

looking man on the beach was Smith. When the Siwash stopped beside him he glanced up quizzically. The Siwash began to make a clicking and clucking sound, much like that sound produced when kneading dough—or mixing putty. One understands what is meant by guttural speech when one hearkens to this coast Indian. Germany is exonerated then; German is nasal by comparison.

Every now and then Smith murmured a swear-word, as one might say: "Quite so." That was what he meant, but the swear, in a gentle, astonished intonation, came easier. Then he clicked and clucked, and made a few noises as of suffocation and strangulation, looking up at the Siwash. The Indian's face cleared, and he replied. Smith gave a little elevation of his brows, a little nod, and rose, putting his pipe in his pocket, and keeping his hand in with it—a sort of labour-saving device, or so it seemed—he went easily up the shingle to a shack among the stumps.

He came out presently, hands still in jacket pockets, but under one arm was a rifle comfortably tucked, butt up, barrel pointing to the earth a foot ahead of him. He had put on a cartridge belt. He still looked shabby and seedy generally. He might have been going forth to commit suicide, leaving behind him a note: "Fed up—bored stiff. Tired of life!" or something like that.

The hotel-keeper, looking at him wandering down the beach, shouted out: "You ain't changed your shoes, Smith. You ain't goin' in them——"

"Any old thing will do," Smith answered sadly.

His response made the men smile. Up till then they had not smiled, for many of them understood, if not all of it, at least the gist of the clucking and strangling. And it was pretty tough; to wit—a