ONE warm spring day, just exactly a week after Twid Beeber's father died, Twid found himself standing on the platform of the little station at Pineville settlement with just four dollars in his pocket, an extra shirt, a razor, and a tooth-brush tied up in a bandanna handkerchief at his back, and the world before him. Yet, thus early in the start, Twid had, in his own expressive language, "run up agin a snag." Now that the world was his to conquer, even that portion within the limited horizon of Pineville bewildered and perplexed him, and it bothered him as to just what he was going to do with himself.

He almost wished somebody would come along and settle it for him. His one summer at school, during a dull season, had given him a smattering of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and he had a hazy idea of the geography of his country. He knew that Pineville settlement and the great North Woods were a mere patch on the map of the United States, and that somewhere beyond, on the great roads with which this little mountain road at his feet connected, were great towns and cities, with customs and interests as yet undreamed of by himself. His father, Zaderiah, or "old Zad" Beeber, as he was familiarly known throughout the length and breadth of the North Woods, had eked out what was at times rather a doubtful living for himself and Twid, by guiding hunting parties and expeditions. In fact, he was a typical Adirondack guide.

From the time that his mother died Twid had always accompanied these expeditions, sometimes as an auxiliary, when such a character was needed; but whether such was the case or not, old man Zad always managed to work him in with the other "necessary expenses." So Twid had been well versed in wood-craft, and he was a famous shot. Even when a lad of fifteen he had, under old Zad's careful eye, developed into a crack-shot, and his performances at "turkey shooting" were matters of record throughout the settlements.

But now old Zad was gone, and when Twid had settled up with "the store" at the Settlement, and old man Slatterly had accepted the worthless shanty in payment for the lumber for Zad's coffin, Twid Beeber stood alone on the platform, and wondered what the next act would be. He had little idea as to what the rest of the world was like; but Twid was unusually bright and quick-witted, and when he had listened to the talk of the men whom he had guided, as they sat around the camp-fires, he knew that there were better places to live in than Pineville settlement. These men had money,—more than he had ever seen in Pineville in the possession of one man, unless it was old Squire Slatterly, who owned the mills and was the magnate of the region,—and as Twid reasoned it, "If them fellers kin git it, I reckon I kin." However, in spite of his philosophic view of things generally, Twid's frame of mind on this particular day was far from peaceful. When his long-cherished hope of "goin' somewhere" had, the night before, suddenly developed into a resolution, Twid had forgotten in a measure the feeling of loneliness which naturally had rested on him since his father's death, and he went to bed too full of his projects to grieve much. In the morning he went about, getting ready to leave, with a light heart, and his work gave him little time for regret.

But now, as he stood by himself, and looked around on the familiar objects, so identified