

on his funning. Wants to have her believe that everything is going to turn out all right. Same here; I try, we all do, all try not to pull a long face."

"Indians?" North heard himself ask the question, and he remembered afterward that his voice sounded not at all strained, but quiet and natural. It surprised him to speak like that, especially so because of the labour it cost him—an almost overwhelming exertion to utter that simple word.

"Tuesday night—jumped us," Davis muttered. "Night time—yes; it was in the—— Mrs. Ross will tell—— Last Tuesday night, that's when."

North said: "An arrow, perhaps. Was it?"

He received no answer. Davis had turned his face aside and would not speak.

The two men strode rapidly along, walking shoulder to shoulder, and skirting the outside of the wagon-corral.

Winifred hurt? Perhaps mortally wounded? Impossible! That could not be so. North senselessly refused to believe that anything of that sort *could* happen; and with the strain of this forced disbelief trivial inconsequences had begun to float into mind. His eye being caught by the incongruity of a delicate ring worn on a finger of Doug's knuckly hand, he even spoke of that bauble. "A pretty setting, but what kind of a stone?"

Only he didn't care in the least about the stone. He forgot it, he mentioned something else.

"It's come back," he suddenly announced; but what had come back—that Winifred's little song had begun to run again in his mind—he did not think to tell.