

He never finished his sentence. There was Mathurin cowed and trembling at the sight of Yula, who was marching into the porch with his head up and his tail wagging in triumph.

Aunt Miriam, aghast and pale, stood in the doorway of the dining-room. Mr. De Brunier led her aside for a word of explanation. "The thieves among the guests of her wedding party, incredible!" She was stunned.

Yula seated himself in front of Mathurin, daring him to move hand or foot.

Wilfred was looking round him for the Cree, who was feeling for his bow and arrows, thrown somewhere on the ground during his prolonged struggle. When the stone was struck from Maxica's grasp, and he knew that Vanner was dragged off helpless, he felt himself in the presence of a power that was mightier than his own. As Wilfred caught up the bow and put it in his hand, he said solemnly, "You are safe under the shadow of that great white warrior chief, and Maxica is no longer needed; for as the horse is as seven to the dog, so is the great white medicine as seven to one, therefore the redman shuns his presence, and here we part."

"Not yet, not yet," urged Wilfred desperately; but whilst he was speaking the Cree was gone. He had vanished with the morning shadows behind the pine trees.

Wilfred stretched out his arms to recall him; but Gaspé, who had followed his friend like his shadow,