

cent," as he saw the boy's agitation. "Anything the matter with your mother?"

"No—I—I—I just came to talk with you about something that I had heard down at the camps last night," stammered Rodney, panting and out of breath.

"Well, out with it!" good-naturedly commanded the cobbler, as he rolled a waxed-end upon his knee.

"There's a newspaper man down there with the scouts who has been looking for some man who lives about here and knows the valley, to carry dispatches and act as his 'private scout,' as he called it. But he hasn't found anybody yet, for he says that the men in the valley who are not with Riel want to join French's scouts and get their five dollars a day, and his paper can't pay more'n half that. But he says that he's got to have half a man if he can't find a whole one, and that if he could get some one who had hunted and trapped up an' down the river till he knew the country like a book, he'd be willing to pay something extra out of his own pocket. Do you s'pose there's any chance for me—if—you helped me, to get it? Don't you think that I might learn how to do it?" Rodney timidly inquired.

"No, you can't *learn*! If he takes you at all it'll be for what you already know an' don't have to learn. There ain't any time for learning anything except on the run. But there's one thing about it; most of the fighting that these fellows will see is going to be done right around these parts. I don't see why you wouldn't answer his purpose as well as