

**IN THE
NARROW PATH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649340347

In the Narrow Path by Paul Harboe

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

PAUL HARBOE

**IN THE
NARROW PATH**

In the Narrow Path

PAUL HARBOE

ε

COVER DRAWING BY FLORENCE BROOKS EMERSON

J. HEIDINGSFELD, PUBLISHER,
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Keen to the heart of pain
A sordid chill
Creepeth, O sombre Dane!
Bitter and shrill
Through the dull fog and rain
Of an undawned season,
Smiteth a cry

CONTENTS.

	Page
TAMING THE BEAR,	7
TWO BACHELORS,	21
THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP,	27
THE SUICIDE OF BLACK WOLF,	37
THE OTHER WOMAN,	43
CAPTAIN TOMMY OF THE LIGHT GUARD,	53
THE FRIEND'S INGRATITUDE,	60

20

21

22

23

24

Taming the Bear.

KRAG had tried harder than ever that day to win.

There had been the usual, almost daily wrangle. He had done his best, but was outclassed. So in the end his wife leaned back on the couch dramatically and sighed. Her wild gesticulation, the fierce foot-stamping on the carpetless floor, the mixed noises; in short, all that miscellaneous tumult had wearied her. Victory was no longer glorious; it was of too common occurrence; it was growing monotonous.

And Krag—Krag took his hat and went out. He felt like an unwelcome guest in his own house.

* * * * *

They had been married seven years. They

had no children. It was best so, her mother had said. Oh, her mother was a sage. Nothing was beyond her, everything was easy, so very easy! When she relinquished her daughter—the only child—she knew that he drank; she knew that he was a bear, and like a bear, should be tamed and trained. But she had handled men—her late husband, for instance. He was a bear too; not a big, strong and rough bear like Krag, for he had been a small, slim person of no physical power, and gentle as a lamb. Nevertheless, from her viewpoint he was a bear, being of the masculine gender.

Then, on his wedding day, the experiment with Krag was begun. He was tamed and trained by his mother-in-law, who found this a fascinating pastime, a kind of sport difficult to leave. Her daughter for a time was a spectator only. But the play wearied her, it dragged like some of the novels, she thought.



There was no movement, no spirit in it. So, at length she took hold of the reins; her mother, of course, still held the whip. But two drivers to a single steed are worse than none.

Krag had cared something for his wife the spectator. He had believed when he married her that she loved him. He respected and listened to the counsel of his mother-in-law. She was always so polite—a queer thing in elderly women. And there was reason in her advices. He saw that it was wrong in him to drink. But if he stopped altogether he would lose many friends; and he was not yet quite ready for a new world. He liked his home immensely at first; it was cosy, cheerful, elegant. His mother-in-law had put it together. Krag regarded his home as a magnificent present, paid for by himself, while purchased by a more competent person.

But Krag could not give up the glass. While