

fallen; and when everything had been put in order for the night, I came to examine it in the firelight and, if possible, find out the owner. On the back was traced the inscription: *A Souvenir of our friendship.*
W. J.

"Are these the initials of your fallen comrade?" I asked one of the cowboys.

"No," he returned, "they cannot be his, for he is called Cotton."

The name sounded like an echo from the past, recalling the events of a few weeks previous—a voyage to the hills and the rescue of a man from death. But I was not the only one in whose mind the name had started a train of recollections. There was Dalwit close behind us now, gazing at us intently and catching each word uttered. I handed the crucifix to him and again the sudden change in his manner and the twitching of his features, recalled to me a scene in a sick room where a stricken man was tossing nervously on his bed.

"I must see this Cotton to-night at all costs," Dalwit said to me soon after when we were alone. "I cannot tell you the reason now, except that it is something that concerns me nearly; but I shall tell you later."

Soon a deep silence fell upon the camp. A sharp lookout was kept for a possible return of the savages; but no one slept. All awaited anxiously news from the tent where hovered the angel of death. Early in the morning, Dalwit came to me.

"He is gone," he said, with a melancholy ring in his voice. "The poor fellow suffered much but oh! I am so glad to have been there to remove one pang at least from his passing."

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Three months had elapsed since the death of Cotton. I was again at Glenfail; and although I met Dalwit frequently, I did not dare question him in regard to his connection with Cotton, or of the result of his last interview with the dying man. I had too much respect for Dalwit's sorrow to break in upon him with curious questions. He, however, revealed to me all the facts of the case without any solicitation on my part.