

interest in her air than she had shown for many a day. "Why do you like it?"

"I think," returned the husband, slowly, "it is because I like Dan Davidson. I like him very much, and it was to please him that I began to work hard, for, you know, he was very anxious to get home in time to be at his own wedding. So that made me work *hard*, and now I find that hard work is not hard when we like people. Is it not strange, my Slowfoot?"

"Yes. Your words are very like the words of Mr. Sutherland to-day. It is very strange!"

Yet, after all, it was not so very strange, for this worthy couple had only been led to the discovery of the old, well-known fact that—"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

There was yet another of those whose fortunes we have followed thus far who learned the same lesson.

About the same time that the events just described took place in Red River, there assembled a large band of feathered and painted warriors in a secluded coppice far out on the prairie. They had met for a grave palaver. The subject they had been discussing was not war, but peace. Several of the chiefs and braves had given their opinions, and now all eyes were turned towards the spot where the great chief of all was seated, with a white man beside him. That great chief was Okématan. The Paleface was Peter Davidson.