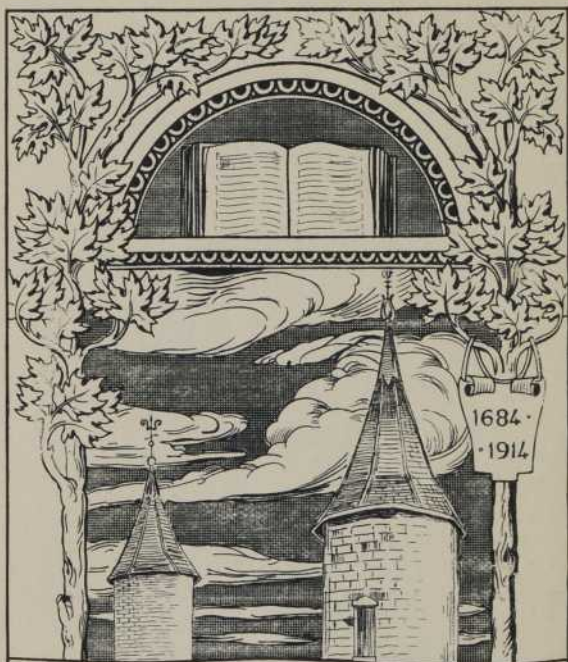


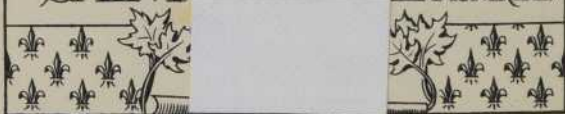
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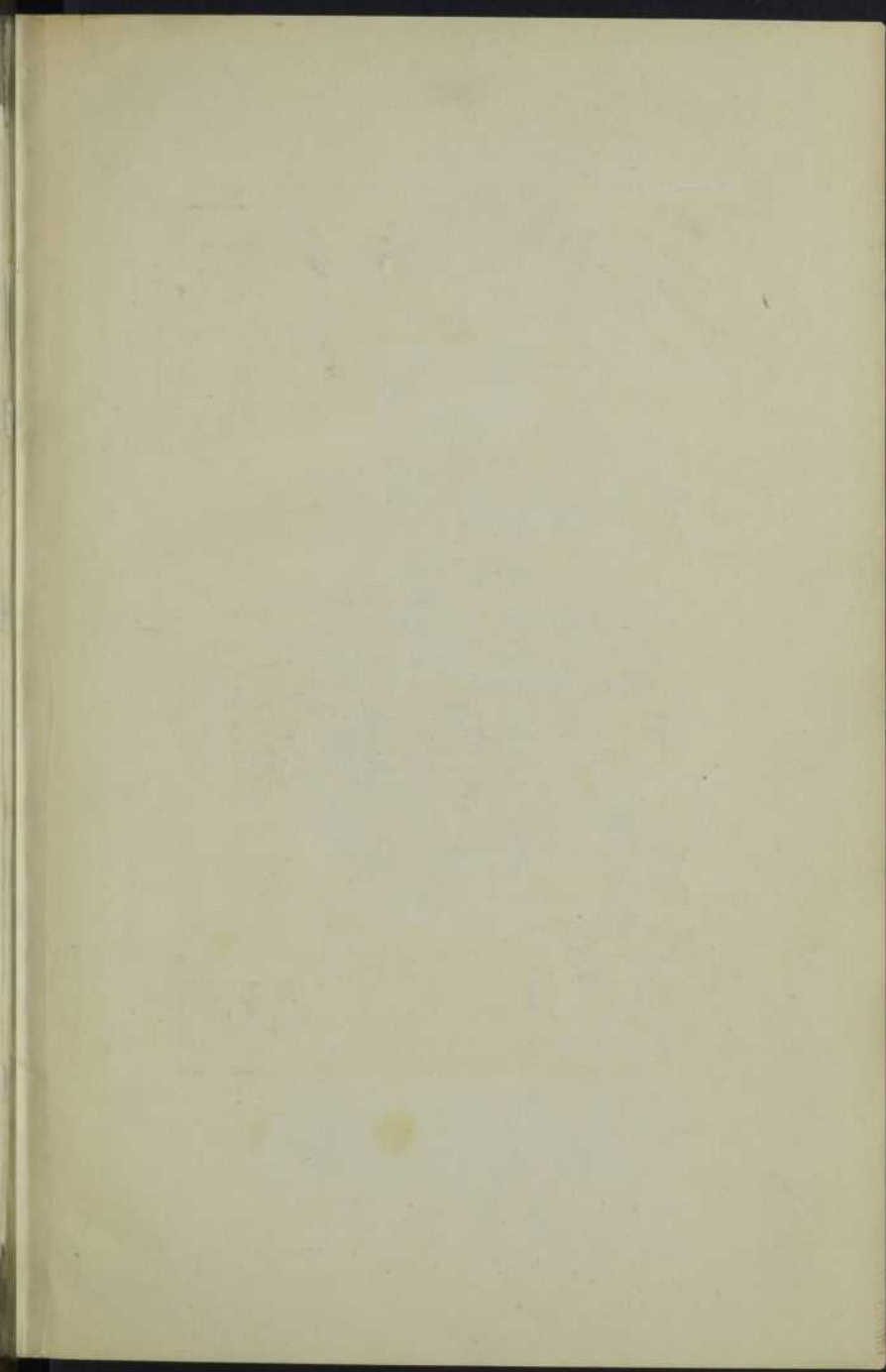


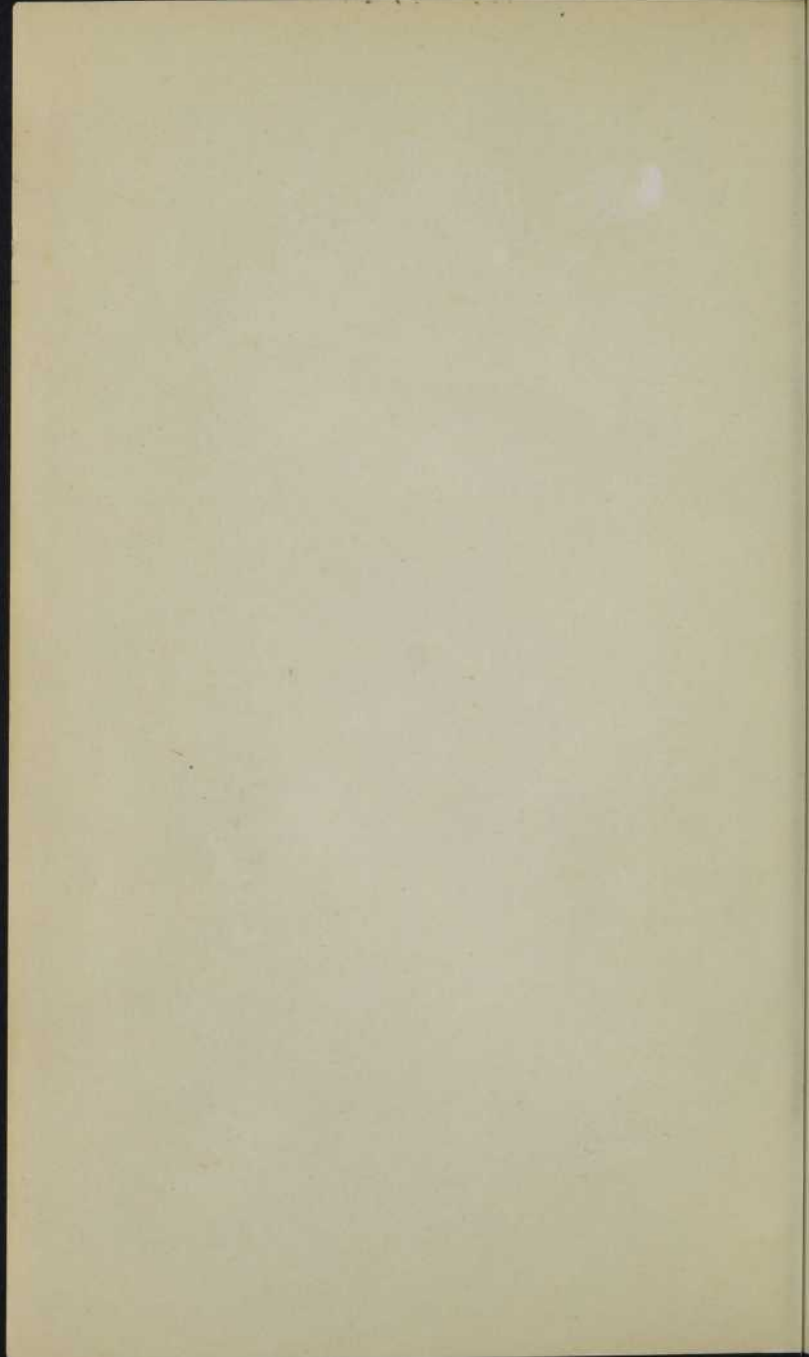
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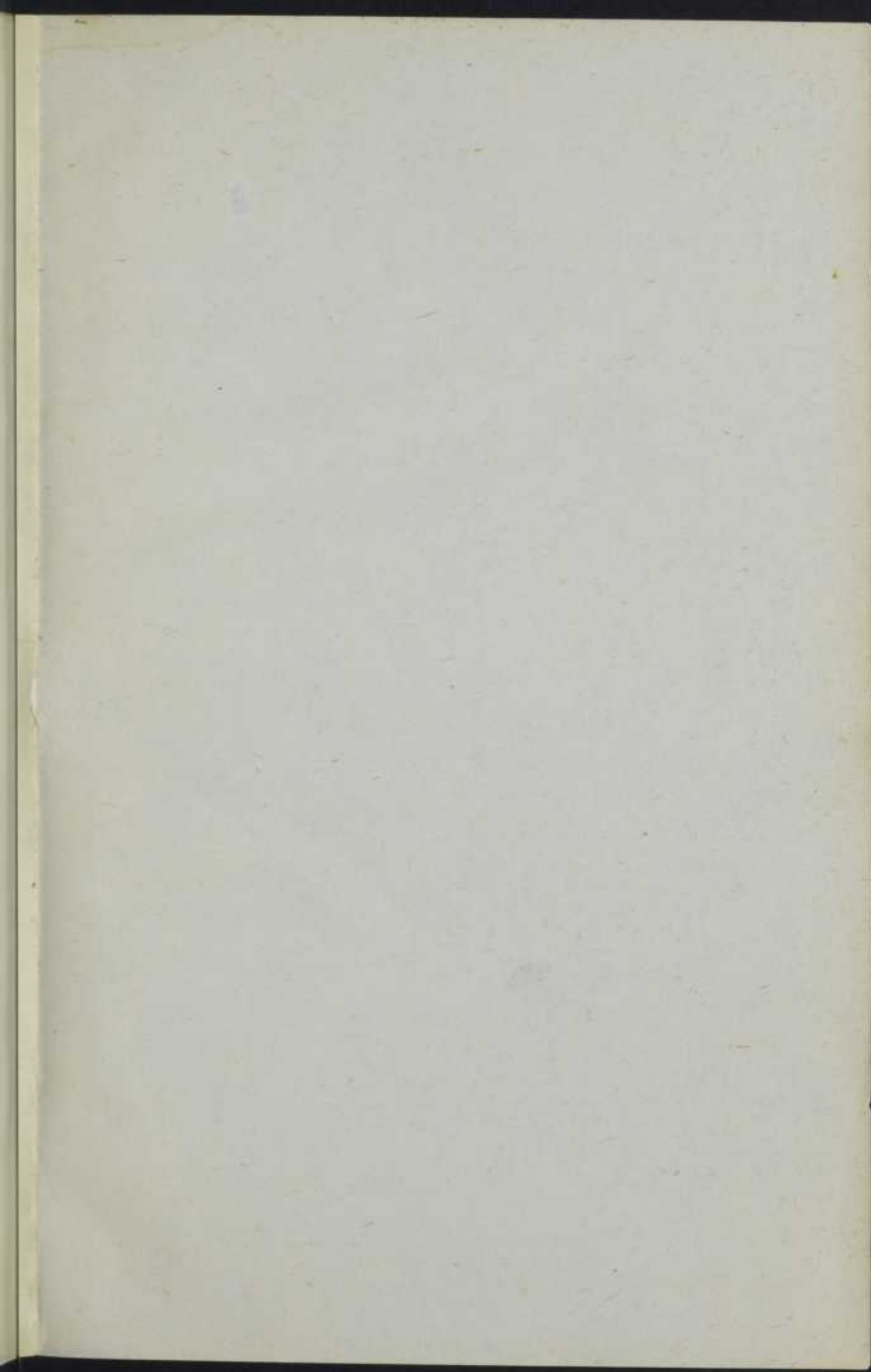


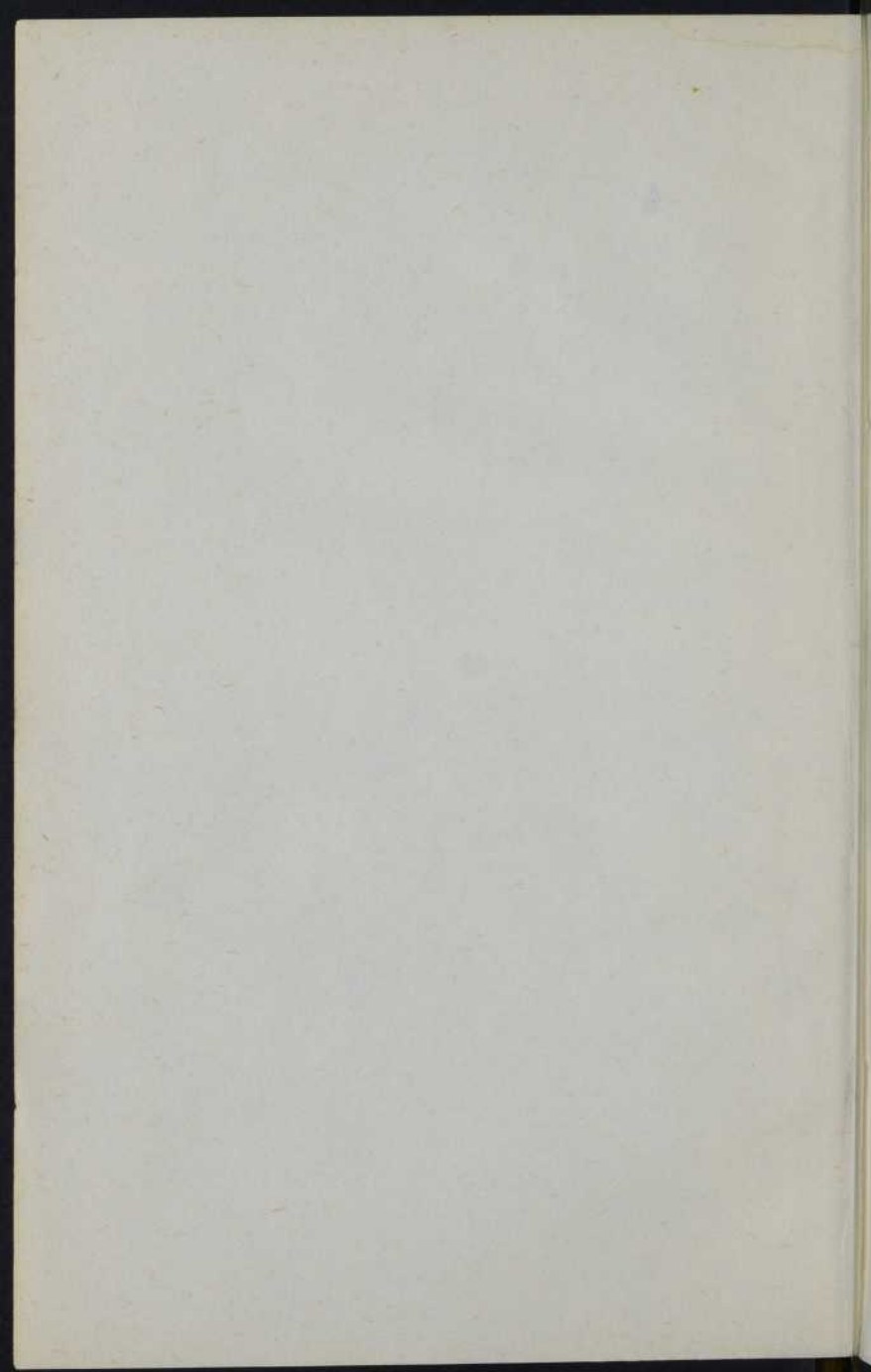
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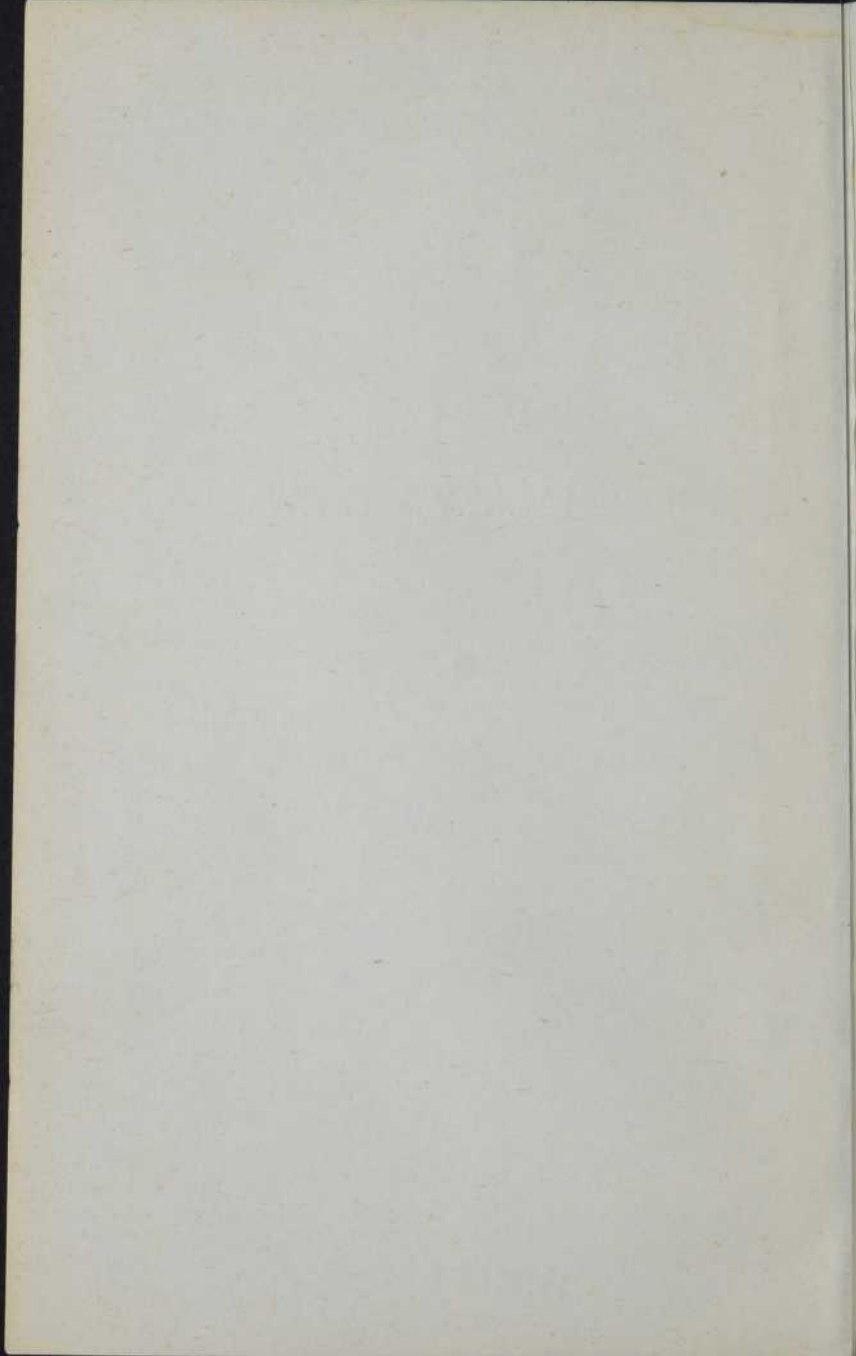


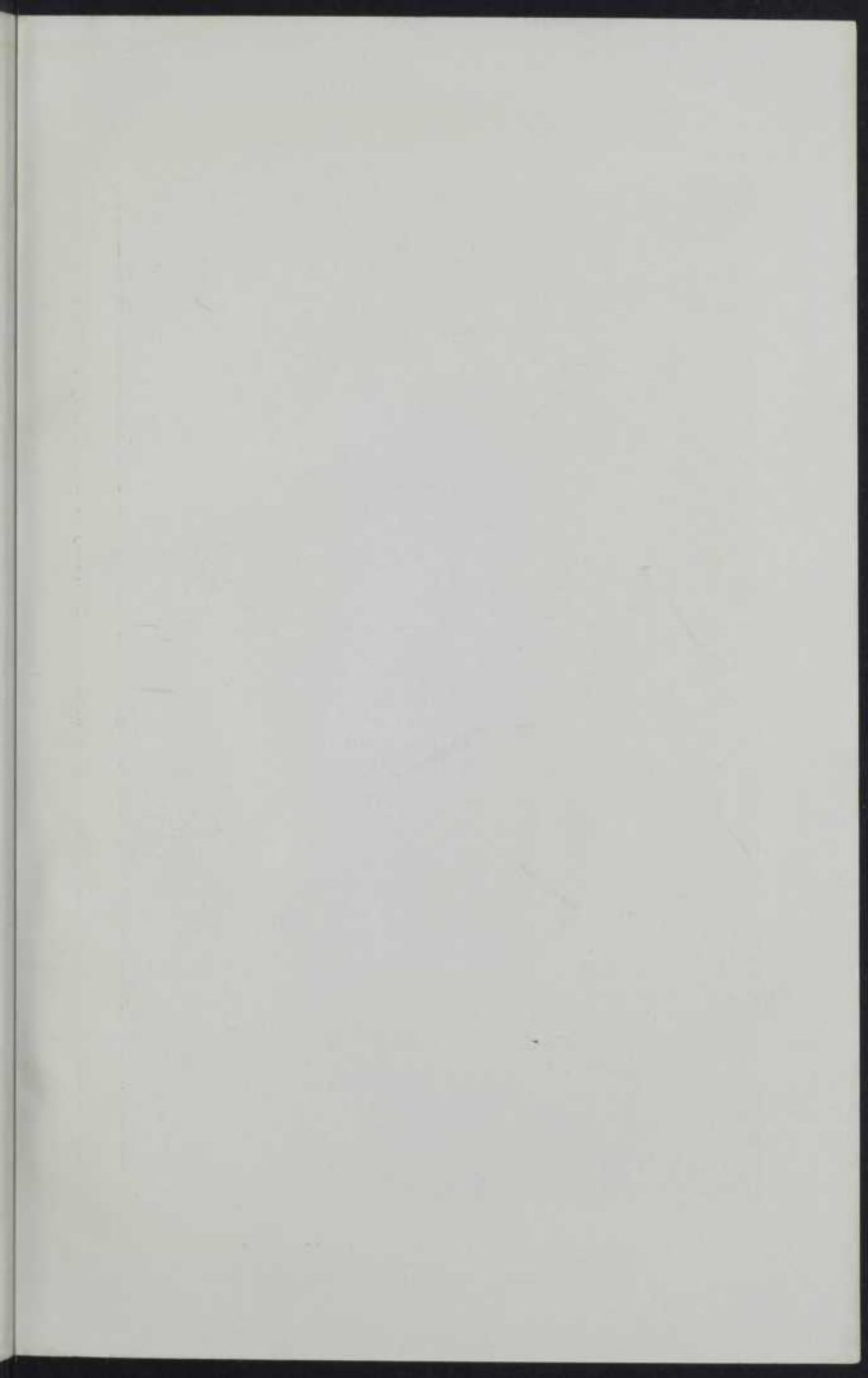




BEN HALLEY'S CREW

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AN AFTER DINNER SMOKE. (The Hunter who wrote the story of Ben Halley's Crew.)

BEN HALLEY'S CREW

A TALE OF THE WOODS
AND RIVER

By
HENRY G. KIDD



BIBLIOTHÈQUE
SAINT-SERGE

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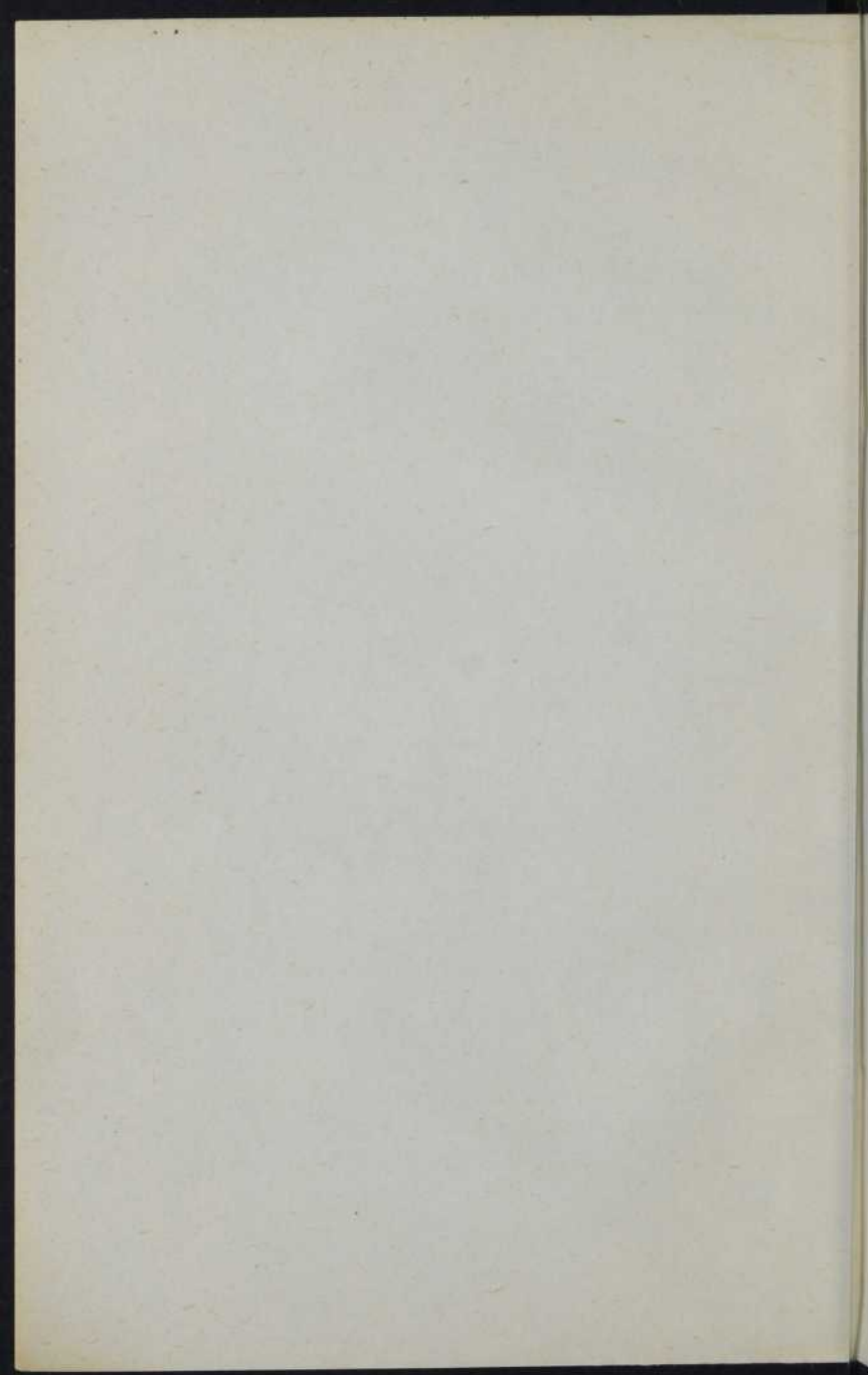
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BEN HALLEY'S CREW

CHAPTER I

PREPARATION

BIG BEN HALLEY stood outside of Mike Keenan's bar room, smoking a short thick pipe. He seemed at peace with himself and all mankind. There were a number of things to make him feel cheerful and well satisfied with himself. First he was a very successful contractor, and had accumulated a tidy pile for a rainy day. He always had the best crew, best camps, fed and paid his men well, and made money on his contracts. His motto was, good pay, good grub, and good men, which meant big work, and big work to him meant a good balance on the right side of the Company's ledger. That was the way he figured things out; and another reason for his satisfied air, was, to-morrow he started up river with his outfit to begin his winter's operations.

He had hired most all of his old crew again; he knew them and they knew him. He knew that they were men to depend on under any circumstances; tough, hardy and good natured; just enough of the old fellow in them to be good company during the

long, hard, cold winter. His crew knew him to be a man who never went back on his word. "Big Ben's word was as good as the Bank of England" his men would boastfully say when they spoke of him behind his back. Big, strong and good natured; always ready for a joke or a harmless trick, encouraging a little fun and good companionship among his men, but woe betide the man who tried to step on his toes. He ran his camps and his own business; any not satisfied with his style shouldered his pack and took the path down the river, with the advice; "Do your kicking and growling to yourself; it will keep you company, and if any one asks you why you came out, tell them that Ben Halley is up in the woods to cut spruce, not to run an incubator to hatch lumbermen." Any one would know by his looks and dress that he was a lumberman. In stature, he stood over six feet, his shoulders were square and heavy, his head was covered with a mat of brown wavy hair that was combed with his thumb and four fingers every time he washed, or was bothered about anything. His face was tanned and handsome, and if in evening dress, he would be a remarkable looking man. Although in evening dress now, his red mackinaw shirt and half worn driving shoes would look sadly out of place in a drawing-room. A crowd of twenty or twenty-five lumbermen were hanging around the hotel, the only difference in dress being the color of their shirts; some red, black or blue, and some a checked conglomeration of colors; some new and bright; others

worn and faded. They were a gang of thoroughbred Canadian lumbermen. In nationality they were a mixture of English, Irish, Scotch, French, and a few by their straight hair and coal black eyes showed themselves to be the descendants of the once numerous tribes of Indians, although their complexion was but little darker than the healthy tanned faces of some who boasted of white parentage.

The men were talking, smoking and joking. It was evident by the mirthful state of some that they had been patronizing Mike Keenan's bar. A young fellow came out with his hat tipped over one ear and the butt of a cigar between his teeth. Some one said "Hello, Pat, not loaded yet?"

"Bejabers I am not; I'm as sober as a praist. Did ye think that I would be drunk at this hour of the day? Shure I've not even started to drink yet. 'Tis the pleasant recollection of a few drinks I had this Spring when I came off the droive that makes me tongue thick and me legs a bit shaky. If you will all gather around and give me yer attention with yer hats off, I'll make you a bit of a spache, after that we'll all sing a hymn and have a few draps of the cratur; then we'll form a procession and go down to ould lady Froud's and see what the ould rip has for supper; bless her stingy ould sowl.

But its me spache ye're listenin' for: Well, gentlemen, I'm plased to see you all again, 'specially Big Ben yonder, as he pays for the grub. It gives me pleasure to tell you that I'm in good health.

and sober, and I wish you were all the same: Now all join in the chorus; I'm about to sing me favorite hymn:—

“Those good ould days have come and gone,
Those good ould days of yore,
When Murphy kept the bar room,
And Muldoney kept the store;
When whuskey flowed as freely
As water in the brook.”

“Devil take me boys, if I sing another note till I've had a drink. Me throat is crackin', its so dry.”

“Some one get Pat a pail of water so he can finish his song” a voice said.

“Come out on the street, you miserable wretch till I teach ye manners, ye imp of satan, to insult a gentleman like that; here! a couple of ye fellows, hold me hat till I show this fellow I'm naiter mule nor jackass to drink out of a pail. Come out here this minute whoever ye are; me blood is bilin'. Are ye comin'? I hope not for I'm very very dry. Bad luck to me dinner; it must of been half salt; I've been dry ever since.”

“Well, Pat, come in and have a drink out of a glass,” some one said.

“I will, indeed I will. I'm not a drinkin man, but you are so pressin with your invitation I know you would feel hurt if I didn't. It is so seldom you can find a gentleman to drink with; but your voice sounds so much like the one that invited me to drink out of a pail, that I apologize for losin me temper a few minutes ago. It's well you didn't come out into the street to me, or it's your coffin

you would be spakin' about this blessed minute, instead of a drink. So lead the way to where that drink is and I'll follow, even if it's to the haunted bogs of owld Ireland."

They went into the hotel. Pat looked at Mike Keenan, who was behind the bar serving a dozen or so of his admiring and talkative customers. Pat's face wore a solemn and disgusted look. He cleared his throat a couple of times, then he said:—"Well, Moike, you are still at your owld dirty business, selling sin and sorrow across a bar. It's ashamed I am to see a countryman in such a shameful business. Do you remember that passage in scripture that refers to your present trade; 'What profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own sowl'; but your sowl is such a small affair that you will perhaps not miss it. I've a friend here that has a word for you."

"Well, boys, what will you have?" said Mike coming towards them.

"Give me a drop of Scotch, Moike me friend, said Pat: I'm so disgusted with the looks of ye that I'm done with the Irish entoirely. If ye're going to be Irish, faith I'm not."

Pat drank his glass and set it down saying, "I feel better already to have a drap of Scotch in me."

"Aye, mon, it a grand inheritance to hae a drop of Scotch in ye." said Sandy McLeod; "I'm full of it; I was born in the Hielands, and I'm proud of it."

"Well, Sandy, any one can see that you're full

of Scotch; bejabers your nose is as red as a lobster's, and your breath would stop a horse."

"Now Pat, understand me, its no the Scotch whuskey that I'm proud of, it's the good Scotch bluid. At the present, Pat, you hae a gallon of Scotch whuskey in ye, and you are still Irish; even your brogue is Irish. Better go out, or you'll be disgracin your friend Mike by getting drunk again."

"Faith there's no danger of any one gettin drunk here; the pump is too handy for that; I mane the whiskey barrel and the pump are near relations, and associate with each other a great dale. But I'll take your advice just the same, as it is well meant."

Pat lit the butt of the cigar, and went outside saying: "It's the low company Moike is kapin the night. All drinkin like fishes; bad luck to the grog; but it causes piles of shame, sorrow and black eyes, as well as happiness and excitement.

"Well; well; will ye look at what's coming up the strate yonder? If that's not enough to stop a man of his drinkin, oi would like to know the raison. That scallywag Pete Leroy, and so drunk that he can hardly navigate. Just look at the graceful way he handles them hoind feet of his. He puts one in moind of that horse ye used to own, Ben; I mean the one that had the spring halt in his off hoind leg; but faith, Pete has it in both of his, as well as a soide limp that interferes considerable in his spaid," said Pat.

"He's not shod right for the road; his toe caulks are too light, that's what makes him lift his feet so high."

"You have explained that point to my entoire satisfaction; now explain the soide step, and it's yer brother-in-law I'll be if fate will permit.

Hould to her Pete, ye're doing foine; kape in the strait and narrow way, and ye'll land somewhere by-and-by. But Oi'm afraid you will kick the oies out of your head, if you don't be more careful with your brogues. Hould them an instant; they are getting uncontrollable again. A few more steps straight ahead, and you'll be here. Good man, I knew you would make it. Toime and patience is all a man nades in this sinful woird."

Pete Leroy, the cause of this elaborate display of Irish wit, was a short, stout, dark-complexioned French Canadian, badly intoxicated. Carrying a bag with his clothes, and tied to the top of the bag was a pair of new moccasins. Evidently there was not room for them in the bag. Every few steps he would stagger sideways, then recover his balance and walk in a straight line, lifting his feet very high. He staggered up to the hotel shaking hands with every one, regardless of whether he had met them before or not.

"Hello, how you is? By gosh, I am glad to see you fellows. I am Pete just the same. I was best man you ever see; work, fight, eat, just the same for Pete. Hello Pat, you drunk again suppose."

Pat shook hands with him saying gravely,

"You're mistaken Peter, I am not drunk, neither are ye."

"Sure me not drunk, stop that long ago; I work too hard for me money for spent it for drink.

Hello! Ben, you is the man I look for. Got job for me? By the jump up, I am good man; you know me; I work for you last winter. I am all ready to start work; chop, saw, drive team, anything. A couple of men try hire me to-day. I say me see Big Ben first; he know me; I work for him last winter. What you say, Ben?"

"Yes, Pete, I will give you a job."

"That's the stuff I want hear. When you start?"

"I start in the morning."

"Well, we not talk wages to-night, but I am hire just the same. I guess I go inside see who there. Scuse me mister, I not see you, sure; that's why I walk against you. Take care for them damned feet, can't you? I am want for walk past. By the jump up, I not care for any one. I am not 'fraid nothin."

CHAPTER II

JIM LANE

Among the crew of lumbermen gathered in and around the hotel, was a young fellow who did not belong to the gang, judging by his looks and dress. His face looked thin and pale; his clothing had never been tailored for the woods; they had an old country look about them. The material had been good, the style fashionable, but they were now worn and shabby. In figure he was tall and slim. He leaned against the veranda in deep thought. At last he muttered to himself. "It's no use, but I will ask him any way; all he will say is No." He then turned and walked over to big Ben, saying: "Your name, I believe, is Mr. Halley."

"Yes, my name is Ben Halley; what do you want?" said Ben.

"I want employment for the winter and as I see you are hiring men, I thought perhaps you would have a place for me."

Ben ran his eye slowly over his figure, much the same as he would if it was a horse he was thinking of buying; when he came to the face, he looked long and earnestly into the two steel blue eyes that peeped at him from under long silky lashes. Then

he took out his pipe and slowly filled it. Perhaps his mind wandered back to the day about twenty years ago, when he, a poor, homeless, slender boy first hit the long, hard tote road with a hardened gang of lumbermen for his first winter in a camp.

When he had lit his pipe, he turned to the young fellow, saying: "I am afraid I have nothing for you to do, as I hire none but the very best. You are young and I am sure never worked in the woods. I may be mistaken, but you look to me like an office clerk and unused to hard work."

"You are right, Mr. Halley; I never did any hard work. I have tried office work, but it don't agree with me nor I with it. At present, I am out of work and out of money. I am in a strange place and I spent my last cent to pay for breakfast. I have never made much of a success at anything I ever tried and I don't blame you for not offering me a job. I really should apologize for asking you for a job in the woods, as I know it is the place I am least fitted for; but I had hopes that I could at least earn my board and clothing."

While he was speaking, all other conversation stopped. None of those men had ever before heard a man ask for work and in the next breath say he was no good. He seemed honest and fair and many a heart besides Ben's, felt a tinge of pity for him.

Ben was big and rough, but his heart was too tender to see any one in want or trouble if he could help them. He spat a couple of times, stepped

backwards and forwards. As the young fellow turned to go away, he said, "Hold on; what's your name?"

"James Lane" was the reply.

"Well, Jim, look here, I am starting for the woods to-morrow. You can come with me for a month and I'll see how we get along. I can't talk wages now, but I'll give you all you are worth; so get your clothes ready to hike in the morning. But say! if the rest of your clothes are like what you have on, there will be no use taking them up; better leave them here till you come out."

"Well, Mr. Halley, what I have on will do me until I earn money enough to buy a proper outfit; will they not?"

"Now look here, young fellow; I will introduce myself first; my name is Ben, and if you want to put any other handle on, you can call me Big Ben. Then I will know when you are speaking to me, without stopping to think who Mr. Halley is. And as for clothes, come over to the store and I'll outfit you now. Then you can go down to Mother Froud's with the boys and stay there to-night."

"I thank you for your kind and generous offer; the latter part I will gladly accept, but in regard to clothing, I will get along with what I have until I have earned the price of something more suitable." said Jim.

"Well, we will walk down this way, said Ben. I have a few things to see to before supper. You came from the old country?"

"Yes, I came out last spring. I have not got along very well. I guess I am a failure in this country. I could at least earn my board and clothing over there and that is more than I can do here, said Jim.

Ben made no reply, but gave him a searching glance.

They entered a store where two clerks were checking off a list and packing a large box.

"Is that my stuff you are packing?" asked Ben.

"Yes we have it most ready."

"Well, here is a chap I want outfitted."

One of the clerks came over, saying "Well sir what will you have."

Jim's face turned scarlet, "I - I - I don't hardly know," he answered.

Ben came over, and said "Begin at the feet and work up."

"I think you had better help me." Jim was about to say "Mr. Halley;" but corrected himself and said 'Ben'.

"Are you new at the business?" asked the clerk.

"Yes" Jim answered; again the blood rushing to his face.

Ben came over saying, "Take a pair of No. 9 shoepacks with heel and tap, four pair socks, a pair of Acadian homespun pants, two suits of under-clothing, two heavy top shirts. Now while the clerk is putting up those things, we will take a look at this pile of mackinaw coats. How do you like that red and green one? I got one like that last

fall, and it wore like iron. Try this one on. No that is two sizes too small. Here is the size. Now a cap. I guess that is all. I have a box of mittens going up so we will not bother with mitts tonight."

"Put those things in a bag. We will take it along with us, and give me the bill. I will send a team for the other stuff early tomorrow morning."

"Now Jim, we will go down to old lady Froud's and have supper."

When they arrived at Mrs. Froud's they heard a great commotion within, singing, dancing, talking, and laughing. Mrs. Froud was a red-headed and red-faced woman of about fifty. She was getting supper and about fifteen lumbermen were amusing themselves as above stated.

"Devil take ye, get out of me way or I'll scald ye with the taypot. Here Oi am a hurrying the flesh off me bones, to try to get ye something to ate, and no place will do ye to dance but under me feet. Here, ye redskin, get yourself into yon sate in the corner yonder and stay there or oi'll scalp ye with the stove hook", Mrs. Froud was saying as Ben and Jim entered.

Instead of obeying, the Indian put his arm around her waist and began to dance around the room.

"Bad luck to ye, let me go, ye red skinned villain; let me go, ye shameless baste. Oi'll put a drap of pison in yer tay for this, see if oi don't.

Noticing Ben enter she turned to him saying:

"Good avenin Ben. This is purty business ye find me at. Dancin with a redskin instead of getting

yer supper. But an owld lady loike meself has to enjoy herself once in a whoile. This is a noisy crew that ye are takin up with ye; isn't it? Now just kape the floor clare for foive minutes and oi'll set before ye a supper fit for the king, God bless him, and all other Oirishman. Oi suppose ye're all hungry as bears. Indade, Oi never saw a lumberman that wasn't. It's the hungry trade it is. But they say that all we get in this life is the bite to ate. That being the case ye get more than the rest of us, and a grate daile more than ye deserve. Bad manners tae ye.

Now, bies, gather round the table and fill up. Here, ye galoot, with the parson's outfit on, the Riverand's place is at the head of the table. Ye're a stranger arn't ye; lookin for work Oi suppose" said Mrs. Froud.

"Yes, Madam' answered Jim, "I am a stranger; I came here today looking for work and was fortunate in meeting Mr. Halley. He is taking me up to the woods with him."

"Fortunate, did ye say. Faith you may think ye were misfortunate before Spring, for he's the hard boy to work for, Oi am told. And ye don't look loike a chap that aither could or would work. Ye came from owld England? Oi thought so by ye gab. They do very little lumberin there Oi'm told. Have another drap of tay!

"Will ye have a drap, ye redskin? Oi'll put a drap of water in it so it will not spoil yer complexion; ye have such a clare skin it would be a pity to give ye tae very strong. Bad manners tae ye; but me

ribs ache yet from the squaze ye gaed me when we were dancin together."

Oi suppose Ben ye are glad to get into the woods again, seein that ye've naither woife, kit, or kin and are as well there as any other place. It's a wonder ye don't git married. Ye are past thirty; and must have a bit laid by, as ye don't spend much for aither booze or clothes. Now let me warm yer tay. Isn't thim biscuits iligent, aven if Oi do say it. Try another; the first half dozen ye ate thim so fast Oi don't think ye got a fair taste, they slipped down so quick and graceful loike.

Pass the apple sauce down to yon Frinchman yonder, he's better at the drinkin than the atein; at laist it shows better on him. Oi'll just go and warm his tay. Here, Frinchy, have a drap of warm tay. Ye won't, well, faith, ye pay for it whither ye drink it or not. Take some more bains; ye naid somethin solid to mix with yer booze: it will settle yer stomach. Now hould up yer hand if there's anything ye want and don't know its English name."

Mrs. Froud's tongue never stopped an instant from the time her guests sat down. She moved from one to the other with her teapot urging them to take "another drap". Her good natured chaff and Irish wit, made her a favorite with all who came in contact with her.

Her natural flow of wit was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Sandy McLeod and Pat O'Neil; the former carrying his hat in his hand and cursing

freely. His face was covered with blood and dirt and one sleeve torn out of his shirt.

Pat seemed pleased with himself and every one in general. One eye was black and almost closed, and there was a large piece of skin off his cheek.

His salutation was, "Say owld lady, will ye get us a drap of warm water, so we can wash off some of our war paint. We have had a foine toime up at Moike's. Troth we have.

Oi say Ben, there are a couple of lads up there ye ought to hire. One of thim knocked Moike through his window with one clout; and look what the other gint done to Sandy.

Turn yer face Sandy, so Ben can see yer decorations. Now smoile yer swaitest, so it will show up that gintleman's handiwork to best advantage.

Now owld lady don't stand there with yer gap open. Oi command ye in the king's name to trot along the water in a hurry."

"Look ye here Mr. O'Nale, Oi want to know who ye're addressin as "owld lady". If Oi thought for an instant it was me ye were referrin to in that way, oi'd droive the bottom of this taypot against yer other oye. Devil take ye; ye unmannerly baste, ye have been disgracin yerself and owld Oireland again with yer foightin. Bad luck to the Oirish, they are aither drinkin, foightin, or atein all the toime. But the water ye will have at once; for it would give me house a bad name to have such craters seen within."

Mrs. Froud went into the kitchen and returned

with a basin of water and a cloth saying: "Here Pat let me wash that purty face of yourn. Ye got an illigent one in the oye, didn't ye? It's a pity ye didn't git the mate in the other one; thin ye would have a pair of jewels. Ye ought to be ashamed of yourself for yer foightin."

"Oi was not foightin, ye know me better than that, Mrs. Froud."

"And what in thunder were ye doin thin.?"

"Oi was just an active spectator. But for Hiven's sake go aisy with that cloth; its not the floor ye're scrubbin."

"Aisy, Pat, till Oi give it another little rub. There now go to yer supper, and Oi'll give the other critter a wash."

Mrs. Froud turned to Sandy saying, "Now, Sandy me lad, bring yer face here til Oi git at it. Don't be bashful."

"I'm no a baby; I can wash ma ain face; thank ye."

"Ye can, can ye? Well, faith, if ye're no better at the washin than ye are at the defendin it; it's the foine mess ye will make of the job. Do ye know no better than be foightin and drinkin?"

"Guid God, haud your tongue. I am no in the humor of listnin to the wag of that lip of yours."

"Now Sandy; what's the use of flyin in a rage at an owld woman that's only sympathizin with ye in yer affliction?"

"Keep your sympathy to yersel; I am no in the need o'it. Just ye wait till I get my hands on

that fellow in the mornin and I'll no leave as much as a grease spot of him. The coward, to pound me when I was doon."

"And what were ye doon for? Oi thought ye were foightin."

"I slipped and fell and he jumped on me. Now haud your tongue."

"Well Sandy ye're the good natured sowl the night, Oi must say. Now dry yer face and git to the table, for ye must be hungry after yer healthy exercise".

Sandy looked at Mrs. Froud for a couple of seconds; his mouth twitching, as if about to say something.

Mrs. Froud calmly returned the look, and as Sandy turned towards the table she said "Spit it out Sandy, Oi am list'nin. Yer mouth will be swater."

Sandy gave her another hard look as he sat down to the table. Mrs. Froud seized the teapot and came over to him saying, "Bad manners to me; but the tay is cold. That's what people gits for gabbin. Jist wait tin seconds and Oi'll make some fresh."

"Never mind, that is all right. I am no very dry."

"Faith and ye oughtn't to be, aither!"

Sandy's mouth twitched and he gave her another hard look, but said nothing.

As Mrs. Froud passed him the biscuits she said, "This foightin is the sorry business. It laves many a sore spot within as well as without; and the ones

within are the hardest to hale. Me poor Dennis that's gone was always against foightin. And many and many a toime his heart was sore for days after he had trounced someone. And many's the toime he has said, "Biddy, this foightin don't pay, at all at all. Oi'll never foight again; and Oi hope ye'll not aither Biddy; for after a ruction ye always feel so sore and sorry. But the next time he got a drap of the crater he would be at it worse than ever. He was a powerful man, was Dennis, and as gintle as a lamb. It was the sorry day, he was taken from me. Oi have had a few chances to marry again; but Oi'd rather have one hair of me poor Dennis's head than all the men of creation, body and bones, let me tell ye. What are ye grinnin at, ye ape of a Frinchman there?"

"I was tink it very lucky for some fellow if you never marry again; that's all" said Black Joe.

"Well it'll never be the loikes of you, belave me. Have another drap of tay Sandy; it will do yer face good."

"It would be a grand thing if that auld tongue would wear out," said Sandy with sarcasm.

"Oi beg to differ with ye Mr. McLeod; it would be a great misfortune," answered Mrs. Froud sharply."

After supper the men filled their pipes and sat talking; many had not met for six months; no reference was made to the fight that Pat and Sandy had been in. About nine o'clock Ben said "Well

boys; I guess we had better turn in for we will start early in the morning."

A couple of rolls of blankets were carried up stairs and spread on the floor. The men took off their boots and lay down.

"Better change your outfit tonight Jim; it will save time in the morning," said Ben.

Jim did so and lay down beside Pat.

"Its the foine soft beds the owld lady has for her guests. Its the quare owld duck she is anyway. That owld tongue of hers is made out of good stuff at laste; or it would be wore out years and years ago; for she is as generous with it as she is with her taypot," said Pat, as he rolled his coat for a pillow.

CHAPTER III

THE START

That night seemed the longest that Jim Lane ever spent.

He thought of his own checkered career as he tossed and turned on the hard floor. He thought of his many failures and wondered how this adventure would turn out. Before he went to sleep he resolved that whatever he was called on to do, he would do cheerfully and not be a quitter. With this resolution in mind he fell asleep.

It seemed only a few minutes before he heard Ben call, "Turn out boys; turn out".

In an instant every man was sitting up; putting on his boots.

It was a tired looking crew that came down the stairs that morning.

Mrs. Froud's greeting was, "Well, bies, how did ye slape?"

"How did we slape? Slape was out of the question. There's not a bone in me body but is broke or wore in holes on yer stoilish soft bed. Aven me oye aches.

"Ye ought to be put in jail for cruilty to animals, ye owld villain", answered Pat.

"That dark complected oye of yours looks foine this mornin and your face is very purty too. And you too, Sandy, ye are a jewel to look at. Are ye in any better humor than ye were last noight? For yer own sake Oi hope ye are.

Now Peter with the red hide, be very careful how ye conduct yersel this mornin, for me hands are just itchin to trim up yer countinence in the same manner as yer two friends here. Oi don't believe ye ever squazed a lady before, or ye would not have dug in yer fingers so, bad manners to ye. Its a fine day ye are goin to have to start with, Ben. Well, Jimmy, you are togged up fine this mornin and look more of a man than ye did last noight."

"Thank you, Mrs. Froud."

"For what"? asked Mrs. Froud in surprise

"For your compliment."

"Faith, and Oi did not think it was a compliment to criticise anyone's looks."

"Well dark complected Joe; Oi'll bet that yer hat is tin sizes too small this morning. Ye had a glorious jag on last noight, didn't ye?"

"Dat tongue go pretty good this morning Madam. You watch him close for fear he get go so fast that he come loose and knock out some yous teeth. Dat ting happen sometime. Hope it happen some time when I am here. I'd like for see the fun." answered Black Joe.

Mrs. Froud surveyed Joe critically, then began to pour the tea. "Now me bies, gather around the

table, and fill up and get out of here; for the looks of some of ye grates on me narves." said Mrs. Froud with a meaning look at Sandy and Pat.

After breakfast and a hearty send off from Mrs. Froud, the crew started for the river. The boats were launched; the scows loaded; and with a cheer they pulled away; the teams going by a road up the river to again meet the boats at the first rapids to tow the scows up. Eight men rowed each scow while one sat in the stern of each to steer.

"Did you ever steer a scow Jim?" asked Ben.

"No, I never did," answered Jim.

"Just watch how it's done. It's easy when you get the hang of it."

It was a lovely morning. Not a breath of wind or ripple of current to disturb the water, as the heavily loaded scows moved slowly along past peaceful farm houses, with their stump-studded clearings and fields; while sun-burnt round-faced children came down to the shore to see the boats pass. Bare-footed and bare-legged boys and girls; worthy offspring of their pioneer parents, who, only a few years ago, had first built their log shanties on the shores of this beautiful river; and now had replaced them with comfortable frame houses, and barns. Here and there in groups, fat sleek cattle, and sheep, grazed in the clover and timothy, where only a short time ago had been primeval forest.

Back behind the farms rolled the forest-clad hills. The early frosts had turned the leaves to a rich golden hue; and here and there a tall spruce

or pine, raised its head high above the others, its dark green foliage showing up darkly majestic, through the surrounding scenery.

Jim Lane sat like one in a dream gazing on this scene of beauty. At last he said, "Oh, how beautiful this is!"

It was the tone, rather than the words, that caused the men to rest on their oars. For an instant every eye scanned the face of the speaker; then as one man their eyes followed Jim's gaze to the hills.

"Ah! man' it is a bonny sight; but no like our Hielan' hills. There's something left out yonder," said Sandy.

"There's too much spruce left out to suit me," said Ben. "The first time I came up this river there was not the mark of an axe to be seen along here. A little further up there was a hunter's camp. We camped there one night; and the next spring we found the hunter's body floating amongst the logs when we were driving. How he met his death we never knew; but we supposed that he had been crossing before the ice got good and broke through. It beats all the foolish things a man will do.

Now Jim; take this oar and see if you can steer. Keep your eye on something ahead; and when you see that you are running out of your course, just bring her back easy".

Jim took the oar with a nervous glance at the oarmen. "Look out, you are going towards the shore. Whoa, you are pulling the wrong way. Pull the other way. Whoa, not too hard, you are

going to overdo it. There, you will soon get the twist of it. Always go easy, and as soon as she starts to swing, you just watch her and when she heads about right, give her a touch the other way, to stop the swing.

Cook, you pull ahead about half a mile and get lunch ready. This is mighty hungry work. I feel as if I had not eaten for a week."

The cook and cookee, with a light bateau passed, and were soon out of sight around a bend.

"Yes, continued Ben," we buried the hunter's body under a big maple, close to the shore, and carried rocks to cover it, so the wild animals could not dig up his bones. One of the boys was handy at carving, so the boss told him to make a wooden cross to mark the grave. I guess the cook will stop there to give us lunch, as we always straighten up the cross when we pass."

As Jim was the only one in the crew who had not seen the grave, this short story was told for his benefit.

"Did none of his friends ever come or make enquiries?" asked Jim.

"No, not that I ever heard of. No one down in the settlement knew his name or where he came from. He was a fine looking man and seemed to be well educated. Well, there is the smoke from the cook's fire, and I for one am glad to see it."

When the crew landed they found that the lunch was ready, consisting of beans, biscuits and

tea. After this simple but hearty meal, the men sat or lay on the ground, smoking.

"This atein and restin is the best part of the trip," said Pat, and he shifted into a more comfortable position.

"Now Jim; how did ye and the scow get along? Did it always go the way ye wanted it; or did it act a bit contrary at toimes?"

Jim admitted that either the scow was contrary or else he didn't know how to handle it.

"Well, never moind; ye will learn in toime how to do it. Ye know that Noah didn't know much about boats at the toime he struck out with the ark; but he got so he handled it as well as Sandy here could; and judgin be the picture Oi saw of it once, it must have been an awkward craft to handle, said Pat.

"I not care for be on ark last night with Sandy for steer, about time old lady down dere, want to wash face. Gosh, I want laugh hard dat time; but was fraid. You boys notice Sandy's mouth run just like he is talk; but say notin. Dat's look funny; and de old woman talk just same and watch Sandy not throw somethin at old head," said Indian Pete, his jet black eyes twinkling.

Sandy smiled as he filled his pipe, but said nothing.

Ben got up saying, "I guess I will take a look at that chap's grave to see if the cross is still standing."

Jim and five or six of the men got up and followed Ben, as he led the way up the river a short distance to where the grave was. There stood the cross

beneath a giant maple, on the sloping bank of the river; with the stones built around the grave, as Ben had described. Carved on the cross were the words

"Here lies the body of an unknown hunter,
Found, floating in the river, by a crew of lumbermen
June 5th, 1899. *R.I.P.*

"Wonder what rip's for?" asked Indian Pete.

"Rest in peace," answered Jim.

"Guess he rest as well dere as any place. More quiet here than down dere", said Indian Pete; with a jerk of his thumb down the river.

They went back to where the remainder of the men were. When they came in sight the men arose and began preparations to depart.

Hour after hour they rowed along with song, and jest; occasionally changing sides in the scows as the slight change was restful.

As the sun sank behind the hills, Ben began to scan the shore closely; and as they rounded a sharp bend, he gave the command, "All ashore".

The boats and scows were securely tied; the tent and blankets carried ashore. Some of the men began cutting wood; others gathered boughs. Five or six began to put up the tent; a couple went to help the cook and cookee. Ben gave no orders but worked the same as the others.

For a few minutes Jim stood looking on this scene of activity; undecided what to do. One of the men who had been helping the cook, came past Jim with an armful of wood. Suddenly the thought

came to Jim that the wood had to be carried closer to the tent. As he gathered up an armful, he asked one of the choppers where he should pile it.

"Take that pile of dry wood to the cook; the other is for the tent."

Jim took an armful over close to the cook's fire and threw it down.

"Just throw the next on the other side of the fire, Jim," said the cook, as he pushed a few sticks with his foot out of the way.

Jim saw at once that he had thrown the wood just where the cook had to walk as he prepared supper. He picked it up and threw it behind the fire.

"That's the place for it," said the cook as he arranged a pole to hang the tea pail on. By the time the water was boiling, the tent was up, the boughs laid down, the blankets spread and three fires burning brightly in front of the long open tent. The cook stood beside the pile of bread and as the last armful of wood was thrown down, the cookee took the tea pail over a few feet from the grub; and the cook called "Supper, boys".

Each man took up a plate, cup, knife, and fork, as he passed, and gathered around the pile of bread, apple sauce and cold boiled pork. When they had helped themselves to those things they went to where the cookee stood with the pail of tea, who filled their cups; then they took seats, some on fallen trees, others on stones and a few sat on the blankets by the fires.

Jim had found a seat close to the cook's fire. As he helped himself the second time, he asked the cook if he had made the bread.

"Yes", answered the cook. "What's the matter with it?"

"It's the best I ever ate", said Jim.

The cook smiled as he said, "A little exercise will make anything taste good. It sharpens the appetite."

After supper the men filled their pipes and gathered around the fires.

For the first time in months Jim felt care free and happy. He had already begun to feel at home amongst this rough, wild, good natured crew, who used him as one of themselves.

He was surprised that none of them made any remarks about him being green or a tenderfoot. In his numerous blunders in steering the scow that afternoon someone would always tell him what to do, and in a quiet, kindly manner.

How different his first day had been to what he expected it to be.

He had always pictured a crew of lumbermen to be big rough bullies whose principal enjoyment was fighting, looking for trouble, and teasing the weakest and least able to take care of himself. And a boss to his mind had to be the roughest, hardest-fisted man in the crew; who gave his orders in a rough, bullying way; and if not obeyed at once, used kicks and blows to enforce his commands.

It was a case of have to with him when he asked

Ben for a job. For days he had wandered around looking for work, without success. That morning he spent the last cent he possessed for crackers. Hunger is a hard master he realized, as he asked Ben for a job. But how different Ben seemed that evening to what his picture of the boss of a lumber crew was. In figure only did Ben seem the dreaded idea of his dream, as he stood beside the fire slowly filling his pipe. The cook came over and joined the men by the fires, with his pipe in his hand. He put his hand in his pocket as if to get his tobacco "Damn it" he said as he turned to go back.

"Here's some cook," said Ben.

The cook took the pouch without a word and filled his pipe.

As Ben put the pouch in his pocket he said "We got along pretty well today didn't we, cook."

The cook picked up a brand and lit his pipe "Yes" he answered as he pushed the blazing end towards Ben's face. Ben bent slightly forward as he lit his pipe with it.

Jim was struck by the sense of good fellowship that prevailed amongst the men; there were no distinctions between them.

They talked of their past winter, of the drives, of old chums that were gone, some they knew not where; they spoke of one who seemed to have been a great favorite. Sadly they spoke of the day he met the fate that many a true lumberman has, and whose body now lies buried beneath the sands over which runs the murmuring river.

The cook sat beside Jim on the boughs. Turning towards him he said.

"You are new in this business, are you not?"

"Yes" answered Jim, "this is the first time I ever camped out. It is all new and strange to me."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know; I fear I will be more in the way, than a help."

Just then Pat's voice was heard at the next fire.

"Oi tell ye bies, that was as purty a foight as ever Oi saw last noight at Moike's. Sandy fit loike the devil, but was no match for the other chap.

That gintleman was a grand scrapper. Oi think he was born that way be the way he handled his paws. Sandy is loike the rest of the Scotch, he can't enjoy a foight unless he is on top most of the toime. It was worth a gallon of rum to see me brave Moike goin through his window head first. Oi was about to look if he was kilt entoirely, whin Oi received this tap in me oye, thin, there was so mony beautiful loights and stars of such beautiful colors, that raily Oi forgot all about me poor Moike and his window, and in the exoitment that followed, Oi seen a face fernen me, and gave it a rap. Oi am not shure if it was the right one or not; but it sarved the purpose, it being the narest.

Thin the chap that owned the face and me exchanged stroikin proofs of our affection, with a few compliments threw into the bargain. Now gintlemen, Oi have told ye all about it, and devil help me but Oi'll scratch the oyes out of the first

one of ye that makes another remark about me eye, or the looks of me face ather. Now ye just take that, ye Indian with yer sympathetic smoile. It's on the point of yer tongue to say something mane." With that Pat threw a moccasin at Indian Pete; who dodged and the moccason hit Ben on the back of the head.

"What the dickens are you trying to do?" exclaimed Ben turning around.

"Oi beg your pardon Benjimen" said Pat rising to his feet. "If Oi knew what a foine shot Oi was going to make, it's a rock Oi would have used, belave me."

"Pat very good shot. He hit something most every time he try. It sure make me laugh every time I look at them eye. They not mate very well. Perhaps one he, other she. Sometime you see animals not look much like but be mates just same." A general laugh followed this remark of Indian Pete's. Ben arose saying.

"We had better turn in boys. We will have breakfast about the same time in the morning, cook."

The men soon were rolled in their blankets with their feet to the fire, and were all asleep, except Jim.

Jim lay looking at the stars, as they twinkled in the clear calm sky and soon went to sleep. Suddenly as if in his dreams he heard the words.

"Turn out sleepy heads; turn out". With a start he awoke. Where was he? The fires were burning brightly; the air crisp and cold. Suddenly



A PIONEER'S HOME. (See page 23.)



his brain cleared, and his past days experience came back to him.

"Devil take the owld cook. Oi don't belave Oi was asleep at all at all," said Pat as he sat up.

As soon as the men had their boots on they went to the river to wash.

"Gee" said Jim, "the water looks cold."

"It will no burn you; that's a fact," said Sandy.

"Get at it boys," said the cook, as soon as the men came up from the water.

Then after a pause remarked.

"When I got up this morning, there was a blasted porcupine in the scow chewing a pork barrel. I put an oar under him and tossed him overboard. I thought a bath would do him good."

"Oi don't think a bath would be amiss, for yersel this morning," answered Pat, turning and winking slowly at the cookee, a lad of about sixteen.

CHAPTER IV

INDIAN PETE EXPERIMENTS.

That day at noon they came to the first rapids. There they found the teams waiting. All day Jim had felt sick and miserable. He lay on a pile of blankets, in one of the scows.

The teams were hitched to the scows with long ropes; the teamsters rode on the horse's backs; while the men pushed with pike poles.

They made good progress, as the water was only about three feet deep.

As the shades of night were falling, Ben gave the order to camp.

As the crews of the other boats came in; some of them would always ask Jim how he felt. His answer was "Better thank you."

"What he always say thank you for?" asked Indian Pete, in a whisper of Pat.

"Because he has manners."

"Well what he got to thank dem for anyway?"

"For takin the trouble to enquire; you jackass; now do ye understand?"

"I tink so; when anyone ask how you is, you tell dem. If you got good manners you say thank

you; if manners is not good you say nothin about thank you. Dats it I tink."

"After a lot of trouble, ye've got the idea. Now see that ye remember it."

"I will and goin watch, see how many in dis crew got good manners too."

Soon after, Indian Pete approached Sandy who was fixing the bed and asked, "How's dat black eye and big jaw feel dis night?"

"None of your damned business," was Sandy's prompt reply, as he kept on with his work.

That evening at supper Pete asked Ben, "How you feel dis night Ben?"

"Fine," said Ben as he raised the cup to his lips.

Soon he turned to Pat saying. "Eye some better dis night, I hope."

"And what the devil do you care ye hathen? If Oi was not so busy Oi woud fling ye in the river. Pete that inquisitiveness, usin plain English, that is, Oi mane pokin your snout into other people's business is goin to git yer oye in the way of some-one's hand, some day Oi am afeard. Now for instance, if ye had put such a question to me frind Sandy the other night at the owld lady's, it's not satisfied he'd bin, till he would have had his both hands and a couple of his brogues in yer oye."

Peter's jet black eye flitted from one to another; suddenly he laid down his plate and began to laugh. "White man very queer beast; not two the same. Dey not even have same kind manners. Tonight, I ask Jim how he feel; he say, Better tank you;

den I ask Sandy how he's feel. "None you damned business," he say. Ask Ben same ting, "Fine", he say; den I ask Pat. He call me heathen, talk about throw me in river; use big words, small words, every kind words, wind up talk about Sandy two hands, two boots in my eye.

"Faith, and if Oi was not so busy Oi'd...."

"Yes, yes Pat; you is always more busy when there are eat to do, than any other kind of work. Perhaps you like that work best. I tink dat's it anyway,"—exclaimed Black Joe.

"Take my advice and do more thinkin, and less talkin Mr. Joe." said Pat helping himself to another piece of bread.

That evening Jim lay on some blankets beside the fire. He was feeling better and had eaten some supper.

It was a strange wild scene. He thought of what a picture it would make. Around the camp fire stood or sat the crew of about thirty men. Big, strong, broad shouldered fellows. Their rough, wild, picturesque dress their tanned and weather-beaten, determined faces their careless independent mien all showed that they were men who feared no danger and were in the first ranks of their profession.

The life of a lumberman is not a path strewn with roses; it is not a life for the weak or faint hearted. Many will try it but few stay at it. From daylight till dark he toils, cutting the tall timber and drawing it to the river, where it is piled on the banks, there to wait for the warm winds, sun and

showers of spring to thaw the snow and open the ice bound streams and rivers. Then the logs are driven down to the mills.

The dangers and hardships are many; the work hard and exciting.

No wonder the men that follow this profession are bold and daring and know that they have a place and rights, on earth. With one another they are rough, jolly and good natured; they will take any joke or trick; they are always careful not to encroach on another's rights or to give an insult; for well they know, that not for an instant will an insult be overlooked; and a fight means that one or the other will be laid up for a long time and may never be the same again. When their tempers are aroused, they are in strength and passion, more like lions than human beings.

In no place will you see the golden rule more closely followed than amongst a crew of lumbermen. "Do unto others, as you would that they do unto you;" is the law of the woods. Many have found to their sorrow, because they forgot that rule they lay on their rough beds in camp many a long day.

CHAPTER V

IN THE BUSH.

For days they pushed and pulled the scows up the river; the men many times wading to their waists in the water.

One evening as the sun was setting, they came to the mouth of a stream that emptied into the main river.

"Here we are at last", said Ben. "Now boys get busy. Pitch the tent and make comfortable beds, for we will be here a week or more."

By the time supper was ready everything was comfortable for the night. "I tell you boys I am glad to get here. Our bill of fare has been pretty slim for the last few days; but I'll soon get you a decent bite, now that we are going to be settled for a while," said the cook.

"I remember one year it rained all the time we were coming up but we had a camp to go to that year. We have been lucky this trip, not a drop of rain since we started," said Ben.

"Where are you going to build the camp?" asked one of the men.

"About a mile up the stream," was the answer.

That night as the men were smoking around the fire, Ben turned to one of them saying,

"Here Joe you are not smoking; sing a song."

"Not tonight, my back aches," answered Joe.

"Faith, and your lug will ache if you don't obey orders," said Pat.

"Come on."

"Get busy."

"Sing," came a chorus of voices.

Joe cleared his throat and sang a song that had been composed by a crew he had worked with, a few years previous.

"Now Ben it's your turn," called a voice.

Ben knocked the ashes out of his pipe and began to whistle softly.

"It has been six months since I sang a song or felt like singing but I will try one," said Ben, and did his turn.

Five or six others sang and a very pleasant evening was spent. The cook asked Jim if he sang. "Yes", he answered, "but don't ask me this evening."

"Well boys let us turn in. Tomorrow is Saturday and tomorrow night we will have a few songs again," said Ben.

Next morning breakfast was over by daylight. Five or six men were left to unload the scows, grind axes, make handles and help the cook to get a shelter over the provisions.

Ben and the remainder of the crew began cutting a road to where the camp was to be built. Jim accompanied the road makers. Ben went first, spotting

the trees, where the road was to go. The crew followed, cutting the brush and fallen timber.

"I guess you never used an axe before," said one of the men to Jim, after he had worked a few minutes.

"This is my first attempt," said Jim.

"Well look out for your feet and don't hold your axe handle so stiff. Them small brush, bend them over with one hand and use the axe in the other.

I guess you don't understand what I mean. Just watch me. See how easy it's done.

Be sure you throw the brush far enough away. Further than that. See where the road is going to be".

It surprised Jim to see the way the men swung their axes, and to note their strength.

Logs that seemed to him could not be moved without horses, were lifted or rolled out of the way in a surprisingly easy manner.

Ben came back and stood surveying the work. A couple of men were rolling a log out of the way. Ben went over and helped them, his only remark was, "It's about time we heard from the cook; I am beginning to feel pretty empty."

The work went on for half an hour more; then came the welcome call, "Luncheon".

"Dats better music dan fiddle" said Indian Pete.

"Begorry; that's the music I've been waitin for for more than an hour," said Pat.

"What a swate voice the cook has; except in the mornin. Damn his turn out. Why the devil

don't he call luncheon; it would give a fellow a better appetite to wake up."

After luncheon; a few minutes smoke; then back to work again.

"That's some cook," said Jim to a man that was walking by his side.

"Pretty fair," was the answer. "I've chewed his chuck three winters".

That evening when they stopped work, Jim was so tired he could scarcely walk to camp. His hands were blistered and his back ached but he felt cheerful and happy.

The cook greeted him with; "Well how did you make out today, Jim?"

"I didn't accomplish much but I tried everything that I saw anyone else do; and the result is I am so tired that I can hardly move, my hands are blistered, my back aches and I am some hungry. It's supper first, then the boughs for me."

"You will get used to the work in a few days," said the cook, encouragingly.

That evening as Jim was lying resting, he heard the cook ask one of the men how Jim got along; the answer was, "Pretty fair; he is willing and tried hard to make himself useful; but he is so cursed awkward; if he went to lift the end of a log he would take it by the middle."

The cook returned to his work, the cookee was washing the dishes and singing softly; the teamsters looking after their teams.

The remainder of the crew sat in groups around the fires, talking softly.

Jim lay watching the twinkling stars and wondered how many of them were talking about him being so green and awkward.

"Come on Ben start the singing this is sweet Saturday night," said a voice.

"Sing yourself; my pipe is going lovely and I can't disturb it," said Ben.

"Pat, what's the matter with you singing a song?"

"Nothin is the matter with aither Pat his singin or his song; only he's not inclined to intertain company at the prisent. He is more interested in discussin with himsel the advoisibility of fixin a rupture in the sait of his pants. It's a moighty bad place for me pants to first show the wear. But with yer permission jintlemen, Oi will put the boot on the other foot, by asking me sparrin partner Mr. Sandy McLeod to sing the "Bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon".

After some urging Sandy sang the song. While he was singing, Pat took off his pants and as he was sitting down, one of the men held a branch with a few knots for Pat to sit on. As Pat's drawers were thin, the knots had the desired effect. "Hivens," he said as he threw the branch away; then went on with the sewing. When he had the tear sewed to his satisfaction, he laid down the pants and went to light his pipe with a brand from the fire.

One of the men had caught a frog, and evidently was watching a chance to play a trick on someone.

Quick as a flash he put the frog in Pat's pocket; then lay down again. After Pat had lit his pipe, he proceeded in a leisurely way to put the pants on. As he was buttoning them up he felt the frog move.

"What-the-devil!" he said as he hastily unbuttoned them. Looking inside he saw the pocket move. "Howly Mother of Moike; me pants are haunted."

Taking of his pants he held them by the legs and shook them; then the frog fell out. "Well, don't that bate the owld fellow? Now how did that blasted varmin get there? It's more than Oi can tell", surveying the frog earnestly for a few seconds he continued, "A name sake of moine drove thim frogs out of owld Oireland; but why the devil should that one seek refuge in my pocket?"

"It sames to me that a couple of ye fellows take a lot of fun out of my misfortune", he said with a suspicious glance at a couple of fellows who were enjoying the joke immensely. "May the devil fly away wid ye before mornin, if ye had anythin to do with that frog gittin in my pocket. That's Patrick O'Nail's arnest prayer".

Jim's turn came to sing. Good voices are not rare in the lumber woods but it is seldom that a voice like his was heard in the backwoods.

"Aye mon, that's grand" said Sandy. "Will ye no sing "Annie Laurie?"

Jim did as requested and when he had finished the men sat in silence. The hard lines on many a weather beaten face softened and a tender expression crept into those rugged, sunburned faces, as they

thought of the loved ones at home, far away over those rolling forest clad hills.

"That's a grand old song," said Ben. "It carries you away; either into the future or away back to the past. I suppose it has been sung in every land where the English language is spoken and will never grow old while grass grows and water runs. Did any of you ever hear that song called "The song of the camp?" It was composed on an incident in the Crimean war, when the soldiers sang "Annie Laurie" the night before they took the heights of Alma. Their tears was the last water that washed many of their faces."

"My grandfather was with the 42nd and was there that night. Aye mon, it was grand to hear him tell about it," said Sandy.

Jim sat with bowed head for a few minutes; then he raised his eyes to Sandy saying "My grandfather was one of the singers; he was killed next day. My father was only three years old at the time."

Sandy got up and came over to Jim saying. "Shake hands; we are descendants of old comrades and if the old flag ever needs us, may we defend it as bravely as our grandfathers did."

The singing was over for the night and Jim lay down, his mind filled with thoughts of his brave soldier grandfather, who with many others of England's best and bravest, are sleeping their last long sleep under the blood stained sods of the Crimean valley.

Sleep soldiers, sleep in honored rest,
Your deeds of valor wearing
The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring.

Sandy sat beside the fire, telling the men stories of the fighting, as told by his grandfather. Of how the grand old 42nd had charged the heights driving all before them.

As the men began getting ready to lie down, Pete Leroy, as usual took out his prayer beads and knelt down to say his prayers.

Pat was lighting his pipe with a coal, with his back towards Pete. As he was sitting down he saw Pete kneeling. Quick as a flash, he picked up a pair of moccasins and threw them at Pete; the first striking Pete on the back of the neck, the other in the ear when he was turning around.

"Hell! Christ! who throw them damned moccasin?" said Pete springing to his feet.

Throwing down his prayer beads, he cracked his fists and shouted,

"Who throw them damned moccasins? I want know right off, quick. Who throw that damned moccasin?"

Pat sat with a surprised look, then he said. "Peter it was mesel. Oi beg yer humble pardon; Oi.....Oi....."

"I'll show you some pardon. I'll knock the face right off your head. I'll show you for throw the damned moccasin at me when I make my prayer. I'll learn you for throw moccasin you damned Irishman."

Pete ran at Pat striking a powerful blow at his head. Pat dodged under Pete's arm, shouting:

"Hould on Peter, hould on till Oi explain; Oi made a mistake."

"Well I am not going make any mistake. I am going smash your face for learn you about make mistake with me," said Pete striking again at Pat. Ben sprang between them, saying, "Stop this".

Pete tried again to get at Pat; but Ben caught him by the back of the shirt, saying: "Pete you wait till we hear what Pat has to say. Now Pat what did you throw them moccasins for?"

"Now Peter be aisy; and when Oi have told you all about it there will be a different taste in yer mouth. As for foightin ye; Oi would do the same with pleasure, if there was anythin to foight about; but there is none, for Oi mistook ye for another chap. As yer aware, this avenin Oi had a sloight mishap. A frog got in me pocket and Oi have raison to believe, that there is a party present, this blessed minute that knows more about that frog's unwelcome antics than aither you or me. And whin Oi saw ye kneelin there, Oi thought it was him. Ye will notice that yer shirts are aloike and there's so little difference in the motion of countin beads and windin a watch ye can aisly see how Oi came to make the mistake. And whin the owld fellow temped me to throw thim moccasins, in me haste to do his biddin as usual, Oi didn't take a proper look. Now Peter ye could pray all noight and be damned to ye; ye could count yer beads till ye wore

the skin off every finger ye've got and devil a bit of me would interfere with ye, as Oi belave in prayer, and have done a quare bit of it mesel in me toime. So belave me, it's the sorry boy Oi am for interfarin with ye and yer devotions. Now let us not foight over an accident. Here's me hand, take it, and we'll forget your hasty words and actions, and me bad manners."

Pete took the offered hand saying, "That's all right Pat; but it made me pretty mad, when I tink you throw that moccasin for insult. I guess it about time for sleep."

In a few minutes both Pete and Pat were sleeping the sleep of the just. Next morning at breakfast the men joked about the incident and the two principals in the drama, enjoyed the joke as much as any.

"Last night some darn ting run past tent and wake me up. I lie there for listen; den I tink about show last night and laugh for an hour. By Gosh! dats funny, when Pat say," ders no difference in motion of count beads and wind watch." I am glad I am not them fellow dat have string of beads for make dem mind what to say when dey pray; I have to laugh every time I tink of dat dam crazee Irishman" said Indian Pete.

"Thank ye, friend Peter, for yer compliments," said Pat, as he helped himself to the beans.

"You fellows laugh a lot this morning at Pat and me. I not care for that; I bet a bottle of Scotch, that there not one man here but would swear and

want fight, if you was try for make his prayer and twenty perhaps twenty-five, talk laugh, tell lie; den bang come along wet old moccasin on neck. That only surprise; it's one on ear that make fellow fight," said Pete Leroy.

"Guid Lord, did ye no notice the face Pat had on every time Pete made a swipe at it? And the roar he would let, "Hould on Peter; Hould on; Oi made a mistake." Well Pat ye made no mistake when you were dodging them swipes; for if one had landed, you would be billed on the casualty list, with a sare heed, for a few days," said Sandy.

"Pat was born under a lucky star, or he would be in his grave years ago. He is bad enough when he is sober, but when he has what he calls a comfortable jag, on he needs a dozen to watch him, if there are police or strangers around" said Ben.

"Oi have often wondered why that strangers loike to give this purty face a rap whin they pass it on the road," said Pat.

"Because it was no built for anything else," answered Sandy.

"Oi never saw a man that was as good at answerin questions that he knew nothin about, as Sandy. It's a lawyer ye ought to have been, Sandy," said Pat as he turned and walked away.

Jim's first Sunday in camp passed pleasantly. Some of the men went fishing, others with Jim lay around camp, resting and telling stories.

One story told by Indian Pete interested him greatly. It was something as follows:

"I was hunt one fall with my fadder. We build camp at fork of two stream. Der was big rock dere, about ten feet high, straight on one side. When fadder see dat rock he say, "Dere's one side of camp built now. "We built other three side and put on roof. Dat best camp I ever see. We make fire place beside rock and when rock get hot, he stay warm for long time.

One night my fadder come home mad, he swear long time. Byne by, he take pail, get water, he is in so much huree dat he forget door not very high and hit his head bang. I guess he see some star by the way he talk and feel head. I want for laugh some, but dat not very safe for back, when fadder get mad. I have to keep think how back felt last time I laugh when he get mad. That help lot to keep face straight. I was wonder what make fadder so mad when he come in first.

But Indian boy never ask question. After supper fadder lie down for smoke. Byne by he say, "Peter, dere's some one here too. He steal mink out of trap. T'other day I tink trap look like someone take martin out. Not very sure, so I mark trail in three place. I put little brush, so if someone come along he knock dem down. Today all down. Tomorrow I am going watch and shoot dat fellow, so he not bother our trap any more".

Dat night I am some afraid. I not like for tink about dat fellow going get kill. When morning come, my fadder still very mad. He not eat very well and take gun and start in huree. He hit

head little again on top of door, just enough for say 'Damn dat door'.

Dat night he come home mad again, for he see nothing. Next night he come home he's feel fine, and talk and laugh lot. After supper, I say "Spouse you shoot dat fellow today." "No," he say, "I am going catch him alive with snare." Couple days after dat, I come camp early and begin chop some wood. Byne by I hear someone shout up on fadder's trail. I tink someting happen to fadder, so I start run. About every two minutes I hear some shout. When I run about mile I came to tree across trail. Der I find fellow hang by one foot in snare. He could just touch ground with fingers. I went to cut snare and der I see my fadder sit on log, smoke and look very funnee.

I cut dat snare and let fellow fall. Gosh, he feel mad, he say "Dat your snare?" I say, "No," I guess dat snare is one fadder set for catch son of gun that steal mink out his trap t'other day."

"Where your fadder now?" he ask.

"Dat's him, sit dere on dat log, smoke," I tell him.

When dat fellow see my fadder sit dere, he get very white and ask, "How long you have set dere?"

My fadder say, "I sit dere long enough for see you take dat dead mink out of that trap dere. I put him dere myself and den sit down for watch."

When dat fellow hear dat, he start to talk French, swear and call names.

My fadder give him one very good punch with

muzzle of gun and tell him shut up quick, for perhaps next time you get punch, dis gun go off. Dat fellow shut up quick and say no more in French. Byne by he start talk English again and fadder soon make bargain with him. He give us ten mink and eight martin for make it square, what he stole. He den say if my fadder not shoot him, he would get out and not come back. Fadder tell him to go and if he come back again, he get kill sure. Every ting went fine after dat, for we never see that fellow again. I am going trap again next fall. I am going to work all winter, drive next spring, work steady next summer and save all my money to buy trap, gun and lots grub and ebberyting I want and go away up to the head waters of dis ribber and perhaps find gold up dere too. I am rather hunt dan cut lumber. Cut lumber is all right but too much same ebbery day. Not like dat when you hunt. Ebbery day different. Some day good luck, more day nothing. Some day it storm hard, den stay in camp and make snow shoes and listen to the storm; dat nice. Two, three fellows have good time trap together and mabe make some money too.

Two fellows trap around here somewhere. One Indian I see him once last winter. He say him and white man trap together three four year."

Monday morning two of the scows went back for more provisions, hay and oats. The remainder of the crew started to build the camp and hovel for the horses. Two camps were built, joining each other. One was for the sleeping camp and the

other for the cook. Between the two camps was a shed to store the provisions in.

The work was hard, the days long. Many nights Jim was so tired that as soon as he had supper he went to bed. The men encouraged him by saying that he would harden to it in time.

As soon as the roof was on, the cook and his outfit were moved up. Jim and one of the Indians were put to gather moss and chink the camps. The Indian gathered the moss and Jim did the chinking, and by Saturday night the camp was finished.

Lumbering now started, the woods rang with the sound of axes, the shouts of teamsters to their teams. Bits of song and merry whistles enlivened the long days.

Down crashed the tall pines and spruce, that had bid defiance for many a year to the winds and storm, of those cold northern winters. The teamsters shouted and swore, as their teams dragged the heavy trees to the river bank and at night bragged about what good pulling horses they had.

A rivalry sprang up amongst the different crews about which could cut and yard the most timber in a day.

Ben worked as hard as any. Where there was a hard or difficult place, that was where he was to be found, always good natured; always a cheerful word of encouragement; always welcoming their suggestions in difficult places; always planning how he could get the most accomplished with the least hard work.

One day he came to Jim, who was trying to lift the end of a log over another. "Damn it Jim, that's no way to work. Here you have been lifting till you are black in the face for nothing. You are wasting time and killing yourself by awkwardness. Why don't you make your brains save your back? When you go to do a thing, you never stop to think which is the easiest way to get at it. Remember that the easiest way is the quickest; and the quickest way is the best for both you and me. Now how long have you been trying to get that log in place.?"

"I have been at it more than five minutes," answered Jim.

"Now let me show you how I would do that."

Ben cut a stick about five feet long and laid one end on the log for a skid; then he cut a small lever and threw the log into place with scarcely an effort.

"That didn't take a minute, did it?" asked Ben. "And now another thing, Jim, I want to say; it's not how much a man takes out of his hide, but what he puts in my pocket, that tells when we settle up.

Now when you go to do anything, first stop and consider the easiest way. If you would ask some of the men how is best to do anything that you don't understand, they will give you a pointer that would save you many a hard lift."

"I am not complaining, but I have wondered why some of the men don't show me more about how to get at the work right," answered Jim.

"Did you ever ask their advice?"

"No."

"Well, that's the reason. You had better let them know that their advice would be welcome."

With this, Ben turned and went away. Jim stood for a few seconds thinking. At last he said to himself, "I wonder why I didn't think of this before."

A few minutes afterward as he was going up the road, he heard Pat say, "Now don't that bate hell. Oi have lifted on that confounded tree till Oi am black and blue, and there it is still behoind that confounded rock. Devil take it onyway, let us try it again' Sandy.',

"Its' no a bit of use, we will have to let it lie there till we get help. There's Jimmy coming, he'll gae us a hand."

Jim came over saying, "Can I help you?"

"Faith ye can that. Sandy and me have had the devil's own wrastle with that baste of a tree and got bate. Now just wait till Oi git ye a leaver. There now see if it will bate the three of us". "Mony hands make light work," said Sandy, as they lifted the tree over the rock."

"Now boys in return for that lift, I want you to do me a favor, When you see me going about a thing wrong, show me the right way. I am green and awkward about this business and I want to learn."

"If ye had said grain, awkward and willing, ye would have struck the nail square on the head, but

it's a bit of advice ye will git in the future, since ye request it," said Pat.

It was easy to see the secret of Ben's success as a lumberman. He was a born leader of men. He understood the way to get the most out of those wild, reckless, happy-go-lucky fellows. Perhaps not a man in his crew would take a cross word from anyone. They were free men; free as the wind that blew; they felt that they were men and God had not created any superiors. They respected Ben as their leader; they obeyed him in everything, no one would question his authority, but they felt that they were his equal and would not take a cross word from him any quicker than anyone else.

CHAPTER VI

LOST.

One Sunday in the latter part of October, Jim went for a walk alone. He followed up the stream for a mile or so, then climbed a ridge to get a view of the surrounding country. From the top of the ridge he could see a high hill. He decided to go to the top of this. After a long, hard climb he gained the top; there he sat down to rest and gaze on this panorama of nature's beauty. As far as the eye could reach, the forest stretched in all directions. Ridge after ridge, hill after hill; valley and ravine. The hardwood trees were stripped of their foliage by the early frost. Away in the distance, a smoky gray tinged the atmosphere. Away towards the east could be traced the course of the river, while here and there a break in the hills marked the spot where smaller streams mingled their pure fresh waters with the larger.

At last he arose to go back to camp, descending the hill, paying no attention to his direction. "I must be close to the stream", he thought as he entered a softwood thicket. To his surprise the thicket became denser and soon he found himself in a swamp. He thought this strange as he had not seen any

swamp that morning. He walked for an hour over fallen moss-covered logs, through underbrush so thick that he could scarcely get through. At last he came to the hardwood again. He climbed to the top of a small ridge but could not see the hill he had been on previously.

Suddenly the thought flashed to his mind that he was lost. The perspiration started on his forehead, he felt dazed and bewildered and as helpless as a child; he sat down to think, but his brain seemed paralyzed.

After some time he decided to follow the ridge downward, it might lead him to the stream. After half an hour walking he was again in the swamp. He looked at his watch; it gave him a start when he saw it was four o'clock.

He travelled till it was growing dark, then sat down exhausted. How chilly the air seemed when he sat down a few minutes. He felt in his pockets. Yes, he had matches, so decided to start a fire.

He tore a rotten stub to pieces, collected dry branches and soon had a fire. After collecting a pile of wood he again sat down; a nervous feeling came over him, he heard strange sounds in the forest.

Not far off he heard the dying cry of some small animal that had fallen a prey to one of its enemies. Once he saw the gleam of two eyes in the darkness. An owl came and sat in a tree and hooted, either in surprise or anger, when he saw the fire and the only enemy he feared.

It took half the time gathering wood and it seemed that the night would never end. At length he fell asleep with his back against a tree.

How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke, the first streak of day had penetrated the darkness. He felt stiff, cold, hungry and miserable. He had no idea which way to travel, but decided to travel towards the sun; he could at least keep a straight course and he remembered that the river ran in that direction and he might come across a stream that would lead him back again to the river.

All the beauty of nature he so much admired yesterday was gone. The forest looked lonesome, dark and dreary. Hour after hour he traveled on over ridges, through swamps, through thick underbrush; over fallen timber; some recently blown down, others that had lain for generations. Once he stopped and looked what time it was, but his watch was stopped, he had forgotten to wind it.

About noon as near as he could judge, the sky became overcast; no longer had he the sun for a guide and the wind began to moan through the trees.

"It is going to snow or rain, and I will die before morning. Oh what a death," he said, as he staggered on. He was now so faint and exhausted that he often sat down to rest. While sitting there he thought he heard water running. "Can it be possible that God in his goodness has directed my wandering steps back to the river?" he said as he struggled to his feet and started down a hill. He had not gone

far when his toe caught something and he fell heavily on his face. He staggered to his feet and resumed his way in the direction that he heard the water running. It was a small brook. "Perhaps it runs into the river," he thought as he followed its course downward.

He had gone but a short distance when he saw something white on a tree.

Staggering over to it, he found a fresh blaze. "Some one has been here," he thought as he examined the mark. He looked again down the stream and saw other blazes ahead. "I am on a spotted line," he said aloud.

He rallied his fast failing strength and hurried on. Soon he came to a trap. It was the first dead-fall that he had ever seen, but he knew what was the instant his eye fell on it. He stooped down to examine it and found it was baited with part of a partridge.

Here at least was food; only a mouthful, but he would eat it. He reached over the dead-fall and seized the meat. Down fell the heavy log and as he straightened up, there stood a man looking at him, with a pair of cold, cruel, steel blue eyes that sent a shudder through him.

The man threw his rifle into the hollow of his left arm and advanced toward him. When within a few feet of him he stopped, and said.

"I caught you red-handed, didn't I? You damned thief. I'll learn you to monkey with my traps."

"Oh Mister, let me explain."

"Take that, it will help you with your explanation," said the stranger, striking Jim a heavy blow with his fist on the side of the head.

All Jim remembered was a blinding crash, accompanied with fiery darts shooting before his eyes, then a man bending over him, bathing his face with water.

After a few minutes his senses returned and he sat up, and asked, "Where am I?"

The hunter made no reply, but dipped some water from the brook in his hat, and held it to Jim's lips saying, "Drink this."

Jim did as commanded and soon remembered it all. He turned to the hunter saying, "You hit me a cruel blow. I did not mean you any harm. I am lost and starving and when I saw that piece of partridge I could not resist the temptation."

When Jim had finished speaking, he looked again in the hunter's face.

The hard, cold look had vanished and in its place was a tender, sympathetic expression.

"Poor fellow, I believe you," said the hunter, opening a deerskin bag that he carried by a strap over his left shoulder and taking out a piece of roasted meat. He tore off a piece and gave it to Jim saying, "Chew this well before swallowing it. My camp is only half a mile from here, there you will have food and shelter. Follow me."

Jim followed slowly, stopping often to rest. The rain drops were beginning to patter on the dry leaves and it was quite dark when they reached the

camp. The door was open and the savory smell of frying meat greeted them.

The hunter entered and hung up his rifle.

Jim stepped inside and sat down on a block close to the door.

"Supper ready?" asked the hunter.

"Yes, he's all ready," answered a voice from the corner and a man flitted noiselessly across the camp and lit the candle.

One glance at the straight black hair and the piercing jet black eye told Jim that he was an Indian.

The Indian gave him one swift enquiring glance, then turned towards the stove. "Make a little oatmeal Joe," said the hunter. "This man is starving."

Without a word the Indian took down a canvas bag that hung suspended by a long string from a rafter, opened it and put a handful of oatmeal into a saucepan, added a little salt; then poured boiling water in it and set it on the stove and began stirring it slowly.

In about five minutes he took it off, poured the contents into a tin plate and set it on the door sill to cool. Then he set a frying pan full of meat and a pan of thick pancakes and a pail of tea on the table rolled over a couple of blocks for seats, and said to Jim as he put the porridge and sugar on the table, "You sit dere".

Jim ate the porridge and was about to take some meat, when the hunter said, "Better not eat any more for a while. In a couple of hours you will

have some more. You are so weak that you might overload your stomach.

Neither the hunter nor the Indian seemed afraid of overloading their stomachs and stopped eating only when everything had disappeared.

After supper while the Indian washed the dishes, the hunter dressed off a couple of partridges and put them in the sauce pan to cook.

"Now we will smoke," said the hunter as he took out a deerskin pouch and filled his pipe. As he passed the pouch to the Indian, he said "Do you smoke, stranger?"

Jim told him he did.

"Will you have a pipeful of leaf, or would you rather have some plug? We have lots of both."

Jim said he would try some of the leaf, so the Indian passed him the pouch. As the hunter lit his pipe he said: "After a man smokes the leaf for a while he does not care for any other. We sometimes mix the plug with the leaf; it makes a pretty good smoke".

The little food that Jim ate had already worked a marvelous change. True he was still hungry, but he felt his strength returning.

Outside the rain fell in torrents and beat against the small windows, while the wind howled around the camp corners.

"It's a wild night out," said the hunter.

"Yes," said Jim. "If it had not been for this camp, I would not have been alive in the morning; I was all in when you found me."

"Yes, you were in a bad way when I found you and that cuff I gave you did not help matters. When I saw you taking the bait out of my trap, I thought that you were up to some underhand work. I am always pretty hasty with my hands when my temper is aroused. I am very sorry for hitting you and I hope you will forgive me and forget it; and that we will be none the worse friends".

Jim assured him that he entertained no hard feelings on account of the lump on the side of his head.

All this time the Indian sat smoking and looking at the fire. When Jim finished speaking, he shot another swift enquiring glance at him, then got up and put a couple of sticks in the stove.

When he sat down again, the hunter told him the story. When he had finished, the Indian gave a grunt and proceeded to fill his pipe again.

Jim then told them who he was and how he came to get lost.

"So you are working for Ben Halley. I don't know him, but I know where he is lumbering, it's about ten miles below here."

"Are we far from the river?" asked Jim.

"You are right at it."

"It's strange I did not hear it."

"It's all dead water for a couple of miles."

"Then I suppose in the morning I can follow the river down to the camp."

"When you get rested we will run you down in the canoe. We were thinking of going down to see

if we could not make a bargain to supply his camp with meat and moccasins this winter."

The Indian took the sauce pan off the stove and went to the light to examine it. He poured the broth into a cup, added a little salt and pepper, tasted it a couple of times, then gave it to Jim saying, "Drink dis."

The Indian then opened the door to look out. A gust of wind blew out the candle.

"You did that fine, Joe" said the hunter.

The Indian swore softly when he hit his shins against something, as he felt his way towards the table.

"Open de stove door George, so I can see where dat table is," said the Indian, as he again stumbled against something.

When the candle was again lighted, he said, "Have a little partridge, little good, much bad, tomorrow eat all you want."

The hunter took down his rifle and cleaned it; then he reached for the Indian's double barreled gun."

"Dat gun he's all right; dry, not been fire today," said the Indian.

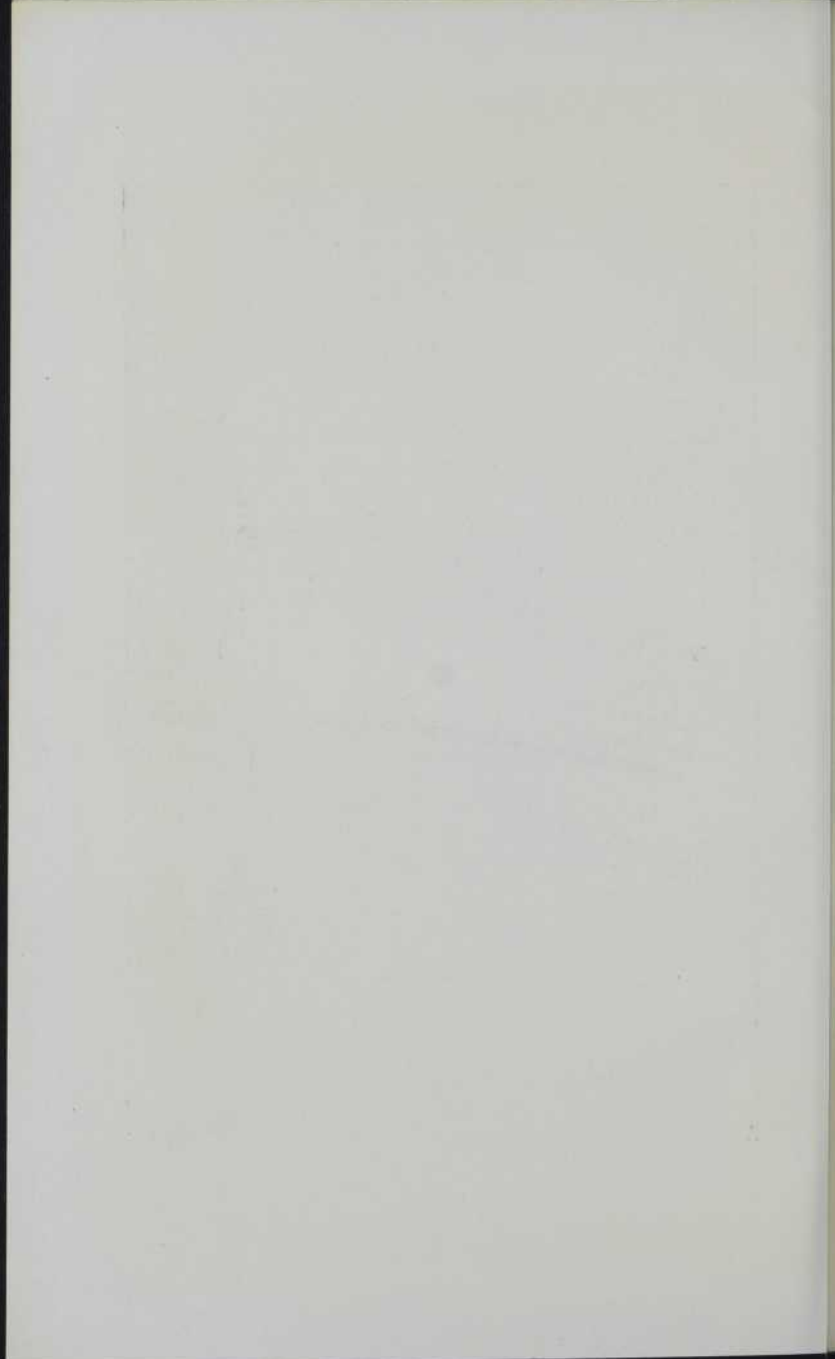
"As the Indian filled his pipe again, he said, "Warm camp; tight roof, good, night like dis."

"This is as bad a night as the one we camped by the big rock, "said the hunter.

"Yes dat one wet night too; not sleep much anyway. Wonder how much we get for bear's skin we



A RECORD MOOSE HEAD, AND THE CAMP WHERE THE STORY OF BEN HALLEY'S CREW WAS WRITTEN.



kill dat day. Dats bery good skin and we have heap of trouble wid him, ought get good price."

"I suppose whoever buys that skin will have to pay for the seat of your pants that bear tore," said the hunter.

"Hope so anyway," answered the Indian.

"Will you show me the skin? I never saw a bear," said Jim.

"You never see bear," said the Indian in surprise as he took a bundle of furs from under the bunk and unrolled them.

"Dere's dat skin. See how black he am, hair long and fine, skin prime. We get good price for him sure. Dat fellow pull seat off my pants. I thought he was die and go over close, dat's what happen when he jump. George here, laugh lot about that, he thought dat's very funnee."

"I still think it was funny when I think of the wiggle you got on going over that old log and to see you feeling the tear in the pants. If I remember right you did some swearing into the bargain," said the hunter.

The hunter laughed heartily, then he lit his pipe. After drawing a few times he said, "Yes Joe, that was funny alright."

"Perhaps it look funnee for fellow dat's not very close, not much fun for dis fellow, dat sure."

"I guess we had better turn in," said the hunter as he took a moose hide from under the bunk and spread it on the floor. The moose hide and a couple of blankets made a very comfortable bed.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRAPPERS.

The next morning when Jim awoke, his head ached and there was a large lump where the hunter had hit him, but otherwise he was none the worse for his unpleasant experience.

"I guess I did some sleeping," said Jim as he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Dis good day for sleep; not good for anything more. It rain just as hard as he did before," said the Indian.

"How do you feel this morning?" asked the hunter.

"Much better, thank you. I will soon feel like myself again," answered Jim. After breakfast as Jim was smoking his pipe, he looked over his surroundings. The camp was about twenty feet square, built of round logs, notched together in the corners. The seams between the logs were tightly chinked with moss. The roof was covered with long split cedar shingles. The camp was stocked in abundance with provisions, such as flour, oatmeal, tea, sugar, molasses, tobacco, part of a barrel of salt pork, a barrel of salt moose meat, as well as beans, peas, rice and barley. Every thing was piled or hung up

as much out of the way as possible. Over each of the hunter's bunks, hung a rifle and double barreled shotgun, also a couple of pair of snowshoes.

The furniture consisted of a table made of split cedar slabs, a couple of blocks and two chairs; the backs and bottoms made of woven ash. Their cooking utensils were two frying pans, a few pots and pans, a tea pail and a couple of water pails.

The hunter was a remarkably handsome man of about fifty years of age, tall and of powerful build. His hair was dark and thick, streaked with gray.

At times he was jolly and light hearted, then again a wild light would come into his steel blue eyes and his face would grow dark and sad.

His face showed a sunny disposition, but there was a shadow of a terrible sorrow, the memory of which, when it flitted across his mind was as a thunder cloud on a bright June day and when it had passed, left tender, sad lines on his once handsome face.

He was clothed in the usual style of the woods; rough, strong pants, moccasins and a heavy woollen shirt.

The Indian was of slighter build, tall and straight, of about the same age; his straight black hair hung down to his shoulders. His eyes were small, jet black, restless and piercing. He was dressed in the same style as his companion.

"Still it rains. I wouldn't be surprised if it turned to snow," said the hunter.

"You seem to be well supplied with everything for the winter," said Jim.

"Yes we have provisions enough for a year. We have another camp, about five miles from here, with as much in it as this one has. Joe and I were burnt out once up here. We lost every thing in the middle of the winter; except what we had with us."

"That was pretty tough luck," said Jim.

"He's pretty hungry luck too sometime," said the Indian.

"The worst part of the business was Joe getting his feet frozen, it was over a month before he could walk.

"How did you manage to survive?" asked Jim.

"I built a kind of a shelter and would leave him lots of wood to keep the fire going, while I was hunting. It was hard to get enough to eat as there was not much snow and the only time I could get near a moose or deer, was when the wind was blowing hard enough that they could not hear the creak of the snowshoes in the crusty snow. The rabbits were scare that year and no partridges to speak of, a storm having killed many of them, the first part of the winter."

"Will you explain how a storm killed the partridges? I have only been in this country a short time and everything is new and strange to me, especially in the woods."

"First about six inches of snow fell, then it rained a couple of hours and that night it suddenly turned cold. The partridges had burrowed in the snow and of course their feathers froze solid to the snow

and they perished. The rabbits die off every four or five years. Some hunters think from disease. But I think it is on account of the cold, wet springs that we have once in a while, that kills the young."

"Dat was tough winter for us. I sit by fire, my feet sore, bad. Sometimes not have anyting eat for couple days. George cut wood and hunt all time. He's get so tin I am fraid he's die; sometime when he be away all day, I tink perhaps he know both can't live much longer and he leave me and start for settlement. One night he's not come back. I tink den that if he not come back tomorrow I'll shoot myself. Dat best ting for do. No use just lie here and starve and freeze for nothing. Next morning he come back with big chunk moose meat."

He say "Guess we have someting eat now, for I've kill two moose."

"As soon as I hear dat my feet begin feel better."

The hunter sat for a few minutes with that far-away look, seen only on the faces of those who spend much of their time alone with nature. It was evident that the hunter's thoughts were on that ever to be remembered scene.

As Jim sat gazing on the hunter's face, as in a vision, the hunter's thoughts were portrayed on his mind.

There was the rude shelter erected of spruce and fir boughs, with the snow banked against them, to keep out the wind. There was the fire, with the

pile of wood close by. There sat the Indian on a pile of boughs; the picture of hopeless despair.

Then his mind followed the hunter as he wended his way through the forest. There was a hopeful look on his thin, hunger-drawn face, as his eye scanned every thicket that might harbor game. Suddenly the hunter stopped, his eye on some dark object, then the rifle coming to his shoulder and pouring forth its deadly contents.

The scene changed to the hunter's return. The joyous look in those steel blue eyes as he saw the figure of his red companion beside the camp fire. A smile came over Jim's face, as he pictured the hunters that night, as they sat beside the fire with a large piece of moose meat cooking on the coals.

For a long time the three sat in silence. Outside the wind came in gusts, driving the rain drops against the window. A gust fiercer than usual, brought the hunter's mind back to the present. As he turned his head towards the window, the Indian again filled the firebox, saying:

"Let him rain; we are all right in here. It's better in dis camp today with lots to eat, dan sit beside fire outside, with sore feet, cold back and hungry stomach in winter."

"I have often thought of them moose, I killed that day. They seemed to have been sent by Providence. I was about all in that day.

We only had one partridge between us, for two days and I was so weak that I could scarcely lift my snowshoes. I stopped to think if I had better turn

towards camp or go on as far as possible. Of one thing I was sure; if I did not get game that day, it was my last hunt.

Suddenly I saw something move and as I raised my rifle, a moose came out of a thicket and turned with its side towards me and stopped.

I put a ball through its heart and it dropped in its tracks.

I went over to it and saw another, peeling a small maple. I reloaded my rifle and put a ball between its eyes as it turned its head towards me.

I camped there and skinned them that evening. I was bothered all night about Joe, I was afraid he would not have wood enough and would be frozen when I got back."

"Have you been a hunter long?" asked Jim.

"Fifteen years."

"Do you go out to the settlement often?"

"A couple of times a year. I just go out to sell the fur and get provisions."

"Do you never be lonesome?"

"I have nothing now to be lonesome for," answered the hunter sadly.

"You are not a married man then?"

The hunter got up and went to the door and looked out.

The Indian shot one wild glance, first at the hunter, then at Jim.

"Wish it stop raining so we could catch some fish; good trout in dis river," said the Indian hastily.

When the hunter sat down, his face was as dark

as night and the hard, cruel look that Jim had seen once before was there again and as it faded, a sad, wistful expression came and lingered on his tanned and weatherbeaten face.

Jim saw that he had touched the tender spot, and at once turned and began talking to the Indian.

Next morning when Jim awoke, the rain had ceased and the hunter was getting breakfast.

"Are you cook this morning?" asked Jim.

"Yes, Joe has gone to look at a bear trap. He will be back soon".

In about half an hour, the Indian came back and as he hung up his rifle, he said, "Trap gone."

"Did you follow him far?"

"No, just see he's big, catch um night before last. Hab breakfast den go after um."

"Will he go far?" asked Jim.

"Perhaps little piece, perhaps long piece, mabe twist his foot off, not get him at all. Get trap after eat someting anyway."

After breakfast the hunters filled their pipes and did not seem to be in any particular hurry. Not so with Jim, he scarcely ate any breakfast he was so anxious to be off for fear the bear would get away.

After going about a mile, they came to where the trap had been set.

A fir tree the size of a man's arm had been chewed or broken off. There were a number of claw marks on other trees.

For a couple of minutes the hunter stood examining the marks, then he said, "He is a big one alright."

"Wonder if skin be prime," said the Indian, as he led the way along the bear's trail. Soon they came to where the bear had got tangled up in a fallen tree. "Guess ole Gerry be some mad here," said the Indian as he examined the marks of teeth and claws on the tree.

Shortly afterwards the hunter stopped and remarked, "He is in the trap yet".

"How do you know?" asked Jim.

"Didn't you hear the chain rattle?"

The Indian was now walking ahead. Suddenly he stopped and said.

"Hallo ole Gerry! You have some trouble down dere I tink. Hold on dere, don't be too rough with dat trap. Dat trap cost heap of money. Hay dere you going break it. Dam your ole skin, keep quiet till I put pill in your ear."

The bear had got tangled up in the top of a fallen tree and when he saw the party coming, he became furious. He bit the trap a couple of times; then he struck it against a tree; all the time uttering savage growls. When he saw that he could not free himself he faced the hunters and sat up on his hind legs, showing his teeth in defiance. The Indian fired, the ball striking him in the neck, killing him instantly.

It only took the hunters a few minutes to skin him and cut off one hind quarter, which was brought to camp.

While the Indian stretched the hide, the hunter got ready to take Jim down to Ben's camp. After

eating a lunch, the canoe was launched and they were off.

The hunter sat in the stern and the Indian knelt in the bow.

For a mile the river ran smoothly, then they encountered rapids.

It was the first time that Jim had been in a canoe. When they pushed off from shore he scarcely breathed for fear that he would capsize the frail craft. The unconcerned look on the faces of the two hunters gave him confidence and when they were at the bottom of the first rapid, he began to enjoy himself. As the canoe rose and fell on the swells, it created a pleasant sensation.

As they rounded a bend in the river, a large moose came out of the woods and walked down to the water's edge and was about to drink when he saw the strange object coming down the river. He threw up his magnificent head and the long hair on his back stood up with surprise and rage.

The hunter laid down his paddle and picked up his rifle; while the Indian with a sweep of his paddle turned the canoe broadside. The sharp report of the hunter's rifle rang out and for an instant the moose stood undecided which way to go; then with a shake of his head he sprang toward the canoe.

The Indian quickly turned around in the canoe and with a couple of powerful strokes, shot the canoe out further into the river, the moose following.

The Indian kept the canoe all the time about twenty-five feet ahead of the moose.

After swimming around in a vain attempt to overtake the canoe, the moose gave up the chase and turned towards the shore, and just as he stepped out of the water, the hunter's rifle rang again and he staggered forward and fell with a ball through his heart.

Jim was so excited that he jumped out of the canoe as soon as it touched shore, almost capsizing it.

"What devil you in so much hurry for? Come close upset canoe and wet us," said the Indian, in an angry tone, as he stepped on shore.

The canoe was pulled up on shore and the hunters examined their prize.

"There's a pretty darned good chunk of meat," said the hunter.

"Dat sure ting," said the Indian.

"What had we better do, Joe?"

"Skin him right off. Take one quarter down to lumbermen. If can't sell him, gibe it to dem. Dat hide make mighty good moccasin. Dis berry lucky day. Moose and bear, both."

As they continued their journey down the river, Jim learned that the hunter's name was George Miller and the Indian's was Joe Loid.

When they came to the mouth of the stream that Ben's camp was on, the Indian and Jim got out and walked up the road, while the hunter stood up and poled the canoe up the rapids.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SEARCH

At Ben Halley's camp, darkness was falling before anyone missed Jim.

"I wonder where Jim Lane is? I don't think he was around for dinner" said the cook.

"Begorry it must be something interesting, that will make a man forget his dinner. Faith it's his supper he'll miss into the bargain, if he don't soon git along here," said Pat.

That night a shade of anxiety was on every face. "What do you suppose could have happened to him?" asked Ben.

"Do you suppose he would wander off and get lost?" asked another.

"It's either that, or he has got tired of our company and hit the trail out."

"How does he stand on your books Ben?"

"He must have something coming to him, but he would not leave that way."

"Well look at what that Bill, what do you call him, did last fall. Shouldered his bag and never as much as said, "Go to the devil" to anyone.

"Yes, but Jim is a different stamp from him. Bill was a bum."

"Jim seems to be a good sort of a fellow, he is green as grass but willing."

"I am afraid that something has happened to him, but we can do nothing tonight," said Ben.

Next morning Ben said. "Now boys, we will all turn out and look for Jim."

"Did any of you notice him leaving the camp?"

Two men saw him walking up the stream. None could remember seeing him after that.

"Half the crew take each side of the stream; spread out and look for tracks; just keep close enough to see each other. Two men stay close to the stream; examine the banks well; as there is a possibility that he may have fallen in," these were Ben's orders as they started the search.

A number of tracks were seen along the banks of the stream, but no attention was paid to them, as a number of the men had been fishing, and Indian Pete had spent most of the day looking for signs of fur along the banks, as he intended to set some traps later.

After going about a mile, a voice called out, "Here's a track going up the hill."

Ben called the men together, and asked, "Have any of you been up here yesterday?"

No one had, and Indian Pete gave his opinion that those were Jim's tracks.

"You try and follow the tracks Pete; the rest of us will stay behind," said Ben.

Pete followed the tracks to the top of the hill and to the place where Jim had sat. He also follow-

ed them down the slope. Suddenly he stopped and said, "Dat Jim has lost hisself sure. See when he get up, he start down wrong side of hill". Soon the track was lost, and the men formed a line and went on calling his name, but all in vain.

After some time they were obliged to give up the search and return to camp.

After having something to eat, Indian Pete and a couple of men continued the search till dark, but found no further signs.

There was not a doubt in anyone's mind that night, that Jim was lost and they could do nothing further for him. There was a possibility that he would come to a stream that would lead him back to the river again.

Next day no one worked on account of the rain. It was a silent sad company. Not even Pat made a joke.

Great was the rejoicing when the men returned from work the next day to find Jim and his newly found friends at camp.

Ben gave the hunters a hearty welcome, then turned to Jim saying, "Damn it Jim, you gave us quite a scare. If I did what was right, I would charge you for a night's sleep that I lost on your account."

"Faith and if Oi done half what was right by ye Oi'd warm the toes of me brogues on ye. But Oi'm not going to do it. All yer frind Pat is going to do or say is "Welcome home". Did ye enjoy yer vacation?"

As they sat down to supper Ben said. "Where did you get the fresh meat, cook? I hope you didn't cut the leg off one of the horses".

The cook told him the hunters had killed a moose coming down the river and that was a piece of it.

"I hope you have some to sell," said Ben.

"Yes, that's part of our business, to see if we can supply your camp with fresh meat this winter," said the hunter.

"Guess you can, if you can always find as good meat as this," said Ben, as he helped himself to another piece.

That night as they smoked their pipes, Ben made a bargain with the hunters for fresh meat, also moccasins. Jim told all about his adventure, even about the hunter hitting him. Every one laughed heartily except the hunter.

"I tell you boys, that I feel mighty mean every time I think about hitting him," said the hunter.

"It will do him good, Oi know it will be experience, as a clout on the lug has done me good mony a toime. It's a pity Oi didn't git more of thim," said Pat.

More than a dozen spoke up at once, agreeing with Pat that he had not got enough clouts for his own good and one or two assured him that they would see that he got a few more in the future.

"Oi thank ye kindly for yer brotherly love and the interest ye are goin to take in me future welfare," said Pat, solemnly.

Next morning the hunters brought in the balance

of the meat and started back to their own camp. Ben urged them to stay that night, but they would not, as they were afraid that any fur in their traps might spoil, as it had now been a few days since they had been to them.

That night John Brown the scaler came in with the scows of provisions. He reported that there was a new manager down at the mills. None other than his brother Jim. The old manager had been discharged as he was too slow to suit the company.

Ben said nothing, but it was evident that he was sorry to hear of the change.

After Brown went into the cookroom, Pat said. "So they have got that thaving scalawag of a Jim Brown for a manager down there. It's a merry Hell he'll run if he can git brimstone and coal chape enough."

"I guess he will raise Hell enough without brimstone," said another.

"My opinion that the company is not looking for a manager with brains when they hire the likes of that galoot."

"Shure its his gall they are after, someone else will furnish the brains; for the two are never found in one man's make up," added an other son of Erin.

"Why didn't you apply for the job, Pat?"

"Because Oi have naither of the qualifications, ye bluddy ass," quickly answered Pat, "but me frind Sandy has one of thim, that is the gall qualification".

One of the teamsters came in and said it was snowing hard.

"That's what we are after now," said Ben.

"Next Sunday I am set some trap," said Indian Pete.

"And Oi suppose if you find ony one fooling around thim, ye will give them a poke in the lug, as that is the stoile in this part of the country," said Pat, with a meaning glance at Jim.

Pete assured him with a grunt that he was in favor of carrying out the customs of the country.

Next morning there was eight inches of snow on the ground and every tree and bush laden.

"I just got here in time" said Brown, as he turned with his back to the fire.

"Look here, Halley you have to fix me up a decent bunk: I am not going to sleep like a pig, amongst those men."

"Do you think that you are any better than we are?" asked a broad shouldered young fellow.

"Never mind what I think. This is not the first lumber camp I've been in. So don't get gay; that's my advice."

"If you have been in a lumber camp before, I think your education was neglected."

"Your education will not be neglected very long if you give me any of your lip music," said Brown getting into fighting position.

With a bound the young fellow was in front of him, saying. "If it's trouble you are looking for, get busy."

Brown struck him a savage blow on the forehead, but received one in return under the chin that knock-

ed him on his back in the corner. He sprang to his feet and seized an axe handle, but before he could raise it, he received a terrible blow on the nose that knocked him down again. He got up slowly, the blood streaming from his mouth and nose, only to receive another stunning blow between the eyes that left him unconscious on the floor.

Ben walked coolly over to the young fellow saying. "Take your axe and get to your work. Turn out boys to your work."

The young fellow walked back and forward in the camp, watching Brown, his eyes blazing and his hands clinched.

"Tom, did you hear me tell you to get to your work? We have had enough of this."

"Damn him, I'll give him enough, that he will remember it for a while."

"Tom, I've told you that we have had enough of this. Now I mean it, go out to your work," said Ben, his face growing pale and stern, while his voice rang clear and determined.

"Come on Tom, he'll sleep for an hour and when he wakes up, he'll not feel like talking for a while," said one of the men';

For upwards of a minute Tom and Ben stood facing each other, their eyes blazing; then Tom turned and slowly followed the men to their work.

Ben walked backward and forward across the camp, till Brown sat up. His first words were, "Halley, you discharge that man at once. Do you hear?"

"Look here Brown, what did you come here for? Was it to run this camp or scale logs?"

"You heard what I said; I want that man discharged immediately."

"Well you just keep on wanting, for that man stays. And another thing let me tell you. You just got what you deserve. Did you think that an insult like that would pass in this crew? If you did, I guess you see that you were mistaken."

"What business had he giving me any of his cheek?"

"What business had you saying that you were not going to sleep like a pig amongst those men?"

"Well I did not mean it for an insult."

"You had time enough to explain what you meant; but instead of explaining, you began talking fight and then hit him. Now you started the row and got the worst of it, so take your medicine like a man and in the future, keep a civil tongue in your mouth. And another thing, if you want a bunk fixed up, fix it yourself in that corner."

"Remember Halley, that my brother is manager for the company you are cutting lumber for and if you don't do as I say, you will be sorry."

"Now Brown, let us have an understanding. In the first place I don't give a damn for either you or your brother. He may be manager down there, but neither he nor you are going to run me or this camp, all you are here for is to scale the logs. And another thing, when we are talking facts, you had better mind your business and drop that bullying

way of yours, for you are in a place where every man is a man, and neither gives nor takes any dirt," With this Ben turned and walked out of the camp.

After Ben went out, the cook came in with a basin of water saying, "Let your nose bleed in this."

"I am afraid I am badly hurt, my nose is broken I am sure."

"It do look pretty flat and too much over to one side," said the cookee in a sympathetic tone." I'll get the looking glass so you can see and perhaps you can shove it over to where it belongs. If you leave it quiet for a while, perhaps it will stick. I know a fellow that got an ear almost tore off last winter in a scrap. The boys put it back on again and it stuck. Before spring it was as tight as the other. It did not look just right but it was better than none. Your nose will get all right I think, if you keep it quiet. It will perhaps never stick out as far as it did, but a man's nose don't amount to much anyway. By cripes, Tom was terrible rough with your face. Your eyes are awful. They are all swelled up and getting fearful black.

"I didn't get in till the fun was all over. I would have liked to seen it. We only had one fight last winter and I didn't see it either. I was washing dishes and didn't know a thing about it till it was all over. A fight don't last long, does it? Now the fight last winter didn't last more than a couple of minutes. One fellow made the other go to sleep and he slept for more than half an hour, but before he went to sleep he hauled the other fellow's ear

off. I thought that Ben was going to get in it too. There were a couple of fellows that wouldn't dry up when he told them to. Gee, I would like to see Ben fight. Say, he is something fierce when he gets mad. He caught one of them by the neck and give him a haul and a couple of shakes and set him down so hard, that I'll bet he loosened all his teeth; then he gave the whole crew to understand that the next man that talked about fighting would fight him. I tell you they dried up in a hurry."

"Here you young snipe, get yourself into the cookroom and dry up, or I'll take a haul or two on your ear and give you a shove with my toe that will loosen some of your teeth. When your yap starts, if someone didn't stop you it would run till it was wore out. Now get, and see that there is a good fire on," said the cook. The cookee hastily withdrew into the cookroom. The cook then washed and fixed Brown's face the best he could; Brown all the time swearing and calling Tom names.

When the cook went back into the cookroom he found the cookee standing in the middle of the floor, scratching his head, with a scared look on his face.

"What's the matter now?" asked the cook.

"Dear-oh-dear, what will I do now. I've put tea in that pot of meat instead salt," said the cookee.

"If you could keep your mind on your work, I would be thankful," said the cook angrily, as he took off the pot of boiling meat to pour the tea out.

"Now get the beans on to parboil and see that you don't put tea in them, instead of water."

The cookee worked a few minutes, then he stopped and stood looking out of the window. "Say cook, didn't Tom pepper Brown's face in good shape?" The cook made no reply. The cookee worked a few minutes more then he said, "I wonder how many times Tom hit him?" Again no reply. "Say cook, will that be enough beans?"

"No put in a few more."

"Gee, I'd like to be able to hit a man as hard as Tom can."

"Well damn your skin, see what you are doing now. What in the name of satan are you putting them peas in the beans for?" asked the cook angrily.

"Oh, cook I forgot, that it was peas I was looking over."

"You get them peas picked out of them beans in a hurry or I'll tan your hide."

The cookee began picking the peas out. Suddenly he stopped, and asked, "Do you think that Brown's nose will ever get straight again?"

"Stop your damned chattering and attend to your work," answered the cook.

"Gee, I hope Brown will have grit enough to try it again,"

"Did you hear me telling you to shut your mouth and attend to getting them beans on?"

"Yes, but I can't seem to think of anything but that fight. I wish had seen it", said the cookee.

"Faith, Tom is a lad after me own heart," said

Pat as he and a couple of others were walking up the road to their work. "Oi declare it was a trait to see the way he drove him aich clout. That one on the snout was a lilly. Oi wouldn't be surprised if he damaged the machinery a bit and it may be mony a long day before the instrument will be the same shape again. Bad manners to him, Oi was about to ask him for an explanation mesel, whin Tom put the question fernennt him.

Oi am a quare chap; Oi would as lave see someone else foight as be at it mesel. So ye see that Oi have no grudge against Tom for takin the job out of me hands, for he done it as well as Oi could mesel; perhaps better.

Oi am afeared that Brown has learned a lesson that he will not forget this winter, at laste Oi railly belave that thim oyes of his will be a shade darker than his name in the morning," said Pat.

Ben's usually good natured face was as dark as a thunder cloud as he walked up the road and when he came to the first crew and found them all standing talking, it increased his anger.

"What the devil are you fellows all standing here talking for? is this what I pay you for? Get to work," said Ben.

"Aisy Ben, we are only comparin opinions about the trait Mr. Brown furnished this mornin. We will do ye a good day's work yet before night. Ye will never miss the few minutes we have lost in friendly conversation. Now didn't Tom dress him off in grand stoile? and well he desarved it.

A cuff or two does the loikes of him as much good as a confession would," said Pat.

"Aye mon, he weel deserved what he got. I am no the mon to poke into anither's business, but one thing I am going to gae ye advice on, Ben; ye watch that lad, for there's mony an honeste rogue in jail than that fellow. The deil himsel would make an honeste scaler than him," said Sandy.

"Now boys go to work; you have already lost an hour, and an hour for this crew means one man's day lost," said Ben his good nature rapidly returning.

"Faith we will soon make that up now that we have the talk out of us and are in workin humor again. There's no use in a man tryin to work, when he's in talkin humor, at onyrate that's the way with me," said Pat.

Ben went on to the crew that Tom was in. It was evident by the way Tom drove his axe into the tree that he was still in fighting humor. When he saw Ben looking at him he turned with a fierce light in his brown eyes and asked, "What have you to say about the row this morning?"

"Nothing much, only you know I don't approve of fighting in my camp."

"Do you approve of a man taking another's insults?"

"No, I don't approve of either taking or giving insults. I have no authority over Brown or he would be on the towpath heading for the settlement. I don't think he will bother you again; if

he does you leave him to me. And don't you ever mention the row to him again."

"Ben you know that looking for trouble is not in my line. I never wilfully insulted a man in my life, either drunk or sober. I never took an insult and never will. As far as I am concerned the trouble is over; of course if he starts it again it will be another thing."

"Now Tom you just attend to your own business and if he tries to start trouble again I'll attend to him myself."

"Another thing Ben, there's not a man in this crew that has more respect for you or your authority than I have, but this morning when you ordered me to take my axe and get out, my temper almost got the better of my judgment."

"Oh that's all right Tom, I have been mad myself, I know how a fellow feels."

"After all there was no harm done. We no doubt both did a little hard thinking and as Pat would say, we gave each other a pretty sour smole; but that's nothing in war time. I perhaps would have never thought of it again, if you had not mentioned it."

That night Brown was a pitiful sight. His nose was swelled to twice its natural size, his eyes were black and almost closed, even Tom felt sorry for him.

As Tom was passing him, he raised his head and said, "I suppose you will feel proud of your handiwork; you certainly fixed my face."

"No Brown, I am not at all proud of it, although you well deserved all you got."

"I will admit that I was a lot to blame. I was tired and feeling cross, and I did not mean quite what I said."

"Hitting at me did not help matters," said Tom.

"Oh well, we will let it drop and say no more about it," said Brown as he prepared to lie down in the bunk.

CHAPTER IX

THE SCALER.

Canada's long cold winter had now set in. The north wind howled and whistled through the forest. The thermometer dropped to 20 below zero. When the weather moderated the snow came down in blinding sheets. Soon it was banked up to the camp windows. The streams were now all closed with the frost king's icy grip. At night the trees snapped like pistol shots with the frost.

Within the camp all was snug and warm.

For a month the teams had hauled the heavy loads over ice roads to the river, where Brown measured the logs.

One evening Ben said, "Brown, you know that my contract calls for a scale bill every two weeks. I have now been hauling for over a month and you have not given me a scale bill yet; how is that?"

"I know Halley, I have been intending to ask you if we can't get over that. You see if I take the time to make you out a scale bill, I will get behind with the measuring."

"Can't you make it out in the evenings?"

"No, I can't figure by lamp light; it makes my

head ache; my eyes are not very good. You can rest assured that I am giving you good scale."

"Business is business and I want to see how things are going," said Ben.

A few days afterwards a thaw set in. It rained all day so no one worked.

"This is a good day to make out a scale bill, Brown," said Ben.

"Yes I am just going to begin on them now."

Brown went into the cook-room and figured a while, then came out and lay down in his bunk saying, "I don't feel very well today; I am going to lie down for an hour." He lay in the bunk till dinner was ready; then got up and ate quite heartily. He lay around all afternoon but at supper he did not act as if was there much the matter with him. Next day it was still raining and Ben again told him that he had to have the scale bill.

"You seem very anxious," said Brown.

"I am, I want to see how the logs are averaging," said Ben.

Brown made out the scale bill for the first two weeks, and gave it to Ben. Ben looked at it for a few minutes then said, "That can't be right."

"I guess it is," answered Brown.

"Ben took a pencil and figured for a few minutes; then he turned to Brown and asked, "Do you mean to say that it takes seventeen of them logs for a thousand?"

"I didn't average them; but that is the number of feet you drew to the river the first two weeks."

"Well go on and make out the other."

"What! do you want the other one today?"

"I do, and more than that I've got to have it," said Ben, his face growing pale.

When Brown was figuring on the other, Ben called Jim over to the window and said, "Get your log book and let us see if I have got your count correct."

Jim did so and found that all was correct. Ben said, "Are you sure that you made no mistake in your count in the woods?"

"Yes I counted every load twice. The teamsters will tell you the same."

"There is a difference of 97 logs in your count and Brown's. That is you have the count of that number more than he has the scale for."

"Well I declare; that beats me."

"Possibly he has made a mistake of a couple of loads on that scale bill and it will come all right in the next. We will wait and see."

The other scale bill showed a shortage of 85; the average was the same, 17 logs per thousand.

"Now Brown, this is ridiculous. 182 logs short in a month's work and 17 logs to the thousand. That will not go with me."

"How many did you figure on it taking to the thousand?" asked Brown.

"Not more than 14 or 15."

"Well you see you made a mistake."

"What about the 182 logs that you didn't scale?"

"I scaled every log that came to the landings."

"I doubt it."

"Do you think I came here to do crooked work? If you do you are mistaken.

"I came here to do the fair thing by both you and the company; that's what I am paid for. I don't understand how there can be such a difference; but of one thing I am sure; my scale is correct, and your count is wrong, for I am very careful with my work."

"I don't know if you are careful or not; but I know that those logs have to be scaled again. Now the terms of my contract are; in case of a dispute in the scale the logs have to be re-scaled by an independent scaler; and if he finds your scale correct, I pay the bill. Otherwise the company pays."

Next morning when the men were going out to work, Brown came to Ben saying, "I would like to talk this matter over with you."

"Fire away," said Ben sitting down and filling his pipe.

"Now Mr. Halley I don't understand how there can be such a difference in my count and Jim's. He seems to think that he is right and I am positive that I am. I was thinking that it will cost considerable to have those logs scaled again. The ends of the piles will of course have to be shoveled out and a scaler will charge a pretty steep figure for coming up here. And I am sure that you are the man that will have to pay the expense. Would you be satisfied to split the difference?"

"No sir," said Ben with emphasis.

"Will you be satisfied if I go over them again?"

"No, the difference is so great that there's something wrong, either with your honesty or ability. I am not yet prepared to say which."

"You are very plain, Mr. Halley."

"I never thought there was much gained by saying one thing and thinking another."

"I don't know what my brother will think; he has every confidence in my work."

"I don't know what he will say and I care a damned sight less. So that settles it," said Ben putting on his cap and walking out.

New landings were started and a man sent out to notify the company that the logs had to be re-scaled. In about a week he returned with a scaler.

He scaled the logs and gave the scale bill to Ben saying, "I hope you will be satisfied. I don't know how this will compare with either your estimation or the other scaler's scale; but I think it is as correct as can be made under the present conditions. Of course you know that there were a few logs that I could not get the rule on and there might be one or two in the bottom I missed, but I did the best I could."

Ben looked over the scale-bill and his face grew pale. There was only a few feet difference between it and Brown's.

"How do you find it?" asked Brown, with a satisfied expression.

"I find that I certainly am going to get a fleecing this winter," answered Ben.

The two scalers looked at each other, but neither spoke.

"What are you going to charge me for this?" asked Ben.

"This has been a pretty stiff trip and I will have to charge you one hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars?"

"Yes, and I wouldn't come up again for that."

"I guess you would only be too glad of the chance. You have been making money pretty fast the last few days, now haven't you? One hundred dollars from me, and—about one hundred dollars from—Oh well, you will come again if you are wanted, won't you?"

"What do you mean! Mr. Halley? Do you insinuate that I am doing crooked work?" asked the scaler, his voice trembling.

"Oh no, you wouldn't do a crooked thing; if you would, Jim Brown wouldn't have let you come up here. I feel honored in saying that I know Jim Brown personally, and by reputation. You might tell him that when you go down. Are you related to him? I may be mistaken but I see a likeness between you."

"No, Mr. Halley, I am no relation of his."

"Well—that's too bad. I suppose you will be starting back in the morning?"

"Yes."

"Well I hope we will meet again. You have made a great impression on me and I'll always re-

member you. Of course Brown will give you the hundred dollars when you go down—”

“Look here, Mr. Halley, what do you mean about Brown giving me one hundred dollars? Do you—”

“Why, no. I mean he will give you the hundred dollars and charge it to my account. You know I have no money up here.”

During the conversation Brown the scaler sat in the corner, his eyes blazing and his face as white as snow.

The next morning when the scaler was getting ready to go, Ben said to Jim.

“Now Jim, I want you to stay at the landings and help Brown with the scaling.

Your part of the business will be to see that he measures every log before it is rolled off the sled. We are going to try and arrange it so this gentleman will not have to come up here again, as it is a pretty stiff trip”.

A number of times during the next two weeks Brown remarked that those logs would average better than the first Ben had cut. Each day he became more friendly with Jim. Many times Jim wondered if there hadn't been some mistake on Ben's part, as well as on Brown's. As far as he could see, Brown scaled the logs right. One day he said to Jim, “Why don't you learn scaling? Its a pretty good job and pretty good money in it too.”

“God knows I need money bad enough to try most anything,” answered Jim.

He then told Brown what a hard time he had since he came to Canada. He told him of his mother and sister in England, and how he had planned to send them money but never could.

Brown stood in deep thought for a few minutes, then he remarked that if they got along well together all winter, he would get his brother to give him a good job at the mill.

Brown's friendship grew warmer each day. A couple of times he remarked that there was money in scaling logs if it was handled right. One day he said: "Jim are you really badly in need of money to send to your mother?"

Jim answered that he was.

"Well there would be a good thing in this job if it was handled right."

Jim saw at once what he was coming at and answered, "Tell me the way to handle it, as it's money I am here for."

Brown then told him that his brother would give them a couple of hundred if they could take it out of Ben on the scale.

"But will there not be danger of getting caught"? asked Jim.

"None whatever," answered Brown. "You see how the other business turned out."

"Your brother fixed it with the other scaler, did he?"

"Yes, and he'll fix it again, if Ben asks for another re-scale. But I don't think he will".

"What guarantee will you give me that I get my share of the pot?" asked Jim.

"My word will be enough; won't it?"

"Well perhaps so, but I think you should give me a little more."

For a few days they talked the matter over; then Brown wrote out an agreement, whereby Jim was to have one hundred dollars for certifying to the correctness of his scale.

Brown was a narrow minded scoundrel, of the sneak thief kind, and the thought never entered his brain that Jim would betray him. One hundred dollars he thought was enough to silence anyone in a crooked deal.

Next morning Jim said to Brown, "I've got you now in your proper place and I intend to keep you there. So scale those logs right if you don't want trouble.

"For once in your life, you are going to do honest work."

"Jim, what do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"No Brown, I don't think I am crazy. Do you think after all that Ben has done for me I would help you and your brother to cheat him out of his hard earned money? I may be green in this business, but I have some honor."

"Jim you have got me in the hole all right; but if you try to make trouble, I will soon put you out of the way. Now don't forget that."

"Now Brown, your threatening doesn't scare me in the least. But I am going to take a little

SALE
SANDWICH

precaution, as I don't know how bad you really are. I am just going to write this threat on the back of the agreement that you gave me and give it into the hands of a friend that I have here, to take care of. In case anything should happen to me, every one will get what is coming to him. Now I think that we understand each other, so will say no more about the matter for the present."

For days Brown would not speak, but after a while he became as friendly as ever.

UNRECORDED
1914-12-14

CHAPTER X

THE PASSING OF A LUMBERMAN.

The monotony of the winter was broken by the visit of the two hunters with a load of moose and deer meat, every two weeks. They always came on Saturday and stayed until Monday morning. The snow was now so deep, that the hunters had no difficulty in getting all the meat they required to supply the camp. Ever since Jim had been at the hunters' camp, he longed for the excitement of the hunters' life. The Indian had made him a pair of snowshoes, and every Sunday he accompanied Indian Pete over his trap line. Already Indian Pete had quite a bundle of furs.

Of all his companions he liked the Indian best. Perhaps it was on account of their rambles together, or it may have been because they were bunk mates. At any rate a very strong friendship had sprung up between them.

As Pat remarked one evening, when they returned, "Ye two are getting so chummy like, ye will be the same complexion before spring."

True, Jim liked all his companions, for they were jolly and friendly.

Brown was the black sheep in the camp. No one liked him. With him the men were always civil, but there was a noticeable coldness.

K.T.

In the camp Ben was the same as any. He shared their jokes and games, their joys and sorrows. Not a man in the crew but would play a trick on Ben as quick as on another.

One evening just as it was growing dark, Jim said to Brown, "I wonder why the teams are so late tonight, with their last load."

"Very likely some of them have got stuck," answered Brown, "They have been loading heavy the last few days. We might as well go to camp, for we can't see to scale their loads now."

When they were almost at camp, Brown said "Hallo! someone is hurt."

"How do you know?" asked Jim.

"I believe they have carried someone into the camp on a stretcher." They entered the camp and enquired who was hurt.

"Jones."

"What happened?"

"The pole-straps broke coming down the hill and he got caught under the load".

"Both of his horses are killed," answered one of the men, sorrowfully.

Tenderly they had laid him in the bunk. Rough hands gently removed his clothing. Pale and sad, those rough men stood in silence, while a couple of the eldest examined him to see if there were any bones broken.

"It's my back and breast that's the worst," he said in a low pain racked voice.

He lay on his back, with his eyes partly closed, while Ben wiped the bloody froth from his lips.

The cook gently opened the door and said, "Supper, boys".

Some of the men started towards the cookroom, while others stood undecided whether to follow or not. "Go on to your supper, I will stay here till you get through", said Tom. The remainder started silently towards the door except Indian Pete. He sat down beside the bunk without a word.

Sadly the men gathered around the table. "Do you think he is badly hurt?" asked the cook. "I am afraid it's all day with him," answered one of the men that had examined him. "His breast is all crushed. There don't seem to be a bone that's not broken."

"It's impossible to move him and we can't get a doctor here in less than six days," said Ben.

"I tell you Ben that a doctor couldn't do anything for him, even if he was here now. You saw yourself how his chest is crushed."

"I know, but it seems hard to let him die without trying to do something for him."

"He was a guid laddie and it grieves me sare to see him go, and just in his prime too," said Sandy. And his poor auld mither; it's the sare blow it will be to her, when her laddie is brought hame."

Tears started to Sandy's eyes and trickled unheeded down his cheeks.

Brushing them away with his shirt sleeve he said, "Aye weel, it's the road we'll all be starting

on some of these days. But guid Lord, few of us are very weel prepared for the trip."

A few of the men got up from the table, so their chums would not see their moistening eyes and quivering lips, as they thought of the poor widowed mother, far away across those hills and valleys, in her pleasant little home by the river side. How she loved this broad shouldered young giant and how proud she had been of him, her only support.

After supper the men sat silently, listening to the heavy breathing.

Not a moan escaped those pale lips, but the watchers knew by the catch in his breath and the quiver of his face when those sharp stabbing pains caught him.

"Are you suffering much?" asked one of his chums, as he wiped the blood from his mouth and moistened the dry, parched lips with water.

"Yes the pains are fierce, at times it seems as if my breast was tearing open. My breast is crushed in, isn't it?" he said trying to feel with his hand.

"It's badly bruised," said his friend.

"By those pains I know it's more than bruised."

Ben and a couple of the men sat beside him through the long, dark hours of the night. Once he opened his eyes and said to Ben, "Both the horses were killed and it was all my fault. I knew that pole-strap wasn't safe but I thought I would risk one more load. I am sorry Ben, I killed your team."

"Oh never mind the team; there are lots more horses," said Ben, kindly.

Next morning Pat and Sandy volunteered to stay in and take care of him.

In the afternoon he opened his eyes and looked at the two silent watchers.

"I am going to die; and oh God! what will become of mother?" he said.

"The Lord will provide; for so He has promised in His word," said Sandy.

"Yes, so He has promised; but how little we think about Him, when we have our health and strength. For months I have not given His name a thought; but now when I feel the end drawing near, I can't think of anything else. It's an awful thing to think about. Yesterday swearing and taking His name in vain, and today asking Him to have mercy on my soul. Do you think He will have mercy on me?"

"Faith I am sure He will," said Pat. "Now He knows ye are a good dacent chap. Oi have worked with ye these two winters mysel, and Oi never saw a mane thing about ye. True ye were always more given to swearin than prayin. But who could have drove that tame without swearin? Now He knows Himsel, that a more contrary and a mainer bruit, never had the harness on than that off horse. Bad manners to him, it's kilt he ought to have been before he was born. Mony's the toime Oi swore inwardly mesel, as Oi watched ye workin with him, and no later than yesterday the owld fellow tempted

me to grab a shillalie and smash in a few of his contrary owld ribs for him.

"Now belave me, as long as the Lord allows such bastes to encumber the earth He'll have to forgive a little swearin; and He will or He's not the man Oi take Him to be. So if you have nothin on your mind worse than the bit of swearin ye done at that owld devil of a horse, it's the lucky man ye are."

"Pat, did you ever pray?"

"Oi have mony's the toime."

"Would you pray for me now?"

"Indaid Oi would, and would have been at it long ago, only Oi am a bit out of practice. Sandy can do a lot of a better job than Oi can. Oi am aisely excoited in a toime like this and would very loikely to git so mixed up that the Lord wouldn't know what Oi was droivin at. Sandy we'll knaal down, whoile ye pray a bit for the poor lad's sowl."

Sandy blew his nose a couple of times, then spit out a chew of tobacco and sat looking at the floor for a minute or so, then knelt down with Pat beside the bunk. After clearing his throat four or five times, he began the following prayer. "Guid Lord, look down we beseech Thee on this our afflicted brother—who feels that he is about to be taken awae frae us and into Thy presence, Lord. Hae mercy on him Lord and forgive him his sins." Again Sandy cleared his throat three or four times before continuing. "Remember our failings and short comings and how easy it is to fall awae frae grace. Comfort the poor auld mither in this her sad berea-

vement. And grant Lord that this may be a warning to us awe, to make our peace with Thee, before it's too late. Again Lord we ask Thee to hae mercy on this poor laddie and forgive him his sins and take him unto Thysel. Amen."

"Ye done it foine Sandy, but yer prayer was mighty short," said Pat in a hoarse whisper, as they arose from their knees.

The sun was setting over the western hills; it's last rays shone through the small camp windows and like a halo of glory lit up the features of the dying man. Outside the frost flakes glittered like diamonds on the trees.

Up the stream came the sound of bells. Further down was heard the sound of rolling logs, as a team unloaded at the landing. Up on the hillside behind the camp, could be heard the sound of axes and the crash of falling timber. The dying man motioned to be lifted. Gently they raised him in their arms. For a few moments he tried to rally his fast failing strength, then these words came faintly from his pale lips. "Tell mother—how it happened. Tell her I died without fear—I feel that the Lord will have mercy on me. Give her my watch and ring. Tell her to give the ring to Nellie,—we were to be married in the spring." His breath came in gasps. "Say—good-bye to the boys—."

For a few minutes they held him in their arms, then laid him down, for the spark of life had fled.

The next morning the body was rolled in a blanket, his clothing collected and put in a bag, then all tied

securely on a sled and two men started to take him home to his bereaved mother.

In no place will death cast a deeper gloom than amongst a crew of such wild, adventurous spirits as are usually found in a lumber camp.

Men that scarcely knew what the word "fear" meant; proud of their giant strength; many who never knew what a day's sickness was; when they see one of their number taken away in the pride of his young manhood, it casts a gloom and for days no joke or merry whistle is heard. In sad silence the work goes on. Even the trees have a doleful sound as they fall crashing down and the wind seems to moan as it whistles around the camp corners; ever reminding them of the one that has crossed the river to the dreaded unknown. Perhaps it's the thought of what their own fate may be, that makes them sad. Or again is it the vacant place in the camp or woods? Doubtless the question comes to many: "What will my own fate be? Will I be crushed by a tree or will it be on a jam in the spring?" Dangers on every hand and many times death when least expected. Will it be their turn next? Or will they be one of the fortunate ones, to escape the dangers of their calling and live to a ripe old age and die a peaceful death surrounded by their loved ones. But soon the gloom passes away and death is the last thing thought of. It's back to the old life again; with oath, joke and song, they fell the tall timber. Again their axes ring and echo over the surrounding hills with a joyous merry sound.

CHAPTER XI

CAMP RECREATION.

At length the last log was at the river. Already the birds were building their nests, and singing their merry songs. The signs of spring were on every hand. The smoke arose straight from the stove pipe, the air was calm and clear. The soft south wind blew against the tanned faces of the men.

The teams had gone out; so had the scaler. Jim reminded him when leaving, that unless he wanted trouble, to get the shortage in the first scale fixed up, also the money paid the other scaler. Brown snarled like an angry dog, but made no answer.

A few days followed, waiting for the ice to go out. The boats were tarred and got ready; boots calked and greased. The remainder of the time was spent in washing and mending clothes, playing cards and checkers, dancing to the music of a mouth organ, singing songs, and like a lot of school boys, playing tricks on each other. Pat seemed to be a great favorite with all. As he said himself, he was so full of the owld fellow that he couldn't be still a minute, nor could he allow anyone else to be.

Many a trick was played on Pat just to hear the expressions he would make.

The men after their hard winter's work were drowsy, and if they lay down a few minutes would fall asleep.

On one occasion, Sandy lay down and was soon fast asleep. Soon his mouth opened. Pat sat looking at him a twinkle in his eyes.

"Sandy's barn door has blew open," said one of the men.

"The latch is rusty, it ought to be greased." added another.

"Roight ye are me boy," said Pat. "It nades graising and as he is such an obliging cuss, Oi am going to graise it for him mesel."

Pat got the tin of boot grease and poured some on Sandy's chin and mustache. "The hinges are rusty, they need something done, to stop them creaking".

I have heard it said that soap is a good thing for that," said Ben.

"Faith Oi belave ye're roight, Ben. Oi have seen me mother use soap a great dail in house clain-in, as well as for mony another preformance".

With this Pat cut off a piece of soap and dropped it in Sandy's mouth, then sat down and began to talk to Ben.

Sandy awoke with a start and spat the soap out. "Guid God! Can a mon no lay doon a second for a bit rest, without some bluddy fool cramming his mouth full of soap, dirty grease, ould socks and

the ceil kens what not? Some of you fellows will be getting a clout in the lug, some of these days for your smartness," said Sandy, giving Pat a meaning look; also his glance lingered an instant on a pair of Pat's boots that were hung on a nail. "Ye think that awe a mon's mouth is for, is to play with, ye blasted apes, do you? The next cursed fool that interferes with my mouth when I am sleeping, will no get off sae easy the next time," giving another look at Pat. Sandy then went into the cook room to wash.

"Did ony of ye notice the cowld look he gaed me brogues?" said Pat. "Oi am afeared he manes thim harm, so to be on the safe soide Oi am just going to put thim in a safe place and hang his up instead. Our brogues are as aloike as two paes. Now Oi am goin for a walk. Jimmy dear, mony and mony a toime Oi've done ye a favor, now do me one if ye please. Whin Oi am gone tell Sandy it was mesel that doctored his mouth. Aisy loike, so as not to make him suspicious. Thin if he has forgot the brogues, ye moight say somethin about thim. Be very cautious as ye know that the Scotch are a very canny breed. Now Oi am off, and may me blessin stay with ye."

Soon Sandy came in and looked around. "Where's that deil of an Irishman the noo?"

"Gone for a walk. We'll be able to have a little comfort for a few minutes," said Jim. "Did anyone ever see such a character? He's in deviltry every minute he's awake, or planning some. You want

to play some trick on him when he comes back Sandy."

"Indeed I am no going to wait till he gets back," said Sandy giving the boots a look that meant them no good.

"Pat's very fond of molasses, a few drops in his brogues, as he calls them will no be amiss."

Sandy then poured a cup of molasses in each of the boots, amid roars of laughter from the men.

"Noo lads I am going to put my ain oot of sight, as it's hard to tell what he'll be for daein, when he finds the joke."

Sandy looked around the camp for a few minutes, then he enquired if anyone had seen his boots. No one made answer, so he got down and looked under the bunks a second time. He got up and scratched his head, saying, "It beats the deil where them boots are." Suddenly he took a couple of steps towards the boots saying, "Hell, that looks like them." He took them down and examined them. "Guid God Almighty." Do ye ken what I've done the noo. I've put molasses in me ain boots. Wha would believe that Irishman of all men, would hang up my boots, instead of his ain. They say that the deil and the Irish walk hand in hand and I am inclined to believe it. "Deil take him" as Mistress Froud would say".

Sandy then proceeded to clean the molasses out of his boots, all the time cursing the Irish, and Pat in particular, while an interested, if not a sympathetic crowd gathered around.

"I'll tell you what I am going to dae. I am going to put a pail of water over the door, and when that cursed Irishman comes in he's going to get a bit shower bath."

Sandy then with the aid of a couple of others, arranged a pail over the door in such a manner that when the door opened about two feet, the pail would tip over. After much experimenting and a lot of advice, they pronounced their experiment a success. An empty pail was tried a number of times and worked successfully. Sandy got a pail of water ready and sat down to watch for Pat's return.

Soon he saw Pat coming up the road with his hands in his pockets whistling.

"Whistle, damn you whistle; but look oot you don't get your whistle wet when you come in the door," said Sandy as he put the pail of water into position.

Pat went into the cook room to talk to the cook. After a few minutes he said to the cook, "Oi say cook, have ye the toime to come into the other camp for a game of cards? Oi'll bet that me and you can skin ony pair in there."

The cook accepted the invitation and followed Pat to the door of the sleeping camp. Pat opened the door about a foot, then politely stepped aside saying "Gintlemen first."

The cook entered the door spilling the water on his head. "Hell and damnation," said the cook, in a rage. "That's a nice trick, isn't it. Damn

you Pat O'Neil, you are at the bottom of every dirty trick that ever has been played around this camp. You think it damned smart to fix up that pail of water and then come into the cook room with your oily blarney and ask me in to get wet. Damn you, I'll learn you something."

With this the cook picked up an axe handle and went to hit Pat. Pat jumped behind Ben saying, "Benjamin, Benjamin, save me for the love of Moike, from the vengeance of that ould devil of a cook, for Oi am innocent.

"If ye don't he'll bring that stick over me head before Oi've toime to say a word in me own defence."

The cook stopped, undecided whether to try to get at Pat or not. Pat having got to a safe distance said, "Listen to me cook. Oi am innocent of this foul accusation. Oi' swear to ye with both me hands and feet on the almanac, Oi haven't been insoide that camp for an hour, more or less; nor have Oi spoken to ony of thim grinnin devils in the main toime. Oi have good raisen to believe that it was the wrong man that got the shower of blessin to suit some of thim hathens. Now bad manners to ye, if there's a gintleman in that crowd of scalawags, spake up and tell the truth, for the ould fellow is watching ye. Now here's me question. Was not that pail of water intinded for me?"

"Now cook, you perhaps notice that when Pat say, "gentleman", he look square at me. I tink it's me he expect to make answe. So now I tell you all about it. About hour ago Pat go for walk.

Just soon as he's gone one fellow here begin act queer, just like crazee man," said Pete Leroy, turning and looking at Sandy. "I'll not tell the name," again he looked at Sandy.

"First ting he do dat look queer for me, he put some molasses in his boot. Den he swear and clean it out. After dat he talk about the Irishman, I tink he not like dat breed very much. He seem very mad at Pat and call him bad names. After while he began to talk about dround him when he come back. He fix water pail over door when he see Pat come back, Pat she feel pretty good when he's come up road, for he whistle some. Dat fellow began swear again at Pat and say, "Whustle dam you whustle; I tink whustle going get wet purty soon." By-ne-bye you come in, tip pail over, start swear, den get stick and go for lick Pat. Dat's all I know about dat business, except dat fellow's name. Dat I tink not be right for tell."

Again Pete turned and looked at Sandy.

Pat turned to the cook and said, "Let's think no more about it. It was only a choild's trick ony-way, and Oi am not in the laist offended be ye gettin what was intinded for me. So now let us have the game of cards."

The cook walked around and swore for a few minutes, then went back into the cook-room to change his shirt.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Pat lay down in the bunk and began to laugh; then he sat up and winked at Sandy.

"Ye gang tae the deil; he's the mon that is best fitted to associate with you," said Sandy with a sickly smile. "It's an auld sayin and a true one; the deil favors his ain."

"Oi have often wondered why ye were so lucky Sandy; but Oi see the raisen clare as day now," answered Pat. "But say bies, that water must have been warm, be the way the ould cook acted. Bad manners to him, but me head was in danger for a whole."

Next morning when they awoke it was raining and for two days the rain came down in torrents. The little brooks that had been ice-bound for five months now became large streams. In the main river the ice began to break up and float down the stream in large blocks; soon to melt away under the combined action of sun and current.

As soon as the sound of rushing water was heard, a restless feeling came over the men. They longed for the hour when they would start to roll in the logs. Again a glad light came into their clear steady eyes. Again their hearts beat with a fierce wild joy, as they thought of the jams and rapids; where a wrong step might be their last. They longed for the danger and excitement that is ever with the riverman.

It is the excitement of the work that makes the long days pass pleasantly. It is the excitement that brings many gray headed veterans from their comfortable homes, back to the river each spring. Again the blood rushes through their veins, as

they hear the rush of the waters. They feel that again they are young and strong, and regardless of the protests of their wives and families, they put a few extra clothes in a bag and are off to the river again. But alas! in two or three days they find that they are too old to take their place alongside those young fellows just in their prime and content themselves with a job helping the cook or taking care of the wanigan, the Indian name for encampment.

At last Ben gave the welcome order, "Boys we will make a start in the morning; the ice must be pretty well broken up below. Have breakfast about five in the morning, cook."

CHAPTER XII

THE DRIVE.

Next morning the men shouldered their peavies, went to the river and the work began. At first the landings went easy. Sometimes by starting one log, dozens would roll into the water. Soon thousands were floating down to form wings and jams for miles along the river.

Soon the excitement of breaking the landings was over and the logs had to all be rolled into the water. It was lift and roll, all the long day.

At ten and three o'clock the lunch was brought to them.

That night Jim thought there was nothing very romantic about river driving, as he laid his tired and aching body on the hard bough bed.

"What do you think about driving?" asked one of the men.

"The way I feel tonight," answered Jim, "there's more work, than fun in it."

"Fun! said Pat, "Devil a bit of fun did Oi see the day. Not a man wet aven his brogues. And it will be the same tomorrow and so on till we get the logs all afloat".

In two weeks they had the logs, all afloat, then a

large scow was fixed up for a cook boat. This was done by nailing the butts of slender maples to the sides of the scow. The tops were brought together, forming an arch. Blankets were then tacked and securely tied over all, thus making a very comfortable place for the cook to work in.

The men then were divided into boat crews. Two boatmen and five drivers formed a crew. Two of the boats were known as the center crews; their work was to break all the jams in the center of the river.

The other boats followed the shores, rolling off the wing jams and any logs lodged against the shores. Those men were many times wading to their knees rolling logs over rocks and sandbars.

"Now Jamie, if ye are going to be a driver, ye must' na be afraid of the water, for it's clean and will na burn ye," was the friendly advice Sandy gave Jim.

The wanigan boat was loaded with the blankets, tent, the men's clothing, provisions, etc. It was usually run down the river, to where they proposed to camp that night; there it was securely tied, the tent put up and every thing arranged for the night. Two men attended to this work; they were called the wanigan men. The cook boat stayed behind till after the second lunch. Then they went ahead to where the tent was. The cook worked regardless of whether he was moored or afloat. Many were his threats of what would follow, if he or his beloved outfit got wet.

"I tell you boys, if you as much as wet the water pail going down them rapids I'll skin you alive. Now be careful of the rocks. If you hit one and start this scow to leak, I'll tan your hide the way your mother should have done a good many times oftener than she did."

Every morning it was a new threat. But regardless of all, every thing went smoothly within and around the cook boat. Should any accident befall him or his scow, he never blamed the men; it was always the river.

On one occasion the cookboat was passing a center jam. As Pat took a chew of tobacco he remarked, "Its mesel that would loike to be runnin that cook-boat at present. Oi would wash that owld lad's shirt for him. Bad manners to him, Oi've not forgot the toime the owld devil blamed me for him gitting under a pail of water whin it was tippin over. It's seldom Oi am blamed in the wrong, for which Oi am thankful, for it hurts. Oi am what they call sensitive. Oi will never forget the look of him as the cowld water run down his back. And the sour smoile he had when he grabbed the shillallie, to gae me his compliments. Belave me bad luck is before him or ony one else, that threatens Patrick's head with voilence". When Pat finished speaking, the cook picked up the water pail to get a pail of water. Just as he leaned over the stern of the scow, the bow hit a submerged rock and he went overboard; fortunately the water was only about four feet deep. The cook tried to catch the end

of the scow but missed it by a foot and went under the water again.

"Well did ye ever see such anticks?" said Pat.

"He tink himself fish," said Indian Pete.

"What are you looking for?" asked Ben.

"Better get a hustle on cook, or you will miss your passage," said another.

"Stay there, damn you," called back one of the men who was running the boat.

"We can get along fine without you."

The cook stood looking at the scow as it floated down the river for a few seconds, then he turned and started to wade ashore. He didn't go far till he got into deep water. He then turned and went towards the jam; but again found the water too deep.

"Say boys, come and put me ashore," said the cook meekly.

"Ye stay right there ye owld villain", said Pat. "In about six months ye will be able to get ashore on the oice."

"Guess he not bother anyone tomorrow morning with his song "Turn Out", said Indian Pete.

"Better take him ashore," said Ben.

"Seein that ye order us to, we will," said Pat, but if Oi had me way about it, it's there he'd stay. Now listen to me cook; it's not for naither love or respect that we are goin to put ye ashore. So now whin the boat comes close enough ye catch the bow and Pete will give ye a haul if ye need it. The way Oi feel at present it would not be safe for me to put me hands on ye".

Indian Pete and Pat then ran the boat close enough to him so that he caught the bow as Pat had commanded him. With a very little help from Pete he got into the boat.

"Now ye owld hathen ye..." Pat didn't get his sentence finished, for the cook caught him by the legs and threw him overboard. Pete's back was towards them and he didn't see what had happened. "Oh Pete, come here with your pole; Pat has fell overboard," said the cook. Pete sprang into the stern to reach Pat the end of his pole. Quick as a flash the cook caught him by the legs and threw him into the river also. Without a word the cook picked up a paddle and steered the boat ashore. Pat and Pete swam side by side after him.

As the cook got out of the boat Pat said, "Never ye moind tieing the boat, for we are going to use it prisently."

Pat and Pete landed amid cheers and laughter from the men.

"Seems some fun over der," said Indian Pete, pointing with his thumb over to where the men were.

"Oi wonder what's it all about," said Pat, glancing in that direction. "Now cook if ye have no further use for this boat, we will take it over to that jam, they moight be naidin it. Now Pete Oi think we had better pole up the shore a ways, thin drop back with the current to yon jam."

"Guess so", said Pete, as he pushed the bow clear of the shore and got in.

"Which soide of that rock will we go?"

"Outside, guess."

Pat glanced down the river and saw the cook walking along the shore, the scow having rounded a bend and gone out of sight.

"Damn his owld hide, he's gitting very playful loike, isn't he?" said Pat.

"How he throw you out? Whoa; got go t'other side that rock" said Pete.

"Now thin we will run her straight for a piece."

"Best swing her little further from dat big swell dere. Dere dat's good."

"Ye were askin how the owld villain flung me over board? Well because Oi wasn't expectin ony such antiicks from him. Oi just was going to give her a little swing off shore and the first thing Oi knew the owld devil had me be the legs and Oi was goin overboard. Oi just had toime to get me mouth shut whin me head went under the water. Oi would have thought after the traitment Oi received, ye would have been on yer guard."

"Nebber see a ting, I was look down river when he shout Pat fell out. I run into stern to reach you pole, den he catch my leg and I go over same as you."

"Oi belave that we are all roight now to hit the jam."

"Guess so, let her swing. Dere now dat's good. Soon hear what dem fellows say about dis scrape."

"Faith and they will say enough, and the worst of it, we desarve it all. It sames to me we have

furnished the entertainment for thim grinnin devils ahead."

"Well boys how did you get along?" asked Ben, as the boat drew up beside the jam.

"Oi have no commints to make what ever about the trip, save and except, the next toime that owld duck has to be taken for a boat roide, ye can take him yersel or send Sandy; for a more unmannerly dog Oi never had the honor to sail with.

Peter here, Oi am shure feels the same, as he was prisent with me the most of the trip. Now Ben me advice to ye is; sever connections immadiately with that owld villain, for Oi am just as shure that his father was a pirate, as Oi am me own was a gentleman.

"Ye all know that most all our bad points, as well as some of our good ones are inherited. Me forefathers handed me down an honest, quiet and peaceful disposition; but all that owld devil got for an inheritance, was a handy way of havein people overboard. Now Peter will perhaps favor us wid his varsion".

"What dat word mean?"

"It manes yer soide of the story," answered Pat.

"I've noting tell," said Pete. "I learn one ting long time ago; dat is good ting always keep tongue quiet. If you had learn dat at de same time, you be dry now and me too."

"Yes", answered Pat, "and if that owld codger had stayed in yon scow where he belonged, he'd be dry now as well. So twist it around any way

ye loike he was at the bottom of all the sorrow; blast his owld pelt. And another thought comes to me moind. Ye make reference to me mouth as having something to do wid our misfortune and yet ye have the cheek to tell me that ye learned to keep your yap shut long ago. Now thin; how is it that ye are as wet as Oi am?"

"Bad company done dat. I hear minister say one time, if you get in bad company you get use the same as other fellow. I not believe dat den; now I am sure dat fellow tell de truth."

"Oh! shut that yap of yer's. There's no raison in a redskin whatever."

It was a revelation to Jim how the men kept their balance on the logs. When they stepped on one it was as solid as if on land. They pushed and paddled them about, whistling and singing, apparently as much at home on one log as if they were in a boat.

Many a laugh the men had at his expense. When he stepped on a log, quick as a wink it would roll over, many times sending him into the water up to his neck.

"Hold on to her."

"Don't let her roll."

"Now she has you."

"In you go."

"Try it again. You will never learn to ride a log with dry feet."

Such jokes always greeted Jim when he tried to go on a single log.

"Shure ye are the awkward crature on logs," said Pat on one occasion. "Oi never saw the loikes. As soon as ye put your brogues on one's back, it is shure to turn its belly to ye; thin ye git off to fix it. As a droiver ye have but one ricomindation, ye're not afraid of gittin wet. There is another Oi was about to forget, that one is devil a bit are ye afraid of the grub pile, Thim are the only ricominds that yer frind Pat can give ye as a river droiver".

CHAPTER XIII

THE TRAGIDY OF THE BIG RAPIDS.

The snow was now all gone. The sweet smelling vegetation was springing up. In a few days all nature would be clothed in her most gorgeous raiment. The birds were singing their songs of gladness in the tree tops. The murmur of running water was heard on every hand. The murmuring river sang a song of gladness, as the men pushed and rolled the logs off shore or broke the jams in the center of the river. The murmuring river sang a lullabye as the men lay down in the open tent for a few hours sleep, tired, wet, but always cheerful. It is on the river that the lumbermen show up best. They have a calm, cool, sense of conscious power, that makes them heroes when danger is before them. When there is a dangerous jam they never falter or hang back.

The boatmen make their plans where they are going to land and the men take their places in the boat. They never give their opinion or advice; it's the boatmen's work to land them and when the jam breaks, to take them off. After the boat is pushed off, not a word is spoken till they are alongside the jam; then the men spring lightly on the logs

and the work begins. Sometimes it only takes a few minutes, other times it is hours before the jam starts. . . . When the jam breaks the men run over the rolling logs and one after the other they step in the boat, as it floats with logs.

When the last man is in, the boatmen let go their hold on the floating logs and push clear. Great care is taken not to let any logs get under the boat.

"Well boys," said Ben one night as he sat down to eat. "Tomorrow night we will be at the head of the big rapids, if we don't have a big wing on the sand bar below here. The big rapids are the worst place on the river I calculate, but with such water we have had this spring, there ought not to be any very bad jams. I never got along as fast as I have this spring. In three weeks we ought to be at the mouth of the other river. Then my contract is finished.

"I wonder how they are getting along on the other branch?"

"What do you do then?" asked Jim. "Do you let us all go?"

"I don't know how it will be this spring," answered Ben. "But other springs the company hired me and crew to continue on with the drive. I suppose you are getting tired of the game and will be glad to get through."

"No I want to hang to it as long as I can get work. I would like to get money enough to bring my mother and sister out to this country. Do you



A WING JAM

"Oi wonder if Oi am one of the parties ye refer to; if so Oi would be in no worse company that Oi am at the present," said Pat.

"Don't worry Pat," said Sandy. "The deil will no take ye as lang as he can help it. The langer he can leave you here the better for himsel and the worse for us."

"The owld lad is no so bad himsel; but Oi don't loike the company he kapes; for they are principally Scotch and Frinch, with a few Indians mixed in the bunch.

"But however Oi'll not force me prisence on him, for Oi'd be no better there than Oi am here," said Pat.

The next evening as Ben had predicted they were at the head of the big rapids. Ben walked down the river for a mile or so, and on his return said, "There's a bad jam about half way down. It's not very long, but piled pretty high and is going to be hard to get to."

"How are chances to land behind it?" asked one of the boatmen.

"The swells are too heavy. I am afraid they would swamp the boat and besides it would be pretty dangerous getting away when the jam hauls. But however we will borrow no trouble about it tonight," said Ben, as he joined a group that were sitting beside the cookboat.

Jim thought by the way Ben spoke he saw danger ahead, but in a few minutes he discarded the idea, as Ben sang a couple of songs and did not seem at

all depressed. Next morning as the men were clearing the logs off the shore, Ben and six of the boatmen went down the river. When they returned Ben said, "That's a bad spot all right. Now you fellows with the shore boats run down to the foot of the rapids and get into position, so if anything should happen you will be able to give a hand."

All the boats except three ran down the rapids and took up positions so if a boat got capsized or a man was carried away, they could render assistance.

"Now Jack, try to land on the right hand side. Three men is all I want to come with me," said Ben as he stepped into a boat.

The crew as one man stepped forward and when Ben turned around there were a dozen waiting to get in the boat.

"Here some of you fellows stand back; three is all that's coming. There, that's all right. Now boys, listen. Not a man gets on the jam till we are sure we can hold the boat. If we don't succeed, you fellows wait here for me. Now let her go." Ben stood in the center of the boat with a pole, while the other three men sat down. The boatmen pushed off the boat and headed for the jam.

Down the foaming rapids and through the swells shot the boat. Many times half its black, tarred bottom was visible, as it pitched and plunged on towards the jam, guided by the cool steady hands of the boatmen, while the watchers on shore held their breath. Soon they were there and drove their pike poles into the jam, but in vain, for the current

he'll be in trim, as Oi got excoited and was a bit rough with him. Now thin Ben, Oi am ready for your vardict."

"Go down the river and see if you can find Pete; if so, you and him run his boat this afternoon. Tomorrow we will see what can be done," said Ben.

Pat went down the river and found Pete sitting on a rock. Pat stopped and stood looking at him a few seconds, then he said in a low voice. "How do you do, Peter".

Pete made no reply but sat looking at the river. Pat came a little closer and again addressed him thus, "Oi understand that ye and yer mate have fell out. It has been the same wid me and my chum. Ben was telling me ye put the rocks to his head. Oi put the brogues to mine. Oi began on one ind and went to the other. Thin Oi was afeared that Oi had missed a few places and wint over the job again. He's now on the casualty list and Ben tells me yer's is the same.

"Oi am sint down here to help you run yer boat this afternoon. Now Oi'll take which ever ind ye say, for Oi am as handy in one ind as the other."

"Best take stern," said Pete, leading the way to the boat.

The characteristics of those two boat men were just the opposite to each other. Pete was quiet and of a retiring disposition. He very seldom made a joke or joined in any conversation. Unlike most Indians he was a good worker and every day the same. He was well liked by all. The day he hit

the other Indian with a stone was the first and last time that any of the crew had ever seen him mad. Only on rare occasions would he drink. When he did his principal enjoyment was shouting and treating every one he met.

On the river, when in a dangerous place, he seemed to feel his responsibility greatly. Today as he took his place in the boat, his restless black eyes were on the river, as if trying to see beneath those rising swells if there were any dangerous rocks. Pat on the other hand was the same in danger as elsewhere.

If he knew what fear or responsibility was, he never showed it. He always wore a happy-go-lucky air and was ready to joke. He never fought when sober if there was an honorable way out of it. But once he started he was like a wild cat and would stop at nothing. If he got his opponent down, he would kick him till he was helpless; but as soon as his temper cooled, he would be sorry for what he had done and do everything in his power to make friends again.

If he got the worst of the battle, he would most always try it again and if beaten the second time, he gave it up and was ready to be friends again. As they were ready to start for the jam he said, "Now thin Peter, the honor of yer race, as well as owld Oireland is at stake, so lit us do it handsome loike."

He bit off a chew of tobacco and threw his hat into the bottom of the boat.

Then turning his eyes to Sandy said, "Now

Sandy git a smoile on in case ye git drownd, for Oi always loike to see a smoile on the face of a corpse, it gives thim such a peaceful look".

Sandy took his place in the boat with an air of cold indifference. Black Joe and Pete Leroy seemed to be a trifle nervous; while Ben's eyes were fastened on the jam; his only thoughts were, "could they hold the boat."

"All right Pat," said Pete as he pushed the bow off the shore.

"Same here," answered Pat as he shoved off the stern and they were away.

Down through the foaming rapids shot the boat, in the same course the last boat had and successfully stopped beside the jam.

"Well done," said Ben as he sprang on the jam, followed by Sandy, Black Joe and Pete Leroy.

"Oi tell ye Ben, an Indian and an Oirishman can bate the deil, as Sandy says. Did ye notice the graceful way we drew along soide and snubbed her?"

"I notice we all had something to do with the snubbing," answered Ben.

"And who the divil said ye hadn't, may Oi ask? You know thit all the credit belongs to the captain and mate. Ye fellows are only the crew and therefore desarve none of the honor whatever. Yer part of the performance is quite aisy so now git at it and break this jam and we will put ye ashore or drownd ye, and devil a hair Oi care which. Look at that brogue of yer's Joe. Devil a cork is thir in one soide. Ye'd better help Pete to hould the

boat and Oi will help to start the jam, for belave me whin it starts it's going quick."

"No Pat," answered Joe. "Dat boot is all right; has been like dat for a week now; so am use to it like dat."

"Now boys we will begin work here; the jam's going to start easy," said Ben after he had made an inspection.

They had only worked a few minutes when Ben said, "Look out boys," at the same time giving a roll to a log that seemed to be holding against something. For a few seconds the jam trembled and creaked; then it started.

The men made for the boat and one after the other they got in; except Black Joe. When he started his foot slipped and went down between the logs. Ben, Sandy and Pete Leroy went back again and tried to pry the logs apart. "Get back in the boat, you can't do nothing for me; I am sent for sure," said Joe. "Keep the boat clear," shouted Ben, as he seized Joe by the shoulders to pull him out if the logs parted. For a hundred yards or more the jam floated down the river, the boatmen keeping close alongside; Joe all the time begging them to leave him and save themselves.

Suddenly as if some unseen power grasped him, he was slowly dragged down between the logs. There was a sickening crunch as the logs closed over his head and shoulders. For a few seconds Ben stood looking at the logs where Joe had disappeared, with a piece of Joe's shirt in each hand; then

with a ghastly face he followed the others and sprang into the boat.

But alas, just as they were pushing the boat clear of the jam, a couple of logs shot out. One went under and the other struck the side of the boat, breaking a large hole in the side.

"Take to the logs," cried Ben as the water came pouring in.

Sandy and Pete Leroy sprang on a couple of logs. At the same instant the boat struck a rock, smashing in the bow and turning it broadside to the current.

A bunch of logs then came against it and what had been a few minutes before, as good a boat as ever carried a crew, was now only a mass of broken and split boards.

Ben and the two boatmen managed to get on the logs. The boats that were waiting below the rapids pushed out to pick them up. One boat gradually drew nearer to Sandy and at last he stepped into it. Another was trying to get to Pete Leroy, when his log struck a rock, throwing him off and he never came to the surface.

Indian Pete and Pat came close together, spiked their logs with their boatpoles and drifted safely into an eddy.

The boats were now all trying to get close to Ben, when his log struck another and turned its side to the current, starting it to roll. For a minute Ben stayed on it, the bark flying from his calks, as in vain he tried to stop the rolling, then he went off

and sank. When he came to the surface, he was out of reach of all and again he sank. The boats all floated with the current waiting for him to again come to the surface. Suddenly Jim dove, and when he came up he was grasping Ben by the shirt collar. A log floated by him and he threw his arm over it and clung till a boat picked them up.

CHAPTER XIV

TWO COMRADES AT REST.

When Ben gained consciousness, his first words were. "How many were drowned?"

For a minute the men were speechless. "Tell me the worst. Who are drowned?"

"Black Joe and Pete Leroy," answered one of the men.

The men stood pale and silent, looking at the river, where the rushing water was washing over the lifeless bodies of two of their companions.

Ben lay on the ground in a dazed condition, as he had taken in a lot of water.

A few men gathered in a group and after talking a few minutes, began taking the hooks off their peavies and fastening them to poles...

"What are you going to do?" asked Jim approaching one of the men who were tying on a hook. "We are going to grapple for the bodies," he answered.

For a couple of hours the men grappled, then came ashore for lunch.

Ben did not eat any, but sat looking at the river. The cookee approached him with a cup of tea, saying. "Drink this, it will do you good."

"Not now," answered Ben.

"Well change your clothes and I will dry them you've got on."

Ben made no answer. The men sat smoking; occasionally glancing at Ben as if expecting him to give some orders. At length he turned to the men that had been grappling and asked, "How do you think the chances are for finding them?"

"The chances are slim, as there are a number of places that we cannot reach bottom and the current is so strong, that it is hard to tell how far they would go," answered one of the men.

"You had better try it again. Four men in a boat are enough. I will take a turn at it after a while, perhaps. My head feels giddy, I must have struck it on something when I went off. The last thing I remember was just as I went into the water. How did you manage to pick me up?"

"Jim dived and caught you and came very near getting drowned himself. He caught a log and hung on to you till they got there with a boat. If it hadn't been for Jim you would have been drowned too, just as sure as preaching," said the cookee.

"I feel as though I had a close call", said Ben glancing at Jim.

All afternoon they grappled, but of no avail and as the sun sank behind the tree tops, they gave up the search and sadly came ashore.

Around the camp fire that night the men sat and talked of the dead men.

"They were both good fellows; this makes three winters I've worked with Joe and two with Pete

and I always found them straight," said one of the men.

"Do any of you know where their friends live?" asked Ben.

"Joe has a brother living in Quebec; he went to see him last spring when he came off the drive," said one of the men.

None of them had ever heard Pete speak of any of his friends; and none knew where he came from. The first time any of them had seen him was two years before.

He came in one night drunk, looking for work, with a bag on his back.

"It was thim calks out of Joe's brogues that done it all," said Pat. "Poor sowl Oi saw his foot slip off that log, plain as day. Somehow, Oi was watchin that brogue," said Pat.

"What is to be, will be," said Ben. "Them that are born to be drowned, will never be hung."

"Well bejabers you need never be afraid of bein dround thin. And it's a shure thing ye will never have a closer call, till the owld fellow comes for ye in arnest. How did ye manage to see him Jim?" asked Pat.

"I was looking in the water, and saw him floating past," answered Jim.

"Was I down deep?" asked Ben.

"About eight or ten feet I guess," answered Jim.

"You did a plucky thing all right," said Ben.

"I guess if it had not been for you, I would be out there with Joe and Pete."

"There was nothing plucky about it," said Jim. "I am a good swimmer and if I had not caught you, I would have swum back to the boat."

"Oi can't help thinking about what Oi said a few minutes before the boys were drowned. Oi have been sorry mony a time for things Oi've said. But Oi can't altogether blame mesel, for it's just the tongue that's bad. Whin me mouth opens me tongue will wag. It's little wonder that the scripture calls it the unruly mumber, for faith it's all that. It's a great consolation to know that no one pays attention to what Oi say, or me face would be worse disfigured than it is; they lit the tongue wag and consider where the noise comes from. But it was a quare thing to say, whin a man saw the danger as Oi saw it, aven before we got to the jam," said Pat.

"Toot mon," said Sandy. "Never gae it anither thought, it was all a bit joke and we awe kenned it was. Shure baith the poor laddies had a grin on about it, as weel as oorsels."

"Oi know it's silly; but thim damned words keep ringin in me lugs, over and over, Oi hear mesel say, "Oi'll aither put ye ashore or drown ye and devil a hair Oi care which". Pater if ever Oi say the loikes of that again in yer prisence just wallop me over the head with yer boatpole and it's a bottle of grog ye'll git for the obligation whin we git down to Moike's."

How sad the murmur of the river sounded that

night. Many a heavy sigh was heard as the men lay down. Two vacant places in the line, with their clothes for pillows were unoccupied. For they that slept there the night before, were now sleeping on the bottom of the river with the rushing, foaming water for their covering.

Next morning the men went to work as usual. On the eighth day Ben sent a boat back to look for the bodies. On the eleventh day they returned, bringing the bodies with them. They had found them floating in an eddy, about four miles below where they were drowned.

Joe's body was so crushed and mangled, that it was hardly recognizable. Pete's head was split open, evidently by striking a sharp rock.

A consultation was held and it was decided to bury them there, as the weather was warm and it would take at least a week to get them out.

The grave was dug beneath a hemlock tree and the two mangled forms were laid side by side covered with a blanket. The grave was then filled and rocks put on top, to keep the wild animals from digging them up. Carved upon the tree were their names and the date they were drowned.

"The poor laddies will rest as weel there as in any kirk yard," said Sandy with a sigh, as he sadly turned away and the simple ceremony was ended.

CHAPTER XV

BROWN BUTTS IN.

A few days after the burial of Joe and Pete, Ben was at the mouth of the river and his contract was finished.

They found another crew camped on the main river. The cook told them that the men were up the river a short distance. They pitched their tent and Ben walked up the river to where the crew were working, rolling logs off a sand bar.

"Well boys, how's it coming?" was Ben's greeting.

"Pretty damned slow," was the answer.

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Long days, hard work, nothing to eat and a nice pleasant growl, every time that slave driver, Mr. Brown, as he calls himself, comes along. Do you want a job?"

"Not unless some one gives the place a better recommend than you do," answered Ben.

"I suppose you are one of Halley's men," said a tall red headed man coming towards him.

"I am Halley," answered Ben.

"So you are Halley; let us sit down under that tree and have a smoke. My name is Lawson. I am in charge of this crew".

"Some of your men don't give the place a very good recommend," said Ben.

"They came pretty near telling you the truth. This certainly is one place to be avoided. That Jim Brown is manager and has discharged all the old foremen and got some of his clique in their places and none of them know much about driving and Brown is the dirtiest man with a crew I ever saw. More than half the men have left and he is short of help, the water falling fast and he is like a crazy man. This drive will cost the company something this spring.

"I expect half my crew will be pulling out some of these days; they are getting into an ugly mood and I don't blame them. We are not doing the work we should, but I don't see how I can help it; you know what it is to handle a crew that is dissatisfied. I find that you have to take them pretty easy. I just get them in working humor when Brown comes along with that overbearing way of his and then Hell's to pay. He'll get a hammering some of those days, as there are a couple of my men that are just aching to get at him. I have kept them quiet so far but I am afraid the game won't work much longer."

"I know Brown well enough not to be surprised at what you have told me."

"I wonder why the company ever hired him. In my opinion he is better qualified to hold down a job with a striped suit on, than any other," said Ben.

"I suppose you have got down to the mouth of the river?"

"Yes", answered Ben. "We are camped there".

"How did you get along this spring?" asked Lawson.

"Pretty well as far as work went; but I have lost three men since I went up last fall. One was hurt and died and two were drowned in the big rapids. We found their bodies and buried them up there".

"I heard about the man dying last winter. Who were the men that were drowned?"

"Black Joe, or rather Joe Baine and Pete Leroy."

"Well that's too bad, I knew them both and mighty good men they were. How did it happen?" Ben told Lawson all about the accident, then asked if they had any accidents.

"Yes" answered Lawson. "We had a man killed with a landing and one was drowned."

"Did you notice an old buck down at my camp?"

"No! Have you a visitor?" asked Ben.

"Yes, he came here about a week ago. We can't make up our minds what he's here for. He says he came up to see a drive. Some of the boys think he's a little cracked, but I think he's putting it on. He has made enquiries a couple of times when you would be down. I believe that he's a damned detective after someone.

"If there's anyone in your crew that has a shady character, just put him wise. Look, there's that damned Brown coming down the river now. I

wonder what his growl will be this time. See his mouth twist; he is getting it primed."

"Brown walked over to Lawson, his mouth twisting. When a few yards off he stopped and said, "Look here Lawson, is this what I pay you for? Perhaps it is, but I thought it was to take charge of this crew."

"Are not the crew working all right?"

"They are working, but pretty slow. Why aren't you over there with them?"

"I am having a chat with Mr. Halley," answered Lawson.

"Why this is you Halley. I didn't recognize you. What are you here for? Where's your drive?"

"My drive is at the mouth of this river. My contract is finished," said Ben.

"Did you bring all the logs or did you leave the ones that were hard to get?"

"I brought them all."

"Perhaps you did, but I'll send a couple of men up to see, anyway. Of course you understand that you have to pay for all the logs left."

"I will pay for all the logs they find, without any kick."

"Now Lawson look at the way the men are working; go and wake them up," said Brown.

"Perhaps it would be better for you to speak to them," answered Lawson.

"Well I am not afraid to," said Brown walking

over to them with angry strides, Here, you fellows get a move on, that's no way to work. Wake up."

"You go straight plump to Hell," answered one of the men.

"Who said for me to go to Hell?"

"I did."

"You lie, it was me."

"No, it wasn't, it was me."

"Now listen to me Mr. Brown, those fellows are bluffing you, it was me."

About half the crew told him it was they that advised him to go to the hot place.

"If I knew who it was that told me to go to Hell, I'd smash his face."

"Wern't you told? If not, let me tell you again; it was me. Now I am going to bring my face over to you to get it smashed," said one of the men advancing towards Brown.

"Don't you dare lay a hand on me or I'll blow your brains out," said Brown stepping back and putting his hand behind him.

"Now Brown, I am going to lay both my hands on you and perhaps wet your collar."

"Keep back," said Brown, drawing a revolver.

Quick as a flash, the riverman sprang and seized him by the wrist and with one twist disarmed him, after which he coolly put the revolver in his pocket remarking, "Such play toys were never made for such an article as you to play with, so I am going to keep it for a souvenir. Now Mr. Brown you are going to take a bath." With this the riverman seized

the struggling Brown by the shirt collar and the seat of the pants, and with a mighty heave, threw him into the river, amid cheers and laughter from the men.

Brown was on his feet in a second, coughing and spitting out water and swearing.

"You forgot to shut your mouth when you were diving", shouted one of the men. A man that had come down the river with Brown, picked up a stick and went to hit Brown's opponent. But before the stick descended, one of Lawson's men struck him between the eyes remarking, "Better leave that stick alone, for you might burn yourself."

"He,-he,-ha,-ha,-ha," came the sound of great merriment up the river. Ben looked to where the sound came from and there stood a man of about sixty. His round fat face was covered with about two weeks growth of coarse white whiskers that seemed to stand straight out. His rough, coarse lumberman's pants were tucked into the legs of a pair of driving boots that came to his knees. He wore a gray flannel shirt and what had once been a white collar. His rotund figure was shaken by laughter. Judging by his hearty laugh he was in good health and enjoying the situation immensely.

"You go and get your time and get out of here; you are discharged. Do you understand, you are discharged," said Brown, shaking his fist in the riverman's face.

"I understand you perfectly well, and I think you are wet," the man replied.

Half a dozen men threw down their peavies and asked for their time.

"You are not going to get it," said Brown. "After this, any man that leaves of his own accord, don't get his time till the drive is in the boom. Do you all understand that?"

"You mean that in order to get our time, we have to be discharged?"

"That's just what I mean in plain English," answered Brown.

"Well I want to be discharged," said a young fellow, seizing the unfortunate Brown and throwing him again into the river.

Brown clambered ashore swearing. He shook his fist in the young fellow's face saying, "You are discharged; go and get your time."

Another man said. "Guess I'll get discharged too," and started towards Brown.

Brown turned and ran down the river, pursued by the riverman. After a short race he was caught and again thrown into the river. Brown came ashore and continued on down the river; the man shouted after him, "Hold on, Mr. Brown you are forgetting something."

Amid hoots and cheers, Brown disappeared around a bend in the river.

When the man came back to the crew he was asked if he was discharged.

"No," he answered sitting down on a log and bursting into a loud laugh.

"Brown seemed absent minded when he left me".

"Well Lawson", said Ben. "I've got to get back to the tent. I've enjoyed the show very much. Do you always give an entertainment to your visitors?"

"Not always; but come over this evening and have a smoke."

"Perhaps I will," said Ben as he turned and walk away.

When Ben came to where the mysterious stranger was standing, he received the following greeting, "Hello stranger. Where did you come from? I don't think I have seen you before. Say wasn't that fun. I've laughed till my sides ache. When Brown passed me I said, "This is a lovely day Mr. Brown," but he never looked at me. I think they made him mad up there. I am a stranger in these parts. I came here a week ago, I never saw a log drive before; I have read a great deal about the business, so decided to see the real thing. Say those writers who write about lumbering are a bum lot. I've seen more in a few days, than those fellows could write about in a lifetime. I am now right at home in this crew; some are mighty fine fellows, but a little rough. Who are you anyway and where did you come from? I like to get acquainted with all I meet."

"My name is Halley," Ben answered. "I have just finished my drive and am now camped at the mouth of the river."

"So you are Halley; I've heard Brown speak of you a couple of times. What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know until I have had a talk with Brown. If we come to an agreement, I will continue on with the drive. That's the way I've done other springs."

"You and Brown will no doubt come to an agreement. He is very good about that, he comes to agreements quick. Why I've seen him come to an agreement with a dozen at once. You no doubt saw how quick he came to an agreement with some of his men a few minutes ago. Well I am glad to have met you Mr. Halley. My name is Sampson. I hope to see you again; I am in a hurry to get up to where the boys are. No doubt they will have something interesting to say about this remarkable performance. Good day Mr. Halley, I mean so-long."

When Ben arrived at the camp Brown had changed his clothing and was in a rage.

"Did you ever see such miserable trash Halley? My patience is quite exhausted. We are not getting along as we should with this drive; I have cursed them until I am hoarse and it does no good; they will not work."

"Perhaps you curse too much," said Ben.

"No; that's impossible. The only way to get work out of those hounds, is to drive them. I suppose you want a job?"

"I always have worked on for the company and when I camped down there, I thought that I might

again this spring, but I have changed my mind in the last hour, so I guess I will move on down in the morning," said Ben.

"How is that; what has made you change your mind so quickly?"

"The way I heard you talk."

"The way you heard me talk? What had that to do with you?"

"Nothing that time, but if you came along to my crew and spoke like that, well—perhaps—you would get more than a wetting.

"You seem to think that your crew are a little above the ordinary hounds that follow this business."

"I do!" said Ben reddening up, "I keep none but the best and use them as men; for they are men and a damned sight better than some that wear better clothes and keep their hands soft and clean. And I have no doubt but there are men in your crew that are better in every way than you are;—although you speak as if you considered all that made a living by honest work, hounds."

"I have not the time to discuss the good qualities of the lumbermen at present. I have heard a little about your crew and you as well. My brother told me about how one of your men hammered him last winter till he was unconscious and you stood and looked on. That is not quite settled yet; but we will say no more about it at present."

"Did your brother tell you he deserved all he got?" asked Ben.

Brown ignored the question and seemed to be

thinking. Suddenly he turned to Ben and asked, "How much a day will you ask to continue on with me?"

"Do you mean to hire my crew and have me to take charge of them?"

"Yes."

"Six dollars a day. That's what I have when I work by the day."

"You don't often work by the day do you?"

"No I prefer to contract; there's more in it for me."

"How much to you pay your men?"

"I give the cook, five, and all the men get four and a half, except a couple, they get less."

"Well I'll not pay any such wages. I am paying from two, to two and a half. If you can get enough of your men to stay for those wages to make a crew I'll give you four dollars a day; and remember it's to work; not to put in the time; so what do you say?" asked Brown.

"All I have to say is, we move on down in the morning," said Ben turning away.

When Ben returned to his own encampment, one of the men asked: "What's the word?"

"Brown says he will give you all a job. He is paying from two to two and a half a day," answered Ben.

"Deil tak him, and his grand pay," said Sandy.

"Faith he's generous," said Pat. "Oi suppose we will have to board oursels."

"I suppose you told him we would go to work at once," said another.

"I told him we would move in the morning."

"Oi guess ye expressed the sentiments of the whole crew, Ben," said Pat.

When Ben told about the men throwing Brown into the river Pat said, "It's his shirt he'll git wet again if he comes around here offering his generous pay.

But why in the name of the owld fellow didn't Oi walk up the river with you? Oi would have enjoyed the ceremony foine."

"It will dae na guid to just wash his hide, for the dirt is in deeper nor the bone, it's tae the marrow," said Sandy.

"Oi am much obliged to ye Sandy?" said Pat, "for yer information. Oi thought it was his heart that was a bit dirty."

"Heart," said Sandy in disgust. "He has na any. It's gall that's in the place of it."

"On raconsideration Ben, Oi balave we had better stay a day or two," said Pat. "Oi have a feeling that we moight have some fun."

"I guess we'll find some other place to have our fun," answered Ben angrily.

"Oh well; have yer own contrary way," said Pat turning away with a sigh.

"I believe Pat would gang and stay with the deil if he thought he could hae a bit fun with him," said Sandy with disgust.

Pat walked over to where his boat was moored, and stood looking at it then began singing.

Oi tell ye bies Oi am an Orishman, ye can tell it
be me spach.

Oi was born and bred in Oireland, thet grand
oile o'er the sea

Where the Orish girls are pretty, and the Orish
grog is chape

There's no place loike owld Oireland, and no
other man loike me.

"Ye can sing the truth, if ye canna tell it", said Sandy, coming over to him.

"Oi say Sandy; we'll soon be down to our frind Moike's again. Oi wonder if ye'll git yer countinence disfigured again the way ye did the last toime. I was just wonderin if we'll have the plasure of maiting thim gints again?" said Pat.

Sandy's eyes blazed with anger as he answered, "I've been looking ahead awe winter for that."

"Now Sandy, what's the use of houldin a grudge against thim fellows? Ye know we were as much to blame as they were. Ye were drunk just enough to be contrary and Oi was just drunk enough to want a little fun, and be the powers of Moike, Oi had it, and it left it's impression on me mouth and coun-tinence for many a day afterwards. Oi tell ye Sandy confidential loike, that fellow almost put me jaw out of joint with that clout he put on it. It didn't lave much of a mark on the outsoide but it samed as if me jaws were twisted corner ways, for me teeth didn't come togethar for a whoile as they ought too. And hurt—whin Oi was chewin—

Howly mother of Moike—there were toimes whin it almost brought the squeal. The only consolation Oi had to comfort me was, Oi knew Oi well desarved it."

"Whether I deserved it or no, whin I meet thim, they will hae try it again." said Sandy shortly.

"Now Sandy, me advise is, to lave thim alone; for ye'll git it again and so will Oi; for they are both better men than we are."

"And what need have you tae get into it again? Ye're weel enough satisfied with what you got the ither time".

"Sandy did ye ever see ony of the bies, ye especially, gittin into difficulty and me prisent without first, me mouth and thin the rest of me gittin mixed up as well?"

Sandy made no reply, for well he knew that Pat had spoken the truth. It seemed as though it was a point of honor with Pat that when one of the crew got a licking he had to get one too.

CHAPTER XVI

SAMPSON VISITS BEN'S CAMP.

Next morning as Ben was loading his outfit into the boats, Brown came along.

After a few minutes, he agreed to Ben's terms winding up with this remark,

"Now Halley, I expect you to make your crew earn their money."

"Brown, this crew earn their money, when they work for me; they will do the same for you, and I hope it is distinctly understood that you do not interfere with them in any way whatever. When you are not satisfied with what we are doing, you come and say so to me, then we will get busy loading our outfit. We will start work at noon if that is satisfactory."

* "Can't you begin now?"

"No, the boys need a few hours to fix their clothes and a number have to recaulk their boots."

"All right", said Brown turning away.

A few minutes after Brown went away, Sampson came along. As he seated himself on a log he remarked, "Thought I would come over and see what you fellows were doing."

"We are just having family worship and repairs,"

answered a young fellow, sitting fixing a pair of pants.

"Nice day, isn't it."

"Not too bad."

"Them pants look as if they had pretty hard usage."

The young fellow looked at them critically for a few seconds, then remarked "They certainly need pressing."

"Who the devil is that owld dodger sittin on the log there?" asked Pat in a whisper.

No one seemed to know. Sampson sat looking on the scene with much interest.

The men were sitting in groups, caulking boots, mending socks and pants, and a few were washing their shirts in the river.

"There now," said the young fellow he had spoken to. "There is the pants fixed O. K. now for my shirt." Throwing the pants from him he took off his shirt, exposing his broad muscular shoulders; the muscles in his back and arms standing out like ropes.

"My God", said Sampson in surprise. as he rarf his eyes from the shoulders and arms to the slender waist.

"What's the matter? Something bit you?"

"No, but the sight of your arms and shoulders surprised me."

"What's on them? Dirt?"

"No, I didn't notice any dirt."

"Guess its there, just the same."

"How much do you weigh?"

"About 175 lbs., I guess."

"Are you a prize-fighter?"

"The only prizes I ever got for fighting were black eyes."

"Well it must take some man to put the polish on your eyes."

"Now look here, if fts a pipe of tobacco or a chew you want, just say the word, for I have both."

"I don't want either, thank you. What made you think I did?"

"Your soft soap."

"What do you mean by that."

"Perhaps if I had used the word, 'compliments,' instead of soft soap, you would have understood my meaning better. Compliments and soft soap mean the same."

"I understand you now and believe me I never thought of giving you a compliment; I am not used to seeing such muscles as you possess."

"I suppose us chaps that follow the lumbering game has to have them," said the man looking solemnly at the muscles of his arm.

The conversation came to an end by the appearance of Ben. He came over towards them saying, "Are you learning the tailoring business, Mr. Sampson?"

"There is the chance to learn tailoring, shoe-making, washing and a number of other trades here I would judge, Mr. Halley. You have a pretty husky crew of men."

Ben's eye ran over the different bunches and a gleam of satisfaction flitted across his face as he answered, "Pretty fair."

"I suppose that you keep only your best men for the drive."

"This is the crew that I took up last fall. They are all here except three. One was hurt and died in camp and two were drowned on the drive."

"Do you mean to say that you did not have a man leave since you went up last fall?"

"Yes."

"You were fortunate in getting such a crew. Brown has men leaving every day."

"I think that the water will leave him too before he gets the drive down."

"Do you really think so?" asked Sampson; a shade of anxiety for an instant on his face.

"I do; for the water will go down quick now, even if we do have a lot of rain."

"Brown says that he has not any good men."

"Perhaps that is true, but I never saw a crew but what there were some good men in it."

"Now Mr. Halley, do you think that Brown can handle a crew?"

Ben looked at him for a few seconds as if he was trying to read his thoughts, then answered, "I don't know."

"Well what do you think?"

"At present I am not in a position to even think."

"If you thought he was not capable, would you tell me?"

"No, I would not."

"Why?"

"Because it would not be any of either your business or mine."

"Luncheon. L-u-ncheon. Come on you hungry devils, come on," called the cookee.

"Come and have a lunch with us, Mr. Sampson."

"No thank you, I will go over to the other tent."

"Oh come on, you can't surely refuse such a pressing invitation as the cookee gave, can you?"

"Well, on second thought I guess I will," said Sampson rising and going with Ben.

"You will find the tools over there," said the cookee pointing to where the plates, cups, knives and forks were piled.

The cook took upon himself to dispense the lumberman's hospitality, viz, to see that their guest got all that he could eat.

"No more cook, thank you. For the last five minutes I have just been eating to oblige you, but really I must decline going any further as I am beginning to feel uncomfortable," said Sampson.

After lunch Sampson sat down beside Pat and said, "You fellows have certainly a good cook."

"We have that, but the owld devil would burst you with kindness if you did not watch him. Bad manners to him, it's well I remember the first time Oi got in his clutches. Oi had been on a bit of a spree and when Oi struck the camp he filled me till Oi looked like a poisoned pup. Between Moike Keenan's bad whisky and the cook's good grub,

it came near being the end of your humble servant, Pat."

Brown came along, and Ben walked with him down to the river and talked a few minutes; on Ben's return he went over to the boats; the men picked up their peavies and gathered around him.

"Boys we are going to clear this side of the river and break some of the center jams. Pat, you and Pete take your crew out to that jam; break it and if necessary leave one or two men on the rock to keep it clear. The rest of us will tackle those wings. The men took their places and the boats moved off.

Ben's boat drew up alongside the first wing they came to. The next boat passed and went to a sand bar and the crew began to work there.

Indian Pete and Pat ran out to a small center jam and landed their crew; then they drove their pike poles firmly into the logs to hold the boat.

The men gathered on the breast of the jam and examined the rock that held it.

After a few minutes consultation, they went to work making a channel into the jam to let it swing off.

Sampson had walked along the shore until he got to a place where he could watch the whole crew, then he sat down on a log.

For half an hour the crew on the center jam worked, then the jam split. Half of it floated off but the remainder piled against the rock as firm as ever.

Again there was a pause, then they went to work making a new channel.

Suddenly the jam started. The boatmen kept the boat close to the floating logs.

One after the other the men ran across the rolling logs and stepped into the boat; all except two. The logs scattered and they went down the river a couple of hundred yards before the boat could get close enough to pick them up.

As soon as the jam started, the other crews stopped work and watched till the last man was picked up.

The boat then came over to the wing Ben was on and all the men except one got out. As the boat was swinging away he said. "I am going to try and keep that rock clear, if I can't, I will holler for help."

"All right," answered Ben, and went on with his work.

All afternoon Sampson watched Ben's crew at work and that evening he came again to their tent. After supper the men sat around the fires smoking, joking and singing songs. Ben as usual sang and joked with the men.

After the supper dishes were washed, the cook and cookee joined the men. As the cook filled his pipe he asked, "What time do you want breakfast in the morning?" "Same time as usual," answered Ben.

As Sampson arose to go he said, "Boys I have enjoyed this evening. I also enjoyed seeing you at work this afternoon. I really believe if I was a

young man and had the strength, I would like to join such a crew of lumbermen. Good night boys."

"Good night, come again", shouted the men as he disappeared in the darkness."

It was to be seen by the conversation that followed that Sampson had been a subject of their talk that afternoon.

"That owld duck is a long ways from bein a fool," said Pat.

"He is either a detective or has told the truth and is just here for his health", said Ben.

"One ting I can tell shure, he's never work with peavie or his paunch not stick out so far," said Indian Pete.

"Devil a bit wonder his paunch sticks out after the abuse cook gave him this noon," said Pat.

"Guid God! but the cook was in the grand humor the day for a bit. Did ye notice how his jaw dropped when the queer fellow would no allow him to ram any mair doon?" said Sandy. A number of jokes followed at the cook's expense, Ben taking a leading part in the jest.

Next evening Sampson came over to Ben's camp again. His greeting to Ben was,

"You missed the fun we had over at the other camp today. One of Brown's men choked him and of course got discharged. The men are in an ugly mood tonight; some of them wanted their time and Brown won't give it to them. I would not be surprised if Brown gets his neck handled again before long. I came over to see if you will board me for a

couple of weeks. I will pay you what ever you think is right."

"Go and talk with the cook; if he don't mind cooking for an extra man, I have no objections," said Ben.

Sampson went at once and asked the cook.

"No objections at all. It is no harder for a hen to scratch for a dozen chickens than for one," said the cook cheerfully.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LUMBERMAN'S MAIL.

A few days afterwards Indian Pete got one of his fingers crushed so badly that he had to stop work. He lay around camp for a couple of days trying different remedies. First he put chewing tobacco on it, then salt pork, next a bread poultice. His last remedy was a salve made of lard and fir balsam. "Guess that fix that damned ting someway, better or worse I am not sure which."

That evening when the crew came in Ben asked, "How is the finger, Pete?"

"He's worse. Getting bigger and hurt worse all the time. Guess I'll go out and get drunk and have him chop off. I am not sleep for two night. Give me order for twenty spots Ben, for I start first ting in the morning."

"If you are going out Pete we may as well settle up, and I will give you an order for what is coming to you."

"No Ben, twenty is enough now. I just want have this damn ting fix and little spree.

You keep the rest till this fall, then I want him all for buy gun, traps and grub for go trap."

That evening when Ben gave him the order for twenty dollars, Pete said:

"Now Ben, suppose I come for more sometime when I am drunk, don't you give it me, or when I get sober there will be hell of a row and perhaps fight too, for I want that money for outfit for trap. If I make too much bother and run after you when I am drunk, perhaps couple cuffs make me keep away; best try that anyway."

Ben assured him that he would give him no money when he was drunk, but added,

"Why don't you buy some of the things you want as soon as you get out. I don't want to keep your money for you; I might die before fall."

"I'll watch for that and if I see some danger, I'll get it and buy the stuff right off," Pete assured him.

That night Jim Lane wrote a letter to his mother and sister in England telling them of his winter's experience, also that as soon as the drive was in he was going to send them the necessary money to come to Canada. He closed his letter by saying, "In two months you will have the money and by the time you can get here I will have a little home ready in the village of E.....for you."

When he gave Pete the letter he said, "Now Pete if the envelope gets dirty, put a clean one on at the post office."

"Best write the address on a piece of birch bark so I have it in two places", said Pete.

Pete rolled the letter carefully in his pack, the

piece of birch bark he pinned on the inside of his hat.

Next morning as he shouldered his pack he said: "I am sorry to have leave the drive; but this damn ting is broke and we can't fix him here."

Pat called after him, "Pete me boy, go into Moike's give him me compliments and ask him to save a drink for me, as Oi am dry already."

Pete walked down the river about twelve miles, then he stopped to eat a lunch. He had the habit when alone of talking to himself.

As he sat down on a rock he said, "I am glad the cook gave me plenty grub. Damn you finger, why you hurt so much for? little do just as well."

After lunch he filled his pipe and sat looking at the logs as they floated by. Suddenly he straightened up, "By Gosh, I am going tie a couple of logs together and ride piece; this pack getting heavy quick."

He secured bark and tied a couple of logs together and with a pole for a paddle he pushed off. All went merrily for a couple of miles, the logs floating down with the current and Pete singing softly an Indian song.

There was a pause in the song and his coal black eyes were fastened on the river ahead, then he said, "There's one damned bad place to steer through with this pole. There's jaw one side and rock tother, with very little water on top rock, Hell, damned ting, I am going hit something sure."

With this he slipped his arms through the pack straps saying,

"Old pack you are coming with Pete just the same, if boat swamp or not."

As Pete predicted, the logs struck something and separated. Pete rode a short distance on one but soon it struck a submerged rock and he went into the water head first. When he came up he threw his arm over a log and looked around. The first thing that attracted his attention was his hat floating down the river. "Hell! there goes my hat. Wait there old hat; I want that piece of bark you have."

Pete let go the log and swam after his hat. He soon overtook it and seized another log and again looked around. "No hurry, Pete, you get ashore by-n-by, just got watch out for logs hitting you that's all," he said, as he again started to swim towards shore. When he landed he turned and shook his fist at the floating logs, saying, "Go on there. Go to hell if you like, Pete can walk or swim just the same."

He then took out his watch and looked at it, and found that it had stopped.

He looked at it for a few seconds then said, "That fellow's dead, he drowned sure."

He then took the things out of his pocket. "Matches all right, match box water proof; tobacco wet, pipe washed some; wonder what order Ben gave me looks like?" he said. He unrolled the order and

looked at it critically. "That fellow do, if he not look worse when he dry."

He spread it out on a flat stone to dry; then opened his pack and began to wring the water out of the clothing. When he came to Jim's letter, he turned it over a couple of times, then said, "You is one nice clean mess, arn't you?"

CHAPTER XVIII

A MESSAGE FROM THE WILDS.

At the door of a pretty little cottage on the coast of England as the sun was slowly setting over the inland western hills, a woman of about fifty sat sewing.

There were traces of great sorrow on her once handsome face.

She laid down her work and sat gazing out over the broad expanse of water and her eyes grew dim with tears.

"Supper, mother", cried a cheery voice from within.

Hastily drying her eyes, she folded her work and went into the cottage.

A young woman of about twenty five was pouring the tea. She was of medium height and of graceful figure. A shadow of sadness flitted across her face as she saw the trace of tears in her mother's eyes.

We have seen such dark blue eyes and long silken lashes before.

They were the same frank, brave eyes that had gazed into Ben Halley's face the evening that Jim Lane had asked him for a job, in a frontier village in Canada far away across that rolling sea.

"Mother I feel that we are to get a letter from Jim this evening."

"How many times have you told me of that feeling, but the letter has never come. Over seven months we have waited; I am afraid we will never hear again from poor Jim."

"He has written; I know he has; but the letter has been lost. Remember mother that conditions are different in Canada than here."

"Perhaps you are right. I try to make myself believe that such is the case, but, oh, it is so hard at times."

"Never mind mother, all will come right; I know it will."

"I wonder why I ever consented to let him go to Canada. If only he was with us now, how happy we could be since Uncle William left us that money."

They were interrupted by the entrance of a small boy.

"Here, Mrs. Lane is a letter for you from Canada and old Scribs asked me to bring it up, as it might have news from Jim."

He gave Mrs. Lane the letter and ran out of the house to join his companions in a game.

Mrs. Lane took the letter with trembling hands and when she saw the hand writing the color left her face.

"Here Jennie is a letter from Canada, but not from Jim. Open it and tell me the worst. I know that this letter will tell what has happened."

The envelope had been carefully lined and the

address written in heavy unsteady hand, in many places the lines had not been followed.

Jennie opened the long business envelope and found a packet tied up in a sheet of note paper with a number of dirty finger marks upon it.

Unfolding the packet she found the following letter,

Dear Mam:—

I is indian pete work with jim All winter Tother day get finger smash am go out to get him chopp off jim gave me This letter for mail it get wet when I fall off a log and swim half mile If this letter look so bad on the inside she does outside be some hard for read Thats why i write what i know. jim is all rite hes going send money in couple of months for you come out here live. I hear him tell pat that he work pretty well all winter for Big ben Halley.

yours indian Pete

hope you get this all rite

Jennie had no trouble reading Jim's letter and that evening they decided to go to Canada on the first boat. In less than two weeks they were on board a boat bound for Quebec.

Their voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful; their good ship, favored by fair wind and ideal weather made an exceptionally fast trip.

For hours each day Mrs. Lane and Jennie sat on the deck, while the ship bore them further and further from their friends and the land of their birth, and

nearer, and nearer to the son and brother that they loved so dearly.

Mrs. Lane's eyes filled with tears as she thought of those friends, that perhaps she would never see again and those isles that to a Briton's heart are ever dear. At length she wiped her eyes, and said, "At least we are going to a land where the flag your father died for, floats. All else will be new and strange, but the old flag will be the same. For days I have been wondering and picturing what it will be like. Do you know I would like to see a real Canadian."

"Look this way madam" said a cheery voice, as a sailor walked past her. He stopped, turned and faced her, and taking off his hat said, "Not much to look at after all".

The sailor was a man of about twenty five years of age, tall and muscular, with a pair of merry blue eyes that looked smilingly into her face. Mrs. Lane could not help but smile, when she returned the look.

"So you are a Canadian?" said Mrs. Lane.

"I am the real coin. My forefathers were amongst the first that settled over there," said the sailor pointing to a hazy spot ahead on the horizon.

"Where did your people come from?"

"Some place in the old country."

"I didn't expect to find a Canadian aboard, especially a sailor."

"Well I am sure no one will ever find me a sailor again, on anything bigger than a driving boat."

"How's that?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Got enough of it this trip to last a lifetime."

"You evidently don't like the water."

"Not this kind anyway. When I get my feet again on Canadian soil, they will stay there. No more seeing the world for me.

"What do you do in Canada?"

"Help father on the farm in summer and work in the woods in winter."

"Do you mean the lumberwoods?"

"Yes."

"Tell me something about what it's like; my son worked in the woods last winter. We are on our way to him, now."

"Do you mean what the work is like?"

"Yes."

"Well you are wet most all the time, and have to work like—I beg your pardon, we have to work pretty hard, but it is a good life; you don't have an ass of a mate to bully you around. Say, if that mate was in a lumber camp for a week he would get a trimming."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well, some one would shove his hand against his mouth to learn him manners, if he acted there the way he does here. I have had a mind to take a poke at him a dozen times, but somehow I kind of held back. You see I am not at home on this craft and I suppose it's no worse for me to take his sass than it is for the others. See there is the Canadian shore ahead. I must be going or that mate will be coming along, and give me—I beg your pardon, I

meant to say, he will be swearing at me again. Good day, ladies," said the sailor turning away.

"Now mother you have seen a Canadian, what do you think of him?" asked Jennie when the sailor had disappeared.

"I think he is a nice friendly young man."

"Well at any rate he is pretty well satisfied with Canada."

"No doubt the country is all right for men with such robust physique. But just think of the difference between him and Jim."

"Yet Jim likes the country or he would not want us to come out," said Jennie.

"We will say no more about it at the present; but to be frank with you, I am sorry we came. The nearer we get to Canada the greater my dread seems to be."

"Why mother it's just the opposite with me. I can hardly wait for the ship. If I could run on the water like those seagulls, I would jump overboard and try and get there before the ship. I wonder if that is really Canada that we can see. It don't look to me like land."

Before Mrs. Lane could make reply, the captain came along. His greeting was cheery. "How have you enjoyed the voyage?" he asked.

"We have enjoyed it very much," Jennie answered. "Will we soon be in sight of land?"

"Yes; that is Belle Isle," said the captain pointing to the hazy spot in the horizon. "After we

pass that, we will be in the straits of Belle Isle. You will be able to see the mainland this evening."

That evening Mrs. Lane and Jennie sat on the deck and watched the sun setting behind the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and before darkness fell on the water, they saw the towering rocky hills on the mainland.

When they came on deck next morning they had passed Anticosta Island, and the good ship was plowing her way through the waters of the mighty river and the fresh balmy winds of summer were wafted to them from the hills on the north shore. Up past the mouth of the Saguenay, where Cartier found the Indian village of Tadusac; past Murray Bay, named after General Murray who succeeded the heroic Wolfe, until the Isle of Orleans was in sight.

Jennie's face was flushed and her heart beat with wild joy as she gazed on this panorama of the natural beauties of Canadian scenery and the great river.

"Oh look mother; there is the Island of Orleans where Wolfe's army camped; and Oh look mother, there's Montmorency falls and the natural steps. Along there must be the place Wolfe made his unsuccessful attack."

When they again looked up the river they were in sight of the citadel, on those towering heights, that bid defiance to any foeman who might venture up the broad St. Lawrence. As they gazed on the citadel with its bristling guns, a gust of wind unfurled the Union Jack. For a minute that gallant flag

stood out, as if bidding welcome to the wife and daughter of a soldier who had shed his blood in defence of his country and that flag.

Jennie's heart swelled with pride when she thought of Wolfe's gallant army; her countrymen, though outnumbered two to one, they took those heights from the flower of the French army.

"Oh mother, I am proud that I am of the same blood as the heroes who planted our flag on that hill."

CHAPTER XIX

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

One afternoon as Ben's crew was clearing a sand bar, one of Lawson's men came up the river. He walked over to Ben and said, "Hell's to pay down there and Lawson wants you to come down."

"What has happened?" Ben asked.

"Brown has got it in good shape this time," said the man, turning to go back.

On their way down to Lawson's tents the man told Ben that Brown and one of the men had a row and Brown picked up a peavie to hit him and that the man dodged the blow and hit Brown, knocking him unconscious.

When Ben entered the tent he found Lawson and the cook working over the unconscious Brown.

"Nice business this, isn't it?" was the cook's greeting, as he continued washing the blood from Brown's head and face. "Guess he'll need a coffin before many hours if we can't get the blood stopped."

"What was he hit with?" asked Ben, when he saw the gaping wound in the side of Brown's head.

"Nothing except the lad's fist. He must have hit his head on a rock when he fell."

"Is the skull broke?" asked Ben.

"Don't seem to be, but his nose and one arm is," said the cook.

"He must have got a terrible blow," said Ben.

"He certainly did," answered Lawson. "I never saw a man get hit harder. I am sure he went backward ten feet, and it was his head that struck the ground first. I don't quite understand how he broke his arm. When he raised the peavie to strike, the chap seemed to catch his wrist, then he gave it to him with the other hand. It all happened so quick that I can scarcely tell how it was done."

"I guess he will come around all right," said Ben after he had examined the wound the second time.

"Hope he does, for the sake of the fellow that hit him, for he is a nice appearing young fellow, and very quiet. I am surprised it would be him that would put Brown out of business, for only about an hour before, one of the men said that he was going to give Brown a trimming that would send him down the river and this fellow tried to reason him out of it. Anyway, they will never stretch that chap's neck for this job, for Brown was all to blame. I never heard a man talk as dirty to another as Brown did to him. I think he thought that the lad was afraid of him. Well, he made a mistake when he went to hit him," said Lawson.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Sampson. "Lawson, how did this happen?" asked Sampson sternly.

When Lawson had finished telling him, Sampson asked if he thought he was seriously injured. "Bad

enough that he's got to be got out of here," was the reply.

"You attend to getting a boat ready and I'll help to fix him up for the trip," said Sampson. In an hour all was ready. Brown's arm was bandaged on a splint and a comfortable bed was made in the bottom of the boat. A blanket was put up to keep the sun out of his face. Sampson decided to accompany them down the river. Before leaving he took Ben by the hand and said, "You will hear from me again in a few days and my advice to you is, take charge of the operations here till you hear from the company."

Ben answered, "Lawson and I will do the best we can to keep things going till the company can send someone up to take charge."

After the boat departed, Lawson and Ben filled their pipes and sat down. For half an hour they both sat in deep thought. At last Ben knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said, "The way this thing looks to me is, your crew and mine had better work on as we have been doing. Them other fellows can do as they like. What kind of a gang are they anyway?"

"No doubt there are some good men in the bunch, but the majority don't earn their grub. But Brown thought they were the best men on the river."

"Quite a difference in opinion," said Ben, with a smile.

When Ben returned to his crew and told all

that had transpired, Pat as usual was the first to express his opinion and approve of what had happened to the unfortunate Brown. "In me humble opinion that's a moighty foine gintleman. He's as much entitled to have a Saint in front of his name, as that namesake of moine that chased the snakes out of owld Oireland. To me it sames there is more honor in chasing yon devil off this river, than there was in chasing a few harmless snakes out of owld Oireland."

"Toot mon," said Sandy, "it was no for chasing the snakes that they called him Saint Patrick. It was for converting the hathen Irish."

"Convartin the Oirish," said Pat with shake of his head, "well he done a divil of a foine job didn't he?" My opinion, he ought to be brought back to do the job over again. And he got a toitle for convartin the Oirish, did he? Well—well—toitles were aisy gained in thim days. Oi raily belave ye could have done a better job yersel, and ye Sandy are far from being a handy man with the scripture."

That evening one of Brown's men came over to Ben's tent. He said his name was "Bill Perkins". He was a tall gaunt man of about forty years of age. His face was hard and stern and the expression of his eyes deceitful and cruel.

Many times that evening he tried to draw Ben's men into conversation about Brown; failing to do so, he turned it on Lawson.

"I suppose now that Brown is croaked, Lawson

will expect to be the high Muckey Muck on the river. I tell you boys, he's a fake and no good even at that."

"I wish I could buy him for what he's worth and sell him for half what he thinks he's worth. I'd coin money on the dicker."

As no one seemed to be interested in Lawson or his qualifications, he then referred to himself.

"Any of you fellows ever lumber in Maine? I tell you that's where they snag the timber around. I worked for one man five years. I'd like to see that fellow up here for a while, he would show you fellows how it is done. That's where you get the feed. Ham and eggs every morning on the drive, just feed you as well as if you were in a hotel. A man can work on such feed as that.

"This is a one horse concern of a company anyway and Brown is no hand to handle a crew. He does too much talking and jangling with his men.

"If I had been in his place, I bet I would have straightened out that bunch of Lawson's. The first time any of them sassed me I would have picked up a club and laid one or two out. That's the way to handle that crew of hobos."

"Cut it out mon," said Sandy in disgust, "this tooting yer ain horn about what ye would dae and what ye winna dae, may be all right in some places, but my opinion ye and yer bit club would come oot the same as Brown and his peavie did the day. Brains are muckle better ony day than an armful of clubs."

Sandy stood looking at Perkins with blazing eyes for a few seconds. A couple of times his mouth twitched as if about to say something more.

"Both come in handy at times. You will admit that laying a club over the top of a man's head affects his brains for the better sometimes and he has more respect for you afterwards."

"There may be a wee bit truth in that, but there are some that a clout ower the heed will no affect their brain," said Sandy sarcastically, turning away.

Soon afterwards Perkins got up, stretched his arms over his head, yawned a couple of times, then said, "Guess I will poke back to our tent now but I will be over again before long."

As soon as Perkins departed, Pat turned to Ben and said, "The next toime we have company sind Sandy to bed. Oi don't moind in the laist him makin an ass of himsel whin there's no one but oursels prisent, but whin there's strangers around it's different. It was disgraceful the look he gaed thit gintleman, wid his mouth wabblin and twistin loike the wheel on a dump-cart with a bent axle."

"Blast him," said Sandy, "he thinks he kens mair than the man that made the world. Yon's a bad egg and I kenned it the minit I got my een on that hangman face of his. I could hardly stand it when he was telling what he would dae with his club. It will no be weel for him if ever a judge meets him on the street. Yon face is all the evidence any judge needs to send him to the gallows."

"Sandy stop that this instant or for yer own good

Oi'll be obliged to lay me hands on ye," said Pat. "Already ye have broke both the law of God and man with yer judgin. Who the devil pays ye to judge yer fellow man loike that?"

"Now that gintleman could take an action against ye for defamation of character and at the same toime be justified wid layin his club over yer head for positive proof that ye're mistaken. Now Sandy go to bed and say yer prayers."

"You gang to the deil," said Sandy.

"Not another word out of ye the noight, Mr. McLeod. Thir are others prisent that moight want to say a word"—as Sandy did not make a reply, Pat turned to the men sitting around the fire and said, "Oi belave Oi have got Sandy to shut his yap. Now if there are ony of ye that want to spake do so at once, for it is no telling whin he will start again; for be close observation Oi notice that his mouth takes a yank and a twist, once in a whoile. It is evident be the before mentioned symptoms that he has yet got something on his moind."

"It would be a grand thing if ye had more in your mind and less in your mouth." said Sandy with sarcasm.

"For hivins sake Sandy, are ye going to rave all noight? Just because ye don't happen to loike the shape of yon fellow's face. Go to bed and slape it off."

"That fellow has been hanging around here quite a lot lately," said the cook, "and I am like Sandy, I don't care much for the looks of him. The first

time I saw him, was coming out of the sleeping tent. The cookee, as usual was on his job, and inquired who he was and what his business was."

"What did you find out, cookee?" asked Ben, turning to the boy.

"Didn't find out much, only his name. He said he was one of Brown's men and was not feeling well, so he was taking a day off," said the cookee. "When I asked him what he was poking around the tent for, he said something about not seeing anyone around and thought we must be lying down in there.

"I believe he was in the tent quite a while."

"What makes you think that?" asked Ben.

"Cause I heard someone in there a few minutes before and I just thought it was some of you fellows come up after something. Wish now I had gone in to see what he was doing."

"How many times has he been here?"

"Three times before tonight."

"He can't work very steady then," said Ben.

"Don't seem to," answered the cook.

"Say boys," said a man standing by the fire, "were any of you fellows looking in my bag the other day?"

No one answered. After a couple of minutes Ben turned to the speaker and asked, "Why do you ask that question?"

"Well, I have a tobacco box in the bottom of my bag that I keep a few small things in, such as needles, thread, buttons, a caulk set and such valuables, and

the other night when I lay down I suddenly found the corner of the box under my ear. I didn't think anything about it at the time, only wondered if some of the lads had done it for a trick, or if they had opened my bag by mistake. I would never have thought of it again if the cook had not mentioned that chap being in the tent."

Nothing further was said that night about Perkins, but it was evident he was not wanted around Ben's tents.

CHAPTER XX

AN IRISH LANDLADY.

"Well Peter, how's that finger of yourn this morning?" asked Mrs. Froud.

"Dat finger's all right, but de place he was is pretty dam sore yet," answered Indian Pete, as he walked to the door and looked out.

"Me poor boy, ye're having a sorry toime of it," said Mrs. Froud casting a sympathetic look at Pete. "Why don't ye get a bottle from Moike? It would cheer ye up and help to pass the toime pleasantly."

"Two, three reason for dat," said Pete again looking out of the door. "No money, and fraid for drink, for doctor say don't get on spree Pete, for dat make finger worse. He's bad enough without getting worse."

"That owld fool thinks that no one can take a drop without gittin on a spree does he? Now Peter, Oi will lend ye a dollar and welcome, if its a bottle ye would loike to get."

"No fun drink alone."

"Git someone to drink it with ye thin."

"If I get bottle will you help me drink it?" asked Pete very seriously.

"Oi will not."

"Little not hurt you worse dan me."

"Now Peter listen to me. Oi have no objections to a man takin a drap to cheer him up. But a woman does not nade it; and more than that, it was never made for woman's use. Therefore Oi decline with thanks yer koind invitation."

"Well guess I'll not get bottle today."

"Faith an Indian is a quare sort of a chap after all. Did ye hear onything more about thim two ladies that are boarding with owld lady Griffin?"

"I hear dat they ask at the office when Ben be down, dat's all."

"Ye did—Bad manners to him. Do ye think he's got a swateheart and never told me a word?"

Pete gave a grunt and looked towards the table.

"Yes Peter, it's all ready," said Mrs. Froud interpreting the look, "come out into the kitchen and Oi will help ye with a wash. It's a sorry job ye have been doing at it since ye lost the finger."

"Oh I can wash all right," said Pete, "not much dirt on me and what der is he's loose; come off easy."

"None of yer blarney, but let me at ye," said Mrs. Froud.

Pete made a number of protests, but of no avail. Mrs. Froud first washed the sore hand, then the other.

"There now," she said when the hands were washed. Pete evidently thought that she had finished and went to get up.

"Hould on there, that face is going to git it too,"

said Mrs. Froud getting another basin of water. Pete again made a number of protests and fdgited around on the chair.

"Oi never seen a critter before that hated to part with dirt as ye do. Sit still can't ye," said Mrs. Froud as she dried his face.

She stood back and looked at Pete for a few seconds, then she said, "Ye would be a rale good looking Indian if only ye would kape yersel clane. It bates me why an Indian has no hair on his face."

"I guess," answered Pete, "if white man's face get rub like mine, not much hair grow for a while."

"Git to the table yonder, before it comes in me mind to curl yer hair. Now Peter will ye have a little porridge this morning? it is foine and there's nothing better for a man when he's not workin, and Oi have some foine tender cowl mate, or would ye rather have eggs? Boiled eggs? Well git at yer porridge. Be the toime ye are on the outside of that, the eggs will be cooked."

When Mrs. Froud again came out of the kitchen she had the eggs and a generous slice of cold meat, also a cup of coffee.

"Peter, Oi have brought ye a sloice of that cowl mate. Oi know ye will loike it, for it is illigant. Now Oi am going to cut it up for ye, ye'll have nothing to do but put it in yer mouth and chew."

"I think I soon go up river again," said Pete, "finger get well quick and I not like stay here and do noting."



THE DRIVE IS IN



"And what do ye think ye'll do there?" asked Mrs. Froud.

"Oh lots tings," answered Pete, "help cook some, fix boys' clothes, carry boys good water to drink and habe good time. Dem boys all good to me. Dey use me same as if I is white man. When I is dere I don't feel like Indian at all.

"Here when I go out ebbery body look at me, den say, "dere is Indian."

"And are ye not as good as any of them?" asked Mrs. Froud, "aven if yer skin is a bit dark."

"Perhaps so; mebbey not," said Pete, thoughtfully.

"Well ye are a moighty sight better than many of thim, let me tell ye that," said Mrs. Froud. "Do ye remember the toime Oi trusted ye with tin dollars? Its not many whoite men that Oi would trust with tin cents."

Pete made no reply to this remark, but went on with his breakfast.

Mrs. Froud was perhaps the only white woman that Pete had ever conversed with. With her he felt perfectly at ease. For three years he had made her boarding house his home.

Mrs. Froud's husband had been a lumberman and along with three others, had lost his life almost in sight of his own home.

She had first rented the house that she now lived in, and afterwards bought it, and report said that she was now in comfortable circumstances.

Her boarding house was the only home that a

number of Ben's men had. Her door was always open for them, day or night, drunk or sober.

They all liked this rough, honest, warm hearted Irish woman.

Indian Pete had always been a great favorite with her, and woe betide anyone who said anything that could be interpreted as an insult to him in her presence.

Only on one occasion had she been obliged to use violence on behalf of her favorite.

The circumstances briefly are:

When the drive came down the year previously, there was a great carouse, at Mrs. Froud's. She moved amongst her noisy guests perfectly unconcerned, occasionally stopping with her work to joke or take part in the conversation.

"Have a good toime boys," she said. "Devil a hair Oi care what ye break, as long as ye pay for it whin ye get sober, and that ye fellows have always done loike gintlemen, other springs. But understand this, Oi will not tolerate foightin, in, or around me house for an instant. Whin any of ye that belongs here git quarrelsome or slaapy, ye go to bed and stay there; aven if you have to be toid. And ye fellows that are strangers, are as welcome as the flowers of May as long as ye conduct yersels loike gintlemen. Failing to do so, Oi will put ye onto the strate, moighty quick."

Shortly after Mrs. Froud made this announcement, one of the strangers that she had referred to,

began making fun and passing sarcastic remarks about Pete's long, straight hair.

Mrs. Froud stopped and looked at him a number of times.

One of Ben's men called Pete out in the kitchen and said, "Punch him Pete, I'll see you through."

"Oi'll attend to that fool mesel", said Mrs. Froud.

She walked over to Pete's tormentor and said, "Look ye here Mr., Oi'll give you foive seconds to shut yer yap and get out of here. Now move."

As the man did not move at once, Mrs. Froud went out to the kitchen and got her broom. When she returned she said, "Oi have given ye lots of toime to lave me house peaceful loike and ye didn't go; so now Oi am obliged to droive ye out."

With this she hit the man over the head, breaking her broomhandle. The man turned as if to hit her. Mrs. Froud picked up a bottle of pickles and threw it at him, missing his head by a couple of feet.

The bottle struck her hanging lamp, breaking it, then went through the window.

"That's rather an expensive shot Oi took at him," said Mrs. Froud, as she stopped an instant to survey the damage, then she passed on to the kitchen.

Even after the bottle went through the window, its mad flight of destruction was not complete.

Pat and Sandy were sitting on a bench outside the window. Sandy had just finished enlightening

Pat on the good qualities of the Scotch whiskey and passed him a bottle of his favorite brand.

Just as Pat put the bottle to his lips, the pickle bottle came through the window, striking him a glancing blow on the head, causing him to drop his bottle and exclaim, "Howly Moike!"

Sandy's face was close to Pat's head. Evidently he was studying Pat's features to see if Scotch whiskey tasted as good to an Irishman as it did to a Scotchman. When the pickle bottle came in contact with Pat's head, the cork came out, filling Sandy's eyes with vinegar.

"Guid Lord, said Sandy, "I am blinded."

Pat sat with a surprised expression, as he watched Sandy dancing around wiping his eyes, first with one coatsleeve and then the other, all the time pouring forth malediction on the unknown person who was the cause of his misfortune.

Under the combined influence of tears and coat sleeves, Sandy soon could see again. The first object that met his view, was the man that Mrs. Froud had thrown the bottle at, looking at him with an expression of great amusement.

With a bound Sandy sprang and hit him on the ear, knocking him down.

Pat promptly gave him a couple of kicks in the ribs, then went into the house to make enquiries.

"Oi want to know," said Pat throwing off his coat, "who threw that bottle?"

"It was mesel," said Mrs. Froud, calmly looking Pat in the face.

"You did?"

"Oi did."

"And damn yer owld hide, what business have ye throwin bottles?"

"A body can do as they please about flingin a bottle, can't they?"

"It's bad enough to be cut to paces with that damned tongue of yer's without their head being broke with yer bottles."

"People should kape their heads out of the way," said Mrs. Froud defiantly.

"Oi wish ye were a man for about foive seconds and Oi'd warm yer ribs with me brogues."

"Ye would, would ye?"

"Oi would. Now Oi want to know what Oi done for ye to hit me, ye owld she devil?"

"Yer a loir, Pat O'Nail; Oi never hit ye."

"Oi beg to differ wid ye, yer a loir, ye did."

"Don't ye call me a loir, or Oi'll split yer head wid a chair," said Mrs. Froud seizing a chair.

"Wait, Mrs. Froud," said Indian Pete, "Wait Pat."

"Ye moind ye own business," said Pat pushing Pete out of the way. "Oi am talkin and makin a few enquiries of this owld devil's mate."

This expression was too much for Mrs. Froud, so she lifted the chair to strike, but Pete caught it, saying, "Hold on dere, let me tell Pat what you throw bottle for. You both make fool of self. Now both shut mouth, let me talk."

Mrs. Froud's fighting blood was now thoroughly

aroused. She let go the chair with one hand and seized Pete by the hair saying, "Ye let go me and me chair, or Oi'll pull every hair out of yer confounded head for ye."

Mrs. Froud shook him a couple of times, then let him go saying, "Now will ye moind yer business."

"If—if—ye have got through with that gintleman," said Pat, "Oi wish ye would give me yer attention, as Oi have a few more words for ye."

Fortunately for all concerned, Ben came in, after having taken no small part in separating Sandy, and the man who had been the cause of all the trouble.

After a few minutes with the help of Pete, he got both Mrs. Froud and Pat to stop talking and gave Pete a chance to tell his story.

"So that's the way of it," said Pat, when Pete had finished.

"It is," answered Mrs. Froud.

"Well Oi don't blame ye in the laste, for flingin that bottle, but Oi must confess it was a bit annoyin to have that bottle act as it did," said Pat, feeling his head.

"Oi think that now ye know the roight way of it, ye aught to apologize for callin me a loir," said Mrs. Froud.

"Oi do wid pleasure," said Pat. "But what about yer bottle?"

"Oi apologize for it, seein that it can't spake for itsel," said Mrs. Froud.

CHAPTER XXI

INDIAN PETE'S ADVENTURE.

One morning just after Pete had finished breakfast, a boy came to the door and inquired for him.

"He's up stairs," said Mrs. Froud.

"Can I see him?"

"Ye can, he's visible," answered Mrs. Froud, going to the stairs and calling Pete.

"What you want now?" asked Pete coming down the stairs.

"This gintleman wants ye," said Mrs. Froud pointing to the boy.

The boy asked Pete to come over to the office.

"What dey want me at office for?" asked Pete, hesitating.

"I don't know."

Pete followed the boy to the office and when he entered, he stood by the door with down cast eyes; until a voice said, "Hello Pete, how are you anyway?"

To his surprise it was Sampson who addressed him. Pete shot one swift inquiring glance at him, but made no reply.

"How's your finger?" asked Sampson.

"All right."

"What are you doing?"

"Noting."

"Want a job? it was I that sent for you."

"Not here," said Pete glancing around the office.

"Could you take a letter up to Ben for me?"

"Sure."

"When can you start?"

"Now!"

"When can you get there?"

"Tomorrow night."

"All right, come back in an hour and the letter will be ready."

When Pete got back to Mrs. Froud's, her first question was, "Did they want ye for manager over there?"

"Dey gave me better job dan dat," said Pete with a grin. "Dey want me take letter up to Ben. Get four lunch ready to take with me, and I eat little before I start quick now."

Pete went up stairs to change his clothes and when he came down, a lunch was awaiting him.

"Hivens man", said Mrs. Froud, "what are ye lugging thim cork boots for?"

"Perhaps need dem."

"And where are you going to carry yer lunch?"

"In pack bag."

"That will never hold enough."

"What's dat you got dere?" asked Pete looking at a large parcel rolled up in a white cloth.

"Yer lunch."

"Dey jist ask me carry up letter to Ben, not grub for whole crew."

"Now Peter, it's a long hungry road yer startin on and Oi want to be shure ye have enough."

"Dat all right, but I not want horse to carry lunch for one day."

"Get out man, Oi could ate that bit mesel in a day."

"Well I am not pig, me."

"Devil take ye, Oi am not nather," said Mrs. Froud angrily.

Pete opened the parcel and took only about a quarter of what Mrs. Froud had prepared. In vain did Mrs. Froud urge him to take more.

"Dat's me got to carry dis," said Pete as he shouldered his pack.

After Pete had got the letter from the office, he went into the store. There he met the two strange ladies that Mrs. Froud had previously referred to.

Pete gave a start when he looked at the youngest. Somewhere he had seen that face, but where?

"What will you have, Pete?" asked a clerk coming towards him.

"Smoking baccy," answered Pete. "Pay for dis, when Ben gets down."

Evidently Pete was well known at the store, for the clerk asked if there was anything else he wanted.

"No," said Pete as he turned to go.

"How's your finger?"

"Better."

"Where are you heading for?" asked the clerk glancing at the pack.

"Up de river."

As Pete carefully adjusted the pack straps, he took another swift glance at the ladies, then as noiselessly as a shadow passed out of the store.

"Is that an Indian?" asked the eldest of the ladies of the ladies, after Pete had gone.

"Yes," answered the clerk. "He is called Indian Pete."

"Indian Pete," said the eldest in surprise, hurrying to the door. But when she got outside, the Indian had disappeared.

Indian Pete's heart was light as he trudged along and just as the sun sank behind the hills, he came to the last settler's house.

"Wonder if he let me sleep in barn?" said Pete aloud. "Guess I ask him anyway."

As he neared the house his pace grew slow and hesitating.

He inquired of the woman who answered his knock, if the man was at home.

"No," answered the woman. "Did you want to see him?"

"No," said Pete. "Just want ask him let me sleep in barn dis night."

"Well come in and sit down," said the woman, "my husband will be home soon."

"Guess better eat lunch, when I am wait," said Pete stepping back and slipping off his pack.

"Come in and have a cup of tea," said the woman.

"All right out here," said Pete, opening his pack.

In a few minutes a team came up the road and turned into the house.

"Having supper?" said the man cheerily, when he saw the Indian eating his lunch.

"Yep," answered Pete pausing and looking at him. "You man dat lives here?"

"Yes."

"Can I sleep in your barn dis night?"

"What do you want to sleep in my barn for?"

"Better dere dan under tree," answered Pete.

"Where are you going?"

"Up river."

"I'll see what we can do for you," said the man turning towards the door.

In a few minutes the man returned and said, "We can give you a bed in the house".

"Better in barn," said Pete.

"Do you smoke?"

"Yep," said Pete, "but not smoke in your barn. Do dat outside."

"All right, I'll take your word for it," said the man. "But remember if you should smoke in the barn and burn it, it would go hard with me, for I am a poor man."

"No danger for dat," said Pete. "Smoke outside, sleep in barn and start away in morning soon as I can see."

Pete sat and smoked till it was begining to grow dark, then went into the barn and lay down on the

hay. In a few minutes the man came in with a couple of blankets and gave them to Pete, and again asked him into the house.

"Dis better," said Pete covering himself up. "Don't be fraid Mr., sure I'll not smoke in here."

Pete lay for a few minutes gazing into the gathering gloom, after the settler had left him. Suddenly he started, and said, "Gosh I know who dat girl look like now; just like Jim. Wonder what she look so much like Jim for?"

In the morning just as the first streaks of day lit up the sky Pete awoke.

He carefully folded the blankets, put on his moccasins, slipped his arms through the packstraps and was off.

"Gosh, dis is nice," said Pete aloud as he threw back his head and inhaled a breath of the pure, fresh, forest tainted air.

"Going to be nice day," he said as he paused to look at the amber and golden clouds that stretched across the eastern sky. "Guess dat's like heaven over dere," he mused as he walked along occasionally glancing towards the rising sun. "Wonder why fellow never tink about heaven when out here," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, "or when he have someone with him."

Wonder if white man and Indian in same place up dere. Guess so, perhaps not.

For a few minutes he walked along thinking deeply. "Last time I was at church," he mused,

"minister talk lot about God, he make me feel he's old, old man and long ways off.

Dat's de time I almost go sleep. Gosh, I's glad when dat fellow shut mouth.

Always feel different out in woods. Heaven close, God everywhere; make heart glad to see flowers and leaf on tree, see water running, see sky, breath nice air, smell nice smell of green leaf and flowers. Den not hard to believe God close and love every body." Again Pete was silent for a few minutes, then he began talking again. "Don't believe dem ministers know much about heaven. Dey talk about big city, all gold. House all gold; street all gold and people do noting dere but sing. If dat is so, guess Pete tired of dat business after while."

Suddenly he stopped, scratched his head and stood in earnest thought for a few minutes, then continued. "Guess dat heaven not all de same, dere must be place all gold for dem dat like it, and place for sing, for dem dat like dat business.

Nother place with river and woods for Indian, and white man dat like de woods best, and perhaps place all grass for de fellows dat like farm best. Dat's how it is all right. Dat's what he mean when he tell he's go to prepare place for us."

Pete's chain of thought was suddenly interrupted by his slipping and striking his toe on a rock. "Hell," he said, as he rubbed the injured member against his leg. "Damn dat stone anyway. Guess it's time eat lunch," he said as he threw off his pack.

Pete finished his lunch, filled his pipe, then slipped his arms through his pack-straps and was about to start, when he heard a slight noise behind him.

On looking around to his surprise there stood a cub, about two weeks old.

"Hello, young fellow," said Pete going towards him.

The cub turned to run, and the race was on. Over down-fallen trees and through thick underbrush ran the cub, closely followed by Pete, and just as the cub jumped on a log, Pete seized it by a hind leg, saying, "Hold on dere."

The cub snarled and tried to bite Pete's hand, but was promptly taken by the back of the neck. "Don't get mad, just going to hab some fun wit you," exclaimed Pete. "What you leave your mudder for?"

When the cub saw it was helpless, it began to cry piteously.

"Best not cry or I'll trow you in river down dere. It make me mad to hear fellow cry for noting. You is nice little—Hell!" said Pete dropping the cub and springing to a tree. The cause of this exclamation and haste was the sight of the mother bear coming towards him.

By the time Pete was up to the first large limb, the mother bear was at the trunk. She stopped, and sniffed the cub; then looked up at Pete and growled.

Pete immediately cut off a branch about an inch in diameter, and sharpened one end saying, "Best

hab dis ready. Perhaps dat old fool want come up here too."

The bear sniffed and pushed the cub around with her nose, at the same time casting angry glances at Pete.

"Say dere, old lady bear," exclaimed Pete. "Best take dat damn pup of yours and go on about business; for I am not want stay up here very long; and am not want go down dere when you there; cause we perhaps fight."

The bear replied with a snarl of rage, and began to climb the tree.

"Best not come up here, for your nose going to get hurt," said Pete getting into position.

The bear paid no heed to Pete's threat, but continued to climb.

When she got close enough, Pete belabored her with his stick across the nose, shouting. "Get down dere, you old devil—get down."

Regardless of the blows, the bear continued to climb. Suddenly Pete jabbed the point of the stick in her eye. With a howl of pain and rage, the bear let go her hold on the tree and fell to the ground, rolling over, rubbing her head on the ground.

"How you like dat? Ah! Now best take dat baby of yours and move off, cause if you stay here by-ne-by perhaps I get mad, and hurt tother eye," said Pete with a grin. "What, you going try it again? Ah!"

Again the bear climbed the tree, and Pete showered the blows across her nose; but in vain. He then tried

to jab her in the eye with the sharp point of the stick; but could not hit the mark.

He went out on the limb as far as he dared, and the bear followed him.

With a crash the limb broke, and Pete and the bear came to the ground.

Pete sprang to his feet and ran towards the river closely pursued by the bear.

Just as he gained the bank, the bear seized him by the seat of the pants, with her teeth and grasped him around the legs with her paws. Pete fell headlong down the steep bank into the river, dragging the bear with him. Fortunately the water was deep, so Pete swam a few yards, then dove.

When he came to the surface to get a breath, he looked over his shoulder and saw a wet, surprised and angry bear going into the woods. Pete turned and swam slowly back to the shore muttering, "Dat beats Hell."

When he landed, he stood listening for a few seconds, then walked hurriedly up the river, looking back every few steps.

"Guess dat old devil not come back for look for me," said Pete as he hurried along. "If she do I'll hab swim to tother side. Damn her ole skin, wish I had gun, I'd learn her to mind business."

Never a thought entered his brain, that if he had minded his business, no doubt the bear would have done the same and they would have parted better friends than they did.

All the glories of heaven and the beauties of nature

were forgotten by Pete, as he walked along, swearing bitterly and calling the bear names.

"Dat ole debil not satisfied with tear de whole seat off my pants but have to tear leg too."

Pete sat down and rolled up his pants leg and found a ragged tear about two inches long across his leg below the knee.

"Hell!" he exclaimed, "most inch deep, bleed bad too."

He sat for a few minutes looking at the wound, then gave a deep sigh.

"No need sit and look, dat hole got to be fix right off too."

He got up and stood looking around, suddenly he began to swear. He had left his pack where he had eaten his lunch.

"Curse dat ole fool and all her damn family," he said as he turned to retrace his steps down the river.

When close to where he had the adventure with the bear, he stopped and listened, then walked cautiously to where the pack was.

"Wonder dat ole fool not see dat pack and tear it up; perhaps dat baptise she get make her better and she mind business now, hope so anyway."

He gathered a quantity of fir balsam, then took out of his pack a tin tobacco box that contained a couple of spools of thread, a fishing line, a few hooks and some coarse needles. Next he tore a sleeve out of his shirt. After filling his pipe from a dry plug of

tobacco, that he had in his pack, he smoked a few minutes, surveying the bleeding leg thoughtfully.

"No use sit and look, dat hole got to be sew up and it going to hurt too." he said as he threaded the needle.

Not a muscle of Pete's face moved as he pushed the needle through the flesh. "Hole not quite big enough for de thread," he said, as he gave the thread a jerk.

"Hell! why I didn't put needle in tother way, den it not pull hole open so much," he exclaimed.

After much patient work and exclaiming "Hell" a number of times, Pete succeeded in getting two stitches and drawing the wound together.

He then daubed some fir balsam around the wound and bandaged it up with his shirt-sleeve, tying all securely with the fishing line.

"Glad dat job done," he said as he slipped on his pack.

CHAPTER XXII

A COWARDLY ATTACK.

Mile after mile, Pete walked on with the steady untiring gait of the woodsman, stopping occasionally to examine the bandage; each time he cursed the bear softly.

"Can't be much further", he muttered, as he saw the sun sink behind a towering mountain. When he rounded the next bend a smile lit up his dusky countenance, for he saw a man walking up the river before him.

Suddenly he stopped, the smile turned to a look of surprise; then a ghastly paleness overshadowed his face.

Little wonder that Pete turned pale and his coal black eyes glittered through the friendly foliage like the eye of some wild animal; for in the space of a few seconds, those eyes had witnessed a dastardly, cruel crime.

As the man that Pete saw walking up the river, went around a large boulder, a man stepped from behind it and struck him with a heavy stick, then throwing the stick far out in the water he coolly went through his victim's pockets. Not finding anything of value, or what he was looking for, he then cast

the body into the river and disappeared into the woods.

"Run into de woods you cowardly debbil, but guess I know you if I eber see you again," exclaimed Pete in a hoarse whisper.

Pete stood hesitating, his roving eyes flitting from one object to another.

"Hell," he exclaimed as his eyes became riveted on the river, he threw off his pack, and with a hasty glance up the river he sprang into the water. A few powerful strokes, and he was grasping the unfortunate man by the collar.

It was but the work of a few seconds till he had the man on shore.

With another hasty glance up the river, he seized him around the waist and carried him up the steep bank into the woods.

"Ouch," said Pete in horror, when he saw the face "dat's poor Jim."

Pete sat down on a log, and sadly gazed on the face of his friend.

"Oh God, what you let dat damned coward kill poor Jim for?" he said with a reproachful glance up at the fast darkening heavens.

He then broke forth in a volume of curses, first in the Indian language, then in English. Kneeling by his side, he seized Jim by the hand saying, "Jim I know dat fellow dat kill you. I'll find him and kill him before the sun set tomorrow night. When you get to heaven, you look back, and you see debbil hustle dat fellow along road to Hell. Lots times I

think better if dere no Hell and debbil; but I see better now, got have both for dat fellow. Wish I could pray," he said as he wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "Going to try it anyway," he said after a slight pause.

"Oh God, take Jim to heaven, for he was fine fellow," this he repeated a number of times. Again wiping his nose with the back of his hand, he said, "Dats all de prayer I can say, God. Amen."

For a few minutes Pete sat stroking Jim's head, a tear glittering in his eye. An instant his hand lingered on the forehead, then like a flash it sought the heart. "Oh tank you God, Jim's not dead yet," he exclaimed as he sprang to his feet.

"What de debbil will I do first?" he exclaimed running his fingers through his hair.

"Must be some water inside; got get that outside. Come Jim got lie across dis log."

He then carried Jim and laid him across a moss covered log, face down.

Taking him by the hands he began working them up and down, noting with satisfaction that with each motion the water oozed from Jim's mouth.

After five minutes work, he lifted him off the log and laid him carefully on the ground. He then gathered boughs and made a bed. Soon he had a fire. Picking up his waterproof match-box that he had laid on the ground, he exclaimed as he put it in his pocket, "You pretty good friend dis day little box."

Darkness, thick and muggy had settled down.

Over the hills came the rumbling of distant thunder. Past the fire dashed a rabbit, from a tree close by came the surprised and angry hoot of an owl, surprised at the sudden brightness of that spot in the forest; angry because that small spot of brightness that hurt his eyes to look at, had given protection to his prey. Again he hooted in wonder and surprise when he saw the two strange figures within that circle of light. From the river came the thump, thump of the floating logs, as they knocked against each other or struck against rocks. From across the river came the snort of a noble buck, that was coming down to drink, when he saw the fire.

All these sounds passed unnoticed by Pete, as he worked over his unconscious friend.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened, his glittering eyes trying to penetrate the darkness as he gazed up the river. For a few seconds he remained thus, then laying Jim's head carefully on the boughs, he picked up two large stones and vanished in the darkness.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of footsteps. With quivering nostrils, and fiery eye Pete took up his position beside a large tree. The hot revengeful blood of his dusky ancestors rushed through his veins, as he drew his tall slender figure up to its full height, and with murder written in every line of his dusky face, calmly waited the approaching footsteps.

The fierce wild look vanished; the stones fell to the ground, and a smile lit up his face when he

heard the well known voice of Pat say, "Now who the devil do ye think has built a fire there?"

The answer came in Sandy's broad Scotch, "Deil kens who the ass is."

With great satisfaction Pete listened to the following conversation.

"Ye are too much given to puttin new names on yer acquaintances Sandy, and to strangers as well. Now it's not tin minutes since ye bestowed that very same toitle on Jim."

"Yes, and who wouldna call him an ass, for his wanderin awa and he forgettin to come back again. And it's no better ye are, or it's in your blankets ye would be, and no be in danger of breaking your blasted neck by falling over some of these rocks that ye canna see till ye trip o'er them a couple of times," snarled Sandy.

"Devil take ye, Oi've not tripped over the same rock more than once the night. And if ye were not so confounded mane and contrary, ye would admit that for more than an hour the night, ye were wanderin around loike a hen looking for a place to lay a hot egg," protested Pat.

"I'll no dispute you that I felt a bit oneasy about him," said Sandy with impatience.

"Yes, and if ye have got over it, ye had better sit down on a rock, for there are plenty of all sizes of thim and Oi'll investigate yon camp fire. If it don't give a peaceful account of itsel, Oi'll procade to heave it and its owner into the river, for raily

Sandy Oi'm so worked up with Jim not comin back to camp as he ought that nothin but a bit of excoitement will give me the swate, swate slape of the just, the night," said Pat moving on towards the fire.

By this time Pat and Sandy were close to where Pete stood.

"Hallo Pat, hallo Sandy," said Pete stepping from behind the tree.

Pat returned the greeting by saying, "Hivens is this you."

"Someone try to kill Jim," Pete continued, "and throw him in de river; I come along and pull him out and he's not dead yet."

Pete told his story interrupted frequently by questions from Pat and oaths from Sandy.

"And ye're shure ye'll know the crature when ye see him?" asked Pat his eyes flashing.

"Sure, yes, sure me know him."

"And faith it's his ribs that's goin to git a warming whin those owld brogues of mine make his acquaintance."

"Warm his ribs," said Sandy in disgust, "Ye fool, it's....."

"Thank ye me friend for the compliment," said Pat nodding his head.

"It's hanging he'll get," continued Sandy, paying no attention to the interruption, "if he's no a murderer, it's no his fault."

"Ye can do as ye think best, after Oi git through

with him," said Pat savagely, "but the first thing to do is to git Jim to camp."

"I'll awa for a blanket and more help," said Sandy turning away.

"Look out dat fellow not hit your head too," advised Pete.

"Let him try it," grunted Sandy as he hurried along.

By the time they had Jim to camp, he showed signs of regaining consciousness. His head was examined by a number of the men, and all gave their opinion that his injury was slight.

The men gathered in groups discussing the attack and what had better be done. No one doubted that Pete would be able to identify the assailant.

Sandy's rage subsided yet he clung to the opinion that the only thing to do was to hang the villain. "But the man whoever he is may have been taken suddenly insane," protested one of the men.

"I canna see how that should alter the case," said Sandy seriously, "if we take him oot, a lot of fool lawyers will handle the case and perhaps think that he had better be taken to an asylum, and like as no he will get awa frae them and kill some guid man. Na boys, it is an unpleasant business hanging a mon, but it's our duty and we'll dae it the morn."

"Turn in boys," said Ben, "I will sit up for a while with Jim. If I need any help I will call some of you fellows."

A few minutes afterwards the men, one after another began to lie down.

The threatening thunder storm had passed and the stars twinkled overhead.

Ben sat beside the fire smoking in deep thought. Why should anyone make such a murderous attack on Jim? he had asked himself a number of times.

The theory that had been advanced by some of the men, that the attack was the act of a madman did not appeal to him. Queer, he found himself thinking that in some way Brown was mixed up in it. Finally he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and got up and paced back and forth. "Fool, that's what I am. Because I don't like that man, I let such thoughts come into my mind," he muttered angrily.

He sat down again and listened to Jim's delirious raving.

"I tell you Jennie, that Ben is the finest fellow in the world" raved Jim.

"Giving me a pretty good recommend to his sister," thought Ben with a smile, "wonder what she's like. Pretty, I would judge by the looks of her brother."

"Give me a drink of water, mother," said Jim.

Ben brought a dipper of water and bent over him, asking if he would like a drink. Jim sat up and looked around in a bewildered way.

"Ben, I was dreaming that I was at home with my mother and sister."

"Take a drink and go to sleep again," said Ben softly.

Jim lay down like a tired child, and was soon asleep.

Indian Pete arose, stretched himself, yawned a couple of times, then came over to Ben saying, "I'll watch, you sleep." Ben after a few minutes conversation, retired.

In the morning Jim awoke rational, but with a bad headache.

After breakfast Pete handed Ben the letter, remarking gravely, "Most forgot what I came up here for."

As Ben read the letter the look of surprise deepened on his face.

"No bad news, I hope," said the cook, when Ben finished reading. Ben made no reply, but walked back and forth, with his hands in his pockets.

Stopping in front of Pete he asked, "Who gave you that letter?"

"Dat ole buck dat was up here."

"You mean Sampson?"

"Yep, he seems to be boss in de office down dere," said Pete pointing down the river with his thumb.

"Well boys" said Ben turning to the men, "this letter is from Sampson.

He gives me to understand that he has recently been appointed president of the company, and he wants me to take complete charge of bringing down this drive."

"Oi often remarked that yon owld devil was no

fool," said Pat lighting his pipe. "I guess that you are the man for the job," added another.

Ben ran his eye over the crew and a flush overspread his face, when he saw the pleased look on the faces of his men.

Some of the men began congratulating him on his appointment, but he turned away remarking, "Anyone can drive logs when they have a crew like mine."

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW THE NEW BOSS TOOK CHARGE

"Oi don't belave that Ben will nade our services for a whole this mornin, so come and point out the gint that took such liberties with Jim's head last noight, as Oi have a certain bit of business to transact wid him before Oi go to work," said Pat, squaring his shoulders and putting his hat on the side of his head.

Sandy went over to a coil of rope and cut off about twenty feet, and began coiling it up.

"What did you cut that new rope for?" asked Ben sharply.

"I wanted a bit."

"What for?"

"To stretch yon fellow's neck."

"Now Sandy, we want no nonsense."

"Yon fellow will no think it nonsense when he swings from a tree," said Sandy with a savage glitter in his eye.

Exclamations of approval came from a number of the men.

"Now boys, this hanging business has gone far enough for the present."

"This is a law-abiding crew, when sober." Ben

hastened to add: "so go to work. Pete and I are going down to try and find that fellow. After we have our hands on him we will decide what to do, but there is going to be no hanging, let me tell you that."

Sandy got up scowling and was about to say something, but Pat winked at him and shook his head.

Ben and Pete went to Lawson's crew and taking Lawson to one side they told him what had happened, then all three went to where all the men were working. "Not any of dem fellows," said Pete decidedly.

"I didn't notice that fellow that calls himself "Bill Perkins" said Ben."

"No," answered Lawson, "I told him to get out, yesterday morning. He has been playing sick long enough here. The cook says that he would eat scarcely anything when anyone was watching, but as soon as he got the chance would steal and eat as **much** as anyone. When he left yesterday he took as **much** grub as he could carry."

Ben then informed Lawson that he had charge of the drive, and added, "I want you to discharge all the men that have been pulling against you, at once. I am going up to look over your cook's outfit."

"Is this your first attempt at cooking?" Ben asked the cook after he had examined some of the provisions.

"No," was the answer, "I have cooked ten years."

"It's a wonder you are alive, if you have had to eat your own cooking," said Ben with a bitter smile.

The cook turned and looked at Ben, then he took off his apron and hung it up. Turning around he said. "If there was not a lot of truth in what you say, I would knock your brains out with the rolling pin. But as it is I have a good mind to tell you all about it." He paused for a minute, and as Ben made no reply he continued. "I am a pretty good cook, but I have to obey orders."

"Whose orders?"

"Brown's; poor grub is one of his ideas of cutting down expenses."

"Well in future you will take your orders from me, so now get busy and let me see what you can do. If you are not a first class cook, you will have to get out."

The cook sat with bowed head for a few minutes, then he said,

"I guess that I had better go out, for when the boys find out that I can cook they will throw me in the river, for shoving off the stuff on them I have."

"Oh I don't think that there will be any danger of that," said Ben.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of twenty men from the river. It was evident that a number of them were in an ugly mood.

"So Halley is going to take Brown's place," said one with sarcasm.

"Let's chuck him into the river, a bath will do him good," said another.

"I'll second the motion, if you include Lawson, he's dirty too," added another.

"That's all right to talk about, but take my advice and let it go no further, for if you get Halley's crew going there'll be something doing," spoke up a man in the rear of the crowd.

There was a sudden silence, when Ben stepped out of the cook's tent, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"To Hell with Halley and his crew," said a red-headed Irishman with a grin, stepping towards Ben.

He stopped when within a couple of paces of Ben and bit off a large chew of tobacco, then said with a sneer.

"It's an honor to mate such a foine gintleman as yersel."

Ben's face turned pale and his eyes glittered; yet he controlled his anger and asked what he wanted.

"Just to give ye me koindest regards; there they go," said the Irishman, squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice into Ben's face.

Like a flash Ben drove his fist to the Irishman's mouth, remarking:

"It will be a day or two before you use that mouth to spit with again."

For more than a minute the man lay where he fell; then he arose slowly, the blood flowing in a stream from his mouth, and faced Ben in fighting position.

"If Halley is as good as he looks to be, we are going to see a scrap," prophesied a man leaning against a tree.

"Never mind your mouth Red; the O'Brines don't use their mouths for fighting purposes. Take your

time, and trim him in style," said a man that strongly resembled Red O'Brine.

"So you are Red O'Brine," said Ben. "Are there any more of the dirty bunch here that done up Joe Wells last spring?"

Red O'Brine's name was known far and near as a brutal bully. He had been trained for the prize ring and stood a fair chance to be classed as one of the best heavy weights of the day, if only he could have controlled his vicious nature. His strength and science, coupled with all the tricks of the rough and tumble fighter, made him an opponent to be feared. And besides, he always was backed by a couple of his brothers, equally as brutal as himself.

When Ben heard the name of Red O'Brine, he knew that it must be a fight to the finish, and if he went down, there would be neither fair play nor quarter given.

As O'Brine advanced cautiously, Ben backed towards the river.

O'Brine made a feint with his left hand and seized Ben by the wrist with his right hand. He seemed surprised at the ease with which Ben broke the hold. He next tried to kick Ben in the stomach, but Ben sprang backwards, and caught his foot, at the same time striking O'Brine again in the mouth. Just as O'Brine struck the ground Ben remarked,

"You'll not spit very far tomorrow."

As O'Brine sprang to his feet, Ben saw four or five coming towards him.

Ben's right foot shot out and the sole of his caulked boot caught O'Brine between the ankle and knee, tearing the flesh from the bone.

With a howl of pain and rage, O'Brine dropped on his knees. Ben struck him again with all his might in the mouth, saying. "Damn you, spit in my face; will you?"

When O'Brine went down he struck his head on a rock and lay as dead.

But the fight was not over. Like a pack of wolves, O'Brine's brothers leading, a dozen men rushed at Ben. Ben caught the foremost under the chin with his right hand, knocking him into the river, but at the same time he received a heavy blow on the back of the neck, that staggered him.

As he caught his balance he saw Lawson running towards him. Over the heads of the howling mob he caught the welcome sight of Pat and Sandy, the latter carrying a rope. Just as Lawson reached his side, Pat's fist landed with a dull thud on his jaw. Poor Lawson went sprawling on his hands and knees in front of Ben. As Pat sprang to kick him, he remarked. "Was there not enough on one widout ye?"

Ben gave Pat a push shouting, "Don't kick that man, he's on our side."

Pat tripped and went headlong into the river. As he spat out a mouthful of water he remarked, "Ye're rale gintil wid yer frinds; ain't ye?"

To rectify his mistake he sprang to Lawson's

side remarking, "Oi am too busy at prisent to apolo-gize for the clout Oi gave ye in the lug."

"Come on, blast ye, come on," shouted Sandy, as he struck a heavy blow at one of the O'Brines. O'Brine side stepped and struck Sandy on the jaw; then caught him around the legs and threw him.

As Sandy was falling he caught O'Brine around the neck and brought his head under him. O'Brine tried to break the hold by striking upward with his free hand. Sandy seized him by the wrist and worked the hand up till he got the thumb in his mouth. While he chewed the thumb, he tattooed O'Brine's ribs with short arm jolts. Pat interrupted the torture by kicking O'Brine a couple in the ribs, remarking, "That one will do for the prisent, get another, Sandy."

As Sandy was getting up, he was kicked in the side, knocking the wind out of him. A moment afterwards Pat went down, and a couple of men began kicking him. Up to this time Indian Pete had taken no part in the fighting.

He had stood as if spell-bound; but when he saw Pat and Sandy down, he picked up a stone and threw it, and the man who was kicking Pat, dropped,

Encouraged by the success of his first shot, he threw another stone and dropped another man.

Pat and Sandy were both badly hurt. Ben and Lawson were bleeding from the mouth and nose. Half a dozen others were sitting or lying on the ground nursing their injuries, still there were another half a dozen determined to finish Ben and Lawson.

Indian Pete stood on the high bank with a stone in each hand waiting his chance. A man got knocked from the circle and Pete promptly threw his stone, striking him above the ear.

Another turned his head in surprise, only to get a stone between the eyes. Pat limped towards Pete saying, "Two more stones, Peter me son and Ben and yon queer fellow will finish the job at their lasure."

"Good man Peter; now the ridheaded one. Ye got him. Hould on, not another rock will ye fling, unless some of the spectators mixes in. Now Ben as ye have yer fingers on the last, but not laste of the blacklegs, my advice is to disfigure his countenance. That's what Oi ordered," shouted Pat as Ben seized the man by the throat and struck him in the face.

"Another for frindship's sake, Benjamin. That done the job. Allow me to extind ye me congratulations. Devil take ye Peter! Where's yer rock? Can't ye see yon fellow gitting the better of me frind Lawson?"

As Ben released his hold on the unconscious man, after carrying out Pat's instructions to the letter, Pat noticed that Lawson and his opponent were down and Lawson was getting into a helpless position, so after calling Pete's attention, as above stated, he took a hand in the matter himself by rolling them over and putting Lawson on top saying, "Fair play there bies. If ye must foight; foight fair."

Ben went over and pulled them apart saying "I guess you fellows had better stop."

Sandy was on his feet again, and so far recovered in health and spirits that he was cursing the man that kicked him, and inviting him to try it again.

"Sandy dear, will ye shut yer mouth? if not hould yer tongue. Oi am afeared that yon gint will take exceptions to some of yer remarks and a foight will follow and spoil our picnic. Our boss here, as mony can testify, is very much opposed to violence in any form whatever, it makes him narvous.

The rist of us are loikewise opposed to violence; yersel excepted.

Now gintlemen of the second part, is there onything further we can do for yer amusement? If not, me advice is, withdraw immadiately from the scane of our late activities."

A ripple of laughter was heard from a few that had not taken part in the fight and two or three that showed the marks of the fray joined in, as Pat finished. Sandy looked undecided what course to pursue.

For an instant his eye lingered on the rope. It seemed to bring back to his mind the business that they had come on.

"Pete," he said turning a hostile glance on the man that had kicked him, "Yon's the man that hit Jim last night. I can see it in his een."

"Dat not him," promptly answered Pete.

"Then which of them is it?" inquired Sandy savagely.

"Dat fellow not here."

"I ken better nor that. There's a dozen of them that would brain a mon for a fig of tobacco. Which of them is it?" again asked Sandy picking up the rope and advancing threateningly towards Pete.

Pete looked him in the eye as he answered, "Dat fellow not here. Can't find him on de ribber anywhere."

While the above conversation was in progress, Ben stood casting angry glances on his late opponents. Two that had been hit with stones were still lying unconscious. Three or four were washing the blood from their faces in the river. Red O'Brine sat with his back against a tree, the lower part of his face a bloody jelly.

"Cook, those men are going out. Give them what grub they will require.

Lawson give them their time, then go back to your crew. Cook, if any of those men act as if they wanted any more trouble, send the cookee for me. Come boys," said Ben glancing at Pat, Sandy and Pete."

As Ben turned away, Red O'Brine shook his fist at him saying, "Damn you Halley, you beat me this time, but I'll square the account with interest, remember."

"Spit in my face again when you feel like it," said Ben as he walked along.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE RETURN OF THE RIVERMEN

"I hear that the drivers will be in tonight," said Mrs. Griffin, one sultry afternoon the latter part of June. "Oh dear, I hope there don't be any fighting this year."

"Fighting", said Mrs. Lane, looking up in surprise. "What will they be fighting about?"

"They are a pretty wild lot of men when they are drinking you know."

When Mrs. Griffin saw the troubled look on Mrs. Lane's face she hastened to add, "But Mrs. Froud will keep some of them quiet."

"Who is Mrs. Froud?" asked Jennie.

"She is the widow of a lumberman, and keeps a boarding house. She is like a mother to a dozen of the wildest characters in Ben Halley's crew.

She has been known to go into Keenan's bar and take them home when they were getting quarrelsome."

"How can she do such things?"

"Because she is a brave woman and in the right, and it's men that she has to deal with."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well a man that is worthy of the name, no matter how wild and reckless, respects a good woman."

"Is Mrs. Froud ladylike in appearance?"

"In some respects she is. She is honest, neat and clean, though rough, and ready to defend her rights with tongue and broomhandle."

All afternoon Mrs. Lane and Jennie watched impatiently for the coming of the drivers, but as the shades of night were falling, they concluded that they were not coming that evening and went for a walk.

When close to Mrs. Froud's they saw a man coming down the street.

"Look at that tramp," said Mrs. Lane. "Let us turn back."

"Why should we turn back?" asked Jennie.

"It's been a foine day; hasn't it?" said Mrs. Froud stepping out on the piazza.

"Well well; if here's not Ben himsel, comin down the strait. Hallo Benjamin me darlin. How are ye? God be praised for bringin ye back to me safe and sound, me bie."

Ben took the outstretched hands and smiled as he answered, "I am delighted to be with you again, Mrs. Froud."

"Faith, and Oi am shure ye are; God bless ye. And how is Pat and Sandy and the rist of the boys?; all well Oi hope."

Ben told her that they were all well and would be along soon.

"I just came along ahead to tell you that some

of the boys would be here this evening, and would want a lunch."

"A lunch," said Mrs. Froud aghast. "Shure it's a feed fit for the King Oi have ready and waiting. Poor divils. It's mony a long day since they have had anything dacent to ate. Come in and have a boite yersel."

"What do you think of your tramp now?" asked Jennie with flushed cheeks.

"He certainly got a warm reception there. I wonder if he is one of the lumbermen?"

"Certainly he's one of them; and isn't he a remarkable looking man?"

"He certainly is a remarkably dressed man," answered Mrs. Lane with a smile.

"I never noticed his clothes," said Jennie seriously.

As they walked on in silence, they heard rapid foot-steps behind them. Jennie stepped behind her mother to let them pass.

It was Ben and as he passed he stopped, cast a surprised look on them; then with crimson face, raised his hat, and hurried on.

"Why did he stop and look at us as if about to speak?" asked Jennie.

"No doubt on first glance he thought we were acquaintances" said Mrs. Lane.

They had not proceeded far when they heard singing.

“Those good old days have come again
 Those good old days of yore
 For Moike Keenan kapes the bar-room
 And the company kapes the store
 The whiskey will soon flow freely
 Loike water in the brook.”

“Fall in gintlemen, fall in. Now kape step,
 going through the town. Now thin, roight foot
 foremost. Roight—Roight.—Left—left—roight—
 left. Watch how ye handle yer brogues; don't let
 thim get out of tune.

Now for the chorus, all sing

Glory, glory alleluia. Glory, glory alleluia
 Glory, glory alleluia, as we go marching on.

Turn to the roight and head for owld lady Froud's.
 Now thin sing again.”

We'll hang Moike Keenan in his dirty bar-room
 We'll hang Moike Keenan in his dirty bar-room
 Thin we'll all go marching on.

“Never moind thim ladies comin up the strait;
 they are peaceful; see that ye be the same, whin pass-
 in thim. Remimber that yer mother was a woman
 or a squaw, and devil a hair difference which, they
 are both to be respected.”

As those twenty five or thirty sunburned, brawny
 men with tattered clothing met Mrs. Lane and
 Jennie, they stopped singing; but as soon as they
 had passed, they heard the clear voice with its rich
 Irish brogue say, “All clare again; stroike up the
 music.”

“So those have been poor Jim's companions for
 six months or more,” said Mrs. Lane with a sigh.

"I think that they are just fine, mother. So jolly and light hearted.

I am going to pick out the roughest and handsomest man in that party and marry him, then I will have a lumberman all to myself," said Jennie jokingly.

I have a good mind to fall in behind the procession," said Jennie with sparkling eyes.

"Oh Jennie, don't talk so silly."

"Well mother, you picked out the best looking soldier in a regiment and married him."

"Hush child, I wonder what Jim found to do amongst those big, rough men."

Mrs. Lane and Jennie sat till late listening to the shouting and singing, then retired; Mrs. Lane to dream that she saw her Jim, dressed in a neat brown suit, coming down the street, surrounded by a body guard of ragged, sunburned broad shouldered men.

After breakfast next morning as they were discussing how to find Jim, they saw the tall figure of Indian Pete coming down the street.

"Isn't that the man the clerk said was Indian Pete?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"That's Indian Pete," answered Mrs. Griffin looking out. "Will I ask him in?"

"Oh please do," said Jennie.

Mrs. Griffin stepped out and said, "Excuse me sir; but are you not one of Mr. Halley's men?"

Pete's eyes opened wide in surprise and after

an awkward silence answered, "Yep, belong to Big Ben."

"There's a lady here that would like to speak to you."

Pete's mouth opened wide and his swarthy face turned pale. He looked back up the street as if he contemplated flight. After an other awkward pause he asked, "What she want talk to me about?"

"She thinks that her son worked with you last winter. Come in."

Pete hesitated a few seconds, then followed her into the house. After casting a lightning like glance at each of the ladies, he stood with down cast eyes. "Do you know a man by the name of Jim Lane?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Yep," answered Pete without raising his eyes from the floor.

"I am his mother."

For a fraction of a second Pete's eyes met her's then dropped again to the floor.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Jennie, moving a chair towards him.

Pete sat down awkwardly and removed his hat.

"Did he come down last night with you?"

"Yep," answered Pete giving his hat a twist.

"Is he well?"

"Yep," giving the hat another twist.

"Where is he now?"

"Down at the ribber, unloading boat."

"Will you take us to where he is?"

Pete hesitated, wiped the large beads of perspi-

ration from his face, then cleared his throat a couple of times and slowly answered "Y-e-p." When Pete saw that Mrs. Lane and Jennie were ready to go, he stepped hurriedly outside and with rapid strides headed towards the river, carrying his hat in his hand. After traveling a few minutes he remembered and put his hat on.

It taxed Mrs. Lane's strength to the utmost to keep up to Pete, and when they came to the river where a dozen men were unloading boats, she was quite exhausted. When Pat saw Pete rapidly approaching followed by the ladies, he straightened up and exclaimed in surprise, "Hivens above."

When Pete came to the boat he cast an inquiring glance around.

"It was a close race but ye come in first, Peter me bie," said Pat with a smile. Pete ignored Pat's remark, and asked, "Where Jim?"

"Gone up to the store," answered Ben.

"Hell, what he go dere for?" asked Pete, turning as if to follow.

"What do you want him for?" asked Ben pleasantly.

"Dat his mother, she want him," said Pete, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb at Mrs. Lane.

"This will be a happy surprise to Jim," said Ben raising his hat.

"Hadn't we better go back to Mrs. Griffin's and have Jim come to us there?" asked Jennie.

"I think that will be best. Jim will be with you in half an hour," said Ben.

It was with great relief that Pete parted with the ladies. His gait was not so rapid, as he walked towards the store in deep thought. "Dat was one hell of a job," muttered Pete glancing over his shoulder on his arrival at the store.

"Where Jim?" he asked.

"Jim who?" asked the clerk, "there has been half a dozen Jims here this morning.

"Dat Jim that works for Big Ben."

"I guess that you will find him in the cellar. There's a couple of Ben's men there." Pete found Jim and Sandy rolling in a barrel of pork.

"Your mudder wants you to go down dere."

"My mother wants me to go where?" asked Jim impatiently. "I guess that your mother would think that you had been up to Mike Keenan's this morning." he added glancing at Pete.

"Not been to Mike's today," said Pete seriously. "Just been walking around wid your mudder and sister. Gosh dat sister look like you. Dey waiting down dere for you. I don't know that woman's name.

"Well Pete if you are not drunk, you are crazy; for my mother and sister are in England."

"Guess you find out I am not crazee. Come I'll show you where dey are."

"What do you think of this business, Sandy?" asked Jim.

"Better go with the silly ass," said Sandy slowly, then added, "Perhaps he's no daft after all."

"I'll come back and help you, as soon as I show Jim de place," said Pete turning away.

Pete in very few words told Jim all of his morning's adventure. "God, dat sister pritee," he added after he had told his story.

"Some one has been guying you," said Jim with an angry flush, "My mother and sister are still in England."

"No," said Pete decidedly "Dat's them sitting on dat veranda. I'll go back now and help Sandy."

"No, you come and see this through," said Jim giving Pete a searching glance.

When Jim saw the earnest look on Pete's face he was convinced that whatever the game was, Pete was acting in good faith.

"There's Indian Pete coming now," said Jennie "but that's not Jim with him."

"No that's not our Jim," answered Mrs. Lane, tears coming to her eyes.

"That's my mother and sister all right; you can go back and help Sandy," said Jim, waving his hat to them.

In a moment he was clasped in his mother's arms while Jennie nestled her pretty head on his shoulder.

"My! how you have grown," said his mother stepping back and looking at him.

"Just look at that hand, so hard, brown and I almost said dirty," laughed Jennie.

"Dirty?" said Jim taking her white plump hand

in his. "That's not dirt; that's only a little of mother earth stuck on."

Time flew as they told each other all that had transpired since they parted.

"You have told us many interesting things about your companions and your work last winter, but nothing previous to that. How did you get on before you went to work in the woods?" asked his mother.

"There was nothing to tell, only I failed in every thing. I always was expecting something good to come to me. It never came; it never does in this country. You have to go after it."

After supper, Jim arose and said. "I must be going, for I want to get enough money from Ben tonight to buy a suit of clothes. Do you know that with the exception of a mackinaw coat and a couple of pairs of socks, all the clothes I possess are on me at present?"

"Who is this Ben you want to see?" asked Jennie.

"Ben Halley, the man I worked for. The finest fellow that ever wore men's clothes. He's the man that made a man out of me. Bye, bye. I'll call early tomorrow morning."

After Jim had gone, Jennie and her mother sat in silence for a long time.

"Isn't he just fine," said Jennie with enthusiasm.

"He has changed greatly; I hope it's for the best. He is completely carried away with this new life and his companions. And to think that he was in that gang of shouting and singing men, we met last night."

"He might have been in worse company," said Jennie decidedly.

"Not in appearance," prompted Mrs. Lane.

"I guess that appearance is not much thought of in this country, it is grit that counts."

On his way to Mrs. Froud's, Jim met John Brown.

"Hello Jim, I am delighted to meet you," was Brown's greeting. "How are you and all the boys?" Jim returned the greeting coldly.

"Well Jim, I have good news for you. I am a changed man. I saw the folly of my ways and turned before it was too late. You know that passage of Scripture that says, "What profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "I got to thinking about that and resolved, God helping me that I would live as my Saviour commanded us to live."

"That being the case, I suppose that you will fix up that which you tried to beat Ben out of last winter," said Jim.

"That's just what I wanted to talk to you about. Come up to my rooms and we'll have a smoke while we talk the matter over."

"I can't go just now, for I have to see Ben this evening."

"Ben has just gone into the store. I'll wait here till you come out."

Jim found Ben in the store, looking worried.

As soon as he saw Jim he smiled and said, "Glad to hear of your good luck."

Jim then asked him for some money, telling him

that he wanted to buy a suit of clothes. "I am sorry Jim, for I haven't a cent in my pocket. But you can get everything you want here without money."

Calling over a clerk, he said, "I haven't settled with this man yet; anything he wants, give it to him."

"All right," said the clerk, hurrying back to a customer.

Going out Jim met Brown and walked on with him, to his rooms.

For a few minutes they talked of other things, suddenly Brown said, "Yes Jim: I am going to fix up that difference we spoke of last winter, so give me back the agreement I signed and every thing will be O.K."

"I will give it to you as soon as Ben gets his money in full."

"You are afraid to trust me," said Brown with a smile that came very near being a sneer.

"I will take no chances," said Jim shortly.

When Jim was leaving, Brown got up stretched himself and said, "I guess I will walk part way with you, it's such a fine night."

They had gone but a short distance when two masked men sprang in front of them, and with revolvers pointed to their heads ordered them to throw up their hands. Brown's hands went up. "This is one on you fellows," said Jim laughing, "you are welcome to all you will find in my pockets."

One of them took Brown's watch, and felt his

pockets. It only took a few seconds to convince them that Brown had nothing of value. "Lie down on your face, and if you move or make a sound, I'll add a little lead to your thinking machinery," said one of them menacingly.

Brown obeyed the command at once.

"What's the joke?" asked Jim as they thoroughly examined his pockets.

"You are giving my pockets a better searching than you did the other fellow's."

"If you don't shut your mouth, I'll put a plug in your face," was the angry retort.

"You poor amateur," said Jim, "if I had as much as five cents in my pocket, I wouldn't let you put a hand on me. Why, I am standing here just to let you practice your art. When you get through let me know. What! are you going through my pockets the second time?" asked Jim as one of them put his hand in a pocket the second time. With a sudden motion of his left hand Jim sent the revolver that was pointed at his face, flying, while his right caught the other man under the chin, dropping him like a log.

"Good night," shouted Jim as he ran into a side street and disappeared in the darkness.

"I wonder who those fellows are, or what their game is. It was me they were after all right, for they hardly touched Brown," mused Jim as he walked along.

"Well the joke wasn't all on one side," he laughed as he looked at a skinned knuckle.

When Jim arrived at Mrs. Froud's he found Ben

and a number of the men sitting smoking on the veranda. "This has been the day of my life," said he as he sat down. "My mother and sister are here. I tell you we did some talking.

After I left them I met John Brown. He took me to his rooms and told me he was converted, and has turned over a new leaf."

"It's about time," grunted Ben.

"After talking with him half an hour he walked down the street with me until we met a couple of chaps with revolvers and they held us up and relieved us of our valuables. All they got for their trouble was Brown's watch, and one got a lift under the chin from me."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Pete, who said as he joined them. "Come on, I see that fellow dat tried kill Jim."

"Where?" asked three or four voices at once, and a number of the men sprang to their feet.

"Up dere talking to dat Brown."

"Which Brown is that?" asked Ben.

"Dat fellow that scale last winter. I see him give Brown a watch."

Pete was positive that he was not mistaken, and the description he gave tallied with that of one of the men that had held Jim and Brown up that evening.

Sandy sprang to his feet with a curse. "Point him out tae us Pete and we'll see that he doesna try to break ony mare heeds."

"That's the talk," said a man as the whole crew sprang to their feet.

"Hold on men," said Ben. "My opinion is, that there's a whole lot in this game that we want to find out before we put our hands on this man. To begin with he's in town, we can get him anytime for he don't think that he is suspected; and there is some one behind him that we want too, so let us go easy till we are sure who the other party is."

"Ye may be right," said Sandy looking him steadily in the eye.

"Oi propose, Ben, that ye appoint a delegation to consist of Peter, Sandy and mesel to walk up the strait and have a look at the crature. Why Oi make this proposition is, on the strength of Peter's former actions. Ye all are aware that Peter will git drunk, as soon as he gits the necessary funds. And should onything happen to him, we moight perhaps hang the wrong man."

"You and Sandy had better stay where you are. Pete and I are going. Now boys, I have always tried to use you right; so now you use me right in this by staying quietly here and not starting anything that will spoil it all."

After Ben and Pete had gone, one of the men remarked "So John Brown has got converted; has he?"

"It's a pity that his brother Jim wouldn't get a bit of God's grace too."

"Grace of God," said Sandy blowing his nose. "Grace of God in yon fellow's carcass? Hoot mon, it would be too much like mixing soda and vinegar together. Too much fizzle. It wouldna dae."

"Well bies if Oi have ony trouble in settlin up wid him, it's a bit of the grace of me brogues that Oi am going to put into his ribs. Oi never saw a human being that made so unfavorable an impression on me as that fellow.

Whin he spakes it is in such an overbearin way that me hair stands up, and he can't look at ye wid out a sneer," said Pat.

"That's no a sneer, it's a smile," said Sandy sarcastically.

"Thank ye for the correction, Sandy," said Pat filling his pipe. "But Oi'll still hould to me own opinion."

When Ben and Pete returned, the former quietly announced the fact that he had seen the man and knew him, and added, "I don't think it's advisable to tell his name, as I am going to settle up with you fellows tomorrow, and that means that tomorrow night you will be about all drunk and....."

"Right ye are Ben," said Pat solemnly. "It's the truth ye tould whin ye said that some of us would be drunk tomorrow noight."

Ignoring the interruption Ben continued, "And booze is not a very helpful thing about business like this."

CHAPTER XXV

PAT AND PETE CELEBRATE

When Ben settled up with his men for their winter's work, it was as he predicted; that evening half of the crew were drunk. When he settled with Pete, he would take but five dollars. "Keep the rest till dis fall," he said "I'll need it den. You fix it at de store for me get what I want and you pay dat. I work too hard for dat money to spend it all in few days. Nother ting, if I come bother you for dat money sometime when I am drunk you give me Hell."

After a few trips to Mike Keenan's, in company with Pat, Sandy grew quarrelsome.

"Sandy dear, ye had better go up stairs and lie down for a whoile," said Mrs. Froud pleasantly.

"What for?" snapped Sandy.

"Well to tell ye the truth, Oi don't loike the expression of yer countenance,"

"Weel ye neadna look at it."

"Faith and that's a fact. Oi never would have thought of that if ye hadn't mentioned it," said Mrs. Froud with sarcasm.

Sandy noticed the sarcasm in her tone and glared angrily at her. After a long pause, he said, "It's

a pity that people dinna know enough to mind their ain business."

"Yes," was Mrs. Froud's quick retort, "and it's a pity that other people can't take a drap without it makin thim as ugly as the owld fellow himsel."

"Who are ye referrin to the noo."

"Can ye not guess.?"

"I can na."

"May the Lord look down on the unfortunate," said Mrs. Froud going out into the kitchen.

Sandy got up took a couple of steps towards the kitchen, hesitated, then returned and sat down, muttering curses on the auld fool, as he called her.

A few minutes later Mrs. Froud returned and stood at the door.

Sandy looked at her coldly, his mouth twitching.

"Going to be a foine spell of weather, Oi am thinkin," she said pleasantly.

"Is it," was Sandy's snappish reply.

"It is," snapped back Mrs. Froud, giving Sandy a piercing look.

"Weel, weel, no one is disputin ye. Better gang back into the hoose."

"Sandy will ye come into the kitchen? Oi loike to have pleasant company to talk to, whin Oi am at me work."

"Ye gang tae the deil."

"Oi'll not, but Oi've axed him to come to me."

Evidently Sandy did not catch the meaning of her last retort, till she had gone back to the kitchen. Getting up muttering he went up stairs. Meeting

Pete coming down he remarked, "I canna stand that auld woman's tongue."

"Dat noting, get used to in by-n-by" Pete answered pleasantly.

After Sandy had disappeared, Pat was the first to break the silence.

"Oi had hopes that yon two were going to foight, for they both nade it badly.

He's a foine lad is Sandy till he gits a drap; thin he's the most contrary cuss on earth, and it's the same wid the owld lady till someone starts her owld tongue to rattle, thin—Howly Mary protect us."

As Pat's back was towards the door he did not know that Mrs. Froud was again standing there. When he had finished speaking, Mrs. Froud stepped beside him saying, "Faith and yer Howly Mary will have her hands full protectin ye if ye don't stop back-bitin yer frinds."

"Me frinds," said Pat in mock surprise, "Oi hope Oi've not been spakin of me frinds."

"Oi thought that Sandy was a frind of yer's," said Mrs. Froud dryly. "At laist ye always acts as if he was whin he had a bottle."

"Oi guess thit Oi buy as many bottles as Sandy does," said Pat, his face getting red.

"Is that all ye have to brag about?" asked Mrs. Froud resting her hand on her side.

"Let us take a walk Peter, this is no place for dacent people," said Pat getting up."

"Where'll we go?" asked Pete getting up to follow.

"Go?" asked Pat with evident surprise, "why up to Moike's of course."

"I don't want to get drunk," said Pete hesitating.

"Of course ye don't; naither do Oi. But we both need a drink never the less."

Without further protest Pete went. In Keenan's bar-room were a dozen of Lawson's men and three or four of Ben's all drinking, talking and laughing.

"Oi am fond of good company," said Pat pushing up to the bar.

"You will find it here," said a man with a glass of whiskey in his hand.

"Drink hearty, God bless ye, me frind," said Pat, pushing him over to make room for Pete.

"No crowding," said the man looking threateningly at Pat.

"Pardon me, Oi am just makin room for me frind," said Pat politely.

In half an hour Pat and Pete came out, the former with his hat over one ear, and a black cigar in his mouth. Pete also had a cigar in his mouth and it was noticeable that he lifted his feet much higher than he did when he went in.

"Yonder is Jim, dressed up as if he was going a preaching," said Pat stopping and looking across the street.

"Hould on Jim," shouted Pat starting across to him. "God, man; but ye look foine wid yer

new clothes on. Come over to Moike's and have a drink. Pete and me are just on our way."

"I thought that you were just coming out of Mike's," said Jim laughing.

"Ye're mistaken Jimmy, we're just on our way in, so come along."

"No Pat, thank you; I am on my way to meet my mother and sister, they are waiting for me."

"Well raily Oi am sorry for ye, for Moike has some good stuff; but ye'll have a drap this avenin. So long, owld sport. We mate this avenin. Come on Pete."

Pete did not hesitate this time, but followed Pat into the bar.

"Make room for a couple of dry gintlemen," said Pat crowding towards the bar.

"Where are they?" asked a voice.

"Roight here, ye must be drunk ye ass, not to know a gintleman when ye mate him.

Thank ye koindly me frind for making room for us. Now to show ye that we appreciate yer koindness Oi am going to sing ye a song. A couple of glasses of Scotch widout water, Moike if ye plaise. Now gints Oi am about to sing."

Oi tell ye bie's Oi am an Oirishman
Ye can tell it be me spache
Oi was born and bred in Oireland
That grane oile over the sae
Where the Oirish girls are pretty
An the Oirish grog is chape
There's no place loike ould Oireland
And no other man loike me.

When Pat finished his song, Pete let out a couple of war-whoops.

"Hiven's man; don't shout loike that", said Pat as he set down his empty glass.

Pete emptied his and called for another.

"Devil another drap at prisent," said Pat turning to go. "Ye know that ye can't stand much of it."

When Pat got to the door he saw that Pete wasn't following him. He turned and again crowded up to the bar alongside of Pete.

"Hab another, Pat," said Pete.

"Oi will," said Pat noticing the full glass in front of Pete.

"Hold on, dat's mine," shouted Pete as Pat drained the glass.

"Sorry Pete, but ye spoke too late," said Pat as he seized him by the shoulder and pulled him towards the door.

"Hold on Pat; wait," entreated Pete, as he held back.

"Come on Peter, Oi didn't bring ye here to get drunk," said Pat as he pulled him out on the street.

Down the street they walked hand in hand, Pete lifting his feet about a foot high every step, stopping occasionally to shout his war-whoop.

Soon Pete's knees showed signs of weakening and Pat was obliged to put his arm around his waist to support him. "Stop thim cursed howls, ye nade all yer strength to git to the owld lady's," said Pat angrily as Pete finished a war-whoop. Pete opened his mouth to shout again, but Pat promptly

put his hand over it, saying, "If ye can't kape that thing shut Oi'll help ye."

"You keep dem dirty claws off my mouth," said Pete clenching his fists.

"Aisy wid yer hands, yer drunk," said Pat stepping back.

"I am not drunk," said Pete decidedly, "but I am going back get another drink."

"Oi beg to differ wid ye. Yer coming down to the owld lady's."

Pete turned to go back and a scuffle ensued, in which both fell. Pat got up and went to help his friend to his feet, but Pete made a lunge to pick up a stone.

"No ye don't," said Pat catching him by the back of the neck, at the same time kicking the stone beyond his reach. "Oi've seen yer performance wid rocks before, me frind."

Pete sulked, sat down and would go no further. Pat pleaded with him to get up, but with no avail. He then lifted him up, but Pete would not put his feet under him. After two or three vain efforts to get him to stand, he dropped him heavily on the ground and as he wiped the perspiration from his face he remarked, "Ye are one contrary cuss."

"You tink I am not going shout when I want to?" asked Pete defiantly.

"Oi am damed shure ye're not," was Pat's angry reply.

Pete shouted again and Pat went to forcibly shut his mouth, but unfortunately his fingers went

into Pete's mouth. Pete promptly closed his teeth on the offending members. With a howl of pain Pat seized him with the other hand by the nose, shouting, "Lit go ye hathen—lit go, or Oi'll twist the snout off yer damned carcass."

"Ow, ow," yelled Pete as he let go his hold.

"Oi have a moind to give ye somethin to ow about," said Pat looking at his bleeding fingers. "Now Oi've put up wid all the nonsense Oi am goin to, lit me tell ye that, me man. So if ye know whin yer head is livil we walk along. Now march."

"You go Hell," said Pete sitting down.

"Faith, and ye'll think that ye're on yer way to that place ye mentioned prisently," said Pat seizing him by the shirt collar and dragging him along.

When Pat stopped to rest Pete was choked black in the face. Pat waited till he recovered his breath, then asked, "Don't ye think it would be a great dail better and aisier for us both if ye would walk?"

A look of stolid indifference settled on Pete's face, but he made no reply.

"Come on Peter that's a good fellow, walk along wid me," said Pat in a pleading tone.

Pete sat with his face as expressionless as a stone.

After a long pause Pat stepped toward him saying, "Well damn yer contrary hoide. If ye'll nather lade nor droive, be the powers of Moike. O'il carry ye." A long scuffle ensued, but finally Pat got Pete on his shoulder and started on. After laying

him down a couple times, to rest and curse him, Pat finally arrived at his destination.

"Well hivens above," exclaimed Mrs. Froud in surprise, glancing up the street. "If here's not Pat O'Nail wid the hoind quarters of a man over his shoulder."

"Yes," said Pat staggering up the steps and laying down his burden, not very gently on the floor, "and Oi'd be thankful if ye'd take the crature be the front quarters and help me up the stairs wid him."

"It's Peter, is he dead?" asked Mrs. Froud aghast.

"Oi wish to hivens he was," was the angry reply as Pat wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Here ye take him be the shoulders," said Pat taking Pete by the feet, and trailing him to the stairs.

"Hould on, take him up the stairs head first," cried Mrs. Froud as one of the men seized Pete by the shoulders.

"Devil a hair do Oi care which ind gits there first, as long as Oi git rid of him," said Pat with a disgusted look. "Oi took him up to Moike's to have a bit of fun and belave me Oi had enough of it comin back. Oi never saw as unreasonable a man in me loife." Pete was unceremoniously put to bed and that evening at supper, one of the men asked Pat if he had any fun today.

"Fun," said Pat, "Oi don't know. At toimes I thought Oi wasn't, but whin Oi consider quietly the

ivents of the day, Oi recall mony remarkable incidents.

It's a wonder Oi didn't give Pete a cuff whin he was chawin me fingers."

"How did he bite your fingers?"

"Wid his teeth, and if ye don't belave it, there's the marks," said Pat holding out his hand.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW SANDY WAS INJURED AND PAT TOOK REVENGE

That evening Sandy went to Keenan's bar-room alone. While leaning on the bar talking to the bartender, Red O'Brine and his two brothers came in.

"Hello Red," the bartender greeted him. "When did you strike town, and what's happened to your face? I hardly knew you."

"Two questions in one breath," laughed O'Brine. "But before I answer either of them, give me a drink of your best booze."

"That's not too bad a sample," said O'Brine as he pushed back the empty glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Fill her up again; also a drop for me two brothers here. Now then I feel more like talking. Your first question if I remember right was, 'When did I strike town?' The answer is, 'I have just lit.' The second was what happened to me face? The answer is Halley and his crew done it. Now while you are filling up the glasses again I am going to answer another question before you ask it. What am I going to do here? I am going to lick Halley and every mother's son in his damned crew."

"Ye have a summer's job ahead," remarked Sandy dryly.

"Ho, ho," said O'Brine stepping towards him. "Here's one to begin on. And if I am not mistaken, one of the ones that done the repairs on me face."

"I never touched your face, it was no necessary. Ben attended to it at his leisure," said Sandy looking him fearlessly in the eye.

"Well there'll not be only a greasy spot left when we get through with you," said O'Brine throwing off his coat.

With a rush, the three O'Brines were on him. Sandy fought gamely, but was soon knocked down and as his two brothers kicked him, Red jumped again and again on him.

The bar-tender rushed out crying, "Help—help. They are murdering a man here." In a few minutes the bar-room was filled with lumbermen and the O'Brines made a hasty retreat, but their hellish work was done.

Sandy lay unconscious on the floor, bleeding from a score of wounds about the head and face, while the bloody froth oozed from his mouth.

A short consultation was held and it was decided to carry him down to Mrs. Froud's. When she was informed of what had happened, she ran to meet them, crying, "Me poor Sandy, Oh me poor bie. They have done ye at last."

Pat took one look at his friend and his face grew hard and pale.

"So it was the O'Brines that did it," he said,

and with a muttered curse he hurried out. "Some of you go for the doctor, and half a dozen follow Pat or we will have another dying man on our hands," said Ben anxiously.

"Do you think that Pat has gone to look for the O'Brines?" asked one of the men.

"I am sure he has," was Ben's answer, "hurry or you will be too late."

Pat went direct to Keenan's, and as he expected he found the O'Brines there.

"I wish that a few more of Halley's men would come along. I am feeling about right now to entertain them," Red O'Brine was saying as Pat entered.

"Shove across another bottle of your high-ball, Mike."

As Mike pushed a bottle across the bar, Pat sprang and seized it.

"Here's one of thim," he said as he broke the bottle in hundreds of pieces on Red O'Brine's head. Springing back he picked up a chair and struck down another of the O'Brines. "Now thin it is man to man," he said, as he faced the other, with the light of battle in his eyes.

Back and forth they fought; trampling on the two unconscious men. At last O'Brine went to his knees, Pat kicked him in the stomach and he was down.

"Now thin," said Pat as he jumped with both feet in O'Brine's face. "Oi'll square Sandy's account with interest."

"Hold on Pat; don't overdo it," said Mike Keenan, coming around the bar.

Pat gave O'Brine a parting kick under the chin as Mike pulled him back.

As Pat stepped outside, he met a few of his own crew.

"Did you see anything of the O'Brines?" they asked.

"Oi did," he said as he turned towards Mrs. Froud's.

While Pat was taking revenge on the O'Brines, the doctor was examining Sandy with a grave face. Ben and a number of his companions were standing back awaiting his opinion. At length he cast a look around and said, "There's little that can be done, I am afraid."

"You mean that he won't pull through?" asked a voice.

"He is seriously injured," answered the doctor. "I would suggest Mr. Halley, that you attend at once to having those O'Brines placed under arrest."

"Oi think, Mr. Doctor, that ye are wanted up at Moike Keenan's, as soon as ye git done here," said Pat entering. "But take yer toime; the other couple of jobs can wait."

"What? another row?"

"A koind of an understanding" answered Pat.

"Who is it now? I suppose it is another man, pounded and kicked to death?" said the doctor in an angry tone.

"No, no; yer honor. It's not as bad as that,

seeing that it's the O'Brines thimsels. Red's head broke a bottle and the other hit his head on a chair.

It's nothing serious; Oi just mentioned it to ye so that ye wouldn't be surprised whin they sint for ye. But again; Moike may attend to yon two jobs himsel as he and his bar-tender are havin a lot of practice lately."

"I don't understand how you lumbermen can work together in peace and harmony all winter, and when you come out, you will fight each other like wild animals."

"Oi have often thought over that matter mesel, and my conclusion is; it's lack of exercise and too much booze. How long will it be before Sandy will be able to square the account with thim O'Brines, do you think?"

"I think that the law will settle the account," answered the doctor.

"Now thin doctor ye are jokin. Sandy will never consent to have a fool of a lawyer settle this business."

"I am afraid that this friend of your's will never regain consciousness."

"The divil, ye don't main that he is going under, do ye?"

"I mean that he is seriously injured and may not live till morning."

For a minute or more, Pat sat staring in the doctor's face; then he turned and slowly walked out.

As Pat had predicted, the doctor was called to

Keenan's to dress the O'Brines' heads. On entering the bar-room the doctor paused and looked around in disgust. Mike Keenan came towards him, with one eye a purple black and completely closed. His greeting was, "Well doctor, business is pretty good with you, isn't it?" The doctor ignored the remark and asked, "Did you send for me?"

"Yes, there are a couple of fellows in there that want to see you."

The doctor dressed the O'Brines' wounds, which were bad enough to confine them to their beds for a few days.

CHAPTER XXVII

A HOUSE IN SORROW

Outside of Mrs. Froud's boarding house stood a group of lumbermen, discussing the tragic events of the day. In the kitchen Mrs. Froud was washing dishes, stopping occasionally to wipe her eyes with her apron.

Hearing a step behind her she turned and saw Pat standing looking at her. "Oh Pat, isn't this terrible?"

"It is that," answered Pat putting his hands in his pockets and turning towards the window, his lips quivering.

Mrs. Froud sat down and covered her face with her apron and sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

"Damn thim O'Brines," hissed Pat, as he leaned his back against the wall and gazed with compassion on her.

As Mrs. Froud's sobs grew louder, Pat took a step towards her, then stopped, clenched his hands and muttered, "Damn thim O'Brines."

For a couple of minutes Pat stood looking at her, his lip trembling; then he went over to her and put his arm gently around her neck and drew her to-

wards him, saying, "Hush, good woman. Sure it breaks me heart to see your tears."

After a couple of minutes Mrs. Froud raised her tear dimmed eyes and said, "There, there, Pat Oi'll be over it prisently."

"Damn thim O'Brines," said Pat, as he stepped backwards.

After a minute pause Mrs. Froud asked, "Do you think Sandy was much of a sinner?"

"Well," said Pat as he thoughtfully looked at the pipe he was about to fill, "about the average, Oi should say."

Pat sat smoking for a few minutes, then continued, "Thinkin the matter over, Oi don't belave he was much of a sinner after all.

In order to be much of a sinner in my moind, yer heart has to be bad.

Now a better heart never was put in a man's carcass than the same Sandy.

All that was wrong wid him was his temper, that had a bit too much pepper in it."

"Don't ye think we had better get the minister to come up to see him?" asked Mrs. Froud.

"No, devil a bit good will that do." answered Pat decidedly.

"And why may Oi ask?" asked Mrs. Froud in a tone that made it quite evident she did not agree with him.

"Because it all depends on how we live ourselves, where we git our ticket to," answered Pat raising his voice.

"Oi quite agree wid you, a grate dail depinds on how we live oursels which place we git our ticket to, as ye have just said. Now mesel for instance. Oi have troid and troid to live a good loife; at laist me intentions always were in that direction, and loike poor Sandy, Oi have committed piles of sins, in fact so many that Oi would be afraid to meet me Savior without a praist to—to—well—koind of argue a bit in my behalf."

"Ye, nade no assistance in that loine," said Pat with a twinkle in his eye, "unless yer tongue plays out."

"Now Pat this is no toime for yer jokes, its a solemn thing we are discussin," said Mrs. Froud reproachfully.

"Oi beg yer pardon, 'twas just a slip of this tongue of mine."

After a few minutes silence, Pat continued, "Whin Sandy wasn't drinking, he had a great reverence for religion, so he had. Mony a toime him and me talked about it, and belave me it was wonderful how near our ideas compared, seeing that he was a Presbyterian and me a Catholic. After all ye know there's very little difference betwain his church and ours.

Oi remember an argument Sandy and Oi had once. One of the lads got drowned, and him being a bit woild, Oi made the remark that I was goin to have a few prayers and a Mass said for the poor fellow, whin we got down.

Sandy thought Oi was a fool to belave in such

a thing and expressed his opinion in such a decided and insulting way that we came near foightin; but after a whoile our tempers cooled down and we talked and reasoned the thing over; Oi wouldn't admit it at the toime, but Sandy's idea was very sensible loike, but the more Oi thought about the matter, the plainer Oi saw that prayers after ye're dead don't amount to a tinker's damn. Oi tell ye the toime for prayers is before ye doie, and its the minister's and praist's job to be around to give ye a hand thin."

"Thin for Hiven's sake go and get one for Sandy now," said Mrs. Froud in an impatient tone.

"But there's no nade till Sandy wakes up."

"Well there's nade for me gittin some of me work done," said Mrs. Froud glancing around the room.

"Thank ye for the gintle hint to git out," said Pat as he turned to go.

Pat walked back and forward on the veranda for some time in deep thought, then he joined a group that were standing at the end of the house, saying "The owld lady thinks its advisable to git the minister."

"What she want him for?" asked Indian Pete in a voice that showed plainly that he had been drinking.

"To pray for Sandy."

"Dat good idea. I'll get him quick," said Pete turning and hurrying away.

Pete walked rapidly down the street till he came

to the parsonage, then he stopped looked around, cleared his throat a couple of times, took off his hat, then boldly walked to the door, opened it and walked in. In the hall he stopped and looked around, cleared his throat, and shouted, "Hey Minister!"

His call brought the minister's daughter, a young lady about twenty years of age. On seeing Pete, she stood a moment as if contemplating flight, but quickly recovering her composure, she asked: "Do you want to see my father?"

Pete twisted his hat nervously and in a frightened voice said,

"Want to see minister, dat's all."

"He is in the garden, I'll call him," said the young lady as she gave Pete a chair.

Pete sat down awkwardly and put on his hat.

In a few minutes the minister came in. "You want to see me?" said the minister as he held out his hand.

Pete ignored the outstretched hand and looked the minister boldly in the eye, as he exclaimed, "Yes, got a job for you.

Dem damn O'Brine have licked Sandy and doctor say he's going die; so come quick."

The minister saw at a glance that Pete was intoxicated, but there was no mistaking his earnest tones; so taking up his hat he said, "I will go at once."

Pete pulled down his hat and by the pace he set it was evident that he considered the case urgent. Suddenly he stopped and faced the minister and said in a threatening tone, "If anyone ask you to pray

for dem damned O'Brines don't you do it; just let dem go hell, dat place for dem fellow."

"Are the O'Brines injured too?" asked the minister.

"Pat smash up der heads some, guess dey die too; hope so anyway," said Pete as he increased his pace.

"The Bible tells us that we must forgive them that do us wrong," said the minister in a low earnest voice.

"Perhaps so," answered Pete. "But I never saw fellow do dat yet. Better not talk dat stuff when you get up to the ole lady's, cause some dem fellows get mad and raise hell wit you," Peter cautioned him.

When the minister entered the room, he found Ben, Pat and a couple more of Sandy's companions standing with pale stern faces looking at their unconscious companion; while Mrs. Froud wiped the bloody froth from his pallid lips.

"Oi am so glad ye've come," said Mrs. Froud as she gave the minister her hand, then bursting into tears she hastily left the room.

"The Lord will not let this crime go unpunished," said the minister as he looked on Sandy's bruised and swollen features.

"Oi gave Him a bit of a hand mesel, and if Sandy don't pull through, Oi'll give thim another trimmin whin they get over this one; so Oi will.

And whin Oi get through wid them next toime, the Lord will think that they will have got half

enough anyway, so He will," said Pat as he also left the room.

"Does the doctor think this man is seriously injured?" asked the minister, turning to Ben.

"Yes, he says he may never regain consciousness."

"Have his relatives been notified?"

"I don't think he has any—at least none in this country," answered Ben.

"Has anything been done towards securing the apprehension of the men who committed this assault?"

"No they are at Keenan's. The man that just left the room used them pretty rough a few minutes after they did this job," said Ben nodding towards the bed. "I understand that they are likely to be confined to their beds for a few days at least."

"Is there any danger of more trouble, do you think?"

"No, not at present. The O'Brines came here for trouble, but as long as they are confined to the house none of my men will molest them. But if Sandy dies, they will have to be taken care of."

The minister talked with Ben for some time, then he signified his intention of having prayer and asked all who wished to come in.

Mrs. Froud went around urging them all to gather around. "God knows ye all nade it, so git in there, his riverance is waitin for ye," she told them.

It was evident that Pete had taken another drink or two, for when he knelt down with the others he almost fell. Pat knelt beside him and as he made

the sign of the cross he took an anxious look at Pete, who swayed forward and buried his face in his hands.

The minister prayed in a low earnest voice for the sufferer. He prayed that the Lord would touch the hearts of all, so that they would live in peace and harmony, and that they would forgive them who had so sorely injured their companion. Indian Pete was on his feet in an instant, his eyes blazing.

Pat seized him by the arm and in a whisper that was audible all over the room exclaimed, "Git down on yer knees, ye damned fool, and don't made an ass of yersel."

As Pete again knelt, he muttered, "He'd better not start praying for dem O'Brines or dere's going to be trouble."

When the minister was leaving, he asked that they send for him, if Sandy gained consciousness.

As soon as the minister had gone, Indian Pete staggered outside swinging his arms and swearing. As no one paid any attention to him, he went again into the house, there he met Ben and said, "Look here Ben; dat fellow no good, got get another."

"Why Pete, what's the matter?" asked Ben in surprise.

"Dat fellow no good," shouted Pete, swinging his arms. "What he want pray for us for? Dat's not what he's paid for. What it his business whether we forgive dem O'Brines or not? Why he not ask God send dem damn O'Brines to Hell? Why he not ask God to make Sandy well?"

"Seein that ye know what's to be done so well Peter, why don't ye do it yersel," said Pat with bitter sarcasm.

Mrs. Froud came over to Pete and looked at him with a disgusted expression, then she said, "Did any one ever see such a fool. Here's me poor Sandy loyin doiein and this fool goin around here drunk. What koind of a house will people think Oi kape? See here Pete if ye have to drink, go down to the cellar where people can't see ye and drink till ye're a bigger fool than ye are at prisent."

"You mind your business, ole woman," said Pete defiantly. "You not have to pay for dat rum."

"Faith and if Oi had to pay for it, its moighty little would run down that long neck of yer's let me tell ye that. What business had ye jumpin up whin his revirance was prayin? Bad manners to ye, Oi never was as shamed in me loife. Faith if only the Lord saw fit to follow that good man's instructions today, its the happy woman Oi'd be. This drinkin, foightin and quarlin, has me nerves on ind. There was only one thing left out in that prayer today, and that was this drinkin business. Oi was expecting him to mention it to the Lord and Oi think he was going to if this fool hadn't butted in."

"I taught him going start pray for dem O'Brine," said Pete apologetically.

"Now Peter go and lie down for a whoile and ye'll feel better. Would ye loike a cup of tae? It

would settle yer stomach and it nades something, judgin by that smoile yer carryin around."

Pete looked at the speaker and as he turned towards the stairs he said over his shoulder. "You go Hell, ole woman."

"Thank ye," was the quick reply, "Oi'll send ye up as good a cup of tae as ever ye taisted, prisently. It may help to settle yer narves.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AROUND THE BEND

The next morning Sandy was conscious, so the minister was again sent for.

This time everyone left the room. "Do you suffer much?" asked the minister laying his hand on Sandy's head.

"Quite a bit," was the reply. "I guess I am going to die. The doctor thinks so anyway."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the minister as he drew up a chair beside the bed.

"Nothing except bury me in a few days," answered Sandy, his lip trembling.

"There is a passage of Scripture, that seems to ring in my ears today," said the minister. "It is, Prepare to meet thy God."

"And there's one that rings in me ain," answered Sandy. "And that is, 'What a man soweth, the same shall he reap,' so I'll leave it all in the hands of the Lord, He'll deal with me as I deserve. Somehow, although I've been a great sinner I am no very feared. Before ye leave me ye can say a prayer.

Now call Ben and Pat and Mrs. Froud. I've a few things that I want to fix up, before I go."

The minster did as requested, and as soon as they

entered Sandy said: "Sit down all of ye. My time may be long or it may be short, so I want to fix things before I depart. Mrs. Froud will you get me bank book, and what money you have of mine."

"Oi will, every cint," said Mrs. Froud leaving the room.

While Mrs. Froud was gone Sandy enquired of Ben how they stood, and was informed that there was over two hundred dollars coming to him.

Mrs. Froud came into the room carrying a parcel done up in brown paper.

"It's never been opened since ye gave it to me last fall," she said as she sat down and untied the string. "Devil take me, if this isn't Black Joe's; him that was drowned this spring. They were both toied up in the same koind of paper, seeing that ye both gave me yer money at the same toime, whin ye were going up last fall. What am Oi goin to do with this money now that poor Joe's never comin back? Well, we'll not discuss that at the prisent," said Mrs. Froud as she arose. "Oi'll be back in a minute Sandy."

When she returned, she carried a similar package. "No mistake this time Sandy," she said as she sat down and opened the package and took out a badly worn leather wallet, which contained a bank book and a few bills, which she handed to Sandy.

"I canna see the figures in the book," he said, as he handed it to the minister.

The minister opened the book and said. "I find that you have \$525.00 to your credit."

"Make out a cheque for it all to this woman," said Sandy in a faint voice.

"Hivens, Sandy are ye crazy?" said Mrs. Froud in a surprised voice.

When the minister had made out the cheque, they raised Sandy to a sitting position and gave him the pen. For a minute or more he held the pen, then motioning to the minister said, "I canna, you dae it for me. The rest of ye bear witness."

For a few minutes he lay gasping for breath, while Mrs. Froud stood fanning him with a paper, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Sandy opened his eyes and saw the tears. Reaching a trembling hand he said, "Dinna greet—guid woman; its the road we all have to travel." After a pause he continued, "Your life and mine have been much the same, guid intentions, nothin more. We'll spend eternity together, please—God—it will be in yon beautiful land—where sin and sorrow are no more."

"Oh Sandy, me darlin it breaks me heart to think of ye lavin me. True mony a quarrel we've had, but Oi always thought a great dale of you. Ye were always so manly. Never a thing did ye break in the house when ye were on a spree, but ye paid for soon as ye got sober, and never did Oi have to ask ye the second toime aither. And always were you ready to interfere on me behalf if ony bum came and troid to bate me out of a mail of vittals."

Mrs. Froud dropped on her knees and wept bitterly, then she continued.

"If it hadn't been for that temper of yours and rum, its fit ye'd be to mate yer God this minute. But surely, surely the Lord will overlook those two bad points in one that has so many good ones. Don't ye think He will, yer riverance?" asked Mrs. Froud turning to the minister.

"He surely will," answered the minister. "Remember the thief on Calvary, though a great sinner, and about to pay the penalty for his past crimes according to the laws of his country, when on the cross he lifted up his eyes and asked forgiveness, and remember Christ's words, This day wilt thou be with me in Paradise."

"Oh Sandy, did you hear Christ's words repeated by his riverance? This day ye will be with me in Paradise. Perhaps he's whisperin the same to you."

Sandy lay exhausted for some time, then he said. "Ben, between you and me everything has always been square. You paid me good wages and I done you good work, and we were always friends. Give Indian Pete ten dollars I owe him and settle a little bill for me at the store. Pay my funeral expenses and put up a bit stone at my grave, and what's left keep it to help the first of the crew that's sick or hurt and will be in need. When I am dead, take my ring just for a remembrance. You will take one corner of the box when they carry me to me grave; the others will be Pat, Indian Pete and Jimmy Lane.

Sandy lay with his eyes closed for some time, then he continued, "Pat, you take my watch, it will always remind you of your chum Sandy as he

is this day. Some day you will be like me—about to meet your God. Rum has laid me where I am. Rum crazed the brains of the O'Brines; they didn't know what they were doing; so don't start a fight with them for what they done to me. Just—let—it go."

"Faith Sandy, yer instructions came too late, Oi have already trimmed thim. After ye were carried here, Oi took a walk up to Moike's and found thim O'Brines there, koind of braggin of what they had done. Oi lost me temper and broke a bottle over yon red fellow's head, another one got a bang over the head wid a chair, the third Oi trimmed in good Oirish style wid me hands, afterwards Oi put me brogues to him in foine style. But now Sandy as it's your request, Oi'll just let the matter rest as it is, although Oi intinded to give yon chap that they call Rid, another goin over, for he nades it badly and besoides there's some satisfaction in puttin the brogues to the loikes of him after you have him trimmed properly."

Again Sandy lay with eyes closed, this time they thought he was sleeping. Without opening his eyes, he asked the minister to pray. When the prayer was finished, Sandy reached his hand saying. "I thank ye, I don't think I will hae any further need, of ye till its time to bury me. I've been a great sinner, but somehow I am no afeared. Just kind of wonderin what its like on the other side."

The minister held the trembling hand for a minute, then turned away saying,

"I'll now leave you. Pray the Lord to forgive you your sins. I will call again this evening".

Pat followed the minister outside, and asked. "May Oi ask yer riverance a question?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"How do you think Sandy's chances are?"

"I am afraid he will not live long."

"Oi beg yer pardon, Oi mane after he's dead."

"You mean, do I think he will be saved?"

"That's it."

"I believe your friend has truly repented of his sins and the Lord has forgiven them."

"Oi didn't quite understand, what ye were telling about the thaif on the cross."

The minister in a few simple words told the story. A few of Pat's friends gathered around and listened. When the minister had finished, Pat stood in deep thought, then he scratched his head and raised his eyes to the minister's and said in an earnest voice, "Well don't that bate Hell? Oi never heard that before. So two fellows were crucified with Christ, were they?"

And one of thim cursed and swore; and the other gint repented; did he? And Christ told him that he would meet him Hissel in Paradise that day.

Well! well—If that's true, Sandy stands a pretty good chance, after all".

Towards evening Sandy's mind began to wander and the watchers learned more of his past life by the broken sentences than they ever knew before.

His mind wandered back to his childhood days,

to his home in the heather clad hills of the Highlands. To that sad day when he stood by the grave of his young mother. Then to the day when his father brought home another woman to reign in the humble cottage, which once had been the home of his mother's ancestors. Of the troubles, that followed. The tales told his father by his cruel step-mother, and the many beatings he received at her hands. Till the day when he struck her with a large stone, and left her unconscious, and his flight from home never to return. Of his trip across the broad Atlantic, part of the way as a stowaway. Of his ups and downs since he came to Canada. Of his first winter in the woods. His mind flitted from dangerous jams and drowning accidents, to fights and other incidents that go to make up the adventurous life of the Canadian lumbermen.

Shortly after midnight he seemed to be better. His ravings ceased and many times a smile lingered on his bruised features.

At last he opened his eyes and looked around, then he said. "It was only a dream—but—oh—such a bonnie one," and immediately went to sleep again.

The next morning when the minister called, Sandy was awake, and told him his dream.

"I dreamed I was poling a boat up a river. The current was swift and every bone in me ached with weariness. Away up, the river turned to the right. And beyond the bend was a light that shone around yon bend. I was tryin to reach it, wonderin what the light could be, that sent such bonnie rays on the

water. Aye mon, but it was a grand dream. Sorry was I when I awoke. When I slept again, I dreamed it over again, this time I was nearer, and the light was brighter, and aye mon, but the woods on the shore looked sae grand. I believe I am nearing hame."

"Have you any friends that you would like me to write to?" asked the minister.

A shadow of pain crossed his face as he answered. "No".

There was a thing that I almost forgot to mention. That is; I want to be buried dressed as a lumberman and I want Ben's crew to follow me to the grave, in the dress they wore when we worked together; caulked boots and all. Now say a prayer, Mr. for I want to sleep. Perhaps I'll dream that dream again."

After the minister's visit, Mrs. Froud went back to the kitchen and was followed by Jim Lane.

"Mrs. Froud," he said. "Of course you have heard that my mother and sister are here."

"Oi have that, and seen thim as well, and faith they have the looks and appearance of born ladies. Its the swait face yon sister of yer's has."

"I told them about the trouble here and how badly you felt about Sandy's misfortune, they would like to come over, if you would care to have them."

"Oi would Jimmy, indade Oi would, but—this is a—well—hardly a fit place for thim to come to—you never can tell what fool will git drunk next and come tearin in. Oi don't moind it mesel, but some

women are afraid of a man if he is a bit unsteady on his pins. And this mornin at breakfast Pat O'Nail gave notice that he would give the next one a trimmin that came in here drunk and he usually kapes his word. He's intirely disgusted with Pete's actions the other day, whin his riverance was here. Ben gave a hint that he would back Pat;—or at laist he said Pat was right, and any of his gang that couldn't lave the booze alone till Sandy was gone, would never do another tap of work for him again. But Oi would loike to have thim come, all the same. Oi'll kape an oye on Pat if onyone comes in drinkin whoile they are here."

After Jim had gone, Mrs. Froud went around the house telling every one that Jim's mother and sister were coming. She also threatened violence to anyone that misbehaved, while the ladies were present. She was about to instruct Pat the second time, when he interrupted her angrily.

"What the devil do you take me for, a woild man, an ass, or a fool?"

"Faith now there's nothin for ye to git mad about Pat," she answered "But if an answer to your question will do you any good, Oi can truthfully say that Oi've many a toime seen ye act out the three animals mentioned, ach one at a toime and sometimes all three at once."

Without replying Pat arose and went into the room in which Sandy lay.

Mrs. Froud's greeting to Jim's mother and sister

was hearty. She told them all of her poor Sandy's goodness, while the tears rolled down her face.

"Would ye loike to go to his room? Perhaps ye could do something for the poor crature, to make him a bit comfortable. Ye know that men are the poor nurses and Oi haven't the toime, as Oi have twenty foive to feed three toimes a day, besides the extra that this misfortune makes."

In Sandy's room they found Ben, Pat and Jim. Indian Pete had been in the room, but when he heard their voices he went out. Jim introduced his mother and sister. Just then Sandy gave a faint moan, opened his eyes and asked, "Ben are you there? I canna see you."

"Yes Sandy, I am here," Ben answered.

"Where's Pat?"

"Oi am here," said Pat taking his hand.

"I dreamed it again," said Sandy faintly. "In a few minutes more and I'd been there, if I hadna woke. Just before you get to the bend there's a rapid and beyond the rapid the water is still, with this grand light shinin on it. At the bend I saw a woman in white standin beckonin me to come. I couldna see her features, but the form looked like me mither's." For a few minutes he lay with his eyes open, then he went to sleep.

Ben went to the open window and stood looking out. Two or three times he raised his hand and wiped his eyes. Pat sat down on the side of the bed and took Sandy by the hand. The minister came in and with a slight nod to the ladies, went to

the bedside. Only a few moments he stood thus, then knelt and covered his face with his hands. For five minutes or more they remained thus; then Pat arose and put his hand gently on the minister's shoulder, saying in a hoarse voice, "Sandy has got around the bend." Then with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he slowly left the room.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL

That night the Rev. Mr. Warren sat in his study, thinking over the events of the past two days. His thoughts were interrupted by a tap on the door.

On opening the door, he found it was Pat.

"Good evening Mr. O'Neil, come in, I am glad to see you." When they were seated in the study, Pat sat with a troubled expression, without speaking. The minister drew his chair close to him and said in a low voice. "You are in trouble, tell me what it is, perhaps I can help you."

"Oi am that, yer riverance. And it's sorry Oi am to trouble ye wid it, but Oi know of no other to go to. The facts of the matter are, there is trouble brewing up at the owld lady's. Some of the boys are bint on stretching the necks of thim O'Brines, right after Sandy is buried. They came to me wid the plot, thinkin that Oi would give thim a hand. It's quare Oi think different about it now, for after Oi knew that Sandy was going to doie, that's the first thing that came into my moind. But since Sandy asked me to let the matter drop, Oi feel different about it. But ye see Sandy didn't say onythin to the rest of the boys, and they are all

worked up about the performance at prisent. Now the plans are to walk straight from the grave-yard up to Moike's, have a few drinks, and thin string up the O'Brines. Of course it wouldn't be right for me to take part in the business, seeing Sandy told me he wanted me to let the matter drop, but Oi don't know as Oi should interfere with the other lads' plans, so Oi just thought Oi would talk the matter over wid you."

"We must do something to prevent those plans being put into execution."

"Well thin, there's only one way of doing it. That is git thim O'Brines moved out of there, whoile we are at the buryin performance."

"I think that can be arranged. We will have the sheriff place the O'Brines under arrest and take them away while the service is going on. It's a wonder that the sheriff hasn't done something about it before."

"Well, the last toime the sheriff came here to arrest a man, there was a quare toime. The boys took soides; some wid him but more against him and there was a devil of a row. Instead of him taking back his man, he took a few lumps on his head instead. Oi am very much opposed to the law mixin up wid a man's business, but somehow this case seems different, seeing that Sandy did not want thim attended to in the proper stoyle."

"I shall get into communication with the sheriff at once," said the minister.

Pat sat thinking for a few minutes, then he asked, "Have you any idea what Hiven is loike?"

"We are told that it is a place of perfect happiness."

"Oi know that, but I mean—well—kind of—no that's not it exactly. Oi mane its formation loike; is it a city of gold, as Oi have heard thim singin about, or is there rivers and woods and such things?"

"That's something that no mortal can tell."

"Well Oi was thinkin that Sandy would never be content in a city. Him and me went to the city of Quebec once on a toime and Sandy soon got sick of it. As he afterwards expressed himsel, the crowd made him tired and some one was gawping at him all the toime. Well, Oi am sorry to take up so much of yer toime, so I will be going."

As the minister showed Pat to the door, he said, "I would be glad to have you come in any evening."

"Indade if that's so Oi will, for there's a few things that Oi would like to ask ye about. Oi have not attended to religious affairs for so long a toime. I am forgettin what little Oi ever knew".

Indian Pete showed keen delight when informed that Sandy had asked that he be one of the bearers and just before the funeral started, said to Pat.

"Guess I'll wear my hat."

"Sure ye'll wear yer hat some of the toime. That is except whin ye are carryin the coffin, thin ye will lay it on the top. Ben and Jim will be on the front ind, ye just watch them and do the same as they do."

"Guess I'll have the best hat there," said Pete with a grin. "Nebber had a chance to wear it before. My fadder nebber wear it only to funeral or some other big time. He tell me when he gib it me, nebber wear dat hat only to make honor for someone."

"Oi would loike to have a look at that hat," said Pat with a puzzled expression.

"Come," said Pete. "It upstairs."

Pete opened his trunk and took out a wooden box, the cover of which was neatly carved. With a broad grin he opened the box and took out the hat.

Pat stood looking at the hat for more than a minute; then as he turned to go down stairs exclaimed, "My Hivens."

Pete thought it was an exclamation of delight, and said, "Wish you had one like it. Isn't it a dandy?"

At the bottom of the stairs Pat looked back. Pete was standing turning the hat around admiring it. "One hat loike yon will be plenty in the procession," said Pat as he hurried outside, almost to collide with the minister. "Oi beg yer pardon," said Pat lifting his hat. "Oi almost ran against ye, but faith if ye had seen the same as Oi did a minute ago ye would be excited yersel."

"What was it," asked the minister anxiously.

"The hat Pete's going to wear. A castor—beaver, or stove poipe—Oi don't know what's the proper name, but it's two feet or more hoigh, wid a square top. He's going to be one hell of a looking

object, wid that outfit on. Caulk boots, knee pants, mackinaw shirt, and yon hat. Hivens!"

"Can't you persuade him to wear a hat like the rest of you?" asked the minister.

"Persuade the divil would be aisier than that fool. This hat seems to be a kind of hereditary affair, and should only be worn whin ye want to honor someone. It's to honor Sandy he's goin to wear it. If Sandy was only aloive and in bad humor, he'd honor yon damned thing by kickin a few holes in it."

"Let him wear it," said one of the men stepping forward. "Pete's an Indian and a mighty good one. His ideas and ours are different, but his motive is all right. I know that his dress is going to look—well to say the least unusual, but we can stand it."

"Oi can stand it," said Pat scratching his head. "But Oi just mentioned it, as it struck me as there was goin to be a little too much contrast. What does yer riverance think about it?"

"Let him wear it by all means. I have often thought that if we thought more of the motive and less of the act itself, we would have more sympathy for each other. Now as this man has just said, it's going to look unusual to see a man dressed this way, but his motive is right, he feels that he is doing right and I firmly believe that when a man believes he is doing right, he is."

Pat stood in deep thought for some time, then he said, "Well, that's a damned sensible idea, and Oi belave its a right one, for if we are doin wrong and

belave it to be roight, its up to the Lord to larn us different, so it is."

They buried Sandy in the little graveyard on the hill. Never did the Rev. Mr. Warren address such a gathering in that little church. Many could not gain admittance, so they crowded around the open windows to hear the address, which was taken from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Amongst the crowd outside was Bill Perkins. Two or three times he made sneering remarks in a low voice. After some time he turned his back to the window and said, "That's all very good for them that like to listen to him, but I am more interested to know what you fellows are going to do to them O'Brines. Now if that happened where I came from—"

"Look ye here, stranger," a voice interrupted him. "You had better put a period in your conversation that will last till the service is over."

"All right! All right!" said Perkins turning again to the window.

After a few minutes he walked away and joined another group, saying, "I laughed till I almost busted to see that Indian with his high hat.

You fellows should know more than to allow such nonsense at a funeral. If that had happened where I came from, we'd boot him hat and all out of the church. Yes, we'd leave him in condition for the grave yard himself."

"Well, we are a little behind the times," said one of the men with sarcasm. "Perkins if we had a few

more instructors like you we'd pick up a few pointers."

At last the service at the grave was over and Sandy's chums stood in respectful silence while the grave was filled in, then they left the graveyard singing, "We'll hang the O'Brines to the big birch tree".

Outside the grave-yard Ben stopped to speak to Mrs. Lane and Jennie. "I am glad my name isn't O'Brine," said Jennie, as she looked up the street at the marching men.

Ben and Jim exchanged looks and Ben's face changed color.

"Come over to the house with us, Ben." said Jim.

"I can't just now, Jim," said Ben glancing anxiously up the street.

"Do you really think that those men mean to do what they are singing?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"I hope they do," answered Jim bitterly.

"I suppose if we were not here you would be with the crew yourself?" asked Jennie.

"I certainly would," answered Jim defiantly.

"Good for you Jim, it's what should be done," said Jennie.

"Children, you should not talk so," said Mrs. Lane. "The law should punish those O'Brines, not a mob. What do you say Mr. Halley?"

"Well I don't know," said Ben. "I am undecided which is right. There's no question but those O'Brines brutally murdered Sandy, and hung they ought be. If they get a good smart lawyer, they

stand a chance to get off easier than they should. While on the other hand, if the boys take it up they are going to make a quick job of it."

On past Mrs. Froud's and up to Mike Keenan's the lumbermen marched, singing and shouting "Drinks! Mike drinks." They crowded into the bar-room and while some were drinking the others were singing, and in half an hour those men who had listened with such attention to the words of the minister, were now a wild, dangerous mob.

Suddenly a coil of rope was thrown into the room, then a voice struck up the chorus, "We'll hang the O'Brines to the old birch tree."

Several caught up the rope, while others shouted, "Where are they Mike?" "Hang them." "Stretch their necks."

"The sheriff took them away an hour ago," cried Keenan, his face growing pale.

"That's a lie, let us search the house," cried a voice. Then with a rush the search started.

While the men were searching the house, Keenan sent for Ben, as he knew from former times that if anyone could do anything towards keeping order, he could. But this was no ordinary carouse. The fires that had been smouldering for days, had now broken out into a fierce flame and to try to check it would be dangerous.

Ben came and mingled with the crowd for a while, then he went to Keenan and said, "They are at their worst now, but as long as we can keep their minds all on the same thing it will be all right, but

should a difference of opinion spring up about anything, there's going to be something doing.

My advice is to hand out the rum as fast as you can; let them drink themselves off their feet, before they start quarreling amongst themselves or take it in their heads to clean out your bar-room."

"Who's going to pay for the rum?" asked Keenan.

"I guess you'll have to charge it to the profit and loss account," said Ben with a smile.

"I'll see them all in a hotter place than this, before I do," said Mike squaring his jaw.

Soon one of the men struck the bar with his fist and shouted, "Damn you, Mike Keenan, you were always too friendly with them O'Brines to suit me and I believe you are lying about the sheriff taking them away. I've a good mind to tramp you into a beer bottle."

"Well according to the way I heard the story, he didn't try very hard to stop them killing poor Sandy," said another.

"Now look here, we want them O'Brines and you know where they are, so tell us where they are. We'll do the rest," spoke up another.

"He's as bad as the O'Brines or he wouldn't hide them. I am going to throw him out and run this joint myself," said one of the men.

"Out with him."

"Wait till I get stone," said Indian Pete staggering towards the door.

In an instant Mike found himself surrounded by the crowd, who with none too gentle hands threw

him out into the street, shouting, "Go to your friends, the O'Brines."

"Now gintlemen," said the voice of Pat, "let me tind bar. Many a toime Oi wanted to be on the other side of that bar, for ye know the owld sayin, "Its more blessed to give than to receive."

"Pat's bar-tender," shouted half a dozen.

"Thank ye koindly for the honor," said Pat, as he nimble sprang across the bar and seized a man by the neck, who was in the act of taking a bottle from the shelf. Pushing him gently from behind the bar, he said, "Rimember yer manners me frind. Ask and ye shall receive. Now thin, what will ye have?"

"That bottle I almost had my hand on," said the man with a good natured grin.

"Roight ye are," said Pat handing him the bottle. "Drink hearty and divide wid yer frinds. Now frinds as Oi am bartinder Oi want ye all to observe the rules. Everyone that gits liquor from behind this bar will koindly write yer name on a piece of paper. All yer names are good in this establishment. Now gintins Oi am ready for business."

For an hour or more Pat handed out the liquor and the men wrote their names on pieces of paper which Pat dropped into the till. Two or three times Mike came in but was always pushed out. Bill Perkins came in once but was promptly ordered out. Then he went away and was next seen talking to James Brown. The latter seemed to be very angry.

"Now thin boys," said Pat. "Oi think ye have

had a foine toime this avening. The best of company, a good bar-tinder and lots to drink. Oi would now suggest that we all go home and come back again in the mornin. Ben, will ye proceed to clean out the room."

"Come on boys," said Ben. "Let us get out, Pat is getting tired of our company."

About half of the men followed Ben out as best they could, while Pat by pushing and coaxing managed to get the remainder to go, and shut the door. As Pat was about to leave, he met Mike Keenan.

"Well Pat, old boy, you are a brick," was Mike's greeting. "I've been watching you for quite a while. I'll bet that half the men will pay for the liquor they got."

"Shure they will," said Pat as he started away.

"Hold on Pat; come in and have a drink with me," said Mike.

"Oi think Oi'd better not. Somehow Oi don't feel just loike it this avenin. Seein the others drink, has koind of taken away me appetite."

After considerable persuasion Pat went in, and in an hour he came out with his hat over one ear, a cigar in his mouth and not very steady on his feet. As he walked down the street he met Bill Perkins. If Pat had been sober he would have passed him without speaking, but as it was he reached his hand saying, "Glad Oi am to mate ye. Aven if ye are a man Oi've very little use for. After all, we all have our faults and you may be better than ye appear to be."

"Now Pat, I never done anything to you to make you dislike me."

"True ye never did, if ye had its the brogues Oi'd put to ye this minute."

"Now Pat, I'd like to be your friend. There's something about you that I always liked," said Perkins.

"Allow me to return the compliment," said Pat. "There somethin about ye Oi never loiked, and that's the way ye hang around that Jim Brown, for a mainer man never drew the breath of loife than him, unless its that brother of his that scaled for Ben last winter. Many a dollar they bate Ben out of. Now if Oi was in Ben's place, Oi'd trim the pair of thim, so Oi would."

"I am done with them," said Perkins with a curse. "After I found out that they had hired the O'Brines to come here and do up Ben and Jim Lane, I'....."

"And what the devil have they against Jim?"

A cunning look came into Perkins' face as he answered, "He knew too much about their crooked work last winter. Well, they got poor Sandy done up anyway."

"Oi belave Oi'll just go up and talk the matter over wid thim Browns," said Pat, turning and walking away from Perkins.

After he had gone Perkins stood looking after him, an evil look on his face, then he muttered to himself, "That starts the ball to rolling."

CHAPTER XXX

PAT TALKS IT OVER WITH BROWN

Pat walked boldly into Brown's office and found James Brown sitting by his desk, a frown on his face and the desk littered with papers. He looked up when Pat entered and asked in an impatient voice, "Well, what do you want?"

Pat ignored the question and walked over to the desk.

"See here fellow! what's your business here?" asked Brown.

"It may be me unpleasant business to give ye a trimmin, but first let us talk the matter over. My information don't come from a very reliable source so Oi....."

"I am busy," interrupted Brown, "so be brief with what you have to say."

"Oi will, Oi will be very brief. About foive minutes ago Oi was informed by one of yer frinds, that ye hoired thim O'Brines to come here and trim Ben, and Jim Lane. If that is so, Oi don't understand why you should be after Jim, but I suppose ye are a bit sore on Ben because ye couldn't fleece him a bit more on the logs he cut last winter.

But what Oi am here for, is to reason the thing

out in regards to Sandy. It appears to me that if thim O'Brines had not been here they would not have killed Sandy. Now if you hoired thim to come here, ye are responsible for their prisence."

"What do you mean by coming into my office, insulting me in this way?" asked Brown his face livid with anger.

"That's not the question. Oi want to know if ye hoired them damned O'Brines to come here and do your dirty work?" shouted Pat.

Brown opened a drawer and drew out a revolver. Like a flash Pat seized the wrist that held the revolver with his left hand and landed his right heavily on Brown's jaw. "Just what Oi expected," said Pat as he twisted the revolver out of Brown's hand. "Now thin Oi'll attind to ye at me leasure," he said as he put the revolver in his pocket.

Brown rushed at Pat and tried to seize him by the throat. Pat dropped his chin slightly, and one of Brown's thumbs went into his mouth. As Pat sank his teeth into the offending member, he seized Brown by the other wrist and began beating a tattoo on his ribs. Brown broke his hold and they clinched; then Pat got in another of his tricks. He allowed Brown to throw him, but as they were going down he seized Brown around the neck and threw up one knee, so that Brown fell with his stomach on it. Pat rolled from under Brown and sprang to his feet, and began kicking him in the side. "Now Mr. Brown," he said as he drove his boots against

his ribs, "Oi am going to kick the devil right out of you."

Pat's kicking was interrupted by a woman's scream. Pat turned and was confronted by Brown's pale and trembling stenographer. "Oh don't kill him," she cried.

"Indade Oi'll not. At last not at the present. Although its dead the loikes of him ought to be," said Pat as he picked up his hat. "Oi am very sorry Miss, that ye should be present at this interview. No doubt ye didn't enjoy it, sein that ye didn't know what it was all about. But if ye have known this Brown long, ye will know, that he well desarved the traitment Oi was about to bestow on him. Oi hope to have the pleasure of maitin ye both again," said Pat as he left the office.

As Pat stepped out of the door he almost collided with Bill Perkins.

"I was passing and heard the row," explained Perkins, "so stopped to listen. Who got the best of it?"

"He did," promptly answered Pat. "But Oi took this revolver from him after he had scared me almost to death," continued Pat showing Perkins the revolver. "Oi will kape it as a bit of remimbrance of him, or at laist a remimbrance of yon pretty girl that works in the office. If she hadn't interfared wid her scrame, its the brogues Oi'd have put to him in grand stoile."

"You're the stuff," said Perkins clapping Pat on the back.

"Oi tell ye Perkins; Oi'll trim both thim Browns before Oi slape, see if Oi don't. What business had he pointing a revolver at me? Damn him, he made me hair stand up loike the quills on a porcupine's back. Say the hole in the front ind of that gun looked bigger than my fist and Oi could have swore that Oi saw the bullet start towards me. About that toime Oi interrupted the proceedins by givin Brown a clip on the jaw, thin if Oi remimber roight he shoved his thumb in me mouth to try and choke me. Oi was about to chastize him properly, whin yon young lady scramed and Oi belave she scared me as bad as Brown did wid his revolver."

"Will you have a drink?" asked Perkins as he took out a bottle.

"Oi will wid pleasure," said Pat as he took the offered bottle. "Oi nade somethin to steady me narves. Me heart is jumpin so Oi am afraid to open me mouth for fear it will fly out of me."

After Pat had taken a couple of hearty drinks, he and Perkins walked down the street hand in hand like a couple of school children.

Sometime after midnight, Pat staggered up the stairs at Mrs. Froud's and lay down.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ARREST

Next morning Ben went to Brown's office to get some papers. On opening the door he found Brown lying on the floor in a pool of blood, dead, with a revolver beside him. Ben went back and got Sampson. Together they made a hasty examination, then locked the door and sent for the sheriff, as it was quite evident that murder had been done.

With the sheriff came the coroner. On examining the body, they found that Brown had been shot once in the back and had another bullet through his head.

The inquest was held that evening. Brown's stenographer was the first witness. She told of the trouble between Brown and Pat. She also identified the revolver as that of Brown, which Pat had taken from him. She told of Brown telling her that he had to be in the office till late that night.

Another witness told of hearing two shots at about eleven o'clock the evening before. They came from the vicinity of Brown's office.

Bill Perkins swore that Pat had made threats against Brown the evening before, and that he had left him about ten o'clock close to Brown's office.

The coroner's jury's verdict was one of murder and they considered the evidence sufficient to hold Patrick O'Neil for the same.

As soon as the inquest was over, Ben went and found Pat. When he told him that he was going to be arrested for shooting Brown, Pat stood scratching his head for a few minutes then he said, "The damned fools," then turned and walked away.

An hour afterwards Ben went down to the river and found Pat sitting on a rock in deep thought. "Oi have been tryin to figure this business out, and the conclusion Oi've come to is, to let the sheriff take me and trust to luck. Oi can't understand how everythin points to me so plain. Its hard to belave Oi didn't do it. There Oi took the revolver from Brown, and its with that damned thing he is shot. Oi was drunk as a goat last night and done a grait dail of threatnin what Oi was going to do to thim Browns."

"Never mind Pat; this is going to turn out all right," said Ben.

"Well if it does, its the first toime Oi ever knew anythin to that law was mixed up wid. Now whin Oi think of it, Perkins told me that Brown hired thim O'Brines to come here to do you and Jim Lane up. He says that Jim knew too much of the Brown's crooked work last winter. And of course he has no particular love for you, seeing that you are a better man than he is. It was about this that him and me had the mix-up yesterday. Oi wonder who shot him."

"I can't understand what any of them can have against Jim, for he is a lad who minds his business and gets along well with every one. John Brown and him seemed to get along well last winter."

"Oi am not so sure about that. Oi noticed a coldness between thim a number of toimes and just before Brown got done scalin last winter, Sandy heard some pretty plain talkin. He didn't hear enough to be sartain what it was all about, but he heard Jim tell Brown that he had him where he would make him give ye what belonged to ye, or know the reason why. Oi was always of the opinion that the Browns were at the bottom of Jim gettin hurt last spring. Anyhow now that Jim Brown has got shot, it is plain that there is some one around that has been traited rather mane, or he would not have gone far enough to shoot him. It will all come out some day, but not till after they have stretched my neck, perhaps."

"Things look black for you at the present," said Ben sorrowfully. "Why dont you hide for a while?"

"Oi had thought of that; but Oi have made up my moind to face the music loike a man. The worst the damned fools can do is to hang me. Oi guess Oi'll go and hunt up the sheriff and let him arrest me. If he should come to the owld lady's, some of the lads will perhaps pick a row wid him and git themsels into trouble."

"Well Pat, you can depend on me doing all I can for you."

"Well, Oi guess Oi'll be movin'," said Pat getting up.

Ben sat for sometime after Pat had gone, thinking, then got up saying, "Poor Pat."

After Pat had left Ben he walked rapidly up the street in the direction of Brown's office. Seeing the sheriff walking along the street he shouted.

"Hey there, sheriff."

The sheriff stopped and waited till Pat came up. Pat's greeting was,

"Oi am the man ye're lookin for. I am Patrick O'Neil."

"Your name is Patrick O'Neil?" said the sheriff, looking at him sharply.

"It is sor."

"Patrick O'Neil," said the sheriff laying his hand on Pat's shoulder, "I arrest you in the King's name for the murder of James Brown, and I warn you that anything you may say will be used as evidence against you."

"Faith, and Oi'll take yer word for it," said Pat. "And Oi'll bet that ye're not the only one that will give evidence against me. What are ye goin to do with them things?" asked Pat, when he saw the sheriff take out the hand-cuffs."

"I'll have to put them on you," said the sheriff seizing Pat by the arm.

"Now look ye here," said Pat shaking off the sheriff's grip. "Oi came up here and gave mysel up to ye, so none of the lads down there would maul

ye," and he pointed with his thumb in the direction of Mrs. Froud's.

And now ye want to lade me loike a dog, do ye? Be the powers of Moike if ye think ye can put thim things on me, git busy."

Just as Pat finished this sentence, the sheriff seized him, and in the scuffle that ensued the hand-cuffs fell to the ground. Backwards and forward they wrestled, first one gained the advantage and then the other. At last Pat threw the sheriff so heavily that for a minute he lay stunned and helpless. In the twinkling of an eye, Pat picked up the hand-cuffs and snapped them on the sheriff's wrists. "Now, me man," said Pat as the sheriff sat up, "laid the way and Oi'll follow; and if anyone asks ye any thing about this fracas, tell him the truth. Bear in moind that Oi didn't resist arrest. Oi objected to thim things on me wrists, after me givin mesel up. Ye insisted and a mixup followed and whin we got up the wrong man was decorated. Hello Ben, were ye watchin that fracas?" asked Pat as he noticed Ben standing there. "If so there will be one man at the trial that will tell the truth."

In spite of himself, Ben had to laugh as he saw the dumbfounded look on the sheriff's face as he got to his feet. "Well, Mr. Sheriff the joke is on you," said Ben.

"Take those hand-cuffs off me," commanded the sheriff, "you will find the key in my pants pocket."

"Oi will not," answered Pat. "Oi had too much trouble puttin thim there."

"Will you?" asked the sheriff turning to Ben.

"No," Ben answered. "After this man gave himself up, you had no business to try to handcuff him."

"I was afraid he might change his mind and give me trouble," meekly answered the sheriff.

"Well ye can wear them till we git to the jail, for fear yer should change ye moind and want to put thim on me again," said Pat with a grin. "Now if Oi had shot that Brown as some of ye say Oi had, Oi wouldn't go one damned step wid ye, but Oi didn't, and Oi want to git this thing clared up at once, so now laid the way".

Pat was taken before a magistrate and after a preliminary enquiry, he was bound over to stand his trial at the court of the King's Bench that was to be held that fall. Bail was refused and Pat was locked up in jail.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE ESCAPE

As the time rolled slowly onward, many changes occurred. Ben was offered the position of manager of the mills and after much consideration accepted the offer.

Sampson spent much of his time at the mills and it had now become known that he was the largest shareholder. His time on the drive had been spent in making observations. He offered Jim a job in the office, but he refused and went to work on the river. Most of Ben's old crew went to work on the river or around the mills.

When Indian Pete settled up for his winter's work, the first thing he bought was a gun and a few traps. The rest of his money he left with Ben, making the same remarks that he had previously made.

"You keep dis for me till fall," he said. "Don't gib me any if I get drunk.

"What do you want to work at this summer?" asked Ben.

"Want job in de mill."

So Pete went to work in the mill. For the first hour he seemed delighted and confided to one of his chums, "Dis is best job I ebber had. Going

stay here all summer", but before noon he left. When Ben asked him why he left, Pete gave a grunt and replied, "Mill hard boss, nebber let me stop at all." Next day he went to work in the lumber yard. Half a day was all he worked there. Next he wanted a job on the river, so Ben put him there. "Dis job all right," said he. "Going stay here." Two days later he went to Ben and said, "Guess I'll not work on the ribber dis summer. Sun pretty hot. Make me lazy."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Ben.

"Going make baskets, axe handles, canoes and lots other things. Perhaps hunt and fish some."

"I guess you will hunt and fish more than you will work," said Ben.

"Mebby so," answered Pete. "You just lend me your canoe and a couple blankets and some tings to cook with and we'll see."

Ben let Pete have what he wanted out of his outfit, then with some flour, pork, beans and tea, Pete started up the river.

Ben went regularly to see Pat; so did the Rev. Mr. Warren. On one of his visits he told Pat that Sampson had engaged one of the best lawyers in Quebec to defend him and that the lawyer would come to see him soon. For the first time Pat's happy-go-lucky air left him, and he became serious.

"Oi tell ye it's all up wid me," he said. "All the law and lawyers between here and hell can't clare me. Oi never shot Brown; now that's the truth.

But Oi handled him a bit rough and took his

revolver from him. That noight Oi got drunk, and no one seems to know where Oi was; and Brown got shot wid the revolver that Oi took from him. Now how can any man make another belave it wasn't me that done the shootin'?"

"Have you any suspicion who could have taken the revolver out of your pocket?" asked the minister.

"Oi have. But Oi am goin to kape me suspicions to mesel. It's a sarious thing to accuse a man of murder, unless ye see him do it. Thim O'Brines are here in jail and have sent me word they would loike to talk to me, a couple of toimes. Oi refused, and thin they sint word that they wanted me to sind some of me frinds to thim."

"When your lawyer comes, have him interview them. Now I must leave you for the present, but will try and come to see you again next week," said the minister as he arose to go.

"Ye are very koind. Oi don't understand why ye should take such an interest in me and me not aven one of yer church mimbers."

"Because I believe you are innocent. I want to help you and possibly I will be able to help you spiritually as well."

"Oi nade it all right. Oi nade ye both ways damned bad."

The next day the lawyer called. He introduced himself as Mr. Walsh. He was a small man with piercing blue eyes and a neatly trimmed gray mustache. He was neatly attired in a blue suit and wore a large diamond on the little finger of his left

hand. He looked at Pat critically as he said, "Now Mr. O'Neil, you understand that I am hired to defend you, so I want you to tell me the truth. Tell me the worst side anyway. You see if I know all the proof that they have against you, it will help me greatly. The Rev. Mr. Warren came to see me the other day, and he told me considerable. Now begin at the time you first met the deceased."

"Well sor", began Pat, "his spring whin we got into the main river we ran into Brown and his crew. They were havin one hell of a toime. Brown didn't know as much about droivin logs as a pig does about Hivin. He was runnin around swearin and tryin to make the men work. He seemed to think the more he swore at his men the more work they would do. One day after a dispute, one of his men threw him into the river and whin he got out, another did the same to him. Brown was in pretty bad humor and discharged those two gintlemen, and was usin some pretty strong language whin another fellow came and heaved him in again. Brown noticed that they were having considerable fun at his expense and bate it to the tent.

A few days afterwards he was expendin some pretty raw compliments and one of the men choked him. This didn't seem to do any good, for a few days later he went to hit a lad wid a peavie, and the chap hit him and broke his nose, and one arm and split his head. That inded his river droivin for the spring."

"What! am I to understand that all this happened with one blow?" asked the lawyer incredulously.

"That's the way the story was told. As I understand it, whin Brown raised the peavie, the lad caught him by the wrist and struck him on the snout, and whin he fell he hit pretty heavy on the rocks. At any rate there was only one blow struck and the damage was as Oi stated."

"Did you have any trouble with Brown on the drive?" asked the lawyer.

"No Oi didn't, seein that Oi was workin for Ben Halley, and me and Brown had nothin to do wid each other."

"It seems that Brown had trouble with all he came in contact with."

"No! there was Bill Perkins, and thim O'Brines that are here in jail for killin Sandy McLeod, and a few others that he kept for ornaments; at laist they didn't do any work to amount to anythin, and him and thim were as thick as thaves".

"Now tell me about the trouble you had with Brown."

"Well ye see after they done up poor Sandy, Oi had a koind of a reckonin wid the O'Brines, thin Bill Perkins comes along and tells me that Brown hired the O'Brines to come here and trim Ben and Jim Lane. Oi can't understand what Brown could have against Jim, but as for Ben; Brown seen that he was a better man all around than him, and Oi suppose he knew that Ben would get ahead of him wid the company, and as Ben trimmed the O'Brines

this spring they were koind of sore on him. However that has nothin to do wid my case. Whin Bill Perkins told me about Brown hoirin those O'Brines to do his dirty work, Oi was drinkin and the way Oi reasoned the thing out, if Brown had not hoired the O'Brines they would not have been here, and poor Sandy would be aloive today. As Oi said before, Oi had been drinkin a bit, and wint at once to Brown's office to have an interview wid him. Cross words followed and Oi threatened to lay me hands on him. Its thin he pulled out his revolver. Whin Oi saw that revolver, belave me Oi was the scared boy and the first thing Oi knew Oi gave him a clout on the jaw and took the thing away from him. Thin we had a little fracas, but it didn't amount to much. Oi was about to thrash him in proper stoyle, whin Oi discovered that there was a lady prisent. Oi left at once. Outside the office Oi met Bill Perkins; he had been standin' outside listenin to the fun. He made a few inquiries and Oi told him about the young lady, and showed him Brown's gun that Oi had koind of confiscated. Afterwards Oi had a few drinks wid Perkins and got drunk, and some one took the revolver out of my pocket and shot Brown wid it and left it there."

"Could it have been possible that after you got drunk you went back to Brown's office and shot him?" asked the lawyer.

"No! If Oi had gone after Brown again, its the brogues Oi would have put to him. A revolver is a thing Oi never used in my loife."

"Were there any others with you when you got drunk?"

"Yes, Oi have a faint recollection of there bein others part of the toime, anyway. But who they were Oi can't rimimber."

"Did you ever make any threats against Brown?"

"Oi did; to his face, and behind his back as well."

"Isn't it rather strange that Perkins and Brown being such good friends, Perkins should treat you after you had the row with Brown?"

"Perkins seemed to be a bit sore on Brown about somethin, at laist he talked that way. But Perkins is a man that a lie would not choke anyway."

"Have you any suspicion who might have shot Brown?"

"And what good would me suspicions do anyone? Now Oi have told you all Oi know; so you see ye have some job on hand if ye save me neck from gittin a stretch. Oi tell ye Mr. Lawyer, there are toimes that I can't hardly control mesel. The toime passes so slow. A number of toimes Oi have been on the pint of lavin this jail till the toime me trial comes off. Do ye think it would hurt me chances any if Oi took a vacation?"

"Oh you musn't think of any such thing," replied the lawyer.

"Well if Oi do ye just let the Rev. Warren know the day of me trial, and Oi'll be back in toime for the performance."

After the lawyer had gone, Pat took off his inside shirt and tore it into narrow strips; after which

he braided the strips into ropes. When he had finished, he hid them in his bed.

That evening when the jailer brought him his supper, he said. "Oi am thinkin some of lavin for a toime, and whin Oi am gone don't worry for Oi'll be all roight. Oi may have to toie ye for fear ye will want to follow. And Oi may have to put a stopper on yer mouth for fear ye moight shout till ye hurt yer lungs. Whoile Oi am doing this, just take it easy loike and it will be better for us both."

The jailer thinking that Pat was joking, said. "We will surely miss you. Had I better put up a lunch for you?"

While Pat was eating, he joked with the jailer as usual, and when he came to remove the dishes Pat sprang upon him. The attack was so sudden that the jailer was as a child in the hands of the wiry lumberman. After Pat had thrown him on his face, he twisted his legs around the jailer's body in such a way he was helpless, and as he held one hand over his mouth he got the gag prepared and slipped it into the jailer's mouth. Then he tied his hands behind his back, afterwards he securely bound his feet.

After Pat had finished, he surveyed his work critically, then said, "Oi am sorry to have to do this, for ye have used me as well as ye could considerin all things. Now Oi'll be back in toime for me trial, so be good till some one comes along and unties you, thin ye can swear at me and Oi'll forgive ye and Oi think the Lord will do the same."

Pat walked leisurely through the jail, took the keys from the jailer's desk and unlocked the outside door, then he went out, scaled the jail wall and disappeared.

Two days later he boldly walked into Mrs. Froud's and shouted, "Got anythin to eat here for a gentleman?"

"Hivens above"! exclaimed Mrs. Froud coming out of the kitchen. "So ye're back again. Oi am glad to see ye. Oi knew that they would find out that you didn't shoot yon scalawag of a Brown, and let ye go."

"Look ye here, good woman, it's more than two days since Oi had anything to ate, so Oi am a bit hungry. Oi'll consider ye a relation of mine if ye'll git me somethin to eat in a hurry; and at the same toime keep yer oyes open for strangers. Oi left up there on me holidays without gittin permission from anyone."

While Pat was eating, he told Mrs. Froud about his escape from jail. "Now thin," he said when he had finished. "Oi traveled all last noight so will just go upstairs and have a nap. If anyone calls for me entertain thim till Oi can open the back window and bate it."

"Ye go upstairs and slape and no one will bother ye," said Mrs. Froud, her face growing stern.

At about five in the afternoon he was awakened by Mrs. Froud. He kept out of sight of the other boarders till after dark, then he called on the Rev.

Mr. Warren. "Oi got so lonesome Oi couldn't stay there any longer," he explained.

"Oi want ye to foind out whin they want to have me troil and Oi'll be there. Oi'll call again in about a week."

Mr. Warren sat for a few minutes in deep thought, then he said. "I believe you intend doing as you say, and I want you to make my house your home till the time of your trial. No one will think of you being here."

"Oi thank ye koindly for yer offer, but Oi have been shut in so long that Oi hate the sight of a house. Oi am goin to camp for a spell and make up for lost toime," said Pat as he arose to go.

After leaving Mr. Warren's Pat went back to Mrs. Froud's. He entered by the kitchen door. "Now owld lady!" was his greeting, "Oi want a couple of leaves of bread, a bit of tae, a tin pail, a fryin pan and a bit of salt pork. Oi am goin to take Ben's canoe and go afishin."

"Divil a foot will ye lave this house tonight," said Mrs. Froud.

"Oi would loike to stay around for a day or two and visit wid the boys, but if the sheriff should know Oi was here he moight insist on me goin back to jail, and we moight have a foight about it. That would make me case look worse, and God knows it looks bad enough as it is," said Pat as he put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the wall.

"Well Indian Pete has Ben's canoe up the river somewhere. He comes back every few days and

brings me some foine strings of trout. Now ye take me advice and go up over the woodshed and slape there tonight. There's a pile of Ben's blankets there and Oi'll guarantee that no sheriff will climb that ladder without my permission."

"Well Oi'll take yer advice and slape there tonight, and tomorrow Oi'll go up the river and will run across Pete up there somewhere. Yer not the only one that has offered me shelter tonight," said Pat.

"Who moight the other be?" asked Mrs. Froud.

"The minister asked me to make me headquarters wid him. What do ye think of that?" asked Pat with a smile. "A minister offering to shelter a jailbird."

"Oi think that yon minister is a moighty foine sensible Christian, that's what Oi think. There was a toime when Oi thought moighty little of thim Protestant ministers, but Oi guess it was because Oi never came in close contact wid them. Say did Oi tell ye that Ben's after Jim's sister, at laist he goes there pretty often and dresses up in foine stoyle since he became manager. Oi tell ye he's a foine lookin man wid his new clothes on, and there's no one knows it any better than yon Jennie Lane."

"Well, well, Oi suppose Ben has as much roight to git married as anyone, but Oi always thought he had more sinse," said Pat thoughtfully.

Next morning after breakfast, Pat started up the river with his pack. He hadn't gone far when he met Pete coming down with part of a deer. Pete's black eyes sparkled when he saw Pat.

"Well Pete, Oi've come to board wid you for a whoile," was Pat's greeting.

"Dat good ting," answered Pete. "I've got lots meat up dere. Got some here for ole lady.

They sat down on a log by the shore and lit their pipes, then Pat told him his story.

"Let dem go hell, said Pete. We'll lib dere in woods; dey can't catch you. I am going now down wid this meat; you stay here; I am come back soon," said Pete as he pushed off the canoe.

When Pete entered Mrs. Froud's by the back door, he heard angry voices on the veranda. Walking cautiously to the window he looked out and recognized the sheriff.

"I tell you that I am an officer of the law," the sheriff was saying, and "I have to search your house for one Patrick O'Neil that has escaped from jail."

"And didn't Oi tell ye he isn't here?"

"I have to do my duty and search your house anyway."

"You go home and moind yer business. Pat will be there whin his troil comes off; so he will; for he told me he would."

"That's a likely story," said the sheriff with sarcasm.

"Do you main to call me a liar?" asked Mrs. Froud picking up her broom.

"No, no! I haven't a doubt but O'Neil told you that," the sheriff hastened to say. "But you know it's a bluff he's putting up".

"Say! are ye the gint that arrested Pat in the first place?"

"I am."

"I was told that after he gave himself up, ye handcuffed him."

"Who ever told you that lied," said the sheriff reddening up.

"Oi main ye troied it, and rather than have any trouble wid you, Pat put the bracelets on ye. Afterwards ye boldly took him to jail."

"I haven't time to talk all day," said the sheriff angrily.

"Oi hope Oi haven't detained ye searchin this house, so go roight in. Where do ye usually begin?"

"I am going up stairs first."

"Well Oi am going up wid ye, for there are a number of little things lyin around, and ye moight arrest some of thim thinkin it was Pat, and carry thim away wid you.

"I am no thief."

"Thavin would be a gentleman's job to the one ye have at prisent. Never moind lookin at that article hangin on the wall. That's not Pat. It's only a watch belongin to one of the lads. Something has gone wrong wid it or it wouldn't be there. Now if ye have finished your search here, koindly discend the stairs. Ye may be an honest man, but Oi don't loike the way ye look at the trinkets lyin around. But looks are desavin. Oi am not takin any chances anyway."

It was with difficulty that the sheriff controlled his temper as he descended the stairs.

"Is that the way into the cellar?" he asked pointing to a trap in the floor.

"It is. But Hivens protect ye. Ye don't intend going down there do ye? It's dark down there," said Mrs. Froud in evident alarm.

"I do! open that trap," said the sheriff authoritatively.

"Oi tell ye it's dark down there," said Mrs. Froud, as she raised the heavy trap door.

The sheriff descended the stairs cautiously. Mrs. Froud watched him till his head was about six inches above the floor; then she slammed down the heavy trap door.

A volley of curses came from the bottom of the stairs. Mrs. Froud raised the trap and asked innocently, "Did it hit ye on the head?"

The sheriff stood at the bottom of the stairs, rubbing his head and swearing.

"Oi don't blame ye a bit for swearin. That trap fell on me own head once, about as it did on yours. Oi didn't swear but Oi counted stars and did a pile of thinkin for a few minutes."

"You did that on purpose and I have a good mind to arrest you," said the sheriff angrily.

"Ye had better change that good moind of yours, or ye moight git a few more lumps on yer head," said Mrs. Froud looking him steadily in the eye.

When the sheriff was leaving, Mrs. Froud followed him to the door and politely asked him to call again.

Just as he stepped onto the road, Indian Pete appeared around the corner of the house and threw a small stone that hit the sheriff on the back of the head, then dodged back out of sight.

With an oath the sheriff turned and took a couple of steps back towards the house, then as no one was in sight went on his way muttering, "Stealing would certainly be more of a gentleman's job than sheriff around here."

He walked rapidly till he got out of sight of the house, then he stopped, took off his hat, and felt his head. "The old she devil," he muttered, "She almost broke my skull. I wonder if it was her that threw that stone."

When Indian Pete came into the kitchen, Mrs. Froud said, "Ye can tell Pat about the sheriff bein here makin enquiries about him, and be shure to tell him about the trap fallin on him when he was goin down stairs, he would have enjoyed seein me intertainin him in the proper stoye, Oi am sure."

"Sure I'll tell him all about it and about little stone going after him and hitting him on head. Gosh he start swear quick," said Pete.

"Did ye heave a stone at him?" asked Mrs. Froud.

"Just take little shot at him," said Pete with a grin.

"Well, well, Oi suppose it wasn't quite the way to trait an officer of the law, but he moight have belaved the truth whin Oi told it to him."

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE SHERIFF'S TROUBLES

August came with all its radiant splendor; with it came rumors of war in Europe; Austria had declared war on Serbia; Germany had declared war on Russia. Next Germany had declared war on France, and then came Britain's note to Germany that the neutrality of Belgium must be respected.

Then as a bolt from the blue sky, came the news that Great Britain had declared war on Germany.

It was not for a moment doubted by the crowd that gathered around the company's stores that evening discussing the war, but that Canada would call for volunteers to help the mother country in the struggle.

"I tell you boys", said a young fellow as he kicked his heels against the empty barrel on which he was sitting, "every one of us will be needed over there before this business is finished."

"Keep your hat on," said another addressing the first speaker. "This war will be in a fair way to be over within about fifteen minutes after the Germans meet the British fleet. I wouldn't like to be a German sailor. Poor devils." His face grew pale and sad as he continued. "I can imagine

I see the shower of iron and steel coming down on the decks of the German war ships, as one after the other they go down."

"Damn them, let them go down," said another, "They have been preparing and cheering for this day for a long time. At last they have found an excuse for war, so now let them get busy."

"The Kaiser, with his navy is like a little boy with a new sled, he wants to try it even if there is no snow," added another.

"I don't understand why war should be," said another, "If all the world were like me there would be very little fighting. I haven't had a fight since I left school."

"I am ahead of you there," said another. "I have a fight every time I get drunk and most always get a licking."

A general laugh followed. Little did anyone think that in less than a year the last two speakers would be lying side by side in a grave-yard a few miles back of Ypres. Nor did they think that none amongst them but would bare the scars of many hard fought battles, and that their blood would mingle with that of their comrades from every part of the British Empire, to redden the soil of France and Belgium. Only a scrap of paper,—so the Germans said—but for that scrap of paper and the honor of their race, the men of Canada were ready to fight and if need be to die.

Ben joined the group and listened to the dis-

cussion but took no part in it. At last, Jim asked Ben what he thought about it.

"I was just wondering," answered Ben, "how many of you fellows will go?"

All stood in silence for several minutes, then one young fellow said "If you are going Ben, I'll try and get Indian Pete to lend you his hat."

As Ben filled his pipe he answered. "I hope that I am not going to be needed, but if I am, I am going, and I bet that my old crew will pretty near all go too."

"Well war or no war, I wish that Pat was clear. I am afraid that its going to go hard with him. Of course he will go back to stand his trial, and if they don't clear him, I would suggest that we go up and pull the two sides and one end out of the jail," said one.

"Big talk," said another, "but its what we should do."

"I'll be damned if I stand quietly by and see Pat hung for a crime that he never committed," said another.

Ben got up and walked away sorrowfully.

"Did any of you notice lately," said the last speaker, when Ben was out of hearing, "how Ben always sneaks away when he hears Pat's name mentioned? I wonder if he thinks that Pat is guilty."

"No, Ben don't think that Pat is guilty but he is afraid that unless something turns up, it's going to go hard with him," answered Jim.

Up the river that night Pete and Pat sat beside their camp fire.

"Dis pretty nice life," said Pete as he lay back on some boughs.

"It's all roight," said Pat, "But I suppose that Oi'll soon have to go back to yon damned jail."

Pete sat up and looked at his friend earnestly; then he laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Pat you stay here, not go that jail no more."

"Peter," said Pat solemnly. Oi know that its because ye have a tender feelin for me that ye ask me to stay wid ye, and Oi would loike to mesel, but here's the case as it is. The only inheritance me father left me was a loikin for rum, kapin me word and doin what me conscience tells me is roight. Now if Oi don't go up and have it out wid them, they'll always say that Oi shot Brown, and in the back too." The two men sat smoking for a few minutes, then Pat continued, "No, no, for the sake of me good name and to kape me conscience clare, Oi must go. After all ye know that the worst they can do wid me is to hang me, and that's not the worst thing that could happen to a man, as it's all over wid in a jiffy."

"Dey'll nebber hang you for dat," said Pete decidedly. "My fadder say white man's law best. Guess he know, for he try all kinds before he get Christian. Hish! you hear dat?" asked Pete in a low whisper.

"No, Oi heard nothing," answered Pat.

"I hear paddle touch side of canoe. Sheriff

after you perhaps. Take blanket and dat grub. Run quick, I hear canoe touch shore down dere.

Tomorrow I'll meet you at big fishing hole up on brook. If it's sheriff I'll start sing, soon."

"Oi can hear nothing, but to be on the safe soide Oi'll bate it," said Pat as he seized a blanket and a piece of cold meat and disappeared in the darkness.

Pete crept cautiously down the river till he saw the figures of three men descending the bank, one he recognized to be the sheriff. He returned quickly to the fire and began to sing an Indian song.

Pete arose and went to fix the fire. He smiled grimly as he heard a rustle in the brush. "White man not so good to hear as Indian", he mused. "Not so good get through woods without makin noise either."

Pete didn't turn his head although he heard a rustle in the brush not twenty feet from him.

Suddenly the sheriff sprang into the firelight with a revolver in his hand, closely followed by his two deputies. Pete gave a wild cry and sprang to his feet, his pipe dropping from his mouth.

"What you want wid me? I done nothing at all," he said looking around in evident great terror.

"We want Pat O'Neil. Where is he?" asked the sheriff looking around.

"Pat in jail," he answered innocently.

"That's a lie and you know it," said the sheriff angrily.

"Mebby so," said Pete as he picked up his pipe. "You hungry?"

"No we've had supper," said the sheriff.

The sheriff evidently was at a loss how to proceed, for he moved away and held a consultation with his deputies. After a few minutes he returned and said, "Now look here, we are after Pat O'Neil and we have been told that he was up here with you. Now where is he? Now if you don't tell us where he is, we are going to take you to jail. Come now tell us."

"Don't know," said Pete defiantly.

"He has been here."

"If you know dat, why you not come and catch him den?"

"You know he's an outlaw don't you?"

"Don't know what dat is.."

"You know that he shot Brown and was put in jail for it, and he broke out of jail don't you?"

"Dat lie. Pat nebber shoot Brown," said Pete his eyes flashing.

"Well we're going to take you to jail if you don't tell where he is."

"You tink you going scare me cause I am Indian. You tink me got no friends, eh. You start take me to jail and Ben and de whole crew will kick hell out of you. You tink cause you sheriff, you one hell of a man. You take me for nothin and you lose your job quick. Now you mind your business. If you want to stay here all night, dat's all right, plenty room".

"No we're not going to stay here tonight."

"Well dat's all I got to say to you," said Pete as he rolled himself in his blanket.

The sheriff stood over him and asked him questions and threatened for half an hour, but Pete made no reply. Finally the sheriff gave him a kick and cursed him for an Indian; then left.

After the sheriff had left, Pete got up and took his gun as if to follow, then changed his mind, laid it down, picked up a stone and went after them. Just as the sheriff was descending the bank, he was struck on the head with a stone that knocked him to his knees. He jumped to his feet and a fusilade of revolver shots followed.

In a couple of minutes the sheriff returned, swearing vengeance but Pete was rolled in his blanket perfectly unconcerned.

"Who threw that stone?" he shouted, rubbing his head. "Who stole my canoe?"

"Dat none of my business. My business is, what you kick me for when I do nothin? You do dat again and somethin goin happen. Perhaps sometin goin happen for tother kick, guess so anyway."

"I've got to take your canoe," said the sheriff.

"Best not steal dat canoe," said Pete as he drew his blanket closer around his shoulders.

After holding a consultation with his deputies the sheriff returned and in a mollified voice asked, "Do you know who stole my canoe?"

"How I know?" asked Pete sullenly.

"Well how much will you take to paddle us down to the village?"

"Perhaps nother kick pay for that."

"Now don't be a fool, we are ready to pay you well for your trip."

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

"No, five, dat heaby load."

After considerable bantering the sheriff consented to give Pete five dollars.

"Got another paddle?" he asked.

"What for?"

"Why I am going to help you to paddle."

"No, said Pete, going paddle myself."

"You damned obstinate cuss," said the sheriff, "you are afraid that if I paddle we will overtake the other canoe. It's some of your friends that has stole it."

"You want to start right now?" Pete asked.

"Well its pretty dark."

"Dat nothin. Give me dat five dollars."

"I'll pay you when we get to the village."

"No, pay now."

After considerable talk the sheriff handed Pete the five dollars.

Pete's black eyes flashed as he put the money in his pocket and a satisfied expression crossed his face, as he launched his canoe.

"You get in first," he said to the sheriff.

The sheriff got into the canoe carefully and was about to sit down, when the canoe gave a lurch towards the shore. The sheriff tried to catch his balance; then the canoe lurched the other way and seemed to spring from under him. The sheriff went

into the water head first. Fortunately the water was only about four feet deep. He scrambled out of the water coughing, and swearing. "You did that on purpose. You damned redskin. You tried to drown me," he cried.

Pete paid no attention to him, but pulled the canoe up on shore to empty the water out of it. He launched it again and when he saw the sheriff advancing towards him with clenched fists, he stepped in and held the canoe with his paddle on the bottom. "You tried to drown me. Damn you," he said as he aimed a heavy blow at Pete's face.

Pete ducked his head and pushed off the canoe, then he raised his paddle and struck with all his might at the sheriff's head. Fortunately the canoe was more than the paddles' length from shore, or the sharp edge of the paddle would have split the sheriff's head to the chin.

The Indian was the coolest of the lot. One of the deputies stepped forward to the sheriff and said in a severe tone. "Cool off, and let us get out of here before there's murder done. This is the last fool errand that you will ever get me on. A man that's as hot headed as you are, in my opinion is a poor sheriff."

"We want to get out of here, so bring your canoe here," said the other deputy.

"What dat damned fool goin do next?" asked Pete as he slowly paddled towards shore.

"You upset that canoe on purpose," said the sheriff shaking his fist in Pete's face.

"Here's you five dollars," said Pete throwing the bill in the sheriff's face, "Now you walk."

Pete then drew the canoe up on shore. But after a lot of coaxing, and an additional dollar, he consented to take them down to the village, and just as day was dawning they safely landed. The sheriff's teeth were chattering as he stepped out of the canoe. "I don't see any signs of my canoe around here," he said as he looked around.

Turning to Pete he said. "If I have caught my death of cold coming down the river in my wet clothes, remember it is you that is to blame."

"Oh dat all right," Pete answered. "If I die pretty soon it be for dat kick you gave it me. Hepe day hang you for it anyway. Don't ebber come up dis ribber again, for it's not berry healthy place for fool like you."

The sheriff ignored this remark and said, "If you find my canoe, and bring it down here for me I'll give you two dollars."

"Five dollars", said Pete holding out his hand.

"No sir!" said the sheriff as he turned away.

"Den you go hell, and find dat canoe yourself", said Pete as he turned his canoe bottom up on the shore. He went down to Mrs. Froud's had breakfast and told about his adventure, then started back.

On arriving at his camping place he found Pat. "Where sheriff canoe?" was his greeting.

"Oi just borrowed it and went down the river a couple of achres, crossed over, then came back

and watched the excitement safely from the other side. That was a foine bath ye gave him."

"Got six dollars," said Pete with a grin.

"Ye did that all roight, as well as landin a rock on his head."

"Oh, dat only for little kick he gabe it me. He offer two dollars for me find his canoe, I tell him five, den we both get little mad again."

"Oi belave we had better shift our headquarters, for thim fellows knows that Oi am in this vicinity and will call again before long."

"Yes!" agreed Pete, "got first hide sheriff canoe; hab got to get five dollars for find him and take him down ribber; after dat move nodder place. Come, move canoe, den eat."

The sheriff's canoe was taken up the river a mile, then carried back into the woods and safely hidden. After a hasty lunch, their outfit was loaded into their canoe and they came down the river about a mile below their previous encampment. The canoe was then carefully lifted from the water and like the other one was carried back and hidden. A new camping place was chosen in a ravine, about a mile back from the river, close to a brook.

"Dat bother dem fellows find us here," said Pete glancing around. "Course dey think we go up ribber further Dat sheriff fool all right."

A week was spent at the new camping place; then Pete went down to the village to find out when the court of the King's Bench would be held.

On his way down the river, he saw a stranger

on the bank. Pete paddled on without speaking. Further on he saw another. This man hastily disappeared in the woods. "Woods full of dem fellows; all look for Pat," he muttered.

When he called on the minister he was informed that the court would begin next week and about twenty-five men had gone up the river looking for Pat. On hearing this, Pete started back at once. He paddled hard till sunset, then drew his canoe out of the water and turned it over in preparation to sleep under it that night. After that he took his gun and went in search of game. He shot two rabbits and returned to his canoe. Those he cooked and ate, after gathering boughs for a bed he lay down and smoked his pipe.

"Dem fellows watch me all right. Going to play little trick on dem dis time."

After it became dark Pete silently launched his canoe and continued on his way slowly. When he was a couple of miles above their camping place he went ashore and left his canoe in plain sight by the shore. He then walked on up the river for another half mile, there he made his camp fire and slept till dawn. While eating his lunch he heard a branch break, soon after he heard a rustle in the brush.

He knew that he was closely watched, so after eating he took his gun and continued on up the river. After traveling for some time, he turned to the right and left the river. Soon he was in a swamp that was so thick it was difficult to make his way. "Dem fellows soon get lost," he mused as he hurried

along. Gradually he swung to his right till he was traveling down stream. At about noon he came to the place where Pat was. While they ate they discussed the situation. It was decided to move again. This time they again went down stream and camped in a swamp. Here they stayed three days and on the morning of the fourth after a hearty breakfast, Pat filled his pipe and smoked for a few minutes, then he arose and said, "Well Pete, Oi must be lavein ye to attend that damned trial that they are going to so kindly have, in me behalf. Ye have been a good frind," said Pat as he gave Pete his hand. "Oi shall never forgit ye." For a minute those two woodsmen stood with clasped hands, then as Pat turned slowly away, he said. "Perhaps there will come a toime whin Oi'll have a chance to repay the many acts of kindness ye have done for me."

While Pat was speaking, Pete's black eyes glittered, but he did not answer, but just as Pat's tall straight form disappeared, he cried in a wild fierce voice, "Dey nebber hang Pat while I libe."

That afternoon Pete launched his canoe and came down the river to where there were a number of brown ash growing by the river and started to make baskets. The next forenoon he was joined by a couple of men. Pete seemed surprised to see them and asked, "Where you come from?"

They told him that they were looking for timber. That they wanted twenty five pieces over one hundred feet long, and straight, for making derricks. Pete gave a grunt and went on with his work. After a

while one of them asked him if he knew where they could find some.

"How much you gib for ebbery one I find?" Pete asked.

"We'll hire you for a month and pay you good wages, if we can get another good man to go with us." one of them said. "Do you know of any good man?"

"Perhaps you can get sheriff. He's hide ober dere" said Pete pointing to a large moss-covered tree that lay close to the shore.

When the sheriff saw that he was discovered, he came over to Pete and asked, "Have you seen my canoe yet?"

"Seen canoe, back in woods, one day. Don't know who it belong to."

"Where?"

"Down dere three, four miles," Pete answered pointing down the river. "Find Pat yet?" he quizzed.

"I'll give you a dollar, if you come and show me the place."

"Too busy," answered Pete going on with his work.

"Now look here," said the sheriff as he seated himself on a fallen tree. "I want my canoe and I also want Pat O'Neil. You know where they both are.

Now I'll give you one hundred dollars if you show me where my canoe is and tell me where I can find Pat O'Neil."

"Pat my friend; can't tell you where he is for hundred dollars."

"Now look here. We're going to find O'Neil before long. I have twenty five men in the woods looking for him, and they have orders to shoot him, just as soon as they see him. You wouldn't like to have your friend shot would you? Now if you will tell us where to find him, we will take him some night when he is sleeping without hurting him, and he will never know that you told us. You see that you will be helping Pat and getting one hundred dollar besides. That's a lot of money, to get so easy."

"Pete sat with down cast eyes for a few minutes, then he said. "Hundred dollars lot money all right, but not enough make me tell where Pat is. Perhaps you say two hundred, mebbly I tell."

"The sheriff took out a roll of bills and counted them slowly, then he said. "Here is one hundred and twenty five dollars, I'll give it to you as soon as I get my canoe and know where to find Pat."

"Won't tell nothing till I get de money, cause as soon you get Pat and canoe you gibe me nothin."

"Well if I give you the money perhaps you will not tell me anything."

"No fool me," said Pete. "Guess I have tell or go jail or worse dan dat, habe gib money back."

"Guess you are right Pete. If I give you the money you will have to tell."

"Sure," answered Pete. "Suppose you gib me dat now and fifty more when you get Pat."

The sheriff talked and coaxed but Pete was firm, so after some time the sheriff agreed and gave Pete the hundred dollars. Pete counted the money several times, then he rolled it in a piece of birch bark and put it in his pocket remarking, "Gosh, dat lot of money."

Soon afterwards Pete launched his canoe and with the sheriff and one of his deputies they went down the river. Pete led them to where their canoe was concealed, then said cautiously, "You camp up ribber somewhere, eh?"

"Yes," the sheriff answered.

"Am not sure where Pat is just now, so you go your camp and stay there for two days, den come here and I'll tell where you can find Pat. Not let your men come down ribber, for perhaps you spoil little game," said Pete winking.

The sheriff consented to this and started up the river well satisfied with the outcome of his conference with Pete. Needless to say Pete was also well satisfied as he paddled down stream and as the sun was setting he went ashore and began his preparations to spend the night. He was about to start his camp fire, when a deer came down to the river to drink. With a well directed shot he brought down his game. As he was dressing it off he muttered to himself, "Dat going be pretty nice meat for ole lady."

That night when Pete was rolled in his blanket with his canoe for a cover and his pipe going good, he muttered again, "Dat deer make ole lady feel good."

Gosh, dis been lucky day. Don't beleabe Heaven any better dan dis world after all."

Next day Mrs. Froud informed Pete that Ben had gone to attend Pat's trial, as had also the Rev. Mr. Warren, as well as half of Ben's crew.

Pete then told Mrs. Froud all about his business with the sheriff, and asked her to take care of the money for him.

Mrs. Froud sat thoughtfully for a few minutes, then she said, "Now Peter, this business don't look just right to me nor is it honest at all. Oi have no love for yon sheriff, no more than ye have, but I Oi hate to see a man skined loike that."

"He kick me for noting."

"Yes, and didn't ye crack a rock on his head for that, besides ducking him in the river."

"He went hit me for that," said Pete sullenly.

"Yes; of course he did. And didn't ye come near splittin his head wid your paddle?"

"He had no business come up ribber anyway."

"Oh well, its you that will have the sin to answer for, not me," said Mrs. Froud as she took the money from Pete. "Oi have done all Oi could to show ye what is right."

"Dat pretty small sin for lot money like dat," said Pete cheerfully.

Pete met the sheriff at the place agreed on.

"Well here we are," said the sheriff cheerfully.

"Now where is O'Neil?"

"Pat up at jail habbin his trial, you find hin dere all right," said Pete cheerfully.

"You're a liar," said the sheriff in a loud angry voice shaking his fist in Pete's face.

Pete backed away and raised his paddle, saying, "Best look out."

"If that's true it's one on you sheriff," said one of the deputies.

"It's not true," said the sheriff. "Its a game that this damned Indian, is trying to pull off to get us away from the river so he and O'Neil can get away. You think that you are pretty smart don't you?" he said turning to Pete. "But you and this precious friend of yours will find out that I have run against as smart crooks as you before. Now Mr. man, I am going to show you what's what. You are under arrest."

"You goin take me jail?" Pete asked.

"Yes sir, I am going to take you to jail."

Pete looked at the sheriff for a few seconds, then he sprang to pick up a stone but before he succeeded the sheriff and one of the deputies were upon him and Pete soon found his hands handcuffed behind his back.

"Guess you pay for dis too sometime," Pete said.

When they were ready to start, the sheriff ordered Pete to get into the canoe Pete ignored the command. The sheriff threatened. Then he got a stick and advanced threateningly towards Pete. Pete made no move but sat there in stolid indifference. One of the deputies laughed and this increased the sheriff's anger. "Got to lift him," said another. So Pete was picked up and carried to the canoe.

Pete knew from experience that unless a canoe is kept level it steers hard and is very hard on the paddler's back, owing to having to sit on the slanting seat. So as soon as they started off Pete shifted over to one side.

After paddling for half an hour, the sheriff ordered Pete to sit in the center of the canoe. Pete made no reply but leaned a little heavier on the low side. Soon the sheriff went ashore and with no very gentle hands moved him into the center. "Think he'll stay there?" asked the deputy.

"If he don't it'll be worse for him" was the sheriff's reply.

They started and again Pete shifted over to one side of the canoe. The sheriff promptly gave him a punch on the back with his paddle. Pete then leaned over the side till the water came within half an inch of the gunwale. To counteract this the sheriff had to lean the other way. In this way they went a couple of miles, then they again went ashore, this time to rest. Pete shifted into the center of the canoe and watched the sheriff with a satisfied air, while he walked backwards and forward on the shore with his hands on his back. When they started again Pete resumed his former position, regardless of the shower of curses that the sheriff and deputy bestowed upon him. To make matters worse it began to rain and by the time they reached the first settler's house they were drenched to the skin. They unceremoniously pulled Pete out of the canoe but he refused to walk.

The settler came down to the shore and asked what this man had done that he should have to have his hands handcuffed behind his back.

On being informed the settler told them that a man that gave his name as O'Neil had stopped at his house the week previous, and had told them that he was on his way to stand his trial for the murder of James Brown. They thought that he was not in his right mind, but had since heard that this man's trial was progressing. The sheriff's face turned deadly pale, as he asked if they could stay that night.

The settler told them they could stay if they unhandcuffed the prisoner.

To this the sheriff consented and the handcuffs were taken off.

That night the sheriff and deputy took turns at watching, but Pete slept the sleep of the just. Next morning Pete walked down to the river but had to be lifted into the canoe, and as soon as they started he resumed the position of the previous day.

At the landing Pete got out, stretched himself and smilingly asked if the sheriff had a good time.

When the sheriff got to the courthouse he found that Pete had told the truth and already Pat's trial was in progress. It was a crest-fallen sheriff who unlocked the hand-cuffs on Pete's wrists.

"Guess it time now for you pay me rest of dat money, for tell you where Pat is."

With an oath the sheriff turned and walked away.

CHAPTER XXXIV

JUSTICE

On a high flag-staff over the court house floated the Union Jack. The folds of that gallant flag moved gently, as a tall wiry looking man dressed in the garb of a woodsman, paused and raised his steel blue eyes to the drooping flag. As if in answer to his gaze the flag opened to the passing breeze.

The court house was rapidly filling with the jurymen that were empanelled to serve at this session of the court of King's Bench and with curious spectators; others by their pale anxious faces, showed that their business there was more than idle curiosity.

In a corner sat a couple feeble and gray, with downcast eyes. A robbery had been committed and their youngest son was to be tried for the same. Many a sorrowing glance was cast at the couple, as the mother wiped the tear from her age furrowed face and the father pressed her withered hand in sympathy.

Not far from them sat Michael O'Brine, his once powerful shoulders now stooped with shame and sorrow. His three sons were about to be tried for brutally kicking a man to death. In his younger days Michael O'Brine had been a fighter and if one

of his sons had killed Sandy McLeod in fair fighting, he would have looked the world in the face without shame or sorrow. But as it was, he sat with down-cast eyes, nervously twisting his fingers.

Lawyers moved around the court room, some with selfconscious pose.

A hush fell over the crowded room as the door from the judge's chamber slowly opened. All arose to their feet as the judge took his seat. Then when the crowd had settled again in their seats, the judge slowly ran his eye over the room. His gaze lingered on the figure of Pat O'Neil as he stood, tall and straight for a couple of minutes after the others had seated, then slowly advanced towards him, with head erect, a flush on his handsome sun-burned face. Without looking to the right or left he walked to the bar and raised his eyes to the judge's face. For an instant their eyes met, then the lumberman spoke in a low clear voice that was distinctly audible all over the court-room.

"Oi am Patrick O'Neil."

The judge looked long and earnestly into the serious face with it's clear steady eyes, then he asked in an not unkind voice. "What is your business here.?"

"Oi am the man that is accused of shooting Jim Brown. Oi was in jail for it for a long toime and Oi got so lonesome in there that Oi could not stand it any longer, so Oi left. Oi am here now to stand me troil and am ready to proceed as soon as ye are."

The judge looked towards the clerk of the court enquiringly.

The clerk arose to his feet and said, "There is a charge against one Patrick O'Neil for the murder of James Brown, and who did escape from jail.

"Oi am the man, yer honor," said Pat folding his arms.

"If you are the man; why after breaking out of jail did you come back?"

"You are misinformed a trifle. Oi broke nothin gettin out of jail. Oi only toied the jailer and unlocked the door and skedadled.

Why Oi came back was, Oi didn't shoot Brown and Oi want to be cleared of the charge."

The judge sat with bowed head for a couple of minutes, then he said to a constable. "Take this man in charge till we are ready to proceed with his trial."

The trial of the O'Brines came first and they were found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to life imprisonment. Before sentence was passed, Red O'Brine asked permission to testify at Pat's trial. His request was granted.

At last the day of Pat's trial came and he was led into the courtroom. A hush fell over the crowded room, as Pat walked slowly to the dock. His hair was neatly combed, perhaps for the first time since he stood beside Sandy's grave. He wore a new red and brown colored mackinaw shirt which was open at the front exposing a neck, round and smooth,

the muscles of which showed like ropes with the slightest movement of the head.

Near to the front of the room, sat about twenty five men; by their looks, and dress every one knew that they were comrades of the prisoner. A rugged looking lot of men were they. None would have recognized Jim Lane as the pale faced lad who had gone into the woods with this crew, about a year ago. Beside him sat Indian Pete, his black eyes roved timidly over the court room. On the other side of Jim sat a smooth faced, good natured looking lad of about twenty. His merry blue eyes looked over the court room as if he considered the proceedings a huge joke. This lad had given notice to his chums that if Pat was not acquitted he was going to take him from the officers, others had told him if he started a row they would help him. Ben sat amongst his men, he had heard them discussing their plans, but never had he by word or look showed that he approved or disapproved of what they intended to do. Just behind the lumbermen sat the Rev. Mr. Warren. Although none had told him their plans, he knew that Pat would never be convicted and led away a sentenced prisoner, while one of his chums had strength to raise a hand in his defence.

Brown's stenographer was the first witness. She gave the same evidence she did at the preliminary trial. Pat's lawyer questioned her particularly on how Pat took the revolver from Brown and what he did with it.

"Now, Miss, are you positive, that at the time the

prisoner took the revolver from the deceased, he was not aware of your presence in the office?"

"I am."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Because when he saw me, he apologized and left at once."

"Did he look at the revolver particularly before he put it in his pocket?"

"Yes, he turned his back partly to Brown and I saw him distinctly press the trigger to see that it wasn't cocked. Then he put it in his pocket and turning struck Brown, who was rushing at him. Then they clenched and went down."

"You said in your evidence that when you screamed and begged him not to kill Brown, the prisoner answered. 'I'll not, at least not at present, although it's dead he ought to be.' Now tell the court the significance you attach to those remarks?"

"I attach no significance whatever, as the prisoner was surprised at my presence and greatly excited and didn't know exactly what he was saying."

"Thinking as you do, isn't it remarkable that you told the court this when you attached no significance to the words used by the prisoner?"

"I had to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." the young lady answered in a low voice.

"Do you think that the prisoner would have killed Brown, if you hadn't been in the office?"

"I am sure he had no such intention. If he had intended to kill Brown, he would have shot him

when he took the revolver from him. I believe that all he wanted to do, was to give Brown a good thrashing."

"Just a couple more questions, Miss. Are you sure that you never saw the prisoner before he came into Brown's office that day?"

"I am positive."

"Have you spoken to him since?"

"No."

"That's all, Miss. Thank you."

Bill Perkins was then put into the witness box. When he looked at Pat, he trembled in every limb and it was with difficulty that he stood up. Pat looked at him steadily for an instant, then, as if in sorrow for his condition, heaved a heavy sigh and slowly shook his head.

Perkins swore that he and the prisoner had been together the evening of the murder, that the prisoner had threatened to take Brown's life three or four times, and that he had left him sometime after ten o'clock close to Brown's office.

Under cross-examination he became greatly distressed, but stuck to the evidence given.

Suddenly the lawyer seemed to lose his temper, and said bitterly. "Perkins, you know and I know, the jury and the judge know, that you are trying to send an innocent man to the gallows. Whether it's to save your own neck or some of your friends, we don't know; but this we do know, there is a God above us and some day we will all stand before him; then, if not before, will the truth be known."

Perkins trembled, then grasped the sides of the box. For a minute or more he supported himself thus; then with a sharp cry collapsed.

Pat listened to the evidence with a grave countenance and an eye that never wavered, except when the jailer was giving his evidence as to the manner in which Pat tied him and made his escape. Then his eyes twinkled, and a smile flittered across his face.

Red O'Brine swore that James Brown had promised him and his brothers fifty dollars each, if they could get a paper that Jim Lane had, that was signed by his brother John, in regard to the scale of Ben Halley's logs the previous winter. Brown told him that Perkins had been trying to get it but he was no good. That was what they had been after, but they had told Perkins that Brown had hired them to lick Ben and Jim.

The judge ruled that this evidence had no bearing on the case, so O'Brine was taken back to jail.

Pat's lawyer asked permission to put the prisoner in the box to testify.

When he had taken the oath, he looked around the court room. A smile passed over his face when he saw Ben, Jim, Indian Pete and all his comrades. A ringing cheer broke out that seemed to shake the very roof. The judge rapped his desk for silence. He then rebuked them, not in an unkind voice. "Your friend is on trial for murder. This is too solemn a moment for cheers or any other display of feeling. I must ask that it be not repeated."

"I just wanted to ask the prisoner, to tell the court what he remembers of the evening of the murder."

"Well sor Oi rimimber of goin wid Perkins to Moike Keenan's and gittin drunk there. Thin we wint down by the river. There were some others wid us and we had a foine spree. Thin Oi wint to slape and woke up some toime in the noight, half froze. Oi was alone thin, so Oi got up and wint to me boardin house."

"About what time was that?"

"Oi have no idea."

"When did you first know you had lost the revolver you took from Brown?"

"In the morning. Oi wint braggin about the fracas Oi had wid Brown and was goin to show the gun, thin Oi found Oi had lost it."

"Would it have been possible for someone to take the revolver out of your pocket, without you knowing it?"

"Ye have never been very drunk yersel or ye wouldn't ask me that question."

Sure whin a man goes to slape whin he's drunk, he's dead to the world till he awakens, and thin he's not clare in his mind for sometoime afterwards.

"Who was with you at the river besides Perkins?"

"Oi don't rimimber, seein that they came along after Oi got pretty well soused."

"Do you remember anything you talked about?"

"No, but Oi don't think it would amount to much. Drunk men never say anythin that there's much sinse in."

"Do you remember of threatening Brown?"

"No, but no doubt Oi did. You see Oi intinded to give him another trimmin, seein that Oi blamed him for havin thim O'Brines here. Oi felt pretty bad about me frind Sandy and considered that Brown was intoitled to a good trimmin; which Oi know from experience does most men good, whin they nade it."

"You seem to believe that when anyone does, you or your friends an injury, you should thrash him."

"Oi certainly do, if ye are able."

"Is there anything further you would like to tell us?"

"No, unless it would be of interest to his honor the judge and those twelve men here, for me to say that every one that gave evidence against me told the truth, as near as they possibly could, except Bill Perkins. He has stretched his story some and troid to make it look as bad for me as he could, but Oi don't lay anythin up against him for that, as he was as drunk as Oi was and ye know yersel your honor that whin a man is drunk, things don't look just as they are. That's about all Oi have to say, except if ye think Oi am guilty and decide to hang me, one hard thought will never enter me head, as Oi know that ye will be doing just what ye consider yer duty. Oi have listened to the ividence as closely as any of ye and belave me it hasn't looked any too favorable to me. That's all Oi have to say."

The rest of the day was taken up with the ad-

dresses to the jury. The jurymen retired to the jury room and the court adjourned till ten o'clock the next morning.

That evening the Rev. Mr. Warren called to see Pat in the jail.

"Well sor, all is done that can be done," said Pat cheerfully, as he shook the minister's hand. "How does it look to your riverance.?"

"I have every confidence that you will be acquitted," said the minister.

"Well Oi don't know what to think. One thing that struck me about the business was; they go about it in a koind of a business like way and seem willing to give a chap a fair show. Oh well, it won't be long now till we know the worst."

Next morning, long before the court opened the, crowd gathered. The lumbermen gathered at the door, scarcely a word was spoken by any of them and when the doors were opened they went to the front of the room.

A few minutes before ten, Pat was led into the court room closely guarded by four constables. He smiled when he passed his companions. Indian Pete sprang to his feet but was promptly pulled down again by Ben.

When the jurymen took their places, Pat scanned their faces as if to read his fate. As the last man took his seat, his eyes met Pat's for an instant they looked at each other, then the juryman smiled and winked slyly.

When the verdict of Not guilty! was given, a

mighty cheer arose. The judge scowled and said something about contempt of court, then he began his address to the prisoner and the jury thus; "Gentlemen of the jury, I thank you for the way you have discharged your duty. I concur with the verdict you have given. This has been a remarkable case. The burden of the proof has been against the prisoner, but his actions throughout have been that of an innocent man. I am not going to make any more remarks. Patrick O'Neil you are now discharged and a free man. I hope that your future life may be as manly and straightforward as have been your actions since your arrest."

Pat arose to his feet and in a clear calm voice said, "Oi thank ye yer honor for the koind words that ye have just spoken. Oi also wish to thank his riverance Mr. Warren for his koindness to me in me trouble. To those gintlemen of the jury Oi also wish to express me thanks, the same to me lawyer and should any of ye Oi've mentioned, ever be in trouble Oi will ask it as a favor for ye to let me know so I can in a small way return the great koindness ye have done me. Oi also want to apologize to the jailor, for the traitment Oi had to give him whin Oi lift the jail. It was a main trick and Oi thought of it many a toime since. Oi hope he don't lay anythin up against me for it, for Oi could see no other way out of it. The only one that didn't use me well durin me trouble was the sheriff yonder. Oi thought that after Oi had given mesel up to him widout a fight, he shouldn't have wanted to handcuff me

and after our little difficulty he should be man enough to forgive and forget. Aven this mornin he gave me to understand that he wanted to remain unfrindly wid me. Again Oi wish to thank ye all except the last mentioned," said Pat as he turned to leave the court-room amid ringing cheers.

CHAPTER XXXV

WAR

War, hellish war, was now raging over one of the fairest parts of Europe, leaving in its wake, death, wounds, devastation, ruin, starvation and despair.

The atrocities of the German soldiers against the civilian population shall ever bring a flush of shame to all just minded people of the German empire.

Germany, the land of science, and invention, a nation leading in culture and advanced ideas, had in a few days of war, gone back to cruelty and barbarism that would shame the people of the dark continent.

All Canada was aroused by the atrocities of the Germans, and thrilled with the heroic retreat of that little British army from Mons, fighting from one position to another, out-numbered twenty to one but delaying the advance of Germany's mighty war machine.

Canadians from all parts of Canada came rushing, eager to get a place in the ranks of the gallant hard pressed army of Britain. Hunters from the north came with their favorite rifle and a pack of ammunition, expecting to be rushed at once to take their places in these fast thinning lines of the British Empire.

Thousands who volunteered their services expected to be in the firing line in three weeks. Many a hardy hunter and prospector, paid his way thousands of miles to Valcartier camp, thinking, he would get to the front quicker that way, than by enlisting in some regiment. Crack shots they were and they considered that all that was necessary to qualify for the firing line, was to be able to shoot quick and straight.

With these men the officers had to use considerable tact. Military training, and discipline to all is disagreeable; but to those frontier men it was almost unbeatable. They cursed the red tape and discipline. They cursed the officers behind their backs and many times to their faces.

"What," said the hunter from the Rockies, "will I have to be told how to hold my rifle by a damned pup like you, when I get my eye on one of them Germans. Why lad," he added in a softer tone as if in pity for the other's ignorance, "I was huntin grizzlies when you were on a milk diet."

"Yes, I believe you," was the quick retort; "and if I knew as much about this war game as you do about shooting a rifle, I'd be in command of the British army. But as it is, we both have a lot to learn and the sooner we learn it the sooner we will be over there, and the more we will do when we get there. There is no question about it, you are a crack shot, but from what I hear about the business over there, you would only last about five minutes. If a man isn't going to last longer than that, there's

no need of him going over. Because I wear an officer's coat I don't consider myself any better than you are. We have both given ourselves to our country's service and we both have our part to learn. We both have to learn to obey all commands and instructions of them that know better than we," said the Lieutenant, a smooth faced young fellow.

"I beg your pardon young fellow," said the hunter. "I guess you are all right and we'll get along fine when we get over there, but I think them that are higher up are wasting a lot of time with all this tommy-rot. I don't see as it makes any difference how you get your rifle on your shoulder, as long as you get it there."

Such incidents were common in the Canadian training camps, but gradually the hunter, and the clerk, the millionaire and the laborer, the divinity student and the thief, were welded together into that unconquerable army that never knew defeat; against whom in vain the mighty German army was hurled supported by artillery of every kind and calibre, as well as gas, hellish gas and liquid fire.

Time and time again, were the Canadian lines shelled for days, the ground plowed and torn, trenches demoralized, till it seemed that nothing could remain alive, but when the Germans made their advance they found to their surprise and sorrow that there were yet men from far off Canada, although wounded, gassed and shell shocked, who had yet strength enough to raise their rifles and make them pay a terrible toll for every foot they advanced.

Well may Canada be proud of her gallant men, sons of pioneers from the British Isles, sons of those United Empire Loyalists, who so nobly fought for a just cause and the flag of their fathers in the days of the Revolution. Descendants of those men who, when they saw the time honored flag of Britain about to be replaced by another, turned their faces northward to the forests of Canada where they started new homes in the wilderness.

Well may Britain be proud of the sons from across the seas. Always will the men of the north be loyal to their mother country and the flag of their fathers.

Was it to be wondered at, that Ben Halley resigned his position as manager? Already seven of his crew of the winter before were in uniform.

"Well boys," he said as he joined a group at the store, "I believe every single man in Canada should enlist. I am going to take a few days off and then I am going. I hope you fellows will do the same."

"Faith Ben if it's to the war ye're going Oi'll go wid ye. Oi have been thinkin about it for a few days already. And now that ye are goin of, course ye'll nade someone to take care of ye and as its a bit dangerous in some parts of France for the loikes of ye, and God knows what moight not happen to ye widout me. Yes Ben, the sooner we git over there the better for us and the worse it will be for the Garmins, and it's the foine company Oi'll make for ye since Oi quit the booze. Oi think that Pete here will come wid us as well and perhaps fling a rock

once in a while at one of thim boches, or blotches, or whatever ye call thim Garmins that are playin the devil over there in Bilgium," said Pat.

"Dem Germans haven't done nothin to me," said Pete.

"Shure they haven't; seein that they never got their hands on ye," answered Pat, "but see what they are doin to thim Belgiums. It's no argument at all yer puttin up, Peter. Ye see ye are part and parcel of the British Empire; the grandest country under the sun. Ye are an Indian and not aven a pretty one at that, but lit me tell ye a thing or two. Suppose ye wint to some foreign country and they did not use ye dacent, the whole Empire war ships and all would be there in a jiffy, just as quick as if it was me or someone else. Now just see what they done about yon chap Gordon. Shure and he was captured by the blacks and Owld England sint thim word to let him go at once; failin to do so in a reasonable toime that they would raise hell wid the whole bunch of thim. Well as ye all rimimber, the blacks paid no attention to this just demand, so Owld England sint foive million men there at once to relaise him. Whin thim black devils saw the soldiers, they cut off this Gordon chap's head and left it there. Belave me thin there was a row. The Oirish first lit into thim and would have licked thim aisy thimselfes, but the Scotch had to have a hand in it seein that this Gordon was a Scotchman. Thin the English mixed up in the scrap, as well as a rigiment or two of Indian's from India and in about fifteen

minutes there wasn't one of thim niggers aloive. That's the koind of a country ye belong to, so whin ye see another poor cuss in trouble ye want to give a hand, for ye can never tell whin ye will nade a lift yersel. Now this bit of trouble has started this way. There was an agreement wid the Bilgiums made more than a hundred years ago, that no big country should bother those Bilgiums seeing that they were small, and dacent. Now thim damned Garmins have gone back on their word and called this agreement a scrap of paper and all out of date. They are now in Bilgium raisin merry hell and we're goin to kick thim back home, so we are."

"I not like fight berry well," said Pete thoughtfully.

"Naither do Oi. But what the devil else can we do? Those Garmins have been gitting ready for this for years and years; and our lads that enjoy foightin have been doin somethin else and are all out of trim and now it's up to the rest of us fellows to do a bit of foightin aven if we don't exactly loike it. Of course Peter, Oi won't aven ask ye to come, as very few that go there will come back widout being half kilt and the majority will be kilt entiorely. So after ye have thought the matter over, ye no doubt will come to the conclusion, that as ye have no one to support and only got to doie once, that ye moight as well come along and doie yonder wid the rest of us, doin yer duty for King and country, as to live here for a few years more cursin yersel for not bein on yer job loike a man. This lecture

applies to the rist of ye as well as Peter. So if any of the rist of ye want to join in wid Ben, Peter and mesel, we'll be glad to have ye, so we can all foight together."

"I am with you," said Jim Lane, quietly.

"Good man Jim. But who's goin to take care of yer mother and sister if ye git kilt?"

"Oh they will get along all right. I have never been much help to them."

"Well ye know best," said Pat, as he looked earnestly at Jim.

A number of the others said they would go, and Pat expressed the opinion that when they got over to France they would make the Germans realize that there was something doing besides chasing women and children.

That evening at Mrs. Froud's the men sat till late talking over the war. Some wanted to enlist in a kilted regiment, some in the mounted infantry and a number would go as snipers. "To the devil wid the horses," said Pat, jumping to his feet and walking rapidly back and forth on the veranda "Who wants to get into a scrap and have a horse to bother wid. Wouldn't it be grand to be about to break a Garmin's head and the devil of a horse get afraid and run away wid ye. Cut out the horse business and Oi'll gladly go wid whatever rigiment suits the rest of the bunch. The kilts to my moind isn't quite the thing ather. They are foine light things to foight in, but rather cowld in winter; but however Oi am not particular, my shins will stand as much cowld as

the next lads. Oi wish to Hivens that we could git word to thim trappers. Oi mane that Henry Miller and Joe Lloyd, for they would both be moighty good men over there."

"Guess I'll go get dem. Start early tomorrow, be back in week," said Pete.

"No Peter; ye'd better not. Ye see they may have moved to the devil knows where by this toime and ye couldn't foind thim, and ye moight not find us ather whin ye get back. No we will just trust to luck that they will hear about it in toime."

CHAPTER XXXVI

TRAINING

Ben Halley and his crew came to Valcartier and enlisted in the first regiment they came to. "Shure we can't foight in thim all so we moight as well git into the first we come to," Pat suggested.

A month in training and they got into a draft and sailed for England.

A few days before they sailed, Mrs. Lane and Jennie came to see them. Ben and Jim got leave for a few days and came back to Quebec with them.

That evening Ben and Jennie walked over the plains of Abraham. They lingered for some time by Wolfe's monument.

"War is terrible," said Jennie as her eyes filled with tears. "Just think of the brave men that fell here, and of the women's hearts that were broken."

"Well I don't suppose I will ever come back to Canada. This war is going to last three or four years, and when it's over the most of us fellows that go now, will leave our bones in France or Belgium. But there will be no broken hearts if I am one of the ones that don't come back."

"Yes there will," cried Jennie, bursting into tears.

Ben Halley turned and looked down the broad St. Lawrence. His eyes filled with tears. "Oh God," he muttered, "why must there be war. Through his mind flashed the picture of the shell torn and muddy trenches, with the torn and mangled bodies. His duty led him there. By his side stood the only girl that he had ever loved and who in an unguarded moment had confessed her love for him.

"Jennie," he said, taking her by the hand, "I have loved you from the first time I saw you, but now we must not speak of such a thing."

"Must not speak of such a thing? Why! Oh why," cried Jennie. "I didn't mean to let you know, but somehow I couldn't help it. And now that we have confessed our love for each other, why must we not speak of it?"

"The uncertainty of what is before me. It will be my greatest joy to know that you love me as I love you and when the war is over if I return, perhaps you will be mine." Ben took her in his arms and kissed her, then pushed her gently away from him, his powerful frame trembling with passion.

In less than a week, Ben Halley and his crew of thirty one, went on board a ship and sailed for England. His crew were like the majority of the Canadians, they expected to go at once to France and were impatient with every delay.

One day Pat O'Neil walked up to the captain and saluted him awkwardly then said. "Oi say boss! Whin do you expect to land us in France?"

The captain looked at Pat critically for a few

moments, then he said "Why man we are going to England."

"To England," said Pat in surprise, "There's a mistake somewhere. Our gang is goin to France to lick thim Garmins."

"I guess you are," said the Captain, as he looked at a bunch of Halley's men as they strolled along the deck. "But you will have to go to England first."

"And how far is it from England to France?"

"About twenty miles," he said as he turned away.

"Oh well! We can walk that aisy in part of a day."

The captain turned again and looked in Pat's serious face, then he said. "You will have to cross the English channel."

"So we will. Oi had forgotten that. But we will surely be able to get a bateau, thim we can row over oursels."

"You seem to be in a hurry to get there."

"Yes, since we heard of the dirt of thim devils, the boys are a bit impatient loike. And Oi guess that we are badly naded by all reports."

After an unadventuous trip they landed in England and to the disgust of many, they were taken to a training camp. Pat made a protest to an officer in such forceful language that he was threatened with arrest.

"Ye can arrest and be damned to ye," said Pat as he turned away.

"I never saw much men as those Canadians.

They have no respect for an officer. If you speak sharply to them, off comes a coat and they want to fight," this officer confided to a fellow officer, the next day. "And did you hear about the row they had in a Canadian regiment a while ago?" added the other officer. "There was a regular knock down between a Lieutenant and a private. The Lieutenant got a bit the worst of the go, but he wouldn't lay any complaint, so the matter dropped.

In the first month of training, there wasn't a day but some of Halley's men were brought before the O. C. The offence was always the same, 'Talking back to an officer.'

One afternoon Pat was brought before the Commanding Officer. The O. C. looked at Pat severely, as the charge of threatening his superior officer with violence was read.

"Private O'Neil this makes the fourth time you have been before me."

"Foive, Yer honor," corrected Pat.

"And each time you have pleaded guilty."

"Oi pled to the truth aich toime," said Pat looking the O. C. in the eye.

"What have you to say this time?"

"Oi will say this, and its the only thing in the army Oi loike, and that is they always tell the scrape just as it happened."

"Do you want your discharge?"

"My Hivin's!" said Pat turning pale.

"Answer my question. Do you want your discharge?"

"Oi do after thim Garmins are licked. Not before."

"Do any of the others?"

"Just Indian Pete. But don't worry about him. He'll not quit his job as long as he's with the rest of the gang."

The O. C. looked at Pat for a few seconds; then he turned to the guards and said, "You may retire."

Afrer the guards had retired, he said to Pat. "Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Pat took out his pipe and sat down. There was an amused look on the O. C.'s faces he watched Pat leisurely fill his pipe and light it.

"Now tell me," he said, "why you have been brought before me so often on the same charge."

"Oi will tell you all about it confidential loike," said Pat as he tilted his chair against the wall. "Oi can't stand to be spoken cross to. And whin anyone does Oi am very apt to answer thim back. Now this present trouble happened this way. We had loined up and we went through this numberin business 1, 2, 3, 4 and so on. Oi would have swore that Oi was in perfect loine for Oi had squinted both ways an instant before. Well he wint on tellin us about the different parts of a rifle and Oi was payin attention to ache word. Suddenly he shouted: "Whats the matter wid you that you are not in loine." Oi looked both ways to see who he was talkin to, and they all seemed to be in loine; thin the thought struck me that perhaps it was mesel he was talkin to, and Oi looked at him and it was me he was starin at. Oi

stepped back pretty quick and remarked that Oi thought that Oi was in loine. "Never moind what ye thought," says he gittin madder. Oi answered him pretty short, and we came very near gittin to blows. In fact if it wasn't for Ben, Oi'd have given yon chap a trimmin, for he nades it badly."

"Don't you know that it's against all military regulations to speak to an officer as you did today."

"Yes, Oi know it, for Oi have been told so often enough; but Oi always forget. Now wid your permission Oi'd loike to ask a question. Isn't an officer supposed to be a gintleman?"

"Certainly."

"Well isn't a gintleman one that always spakes civil to another."

"I suppose so."

"Well yon fellow isn't a gintleman, and some day one of the lads will give him a trimmin that will do him good, and the sooner he gits it, the better it will be for him and the army as well."

"I don't want to hear any more of this talk," said the O. C. Now if you are brought before me again I will deal severely with you."

"For Hivin's sake listen to me an instant. Why don't you git a man wid a civil tongue to train us, so we can get to where it's foightin, not talkin that's goin on. Whin we goined the army we heard that good men were naded immediately, and today thirs not one in the bunch that knows any more than he did a month ago. Aven Ben says that the way things are goin it will be six months before we

know one ind of a rifle from t'other, if we don't git a different instructor."

The next morning when they went on parade they found a new instructor. He was a clean shaved young fellow of about twenty. "My name is Houghton," he said cheerfully. "Lieut Houghton, I have been over to France and got slightly wounded. I have been attached to this company, till I have sufficiently recovered, to go back. Now I hope that we get along well and like each other. The first thing that I want to impress on your mind is; If I become impatient, and speak sharp, don't take it as an insult or think because I wear an officer's uniform, that I consider myself better than you are. There is a lot that you have to learn before you go to France. And it's only those that have been there, know how badly men are needed."

On parade, about a week later the O. C. complimented Lieut. Houghton on the manner in which he was rounding his men into shape.

"If we had this man from the first for our instructor, we would have been in France today," spoke up one of Halley's men'.

Lieut Houghton turned to the man who had spoken and said, "Thank you," then to the O. C. he said, "I feel it a great privilege to have the opportunity of acting as instructor to those men."

Lieut Houghton was of a companionable disposition and had worked his way into the hearts of Ben Halley's crew. He was of one of the best families in England. His ancestors had served their

country well on land and sea. His only brother was in the navy. Many an evening he spent in the huts with his men. He never seemed to tire, listening to the men talk of their past lives in the lumber woods. He liked the rough friendly way the men greeted him off parade; although at times it was embarrassing.

It was but a few days after Houghton had been attached to the company that he found out that Ben Halley had been their leader before they enlisted, and was more their leader today than any officer that wore His Majesty's uniform.

At times Indian Pete sulked and would recognize no authority but Ben's. There were other times when he was the most enthusiastic member of the company.

On one occasion Pete wouldn't button his coat. Houghton asked him the second time, but he hung his head and made no move to obey. To Houghton's surprise, Pat turned to Pete, and in an angry voice said, "Damn yer hoide, if ever a man naided a trimmin ye do. Button up yer coat this instant whin the gintleman asks ye to, or Oi'll put the brogues to ye mesel."

Pete stooped to pick up a stone, Pat caught him by the back of the neck and gave him such a yank that he sat Pete down on the ground. Pat then picked up the stone and tossed it out of the way; remarking to Houghton. "It's flingin stones that he's best at whin he gets mad."

Ben left his place in the ranks and came over to Pete and said in a calm voice, "Pete, you get up

and button up your coat so we can go on with our drill." Pete got up and buttoned his coat remarking, "It none of Pat's damned business anyway."

One day Pat said to Jim, "Whin Oi git my lave Oi'm goin to Owld Oireland for a few days, and Oi'd loike if ye would come wid me."

"I would like to very much, but I am afraid I can't. Why don't you take Indian Pete?" Jim suggested.

"Damn Indian Pete," said Pat in disgust. "Oi don't belave thirs a man in the army that has got off wid as much dirt as he has. Belave me whin we git to France, if he don't take more interest in the foightin than he does now in the trainin, it's some sore ribs that he's goin to carry around wid him some day. Oi never saw a man that will put up wid as much as yon Mr. Houghton. Oi hope to Hivins that he'll lose his temper some day and kick yon ridskin all over the parade ground. My Hivins, but Oi do hate to see a man whin he nades a trimmin, not git it. Now the other day for instance, Pete had one of his cussed streaks and stood there wid a half hump on his back and the picture of ignorance all over his face. Oi was watchin him wid the corner of me oye, and could see that he was wantin Houghton to give him a growl. Oi watched me chance and whin Houghton was lookin the other way, Oi just rached me hand over and Oi gave Pete a pinch, that must have almost took the piece out. All the good it did was to make him grunt and lose part of the ignorant look off his face for a whoile. A few

minutes afterwards Oi got so interested in what Mr. Houghton was tellin us that Oi forgot all about Pete, but whin we got the order to 'Order arms' he reminded me of his prisence by bringin the butt of his gun down on me toe. The same one that has the ingrowing nail. Oi could hardly keep from layin me hand on his ear; but thin Oi thought again that it would please him too much if Oi lit on he had hurt me, so Oi just looked at Houghton, for he had noticed the incident, and gave him a sly wink."

At last Pat got his leave and went to Ireland. Five days after his leave expired he came back with both eyes blackened, his nose swelled and a strip of sticking plaster across his forehead, besides a cut on the back of his head. When brought before the O. C. for overstaying his leave, he said, "Well sor, I am back at last." The O. C. looked at him for a few seconds, than asked. "Have you been to France.?"

"No Sor," Pat promptly replied, "Oi was over to Oireland doing a bit of missionary work."

"I would like an explanation why you overstayed your leave, five days."

"Well Sor, the toime was well spent. For Oi was tranin all the toime. Oi was foightin most of the toime as well. The ignorance of thim people baits all Oi ever heard. Most every day Oi had an argument and every toime I heard one wishin thim Garmins luck, Oi gave him what Oi thought he naded most. Thin Oi had a couple of rows about some of thim saying that the Garmins were better than the Protestants. Oi wish to Hivins that Oi

had thim Oirishmen over in Canada for a whoile to civilize thim, or that Ben and his whole crew had been wid me. Belave me if St. Patrick's visit to Oireland was anything loike mine, he must have had one hell of a toime."

"You have not explained why you overstayed your leave."

"Oi am in me country's service. Oi was foightin me country's enemies and if Oi hadn't been a bit unfortunate in me last scrap Oi'd be there yet, as there are a lot there that nade a trimmin every bit as much as thim Garmins do."

The O. C. sat with an amused expression while Pat was telling his experience, then he said, "I am going to be easy on you. You will lose the five days pay."

"My Hivins it's overtoime Oi should be gittin, instead of losin me pay."

At last the welcome news came that they were to leave for France next day.

That evening Pat got out caulk-set and caulks and began to caulks his boots. As he worked he sang softly to himself.

"Oi tell ye boys Oi am an Oirishman;
Ye can tell it be me spach."

He turned to get the other boot and saw Houghton and another officer standing watching him. "Hello Houghton," said Pat goin on with his work. Houghton winked at the other officer then said. "I hear that your draft goes to France tomorrow."

"It does," said Pat, "and Oi am just gittin me brogues caulked."

"What are you putting the spikes in the soles of your shoes for?" asked Houghgton's companion.

"Oi am going to kick blazes out of some of thim Garmins," said Pat as he drove in another caulk. "Man! but thim are foine things to wear whin ye're foightin."

A few steps from Pat, stood Jim Lane and a few others, discussing the Ross rifle. "Them rifles are no good for the business," coldly declared one of the men. "Hit a man over the head with one and you break the stock."

"They are good shooting rifles", another said, "yes, two or three admitted."

"I'll bet you a month's pay," continued the first speaker, "that the first fight this gang be's in, half the stocks will get broken."

"We are supposed to use the bayonet."

"Yes! we are supposed to. But just wait and see. When we get excited, it's going to be get at them any way we can."

The two officers walked on down the line. Houghton was greeted heartily by some, others saluted him awkwardly. "Don't seem to be much discipline," said Lieut Cornish.

Houghton turned and looked back. For a few minutes he stood looking at the different bunches, then he said sadly. "My, but I would like to go to France with those men."

Lieut Cornish twisted his sprouting mustache

thoughtfully, then he remarked "I'd fancy a bunch that had a little more respect for their officers."

"It's the free and easy way they have that makes you think they lack respect and discipline. Now I am going to spend the evening with those men and I would like very much to have you come with me; but you must forget that you are an officer. Come with me and be a private soldier just for tonight. No one will know that we have stretched the army red tape a little."

"A remarkable request Houghton; but I am a sport and will do it, even if I get a lecture from the O. C."

Houghton introduced Cornish to some of the men and soon he felt at home with them. The evening was spent in singing and telling the two officers of little incidents of their lives in the lumber woods of Canada. When Cornish found out that Jim Lane was an Englishman, he questioned him a great deal about Canada. "It's the country for me," Jim told him. "And if I live to see Canada again, I will stay there. It seems to kind of fit into my makeup."

When the two officers left, Houghton asked how he liked the style of the Canadians.

"Very much! God help the Germans if ever those men get at them with the bayonet."

CHAPTER XXXVII

BEN HALLEY'S MEN

It would only be repeating history to tell of the fighting that Ben Halley's crew took part in. Four lie amongst the 16,000 Canadians killed at Ypres. Three are buried at Vimy. Three more at Hill 70. Amongst the 30,000 that fell at Passchendale, were four of Ben Halley's men. One was killed at Arras,

It was at Hill 70, that Ben Halley was wounded in the leg by a bayonet and a few minutes afterwards, fell with a rifle ball in his shoulder. It was there also that Patrick O'Neil was seen to throw down his broken rifle and engage a German officer in a fist fight. It was at Passchendale that Jim Lane was wounded for the second time. Here also Pat O'Neil was wounded in the side and as he was carried back, called cheerfully to an English officer, "Hello Houghton." It was now Major Houghton who seized him by the hand, and asked if he was badly wounded. "Oi got it bad this time," Pat replied. When asked how the rest of the crew was, replied sorrowfully, "There's only a few left, and they have all been hit. But belave me we have done some grand foightin."

It was a few minutes afterwards, that Indian Pete threw four bombs into a prisoners' cage, because they had laughed when Pat was carried past.

It was at Cambrai, that that noted sniper Henry Miller was wounded and when asked by the Prince of Wales, how many Germans he had killed, replied simply. "I don't know." It was Miller, who from a well concealed position at Hill 70, fired two hundred rounds of ammunition into the ranks of the Germans as they advanced in mass formation, on that memorable day when they made so many counter attacks and failed to break the Canadian lines.

In all the terrible years of the war, Mrs. Froud was never forgotten by Ben Halley's crew, and many a trinket found its way to her from the bloody fields of France. Many an evening she sat alone and looked at her treasures and cried as she thought of the gallant lads, that had given all for their country. Many times she wrung her hands and prayed that the Lord would send a plague on the Germans, when she heard that another of Ben Halley's crew had fallen. Many a time she murmured, "It's the misfortune of me loife that Oi was not a man, so Oi could be there. As it is all Oi can do is knit socks for them that is foightin."

When Private O'Neil opened his eyes in an hospital in England, he looked in surprise into the serious, pretty face of the nurse who stood beside him, brushing back the hair from his forehead. "Oi rimimber seeing you on airth," he said, "but where Oi can't rimimber."

"Where do you think you are?" the nurse asked in a gentle voice.

"Oi am in Hivin, and ye are an angel," Pat replied.

The nurse felt his pulse, and Pat seized her hand and laid it against his cheek. In a few seconds he again opened his eyes and saw a tear trickling down her face. "Oi thought that in Hivin there was to be no more tears," he said.

"You are not in Heaven. You are in an hospital badly wounded, and I am only a nurse."

"You are an angel, and Oi have seen you before," said Pat decidedly.

For a few minutes Pat lay gazing at the nurse with a bewildered look on his face; then closed his eyes and went to sleep.

After Pat had fallen asleep, the nurse stood looking earnestly at him. There was something familiar about him. She went to see another patient and in a few minutes she returned. "I have seen him before," she muttered, "but where?"

When Pat again opened his eyes, there was another nurse on duty.

"Where is that swait crature that was here whin Oi wint to slape?" he asked.

"She's off duty. How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Foine, but.....can ye tell me if they took much of the inside out of me."

"You are badly wounded but you have a fair chance to recover if you keep perfectly still, and you must not talk much."

"Whin will the other.....Oi main, whin will you git off duty?" Pat asked.

"Not till morning," was the reply.

For days Pat lay hovering between life and death. There came a day when the doctor sadly shook his head and said, "Poor fellow, I am afraid it is all over with you."

"You main that Oi am about to doie?" Pat asked in an even voice.

"I have very little hopes for your recovery, except by another operation and you are very weak." Pat lay thinking for a few minutes, then he asked.

"Oi suppose you are pretty busy, at prisent?"

"Yes," the doctor replied, "Why."

"Well Oi was goin to say, that if you were not busy, ye could open me up again and see if you could put a patch on that bullet hole that would stay this toime. But as ye are busy never moind. Give yer attention to thim that ye can help. Oi am pretty young to die, but Oi've had one hell of a lot of fun in me loife, and Oi've done quite a bit for me King and country in the last couple of years. If Oi could have held out till thim Garmins were licked Oi would have been satisfied. But however it don't matter whither Pat O'Neil lives or doies, they are going to get licked, and licked so they won't nade it again for a whole."

After the doctor left, the angel nurse, as Pat called her, asked him if there was anything he wanted. "No thank ye," Pat replied "not now; but some-

toime whin ye have a little toime to spare, Oi'd loike to have you write a letter for me.

"How did the doctor find you?" she asked.

"Gittin on foine," Pat lied cheerfully. "Oi'd loike to know where Oi saw ye before Oi came to this boardin house."

"Excuse me," said the nurse hurrying away to some other patient.

In a little while the nurse returned and sat down with a note book in her hand. "Now I am ready for your letter," she said as she sat down. "I will just take it down in shorthand, and copy it this evening. Now who is it to."

"Mrs. Froud,.....Quebec—

"Now just tell her where Oi am and that Oi am wounded and going to doie. But rimimber nurse, that this doyin business is only a bluff," said Pat hastily as he saw the dart of pain shoot across the nurse's face. "Now, Oi want to tell her about the boys. Ye see that before we enlisted we were all lumbermen, and this owld lady kept a boardin house where we stayed whin we were out of the woods. She was always very good to us; me especialy; and Oi promised that Oi would write to her and Oi never have. It has been in me mind often since Oi came here and Oi always kept putting it off, as ye are so busy and Oi didn't loike to ask anyone else. So after the doctor and we had our little chat, Oi decided to do it at once. It will be a long letter, as there are a number of things that Oi would loike to tell her that has happened in the last three years. Oi

would loike to have ye write it as much in me brogue as ye can, so it will seem more loike me than if it was written in the grammer stoyle. Now thin we will start."

"The first big foight we were in didn't amount to much, as it was all shootin. The Garmins troid to take our trench, thin we began shootin at thim. Oi don't know if Oi killed any mesel, but Oi shot at a lot, and some that Oi shot at fell, but ye know that three of four may have been shootin at the same creature. None of our gang was hit, but further along the trench there were some killed. The ground was pretty well covered wid kickin Garmins whin they gave it up. That noight we lit thim pick up their wounded and bury their dead. There were a number of such incidents; and always before an attack, they would shell our trenches for a whoile and thin try and rush us, but we were always around there somewhere whin they got to our trench. The first winter we were over there, Oi didn't loike to stick my bayonet into any of their bodies. Oi was contint wid stickin it into their legs or givin thim a clout over the head wid me roifle. Oi got over that after a whoile, as on closer acquaintance Oi found that the only dacent Garmins are the dead ones. Therefore, naturally, Oi saw to it that there were as many dacent Garmins as possible lyin around.

The first rail dirty work Oi saw thim do was the mornin that they killed Billy Watkins and Fred Harper. The noight before, four of our company wint out to git imformation and the Germins caught

thim at it and shot three of thim, killin two, and woundin one, the other fellow got away. Whin it was loight enough to see and be seen, Billy and Fred said they were goin out to bring in the lad that was lyin there calling for water. Our officers advoised thim not to, pointin out the bad character of the Garmins, but they wint. The Garmins let thim come and pick up the men and thin began shootin. Oi don't belave there was a Garmin in soight but what had a shot at thim. And after they were dead, they still shot holes in thim. We brought their bodies in that noight and found that they were almost shot to pieces. The next noight we made a visit to the Garmin trench and all we got our hands on never shot holes in wounded or dead men. We skipped back to our trench about the toime that some of the Garmins sint word back to their big guns that we had taken the trench. Thin the big guns began shellin the trench, and our artillery hearin the racket, thought that the Garmins were gettin ready to make an attack and they cut lose as well; and it was one hell of a toime around that Garmin trench."

Pat closed his eyes for a minute, then he said. "Oi am a bit tired so we will stop this writin business for a whoile."

The nurse sat looking at him for a few seconds, then said. "I know who you are. You are the man that was tried for the murder of James Brown. I am Nellie Warren, the minister's daughter."

Pat lay looking at her for a minute or more, then

he held out his hand saying, "Well, well! Its no wonder that Oi thought ye were an angel the first toime Oi saw ye, for yer father is one foine Christian. Never will Oi forgit his koindness in thim dark days. Many a prayer he said in me behalf whin Oi was in trouble. Oi could see no way out of it but hang, but he always said Oi was innocent and the Lord would see that Oi got off. Its a pity that there's not more loike him handlin the Scripture. If there was, a lot of us would be a damned sight better than we are. Do you know that after that scrape, Oi quit the booze and haven't took a drop since Oi joined the army. Now Nellie since we are owld acquaintance, Oi'll not hate to ask ye to write for me."

That evening Nellie came again, and said "We will get a little more of the letter ready. It will be so interesting for Mrs. Froud."

"Well France has been an interesting place for a few years, although not a place where a man is loikely to live till he's three score and tin. Oi have often thought that whin this war is over, they will change the name of France to 'The grave-yard of Europe.' Do you know that there are 16,000 Canadians buried at Ypres? We will now tell the owld lady a bit of our foight at Ypres.

We had been expectin some thing big to be pulled off there, as some of the prisoners bragged that whin the proper toime came they were goin to woipe us all out. Oi was a bit anxious, the same as the rest to see what it was goin to be. Whin they let go the

gas and wid their artillery, they put 6,000 out of business, but they didn't get through, as they bragged they would. All the description Oi will give is, that hell never was one half as bad as it was around there for two days. The first day Jack Allen and Tom Kelly were killed. Jack was shot through the head and doied at once. Tom was hit wid a piece of shell in the breast and lived for about an hour. Dan Kees was hit in the leg by a bit of the same shell, but stayed in the game till the middle of the afternoon, thin he fainted and was carried off. Joe Martin was killed next morning. Oi don't know what hit him for Oi didn't see him after he got it. In the afternoon Seth Hunter got his shoulder smashed by a piece of shell and doied about a month later, in an hospital in England. Next day we got at thim with the bayonet for a few minutes. Sam Norton killed three. The second one he punched, wint down and Sam put his bayonet through him again and broke it. There must have been a stone under him. Sam said he saw this Garmin stick his bayonet through a man that was down, just a few seconds before him and Sam got at it. A few seconds after this, Sam smashed in a Garmin officer's head wid his rifle, and broke the rifle as well as the head.

We were all a bit sore wid Indian Pete that noight, for his bayonet was as clain as before the row started; nather did his roifle show a crack. He told us that he hit a Garmin over the head wid his gun. If he did, it wasn't hard enough but what that Garmin may do harm again.

The next day we saw an English rigiment and the Garmins get at it. Now if any one tells ye that the English can't foight, just tell him that they loie. They foight in a more stoylish way than we do, and are more apt to belave a Garmin whin he says he has enough.

A week or so after this foight, George Smith was watchin the Garmin trench in hope that he would git a shot at some of thim; whin a Garmin sniper got his oye on him and let blaze, and besoides fillin George's mouth and oyes wid dirt, put a bullet through his ear and scraped the skin off his jaw, George was very indignant and wanted to go over and clain out the Garmin bunch at once for it.

We didn't have any more hit till we wint to the Somme. Alex MacDonald was hit wit a splinter of a shell, but was back again in a month. Moike Kelly got shell shocked and they saw that he was not goin to be much good for a whoile, so they sint him down to the base.

Pete McRae wint out one noight to look for information and whin he was lyin close to the Garmin trench, a Garmin also came out lookin for the same.

He came close enough so that Pete got his hand on his neck. After chokin him and otherways handlin him rough, he brought him back wid him. We kept him wid us for an hour, and as he couldn't talk English we sint him back behind to see if their was anyone there that could converse wid him and see if they could foind out somethin about the Garmin's calculations.

It was at the Somme, that Frinchman, Alphonse Gautier was hit wid a shell and all that was left of him was a hole in the ground.

At Vimy we had another big foight. We had been gitting ready for quite a whoile and on the morning of the 9th of April, the big guns cut lose on thim, and belave me there was some racket. Just as soon as we wint after thim Jim O'Connel got shot through the heart and doied at once. Angus McLean got hit in the stomach and doied whin they were takin him to the dressin station. Bob Carr got his ankle broke by a bullet and crawled after us for half a mile, thin he got hit in the arm, and that kept him quiet till the stretcher bearers came along. Indian Pete did pretty good business throwin bombs and arned his grub that day, but a Garmin hit him over the head wid his gun and put him out of the game for a whoile. Ben and Sam Norton wint into a Garmin dugout to see why they didn't come out whin they were told to, and got into a scrap, and after a whoile some of thim Garmins came out in some hurry, and be the looks of thim, they must have seen a ghost. Jimmy Lane punched a few holes in a Garmin officer that had been makin himself conspicuous for the way he tried to make his men foight. Sandy Scott lost his bayonet, but he stuck his rifle through a Garmin. Oi saw about six inches of the end of the barrel stickin out of the crature's back. Sandy left his roifle there, and picked up another and wint to work wid it. Tommy Burton got shot but not bad, by a Garmin that come out of

a dugout. Roy Morrison wint back and whin he got through wid that gint, there was another job for undertakers. Joe Corriveau was missing after that scrap and we never heard anything more about him. Hugh Maguire got hit pretty bad, and by the toime the scrap was over that noight there was only fourteen of the bunch left.

At Passchandale, Joe Morrow and Jack Bowen was killed and Tommy Burton wounded for the second toime. Moike Kelly came back after bein down at the base for shell shock and was killed next day. Pete McRae was killed a few minutes after him. Bob Carr got back after his wound got better and was killed at Hill 70. So was Alex Pond, and Fred Mitchell. Bill Duncan and Jimmy McDonald were wounded and Bill died in an English hospital, a month later. Dan Kees and Sandy Scott were killed at Arras. That Yankee chap that wint with us was killed there too.

We were all very sorry, for he was a foine fellow and as good a foighter as any of us.

Somehow it seemed different for him to git kilt than one of oursels, as we went there to foight for our country and be kilt if necessary. But wid him, he was only interested in the war in a neighbourly way loike. If a few more of his stamp was scattered here and there through the country, it would do a lot towards wiping out that owld dirty feelin that still springs up once in a whoile amongst the descendants of thim United Empire Loyalists of Revolutionary days. Oi'm not praching a sermon.

but just tellin ye the truth. It would be much better for Canada and more comfortable loike for us all, if our fellow country men could only forgit a trimmin as quick as us Oirish can. Now just tell the owld lady that this is all Oi am goin to write to her, as the doctor is going to open me up again tomorrow, to see if he can foind out what's wrong with the patches he put on the first toime he was at me.

Now Oi want to thank ye for all yer koindness to me. If Oi was goin to live and could git ye for a woife, Oi'd be the happiest man in the world; but as it is, Oi don't know but it was worth me whoile to come over here and git kilt just to have known ye; for ye are the only woman that's worth the snap of a man's finger."

Nellie Warren took his wasted hand, and for a few minutes she stood in silence while the tears streamed down her face, then she knelt and kissed him.

"Thank ye, me angel nurse," he said in a hoarse whisper.

When they were getting Pat ready to take him to the operating room, Nellie came and asked how he felt.

"Foine thank ye," said Pat with a smile. "Its a foine up-to-date way they have of killin a man here. All ye have to do is go to slape and the doctor will look after the details. If Oi don't pull through just tell the owld lady about it. If Oi live there are some moighty good people to kape me company, and if Oi doie, there's some good sports gone before me. Give

me koindest regards to his riverance, yer father whin ye see him. Bye, bye Nellie till we meet again," he called cheerfully as they carried him from the room.

Somewhere in France behind the Canadian lines, a young doctor heroically dressed and bandaged mangled bodies and limbs. Before he left for over seas, he had asked Nellie to be his wife.

"I like you very much," Nellie truthfully replied, "but this is no time to think of love or marriage. If we live till the war is over, then you will have your answer." Now in her heart, she knew that her first and only love hovered between life and death on the operating table. This brave hearted Irish Canadian lumberman. The man that had faced death hundreds of times with a smile on his lips, for his friends, his King and his country. This man that had suffered untold agony from his wound and never complained. Many times the great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead when his wound was being dressed, but he would always say. "Ye are not hurtin."

At last the operation was over and the doctor told Nellie there was a chance for his recovery. Dozens of times that day as she went on with her work, she prayed that the life of the man she loved might be spared.

For days Pat's recovery was doubtful; but his wonderful vitality triumphed in the end. There came a day when he was able to sit up and from that time on, his recovery was rapid. Never by word did he tell Nellie that he loved her, but his eyes told what his tongue would not.

One day as Pat sat reading Nellie came and laid her hand on his shoulder saying, "I suppose that they will be moving you some of these days."

"Yes Oi suppose so," Pat answered sorrowfully. "Oi will be very sorry."

"So will I," said Nellie, as she turned away.

Pat took her by the hand and drew her towards him. For a few seconds he looked in her face, then he said, "We understand ach other. Don't we Nellie?"

"Yes", she faintly whispered.

Pat drew her face down to his and kissed her reverently.

That afternoon Pat received a letter from Ben Halley; it read thus:

Dear Pat:

I just found out the hospital you are in, so am writing you these few lines. I guess that my shoulder is going to be all right after a while. Jim Lane is here and getting along well. Indian Pete came here about a month ago. He was lucky to escape as long as he did, but when he got it, he got it good. I guess it was a machine gun that he ran against, for he got hit five times, but none of them are bad; although he thinks they are. You should hear him tell about it. By his story he cleaned up about a regiment of the Germans. He got into trouble after you were hit, for throwing bombs into a bunch of prisoners. Houghton came to see us. He was enquiring about you.

He is a major now. He got wounded the evening after you did.

Jennie Lane got leave from the hospital she is in and came to see us.

She is going to be Mrs. Ben Halley, as soon as the war is over, and by the story a bunch of wounded brought a few days ago, it won't be long now, as the Germans have been on the run ever since the Cambrai scrap. Its too bad that some of us couldn't have been in it at the finish. I don't think that there is one of our crew in the line now. I suppose you haven't forgotten the Rev. Mr. Warren? He came over as chaplain in one of the regiments. One of his regiment is with us now. He says that Warren is great stuff. Just as ready to fight as pray; and pretty good at both.

Write me a line and tell us the truth about how badly you were wounded.

from BEN.

The next time Pat saw Nellie, he gave her the letter saying, "The Warrens are a foine gang. "Fancy a riverand gintleman that can foight as well as pray. And as for yersel ye are the swaitest lookin girl Oi ever saw, and yer looks is the worst part of ye. Plase note that Oi gave ye a compliment," said Pat running his fingers through his hair.

At last the joyous news came that the war was over. Right had triumphed over might. 'Der tag' had come. Never would the iron hand of Prussian militarism threaten all that was sacred in Europe.

Her great war machine was broken and defeated. The Kaiser, coward that he was, had fled from his country. The great guns were silent. Silent as the graves of the dead. England's best and bravest lie with her gallant sons from beyond the seas, covered by the soil of France. All for a scrap of paper, old, and musty; bearing the names of men, long since gone and all but forgotten; yet it was the pledge of Great Britain. A pledge as sacred today, to the remotest part of the Empire, as it was in the palace of the King the day it was signed, one hundred years ago.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ONLY A LUMBERMAN

One evening in February, Mrs. Froud sat beside the fire reading a letter, stopping often to wipe the tears from her eyes.

Suddenly she dropped the letter and sprang to her feet, as a well known voice cried. "Halloo, owld lady! Got anything to ate."

In an instant she had her arms around Pat and was kissing him on the cheek, saying, "Praise the Lord ye're back to me, me soldier boy."

"Aisy wid yer huggin, and kissin, as me soide is still sore and can't stand as much of that as Oi would like it to," said Pat as he pushed her gently away.

"And so ye licked thim Germins."

"Oi trimmed a few of thim," said Pat bitterly.

"And ye're looking foine. Man but ye look grand in that nait fittin uniform. Oi was just readin yer letter again. Oi have read it, and read it, said Mrs. Froud picking the letter from the floor and folding it carefully.

Then she put some fresh tea, in the tea-pot.

"Look here good woman," said Pat. "Judging be yer actions ye are goin to git me a lunch. Now just lit me give ye a pointer, in regards to the bill

of fare; it must be loight stuff such as toast and such trash. Me insoide isn't ready for man's grub yet."

Mrs. Froud and Pat sat till late that night, as he told her of the gallant actions of many of their friends that had fallen and of the white crosses that mark their resting places.

A few days afterwards, Pat called on Mrs. Warren. He told her of her daughter's kindness to himself, and the other wounded soldiers.

"She was always such a dear girl," said Mrs. Warren wiping her eyes.

"Dear, is a cowld word, to use whin spakein of that darlin girl," said Pat with such emphasis, that Mrs. Warren looked at him in surprise.

Pat met her gaze for an instant, then he dropped his eyes to the floor.

When the silence that followed became embarrassing Pat asked when she expected his riverance home."

"I expect them both in about a month," Mrs. Warren answered.

"Thim both in a month," said Pat in surprise, "Oi didn't expect Nell as soon as that."

Again Mrs. Warren looked at Pat enquiringly, and Pat's eyes sought the floor.

Another embarrassing silence followed, then Pat looked her in the face and said, "Mrs. Warren; Oi am badly in love wid your daughter; and Oi have raison to think that she cares for me. Whin Oi opened me oyes, after me first operation, she was standin by me bed. Oi thought that Oi was in

Hiven and she was an angel, and its been loike Hivin ever since whin she has been in me soight. And no angel in Hivin is better than she is this minute."

Mrs. Warren grew deadly pale, while Pat was speaking and plucked at her handkerchief. After a couple of minutes silence, she asked in a trembling voice.

"Have you told her that you loved her?"

"Well not exactly," Pat answered, "But whin the doctor told me that Oi was going to doie, Oi told her that Oi thought a grate dail of her and whin they were gitting me ready for me second operation, she kissed me. Of course that didn't amount to much, as every one thought that Oi was about to doie and she knew that Oi thought a lot of her, naturally Oi would appreciate one of her kisses." After a pause Pat continued. "Thin one day whin Oi was up around, Oi mentioned that Oi was afraid that they would soon sind me to some other hospital, and that Oi would be sorry. She laid her hand on me shoulder, and said she would be sorry too. We thin looked at ach other, and Oi said, "We understand ach other, don't we Nell?" she nodded her head; and Oi raiched me arms and she came to me, and we kissed ach other a number of toimes. 'My Hivins! Oi'll not forgit that till me doying day.'"

After another long pause Pat continued. "Whin we rimimbered where we were, she drew from me. There were toimes since that Oi could hardly control mesel. Oi wanted to again take her in me arms and hould her, and Oi belave she wanted me to.

But whin Oi would remimber the difference in us, Oi didn't do it. If there hadn't been such a difference between us it would have been all roight but never was there such a contrast between two people. To begin wid Oi am a Catholic and her a Protestant. Not but one religion is as good as the other, but it's a thing that none of us loikes to change. Thin again in education, Oi have scarcely any, Oi can read pretty well, but few can read me writin. Oi have been a good steady worker, but Oi spint all me money in booze. Oi haven't only a couple of hundred dollars that Oi haven't spint.

Oi am afraid that it wouldn't be roight to marry that girl, aven if she was willin. She is so far above me, and Oi think that she has seen only the best soide of me, and that's what she has taken a fancy to; and after a whoile whin she found out what Oi raily am, she'd be unhappy and she's such an angel that she'd never lit on that she'd made a mistake. Now to be perfectly frank wid ye, Oi don't know what to do. Oi'd rather doie than give her up; and Oi don't want to make her unhappy."

All the time Pat was speaking, Mrs. Warren sat with bowed head, not once did she interrupt.

After a painful silence, Pat said. "Now Mrs. Warren Oi have told ye the whole scrape and would welcome yer advice."

"Mr. O'Neil," Mrs. Warren began, "I believe that you are an honorable man, and that you love my daughter, but there are two or three great barriers. The first is religion. With all respect for the Catholic

religion, I would be opposed to my daughter marrying one of that faith; for it is seldom that a Protestant and a Catholic live happily together. The second is liquor. I could never consent to my daughter marrying a man who is likely to become a drunkard; and with no set purpose in view, I don't see how you could comfortably support her."

"Two of thim are the difficulties that are worryin me. This liquor question, we moight pass on without discussion."

"Why not discuss the liquor question?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"Because Oi haven't taken a drop since the toime Oi was accused of killin Jim Brown. Oi am not at all loikely to start drinkin again; for there were barrels of it over in France, and Oi had no desire for it at all."

"I suppose you heard that a man by the name of Perkins confessed it was he that killed Brown."

"No," said Pat in surprise.

"Well he did, before he was hanged for the murder of old Mr. Rodgers.

"Bill Perkins murdered old man Rogers and was hung for it, and confessed that it was him that shot Jim Brown. Do Oi get ye roight?"

"Yes. Rodgers was supposed to have some money hid in his house and after Perkins tortured him till he told where it was, then he killed him."

"Don't that bate the devil," said Pat in amazement. "And what did he kill Jim Brown for?"

"Well it seems that Brown was not an honest man."

"No;" Pat interrupted, "and yon brother John of his was a long ways from being honest. See how he tried to fleece Ben on his scale the last winter before we wint to the war."

"It was that that led to the trouble between Perkins and Brown. It appears that James Lane had a paper containing the true scale, and Brown hired Perkins to get it for him. He was unsuccessful, and during a quarrel about some money that Brown refused to pay, Perkins shot him.

"Do you know Mrs. Warren that Oi always had it in me moind, that it was Perkins that killed Jim Brown, for it was him that was the most anxious to git me hung for it. The only thing that surprise me is, that he had the grit to confess."

Pat sat in silence for a few minutes; then he took out his pipe and filled it. After he had smoked a few minutes in thoughtful silence, he turned to Mrs. Warren, and said. "Will we discuss our prisent difficulties now ; or had Oi better wait till ye have had toime to consider them further."

"Would you change your religion?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"Oi don't see how Oi could and have proper respect for mesel. Oi don't loike the idea of giving up the religion of me forefathers. It seems too much loike going back on the tachins of me parents."

"You would go to your own church and Nellie to her's."

"That's the idea."

"Would you want to be married in your church?"

"No; seeing that her father is a minister, he should have the job."

"Do you suppose you could support a wife properly?"

"Oi can if Oi git me strength back, for Oi always was a good worker and got the best of wages. Shure Oi have worked for Ben a long toime, and that's a good recomind. Of course if Oi don't git me strength back that inds it all."

"You mean that if you don't regain your former strength, you would on no condition marry my daughter?"

"That's just what Oi main."

"And should you be blessed with children, would you want them brought up in your religion?"

"Oi guess the chances are that the children would grow up in Nellie's religion; as Oi'd be a very poor instructor in religious affairs. Oi tell ye Mrs. Warren if people lived the loives they aught they would not bother about other people's religion, for they are all for the same God. Oi have always thought that in order to have others respect your ideas and religion, ye must respect theirs.

Now we'll just take Ben Halley's crew for instance.

Ben himsel is both Orangeman and Free Mason, Three parts of his crew belong to one or the other of those societies, and some to both, thin there was two or three of the boys Knoights of Columbus, and belave me if we had all belonged to the same order there

could not have been a more frindly and brotherly feelin amongst us.

Poor Sandy McLeod, was an Orangeman, and Oi never had a chum that Oi thought more of; and he thought as much of me of Oi did of him or he wouldn't have given me his watch for a kape-sake whin he was doyin. Here it is; you can see the dint in the soide where the Garmin's bullet touched it whin it was going into me.

Oi rimimber one noight before the war that one of the boys said he was thinkin of jining up wid the Knoights of Columbus. This led to a discussion on sacret societies. Ben is a thoughtful man and well posted on things in general. He says, "Since Oi became a Mason, Oi am a great belaver in all sacret societies for they are all doin good.

There are some that have the wrong ideas of Free Masonry. They think that we are bound together by bloody oaths for avil purposes. Now isn't that a rediculas idea. Just take a look around at the men that ye know that are mimbers of that society. How can any one think for a minute that those men would be connected with any such society?" He turned to this lad and continued, "Oi hope ye git into the Knoights of Columbus, for it no doubt will be a help to you and at the same toime ye may be a help to others as well.

And another thing let me tell ye, and that is, ye will be jinin a society that is just a Catholic branch of Free Masonry; for Masonry came into existence in King Solomon's toime and ever since

every society that has been formed to bind men together for their own good and the good of their families, are branches of Free Masonry; and the day is comin whin all men will have more rispict for the men that belongs to some society." "And Oi belave Ben's ideas are the roight one".

Now there's Indian Pete, he has the worst mixed up oideas of religion and Hivin of any man Oi ever saw. To hear him talk ye would think that Hivin is a koind of made to order place. Oi belave that critter expects to be runnin a boat up there wid the current always runnin the way he wants to go. And since Sandy told us of his draim whin dyin some of the boys koind of soide wid him; and as for mesel Oi don't know what to think; but of one thing Oi am sartin, its not the name of the church that's goin to git us to Hivin, but it's the way we live."

As Pat arose to go Mrs. Warren said. "Well Mr. O'Neil we will not discuss this any further till I have consulted my husband and talked with Nellie. I would like to have you call again soon, as I am very lonesome and I feel honored to have a returned soldier to visit with".

During the next three weeks, Pat called a number of times, but Nellie was never mentioned by either.

CHAPTER XXXIX

CONCLUSION

The boat that brought Mr. Warren and Nellie, also brought Indian Pete and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Halley. They had been married in England. When Ben told Pete that he was married, Pete looked at him in surprise; then the look of surprise changed to disgust, as he said. "Damn fool; what you want get married for?"

Mrs. Froud's greeting was just as hearty for Ben and Indian Pete, as it was for Pat. Pete received her kisses in a dignified manner without taking his pipe from his mouth. When she turned to Ben, Pete said. "Best not kiss dat damned fool, he's got married."

"Married!" said Mrs. Froud in amazement, "who to?"

"Jim's sister."

Mrs. Froud's congratulations were hearty. But a few minutes afterwards she remarked bitterly, "May the curse of God rist on thim Germins. For all me boys are killed, and married."

"Pat and me not married," said Pete hastily.

"Well Pat is so changed that Oi wouldn't be surprised at anythin he does," said Mrs. Froud.

When Pat called at the parsonage he was cordially received. Perhaps he held Nellie's hand a little longer than he did her father's, but by no other way did he betray his feelings for her.

"You will come again soon," said Nellie, when he was leaving.

"Yes!" he answered simply, "Oi will."

Spring came. Again the ice-bound rivers were free. Birds sang and built their nests in the budding trees. Above the murmuring of the river rang their songs of love and gladness. Pat was fast gaining his strength, but at times he was melancholy and restless.

"It's the sound of the river that's gitting on me narves," he confided to Mrs. Froud one day.

"It's no such thing. It's the loafing and the minister's daughter," said Mrs. Froud, winking slyly at Indian Pete.

"Pat got so damn good he not take drink at all now. By-en-by he stop smoke and swear too I suppose," said Pete with disgust.

"Oi don't intind to stop smokin, but Oi wish to Hivins that Oi could stop swearin, for it's one damned bad habit. Oi don't think it's very sinful for Oi, main nothin by it, but it shows bad taist."

"Booze taist pretty good and make fellow feel happy," said Pete decidedly.

"And what about the big heads, and sore faces that sometimes follow the happy feelin and good taist?" asked Pat. "And as for good taist, Oi've

often got up in the mornin with anything but a good taist in me mouth."

"A drap of liquor will do no one any harm if it's handled properly," said Mrs. Froud.

"Well Oi'm not the koind that ever handled it properly; so Oi quit." answered Pat.

"I can drink and not make fool of myself," said Pete.

Pat looked at him for a few seconds, then he said. "Ye can. Can ye?"

"Yes I can," said Pete with a sullen expression.

"That being the case, ye have me permission to go and git drunk," said Pat, winking at Mrs. Froud.

"No fun getting drunk alone," said Pete.

"Ye pay for the booze and ye'll find no trouble in gitting someone fool enough to help you drink it," said Pat.

The troubled expression left Pete's face, and as he arose, he said "come on we'll go up to Moike's."

"Ye go to the devil," said Pat angrily. "Haven't Oi told ye a dozen of toimes that Oi am through wid booze."

"The war has changed ye greatly," said Mrs. Froud sympathetically.

"It was about toime something did," said Pat.

"I'll never run boat with you again," said Pete.

Pat ignoring the threat, arose and walked down the street.

When he came in sight of the parsonage his heart gave a flutter for he saw Nellie on the piazza.

He went to her and sat down. They sat and

talked for a few minutes, then Pat asked. "Where is his riverance?"

"In his study," Nellie answered.

"Ask him if Oi can talk wid him in private for a few minutes," said Pat in a trembling voice.

In a few minutes Nellie returned looking very grave, and told him her father said for him to come in.

Mr. Warren greeted him kindly and after he was seated he said, "You wanted to talk to me."

"Oi want to talk to ye about Nellie," said Pat meeting his earnest gaze.

"Oi talked wid her mother once, and now Oi want to talk it over wid you."

"My wife told me all." For a few minutes the two men sat in silence then Pat asked. "Is there any hopes for me?"

For a few minutes Mr. Warren sat looking out of the window, then he turned his head slowly towards Pat and answered, "I don't know. You will have to ask Nellie."

Pat arose and held out his hand. One silent clasp and Pat turned and left the room.

In the hall he met Nellie. Her eyes met his enquiring.

Pat seized her by the hand and drew her into the parlor.

"Nellie; Oi talked it over wid your mother and Oi asked yer father, and he said 'Ask Nellie.' Oh Nellie me darlin; what is yer answer; will ye be me woife?"

W. B. ELLIOTT
NEW YORK

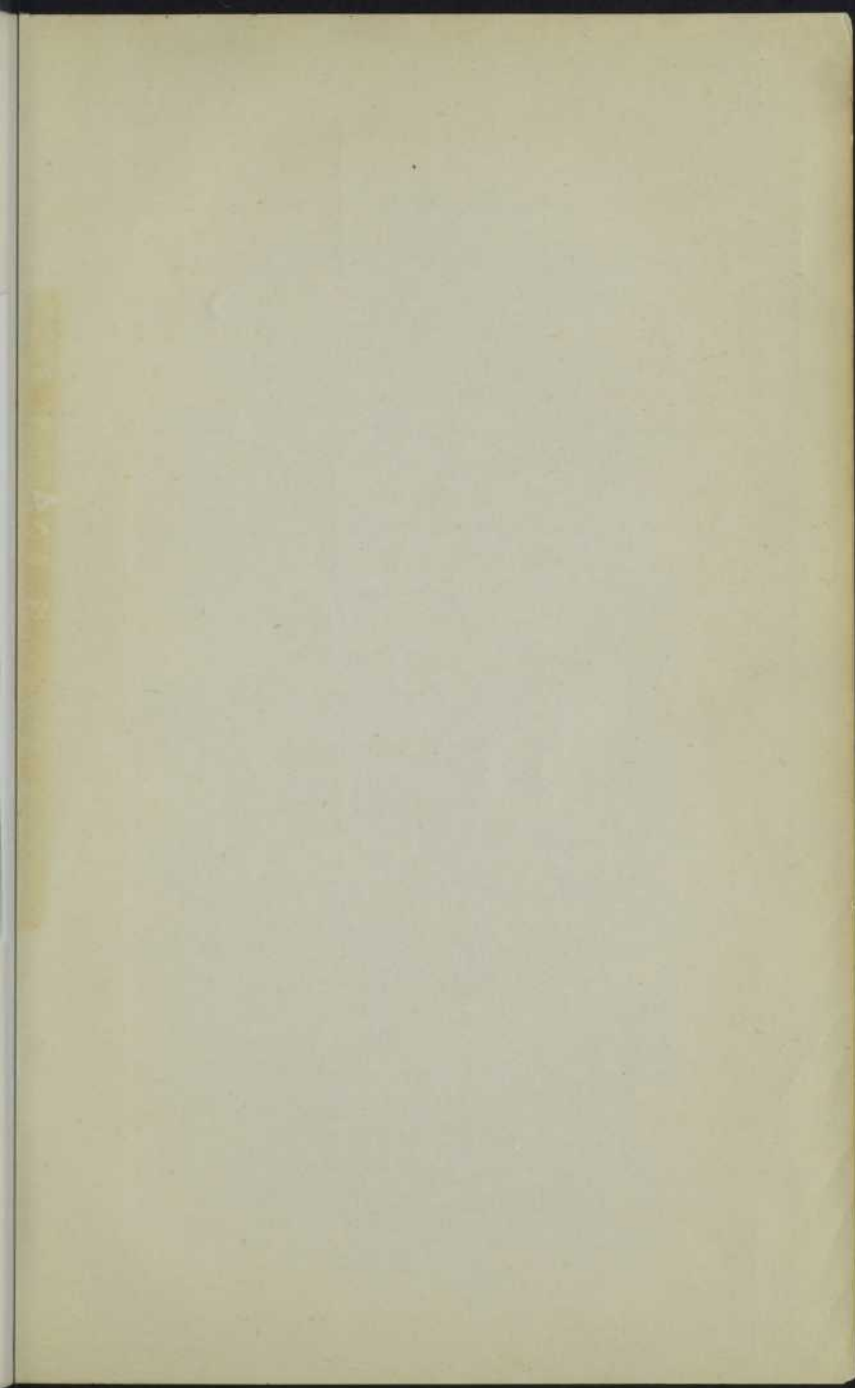
For an instant Nellie stood pale, and trembling; then she staggered forward into his arms.

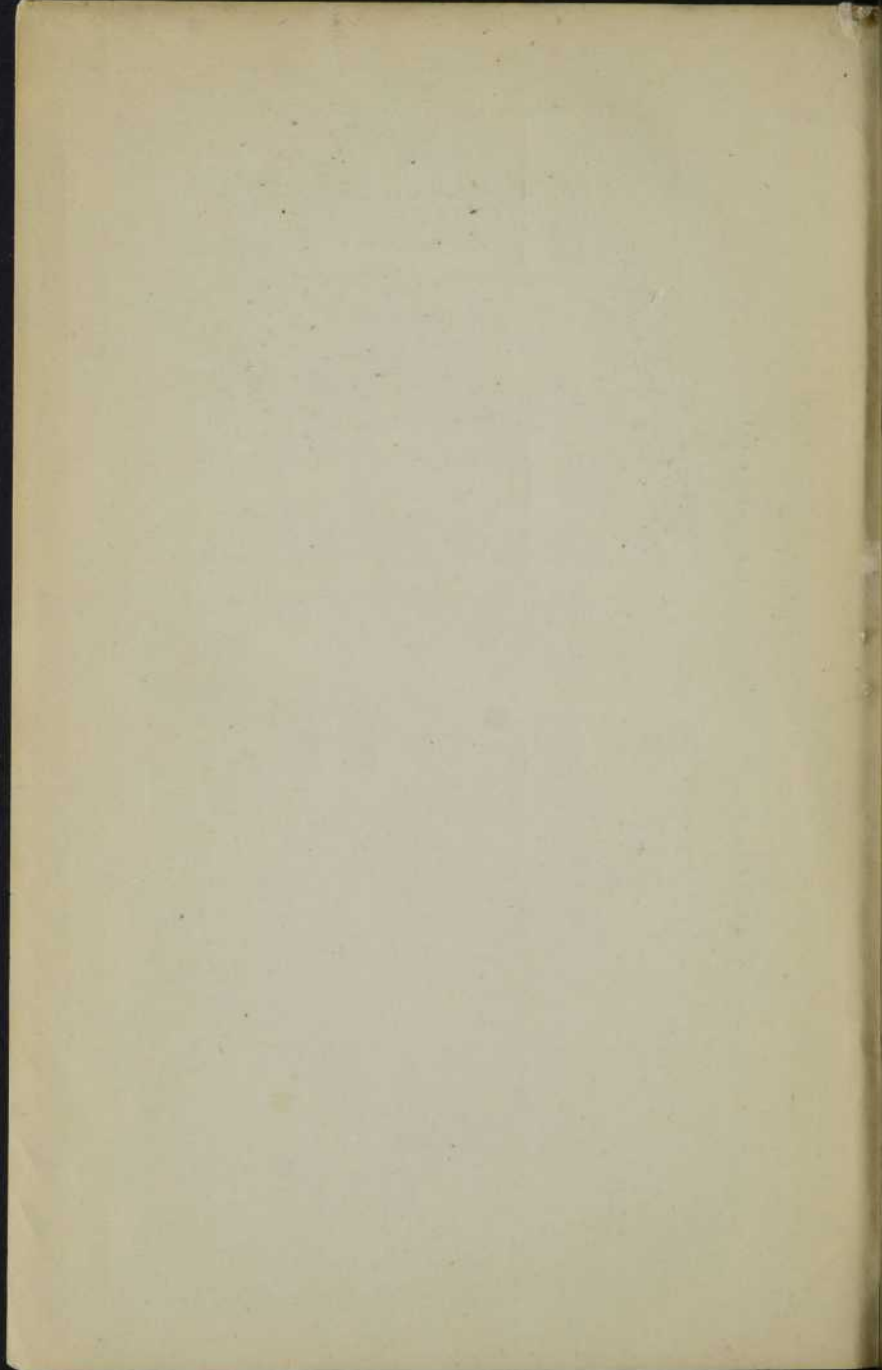
One September evening Pat and Nellie were married. The church was decorated with maple leaves and the flags of the Allies. Above the altar hung a large Union Jack. At Mrs. Warren's request they were married in the uniforms that they wore in their country's service.

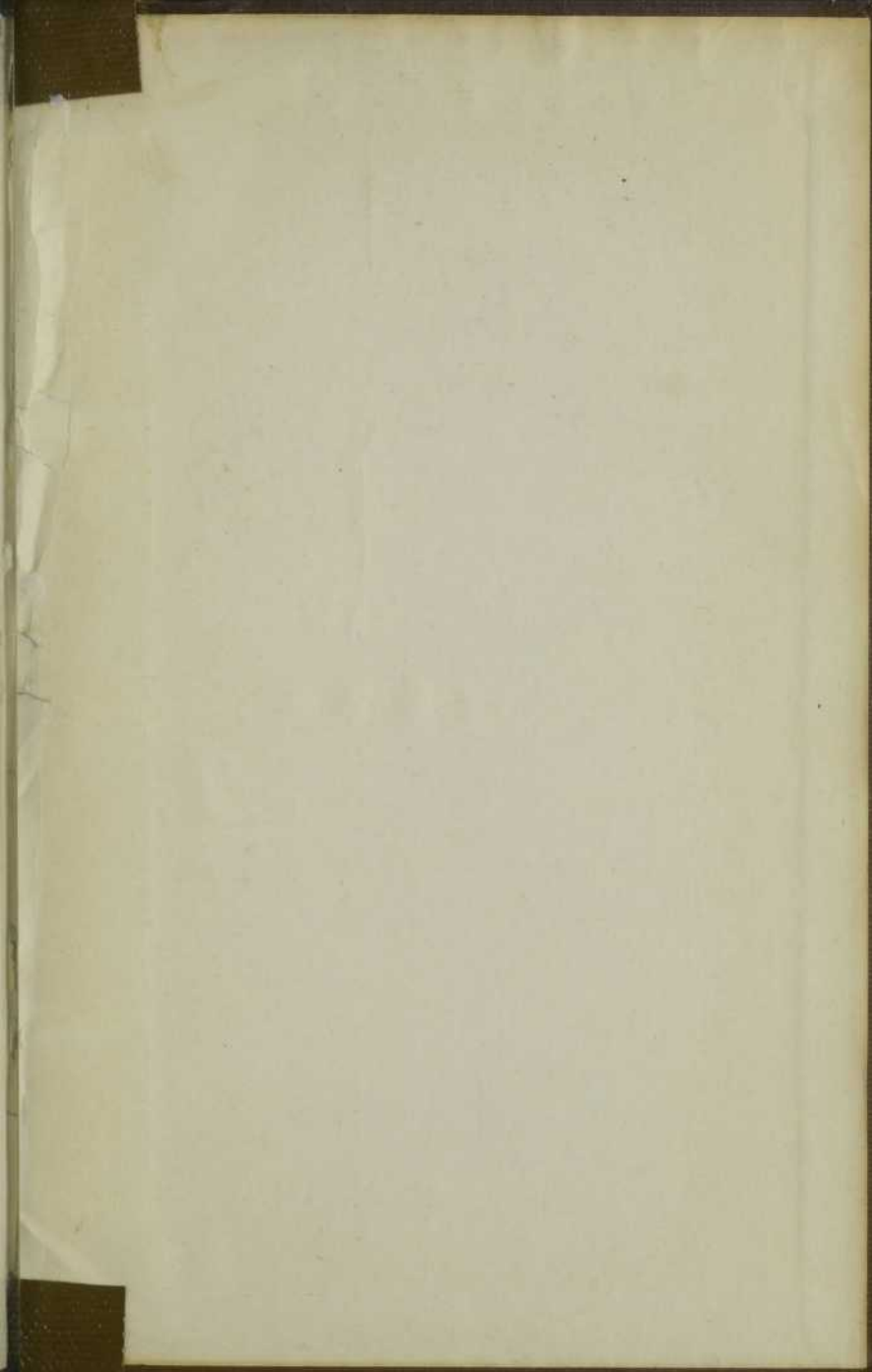
All that was left of Ben Halley's crew were present. When the ceremony was over and they turned to leave the church, a great cheer rang out. It was the same wild, ringing cheer of victory, that had rung, time and time again on the bloody fields of France. This ringing cheer of Ben Halley's crew told that another victory was won,—a victory won by love.

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