

his visit, "you know your own affairs best, but, rememberin' as I do what you used to be, I thought there was more of fair-play about you."

"Fair-play! What d'ye mean?"

"I mean that when folk let *you* alone, you used to be willin' to let *them* alone. Here has a crowd o' people come back all this way into the Rockies to escape from the curse o' strong drink and gamblin', an' here has Crux—a lover o' fair-play—come all this way to shove that curse right under their noses. I'd thowt better of ye, Crux, lad."

"It don't matter much what you thowt o' me, old man," returned the cowboy, somewhat sharply; "an', as to fair-play, there's a lot of men here who don't agree wi' your humbuggin' notions about temperance an' tee-totalism—more of 'em, maybe, than you think. These want to have the drink, an' I've come to give it 'em. I see nothin' unfair in that."

Hunky Ben carried his report back to the council, which for some time discussed the situation. As in the case of most councils, there was some difference of opinion: a few of the members being inclined to carry things with a high hand—being urged thereto by Captain Stride—while others, influenced chiefly by Mr. Reeves, were anxious to try peaceable means.

At last a sub-committee was appointed, at Hunky Ben's suggestion, to consider the whole matter, and take what steps seemed advisable. Hunky was an adroit and modest man—he could not have been a first-rate scout otherwise! He managed not only