

unfortunate expedition by riding home again? Wish we'd never come out.'

'I will wait to see my boy laid to rest,' answered Bertie.

At that moment their attention was drawn to a party of horsemen riding rapidly towards the camp, and in a short time Rodgers and Jim, with the police sergeant and the two Indians, joined the group.

'What has happened? Is the Chief killed?' cried Rodgers, seeing by the looks of the assembly that something serious had taken place.

'Eagle-feather is not hurt,' said the scout, 'but I've done worse than kill him.' Then in a few words he told what had happened.

Meanwhile Jim had left his horse and gone to Caryll, sure by his expression that something must have moved him deeply; and when the story of Sequa's death was told, Jim said no word, but put out his hand, which Bertie grasped, whispering as he did so: 'Thank God, I've got you, Jim.'

'You have heard, Pierre, that Eagle-feather had no part in that business at my ranch?' said Rodgers.

'So the Indians tell us,' answered the scout.

'It is true, and I have unmistakable evidence, as Sergeant Colston will tell you.'