

not actively hostile. Stillness, absolute immobility, was the trumpcard to be always played, in the wilderness, when in doubt. So Timmins kept quite still, looking inquiringly at Lone Wolf. And Lone Wolf looked inquiringly at him.

For several minutes this waiting game went on. Then, with easy nonchalance, Lone Wolf lifted one huge hind paw and vigorously scratched his ear. This very simple action was a profound relief to Timmins.

"Sartain," he thought, "the crittur must be in an easy mood, or he'd never think to scratch his ear like that. Or mebbe he thinks I'm so well buried I kin wait, like an old bone!"

Just then Lone Wolf got up, stretched himself, yawned prodigiously, came a couple of steps nearer, and sat down again, with his head cocked to one side, and a polite air of asking, "Do I intrude?"

"Sartain sure, I'll never ketch him in a better humour!" thought Timmins. "I'll try the human voice on him."

"Git to H—— out of that!" he commanded, in a sharp voice.

Lone Wolf cocked his head to the other side interrogatively. He had been spoken to, by Toomey, in that voice of authority,