

AT LAST A MIGHTY WAVE

Slim rose from off his ragged quilt. He was fully dressed and commenced pacing the floor. Backward and forward he paced, now and again pausing before an old faded picture which hung on the wall, his hands clenched behind his back. Stealthily he fumbled inside his pockets and drew forth an old letter, which was carefully folded in a small leather pocket book, and a tear trickled down his worn and weather-beaten cheek. A tender chord vibrated and a heart string set in motion; sympathy had been stretched out to him, and a flood of memories took possession of his soul. His old friend had shown faith in him in spite of his life and past record, and the realization of this had completely broken him up. He fell limp upon the bed, which he had managed to reach.

"What's shot into you?" asked "Red" as he hastened over to his pal.

"Nothin' much, I'll jack up in a minute." Slim remained stretched out on the bed, with face downwards for fully five minutes after this. Then turning over slowly, he said:

"Come over close agin' me, 'Red.'" I want to talk a little. We've come bang up agin the partin' stunt tonight. You and I have been trottin' along the rough and stony way a goodish time, and I've allus foun' you a gent at every turn of the wrist. You never went back on a pard nor swore at an enemy.