

motionless, listening at the shattered window, but the cruel smile was gone from his lips. He could hear the man's low, pleading voice and the half-stifled sobs of the child.

"It was only a wolf that I fired at," said the man. "I saw him look in at the window, and I had to shoot quick, for he was a cruel wolf and meant to hurt us. So don't cry, Little Peter. The wolf has gone."

Running Thunder nodded his head as he listened. "He is right," he reflected. "He could not go away to a new country this time of year with the little pappoose. So he tried to shoot me before I could shoot him. That was right. But he should have told me about the child at first and not talked so big about his rights."

Again he put his hand to the window and tapped on the glass. The voice of the man ceased on the instant, but the sobbing of the child continued. "The wolf has gone away," said Running Thunder, clearly. "He has gone away and will not hurt you."

"Are you the devil himself?" cried the man within the shack.

"The devil has gone—out of my heart," replied the other. "He has gone—with the wolf you tried to shoot. The voice of the child sent him away. I did not know of the child. So put down your rifle, for I do not mean to hurt you."

"Do you try to trick me?" asked Pierre. "Remember, I fight for my son! My life is his life—so I shoot quick!"

"I speak truth," replied Running Thunder. "See! I drop my rifle through the broken window. Now I can do you no harm."

"But you came to kill me," said Pierre. "This is the night of the new moon."

"Yes," said the other, "I came to shoot you, for you talked to me of your rights in my own trapping-country. You should have told me of the pappoose—for I am a father, too. But it does not matter now! So let me come in and smoke with you, brother, and see the pappoose. Oh! yes, there is plenty of fur in this country for both of us—and enough for you to make me a new mitten, maybe."

