

burden appear, but I vow unless mine eyes had been sharp upon them they would have found means to dodge away."

Upon coming out from the cave into the new-born light of day a strange spectacle met their gaze. A procession of squaws in single file, each bearing a small sack of mooseskin, the contents of which seemed to be of great weight, staggered painfully along, in the direction of the coast. Running about, now at their head and again upon one side or the 'end, was the stout captain; his clothing and hair all disheveled from the night's vigil and his eyes shining with the greed of avarice.

"You ill deserve a share of this," he went on, as the Chevalier and Farquharson drew closer. "Sleeping and feasting, while I guarded and fasted. It grieves me to think that such dawdlers as you must own some fruits of my toil. Never a lump did go in any one of these rough sacks but what I saw that nimble fingers should not reclaim it. This need all be remembered when we come to count, for he that idles must surely pay for the dalliance."

The face of the Chevalier flushed scarlet and his fingers toyed nervously with the rude charm which had accomplished so much for him. Old Ablegemoo emerged from the cave and gazed disdainfully at the stout captain.

"I presume that without this stone I can have no more of the gold?" abruptly