

"Well, lad, first as usual," exclaimed Joe Blunt, as he reached the ground and found Dick Varley there before him.

"I've bin here more than an hour lookin' for a new kind o' flower that Jack Morgan told me he'd seen. And I've found it too. Look here; did you ever see one like it before?"

Blunt leaned his rifle against a tree, and carefully examined the flower.

"Why, yes, I've seed a-many o' them up about the Rocky Mountains, but never one here-away. It seems to have gone lost itself. The last I seed, if I remimber rightly, was near the head-waters o' the Yellowstone River, it was—jest where I shot a grizzly bar."

"Was that the bar that gave you the wipe on the cheek?" asked Varley, forgetting the flower in his interest about the bear.

"It was. I put six balls in that bar's carcass, and stuck my knife into its heart ten times, afore it gave out; an' it nearly ripped the shirt off my back afore I was done with it."

"I would give my rifle to get a chance at a grizzly!" exclaimed Varley, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm.

"Whoever got it wouldn't have much to brag of," remarked a burly young backwoodsman, as he joined them.

His remark was true, for poor Dick's weapon was but a sorry affair. It missed fire, and it hung fire; and even when it did fire, it remained a matter of doubt in its owner's mind whether the slight deviations from the direct line made by his bullets were the result of *his* or *its* bad shooting.