

Owindia did not sit down. She gave one brief glance about her at the many things she saw, and then throwing her arms around Natsatt's neck, she buried her happy face upon his shoulder.

And there a little later Dan found them sitting before the cheerful fire, which felt good even in the summer, for the air was cool and a heavy mist was hanging over the land. And thus, ensconced in comfortable chairs, and Dan with his pipe in his mouth, they talked of the past. The men told of the building of the store in the wilderness, and the struggles which had been overcome. Their trials were now ended, and the future looked bright and golden.

"Oh, if my poor father could only be here," Owindia remarked, as she looked around her. "To think that I have such a lovely home with every one so kind to me, and he does not know it. How often I think of him, and see his grave far away in that lonely land, which I shall never look upon again."

And so the three sat and talked. They could not look into the future. There was no seer to draw back the veil and give them one brief glimpse of the changes the years would bring about. They did not know that the day would come when the Chilcats would lose their control over the great Yukon region, and that the gleaming gold would lure thousands of white people into the country. Neither could they see that the little settlement where the new trading Post which Dan and Natsatt had established would be the centre of a bustling,