

An invitation to visit Spotted Tail had been conveyed by his nephew; and the three went on together, their pace emphasized by the wind-blown flutter of feminine garments and the crunch of sleet under boot-soles briskly stepping.

From the inrush of cold air, when the door-flap had been raised, the tepee cleared itself at once of wood smoke; but the cedary tang of it remained even after the warm vapour had gone swirling upward, in gusty haste, through the orifice amid the lodge-pole tops. The visitors, as they came in, scented an odour of tanned robes, but the damp smell of storm they themselves brought here upon their clothing.

Their host did not rise to give them greeting. In the fur-matted place, opposite the entrance, he awaited them, not so much as raising his eyes; for one does not embarrass his guest with bold gazing or inquisitive looks. Only when those whom he wished to honour had been conducted about the half circle of the lodge, and so brought to the chiefly station, did he seem to become aware of them.

His nephew said in English:

"They have come. The light of the lodge shines on them."

The chief arose, and looked into the face of the man and of the woman; and over the heads of the visitors he then raised his hands, graciously as a father. Having made the sign indicating a cloud, he pushed upward with his palms to banish the cloud, as who would say: "There has been gloom in the sky. But now you are here. Now darkness cannot stay. The holy sun is shining."

A little back of the chief's place, to his right, a