

THE TENT DWELLERS

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The tent dwellers by Albert Bigelow Paine

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ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

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"He was swearing steadily and I think still blaming me for most of his troubles."—Page 83.

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BY

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Van Dwellers," "The Lucky Piece," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HY. WATSON



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Chapter One

*Come, shape your plans where the fire is bright,
And the shimmering glasses are—
When the woods are white in the winter's night,
Under the northern star.*

A.R. 2065

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The Tent Dwellers

Chapter One

IT was during the holiday week that Eddie proposed the matter. That is Eddie's way. No date, for him, is too far ahead to begin to plan anything that has vari-colored flies in it, and tents, and the prospect of the campfire smell. The very mention of these things will make his hair bristle up (rather straight, stiff hair it is and silvered over with premature wisdom) and put a new glare into his spectacles (rather wide, round spectacles they are) until he looks even more like an anarchist than usual—more indeed than in the old Heidelberg days, when, as a matter of truth, he is a gentle soul; sometimes, when he has transgressed, or thinks he has, almost humble.

As I was saying, it was during the holidays—about the end of the week, as I remember it—and I was writing some letters at the club in the little raised corner that looks out on the park, when I happened to glance down toward the fireplace, and saw Eddie sitting as nearly on his coat collar as possible, in one of the wide chairs, and as nearly in the open hickory