

the cats. Yet, although he did all this, he did not neglect the vision in leather, by no manner of means.

Long before the dawn of early morning that jovial party drank a parting cup of cold tea, and, dispersing to their several homes, left the field in possession of the village curs.

Now, dear reader—with a feeling of sadness we write it—all things must have an end! We make this unquestionable assertion in order to break to you, as gently as may be, the news that our tale has reached its close. Had we taken in hand to write the life and adventures of our hero and his friends from first to last, we should have had to prepare pens, ink, and paper, for a work equal in size to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We have only detailed one or two episodes in their wild career. What they did, and said, and saw in after years, must be left to future historians, or to the imagination of romantic readers. This only will we say in conclusion, that of all the men who dwelt in Pine Point settlement, for many years after the events narrated in these pages, the kindest, the wisest, the gentlest, the heartiest, the wildest, and the most courageous, was—the Wild Man of the West.