

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

"South Fork," was all he vouchsafed.

"Eleven miles across the mountains," the old man exposted pridefully to Stubener, "an' a trail that 'd break your heart."

Breakfast consisted of black coffee, sourdough bread, and an immense quantity of bear-meat broiled over the coals. Of this the young fellow ate ravenously, and Stubener divined that both the Glendons were accustomed to an almost straight meat diet. Old Pat did all the talking, though it was not till the meal was ended that he broached the subject he had at heart.

"Pat, boy," he began, "you know who the gentleman is?"

Young Pat nodded, and cast a quick, comprehensive glance at the manager.

"Well, he 'll be takin' you away with him and down to San Francisco."