

these was sufficient to scatter all his philosophic determinings to the winds and leave his soul a chaos of confused emotions.

Small wonder, then, that twenty times a day he cursed the luck that had transferred him from the comparatively peaceful environment of the Police Post at Fort Macleod to the maddening whirl of conflicting desires and duties attendant upon the Service in the railroad construction camps. A letter from his friend Inspector Dickson accentuated the contrast.

"Great doings, my boy," wrote the Inspector, evidently under the spell of overmastering excitement. "We have Little Thunder again in the toils, this time to stay, and we owe this capture to your friend Raven. A week ago Mr. Raven coolly walked into the Fort and asked for the Superintendent. I was down at stables at the time. As he was coming out I ran into him and immediately shouted 'Hands up!'"

"Ah, Mr. Inspector," said my gentleman, as cool as ice, 'delighted to see you again.'

"Stand where you are!" I said, and knowing my man and determined to take no chances, I ordered two constables to arrest him. At this the Superintendent appeared.

"Ah, Inspector," he said, 'there is evidently some mistake here.'

"There is no mistake, Superintendent," I replied. 'I know this man. He is wanted on a serious charge.'

"Kindly step this way, Mr. Raven," said the Superintendent, 'and you, Inspector. I have something of importance to say to you.'

"And, by Jove, it was important. Little Thunder had broken his pledge to Raven to quit the rebellion business and had perfected a plan for a simultaneous