

minutes came sailing round the Yale Bend, and that's where we saw them, late one Saturday afternoon, and Tom Aigle swung 'em a lariat.

"G——! lads! it did me good, and all of us good, to shout as we carried 'em up. They were more dead than alive, but we dosed 'em with whisky and packed them with warm flannels, and then when they'd come to, we got a good square meal into them and strapped up the man's broken arm.

"And you bet when we got to know all about it, we wouldn't let 'em leave Yale at all that winter, nor want for anything all the time they stopped there neither.

"And now if any of you young men has a fancy for prospecting away up there at the back of Cassiar, he might p'raps take his chance like that, and come down the Skeena. But that man's not going to be me!"

And as he ran his eye critically over us, it is probable that our faces showed him that it would not be any of us, either!

—*From To-Day.*

