

were careful to build the pyre close to the edge of the rock, and well to windward of the cabin, for, as the white man said, 'Jim would not be apt to burn down his own house even to wreck a four-master.'

When Tony heard this remark the first clear thought he had been able to formulate came to him. If they should leave the fire long enough he would push the pile of wood into the sea. Then when the fuel was gone there would be no signal, and with the boat gone the men would be prisoners at least until the morning.

It was not an easy matter to light a fire in an atmosphere laden with moisture, but after many attempts and much profane language, it was accomplished. The pile had been skilfully built and stood like a great tall chimney, which would presently send a flame twenty feet in the air. It would hardly be mistaken by the ship's crew for a light-house, but rather for a friendly signal from the village at the mouth of the harbor.

When the fire was well started the men went into the cabin to better enjoy the contents of a bottle which the white man carried in his pocket, and which he had already applied to his lips more than once. Now was the time for action.

Tony crept past the door of the cabin. From the scattered sticks of wood he selected the longest piece, and laid it flat on the rock up against the base of the pile. He knew that what he did must be done with one move, for the men might at any moment come out of the cabin, and the least sound would certainly bring them. His idea was to shove the whole mass of wood over the edge at once, and this he partially accomplished with the aid of a second piece of timber which he had placed against the first. With all the strength of his spent body he pushed.

The base of the burning pile shot over the precipice, carrying most of the wood with it. The effort was a violent one, and the boy followed his 'pusher' perilously near the edge. The noise brought the men to the door at once. There was no time to recross the rock to the only side which afforded a hiding place. Tony dashed around the cabin, and in its shadow found momentary safety. He could only hope that the wreckers had not seen him.

'It's the devil,' he heard the Indian say, 'wind blow not that way.' This suggestion the white man met with a volley of profanity.

'There's someone on the rock,' he said, 'and it ain't Jim, neither; you go that way and I'll go this, there's not much chance of anything getting away from us here.'

Tony heard and looked wildly about him. He knew the men would keep close to the cabin wall. He moved cautiously away from it and in doing so his hand struck the cable which passed over the roof of the little hut. He seized hold of the big rope and followed it to the edge, where it was lengthened by a short piece of chain. He remembered that huge staple and that Jim had shown him the narrow shelf of rock below it, where he stood when he drove the staple into a crevice.

If he could reach that shelf perhaps he could cling to the staple for a while. It was his only hope, so, holding to the chain he slipped his feet over the edge, and then inch by inch followed with his body. If the ledge proved to be too far down for him to reach he knew that he could never pull himself up again unassisted, but there was no other way, and soon he felt the rock under his feet.

If Tony could have seen himself as he just clung there, a pitiful little atom against the sheer rock's side, with the angry sea leaping and dashing below him, it is doubtful whe-

ther he could have kept his position, but the friendly darkness wrapped itself about him and he had no troublesome imagination to conjure up terrors he could not see. He heard the men shuffling about above him and once he caught the gleam of the lantern they carried, but he rightly suspected that the mysterious disappearance of the wood had shaken their nerves and that they would not care to remain any longer than was necessary.

When the rascals met again at the door of the cabin, after covering every inch of the flat-topped rock, they looked blankly into each other's faces, and when the Indian once more asserted, 'It was the devil!' his companion more than half believed him. They hastily gathered together the wood that was left, and after lighting it, prepared to leave. But suddenly a huge form rose up out of the darkness and two shining revolvers were thrust uncomfortably near their evil faces.

The wreckers had not calculated upon Jim's ability as a sprinter. He had seen the fire when it first glimmered through the fog, and thinking his cabin must be on fire he started to run. There were piles of valuable skins stowed away on his rafters, but he forgot all about them when he found his boat gone from the cache, and caught the twinkle of the lantern as it circled around the cabin. The boat lay where the waves had cast it up a little way down the beach, and he was not long in crossing the channel and climbing the path. Thus warned he was able to take the intruders at a disadvantage. With a grim humor smouldering in his eyes he ordered the white man to bind the Indian with ropes found in the cabin, then, when one rascal lay safe, he performed the same office for the other.

Tony had heard Jim's voice and when silence told him that the excitement of capture was over, he raised his own in a long wailing note, the signal that had failed a few hours before. In a moment Jim's face appeared over the edge of the rock, and in another Jim's strong arms had lifted him bodily from his dangerous perch.

All that night Jim watched over his three guests, but to Tony only did he vouchsafe the favors of food and warmth. When the whole story had come out in Tony's queer jargon of English and Chinook the big Indian sat for a moment in silence, then reaching over he laid his hand on the boy's head. 'Tony, Jim's boy now,' he said.

The report of Tony's adventure got abroad through the sheriff who was called in to relieve the Rock of its unbidden guests. Every time he repeated the story he would add, 'To think that a poor little half-starved, beat-out savage would deliberately put himself into such deadly danger to save the honor of his friend, not the life, mind you, just the honor! Where can you find the making of a better citizen than that, I'd like to know!' And when the tale reached the Reservation the teachers agreed with the sheriff and forgave the runaway. But the superintendent journeyed to Copalis Rock, where he had a little talk with Jim, or more strictly speaking, at him, which later bore fruit; for after a blissful summer on the Rock Tony returned voluntarily to the Reservation. He was convinced, because Jim said so, that it was best to learn all the white men had to teach and, having set his hand to the plough, he did not again look back, though doubtless every springtime finds him standing on the lake bluff watching for the eagle who is to bring him his message from the sea.

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The Chickens in the Orchard.

(George Ethelbert Walsh, in the 'New York Advocate'.)

'I'm tired of planting seeds for those old hens to tear up,' exclaimed Charley Lee, with a look of disgust on his face.

It was the third time he had planted his bed of flowers, and here the chickens had crawled through the fence again to destroy all of his work.

'I don't see what Uncle Henry wants to keep such chickens for,' he continued, ruefully. 'They do more damage than they're worth. If I ever own a country place I won't have a chicken on it.'

'But what would you do for fresh eggs and fried chicken?' asked his cousin Henry, walking around the scratched seed bed.

'I'd buy them,' Charley replied, promptly.

'It seems to me if I took so much pains with a bed of flowers as you have I'd fix the fence around it,' Henry added, noting the big gaps in the fence.

'Isn't it Uncle Henry's place to fix the fence himself?' asked Charley, with a frown.

'Why, yes, it may be; but again it may not. He has no flowers and vegetables in here to protect, and when he gave you the garden to plant he may have thought of the fence. If anybody gave me money and jewels I wouldn't expect him to give me a safe to keep them in. Would you?'

Charley had to admit that he would not, and when Cousin Henry walked away he surveyed his work with thoughtful eyes.

'I guess my first business is to repair that fence,' he said. 'I'll do that, and then plant the garden over again. I'll make it so tight that the chickens can't possibly get through into my garden again.'

All the following day the pounding of a hammer could be heard around the fence. And once, attracted by the noise, Uncle Henry peered over the fence and shouted: 'Hello! Turned carpenter? Hope you haven't got tired of gardening so soon.'

'No, I'm just getting ready for it,' replied Charley. 'The chickens have been through here three times and I can't do anything until I can shut them right up.'

'That's good. Build a fence around your property before you improve it. I remember once I had a pony given to me, and I walked ten miles to bring him home. Then I found I had no stable to keep him in, and I'd never thought of that until the pony was brought home. Then I found that a boy with a pony and no stable was in a sad plight. I hitched him to a post near the house, and decided I'd build a stable the next day for him. But when the next day came the pony was gone. Somebody had stolen him or he had broken loose and trotted away. Since then I always build the stable first and then get my pony afterwards.'

Charley laughed at this story, and wondered if Uncle Henry had thought of the chickens all along, and had left the holes in the fence just to teach him a lesson.

'Uncle Henry is so funny, anyway,' he reflected. 'He'll never lecture you, but he will make you find out your mistake some way, and then you feel as if he knew it all along.'

When the fence was finished Charley planted his garden once more, and proudly watched the chickens sneaking around the fence inspecting the patches he had put on. They could not crawl through, for he had been so careful and thorough in his work.

But a few days after this, when he was watching his first plants appear above the soil, he heard a sudden commotion in the or-