

the other growled fiercely as if it were having bad dreams. Then Jerrold came out of his abstraction, and, rising, went to fumble with his one hand in the pocket of his overcoat that hung behind the outer door.

"What is it you want? Let me get it for you," said Cynthia coming to his aid, remembering how lost he must be without his right hand.

"I have it," he answered, pulling a paper from his pocket and bringing it to the lamp that stood on the table. "See, Cynthia, I bought this on the train as we were passing through the Rockies."

She looked at the paragraph he pointed out, then cried out in surprise. It was an account given by an eyewitness of a fatal accident that had happened to a too adventurous huntsman, out after wild goat in the mountains above Lake Minnewanka. The hunter was a man known as Long Jake, who was brother to a still more noted hunter known as Clear-eyed Cyrus, who had for some time past dropped out of the public ken.

"So Long Jake is dead," said Cynthia softly, and her mind went back to the day when she had intervened to save him from the grip of the angry she-bear.

"Yes, but I guess that the bit about his being brother to Clear-eyed Cyrus was put in the paper by someone who very badly wanted to know what had become of Cyrus, and incidentally of the money