

worked on my bow and arrows. At first my father was reluctant but finally softened and said I could go if I did not stay too late.

When I arrived at Grey Eagle's tepee White Wing was sitting by their camp fire removing bark from a wild cherry sapling, out of which he was going to fashion my bow.

While I was standing watching him I noticed a beautiful Indian maiden sitting in the portal of their tepee. She was busy sewing beads on moccasins. But when she saw me approach she laid aside her work, then rose and walked into the tepee but soon returned carrying a buckskin mat. She walked over to the camp fire and placed it along side of White Wing, who beckoned me to sit down. It was then he told me she was his sister and her name was Silver Cloud. While I sat watching White Wing shape my bow, I cast many glances towards Silver Cloud, and each time I did, I noticed she was watching me very keenly and soon my glances were greeted with gracious smiles.

As the silent shades of night began to deepen, flickering gleams of the camp fire broke through the dark shadows of the tepee. As they danced and fell upon her, she looked like a beautiful princess. 'Twas then I felt the first bud of innocent romance sprout within my little breast. When I rose to depart and walked past their tepee, she stood in the portal and smiled sweetly, then waved her hand. The next day when White Wing came to play with me he told me Silver Cloud said she liked me and that I was her Brave.

Silver Cloud, like White Wing, knew not a word of English, and when I sat by their camp fire in the evening watching White Wing shape my bow and arrows, Silver Cloud would point to different articles and ask what their name was in English. By this method it was surprising how quickly she learned the mongrel language of Scotch and English which I taught her.