saw that the movement was not in earnest but in query she checked the gesture of aversion. "He breathing," Mary said. "He not hot. Maybe . . . You got whisky?"—almost sharply.

"No; there's no whisky. You . . . must go for help, now; right away; we can't wait!"

"No," Mary's word was adamant. "He die, maybe, I go away. You do something by him. Me, I do something too."

She turned to the scattered packs beyond the fire, dumping their contents to the ground, opened a grub sack, exploring its contents.

"Yes," she muttered and poured coffee into a kettle, running into the reeds for clean water.

Deftly she raked the coals from the fire and put the kettle on to boil. Then, without a word of explanation, disappeared into the timber. In a few moments she returned with a wad of pitch on a curl of birch bark. This she put to heat on a pan cover went to her own canoe and returned with a bundle from which she extracted a piece of white cloth, tore the cloth into ribbons and then, testing the consistency of the softening pitch with great care, brought her materials into the tent and drawing back the blankets set to work to bind the clotted gauze firmly into place.

She smeared the pitch on the flesh, pressing an end of cloth into it, carried the cloth over the bandage and pitched it down on the other side. Over and over, from this way, then that, she drew the adhering cloth fragments until the chance of breaking the clot by movement was slight.

By then the coffee had boiled. She fetched the kettle within and, spoonful at a time, dropped the hot fluid into Drake's mouth, persisting until he had swallowed several times.

"Coffee. No whisky," she said briefly and sat back on one hip, not bleeding now. Coffee made him strong."

"But he must have help. Some one who knows about injured people must be brought here or he may die."

Mary nodded.

"And I can't go!" Kate rebelled. "I couldn't get back to headquarters. I couldn't carry a canoe across that trail. You can, can't you? You go for help."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

wounded. The doe sprang off at the sound of the shot. Father tried to get his disabled firearm together to take aim at a fleeing doe, but they were out of sight over a hill before he could bring his crippled weapon to bear upon either of the speeding animals.

The horns of that buck were among the largest the writer has ever seen, only five points, but they measure more than three feet across and stood out from the head almost two feet. Veritable monsters they were, and must have caused that buck many a head ache.

Father dressed this one and again started for home. It was dusk when he arrived. The girls were peering from the windows and a solemn hush pervaded the atmosphere of that cabin for Mother, from out the vale of shadows had returned with a son, the only boy in that family of eight. Six of the girls grew up and married.

The boy is now perpetrating this inflection upon a defenceless community. That day's hunt, the broken gun, the big antlers, the return at dusk, the depth of the snow, the change of the weather have been told and retold to me until they are indelibly stamped on my memory. The horns are still in existence for I saw them last fall on my trip back east. They were hanging in the living room of the home of my Uncle, who is holding them in trust for me or my descendants. He was living at Father's at the time, though away for the day. They hung in my room in the old home, "the New House" that was built after I was about four years old.

Many a time while trudging along with Father in the woods he has told of killing deer, but he never pointed out the spot where he got that buck with the big horns. "Right over there on that knoll is where I shot that one that had the velvet horns," "That time that buck was going to fight me, I was standing right here when I shot him first and I hung him up to that tree, just a staddle it was then," and many, many others, but he never showed me where the one with the big horns came from.

When I inquired, he would say, "Oh, it was over on nineteen. I'll show you if we ever pass the spot." Perhaps we never got to the spot, for we never hunted much on nineteen for it was cleared up before I got to hunting deer very much.

The boy's advent into that family was of course hailed with joy.

But Mother was a stern parent and I never thought I got much of the spoiling that usually comes to the only son. However, my sisters are very certain that there never was a lad more spoiled than I.

"If you young ones don't stop that squalling, I'll give you something to squall for," was the usual manner in which our little troubles were met. Poor, dear, beautiful Mother, when I reflect on the life she was forced by circumstances to endure, I wonder how she survived the toil, the trouble, the privation, the hardships of those pioneer days, and the work she did, the sick she nursed, the visiting the sick, the sitting up with the dead, the going visiting, and the thousand and one tasks that fell to her lot it seems a shame that young folks are not given an insight into the realities of mother love until they become parents.

Going about her work, often with a song on her lips, a smile in her eyes, her hands always doing for her young brood, Mother like many of her generation gave her life to make the world a better place for her children to live in. She milked cows and sewed, she made butter and dug potatoes, she brought in wood and cooked, and what a cook! Perhaps Father's most sincere compliment to the wife who stayed with him through more than half a century of hardship and toil was that from "a basket of chips, and a little to go with them, she could cook a meal good enough for anyone." Often enough there was little enough to go with the chips, but her cooking always was of the best. Fried cakes, cookies, pie, apple dumpling, blackberry pickles, strawberry preserves, wild plum preserves, um-m-m-m. No such cookery is taught in the domestic science classes of our educational institutions!

LOCAL NEWS

Allan Spriggle spent the week end with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Grant in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brown were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Lawrence, Friday evening.

Monty Ward and Miss Faye Scheible will give a valuable gift free, to everyone visiting at the Richey Hardware & Furniture store Wednesday afternoon, between two and six o'clock.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Geoff Hayes

