

coming from afar and his heart waxed big as he shoved in the cartridge, which, he had been assured by Ecuto-tukin, would cause the devil to disappear with a clap of thunder into thin air, that is if he, Pig-Eye, only had faith enough. Goodness knows Pig-Eye had all the faith necessary, and when the devil rushed by he banged away bravely. He could see the evil spirits hop about and wave their arms at him; also he saw clearly a pane of glass broken on the back of the devil, where the evil spirits were, but the devil itself failed to go off into thin air with a bang, but proceeded along the top of the bank at added speed. Pig-Eye's heart was as melted wax. He knew that it was all his fault and that he hadn't faith enough to make such great medicine; so he returned sadly to the village.

Not many days after this occurrence Pig-Eye, sit-

built for the devils to drink out of; and there, with its eye glaring stood a huge demon breathing hard. The Indians rode a long way around, and looking, saw that there were no evil spirits about the water box or the devil itself. They were also very hungry and very cold, and knowing that it was only a white man and not an evil spirit who lived in the little house by the big round box, and tended the little devil without wheels which pumped the water out of the dry ground, they deputed Pig-Eye to go over and try to secure some grub. Pig-Eye started, leaving his pony with the others. He approached the hut by the big round box gingerly, for the devil hissed and panted up above on the high bank, and he was nervous. Arrived he peered in the window, and behold, not only was the man who cared for the little devil without wheels within, but also the two evil spirits



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ting outside his lodge, saw two Mounted Police ride into the village, and a council was held. The police said that someone had shot at the people who made the great machine move over the bank of earth, and demanded the delivery of the culprit to justice. All the chiefs spoke, denouncing the deed. Finally Pig-Eye spoke. He said that the act was a scoundrelly one and should be punished forthwith. He also said he had an idea who did it, and offered his services at so much per day to find the culprit and bring him to justice. So he chased himself for many days, in company with the police, but did not find himself.

The year waxed old, the Christmas season arrived, and Pig-Eye and his chums were returning from a hunting trip. The night was dark and stormy as they approached the great round box which the white man had

that lived on the big devil. Pig-Eye felt sore afraid and dared not knock to ask for grub. He crouched close to the wall, on the sheltered side of the building, and waited for the evil spirits to leave. They would not go; he could hear them laughing and talking within. So, as he sat, his foot touched something hard underneath the sill of the house, and drawing it out, he found it to be a bottle. Of course, he, not being aware of the evils of white men, could hardly be expected to know that that bottle had been carefully cached by the man who looked after the little devil in case of a lengthy drought. Now Pig-Eye knew what liquor was, and also was cold and in need of a nip; so, drawing the cork, he took a goodly pull. Immediately he felt warmer and things assumed a different aspect. He took another. The world seemed to be a pretty good place to