

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

an ex-bruise. But I never wasted me-
self, Sam, nor kept late hours an' burned
the candle at all ends. I had a damned
good candle, an' made the most of it, as
you 'll grant at lookin' at me. And I've
taught the same to the young un. What
do you think of a lad of twenty-two that's
never had a drink in his life nor tasted
tobacco? That's him. He's a giant,
and he's lived natural all his days. Wait
till he takes you out after deer. He'll
break your heart travelin' light, him a
carryin' the outfit and a big buck deer
belike. He's a child of the open air, an'
winter nor summer has he slept under a
roof. The open for him, as I taught him.
The one thing that worries me is how
he'll take to sleepin' in houses, an' how
he'll stand the tobacco smoke in the ring.
'Tis a terrible thing, that smoke, when
you're fighting hard an' gaspin' for air.
But no more, Sam, me boy. You're