

served us in our time of need at the Post on the far-off Yukon River. They got their desert, though, when they went down in the Liard River. It served them right. No men could do what they did and get off scot free. But Owindia's not like them. Oh, no, don't you have the least fear about her."

Thus through the long afternoon Dan and Natsatt conversed upon the one subject which was so near their hearts. They had changed somewhat in the three years since they had left Fort Yukon on their journey eastward with the boats of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Ranger looked older, and his hair was whiter than ever. But in his eyes dwelt an expression of peace and contentment, which formerly had not been seen there. He no longer cared for roving, but desired rest and quietness. He had Owindia upon whom he could centre his thoughts. He had her to care for, and he had tried to make up to her what he had neglected to do for Klota. Natsatt, too, had changed. He was free and buoyant in spirit as ever, but his nature had become much developed by his contact with the old Ranger. He had settled down to steady business, and his face expressed the resolve of a man who had something to live for, and who meant to succeed in life.

Twilight was stealing over the land when at length they ran out of the lake and entered upon a narrow river. They had not gone far when before them a village appeared to view.