



BIG TIMBER

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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SYNOPSIS

Estella Benton, left a penniless orphan, goes to join her brother Charlie, who is logging lumber in British Columbia.

Charlie tells Stella of his prospects and describes his primitive manner of living. He introduces a neighbor, Paul Abbey.

Charlie and Stella proceed to his logging camp on Roaring Lake. Stella is against the loneliness of it and is repelled by the uncouthness of the lumberjacks.

The cook has been discharged and Stella does the cooking. In need of more men, Charlie borrows a crew from Jack Fyfe.

CHAPTER V

Durance Vile.

By Sept. 1 a growing uneasiness hardened into distasteful certainty upon Stella. It had become her firm resolve to get what money was due her when Charlie marketed his logs and try another field of labor. That camp on Roaring Lake was becoming a nightmare to her. She had no inherent dislike for work. She was too vibrantly alive to be lazy. But she had had an overdose of unaccustomed drudgery, and she was growing desperate. If there had been anything to keep her mind from continual dwelling on the manifold disagreeableness she had to cope with, she might have felt differently, but there was not. She ate, slept, worked—ate, slept, and worked again—till every fiber of her being cried out in protest against the degrading round.

Benton left to make his delivery of logs to the mill company, and meantime Stella had leisure to think and plan for the future. She felt that she could not stand her surroundings any longer and determined to tell Charlie so.

Ten days later he and his loggers returned, all more or less exhilarated with liquor. He himself was fairly mellow and rejoicing over a 6,000,000 foot contract he had secured and which was to be delivered as early as possible in the spring.

When supper was over, the work done and the loggers' celebration was slowly subsiding in the bunkhouse she told Charlie with blunt directness what she wanted to do. She wanted to go to Vancouver and earn her living there. With equally blunt directness he declared that he would not permit it. Stella's teeth came together with an angry little click.

"I'm of age, Charlie," she said to him. "It isn't for you to say what you will or will not permit me to do. I want that money of mine that you used and what I've earned. God knows I have earned it. I can't stand this work, and I don't intend to. It isn't work; it's slavery."

"But what can you do in town?" he countered. "You haven't the least idea what you'd be going up against. Stella, you've never been away from home, and you've never had the least training at anything useful. You'd be on your uppers in no time at all. You wouldn't have a ghost of a chance."

"I have such a splendid chance here," she retorted ironically. "If I could get in any position where I'd be more likely to die of sheer stagnation, to say nothing of dirty drudgery, than in this forsaken hole I'd like to know how. I don't think it's possible."

"You could be a whole lot worse off if you only knew it," Benton returned grumpily. "If you haven't got any sense about things, I leave. I know what a rotten hole Vancouver or any other seaport town is for a girl alone. I won't let you make any foolish break like that. That's flat."

From this position she failed to budge him. Once angered, partly by her expressed intention and partly by



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the outspoken protest against the mountain of work imposed on her, Charlie refused point blank to give her either the \$50 he had taken out of her purse or the three months' wages due. Having made her request and having met with this, to her, amazing refusal, Stella sat dumb. There was too fine a streak in her to break out in recrimination. She was too proud to cry.

So that she went to bed in a ferment of helpless rage. Virtually she was a

prisoner, as much so as if Charlie had kidnapped her and held her so by brute force. The economic restraint was all potent. Without money she could not even leave the camp. And when she contemplated the daily treadmill before her she shuddered.

At least she could go on strike. Her round cheek flushed with the bitterest anger she had ever known. She sat with eyes burning into the dark of her sordid room and vowed that the thirty loggers should die of slow starvation if they did not eat until she cooked another meal for them.

She was still hot with the spirit of mutiny when morning came, but she cooked breakfast. It was not in her to act like a petulant child. Morning also brought a different aspect to things, for Charlie told her while he helped prepare breakfast that he was going to take his crew and repay in labor the help Jack Fyfe had given him.

"While we're there Jack's cook will feed all hands," said he. "And by the time we're through there I'll have things fixed so it won't be such hard going for you here. Do you want to go along to Jack's camp?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I don't. I would much prefer to get away from this lake altogether, as I told you last night."

"You might as well forget that notion," he said stubbornly. "I've got a little while in the matter. I don't want my sister drifting at the only kind of work she'd be able to enjoy a living at."

"You're perfectly willing to have me drudge here," she flashed back.

"That's different," he defended. "And it's only temporary. I'll be making real money before long. You'll get your share if you'll have a little patience and put your shoulder to the wheel. Lord, I'm doing the best I can."

"Yes, for yourself," she returned. "You don't seem to consider that I'm entitled to as much fair play as you'd have to accord one of your men. I don't want you to hand me an easy living on a silver salver. All I want of you is what is mine and the privilege of using my own judgment. I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

If there had been opportunity to enlarge on that theme they might have come to another verbal clash, but Benton never lost sight of his primary object. The getting of breakfast and putting his men about their work promptly was of more importance to him than Stella's grievance. So the impatient storm dwindled to a sullen mood on her part. Breakfast over, Benton loaded men and tools aboard a scow lashed beside the boat. He repeated his invitation, and Stella refused, with a sarcastic reflection on the company she would be compelled to keep there.

The Chickamaug, with her tow, drew off, and she was alone again.

"Marooned once more," Stella said to herself when the little steamboat slipped behind the first jutting point. "Oh, if I could just be a man for awhile!"

Some time during the next forenoon she went southerly along the lake shore on foot without object or destination, merely to satisfy in some measure the restless craving for action. When she returned to camp at 2 o'clock, driven by hunger, Jack Fyfe sat on the doorstep.

"How do you do? I've come to bring you over to my place," he announced quite casually.

"Thanks. I've already declined one pressing invitation to that effect," Stella returned dryly. His matter of fact assurance rather nettled her.

"A woman always has the privilege of changing her mind," Fyfe smiled. "Charlie is going to be at my camp for at least three weeks. It'll rain soon, and the days'll be pretty gray and dreary and lonesome. You might as well pack your war bag and come along."

She stood uncertainly. Her tongue held ready a blunt refusal, but she did not utter it, and she did not know why. "I haven't had any lunch," she temporized. "Have you?"

He shook his head. "I rowed over here before 12. Thought I'd get you back to camp in time for dinner. You know," he said, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "a logger never eats anything but a meal. A lunch to us is a snack that you put in your pocket. I guess we lack tone out here. We haven't got past the breakfast-dinner-supper stage yet. Too busy making the country fit to live in."

"You have a tremendous job in hand," she observed.

"Oh, maybe," he laughed. "All in the way you look at it. Suits some of us. Well, if we get to my camp before 8 the cook might feed us. Come on. You'll get to hating yourself if you stay here alone till Charlie's through."

Why not? Thus she parlayed with herself, one half of her minded to stand upon her dignity, the other part of her urging acquiescence in his wish that was almost a command. She was tempted to refuse just to see what he would do, but she reconsidered that.

Without any logical foundation for the feeling, she was shy of pitting her against Jack Fyfe's. Hitherto quite sure of herself, schooled in self-possession, it was a new and disturbing ex-

perience to come in contact with that subtle, analysis-defying quality which carries the goal over all opposition, which indeed many times stifles all opposition. Force of character, overmastering personality, emanation of sheer will, she could not say in what terms it should be described. Whatever it was, Jack Fyfe had it. It existed, a factor to be reckoned with when one dealt with him. For within twenty minutes she had packed a suit case full of clothes and was embarked in his rowboat.

He sent the lightly built craft easily through the water with regular, effortless strokes. Stella sat in the stern, facing him. Out past the north horn

some curious, latent antagonism between them. She puzzled over that a little.

But she did not spend much time puzzling over Jack Fyfe. Once out of her sight she forgot him. It was balm to her lonely soul to have some one of her own sex for company. What Mrs. Howe lacked in the higher culture she made up in homely perception and unassuming kindness. Her husband was Fyfe's foreman. She herself was not a permanent fixture in the camp. They had a cottage at Roaring Springs, where she spent most of the time so that their three children could be in school.

"I was up here all through vacation," she told Stella. "But Lefty he got to howlin' about him' left alone shortly after school started again, so I got my sister to look after the kids for a spell while I stay. I'll be goin' down about the time Mr. Benton's through here."

Stella eventually went out to take a look around the camp. A hard benton path led off toward where rose the distant sounds of logging work, the ponderous crash of trees and the puff of the donkeys. She followed that a little way and presently came to a knoll some 300 yards above the beach. There she paused to look and wonder curiously.

A noble stretch of lake and mountain spread out before her gaze. Straight across the lake two deep clefts in the eastern range opened on the water five miles apart. She could see the white ribbon of foaming cascades in each. Between lifted a great mountain, and on the lakeward slope of this stood a terrible scar of a slide, yellow and brown, rising 2,000 feet from the shore. A vaporous wisp of cloud hung along the top of the slide and above this aerial banner a snow-capped pinnacle

loomed up into the infinite blue.

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Fyfe rested on his oars a moment, looking at her in his direct, unembarrassed way.

"I wintered once on the Stikine," he said. "My partner pulled out before Christmas and never came back. It was the first time I'd ever been alone in my life. I wasn't a much older hand in the country than you are. Four months without hearing the sound of a human voice—stark alone. I got so I talked to myself out loud before spring. So I thought—well, I thought I'd come and bring you over to see Mrs. Howe."

Stella sat gazing at the slow moving panorama of the lake shore, her chin in her hand.

"Thank you," she said at last, and very gently.

Fyfe looked at her a minute or more, a queer, half amused expression creeping into his eyes.

"Well," he said finally, "I might as well tell the whole truth. I've been thinking about you quite a lot lately. Miss Stella Benton, or I wouldn't have thought about you getting lonesome."

He smiled over his fatigued, averted movement of the corners of his mouth, at the pink flush which rose quickly in her cheeks and then resumed his steady pull at the oars.

Except for a greater number of board shacks and a larger area of stump and top littered waste immediately behind it, Fyfe's headquarters, outwardly at least, differed little from her brother's camp. Jack led her to a long log structure with a shingle roof, which from its more substantial appearance she judged to be his personal domicile.

A plump, smiling woman of forty greeted her on the threshold. Once within, Stella perceived that there was, in fact, considerable difference in Mr. Fyfe's habitation. There was a great stone fireplace, before which big easy chairs invited restful lounging. The floor was overlaid with thick rugs which denuded her footfalls. With no pretense of ornamental decoration, the room held an air of homely comfort.

"Come in here and lay off your things," Mrs. Howe beamed on her. "If I'd a known you were livin' so close we'd have been acquainted a week ago, though I ain't got rightly settled here myself. My land, these men are such clams! I never knowed till this mornin' there was any white woman at this end of the lake besides myself."

She showed Stella into a bedroom. It boasted an enamel washstand with taps which yielded hot and cold water, neatly curtained windows and a deep seated morris chair. Certainly Fyfe's household accommodation was far superior to Charlie Benton's. Stella expected the man's home to be rough and ready like himself, and in a measure it was, but a comfortable sort of rough and readiness. She took off her hat and had a critical survey of herself in a mirror, after which she had just time to brush her hair before answering Mrs. Howe's call to a "cup of tea."

The cup of tea resolved itself into a well cooked and well served meal, with china and linen and other unexpected table accessories which agreeably surprised her. Inevitably she made comparisons, somewhat tinged with natural envy. If Charlie would fix his place with a few such household luxuries life in their camp would be more nearly bearable despite the long hours of disagreeable work. As it was—well, the unrelieved discomforts were beginning to warp her outlook on everything.

Fyfe maintained his habitual sparsity of words while they ate the food Mrs. Howe brought on a tray hot from the cook's outlying domain. When they finished he rose, took up his hat and helped himself to a handful of cigars from a box on the fireplace mantel.

"I guess you'll be able to put in the time, all right," he remarked. "Make yourself at home. If you take a notion to read there's a lot of books and magazines in my room. Mrs. Howe'll show you."

He walked out. Stella was conscious of a distinct relief when he was gone. She had somehow experienced a recurrence of that peculiar feeling of needing to be on her guard as if there were

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She went back to the house to converse upon domestic matters with Mrs. Howe until the shrilling of the donkey whistle brought forty-odd lumberjacks swinging down the trail.

Behind them a little way came Jack Fyfe with sagging creel. He did not stop to exhibit his catch, but half an hour later they were served hot and crisp at the table in the big living room, where Fyfe, Stella and Charlie Benton, Lefty Howe and his wife sat down together.

A man from the camp kitchen served the meal and cleared it away. For an hour or two after that the three men sat about in shirt-sleeved ease, pulling at Jack Fyfe's cigars. Then Benton excused himself and went to bed. When Howe and his wife retired Stella did likewise. The long twilight had dwindled to a misty patch of light sky in the northwest and she fell asleep more at ease than she had been for weeks. Sitting in Jack Fyfe's living room that evening she had begun to formulate a philosophy to fit her enforced environment—to live for the day only and avoid thought of the future until there loomed on the horizon some prospect of a future worth thinking about. The present looked passable enough, she thought, if she kept her mind strictly on it alone. And with that idea to guide her she found the days slide by smoothly. She got on famously with Mrs. Howe, finding that woman full of virtues unsuspected in her type.

Altogether she spent a tolerably pleasant three weeks. Autumn's gorgeous paintbrush laid wonderful coloring upon the maple and alder and birch that lined the lake shore. The fall run of the salmon was on, and every stream

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



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