

the same Book. And here, as before, Long Sandy, looking very majestic and grand, and wearing, as before, a smile upon his face, was the central figure.

It was more a triumphal procession than a funeral cortège that wound to the little cemetery—and there the grandly simple old man of the wilderness—all that was left on earth of him—was lowered into the frozen earth by the side of Viva's father.

That evening the Parson and his wife were sitting in Nestlenigh Cabin. Walter and Viva had gone home to Snuggle-Up Cabin. A knock came at the door and the three old-timers, the two Bills and Cussin' Jim, came in. Big Bill was the spokesman, and came to the point at once.

"Parson," he said, "we've been talkin' things over. Old Sandy's got us beat. We're not like him—nobody in all the North is. But we'd like to hit his trail and get in on his pay-streak. Do you think we could?"

"What about your packs?" asked the Parson softly.

"Meanin' my saloon, an' Lanky's drinkin' an' Jim's cussin'? Well, we're unstrappin' them packs. The buckles are pretty rusty, but we're goin' to try to throw 'em off. I've passed up the saloon business for good; Lanky's sworn off, and Jim swears he'll not talk at all if he can't do it without cussin'. It's straight goods with us, Parson. We're readin' Long Sandy's location notices all right. Say, do you think we three old sinners could stake claims alongside of Sandy's?"