

soon there would be none left for the Indians to shoot, then they would starve; for they would never again partake or eat of the rancid bacon the government supplied, for it had caused so many of their dear friends to take such early flight to the Happy Hunting Ground.

She said the valley Chief Piapot was taking them to, had moving water and the duck ponds did not dry up like the ones on the government reservation. In the ravines of the valley were many deer and prairie chickens, and there were large lakes near by that swarmed with ducks and geese and full of fish, but the Indians did not care very much about the fish unless deer and prairie chickens became scarce during the Winter, then they could break a hole through the ice and spear the fish.

Chief Piapot told them, before the Hudson Bay Company built their fort at Qu Appelle, the valley swarmed with bison during the Summer and many stayed there all Winter. He said one dry season when he was a small boy most of the upland lakes went dry. That Summer the bison swarmed in such herds to drink the waters of the Qu Appelle, thousands of young calves were crushed to death.

While I conversed with Silver Cloud she was still breathing heavily and told me she ran most of the way from the reservation, which was two and a half miles.

After resting a few minutes she started back and I accompanied her part of the way and would have gone all the distance but she was afraid I would not get home in time for dinner, and was well aware what would happen if I was late.

After walking over half the distance to the reservation, we sat by the edge of an aspen grove to rest before returning to our homes. As the flickering rays of the evening sun broke through the trembling leaves of the aspen, silent wings of ceaseless time drew near to part us. She placed her arm upon my shoulder and pointing at the sinking sun, said "Sure as it will rise again in the east I will come back to you. The moon will chase it many, many times and the gentle breath of Spring will blow, and whisper love to the naked forest, soon the gaping buds will sprout and send forth their tender leaves to gaily dance in the Summer breeze, 'till the angry blast of the