

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT for his solicitude for Dot Clarendon, Red Feather never would have made the error he did, when waiting on the southern bank of the Upper Crossing for the return of the pony which was to carry them across to the waiting Melville on the other side.

The weather was still crisp and chilly, and, when he found himself alone, he began carefully gathering the blanket around the precious form, so as to keep away all cold from her body. No mother could have handled her more gently. His left arm remained immovable, while his right fingered about her. He was quick to discover that she was in a sound slumber—a pleasant proof of the success of the grim warrior in the *role* of a soothing friend to the imperilled little one.

Softly raising a corner of the blanket, he looked down in the sweet face, which, though seen dimly, was as the face of an angel. Pure and holy emotions were stirred in that dark heart as never before that evening. He had parted his lips to utter something in his own language, when he was sharply reminded of his remissness by the clomp of horses' feet. Quickly