## THE BALLYGUNGE CUP, By W. A. Frazer

TRUE woman, a strong man, and a good horse; love, strength, and speed Because of these things this place and get Goldfinder fit." Stade said place and get Goldfinder fit." A TRUE woman, a strong good horse; love, strength, and speed. Because of these things this

great deal. At first it was only banter. That was the way Beth looked at it-Beth Cavendish. If Douglas Slade was more in carnest, that was his fault. He was in indigo, up in Tirboot, and

the planter's life tends to make one take the service. For Beth was of the army. Her father, who was a general, and her brother and all the rout of the Cavendishes were of the army. And there its strength and speed and truth, and just a little of love, perhaps.

I have said, it was all on his side. was the atmosphere when they said these things. It was in Calcutta. He had really been skirmishing for an opening-

so blunderingly that she knew it.
"Marriage and the before is not romanue," she said, looking very earnestly through the window and out across the sun-scorched maidan that stretched away to the stone feet of Fort William. "It's dreadfully commonplace; it's almost tragic in its dull commercialness."

"Is there no romance of love, then?" he said, feeling that some strong moves their little game.

"I suppose there is-of 'love'; but we don't associate love with most of the marriages we see, you know; they are

arranged, and the result is-"
He waited for her to finish the senwatching the gray eyes as they came back drooping a little from the glare of the hot sunshine. But she seemed to be picturing the result to herself and

to be picturing the result to herself and to have forgotten all about his presence; so he added; "Disastrous, eh?"

"Not always, of course. Now, if it were the old days, the old times when men rede forth to battle for the ladder they loved, or said they loved, it might be different. Then a man had to dare and do much to prove his love. Now it's simply a matter of arrangement."

Sinde thought hupelessly of his position. He might you to raise more indige than

Since thought topelessly of his position. He might vow to raise more indige than any other man in his district, but that would hardly appeal to this maid of a warlike race. His chances were limited. He would willingly undertake to thrash anybody, but there was nobody to thrash. He felt quite bitterly that what he held was true—there was little of ro-mance in his life, little that was bright to offer her in exchange for the pleasant existence she led. Why should she go to live at his stupid old bungalow, up in Tirhoot, simply because he desired it—lover her, if you will? She had sadly demolished his skirmishing line, but he must retreat with a light heart, conceal the dull little grawing with hanter.

"Yes," he said, "if we lived in those says, or those days were now, I might take your glove, tie it to my helmet—I really forget how they did fasten the gloves on—and go up and down the land knocking people about until you were existence she led. Why should she go to

gloves on-and go up and down the land knocking people about until you were guite satisfied with the slaughter and called me back to receive my reward. By Jove! I'd do it quick enough though," he added, more to himself than to his

Both smiles a little at this, and said: "You see, the fates are against you; there's no chance for you to show your "No: no chance," he admitted, tragi-

"Are you going to win any races in Calcutta next meeting?" she broke in, changing the subject abruptly, as though his last words had settled the other for

"No, I'm afraid I can't even win a race. My horses are all crocks—not one above selling-plater form." A merry light danced in Beth's eyec.

A merry light danced in Boars eyec. Had she leid a trap for him? "You shall be my knight-errant then. I'll give you a tusk. Win me the Ballygunge Cup." His face fell. "Something easy, please," he begged. "The moon, for instance, or Buddha's tooth from Ceylon. Any little buddha's tooth from Ceylon. Any little

bauble you may think of."
"My knight rides not forth to battle today, then?" said Beth. flushing a little; "try it, and not a hack in my stable fit to pull a dog-cart! Only don't pluck a fellow if he falls, that's all. But I must have a gage—a modern gage in black and white."

The getting of the gage was too tedious for telling, but it read: "If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge steeplechase, I promise to—" and there she stuck.

He filled in, with his own hand, "Re-"You're to wear it on your casque, you now," she said, as he folded it up

Yes, I'll tie it in my racing cap when I ride forth to battle in the Cup," be said as he stood one foot on the step of his high dog-cart and nodded pleasantly to

"Now I'm in a hat," thought Slade to himself, as he drove to his hotel. "Win the Ballygunge cup with a lot of broken-down mags, when I have failed before with the best horse that ever came to

India. And the Cavendish knew I couldn't India. And the Cavendish knew I couldn't win it when she set me the pace."

Then he grabbed a lifeline that dangled down into his sea of despair. The lifeline was Captain Frank Johnson. He was standing at the door of the hotel.
"By Jove!" said Slade, "you're just the man I want Johnson. If there's anybody on earth, or anywhere else, that can help we out of this nickie, vou're the man or

me out of this pickle, you're the man, or

fiend, as the case may be."

Up in his room he told Johnson what he had undertaken to do. The Captain whistyou know what you've run up

Moskot, a big winner at Punchestown, out from home to land this same bit of fewelry; and, bar him, there isn't a horse in the country can beat Jovial, who is in "I'd transfer my horse, Chang, to you

quick enough," continued Captain Frank,
"for I mean to start him, but I'll tell you straight, if the other two come to the post fit, I'll only win if in case something happens to both of them-in case they fall or run out, or something of that sort. Neither of them is mpt to do that, though," be continued, regretfully, "for they're both crackers at the "lepping"

But I've got to win it," said Slade, helplessly; and the look on his face drew another whistle from the firm, thin lips of the racing Captain.

Johnson sat in deep thought for a min-ute. "If it's as bad as all that," he said

presently, looking at Slade, "we'll have

but. "If it's as bad as all that," he said presently, looking at Slade. "we'll have been did not care-oil was the excitement. One is a bound of the second of them, ch? Look's good bothing to your beautiful the second of the se

to Johnson. "I want to win this race and then quit the turf. I'll have some-thing else to think of then," he added, Impression.

were transported up to Tirboot. There was no difficulty about this, for Captain Frank had shed the army and was a racing gentleman pure and simple—not so very pure and simple, perhaps. Slade agreed to make him a present of Goldfinder after the race was run and won. "Will have a great chance to find out how the new horse is rough." Sinde rehow the new horse is going." Slude re-marked, "with Chang in the string Chang's almost good enough, and if my horse turns out a bit better, we'll scorch them this trip."

While Slade and Johnson got the two

While Stade and Johnson got the two-horses reasy in Tirhoot, on the Indigo-planter's estate, something else was being got ready in Calcutta. That was the working of one John Maymards mind over this same Ballygunge cup. He was in the service, too, but that ddn't mat-ter. What did matter was that he thought Beth Cavendish the only girl he wanted to marry.

to marry. So while others worked faithfully in Tirhoot, he trained z sprinter to go fast for a mile, and jump viciously at every-thing in sight. Though Maynard's morals were slightly oblique, his pluck was all right, and he never thought of his own nock in the matter. If he broke the other fellow's well, necks sometimes do get broken in a steeplechase over a stiff

"I think it's fairly satisfactory," he conthink it's fairly satisfactory, he confided to himself, "if by any chance I fail to bring him a cropper. Lord Dick is pretty sure to beat him out on Musicet". So he took a pretty heavy bet backing Lord Dick's horse to win a small fortune. You see it was all gain with him-love.

Why Maynard and put Diable in, ne-body knew. Certainly he couldn't stay the course, three miles and a haif, and he was well named Diable, for he lad the temper of a field. It bothered Cap-tain Frank not a little. That a man of Maynard's eleverness should play the fool was quite out of the question; besides, Maynard could surely get something that would so, the distance and have some would go the distance and have some chance of finishing with the others. Then, when he found out that Diablo's owner had taken a long bet about Musket's winning, he commenced to do considerable thinking—suspicious thinking.

thinking—suspicious thinking.
"I'll keep an eye on Maynard in the race," he told Slade. "He played me a bit of a trick once at Umballa, and I shouldn't half mind wiping out the score. Chang's a pretty big horse, and between us we can take care of our-selves, and somebody else too, if it's

"Nothing, only we'll sert of win the cup between us. Tou'll sort of ride under my order, and when I give you the word in the rare, do just as I say, even if it does seem a bit queer."

"Fil take your coaching, Frank, for you know the game better than I de." That was only two days before cup day. Slade said mething to Beth about winning the cup. When he had won it would be soon enough; if he lost-well,

om, the day of the race. "The tobamboos on all the jumps are iron bound, and if any horse bits them hard he'll come down for keeps; and he'll stay

upset our good thing."
By," said Captain Frank, with his

drawling twang: "somebody'll find them dangerous, but you won't. Goldfinder'll fly them like a gird."
"What about Chang?" inquired Slade.
"Chang and his rider are all right," replied Johnson. "They're only out for an airing. I've backed Goldfinder, for I can't heat the other two."

The terms of the race were simple ugh. It was a gentieman's race, for hornes owned solely by members of Ballygunge Association. It was open all riders. This also was a simple arrangement that turned out very compli-

outed at the end.

Of course, Beth was there: everybody who was anybody was. It was the "Grand National" of India. Beth had not thought that Deuglas Stade would take her banter so seriously. Why had he hought a horse that really had a good chance of winning the cup-for people were saying that he fright win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first three seemed no help for it. A continued the hought and the fight win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first win? Good indeen liked the his chestrut and were the first was drawn up in which the firm

bought a horse that really had a good chance of winning the cup—for people were saying that he held a great chance.

Beth kept asking herself a knotty question. "If Douglas Slade won, what then?" He had kept so quiet about it that she from the form the fo

gleaming white against the dark-blue silk. Slade caught Beth's eye as he looked at the sea of faces, and she feit a warm fush scorch her cheeks. It vexed her. She did not care for him; it had been only

They were all stringing out for the start now-eight of them, eight of the best steeplechase horses in all India. Captain Frank, on the big, angular Chang, looked the finished horseman that he was: the easy grace of his seat, told of the perfect mastery; it was like my lady in her rock-ing-chair. And the thin, determined, bony face of the rider; it would be Chang's fault if that pair did not win.

Win! The captain was not thinking of

whining-thinking of something else-thinking of the dark-brown horse just in front of him, Diablo, Goldfinder held thinking of the dark-brown horse just in front of him. Diablo. Goldfinder held chang quite safe as far as winning went, he knew: his business was to take care of Diablo, and mayhap his rider, for Captain Frank's suspicion had become a cervalue of the company of

A steeplechase of three miles and a half is not a spring in which the start counts for much: so they were soon away, the silk lackets of the riders snapping and cracking at the wind, like frost breaking away from the tightened back of trees in Winter.

Beth said to herself these

care much, shouldn't take much interest in the thing; but when the roar, "They're off" beat up from the inclosure below and went echoing through the stand she felt that she had three or four hearts in her breast, all beating and hammering away with a suffocating quickness. Still she did not care—it was the excitement.

Over the first three fences they raced like mad things; not at all like cool-headed riders in a big steeplechase.

"They'll soon crack up at that pace" racing men said; "It's too fast."

Jovial's rider was racing for the lead, and Diable, with blood-red postrils spread best up from the inclosure below

othern. Johnson saw that, and pushed Chang out a little. "Tou devil!" he jerked out between his set teeth "I'll give you what-for!"

At the big mud wall Jovial struck his forefeet and sent a cloud of dust in the air. As the others swept by they saw Jovial's rider plowing along on his side, as though he had been shot out of a catapult. But he was not hurt, and in three seconds had the control of the catalogue. seconds had the horse going again.

Maynard, with a strong pull at Diablo's head, had got him back until Chang's mose was on his Sank. On Chang's quarter raced Goldinder.

Johnson saw Maynard take a look over

Johnson saw Maynard take a look over his shoulder at Blade's mount. "He'll try R on the in-and-out or the big water Jump," thought Captain Frank.

The "in-and-out" was two big mud walls about 30 feet apart. As they neared it Johnson saw that Maynard was up to mischief. "He'll pull dead across Gold-Inder if I den't bring him down," he thought.

thought.
Four strides from the first wall May-

Four strides from the first wall Maymard looked around again. Goldinder
was thundering along just behind Chung,
who was still lapped on Diablo's quarter.
Captain Frank saw the look and the
short wrap that Maynard took in the
right rein of Diablo's bride.

"Pull back!" he yelled to Slade, and
drove the spurs into Chang's great flanks.
At that instant Maynard pulled Diablo's
head short to the right as they lifted at
the first wail. With a smashing crash
Chang was into him, chest on. As the
two went into the dip, a smashed mass,
Goldinder took off at their very heeis,
swinging slightly to the left, and landed
clear of the wreck.

The second wall he cleared also, and he
and Musket, a length behind, raced on

and Musicot a length behind, raced on the level. Jovial was lengths behind. A cry of horror went up from the stand as Diablo and Chang toppled over the wall in a broken houp. Both closed her wall in a broken heap. Both closed her eyes and turned white. When she opened them the blue cap was skimming along like a blrd. "Who fell?" she acked faint-

"Captain Johnson and mayne," I'm down," her companion replied. "I'm afraid there are backs broken there." afraid there are backs broken there."
It seemed wicked to feel glad when perhaps some one was lying dead between those barriers, but her heart certainly gave a throb of joy at the answer that told her the owner of the bine cap was Slade, and still riding. She was beginning to forget all about the banter.
Then the race, theif began in earnest. ning to forget all about the banter.
Then the race itself began in current Musket and Goldfinder were fighting like

from the railroad in a country that threw

all sorts of difficulties across the logger's path, and had to be hauled from nine to If miles to the river. Both Morrison

would have to be toted in to just the en-Winter, for when the snow came,

road would be an good as cut off. Whom

could they trust among the lesser fore-

they spare among the greater?

men of their woods force? Whom could

At this juncture they called to them Tint-

Who would be hired at any price to go

interests in the depths of the wilderness.

man with eyes far apart and a bushy red beard. He were a dingy mackinaw coat, a dingy black and white checked flammel

shirt, dingy blue trousers tucked into high socks and lumberman's rubbers. The only spot of color in his costume was the flam-

work his little wide eyes flickered with a buleful, wicked light, his huge voice bel-lowed through the woods in a torrent of

imprecations and commands, his splendid muscles swelled visibly even under his loose blanket coat, as he wrenched sud-denly and savagely at some man's stub-

forest at the head of his band, shricking wild blasphemy at the alient night, irreverent, domineering, bold, with a certain twang of Irish good nature that made him the beloved of Irishmen.

In the work was little system, but much efficacy. The men gambled, drank, fought without a word of protest from their leader. With an ordinary crew such performance would have meant slicky.

formances would have meant slight ac-complishment, but these wild Irishmen, with their bloodshot eyes, their ready justs, their equally ready fists, plunged in-

to the business of banking logs with all the abandon of a carouse—and the work

The Rough Red was a big broad-faced

Sheaver, their walking boss and the great-

they flew it. A roar of applause went up from the straining, eager watchers.
Half a mile from home Musket's head
showed well in front. "Lord Dick'll win." said Beth's companion. "Musket's an Irish horse, bred to run all day." Beth's fingers clutched tightly the han-dle of her parasol, and she set her white lips firm and hard.

And so on they came, around the cor-ner, and up the stretch and over lences-always the same; the creamy nose of Lord Dick's roan always a trifle in front. As they cleared the last fence Slade seemed to send a thrill of the pent-up enecemed to send a thrill of the pent-up energy of his frame into Goldfinder, and
the big horse made a hast mighty effort.
Surely, slowly, his golden nozale crept up
past the mottled head of the roan Lord
Dick's whip flashed in the air and cut
at Mushet's quivering flanks. Slade sat
perfectly atili, crouched low over the
withers of his horse, for he knew that
Goldfinder knew and was making his
last effort. There was no sound in the
stand, nothing but the strained breathing
of the pespie who waited.

of the people who waited.

Only the judges knew, as they flashed under the wire, which had won. Then the numbers went up and the crowd knew. It was Goldfinder's race.

"Sorry for Lord Dick," said Beth's companion, as they sat down: "but the other chap. Slade, deserves it. Never saw a gamer race in my life."

Beth wasn't cory for anybody. Her nerves were jerking and twitching, and

she felt that she never wanted to see another race in her life-not one just like

Two processions came into the stand enclosure almost together. Musket and Goldfringer formed one, while the other consisted of two stretchers, carrying Johnson and Maxmard.

"A twisted ankie and a cracked rib is no price to pay for a victory like that." Captain Frank assured Slade: "besides, I wiped that Umballa store out." Maynard was badly smassed up, too: collar bone broken, and a badly wrenched shoulder, but not beyond the working of more mischief, though.

After the race Slade met Beth, face to After the race Slade met Beth, face to face, on the lawn. She held out her hand plexed.

replied, enigmatically, "You see, I can't quite remember what my bets were till

ried her off; "but I'll find out tomorrow." they 'That night Slade was having the fruits ing-re

stood his siender scaling rule in the

dusk of a single lamp.

He saw a round stove in the center, a littered and dirty floor, bunks filled with horfibe straw and worse blankets jumbled here and there, old and dirty clothes dry-

The Rough Red lurched his huge form toward the intruder," explained the lat-"I am your scaler," explained the lat-ter, "Where is the office?" "You kin have the bunk beyand," indi-

"You have no office, then?"
"What's good enough fer th' men is
good enough fer a buss; and what's good
enough fer th' boss is good fer any blank

cated the Rough Red surlily.

passed the allent scaler.

spot of color in his contume was the flam-ing red such of the voyageur which he passed twice around his waist. When at work his little wide eyes flickered with a single report James Bourke would be paid

born cant-hook stock. A hint of reject-ance or opposition brought his fist to the mark with irresistible impact. Then he would pluck his victim from the snow and

Fits Patrick smoked "Peerless" and said

His business was, by measuring the

miles from the nearest settlement, with-out a human being with whom to ex-change a friendly word. The two men early came to a clash over

the methods of cutting. The Rough Red and his crew cut anywhere, everywhere, anyhow. The easiest way was theirs. Small timber they skipped, large timber they sawed high, tops they left rather than trim them into logs. Fits Patrick would not have the pine "slaughtered." "Ye'll bend your backs a little, Jimmy Bourke," and be, "and cut th' stumps lower to th' ground. There's a bunch of shingles in avery stump ye've left. And you must saw straighter. And the

He saw an unkempt row of

of victory thrust upon him. They were having a little victory dinner, he and some friends, and in the middle of it a servant brought in a letter from him. The letter was from Johnson. It was characteristic and much to the point. Somebody had entered a protest against Goldfinder, on the acore that he was not the sole property of Mr. Slade.

Sinde was sure there was no case against him, but somehow he felt as though Beth were slipping away. Next day at the ptewards meeting he indignantly denied that anybody but himself had any interest in Goldfinder.

Then he was confronted with something he had completely forgotten—his promise to Baideck. of victory thrust upon him. They were

One of the stewards said: "An objection has been lodged on the score that Mr. Baideck is still intersected in Goldfinder, to the extent that you promised him the cup, or a duplicate of if, in the event of his winning. If you assure the stewards that this is not so, there is no evidence other than Mr. Baideck's word, and we shall be forced to overrule the objection. If you admit it, it establishes the fact that Mr. Baideck still has an intested in the horse, that you are not the sole owner. In that event the cup will go to Munket, who finished second." It was a bitter pill, losing the prize.

It was a bitter pill, losing the prise, and on a technicality, too; but Blade nover hesitated for an instant. His word would be taken against the other man's, but that didn't matter.

"I promised Mr. Baldeck the cup." he said gravely. "I didn't know that it constituted an interset in the horse."

said gravely. "I didn't know that it consaid gravely. "I didn't know that it constituted an interest in the horse."

That afternoon he went to hand Beth
the gage back: not as he thought' he,
should have gone, to demand fulfilment
of the promise, given in banter though
it was, but to admit that he had failed.
It was rather odd that Beth had heard
all the facts of the case before Slade
got there, but she had. Whether Captain
Frank was able to get shout in a gharry
or not. I don't know; but Beth know,
"I have brought back your gage," said
Slade, trying to speak in the same bantering tone they had used that other
time. "I failed to get you the cup."

Beth smiled a little as ahe reached out
for the creased silp of paper Douglas
handed her. "She doesn't care a rap," he
thought: "sile is laughing at me." thought; "sie is inughing at me." Deliberately Beth opened the dust-stained note and read it with provoking

Ballygunge Cup," she said, arching her

"It says—wait, I'll read it to you "Are you glad I won?" he asked awk-wardly. "Did you win gloves or anything over my mount?"
"I hardly know yet what I won." she ing the note, and looked up at him is "It says-wait, I'll read it to If Douglas Stade wins the next Bally ing the note, and looked up at him inquiringly asked: "And you did win the steeplechase, didn't you—though you are not to get the cup?" And so it really did not matter very

they would have liked it in their draw-

THE SCALER, By Stewart Edward White Once Morrison and Daly, of Sagi-naw, but then lumbering at Bee-son Lake, lent some money to a man named Crothers, taking in return a man transplace of what was known as the

began to bellow through the woods. - "Hey! Fitz Patrick! Come here, you morigage on what was known as the Crothers Tract of white pine. In due sisted quite simply of three buildings, the firm became possessed of this tract. They blanked-blanked-blank of a blank! Come here." The scaler awang leasurery down the travey trail and fronted the other with level eyes. "Well?" said he.

"Why aln't that log marked?"

"Why ain't that log marked?"
"I culled it."
"And it abund and good? Is there a mark on it? A streak of punk or rot? Ain't it good timber What th' blank's th' matter with it? You tried to do mo out of that, you blank skunk?"
A log is culled, or thrown out, when for any reason it will not make good timber.

"Fill tell you, Jimmy Bourke," re-plied Fitz Patrick calmly. "Th' stick is sound and good, or was before your murderin' crew got hold of it, but if ye'll take a squint at the butt of it. ye'll see that your gang has sawed her on a six-inch signt. They've wasted a good foot of th' log. I spoke of that afore; an' now I give ye warnin' that cull every log, big or little, punk sound, that ain't sawed square and

across th' butt.' "Th' log is sound an' good and ye'll cale it, or 'Ill know th' reason why!"
I' will not," replied Fitz Patrick.
The following day he culled a log

built showed a stant of a good six inches. The day following he culled another of the same sort on still another skidway. He examined it closely,

then sough the Rough Red.
"It is useless, Jimmy Bourke," said he, "to be hauling of that same poor log from skidway to skidway. You can shift her to every travey trail in the Crother's tract, but it will do ye little good. I'll cull it wherever I find it, and never will ye get the scale of The Rough Red raised his hand, then

spat out:

"By —, Fitz Patrick, ye go too
tar! Ye've hounded me and harried me
through th' woods all th' year! By

'tis a good stick, an' ye shall scale it!'

'Yo' an' yore Old Fellows is robbers

passed the silent scaler.

But in the three days the Rough Red put his men to work on a little cahin. Fits Patrick at once took his scalging rule from the corner and set out into the forcried one of the men.

Fits Patrick turned on his heel and resumed his work. The men ceased heirs and began to talk. That night was Christmas eve. After

supper the Rough Red went directly from the cook camp to the men's camp. Fitz Patrick, sitting lonely in the little office, heard the sounds of debauch rising steadily like mysterious for the season's work. Inevitably he at once became James Bourke's natural ene-my, and so of every man in the crew with the possible exception of the cook. Fits Patrick scaled honestly, for he was a just man, but exactifude and optimism storm winds in distant pines. He shrugged his shoulders, and tailled his day's scaling, and turned into his bunk wearily, for of holidays there are none in the woods save Sunday. About midnight some one came in. Fitz Patrick, oused from his sleep by aimless blu derings, struck a light, and saw the cook looking uncertainty toward him through blood-clotted lashes. The man was partly drunk, partly hurt, but more nothing. Still, it was not pleasant for him alone there in the dark wilderness 50

"They's too big fer me, too big fer me!" he repeated thickly. Fitz Patrick kicked aside the blankets and set foot on the floor.

"Le' me stay," pleaded the cook, "I won't bother you: I won't even make a noise. I'm skeered."

"Course you can stay," replied the scaler. "Come here."

He washed the man's forehead, and bound up the cut with surgeon's plaster from the van. The man fell silent, looklug at him in wonderment for such

Four hours later, dimly through th

shingles in every stump ye've left.
And you must saw straighter. And the contract calls for eight inches and ever, mind ye that. Don't go to skipplin the little ones because they won't scale ye high. Tis in the contract so. And I won't have th' tops left. There's many a good log, in them, an' ye trim them fair and clean."

"The to hell, you — " shouted the Rough Red. "Where the blazis did ye learn so much of loggin'? I log th' way me father logged, an' I'm not to be taught by a high-banker from th' Muskegon!"

Fig. " said he. "don't go to th' woods today. The men is fair wild woods today. The men is fair wild

cook analously.

"I'm goin' to do the work they pay me to do." answered Fitz Patrick.

He took his way down the trial, his face set straight before him, the smoke of his broath streaming behind. The first skidway he scaled with care, laying his rule flat across the face of each log, entering the figures on his many leaved tablets of booch, marking the timbers swiftly with his bile crayon.

"Where are ye gold'?" asked the

marking the timbers swiftly with his blue crayon.

The woods were empty. No ring of the ax, no shout of the driver, no fall of the tree broke the silence. Fits Patrick comprehended. He knew that at the next skidway the men were gathered, waiting to see what he would do: gathered openly at last in that final hoscility which had been maturing all Winter. He knew, bestdes, that most of them were partly drunk and whelly reckless, and that he was alone. Nevertheless, after finishing conscientiously skidway skidway

were waiting in ominous silence, their eyes red with debauch and hate. Fitz Patrick paid them no heed, about his business.

Methodically, deliberately, he did the work. Then, when the last pencil mark had been made, and the tablets had been

closed with a snap of finality, the Rough Red stepped forward. "Te have finished with this skidway?" asked the foreman in soft cat tones. "I have," acswered Fits Patrick briefly. "Yo' have forgot to scale one stick."

"There is a etick still not marked."

Patrick threw his head back return results throw the stead sector aroundly, answering his man at care, as an accomplished swordsman. The Rough Red shifted his feet, almost awed in spite of himself. One after another thomen dropped their eyes and stood ill at ease. The scaler turned away, his heat ease. The scaler turned away, his heat are the statement of caught a root; he stumbled; instantly the pack was on him, for the power of his eye was broken.

Mad with rage they kicked and beat and tore at Fitzpatrick's huddled form long after consciousness had left it. Then an owl hooted from the shadow of the wood, or a puff of wind swept by, or a fox barked, or some other little thing happened, so that in bilind, unreasoning panic they fied. The place was deserted. save for the dark figure against the red

and so knew he was still on earth. Ev-ery movement cost him a moan, and some agency outside himself inflicted added torture. After a long time he knew it was the cook who was firmly but kindly kneeding his limbs and knuckling his hair. The man proved to be in a maze of wonderment over his pa-tient's tenacity of life.

tient's tenacity of life.

"I watched ye." he murmured soothingly. "I did not dare interfere. But I kem to yo' 's soon as I couuld. See, here's a fire that I built for ye, and some tea. Take a little. And no bones broke! True for ye, ye're a hearty man, and strong with the big muscles on ye it to fight th' Rough Red man to man. Get th' use of yere legs, darlint, an' I'll tak ye to camp, for it's fair drunk they are by now. Sure an' I tole ye they'd kill ye."

"But they didn't." muttered Fitz Patrick with a gleam of humor.

rick with a gleam of humor.
"Sure 'twas not their fault, nor yere

ewn!"
Hours later, as it seemed, they moved slowly in the direction of camp. The cold had stiffened Fits Patrick's cuts and bruises. Every step shot a red wave of torture through his arteries to his brain. They came in sight of camp. It was silent. Both knew that the men had drunk themselves into a stupor. themselves into a stupor.
"I'd like t' kill th' whole layout as she sleeps," snarled the cook, shaking his

fist.
"So would J," replied Fitz Patrick.
Then as they looked, a thin wreath of
smoke curied from under the open door-way and spread laxily in the frosty air.

Aonther followed, another, still another. The cabin was aftre. "They've kicked over the stove again,"
said Fitz Patrick, scatting himself on a
stump. His eyes blazed with wrath and

'What yo' goin' to do?" asked the cook. "Sit here," replied Fitz Patrick grimly.
The cook started forward.
"Stop?" shouted the scaler flercely. "If
you move a step Fil break your back!"
The cook stared at him through saucer

"But they'd be burnt allve!" he objected wildly.
"They ough to be," snaried the scaler.
"It ain't their fault I'm here to help

them. Tis their own deed that I'm not lying beyant there in th' forest, unable to help myself. Do you understand? I'm yet out there in th' woods!"

"A. wirra, wirra!" walled the cook, wringing his hands, "Th' poor lads!" He becan to wee! segan to weep. Fitz Patrick stared straight in front of

Fitz Patrick stared straight in front of him for a moment. Then he struck his forehad, and with wonderful agility, considering the injuries he had but just received, tore down the hill in the direction of the smoldering cabin. The cook followed him joyfully. Tegether they put out the fire. The men snored like beasts, undisturbed by all the tumult. undisturbed by all the turnuit.
"'Tis th' soft heart ye have, after all.
Pitz." said the cook delightedly, as the
two washed their hands in preparation
for a lunch. "Ye could not bear t' see
hit lade burn".

Fitz Patrick glowered at him

instant from beneath his square brows.
"They can go to hell for all of me," he answered finally, "but my people want these logs put in this Winter, an' there's nobody else to put them in."

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As he lay on his convalement bed he

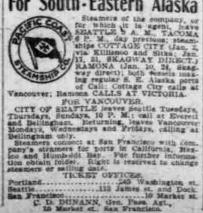
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