

THE HERITAGE OF THE SIOUX

pupils did not show at all, and a film of inscrutability veiled what bitter thoughts were behind them.

As it had been with Luis so it was now with Ramon. Her utter disregard of him held him back from touching her. He stood with wrath in his eyes and let her go — and to hide his weakness from her strength he sent after her a sneering laugh and words that were like a whip.

"All right — jus' for now I let you ron," he jeered. "Bimeby she's different. Bimeby I show yoh who's boss. I make yoh cry for Ramon be good to yoh!"

Annie-Many-Ponies did not betray by so much as a glance that she heard him. But had he seen her face he would have been startled at the look his words brought there. He would have been startled and perhaps he would have been warned. For never had she carried so clearly the fighting look of her forefathers who went out to battle. With the little black dog at her heels she climbed a small, round-topped hill that had a single pine like a cockade growing from the top.

For ten minutes she stood there on the top and