

full of clay they had been using on the wands. He set it on a rock at a distance of about seventy feet, then we all started shooting at it, but many of us missed the horn. The boy who set it up never failed to send his arrow into the mud he stuffed into the base.

After shooting awhile with our bows we started running. The distance was one hundred yards, and only once did White Wing fail to reach the goal foremost. We finished the day's play by jumping and that day I nearly lost my crown to a tall Indian boy, and had to take off my shoes before I could beat him. White and I played so long with the Indian boys we had no time to go to the lake and shoot snipe. That was the last time I mingled with the Indians of Chief Piapot's camp until twenty years later.

Playing with Silver Cloud

My two elder brothers noticed I was playing a great deal with Silver Cloud and began teasing me. Like most boys of my age I did not like to be teased. So one day I told her I did not want to play with her any more while my brothers were around. As Silver Cloud was eighteen months older than I, quite often she took the lead in our many various affairs, and at times treated me with motherly tenderness. When we hunted and played around the ponds sometimes I got my feet wet. She always insisted that I take off my shoes; then she would wring my stockings and hang them on a willow bush to dry in the sun. When I told her I did not want to play with her any more while my brothers were about, her beautiful eyes drooped with disappointment, but soon they brightened with a sweet smile, for she was endowed with very keen instinct and intuition characteristic of womanhood, a far finer and keener sense than manhood is possessed of. And these finer qualities fair nature so wisely bestowed upon our gentler sex, have always prevailed, and ever will prevail towards the uplifting and betterment of the human race. Silver Cloud said she would return when my brothers went back to work where they were raking and coiling hay in a slough about a mile from home.