

were gone. Fearing that she might find her people, dreading the awful vengeance that would overtake them if she did, they were no doubt already fleeing toward the pine-covered slopes of the great mountains. Worn out from her long tramp, and nearly crazed from thirst, the poor woman had barely strength to go to the spring, where she drank long of the cool water, and then fell asleep.

The sun was hot, but Su-ye-sai-pi slept on. Well on in the afternoon she was awakened by something nudging her side. "They have found me," she said to herself, shivering with terror, "and when I move, a knife will be thrust in my side." She lay motionless a little while, and then could bear the suspense no longer; slowly rising up and turning back her robe, what should she find lying by her side but a coyote, looking up into her face and wagging his tail!

"Oh, little wolf!" she cried. "Oh, little brother! Have pity on me. You know the wide plains; lead me to my people, for my husband is killed and I am lost."

The little animal kept wagging his tail, and when she arose and went

times he would wait for her at the top of a ridge or hill, where they would sit and rest awhile, and as soon as she was ready to go on, he would run to the top of the next rise before she had taken fifty steps. If thirsty, she would tell him, and he would always take her in a little while to some water. Sometimes it would be a small trickling stream in a coulee; sometimes a soft damp gravel bed, where she was obliged to scoop out a hole; sometimes it was a muddy buffalo-wallow,—and it was always strong with alkali—but it was the best there was.

In this way, after many days, they came to the Little Milk River. The pouch had long been empty, and Su-ye-sai-pi was weak from hunger, and her weary feet were swollen and blistered, for the last pair of moccasins had been worn out. Here by the river were plenty of berries and some roots that are often eaten—good to fill the belly, but not strength-making food. Of them she ate all she could, and frequently bathed her feet, and kept on up the valley; but every day she went more slowly. The stops for rest were more frequent now, and the coyote showed that he



"OH, LITTLE WOLF!" SHE CRIED.

again to the spring, he followed her. She drank, and then ate a little dried meat, not forgetting to give him some, which he hastily devoured. She talked to him all the time, telling him what had happened, and what she wished to do; and he seemed to understand, for when she started to leave the spring he bounded on ahead, often stopping and looking back, as much as to say, "Come on; this is the way."

They were passing through the broken hills, and the coyote, quite a long way ahead, had climbed to the top of a low butte and looked cautiously over it, when he turned, ran back part way, and then circled off to the right. Su-ye-sai-pi was frightened, thinking he had sighted the Kutenais, and she ran after him as fast as she could go. He led her to the top of another hill, and then, looking away along the ridge, she saw that he had led her around a band of grizzly-bears, feeding and playing on the steep slope. Then she knew for certain that he was to be trusted, and she told him to keep a long way ahead, to look over the country from every rise of ground, and to warn her if he saw anything suspicious. This he did; and some-

was beginning to feel uneasy. When he thought she had sat still too long, he would whine and paw at her dress, and look away up the stream, urging her to go on. He himself fared well on the ground-squirrels and prairie-dogs he managed to catch, and often he brought one to her; but she could not bring herself to eat it raw, and she had no way of building a fire to roast it.

One day, while the sun was hottest, the two stopped to rest in a thick patch of brush. They were near the mountains now, and the valley was wide, with low, sloping hills on either side. The woman had been telling her companion—she talked to him now as she would have talked to a person—that her feet were swollen so badly she could go no farther, and then she fell asleep. She was awakened by the coyote jerking her gown and whining, and she sat up and listened. Pretty soon she heard people talking; they were some distance away, but the murmur of their voices seemed familiar; they came nearer, and she heard one say, in her own language, "Let's cross the river here."

She hobbled out to the edge of the brush and called to them, and when they rode up to where she stood

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