

Indian blood in her veins ran wild,
And a Saxon father called her child ;
Women feared her, and men soon found
When they trod on forbidden ground.
Ride ! there's never a cayuse knew
Saddle-slip of her ; pistols, too,
Seemed to learn in her hands a knack
How to travel a dead-sure track.
Something in both alike may-be,
Something kindred in ancestry,
Some warm touch of an ancient pride
Drew my feet to her willing side.
My comrade, she, in the Touchwood Camp,
To ride, hunt, trail by the fire-fly lamp ;
To track the moose to his moose-yard ; pass
The bustard's doom through the prairie grass ;
To hark at night to the crying loon
Beat idle wings on the still lagoon ;
To hide from death in the drifting snow,
To slay the last of the buffalo. . . .
Ah, well, I speak of the days that were ;
And I swear to you, I was kind to her.
I lost her. How are the best friends lost ?
The lightning lines of our souls got crossed—
Crossed, and could never again be free

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