

to Big Horn, to Rose Bud, to Tongue River and back again to Powder River."

"It was on Powder River, wasn't it, where his daughter died?" The young woman questioned with abstraction in her tone; for her chief interest lay in something quite different. "Tell me, Hal," she added, "what you have found out about Andy's wife. Did she come with these others? Is she here? Have you seen Singing Thrush?"

"What, I haven't told you?" His hand linked with that of his companion, firmly clasping hers. After a time he said: "You were right, my dear: I need not have feared to see her and to tell her of her husband's death. He had not forgotten her. He was coming back to her. She had given him up as lost out of her life forever; but now she sees—as you told me she would—that so long as he lived he could never be quite lost to her. The gifts he was bringing are love tokens. She understands that, and they are her consolation. We are to see her in the morning. She will come to our wagon, she with her two boys. The third child, she told me, is too young to make a long journey in bad weather, and so was left behind with relatives, in the Dakota village on Powder River."

Far more impatient than the Indian mother, this young woman wanted to go at once to the camp ground, where the Dakota tepees had been set up. It turned out, however, that when she and Harry North were conducted toward those cone-shaped abodes, brown and obscure in the evening, with smoke blown aslant from their tops, it was toward the chief's lodge that they were ushered.