

"You are known. Some of our young men have been with the Cheyenne raiders, in the Valley of Shallow Waters. There was one ready to sing his death song. You went to him. Though you were bleeding and had an arrow through your body, you went to him. Though he shot you and spat on you, there was still cold water for him, that you gave him in kindness, with a good heart. You are known."

This being gravely asserted, the chief now turned his eyes toward the woman:

"Snow-on-the-Green-Tree he has been called. But the time has come, finally, for him to have another name. From where the moon now stands he shall be known among us as Giver-of-Cold-Water. You have seen him who drank. He came, and went out; he brought what I have to show you. He calls me Father. He is my brother's son."

"What, after such a wound!" North exclaimed. "Still living?"

"He lives. He lives strongly. He sang his song answering the ghosts—but he lives."

The hand of the young man went out impulsively, and closed upon the woman's; and the look in his face seemed to be declaring:

"I, too, was hurt; but through kindness I have lived." Speaking very earnestly, he said: "She came to me at Julesburg. I believe I should not be here now if she had not come to me."

As he spoke the cannon in the cemetery boomed through the storm, since in honour to the dead that piece of artillery was to fire a salute, at half-hour intervals, all night long. Even though silence may be better for sad hearts than noise, this must be the