

THE GOING OF

look was troubled, and the pipe he held was not alight, though he made a pretense of smoking.

"Suppose the wildcat had got me, she'd be sorry when she comes, wouldn't she?"

There was no reply yet, save by gesture, the language of primitive man; but the big body shivered a little, and the uncouth hand felt for a place in the bed where the lad's knee made a lump under the robe. He felt the little heap tenderly, but the child winced.

"S-sh, but that hurts! This wolf-skin's most too much on me, isn't it, father?"

The man softly, yet awkwardly, lifted the robe, folded it back, and