

Not a word was spoken; Almighty Voice pulled the trigger and the same bullet killed the white man and the Indian squaw.

They lay side by side on the ground, and a thin line of blue smoke curled up into the air through the opening in the top of the "tepee."

And this was the way in which Almighty Voice became what is known as a "Bad Indian."

Then, hastily packing his belongings on his ponies, he fled with Big Moccasins, and henceforth he was an Ishmaelite, his hand against every white man and every white man's hand against him.

Of course the troopers of the Northwest Mounted Police went out after him, but Almighty Voice had many friends among his Cree brethren, and thus it was easy for him to keep out of the way of "simoganes," "the red coats."

Now, in crime, as in every other profession, a man either advances or recedes.

There is no such thing as perpetual inertia.

So Almighty Voice, having killed a man, turned his attention to even greater crimes; he stole cattle—the unforgivable sin in the Northwest.

Now, you will please to understand that there is no pardon for such as do this thing; property, in the Northwest, is more to be respected than human life.

If one man shoot another the jury will probably acquit the shooter on the ground of "self defense." But no man ever yet stole a horse or used a branding iron on another man's calf and then made a successful plea of "self defense."

So long as Almighty Voice confined his operations to shooting down H. B. C. clerks the settlers were well content to let the Northwest Mounted Police hunt for him.

But when it was known that he was helping himself to cattle and horses—that was a very different story, and the

ranchers saddled their ponies, filled their cartridge belts, and went out to look for him.

Indians, as a general rule, are very bad shots with a rifle; but Almighty Voice happened to be an exception to this rule, and two of the ranchers who rode out that morning with jingling spurs came home that evening in a wagon, lying on their backs, with blankets thrown over their faces, dead.

Moreover, some members of the party had gone close enough to the Indian to hear him shout his defiance that he would never be captured alive.

Then the troopers and the settlers hunted him, but he was not to be found; and for some time nothing was heard of him.

Perhaps he went North to the Barren Grounds to hunt the musk ox and the caribou; perhaps he was among the Dog Rib Indians; perhaps he wandered to the South, to Montana, where there are many "non treaty" Crees, renegades and vagabonds; perhaps (and this was most likely) he was within a few miles, a few rods even of the searchers after him.

There was a price set upon his head; but no one claimed the blood money, and for nearly two years Almighty Voice kept quiet, though rumors would reach the Fort that he had been seen at such and such a place where, perhaps, the hide of a four year old steer would be found, or perhaps some rancher would exchange shots with the wandering outlaw. The Northwest is a very roomy country.

It was Jubilee Year, 1897, a year of rejoicing in all of the dominions of the Queen; and the officers and men of "X" Division of the N. W. M. P. were celebrating the event by a dance at Fort Gillette one night in May.

The messroom was decorated with flags, carbines, swords, and revolvers; the red coats of the men, the bright dresses of the half breed girls (who have the Indian's barbaric love of color); the merry antics of the dancers as they

threade
Left St
Dance
a bright

THE RESI

ple of
Northw
of "ch
many.

The
when a
and hel
the maj
Then
spoke t
the roo
Almigh
Hills, o