

Then the crowd breaks up and Mickey and the preacher are left alone.

After a brief silence Mickey says, "We've been up to the schoolroom this afternoon for the lime juice but we couldn't find it. The women folk were scared when we went up there—we looked so tough. We told them we wanted to see the preacher, but it was no use."

"Come along now," says the preacher, "and I'll fix you up. But don't you tell the saloonkeeper I'm keeping a blind pig, or I shall be run out of here." "Don't fret, boy," says Mickey, "we won't let on to old Charlie," and so saying, Mickey and his pals follow the preacher to the schoolroom and the pardners are soon drinking the Sky Pilot's health with strong doses of lime juice, Mickey remarking it was all right so long as they didn't look at the label.

As the boys are helping themselves to the lime juice "the kid" brings in a tin box, out of which is brought a large piece of currant cake. "Now, boys, try this cake. I got it from home last week. My sister made it, so I know it's good." The cake is devoured in silence, as if the pleasant thoughts of home kept bringing in sad thoughts to the mind. "That's darned good cake," exclaimed Bud. "You tell that sister of yours how us boys enjoyed it," and Mickey said, "God bless her."

"Now, boys, come and see where I hang out when I'm at home, so that when you want me to do anything for you, you will know where to find me. The women folk won't scare you out of here."

On Monday, Bud hunted up his cougar dogs and Mickey shouldered his grub stake. For a short distance they hit the trail together. Then with a cheery "So long!" they both disappeared amongst the tall timbers.

Mickey's last message to the settlement was: "Give my regards to the young Sky Pilot." Mickey's boat is still anchored on the beach. But who knows but that he may have found that land where there are riches untold and from which no Prospector ever returns.