



THERE WAS A HUNGRY LOOK IN HIS EYE AS HE SLOWLY RAISED HIS RIFLE.

Traders and missionaries may do their part, but it is the brave, true gentlewoman, who follows her loved ones into the new country, who is doing the great work of real civilization.

So Percy Bradley strolled down to the "tepee" and saw Prairie Chicken again, not once, but several times.

No doubt he was anxious to study the Cree language, which would be useful to him in his work at the store. He might have had his pick of teachers from among the frowsy beggars who were loafing round the fort, but his choice was Prairie Chicken.

There is a language of the eye which is more easily learned than that of the tongue; perhaps young Bradley was studying the language of the eye.

But Big Moccasin saw him, and (like another dear old lady, Mrs. Grundy) she "thought it her duty" to tell the lord and master, Almighty Voice.

And, one evening, young Bradley came again to the chief's tepee.

The chief and Big Moccasin were not there, but Prairie Chicken sat on the musk ox robe, embroidering a very dainty pair of moccasins with porcupine quills for the "white man."

To the two within it seemed but a few moments before the flap of the "tepee" was raised by the bangled wrist of Big Moccasin, and in the opening she stood with Almighty Voice.

His face was painted after the fashion of the days when he went forth to ravage the Blackfeet, and there was a hungry look in his eyes as he slowly raised his rifle.

And Big Moccasin stood beside him, holding up the flap of the "tepee" and smiling into the eyes of Prairie Chicken.

Young Bradley sprang to his feet and stood in front of Prairie Chicken. At that moment when he looked down the barrel of the Indian's rifle he was more of a man than he had been at any time during his life.