

time as the firelight flashed I could see poor Donovan's bloody face, and I know Chinquin kept awake, for I watched him, because, boss, I believe if he had slept and given me the chance, I would have killed him.

"As soon as the morning came and it got light, I filled a can of water and heated it at the fire, for I thought it would be better to try and get the blood off Donovan's face. It was hard, hard work, for it had grown thick and dark, and had to be soaked before I could remove it, but I got it all off after a while, except on one corner of his mouth and moustache, where the clots simply could not be washed away. Chinquin, who had in the meantime taken a pick which was in the boat, and gone into the bush, returned just as I finished; he said he had made a hole to put him in, and to drag him over, and he himself then went back into the woods. I never was much of a praying man, sir, but I knelt down after he had gone, and told the Virgin that I had not killed Donovan, and promised if I ever got a chance to be revenged for his death.

"Poor Donovan, I will never forget his face as he lay there with his cap on (for I had replaced it to hide the wound), white as a sheet, except for that horrid black stain about his mouth. I seemed almost to be going crazy, for I was so perfectly helpless; but after a while I got my head again, and dragged him over to the grave that that cursed Chinquin had dug.

"We put him in, and then I saw Chinquin start to roll over two large boulders. Ugh! I didn't look any more, but I heard them fall on the corpse with a thud that made me quiver all over; afterwards, when the hole was filled up, we threw some snow on top.

"After we got the things into the boat we shoved off, but when we were a few feet out—it was not up to my head in depth—Chinquin suddenly stood on the edge of one side, and she upset. As I went under water my first thought was that he was trying to drown me, for he knew that I could not swim; but when I got my feet on bottom and looked around, he had the boat by the stern, roaring with laughter. I grabbed the oars, and we got on shore again.

"Now, you — fool, do you see how our poor Irishman was drowned? Gar; but it is too sad! I wanted to change places with him and row, mark you, and while we were doing it the old tub upset. Ha! Ha! Ha!" he yelled. "You won't have to hang, my dear boy, after all, for your bloody overcoat is floating down the river there. You needn't mind the wet; it is much better than a dry rope."

"Then in a minute, and before I could see what he was doing, he had me by the throat and tripped me, and when he knelt on me he looked as black as the devil. 'Now, my boy, swear that you'll back up my story and everything that I tell about this. Men are too often drowned up here to cause any questioning; and if you don't play the fool we'll be all right. Swear, now, or I'll choke you.'

"I suppose I was a coward, boss, but I was so scared that I swore to it. Then he let me up, and holding out his dirty hand made me shake it.

"It's too late now to tell you of how we got back, and

how Chinquin lied, and I swore to it; but, as he had said, lots of shantymen are drowned every year, for most of us, strange as it may seem, can't swim, so his story was believed, and the matter was dropped.

"You may be surprised, but for a week or so afterwards I didn't seem to mind, and went about at work as jolly as ever; but after that my life was a perfect hell. I was scared to sleep almost, for every once in a while I would dream of that white face with the blood-stained mouth; it was simply terrible, and I got as moody and glum as a bear.

"Being the only boy in the outfit, I was a kind of favorite, but it seemed to me that the men began to dislike me, especially when they saw me so thick with Chinquin, who pretended to be very fond of me, and was always near me when he could get a chance.

"Then Christmas came along, and I thought I would have a good time by getting drunk; it was the first although not the last time; but no, it was no use, the drunker I got the more this poor devil's face seemed to grow on me, and when I commenced to sober up I gave way completely, and was sick for some time; and had it not been for Chinquin's threats I would have told the story to the gang boss, who had been very good to me, and had taken me into his hut when I got sick.

"Things got worse and worse; everything seemed to go wrong with me. I had two or three 'scraps,' and by the time the spring came and the river opened, everybody in the camp hated me except Chinquin and the boss.

"I don't know if you ever saw a lumber-chute, but it is made in the summer when the streams on the hill bank are dry; they build it into the bed at the top of the hill, and carry it down to the river, so that in the spring, when the snow melts, the whole body of water rushes down the chute, which is about four feet deep, instead of taking the usual course, and you see there is enough water to float the logs, which have been cut up above, down to the boom in the river.

"One day Chinquin was standing just at the head of the chute spiking the logs which I was 'feeding' to him, into the chute, and it happened that the gang boss was just behind me helping me 'feed,' for we were short-handed, as some of the men were sick.

"How it happened, I don't know, but the boss tripped on something and let go his end of the log; it was a tremendous heavy one, and I had my end up in the air, passing it on, so when it fell it threw me over, and I bumped into Black Chinquin. He lost his balance, and before I was on my legs again I heard him yell, and the last I saw were his feet as he shot down in the stream.

"The boss was in a terrible state, and we shouted to the men below, and rushed down the hill; some of them had seen him in the chute as he swept by, but before they could grab him he had shot into the river. They got out the boats, but it was no use, for the boom was pretty full, and they could not get around through the logs, and anyway the logs themselves prevented his coming up to the top of the water.

"As soon as things got a little quiet the boss explained