

as if you had eaten nothing for a month. Well, then, here's a piece of bacon and bread. To-morrow I'll try to snip a rabbit for you."

The ravenous beast seized eagerly the precious morsels, devoured them with a gulp or two, and looked longingly for more.

"Can't do it, doggie," said Keith, noticing the animal's beseeching eyes, "I've only a little left, and a hard trail lies ahead."

Then something around the dog's neck arrested his attention. It was a small object fastened to a rude collar. What could it be?

"Come here, laddie," he called, "and let me see what you've got there."

The cur, however, kept at a safe distance, but showed a degree of friendliness by short jerks of his tail.

"Perhaps a piece of bacon will bring him," and Keith held a portion temptingly before his view.

The dog pricked up his ears, advanced, drew back, and looked around. Then, squatting down upon his haunches, he lifted his nose into the air and gave vent to a most doleful howl.

"Come on, old boy," encouraged Keith, still holding the bacon between his fingers.

Little by little the dog approached, and with much coaxing was induced to draw near, and after a time nestled by the man's side, where he quickly devoured the coveted morsel of food.