

THE HERITAGE OF THE SIOUX

"We go slow," Luis explained nervously because of the look in the black, unreadable eyes of this straight, slim Indian girl who was so beautiful — and so silent. "They go muy fas', Ramon an' Beel. Poco tiempo — sure, we fin' dem little soon."

Annie-Many-Ponies did not betray by so much as a quiver of an eyelash that Luis had mentioned Bill unwittingly. But she hid the name away in her memory, and all that day she sat and pondered over the meager facts that had come her way, and with the needle of her suspicion she wove them together patiently until the pattern was almost complete.

Ramon and Bill — what Bill, save Bill Holmes, would be with Ramon? Ramon and Bill Holmes — memory pictured them again by the rock in the moonlight, muttering in Spanish mostly, muttering mystery always. Ramon and Bill Holmes — she remembered the sly, knowing glances between these two at "location" though they scarcely seemed on speaking terms. Ramon and Bill — and this mysterious night-travelling, when there should be no trouble and no mystery at all beyond