

AT ST ANTHONY'S CROSSING 13

It was only the 'drunks,' not to put too fine a point upon it, that hurt her heart. Saint Anthony was just far enough away from a railway in construction to keep its saloons open, as the law was; and liquor was procurable for celebrations, treats, joys, sorrows, instead of only medicinally; liquor was procurable 'right there,' for consumption on the premises. In the matter of strong waters Sadie had a side of her—the softer side already indicated—that was touched often less to censure than to regret. One small bit of moralising she did allow herself—and that was in wondering how men confronted by these great and wonderful mountains, these great and wonderful skies, these vasty manifestations of cloud-burst or of moon soaring as if out of some witching glade, some well of magic, could ever want to be drunken on anything but the vivacity of the place and the good, joyous air. This consideration she even voiced to Morley once. He took it as if he was guilty. Perhaps he, in his time, when he was younger, had 'celebrated.'

'They will do it,' he said. 'You see they work