

N. W. M. P. rode out to the Cottonwood Hills, taking with them an old brass cannon which could throw a shell about a mile.

"Where are they?" asked Sergeant Smith, as he rode up to a rancher who was sitting on his pony with his rifle laid across the saddle in front of him.

"Down in the valley, close to that little clump of willows, about thirty yards north of that burnt cottonwood tree. I think they must be lying down in a kind of a hole or pit. Jackson and I rode round to the other side to see if we could get a sight of them, but we could not. Jackson had a close call, for a bullet smashed the horn of his saddle."

"Well, we've got to rout them out of that bush," said the sergeant. "Of course we could charge them, but it would mean the death of some of our fellows, and the orders are not to throw away any more lives. Bring that gun up and rake that clump of willows."

The willows were about five hundred yards away, and the gun was sighted for that distance, but the shell burst harmlessly. Again Corporal Angus fired and the shell flew wide of the mark.

Then the besiegers saw a tall, lean figure spring up from behind a pit and shake a rifle tauntingly above his head; and in the clear air they could hear his voice mockingly crying:

"O, white man, can you not shoot better than that? You must if you do not want me to laugh at you."

"Oh, is that so?" growled the sergeant, biting his mustache. "Suppose you take this for an answer."

And he aimed the old brass cannon and dropped a shot into the willows.

Then a few of the police cautiously advanced into the valley, creeping inch by inch nearer to the pit, from which now came a curious, chanting noise.

Now that the gimmer had the correct range he was placing the shells very close to the mark, and the curious, chanting noise was made by the three Indians who, realizing that it was a matter of only a few minutes before a shell would burst among them, were singing the Death Song of the Cree warriors.

Presently a shell came screaming along, grazed the burnt cottonwood tree, sending a shower of white splinters far and wide, and then burst just above the pit.

The chanting noise ceased; and the storming party made a rush forward and gained the pit.

There, in a hole some six feet deep which they had dug with their hunting knives and scooped out with their hands, lay the dead bodies of Almighty Voice and his two friends; the shell which hit the cottonwood tree had done its work well.

The body of Almighty Voice had several old bullet wounds, and his head was completely shattered by a piece of shell.

In the bosom of his shirt were found some trinkets which young Bradley had been wearing that fatal evening when he called upon Prairie Chickens.

There was young Bradley's pocket-book, and in it was the photograph of a sweet faced Scotch lassie who had fondly believed that her Percy would some day astonish the world by his genius.

But I have already remarked that young Bradley was a fool.

BETROTHED.

THERE'S a new, glad light in the arching heavens;
There's a new song sung by the old, old sea;
The world is fresh bathed in joy and beauty—
I love my lover, and he loves me!

Oh, gladness! Gladness beyond comparing!
Oh, rapture! Joy that none else have known!
For I know that, of all the world of lovers,
We two love truly, and we alone!