doubtless knew, there was not a white man within ten miles of me. No chance of his being detected had he done so, any more than upon unnumerable other occasions when I had run across his kind in the wilds while out on solitary horse-hunting excursions. Excursions not infrequently taking me well into the Standing Rock Reservation itself. And to my mind, that in itself goes far to show that, like the Bad Lands, the bad name popularly attaching to the Indian grew largely in the minds of the attachers.

Having by this time become used to the Indian's / characteristic way of appearing as if from nowhere, I was hardly disconcerted. So I reached for his extended hand and shook it cordially. Clearly that pleased him. If he had been grinning at the outset, now he was beaming, conveying the impression of being the jolliest representative of his race I had yet run across. Through signs, together with a few words of broken English, he conveyed that he was one of a hunting party who had left Standing Rock four sleeps ago. Then he inquired where my tepee was.

"Papoose; white squaw?" he questioned ecstatically, as I indicated the direction of the ranch.

"Yes," I answered, surprised at his plainly evidenced interest.

If beaming before, he was wreathed in smiles now, as he threw his wide-spread arms toward me with a comprehensive embracing gesture.

"O-o-oman. Washtay; washtay;" ("Woman. Good, good;") he exclaimed.

And so I learned how my mother stood with his tribe, merely because she had always treated them like human beings. Upon comparing notes with her that evening when I got home, she immediately recognized the Indian from my description as one who had been at the ranch during my absence.

After that we enjoyed quite a pow-wow together on top of the butte, in the course of which invitations were exchanged to visit each other at our respective "tepees." Gathering from his signs that he was hunting antelope -unsuccessfully so far that day - I got busy with my binoculars in the effort to help him