

as he took Wanda's hands in his and looked into her eyes.

"Yes, I am Wanda, Three Arrows. I left you a little girl; I am now a woman." She spoke calmly, looking at him bravely but with a throbbing heart. "Whatever does he think of me as I am now?" was her thought. "He has forgotten me long ago, no doubt, and has another woman in his tent." Then she added, as Three Arrows continued to look at her and seemed incapable of speech, "Have you forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you!" exclaimed Three Arrows, at last finding his tongue. "Never, not for one day since you were stolen from us. I have searched the plains for you and Omeme. I found Omeme in the tent of Big Wolf, chief of the Bloods. She told me you had been sold to a white trader and taken away, perhaps to the white man's country. You have never been out of my thoughts, and in these last ten years you have had a place in my daily prayer; and now God, the Good One, has permitted me again to see your face. But which is the happy man in this band who is your husband, Wanda?"

"No man is my husband," said Wanda, "and no man is likely to be, since you are now chief of this band with doubtless a tent of your own."

"Then you know not Three Arrows," said he, his