

went straight to the heart of the noble creature.

With a despairing bellow, almost like a great human groan, he once more sank at the foot of the tree, this time to rise no more.

How those three rejoiced over their great triumph, Baptiste claiming that his first shot had been fatal ; Wikonaie proud of his little Ti-ti-pu, now a strong young brave, skilled in the chase, and a man to be feared in war : and Hector, thankful for the opportunity which had enabled him to save his Indian friend.

Late as the hour was, they decided to return to Wikonaie's tepee, where half the night was spent in extolling Ti-ti-pu's prowess and further cementing the friendship so strangely begun.

And not alone was Hector benefited, but Wikonaie was able to promise that the settlers could return unmolested to their farms in the summer, partly because of his own feeling, and partly because the North-Westerns had ceased to bribe the