

Preface

grave and the others had gone, Pitamakan and I sat by the new-made mound until the setting sun and the increasing cold warned us also to descend into the valley. The old chief was crying as we mounted our horses.

“Although of white skin,” he faltered, “the man who lies there was my brother. I doubt not that I shall soon meet him in the Sand-hills.”

AH-PUN-I LODGE,
February, 1912.