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embroidered with beads and porcupine quills. He held in his left hand a fox-skin cap, its brush drooping to his feet; with the dignity and grace of a natural gentleman he had removed it from his head at the threshold. His long, black hair hung far down his back, athwart his cheeks and in front of his shoulders. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. His visage, devoid of paint, was noble and commanding; nay, it was something more. Besides the Indian character given to it by high cheek-bones, a broad, retreating forehead, a prominent, aquiline nose, and a jaw like a bull dog's, there was about the mouth something of beauty, but more of an expression of exquisite, cruel irony. Such a mouth and such eyes as this Indian's, if seen in the countenance of a white man, would appear to denote qualities similar to those which animated the career of Mazarin and inspired the pen of Machiavelli. /p.383/

Yet there was something fearfully sweet in his smile as he extended to me his hands.

Such hands! They felt as small and soft as a maiden's, but when I pressed them I could feel the sinews beneath the flesh quivering hard, like a wild animal's. I led him to a seat, a lounge set against the wall, on which he sank with indolent grace. Major Walsh, brilliant in red uniform, sat beside him, and a portable table was brought near. Two interpreters brought chairs and seated themselves, and at a neighboring desk the stenographer took his place. I afterward learned that two Sioux chiefs stood on guard outside the door, and that all the Indians in the fort had their arms ready to spring in case of a suspected treachery. On the previous night, two of the Indians had been taken suddenly ill, and their sickness had been ascribed by some warriors to poison. So restless and anxious were all the savages that nothing but the influence and tact of Major Walsh could have procured for me and for your readers the