

sit and stare and stare into the fire, such a hard, bitter expression on his face, and a look in his deep brown eyes like you see in the eyes of a wounded deer. Night after night he would sit there, until the flames dwindled down to red coals, shivered and turned grey. You would hardly know him, he was so changed.

"Then one day another man, a Mr. Norman, came from the city and joined the camp. I had seen him before; he was a quiet young chap, but now he could not be daring enough, and he and Doctor Jack got into the way of hunting together, as they seemed to like each other.

"One night Mr. Norman did not come back to camp, and after waiting awhile we got uneasy, and set out to hunt for him. We searched and searched, and at last in the early morning we found him,—dead, shot through the heart. Oh Miss, you cannot guess what a shock it is to come suddenly,—but perhaps I'd better not tell any more, —"

The girl put her hand pleadingly on the old guide's arm. "It is dreadful," she said, "but please go on."

"Well we carried him home to the cabin, and put him on the bed. Then someone said we ought to send word to his relatives down South, as he did not belong to the city, so they sent Doctor Jack in to look over his letters, and see if he could find any address. I went in with him, and we looked through his pack, but could find nothing except his hunting things. Then Doctor Jack knelt down and felt in the dead man's pockets, and at last from his vest pocket drew out a letter, and opening it began to read. All at once I heard a cry, and I saw him drop the letter, and bending over the dead man, shake his fist as if he would strike him in the face, but he did not strike."

Packy Welsh absently pulled away at his cold pipe, until the girl roused him into speaking, and lighting his pipe again, he continued, amid clouds of smoke :

"No, he did not strike him, but he grabbed the letter again, and read it over and over, his face getting whiter and whiter, until with a groan, he put his head down on the bed, and said 'God forgive her.' What's the matter, Miss, does the sun make you feel faint?" "Yes, a little bit, but go on and tell me please."

" 'Did you find the address?' at last I asked him."

" 'No, no, leave me alone Packy,' he groaned, so I went out and