

ritch. All the chaps'd ~~get~~ turning round to stare at the poor wild fella, and I'd sure be scairt to sleep in one of them up-in-the-blue-sky houses anyway!" He laughed.

"But you would soon be used to city ways, and perhaps become a great man and rich!"

"That was what the mink said to the otter. 'Go to the city and see the sights,' says he, but the otter knew the only way he'd ever see the city would be around some lovely gal's neck."

November Joe had no idea how far I could read into his fable.

"And what did the otter say?"

"Huh! Nothing. He just went down his slide into the lake and got chasin' fish, and I guess he soon forgot he missed seein' the city all right."

"And how about you, Joe?"

"I guess I'll get chasin' fish too, Mr. Quaritch."

When I arrived at the depôt at Priamsville in the morning, to my surprise I found November Joe there before me.

"Why, Joe!" I exclaimed, "you're not fit to travel."

"I thought I'd go on the cars with you, Mr. Quaritch, if you'll have me. There's a good