

being in that respect not at all like his renowned ancestors. But for absolute fearlessness and stolidity he was the peer of his tribe. Year in and year out he stood there in sunshine, rain or snow, with never a quiver save that which he had upon his back ever since he was first exposed to public view before the little tobacco shop. So long had he stood there that there had come to be a noticeable dignity in the manner in which he presided over the fortunes of "Stephen Leclair, tobacco dealer," as the window sign read. But, as in all cases, "pride goeth before a fall," as we shall see.

The day which brought him more than ordinary attention, and the one which caused him all of his subsequent misfortune, was, strangely enough, Thanksgiving day. Toward the middle of the afternoon his dark, unseeing eyes had noticed immense crowds surging past in the direction of the park, and although he wondered mightily what event was about to transpire, his untutored mind could not comprehend that a foot ball match was the cause of the unusual excitement. So in silence he watched them as they went, each confident of the superior strength and skill of his team. Again, two hours later he saw them surge back, some wild with excitement and others meek and silent, and he wondered again what had caused this sudden change. In fact, so absorbed did he become in staring at the passers-by that he did not notice two jolly students who were watching him and evidently talking about him.

"What do you think of that for an ornament to the 'den?'" said one of the two.

"Beyond visual comprehension," replied the other: "we simply must have him."

And then they passed on, while the poor Indian continued to gaze blankly before him, all unconscious of the fact that he had unwittingly become the victim of a conspiracy.

It was well on toward midnight, and the street was silent and deserted save for the regular step of the policeman stalking to and fro. But the Indian knew that even this robust guardian of the peace would soon hie himself away to the saloon around the corner to refresh himself with certain sundry "ships" of aqueous cargo. And, surely enough, in a few minutes the brass buttons disappeared and silence reigned supreme. Later on in the night, while the policeman dozed in a hotel chair, two dark forms