

from whence they would recross the mountains to their own peoples. Red Cloud would take the northern trail to the Athabasca valley. The preparations were soon ready, but we delayed the moment of parting to the last. At length Red Cloud rose, and began to unfasten his horse from the tree to which it had been tied. It was the signal of separation.

We shook hands in silence.

"See," he said, "the smoke of your people's fires far below; there is your road, and here is mine"—he pointed to the mountain trail. "I could not go with you, I would have to begin life again;—I am too old to change now. There is no one to come after me. The Sioux are nearly all gone, the Buffalo are fast going; but the wilderness will last long enough for me."

"And is there nothing then that I can do for you?" I said. "You have done everything for me: let me do something in return."

"Well, my friend," he replied, "sometimes think of me. When I am camped at night far out on the great prairie, I would like to say to myself, my white brother remembers me. That is all."

Then he turned off to the north, leading his horse by the bridle up the mountain path. I stood watching him as step by step the void of space grew wider between us. How lonely it all seemed, this solitary man turning off into the mountains to go back from the shore of civilization