

THE YOUNG LION HUNTER

"No, I think he's dreaming of the adventures we'll have next summer," said Ken Ward.

Ken's idea pleased me. And long after the others had gone to bed, no doubt to dream with the Indian, I sat wide awake beside the ruddy embers, and dreamed, too, of the summer to come. It would be a wild trip—the hunt for gold down in the cañon. With Ken Ward along it would be sure to develop dangers; and with Hal Ward along it would be sure to develop amazing situations.

So I dreamed on till the fire burned out, and the blackness gathered thick, and the wind roared in the pines.

THE END