

sombre looks of the rest. They were in no mood for interruption at the present time. But Ned was blind to all this.

"Ye fools!" he roared, stamping on the ground in his rage. "Will ye let all that good stuff spile down yonder? Surely ye ain't gone an' jined the temperance gang, an' took the pledge?"

Fiercely Jake turned upon him.

"Ned," and his voice was laden with meaning, "will ye go home an' leave us alone?"

"No, h—— if I will, unless ye all come back with me."

Jake's eyes turned suddenly to the right. They rested upon a pond of dirty water several feet deep lying there. Like a flash he reached out and caught the saloon-keeper in both hands, lifted him clear of the ground, carried him wriggling and cursing to the edge, and tossed him in like a ball. With a splash and a yell Ned went under, came up puffing and blowing, and dashing the water from his eyes and ears. A shout of derision went up from the drivers.

"Go home now, Ned," they cried. "You've soaked us fer years with yer stuff, an' you've got soaked now. Good-bye."

With that they continued on their way, leaving the victim to scramble out of the pond and make his way home, beaten and crestfallen.

Along the road the drivers marched, then up the hill leading to Big Sam's abode. It was dim twilight as they stood before the house. The evening was balmy,