

"That's Red Feather! Come, father; I know he's got Dot!"

In a twinkling, as may be said, the chief found himself in the middle of the band of Nat Trumbull and his rangers, where he was overwhelmed with congratulations. Although Dot was asleep, her father could not be restrained, and caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart with tears of joy and thanks to Heaven for its mercy in restoring her to him unharmed.

It must be said that Dot was disposed to be cross at being awakened in this summary fashion; but when her little brain came to understand all that had taken place, and she saw that it was her own father who was caressing her, she laughed and shouted, and wanted to kiss and embrace every one of the party, who were just as much pleased to fondle the child as though each had a proprietary interest in her.

Since it was evident the Sioux could not be brought to book, Nat Trumbull turned about and headed for Barwell, which the whole party reached before the morning sun appeared. Red Feather kept them company, and I must say that I doubt whether the President of the United States himself could have received a warmer welcome when the whole truth became known to the pioneers.

The outbreak of the Sioux was repressed before it had time to assume serious proportions, and, inasmuch