

on and made him fret at the wary slowness with which his Indian companions advanced, on the constant lookout for the enemies whom they were planning to take by surprise. The two voyageurs, La Londette and Miotte, had stayed behind with the Gens de la Petite Cerise, or Choke Cherry Indians, one of the bands of plain Indians encountered on the journey. The Chevalier and his brother had pushed on from tribe to tribe, until at last they were with the Bow Indians, a war party of whom against the Snake Indians the Chevalier joined, leaving his brother at the winter village of the Bows in a sheltered valley. On January 15 the Chevalier and the band of Bow warriors were at the foot of the main range of the northern Rockies. Against the sky soared the snowy heights, an impassable barrier between the plains and the Western Sea. He believed that if he could climb to a mountain peak he would look down on the long sought Western Sea, which had lured his father and his brothers and himself on and on for more than ten years. Never suspecting that another thousand miles lay between him and the Western Sea, he was eager to cross the Great Divide. Destiny

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