

"Indeed the dog has a strange look," said Cotton.

I whistled to the dog. The poor brute came limping up whining piteously. We threw him a piece of bread which he quickly swallowed. He then looked us in the face and started off in the direction from which he came, stopping every few steps to see if we followed.

"Come let us find out what the matter is," said Cotton. "That dog has a secret which he would tell but cannot. Have you any guns?"

In fifteen minutes we were fully accoutred for a journey to the hills. The dog led us forward by a circuitous path, winding for two or three miles through the tangled brushwood, over hill, precipice, and ravine, until we emerged upon a mountain slope of unusual height whence we could see for a long distance over the intervening hills and out on the prairies.

"This is where the grizzlies come up to sniff the air," I remarked in a low voice to my companion.

The words were scarcely past my lips when I saw Cotton raise his rifle and fire.

"It is only a young one," he said contemptuously, as he ran up to the bear that the shot had brought down, "but the mother must not be far off."

In fact such was the case. A little farther on, just at the edge of a precipice, we came upon the mother, but she was dead. Close beside her were a miner's cap and a rifle which I recognized as those of Dalwit. But where was Dalwit?

"The dog has disappeared," said my companion. Push further ahead and see if you can find his master. I will try below the precipice.

I stood for a short time looking at the fallen monarch of the mountains. Cotton had gone down the precipice. He suddenly reappeared somewhat pale and startled. I thought. He beckoned for me to come.

"Another grizzly?" I asked.

"No," he said hoarsely and he seemed to speak with difficulty, "it is—it is he."