

burned in each of her cheeks, where before had been pallor. Then she turned to West.

"I have been looking for you," she said. "Come to the barn at once. There's an old Indian there—dying. We found him this afternoon. He crept in some time after you left."

West tied the horses and then they hurried around to the barn, where they found an emaciated form lying on the hay. A dirty flannel shirt and a ragged pair of overalls clothed him, but on his feet were frayed moccasins. His eyes opened as they bent over him.

"*Mamook klahowyum!*" he gasped.

"Take pity on you? Yes." West nodded.

"Can't we get a doctor for the poor wretch?" asked Layton.

"I have sent to Pineville for Dr. Lang," responded West. "I couldn't let him die without trying to help him. He's one of—my people."

Her voice broke, but she stood tearless, her face very white. Layton dropped his eyes and once more bent over the Indian, who was studying him closely. Suddenly the Indian stretched out his arms toward him.

"*Kloshe Boston man!*" he exclaimed. "*Kloshe sihks kopa siwash!*"