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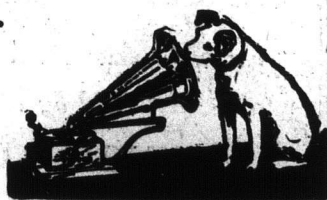
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They found them desecrated the houses of the dead overturned, the palisades broken and thrown down

the grand-daughter of Red Crow, her standing was first among Cree women. Her dead mother had been his favorite daughter till she left the tribe, and married a Scotch minister. Now, however, the daughter had returned to her mother's people, and as she sat there, she was the chief's daughter, every inch. Her wonderful raven-black hair hung in two braids below her knees; her dress was the finest buckskin, fringed and slashed and covered with thousands of colored beads. Her face was one which once seen, could never be forgotten. Oval, the chin slightly prominent and cleft with a dimple, eyes and hair of an inky blackness, and a brilliancy of complexion and capacity for vivid expression inherited from her Celtic ancestors. Her large eyes suggested in their depths deep forest glades or the dusk of a thousand nights spent in the open, under the reflected light of the stars. In them was a knowledge of the deeps, but a reserve impenetrable. Seymour's pulses quickened as he watched.

The newly-made chief completed the ceremonies of the night by advancing and kneeling before Shasta, presenting her with his most valued trophy, a string of bear's claws.

By accepting it, she declared herself on the side of the Crees, and practically pledged herself to the new chief.

All night long Seymour watched the camp and the preparations for departure. Of Shasta he saw nothing more till the early morning hours, when the bands rode off. Apparently it had been agreed that the new chief was to have the entire avenging of the desecration of the graves, for the other bands rode away leaving only the original one encamped.

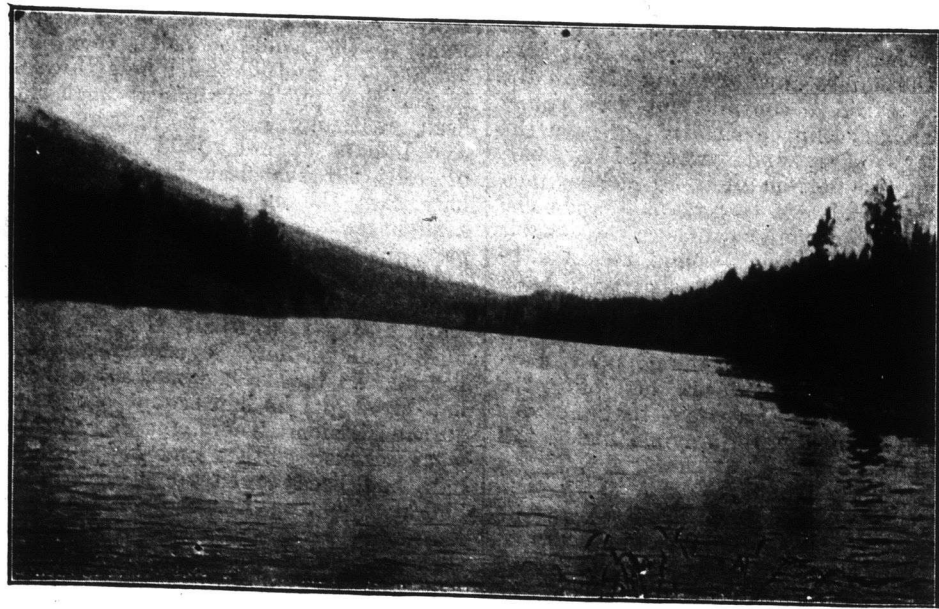
They were curiously picturesque, this cavalcade of some two hundred Indians, wrapped in bright-hued blankets with ear-rings, bracelets and metal arm-bands agleam in the sun; the men upon their ponies leading the advance, the women

following. The dragging travois stirred up the dust, and the pack ponies came toiling along behind, each with its swollen burden.

Late that day, Mrs. Linehauer came to the door of the Mission tent, holding the fretting baby in her arms. She was gazing up at the snow-capped mountains, when a movement among the pines caused her to turn quickly. There, in gorgeous attire, fully painted, with his war head-dress affixed, stood the new chief. No signs of fear escaped her, and the force of long habit was strong on the chief. Bitter and surging as he was, there was yet something about this frail woman that stayed his vindictive hand. The very bigness of her isolation had given her a power of repression and lent a dignity to her which he recognized. She appealed to his nobler instinct of reverence, by her aloofness, her silent, steady-eyed power. The wilderness had left something of its mystery in her eyes; and they held him. She spoke to him of war and its wrongs, calmly as though her own life were not in peril; but he listened to her, he even agreed,—for where there is manly force and rude contact with Nature, there is apt to be a result of innate manliness. Though her influence over the tribes was so strong, she could only make them what they had already the power to become. So that though she now saved herself, she would not have been able to do so had the new chief been less one of Nature's noblemen. As it was she had sown the seed, and events were to prove him worthy.

Turned from executing vengeance here, he was however, true to another side of his nature, likely to execute it double-fold on the next white person he met.

Outwardly docile, the pupils of the Mission caused Mr. Seymour no little uneasiness that day, for a restless and contrary mood seemed to be upon them. He was so tall and of such fine build,



The night came down slowly