

of the setting sun making a halo around them, and seeming to set the woman's hair on fire.

"And if I don't?" she said again, very softly.

"Red Cloud looked deep into her eyes for a moment, and then he opened his arms, and she came into them.

"I sprang forward, but she turned her head, and her eyes blazed at me.

"Go away," she said, "and leave us alone."

"So I turned and went into the woods, and tramped up and down, up and down, trying to figure out my duty as a trooper of the Queen.

"The woman wanted the man. But she was a white woman, and the niece of the governor general besides—

"I remembered little things about Red Cloud. I remembered the first time I had seen him, when I had seen him, when I had come to him with the treaty papers, and he had told me, scornfully, that I was a servant of a woman, and he a chief in his own right. I remembered how one day I had seen him strike down a young brave who had trampled carelessly on a little Indian papoose. I remembered how, when the final treaty was made, he had refused to sign, until the word 'free' was inserted before Sioux nation. I remembered how he had fought Moose Head, the Cree chieftain because of a word spoken in jest.

"I can't say I made up my own mind. My own mind said I

ought to go back and take the woman away. But deep inside of me, a voice seemed to be reminding me of all the things I knew Red Cloud to be, and to be shouting:

"She is a woman full grown. She is a woman full grown. And he is a man. Who are you to correct destiny.

"When I went back, they still were standing there, on the knoll above the camp. The sun had set, and the mysterious twilight of the North lurked about them, and made mystery. The Indian's arm was around the woman's shoulders. The woman was looking up into his face. They never heard me come up.

"Well?" I said.

"Mebbyso we go in and talk," said Red Cloud.

"On the way to the tent, the woman dropped behind, and laid her hand on my arm.

"I am the bride of Red Cloud," she said.

"And your uncle, the governor general?" I asked.

"'Tis his own fault, who sent me into the wilderness with half a man," said she.

"You mean Sanford?" I asked.

"I mean Sanford," said she.

"He was your fiance," I said.

"I would not wed a man whose stomach is water," said she.

"And what message shall I send?" I asked.

"Tell my uncle that I, of my own free will and desire, have become wedded to Red Cloud. Tell