

"Now, let's see what you've got here," and Keith examined the object attached to the collar.

It was a piece of brown paper, old and soiled, and evidently it had *seen* hard usage. It was carefully folded, and tied with twine made up of several short pieces. With the point of his hunting knife, Keith cut the string, and when he had opened the paper he beheld a number of words, scrawled with some red material, which looked much like blood. By the flickering camp fire he managed with difficulty to decipher the following startling message:

"For God's sake, help. I'm dying."

That was all, and for some time Keith held the paper in his hand and gazed steadily into the fire.

"Strange," he mused. "Where could the animal have come from? I did not know there was a white man near. But it must be some poor wretch who has been stranded in this desolate region. Let me see. That dog could not have travelled far in his present miserable condition. I believe I could track him, and perhaps find his master either dead or alive. But then that would mean great delay, and I hoped with hard travelling to reach Klassan by to-morrow night. Besides, there is not much food left, only a little bacon, bread, and a few beans. Oh, well, I'll sleep on it, and in the morning perhaps I may see more clearly."

The fire roared cheerfully, seizing with avidity upon the dry fir sticks. The sparks shot up into