



OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY FROM THE SUMMIT OF NAHIANNA ROCK, FOUR THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

beating more rapidly, and felt my teeth gritting together. Carefully and noiselessly I lifted and cocked one of my rifles. I did not feel especially nervous or excited. It was high time to conclude this tiresome business, and if I thought of any one's death it was that of a Hell Gate Indian.

Tramp, tramp, tramp continued the steps.

Evidently my visitor was circling the clearing and trying to locate me by the dim light of the midnight stars. My fire was low, and gave little light.

The steps continued around the camp until they reached a point directly in front of me, where one of the trees of my camp stood between me and my unseen foe. Here was my chance. By crawling up close behind the tree I should gain a decided advantage. I feared an ambush, however, and realizing that my slightest movement might reveal my position, I laid low.

The footsteps ceased, and I could not discover whether the disturber of my rest was crawling toward me or standing still

and listening. The suspense became unbearable. I called. If there was to be any shooting I wanted to get through with it.

No response. I called again. Not a sound. I was at a loss what to make of the situation. I still thought it advisable, however, to remain concealed, so there I sat on my blankets, waiting, until I was chilled through. At last, thoroughly disgusted, I lay down again and tried to persuade myself that I had been dreaming and had better go to sleep. But very soon I heard the steps again, and sat up rifle in hand.

This time I was *not* dreaming. Some one was coming directly toward me with the evident intention of keeping the tree between us. The steps drew nearer and nearer. I lifted my rifle, secretly rejoicing that there would soon be a dead Indian in the neighborhood. I held my breath, and just as I expected to see my enemy emerge, a big white dog stepped from behind the tree. Although my finger was on the trigger I did not shoot. I just laid down my rifle and crawled back into my blankets.

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