

"But—but you said it was a Kootenai who brought you home," she protested feebly; "you told us Lamonti."

"He is a Kootenai by adoption, and he is called Lamonti," said the girl defiantly; "and the night those horses were run off, he was with me from an hour after sundown until four o'clock in the morning."

That bold statement had a damaging ring to it—unnecessarily so; and the group about her, and the officers and men back of them, looked at her curiously.

"Then, since you can tell this much in his favor, can you tell why he himself refused to answer so simple a question?" asked Major Dreyer kindly.

That staggered her for a moment, as she put her hand up in a helpless way over her eyes, thinking—thinking fast. She realized now what it meant, the silence that was for her sake—the silence that was not broken even to her. And a mighty remorse arose for her doubt—the doubt she had let him see; yet he had not spoken! She raised her eyes and met the curious glances of the men, and that decided her. They were the men who had from the first condemned him—been jealous of the commander's trust.

"Yes, I think I can tell you that, too," she said frankly. "The man is my friend. I was lost in the snow that night; he found me, and it took us all night to get home. He knows how these people think of him;" and her eyes spared none. "They have made him feel that he is an outcast among them. They have made him feel that a friendship or companionship with him is a discredit to any woman—oh, I know! They think so now, in spite of what he has done for them. He knows that. He is very generous, and wanted, I suppose, to spare me; and I—I was vile enough to doubt him," she burst out. "Even when I brought him his