

things are different from what they are in the forests of the Rockies and Selkirks. You can throw away a cigar-end here in midsummer, and nothing will happen. It dropped on moss and emitted a long, dying hiss.

Smith could join in a potlatch with anybody. He could, when occasion was pressing, "celebrate" himself. But never did he "celebrate" to such an extent that he could not be made an example of uprightness, fail to see the sight of his gun, or—if a call came—be able to respond and go forth and hale home to incarceration and trial whoever, be he white man or red man or yellow man, had transgressed the laws. The sight he beheld now was disgusting. By heck it was! He was a son of a gun if this here village shouldn't be photographed and put upon the lantern slide, and lantern screen, of every Temperance agitator in America!

It offended his sense of the uprightness of humanity. As for them two coons—him leaning against the tree, beside the other that was ladling the booze, looked as if he was imitating a Chicago cop. Six foot two, he guessed. The other fellow a good match. Smith suddenly chuckled to himself. He guessed that if he toted them down to Simpson Inlet he could start a side-show, and paint over the door *The Alabama Giants. Come in and have a look!* He would have to raise the roof of his shack, by heck! The Siwashes and Claridge said there were four of them—a white man, a half caste, as well as the two niggers. Maybe the other two were dead. These Siwashes lying about drunk before their doors—were they dead for sure, or dead drunk?

The fires flickered and flared, and the light ran up and down the tree-stems. It was a wonder the