

finer than I expected. What wouldn't the fellows at home give for a day's fun over that thing they call a 'haulin' road' in this country?"

He stepped over to the fire and sat down beside Billy Blunt. His interest in frying-pan and tea-kettle was keen.

"Guess I'll stop right here to-night," said Billy, "an' light out fer home on the back trail at sun-up. Sober Sam 'll be here by then, I reckon." He glanced up from the frying bacon and met the young Englishman's eyes. "I guess you'll do, young feller," he continued. "You be sound, anyhow, wind, limb an' temper. Thunder an' turf! it was as good as a show to see you in them bog-holes — an' as polite as an Injun all the time. Many's the greenhorn I've seen who would be back along the trail still, a-cussin' them holes."

Dick grinned. He was highly pleased by the woodsman's praise.

"I'm afraid I would not be of much use in this country if I lost my temper every time I came to a bad place in the trail," he said.

"That's right," returned Blunt. "Cussin' never yet put a bottom to a bog, or resined a canoe. Injuns know that — an' their grandfathers knowed it afore them — an' so they keep their