

Along The Front.

the modern gun of beautiful finish and workmanship, a striking contrast to the attire, at least, of the owner.

"A good gun, stranger," remarked Jimmie.

"Yes, and an expensive one, I should think, any way. What use have you for such a gun?" I said, as I returned it to him.

"Well, you see," began Jimmie, "a gun is like some other things. When you need one, you need it pretty bad, and then you can't have too good a one, and that's why I have one like this." For an instant I imagined I was out in the Pan Handle country of Texas and that the advice of my friend would be good to follow. But, no! Here I was in a boat in Arcadia on the peaceful Lake St. Francis. Then looking again quickly toward the boat and crew at my left, I was met by a broad grin from its occupant.

"Jimmie," I said, "you're the sort I always want to know. Come over to Castle Island tomorrow and we will talk it over."

Since meeting Jimmie down in the rush banks, I had heard more about him from the guides on the Island, and I knew his call this