

way of the white soldiers, the Long-Knife people, of manifesting respect.

The glum reverberations having grumbled away, far-spreading into the swish and sleety rush of wind, the chief exhibited something which he had taken from the bag of snow-white leather. It was a round object enclosed by a parfleche case, a relic of the most paltry sort: a dented tin cup. The tribal leader displayed the thing, held it to the firelight, turned it over and over, and even looked at the young woman, as if he had been showing her a treasure very remarkable.

"An arrow through him," the chief affirmed, "but he did not hate. Gave water. The young man who shot the arrow was caught up by comrades and carried safely away. He has brought us this, a holy cup. It is the cup of kindness."

The woman visitor did not look into the chief's face, but quite away, into the fire, where all her past seemed now to be rising. She recalled with what a rebellious spirit she had seen the departure of her lover, with his ox-team and wagon; she remembered angry disappointments of bitter days, the hard struggle, the fading of her youth, the thwarted love, all the distress and storm of her proud heart's suffering.

But here, in this smoky lodge, unexpectedly and incredibly, she had beheld the battered emblem of a man's achievement. A poor thing, a dented tin cup! And yet it humbled her; for it was something from which a heartsick people were still drinking consolation.

As she went on sitting here in the stillness, with the