

"The good friend of the Indian!" He stared at the dying man an instant, and then dropped his hand on the Indian's shoulder. "I know you now!" he exclaimed. "We met over in the Big Bend."

The beat of hoofs was heard, and in a few moments Dr. Lang sprang from his horse and hastened to the group. Only a moment he knelt over the Indian and then he arose and shook his head. The Indian was watching him closely.

"Me die?" he asked.

"Yes." The doctor glanced at the others. "No use to lie to him, is there?" he asked, a shade of compassion in his tone.

The Indian closed his eyes, and then a faint whisper came from his lips:

*"Nesika klaksta mitlite kopa saghalie."* The words died to an unintelligible mutter. West knelt and placed his ear close to the moving lips. *"Spose nesika mamook masahchie nika hyas solleks kopa klaska."*

West looked up in surprise.

"It's the Lord's prayer!" he exclaimed.

The Indian's eyes opened.

*"Nawitka—me pray! Been—mission. Me die—klip sun—klatawa kopa Saghalie Tyee!"*