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decision across the gasping throat of the dark bull.

"Why did you do that?" asked Neville Baker in astonished protest. "We might let him off! He'd earned it!"

"He was about all in, anyways," explained the guide. "An, we'd have had to spile them dandy antlers. Now, with a pair of locked heads like that, Mr. Baker, mounted jest right, you'll have something in your collection that likely no other sportsman in the whole world can brag of."

WITH such a consoling reflection Neville Baker's compassion was swallowed up in a hunter's pride. Triumphantly he stared down on the massive head of the dead bear; then he let his glance sweep all about the glassy waters and level, desolate shores. But in the still, white peace of the moonlight it grew hard for him to believe in the madness and tumult of struggle that had just been so violently stilled. A curious revulsion of feeling all at once blotted out his triumph, and there came over him a sense of repugnance to the bulk of so much death. He silently filled his pipe and began to smoke, while the guide's practised knife set about skinning the victims.

"Do you know, Adam," said he presently, in a tone of discontent, "I feel as if we'd got so much meat we might almost be going to start a butcher's shop."

The guide, pausing in his sanguinary task, looked up at him with a comprehending grin. "I know," he muttered at last. "One can't help feelin' that way once in awhile, if he stops to think. But one gits over it, mostly. Ye see, Mr. Baker, we ain't got very fur from the Cave Man, we ain't, even yet, an' so we can't help thinkin' it's great fun to go out an' kill somethin'."

The Questing of Mr. McMunn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

"Will it no' be bonnie, gin ye come in of a nicht, to have th' wee callants greet ye juist as if they were yer ain?"

Mr. McMunn gazed at his spouse blankly.

"Nine o' 'em," continued Mrs. McMunn, with an air of relish. "Nine weans to play about th' house. Juist th' verra number—"

Mr. McMunn projected himself as far away from his spouse as the confines of the couch permitted, and regarded her in limp amazement.

"Ma certes, wumman!" he ejaculated in a strangled voice, "and ye told me ye'd—"

Mrs. McMunn corrected him, smiling patiently.

"Na, na, Andy! I told ye there was na any little Todds; but I did na say a word about th' Angus weans, or th' little McPherson callants."

"Angus! 'McPherson!'" Mr. McMunn echoed the names, and was near to choking. "Wumman! ye've deluded me! ye never told me ye'd been marrit a' they times."

"Eh, deary, dear!" said Mrs. McMunn, with a pretty air of surprise, "ye're no telling me so, Andy! It must have been an oversight. Ye mind ye were so busy coorting, Andy, ye were forgetting things yersel'." She sidled penitentially to his side. "I believe yer vexit wi' me, Andy. Will it be because o' th' few bit alterations—?"

Mr. McMunn gulped—and thought rapidly. Before him rose a picture of mirthful gossips making merry at his expense. His! Mr. Andrew McMunn's!

"Gin ye say a word"—he gripped

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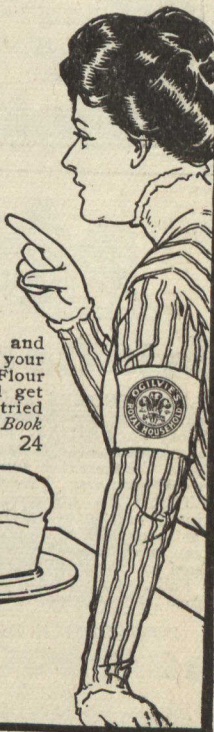
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