

prairie. I admire nature, and love animals, and appreciate the stars and sky and air. Yes ; but a man can get drunk on too much of anything. All the poetry of these things dies out when day after day, month after month, and year after year, a man sees little else than a collie dog, an ugly pony, and watches cattle fill their bellies with grass, and listens to the everlasting whine of the land breezes across the boundless prairie. No, I do not want to be killed by too much liberty and life ; I will go to St. Helena and sleep with Cronje first.

Finlay did not languish altogether, which is a proof of his ability to dodge death ; but during these years he did a little speculating on the side. At the end of