

**A FOREST ORCHID
AND
OTHER STORIES**

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A forest orchid and other stories by Ella Higginson

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BY

ELLA HIGGINSON

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE LAND OF THE SNOW-PEARLS"

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To

MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER

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I AM indebted to the publishers of *McClure's*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *The Outlook*, and to the Messrs. S. H. Moore & Company and T. J. Kirkpatrick & Company, for the kind permission to reprint some of the stories in this book.

E. H.

A FOREST ORCHID



A FOREST ORCHID

"I don't like the looks of him," said Mrs. Sumas Brown. "I bet he's got the big-head. I never see anybody come out here from Bawston that didn't have it. They all git it took off of 'em in a hurry, though, I notice. What does sech a high-an'-mighty want of a shingle-mill an' loggin'-camp, I'd like to know! Here, Sidonie, let's hull these strawberries."

She sat down and took a pan of berries on her lap. She had the generous pink flesh and the comfortable look generally that come to a woman at fifty if she has not fretted her health away over small cares. There was another Mrs. Brown at the logging-camp, and, as initials were not in high favor, they were known as Mrs. "Soomas" Brown and Mrs. Goshen Brown, from the towns in which they had formerly dwelt.

"I liked him," said Sidonie, sitting down and taking a strawberry in her pale, delicate fingers. "I didn't think he was so bad. He has good eyes, and they are such a beautiful brown."

Sidonie was very different from her mother. She was slender, almost to fragility. Her fig-