

The pleasant talk that had gone on for some time had gradually ceased, as though silence was most in harmony with the weird, beautiful surroundings.

The only sounds that fell upon our ears were the ripples of the waves upon the shore, or the cry of some night bird that had strayed away from its mate or nest.

After a time, Sagastao, who had, like the others, been silent, called me to him, and after giving me a corner of the buffalo robe on which he was seated, and telling me to cuddle down where he could keep his hand upon my head, began talking to me.

"Well, Hector, we are both sorry for poor Billy: are we not?"

"Poor Billy with his broken leg; I saw that you were sorry for him. For when he moaned while they were fixing his leg, which must have hurt him very much, you set up and yelped and howled. And I felt very sorry too, and I could not keep the tears out of my eyes."

So I was pleased as I thus heard my young master talk about Billy; and I was sure by his voice that he was sorry for him. Then turning to his father, who had been for some time in silence watching the flashing, blazing, beautiful auroras, he said:

"Father!"

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