

## 6 COMRADES OF THE TRAILS

mouths shut no matter how tearin' mad they feel. I knowed an Injun once, brother to this here Sober Sam, who got afloat on a pan of ice one spring-time on Wolf's River. He floated down stream for three days afore the chance came for him to get ashore. He hadn't anything to eat, neither, for his whole outfit — toboggan, grub, traps an' pelts — had all gone through the ice. Well, I was handy when he come ashore. Did he cuss an' tear? Not him. 'Dat almighty heap cold v'yage, Billy,' said he. Ay, them was his identical words."

"Good for him!" exclaimed Dick Ramsey, heartily. "Is Sober Sam as sound in the temper as his brother?"

"Don't worry about Sober Sam," returned the lumber-jack. "I've given you my word for him, an' I've told him to meet you here at this shack. So don't you worry, young feller. I like you — an' so I am treatin' you white. Sober Sam's a good Injun, an' just the lad to larn you the tricks o' this here forsaken country. You keep your temper, an' that smoky faced old son of the woods 'll keep his. You treat him square an' he'll do the right thing by you if it takes the hide offen him to do it. Treat him like a friend — the way