

Missionaries went there, and a little church was built, and, to the blessings of a fertile land were added the far greater blessings of Christian light and knowledge. One sad blow fell on the Widow Varley's heart. Her only brother, Daniel Hood, was murdered by the Indians. Deeply and long she mourned, and it required all Dick's efforts and those of the pastor of the settlement to comfort her. But from the first the widow's heart was sustained by the loving hand that dealt the blow, and when time blunted the keen edge of her feelings her face became as sweet and mild, though not so lightsome, as before.

Joe Blunt and Henri became leading men in the councils of the Mustang Valley, but Dick Varley preferred the woods, although, as long as his mother lived, he hovered round her cottage — going off sometimes for a day, sometimes for a week, but never longer. After her head was laid in the dust, Dick took altogether to the woods with Crusoe and Charlie the wild horse, as his only companions, and his mother's Bible in the breast of his hunting-shirt. And soon Dick, the bold hunter, and his dog Crusoe, became renowned in the frontier settlements from the banks of the Yellow-stone river to the Gulf of Mexico.

Many a grizzly bear did the famous "silver rifle" lay low, and many a wild exciting chase and adventure did Dick go through, but during his occasional visits to