

he was proud, proud of his race, proud of his birth, proud of his chiefship.

"Well, one day I was sitting alone in the Post, when the door opened, and Red Cloud stalked in. You could see he had something on his mind. His face was black as a thundercloud, and his eyes were gleaming. He came over beside me and folded his arms, and stood there.

"I motioned him to a seat. He shook his head.

"'Mebbyso you losum heap bueno big white squaw,' he said, at last. (I'd beter explain that Red Cloud's English ran to about twenty words, helped out by 'bueno,' for good; 'heap bueno,' for very good; 'kay bueno,' for bad, and 'heap kay bueno,' for very bad.)

"I looked up at him, standing there like a statue, and shook my head.

"'Mebbyso no losum white squaw,' I said.

"'Mebbyso you losum heap bueno white squaw,' he repeated. 'You come.'

"Well, there was no use arguing about it. You can't argue with an Indian. So I got up and put on my furs and snow shoes. Anyway, if there was a white woman in Red Cloud's camp, which then was on the edge of the forest about twenty miles away, it was up to me to know about it.

"Red Cloud said never a word from the time we left the Post until his wigwams showed up. As for me—I wondered about the 'heap bueno white squaw.' I

supposed she was some trapper's wife.

"The sun had almost reached the Western mountains when we arrived at the camp, and it seemed as if it were trying, in a last great effort, to melt that frozen land in a flood of warm, red light. We strode into the village, and then, from one of the tents—

"There's only one adjective I know that in any way fits the woman. It is glorious. She was no trapper's wife. She was tall, and lithe, and straight, and she had a shining crown of wonderful blonde hair that seemed to gather all the light of the dying sun to itself, and her nose was as straight as the nose of a Greek goddess.

"'Well?' she said to me, as if I were a small boy she had caught stealing jam.

"I looked at Red Cloud. He was gazing at her.

"'I fetchum,' he said. 'Mebbyso you go back to your own people now. Mebbyso you go back with him. I fetchum.'

"The woman laughed, a clear, rippling laugh of joy, that rang out strangely in that northern stillness. I fidgeted about, but said nothing.

"'Red Cloud,' said the woman, 'is delightfully direct in his methods. I have been annoying him. I am to be sent home. Perhaps I had better introduce myself, however. I am the Lady Carruthers.'

"I suppose I stared. I knew about the Lady Carruthers. She was the niece of the governor