

Just a few days ago Barry and I sat by the waterfall just a few moments, we shall set out for River. The last load has been taken, Barry is tying on her boots downstairs.

Another day has almost passed. Outside great snow flakes are falling. It turned cold in the night.

Barry is lying asleep on the couch that I made, with much loving thought of her;—like a little child she is asleep anywhere and at any time, but it is bringing back her, little by little, the strength of the old Barry. *Oogenebahgooquay*, my tired Rose Woman—whose springing step used to carry her through the Golden-Woods. . . . Near us the fireplace is filled with burning logs, and on the drawn-out coals the kettle is beginning to sing. . . . Looking out of the window, with its blue and white curtains drawn back so far that they do not cover at all, I can see the river. It is very gray and leaden in evening, and the great white snowflakes, coming down like flowers, disappear instantly when they fall upon it.

Last night it was all crimson, and amber, and gold, as Mistress Jones says, "the weather has held off" wonderfully.

They came with us as far as the river—mother and father—the four of us riding in the spring-wagon, when we had come to the little cove where the canoe was on the bank, they kissed Barry and went back.

We watched them until they had gone over the hill, the last rattle of the wagon had died away on the still evening air. Then Barry and I were folded in each other's arms.

In a moment or so, I pushed the canoe down into the water. When I turned to her there she stood, in her dress of buckskin color, with the red sash about her waist, a little sprig of squawberry in her hair, which hung straight about her shoulders. On her feet were the moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills. So she stood, and the light of the sunset shone on her