

you like a dog. I'll shoot you till you're dead — dead — dead. By God, I will."

The clerk was a beardless boy, clean-eyed, his conscience new to business like this. He burnt with shame.

The man staggered out. His soul was a hell. "The boss is worth a million," he muttered. "And me! — Well, ain't I worth forty-eight cents?" He laughed fearfully.

By and by he passed the saloon, belching its light, warmth, welcome, to the wayfaring man, if a fool. He passed, hesitated, turned back, and went in. And there drank deep of the devil's brew — sold, too, by the Company.

The next morning he lay at rest — a sodden carcass on the snow. But he had been a man, made in the image of God — had loved, aspired, and laboured. Then died — worth? — not even forty-eight cents.

The boy behind the counter gave up his job. He was young, obstinate, extreme. He confused death with murder.

For three years the sawmill ran its swift course. Then one day stopped. "No more work — boss's land cleaned out," the men said. Each day the boat bore some of them away, to seek the bread of life elsewhere. They had hardly a backward glance for the deserted shore. They but wanted to forget it — they had lived there the sodden life of serfs. They had had food and shelter, but so in the north woods had the wild things, and freedom and beauty besides.

By and by the last load of lumber left the little dock