

"And you've kissed me—again! Who said—no compensation?—they—don't know; we know—and the moonlight, and—yes—mother knows; she thought, at last—I was not—all bad; not all—little mother! And now—don't be afraid; I won't go—far—*klahowya*, my girl—my girl!"

Then one Indian from the circle unslung his rifle from his shoulder and shattered it with one blow of an axe that lay by the fire. The useless thing was laid beside what had been Genesee. And the owner, shrouding his head in his blanket, sat apart from the rest. It was he of the bear claws; the sworn friend of Lamonti, and the man who had shot him.

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At sunset he was laid to rest in the little plateau on Scot's Mountain that faces the west. He was borne there by the Indians, who buried in his grave the tomahawk they had resurrected for the whites of Camp Kootenai. Mowitza, rebelliously impatient, was led riderless by Kalitan. All military honors were paid him who had received no honors in life, the rites ending by that volley of sound that seals the grave of a soldier.

Then the pale-faces turned again to the south, the dark-faces took the trail to the north, and the sun with a last flickering blaze flooded the snow with crimson, and died behind the western peaks they had watched light up one morning.