

measured his strength by his courage, and they were no longer equal. McShay had to return to bring Bill in. After a wild night in which both came near losing their lives, they succeeded in regaining the shelter of Hal's cabin. They found the fire dead in its ashes and Wah-na-gi crouching by the side of the dead man where he had fallen, holding his hand, as she had done so many hours in his life, in a dumb vacant instinct of habit, to give him comfort in the long sleep which would know no waking.

Death obliterates animosities, so they laid the body of Appah decently in the stable, to await his relatives and friends who would take it on sled or a travois to the Agency and weep and wail over it, and extol his virtues, just as we do with our dead.

To those who live apart from the forms and ceremonies of life they assume an unusual and unnatural importance. It was a real grief to these rough men who had grown to love John McCloud that they could do so little to testify to their sense of his worth. Undemonstrative in life, they would have liked to have made it up in the paraphernalia of grief in the hour of death. It didn't occur to them that the dead man had been very simple, very unostentatious in his life. They did not want to intrude the subject upon Wah-na-gi, so they gathered to discuss it in Big Bill's quarters. Orson, Silent, Joe, Curley, Bill, and the others. Mike, as usual, was the spokesman.

"Boys," he said, after quite a pause, his eyes unduly moist and struggling to keep from showing emotion; "boys, we're up against it. We can't do