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man cursed and told him to hold his tongue.

Night found the lone driver slipping, plunging, lurching ahead of the dogs, or shoving at the handle bars and shouting at the beasts. At last, during a pause for rest, he heard a sound which roused him. Out of the gloom to the right came the faint complaining howl of a malamute; it was answered by his own dogs and the next moment they had caught a scent which swerved them shoreward and led them scrambling through the drifts. Two hundred yards, and a steep bank loomed above; up and over which they rushed, with Cantwell yelling encouragement; then a light showed and they were in the lee of a low-roofed hut.

A sick native, huddled over a Yukon stove, made them welcome to his mean abode, explaining that his wife and son had gone to Unalaklik for supplies.

Johnny carried his partner to the one unoccupied bunk and stripped his clothes from him. With his own hands he rubbed the warmth back into Mortimer's limbs, then swiftly prepared hot food, and holding him in the hollow of his aching arm fed him, a little at a time. Then, he sat beside the fire and fought his weariness. When he dozed off and the cold awakened him, he renewed the fire, heated beef tea and rousing Mort fed it to him with a teaspoon. All night long, at intervals, he tended the sick man, and Grant's eyes followed him with an expression that brought a fierce pain to Cantwell's throat.

"You're mighty good—after the rotten way I acted," the former whispered once, and Johnny's big hand trembled so that he spilled the broth.

His voice was low and tender as he inquired:

"Are you resting easier, now?" The other nodded. "Maybe you're not hurt badly, after—all. God! That would be awful—" Cantwell choked, turned away and raising his arms against the log wall buried his face in them.

The morning broke clear; Grant was sleeping. As Johnny stiffly mounted the creek bank with a bucket of water he heard a jingle of sleigh bells and saw a sled with two white men swing in toward the cabin.

"Hello!" he called, then heard his own name pronounced.

"Johnny Cantwell, by all that's holy!" The next moment he was shaking hands with two old friends from Nome.

"Martin and me are bound for Saint Mikes," one of them explained. "Where the deuce did you come from Johnny?"

"The 'outside.' Started for Stony River, but—"

"Stony River!" The newcomers began to laugh loudly and Cantwell joined them. It was the first time he had laughed for weeks. He realized the fact with a start and then recollected also his sleeping partner, and said:

"Sh-h! Mort's inside, asleep!"

During the night everything had changed for Johnny Cantwell; his mental attitude, his hatred, his whole reasonless insanity. Everything was different now; even his debt was canceled; the weight of obligation was removed, and his diseased fancies were completely cured.

"Yes! Stony River," he repeated, grinning broadly, "I bit!"

Martin burst forth gleefully:

"They caught MacDonald at Holy Cross and ran him out on a limb. He'll never start another stampede. Old man Baker gun-branded him."

"What's the matter with Mort?" inquired the second traveler.

"He's resting up. Yesterday, during the storm, he—" Johnny was upon the point of saying "played out," but changed it to, "had an accident. We thought it was serious, but a few days rest'll bring him around all right. He saved me at Katmai, coming in. I petered out and threw up my tail, but he got me through. Come inside and tell him the news."

"Sure thing."

"Well, well!" Martin said, "so you and Mort are still partners, eh?"

"Still partners!" Johnny took up the pail of water. "Well, rather! We'll always be partners. His voice was young and full and hearty as he continued: "Why, Mort's the best damned fellow in the world. I'd lay down my life for him."



## Caught in the Act!

**Mistress:** "Why, Lizette, isn't that my Pompeian?"

**Maid (in confusion):** "Y-e-s—but I-I-I just couldn't help trying it. You-you praised it to Mrs. Miller, and you praised it to Mrs. Johnson and to Mrs. Brown, and to every woman who came to the house—and-and then I did so want a nice complexion like yours."

**Mistress (laughing):** "Now, how can I scold you for that! You surely have followed the advice, 'Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one.'"

# POMPEIAN

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