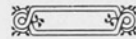


The Honor of Service

(The first of a series of Hysterical Romances as told by an Idiot.)



The north wind howled in the Chinook pass as old Ugg, the Indian of the Wazzamatrchoo tribe, came mushing across the frozen plains from down Dawson Way. Across his sled a huge bundle of old shoes bulged and in the pit of his arm he nursed a thirty-thirty. "Mush! Chi-ohh-gohlee" (pet name for the Alaskan husky) he crooned just as a bullet spat from the brush hardby and buried itself in his bosom.

"Gar!" he muttered. The red froth coming to his lips; then he slid to the icy earth he had loved so well, kicked twice, coughed and died. Snf! Snf!

Thus Sergeant MacHinery of the R. N. W. M. P. found him and a sob escaped his lips. Old Ugg it was who had taught him the lore of the north woods, who had versed him in the call of the hooch-owl and the bizi-bizi; showed him where the stag at eve had drunk his fill; and taught him to love the crooning loveliness and the low whispered sadness as the south breezes sougled among the pines. So he buried old Ugg in the cleft of a deep rock and left him there in the bosom of the wilderness of his birth. "I'll get the dog who done this dirty deed!"

When he went back to mount his great sorrel, "Badly," he saw glittering in the light of the northern sun a large knife of the Bowie variety, and as he picked it up a cusre burst from his clinched teeth. "Aha! None other than Jack Dalton's hand laid old Ugg low. Old fellow," he said, turning to the low cairn of rock that marked that lonely grave, "I'll get him for you, and the honor of the R. N. W. M. P."

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