

Kelepeles pondered a moment. "Wait and I shall try."

He crawled out, and presently came back, dragging the gray leader of Cunayou's team. Lifting the young wolf in his arms, he dropped him beside the restless boy. Came a laugh, then a small, brown hand crept out to be laid caressingly on the lean head, and after that silence,—broken only by a gentle snore that sounded exactly like a ptarmigan's whistle.