

old man was, for she recognized him at once, and as she recalled the debt she owed him, she assured him that if her husband failed to get what was due him and his daughter for their aid to the white people, she would go to the President herself and would see that justice was done.

"Major," said the trapper, after he had recovered from the reception Nell had given him, "it isn't every man who can claim a wife that one of the strongest Sionx Chiefs wrecked a nation in an attempt to secure. I thought he had you sure, the last time, Miss Nell—or Mrs. Colfax. And, Major," he said, "your wife is just as good a fighter as you; so be careful."

Taking down the address of the trapper's daughter, Julia, they promised to call on her; for they both owed her more for what she had done for them than money could ever pay. Then they left the little city in the valley amid the congratulations of all. Nell said as she was leaving the city, "I believe I, of all these, am the only one who has reaped happiness out of this whirlwind of misery."

And now, as sometimes they return to the city on the reservation, beautiful in all that nation and man can do to make it attractive, the Major and his wife no longer find the steins on the table in the beer garden, on Sunday afternoons. That last liberty has been abridged by law, and the memory of those more democratic days is passing with the generation of those who laid too broad foundations for the narrow superstructure of the generations of the present day.