

She pondered that. The Mission English grammar faded.

'White woman not kill man,' she said.

'If need be,' Jim declared, wondering why he could not find easier phrases. 'Bad white man come along—then maybe white woman kill him sometime.'

'He not hate me?'

'No!' He spurned the suggestion.

She heaved a little sigh. Some of her people were now watching her, and she glanced at them momentarily.

'He say not much about it,' she remarked. 'I think he sorry.'

'It was very brave of you,' said Jim, with something of that puzzled look in his eyes that a member of one race gives to another in converse.

There came a rull in the 'smoke-up,' and Olson turned to his partner.

'How about hiking on?' he asked.

'At the first word!' said Powell. "'Mush! Hike!' and I'm up.'

The Indians plainly had contempt for him as a loquacious person.