

ful. But after a time the hunchback's eyes opened again and he whispered once more.

"Lift me—lift me close to Loveland," he asked.

When they had put him near the young man's couch Mashkaugan's head turned.

"Uapishiu! Yellow Hair! I—I sought to kill thee—thou knowest all—and now I—I love thee greatly and—and beg thy forgiveness again!"

"Indeed I forgive thee all, Mashkaugan," said the sick man. "I have much to thank thee for on account of thy goodness for these days that have just passed. I would give anything to know that some day thou and I might travel again together, eating and sleeping like two friends, in the greatness of the big woods! I shall pray that thou mayest get well again so that we can many times clasp our hands in friendship."

His pale, weak hand went out and met the other, and the hunchback smiled at him, gratefully, and spoke in a stronger voice.

"Now I feel that I am forgiven of God and man," he said. "I am happy, and—and there will be happiness in—in lying over there by—by