

rying of a half-breed squaw? And would I — that loved him — let him do that same? Not I, though my heart broke for it.

“But now,” with a return of her natural audacity, and a glowing glance at Bennerworth, “now that I know the good match I am, he’d better be speaking up brisk, or I’ll be asking of him to name the day.”

“Aye, do it!” cried Bennerworth, with the old reckless toss of the head; “do it — and I’ll name — yesterday!”