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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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KING LOG.

THE great six-foot logs had burnt down to a bed of glowing coals; the woodmen were asleep in their tiers of berths at the far end of the shanty; and eleven o'clock had struck—late hours for the lumber-camp, where the gangs must be astir and abroad an hour or two before the slow dawn lighted up the snow-covered lumber-country lying north and west of Saginaw Bay.

Two men sat by the fire, smoking clay-pipes; one was a visitor, the other the owner of the camp. Said the visitor:

"Oh, I know something of hardship, King. Like many a boy, I thought I must see border-life; and, as soon as I got through college, I started. I don't know what I expected; a little of every thing, I suppose—buffalo-hunting, a few gold-nuggets, and any amount of adventure. What I got was a ball in my shoulder, that has troubled me ever since, and a knowledge of what is meant by the terms freezing to death, starving to death, and, worse than all, being frightened to death. The Apaches carry the last art to perfection. Going across the plains was not at that time what it is now; that was in 1855, the year I left college."

"'Old Log, dear Old Log,' he cried, 'I've come way out here to find you!'"—Page 101.

"What college, may I ask?" said King Log.

"Yale, of course. That is the only col-

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lege worth mentioning," said the graduate, with that air of calm superiority which the New-Haven *alma mater* knows how to bestow upon her children. At the same time he looked curiously at the lumberman. What could he know of colleges?

"Then you were of the class of '55," said King Log, laying down his pipe and clasping his hands behind his head. From the mass of his curly beard and hair, from the coarse working-clothes he wore, from the rough air of the whole man, there yet peeped out for the moment a something which struck the eye of the visitor, like those strange ghost-faces faintly seen on the little, wrinkled window-panes of a common tavern, although reason knows there is nothing there. He looked, and silently wondered.

"*I* was in the class of '50," said the lumberman, at length.

"You! Who, then, are you?"

King Log went to the end of the room, and, unlocking a chest, lifted out an old valise, battered and yellow. Bringing this to the fire, he took from it a book wrapped in several layers of paper, and handed it to the visitor, who, opening it, read on the title-page, "Frederick Holcombe, Yale College, 1849." Strangely enough, the book was a collection of religious poetry, mostly of the weakly-pretty style which such collections gather in.

"Probably you don't remember the name," said the lumberman, taking back the book, and looking at the writing with dreaming eyes.

"But I do remember it," replied the visitor. "Holcombe was a name well known for the wildest pranks of the decade. He was a good scholar, too, they said. Friend of yours?"

King Log sat silent a moment, still looking at the faded name; then he folded the papers carefully around the volume, took up his pipe, knocked out the ashes, and said, quietly:

"I was Frederick Holcombe."

"Class of '50?"

"Class of '50."

"But I thought Fred Holcombe was dead?"

"So he is. King Log has got into his skin, though."

The visitor stared.

"Now, then, man, what do you mean?" he said at last, finding that staring did not solve the mystery.

"Well, I think I'll tell you, because you can understand it. I haven't seen a Yale boy for fifteen years; the last one was a mule-driver out on the Sacramento River, but he'd sunk so low there was no comfort in him. Somehow it carries me back to old times to think that poor Fred Holcombe is remembered. But first, stranger, when and where are you going?"

"For when, at daylight to-morrow. For where, across the plains to San Francisco, and then on to Japan."

"I'm safe, then. It isn't the world I care for—you'll laugh—but it's this camp; I shouldn't like to have the story get back here. You see, I've settled down in this tract, and I've tried hard to make myself and it known and liked throughout the length and breadth of the Saginaw country; it's my one ambition now."

"You've succeeded, Holcombe. They told me down below that this was the crack camp of the lumber-region, and you the king of the lumber-men. They call you 'King,' you know."

"How strange it seems to hear my father's name again! I scarcely realize that it is mine. Well, if you care to hear my story—you do? Draw nearer, then. I think I shall feel the better myself for telling it. I left college in '50, and went home to Brenton. Father was there as usual—a stern, unkind man, as I thought then; a hard-working, care-worn man, as I know now, straining every power he had to support in luxury his three motherless children—my two gay, extravagant sisters, and my wild, extravagant self. We did not understand him, any of us; he had grown apart from his family. Weighed down by the heavy cares of an intricate business, he had no time to study us, no time to make himself understood; and we had come to regard him as our purse-bearer, and nothing more. A mother might have stood as interpreter between us, but our mother died when we were little more than children. So much for our home. As I look back upon it now, I am overcome with pity to think of poor, silent father working on and on alone, growing old alone, and, with all his straining exertions, never able to see a way out; for as fast as he made the money we took it, almost without asking. At last there came a pinch in the money-market; father made superhuman exertions, but the world was against him, and he failed. Then, his occupation gone, worn out with hard, hard work, he died. I see it now, but I did not then.

"We were not bad-hearted, but we did not understand. Father seldom spoke to us; we supposed he was made of money, and so we all went on our way rejoicing, until suddenly, one morning, our purse-bearer failed, and the next he died.

"My two sisters went to an aunt, and I went, I might almost say, to the devil. I did make one or two efforts to get a situation in Brenton, but could not stand the malicious pity, the cold shoulder, and the kick down-hill, which the world gives to the rich man turned poor. So I went West. But I knew nothing of work—nothing of any thing, in fact, save what my careless college and society life had taught me. I was ordered about by rough Western store-keepers, and bullied by their under-clerks; and yet a subordinate position under such men was more than I could fill. I sunk lower and lower; my money was all gone, and I grew dispirited, but still struggled on, as I had an inward hope to buoy me up.

"A year had passed since I left Brenton. I was sitting one evening by the light of a tallow-candle in the loft over the store where I served in the daytime, forlornly reading a week-old county paper, when a little chap who in some way had attached himself to me (children almost always take to me, I don't know why, I'm sure) brought me a letter. It was from Brenton, from the girl to whom I was engaged, for whom I was working, to whom I was clinging as a drowning man clings to a straw; and in it she discarded me, coldly, briefly, and without any explanation.

"From that moment I went down rapidly; I grew utterly reckless. From one end of the country to the other I wandered, nor cared where I went; now a canal driver, now a bar-tender, now a deck-hand on a Mississippi steamboat, and for several years a miner in California, 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' It seems to me that, when an educated man goes to the bad, he goes over more completely, and gets farther down than a man brought up to it—it was so with me, I know. As for my sisters, they could not help me. Poor little Lutie was in her grave—I was fond of Lutie, after a fashion—and Amelia had married a close-fisted man, old enough to be her father, who kept all his money in his own hands, and forbade her even to write to her good-for-nothing brother; he was not far from the truth either, I was good for nothing. But a man never sinks out of God's sight, and I really believe it is He who sends a chance every now and then to the worst of His creatures. None of us can deny that such chances do come, whether we take them or not; and this was mine. I was tending bar in a saloon out beyond St. Louis, when, happening to take up an Eastern paper, I saw a sensational account of the death of my old love's father, shot in his own hall by a burglar; in the course of the story Lucy was mentioned, and I learned, not only that she was still unmarried, but also that she was poor, living in an obscure street I well remembered, and now, by her father's death, left alone in the world. I fell into a fit of musing: the flashy saloon vanished, and in its place I seemed to see Lucy, not in the luxurious home that I remembered, not in the rich dress that I used to admire, not with the proud, fastidious air that I admired when I too was proud and fastidious; but Lucy, poor Lucy, in Dingy Street, friendless Lucy, probably working for her bread. While I thought that she, proud, rich, and happy, had discarded me because I was poor and worthless, I hated her; at least, I thought I did, for love and hate are nearer than we believe. (And yet, with love's incongruity, I had all the time kept that book I showed you, a thing in itself valueless, but her gift; the poor little relic has been in queer company considering its character.) As I said before, I thought I hated her; but when suddenly I learned that she was as bad off as I was, saving the wickedness, my whole heart went out to her. Perhaps she still loved me; perhaps some outside influence had made her write that letter which I had scorned to answer. At any rate, a hope grew up for the first time in years; my life and its surroundings grew vile in my sight, I hated myself and it, and, dropping every thing as a snake drops its skin, bad habits, bad associates, and bad ideas, I turned my face eastward. I had just enough money to take me to Brenton with close economy and not a cent to spare; what I could do when I got there I did not know, but I had a hope, a mighty hope. Perhaps you do not know what it is to live without hope in the world.

"But every thing was harder than I thought; leaving off drinking shook my nerves, I felt

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miserably sick, and, to crown all, one night, in the stage-coach, all my little store of money was stolen, save a few dollars I happened to have in my vest-pocket. I suppose you think it strange that a vagabond like myself should not have learned enough in his vagabondizing to at least keep his money. But I was a vagabond no longer; only a sick, trembling man, half starved too, to tell the truth, for I would scarcely allow myself enough to eat. At the end of that stage-route I struck the railroad, and went on as far as I could, travelling in the caboose-car of freight-trains, or among the freight itself, if I was lucky enough to get a chance; eating as little as possible, and buoyed up by my one hope. How I watched my forlorn old purse! How I counted every cent! But, in spite of all my efforts, the end came, and I found myself in Pittsburg, unable to go farther, ragged, penniless, and starving. It was a dark, bleak afternoon in November, and I dragged myself from place to place in search of employment; but my appearance was against me. I had no references, and, indeed, I was in no state to work, as any one could see. Night came, and I stood in an alley leaning against a wall, sick, shivering; but, worse than all, gnawed by hunger. Oh, it is a dreadful fate to be homeless and destitute in a city! There seems to be no charity in the crowd, no shelter in the closely-built streets, no mercy in the patches of sky. The open country is kinder to the poor than the richest city. If I lived in a city, I would never refuse an alms to any one asking at night and in winter. But, after all, the saddest cases are those who do not ask. Hunger at last conquered all. I was still young, and youth has not the self-control to starve to death. I knew one family in Pittsburg—a Mrs. Lee, who had often been in Brenton with her daughter, a gentle girl, who had known my sister Lutie in the old days. I found the house and rang the bell; the servant hesitated about admitting me, and I waited on the step until Mrs. Lee came. 'You do not remember me, Mrs. Lee,' I said. 'I am Frederick Holcombe, of Brenton; and I have come to beg a few dollars, for I am starving.'

"'Poor boy! poor boy!' exclaimed the old lady, recognizing me at once, changed as I was. 'Come in, my dear; come in.' And, taking my hand, she led me into the lighted warm parlor. Then I broke down, and the tears came.

"That was a crisis in my life. They fed me, they soothed me, they pitied me with a heavenly pity, they asked no questions, they made no comments. I would not stay in their beautiful home, in spite of their urging, outcast that I was; but I took their money and went to a lodging-house, where I slept, and, the next morning, with their money, I bought myself some decent clothes. Then I went up to say good-by. This time I told my story in a few words, and asked for news from Brenton. 'I am going there,' I said, with a rush of confidence, 'to see Lucy Darrel.' The ladies looked at each other, and hesitated. 'She is still Lucy Darrell, I know,' I said, almost savagely; for this was my one hope on earth.

"'She is still Lucy Darrell, but she will not be so long,' answered Mary Lee, at last; 'I feel that you ought to know that she is to be married this week.' And the girl's voice trembled as she spoke; I suppose I looked deathly. Well, I ought to have known as much, starting across the country on such a fool's chance! I don't defend myself at all; I don't say I deserved any thing better; but this murder of my one hope was cruel.

"The Lees helped me to weather the storm; I don't think I should have got through alone. But they couldn't unmake and make over the work of years in a week, and, at the end of that time, I started back westward with a little of their money (I would not take much), and a faint resolve to do better. I did not go south again, but turned northward, and then it was that I first wandered up into this Lake Huron lumber-country; something in the solitariness of the region suited me, and I engaged myself for the winter in this very camp. Queer fellows get into these camps sometimes. I suppose you think I was queer enough, but there was one queerer than I—so queer that he was called Luny—Luny Jack. No one knew his real name; I don't believe he knew it himself. He had been about the camp for several years, and, being a fair hand to work and steady in his habits, had come to be considered a fixture there, as well as his little boy Gi—short for Giant, the men said. This child, brought there by Luny the previous year, was a delicate little fellow of four years, bright as a squirrel, and full of fun—the plaything of the camp. Well, I lived along there, and worked away in a dull, steady routine; up at four, breakfast, and out into the woods before daylight, sawing, skidding, and hauling among the great pines all day, and early to bed, to sleep without a break or a dream. I got back my strength, and some spirits, too, for youth cannot always despair. I wrote to my sister Amelia, giving a guarded account of myself—the first she had had for years; and I wrote to the Lees once in a while, and so the weeks passed. From the very first Luny Jack attached himself to me. I could not shake him off any more than one can shake off an affectionate dog. He did not talk much, but he would only work in my company, always managing to get jobs with me, and in the evening he would patiently take his place near me, and nothing short of force would move him. At first everybody laughed, but after a while it got to be a matter of course, and Luny was allowed to follow around after Old Log as much as he pleased. 'Log' was the name I had given at random, in a kind of grim humor, when I first joined the camp, and 'Old' was soon added, since on the frontier every name must have a prefix, and mine was as complimentary and appropriate as most of them. I did not mind Luny Jack, although I never could make him out exactly. Certainly he was no fool, and yet he could not have possessed a full share of common-sense. He was, as I said before, more like an affectionate dog than any thing else. Why he took such a fancy to me I never could find out, either; but don't you know that a dog will sometimes take a fancy to a man, stranger though he be, and follow him with such pertinacity that, if he has any feeling, he will end by taking the beggar in, whether or no!

"Sometimes I would get vexed with Luny, and speak sharply to him; and then, without a word, he would go off a little way, and stand looking at me with those faded eyes of his, until, half angry, half sorry, I would call the fool back. He was an odd little man, bent and grizzled, looking like a cross between an Indian and a Scotchman; but his eyes were almost pathetic at times, and I could not help thinking that he knew he was queer, and felt a dim sorrow about it. Little Gi, however, was as bright as a child could be, and soon became the joy of my life. He took to me at once, and many a story I told him out of the Greek mythology—the only good the old stuff ever did me, by-the-way—and I used to teach him a little at odd times, especially on Sundays. Luny watched all this with silent satisfaction. He attended to what the boy ate and what he wore, and left the rest to me. They were an odd pair. The child called his father 'Luny,' not from any want of respect, but because he heard the men use the term. But the two were very fond of each other after their odd fashion. Things went on in this way until February. On the evening of the 18th—the date is fixed in my mind in letters of fire—I received a letter from my sister in answer to mine—a long letter, full of her own troubles. Amelia and I never had much in common in the old days, but time had changed us both, and she seemed glad to have some one to whom she could write freely. Her husband was a tyrant; I knew that already. He treated her badly; I knew that also. The rest followed as a matter of course. But, when she had finished her own story, she took up mine, and I read on through her comments quietly enough until I came to this passage: 'Lucy Darrell, your old friend, has escaped my fate at least, although she may fall into a worse one. It seems Mr. Darrell had been on the verge of failure for some years, as long ago even as our father's death; but you remember what a proud man he was, and with infinite pains he managed to bring about an engagement between Lucy and old Peter Emmons, the rich paper-maker. The memory of her father's sad death kept Lucy from breaking the engagement, utterly distasteful to her, I am told, until within a week of her wedding-day. Then, suddenly, a horror seemed to come over her; she wrote to Mr. Emmons, freeing herself from the engagement, and fled to New York alone. There she hoped to find employment in a dress-maker's shop, but, poor child! her delicate health cannot long endure the confinement. Most people here condemn her, and no one is disposed to help her. I, however, understand and sympathize with the poor girl, but what can I do?'

"Then followed more of Amelia's moralizings, but I could pay no further attention to them.

"There it came again, the chance to see my old love. And there with it again stood the bitter obstacle of poverty. I sat alone by the fire late into the night, thinking. Several times Luny Jack stole out of his bunk and crept to my side, looking up mutely into my face, as if searching for the reason of my

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night-watch. At last I motioned him away so angrily that he did not dare come again, but lay looking at me until, impatient and wretched, I, too, crept into my berth, to get rid of his sentinel-eyes.

Money I had none. According to the custom of the lumber-region, we received our board and clothes during the winter, but our wages were not paid until spring, when the logs had been safely rafted down the swollen stream to the mill.

No one in the camp had the amount of money needed, even if I had been able to borrow such a sum; and in all the world there was no one to whom I could apply. I thought of the Lees; but, heavily indebted as I already was to their kind charity, I shrank from weighing down the scales still farther. It was, too, a mere chance; and yet that chance was my all. To find Lucy in great New York was almost an impossibility; and yet I knew I could succeed. Why did she write that letter? I did not know, but I knew that I loved her—loved her with all my heart and life.

"Thus I debated with myself through all that sleepless night. Money! money! money! that was my one thought, my one desire. It haunted me—bags of gold, heaps of silver, rolls of bank-bills, and even copper pennies. I made elaborate calculations as to how small a sum would answer my purpose, but at the lowest it was far beyond possibility. How bitterly I regretted my wasted, squandered years! If I had kept on, even in that miserable store, by this time I could have made a home, small and humble, but still a home, for my darling. Then came the thought that that was what I was trying to do, working to do, hoping to do, and would have done, had it not been for that cruel letter; and, dashing the thought away, I would begin over again to make calculations, while the piles of gold danced in the darkness before my eyes. I know now that I had a fever; but I did not notice it then.

"In the morning I was sent off to saw logs with Luny Jack. It was a wild, remote part of the forest, and I noticed that Luny looked unusually wide-awake as he followed me, and seemed to be in a state of excitement as I pointed to the tree upon which we were to begin. But I was too unhappy to think of his vagaries, or, indeed, of any thing but myself, and we had sawed through one tree and begun on another when I was roused by hearing him crooning a low chant. It was 'Old Hundred' the little man was trying to sing, and the words were these:

"'Monkeys laugh behind my back,
All the camp-boys laugh at me,
But they don't know Luny Jack,
He's got what they'd like to see'—

and the verse ended in a kind of break-down which stopped the sawing.

"'Hold still, Luny! What are you howling about?' I said, roughly.

"'I'll show it to *you*, if you like, Old Log.'

"'Show what?'

"'Luny's kettle.'

"'What's a kettle?'

"'But this one's got something in it, Old Log.'

"'What? Moonshine, I guess. Go on sawing.'

"But Luny dropped his end of the saw, and, coming round to my side, rose on tiptoe and whispered in my ear:

"'Money, Old Log, money! Ten, twenty, hundred dollars!'

"I started back; it was as though something had touched the sore spot in my heart.

"'You have money, Luny!' I exclaimed, trembling. Then, recovering myself: 'I don't believe a word of it. Go on sawing, or I shall report you.'

"But, for answer, the queer little man went round behind the very log we were sawing, and, after digging for some minutes under a juniper-bush, he dragged out an old tin teakettle half full of money, silver, rolls of bills, and a great quantity of copper pennies, with a few gold-pieces mixed with them.

"I was speechless. Here was a treasure sent to me; Luny Jack should be my banker, I should find Lucy, and life would not be all a failure.

"'Shall I count it, Luny?' I said, after I had got my voice back again.

"He assented, and, sitting down in the snow together, he slowly took piece after piece from the kettle and held it up, while I kept tally

"I remember I got impatient with him because he was so long about the coppers; but at last it was all told, four hundred and eight dollars and thirty cents, nearly three hundred being in bills. As I counted, Luny had put the money, piece by piece, into a long, narrow leather bag, made like a belt; and, when it was all told, he began to fasten it around his waist under his blouse.

"'Luny,' I began, 'will you lend me your money for a month or two?'

"I hardly expected any opposition, for the fellow was so devoted to me. I had not the slightest idea of wronging him. I should pay him back in time, with interest, too; and was it not better that I should use the money to save Lucy and myself, than that it should lie there useless in that old kettle under the snow?

"But, to my surprise, Luny drew back, and a fierce light came into his faded eyes.

"'No!' he said, savagely. 'No one shall have it! No one shall touch it! It's my own.'

"'I know it's your own, Luny. I only want to borrow it for a little while, and I will pay it all back, every cent, and more, too.'

"But he only repeated 'No one shall have it! No one shall touch it!' and, going back to the saw, took up his end as if to put a stop to the discussion.

"I tried every possible argument and persuasion. I even poured my story into his dull mind; I promised to bring back treasures for little Gi; I offered to take them both with me to see the great city—but all was in vain.

"The little man stood obstinately silent, with an ugly look upon his face which I had never seen there before. I never worked so hard in my life as I did that morning, although I did not once touch the saw. The very trees were witnesses to my eloquence, but not Luny; the tears stood in my own eyes as I talked, but his were hard and dry. It did seem too cruel that my whole life should be ruined by a madman's whim, and at last I found myself measuring him with my eye, and comparing the muscles of his arms with mine. The temptation came upon me, like a whirlwind, to overpower the man, take the money, and flee. But, while I was nerving myself up to this, my first real crime, Luny started down the track toward the shanty, for it was dinner-time, and, as it happened, he had not gone far before I heard voices, and one of the sledges came into view from a cross-road in front. The opportunity had passed, and, strangely enough, I felt relieved, as though I had gained a respite; nothing could be done, of course, until after dinner.

"As we came in sight of the shanty, I saw little Gi at the door with Mother Brown, the good-natured house-keeper of the camp. The cook stood wiping a pan in front; and one of the men, who had come in early, was blowing the dinner-horn, with hungry might and main.

"Little Gi ran forward to meet us, with a shout of glee, and, by some freak, he came first to me.

"'Old Log,' he said, holding my knees—'dear Old Log, take me up and carry me. Do, deary!'

"'Deary' was one of Mother Brown's names for him, and now the child applied it to me with loving eagerness. It affected me strangely. I took the little fellow up in my arms without a word, and he put his arms around my neck and kissed me. 'Dear Old Log,' he whispered, softly, 'dear Old Log,' and stroked my rough cheek with his hand. It was but a baby action, but it brought back my better self. 'I will let the fool and his money alone,' I thought. 'It is his, not mine, and no sophistry can make it any thing but robbery. I will walk, work, beg my way to New York; but I will not commit that crime.'

"During dinner, I kept little Gi by my side as a safeguard over myself. Luny Jack sat at the far end of the table, and never once looked toward us. I could not tell how he felt, and did not care, now that I had put away the temptation. Only I must keep him and his money out of my way for a while. It would not be long. In the morning a sledge was going to the nearest town for supplies. I would go with the driver; and, once on the line of the railroad, I would manage in some way to reach Lucy. I was stronger; I was more sanguine than before. This time I should succeed.

"After dinner, I went off with the hauling-teams, making some excuse for leaving the sawing to another hand. Luny was sent to our unfinished work of the morning, and I thought I was safe. But about three o'clock he appeared among the teams, and began, in silence, to busy himself with the logs, as though he belonged there, while the men laughed to themselves at his obstinate pertinacity in following me. I took no notice of him. In a multitude there is safety, and there were twenty of us about the place. But, as Fate would have it, the harness gave

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way, some of the tools required mending, and, for one reason and another, all the men went back to the shanty-stables and smithy except myself. Being a new hand, I was left to go on with the skidding. At the last moment, when the teams were starting, I noticed Luny standing on the other side of the end-team, as though he, too, intended to stay behind. 'Go on with the rest. I don't want you here,' I said, roughly, as the team started and left us face to face. But he did not move. 'Go on with the rest, or it will be the worse for you,' I repeated, lifting my arm threateningly. But he kept his place. Back came the temptation with terrible power. I made one more effort. Taking him by the shoulder, I forced him down the path. 'If you come back, I wont answer for your life, fool!' I said, close to his ear. Something in my voice—perhaps the truth in it—frightened the little man, for he crept away after the teams, walking close to the bushes, as if afraid of the broad track. I breathed more freely, and, going back to my work, I attacked the great logs with furious strength, although still trembling in every limb with the effort at self-control. I labored fiercely; the pine-trunks were like so many twigs before me, and all the while my brain was on fire. That money stared me in the face; I saw it before me every instant; and at last I was beginning to fear that I was haunted by imps, when, suddenly looking up, there stood Luny before me.

"I threw down my lever and went toward him. I could not help myself now. I began gently enough.

"'Luny, will you lend me that money, or part of it?' I said, quietly. 'I only want to borrow it, and I will bring it all back to you before long.'

"'Nobody shall have it, nobody shall touch it,' he repeated, in his monotonous voice.

"With one push I threw him down on the soft snow, and, holding him with one knee, I began to unfasten the belt, when I heard a child's voice in the forest. It was little Gi coming up the path. The teams had returned without us, and, by a strange chance, if chance it was, the boy had taken a fancy to come out into the forest after us—a thing he had never attempted before. I released Luny, and, as I rose to my feet, the child ran toward me.

"'Old Log, dear Old Log,' he cried, 'I've come way out here to find you! Ain't you glad, ain't you glad?' And, clapping his hands joyously, he laughed, and tried to climb into my arms.

"Remorse swept over me at his baby touch, and, turning, I fled away into the forest; but it seemed as though devils were with me instead of angels, so hard is it to turn from evil to good!

"Where and how far I wandered I do not know, but at last, just before dark, calmed and tired out, I struck upon the high roll-way at Mad River, where the logs lay piled at random on and over the bank waiting for the first spring freshet. I paused a moment, and struck a poised log with my foot, feeling an idle impulse to set the whole in motion, when suddenly I heard a cry. It was a child's voice again, and, looking down over the bank, I saw a little hand waving in the twilight, and recognized little Gi penned in that deep abyss of pine-logs, and at the mercy of their slightest quiver.

"Luny Jack's poor wits had deserted him entirely after my fierce attack, and he and the baby-boy—a helpless pair—had in some way wandered out upon the roll-way, and fallen over the bank among the ponderous logs, where they lay imprisoned in a chance niche, with a fearful death hanging over them. I stood paralyzed. The logs often moved of themselves; we had heard them crashing and rumbling down the bank in the middle of the night, wakened by the sound, though far away. Any movement I made might serve only to hasten the death-crush. I called to little Gi, and cheered him with as hearty a voice as I could. He told me that Luny was 'asleep,' and I shuddered as I thought the odd little man might be dead down there with the poor baby. I had never had much belief in prayer, but I prayed then—prayed that I might save the two alive. Then I went to work. Great drops stood on my forehead as I moved cautiously out, for every step might be a murderous one. The logs were poised helter-skelter over the bank, like a heap of giant jack-straws, and I could not tell where and how they touched each other; yet I must go on. Well, it took me half an hour to reach the place, and all the while little Gi talked merrily on. He felt no fear now that Old Log was coming to him, but he little knew that Old Log's heart was in his mouth, and every breath a pain. At last I got down to the level of the crevice; I took the child out first; and then came another climb, as fearful as the former—a climb down to the frozen river. Leaving the boy there, I went back, and, lifting out Luny, I carried him down also. He was not dead, but insensible; his head was injured by the fall. I tell all this in a few words, but I could not describe to you the long, fearful agony of that hour among the logs, when every step might possibly, and even probably, kill all three of us.

"After resting a few moments, I lifted Luny again; and, the child running along by my side, I went up the river to an easier ascent, and started toward the camp. Little Gi was far more afraid of the dark forest than of the cell among the poised, overhanging logs.

"Luny died that night; but before his death, for several hours, his brain was as clear as mine. He had gained his mind back at the expense of his life. He bequeathed the boy to me; and in the presence of all the camp-men, now gathered, silent and awe-struck, around him, he gave me also the belt of money.

"'For Gi?' I said, as I took it.

"'No—for you,' he answered. 'I know you will take care of the boy.'

"He told us nothing of himself or his past life; but he gave me a little, worn Bible, wherein was written, in a woman's handwriting, 'Guy.' And, as he pointed to the boy, I have always supposed that 'Guy'—miscalled 'Gi' by poor Luny—was the child's real name, and that his mother wrote it in the little Bible. But, in reality, I know nothing certain about it; I do not even know whether the boy was or was not poor Luny's child. He is mine now, however, and bears my name. He is at school in Detroit, and perhaps I shall be able to send him to old Yale. He is all the world to me.

"We buried Luny Jack under the snow in the pine-forest, and then I started eastward with Guy. I cannot dwell upon this part of my story; but I found my darling, and we were married, although we both knew we could not be long together. In two months she was dead—consumption.

"She had written the note at her father's command, and also because she thought I was weary of the tie. She never had much firmness, poor child! But I loved her.

"I came back here. The pine-forest was more like a home to me than any city, and I wanted to be alone. I kept Guy with me until he was old enough to go to school, and then I sent him down to Detroit. Luny's money is invested for his use, but I am educating him myself, and, if I live, he shall be taught to steer clear, at least, of those rocks upon which I was shipwrecked.

"I own the camp now, and have all that I need in this world. To-morrow, if you stay long enough, I will show you Luny's grave and head-stone. Lucy is there too, and Guy has directions to lay me by her side when my time comes. But Frederick Holcombe, you know, died long ago; so the inscription will be simply, 'King Log.'"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

HUGH'S VENDETTA.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID,

AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," "MABEL LEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ROLAND TYRRELL'S last sight—the last, he fancied, that he should ever have of worldly things—was of that falling barrier which shut him, in poisonous darkness, from the sights and sounds of men. After that, he knew nothing more.

He knew nothing of the sensation which the news of his entombment made, nor how Mr. Beresford himself rushed down into the mine, nor how volunteers flocked to the work of his rescue, nor yet how zealously the men labored to save him who had only a little before denounced them as cowards.

But when Margaret Churchill, who was kneeling by her unconscious yet living brother, heard the news, she uttered a cry which those around her never forgot.

"It is my fault!" she cried. "It is my fault! *I* urged him to go! I begged him to save Hugh! But I never feared this—I never thought that he *would* give his own life—O my God! what have I done!"

It was easier to ask than to answer. The men below worked with a will on the fallen earth, which, being light, gave way readily to their shovels; but not one of them dared to hope that they would find Tyrrell alive. They

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