

The trader's door or <sup>in</sup> some other place  
 retired from ~~the~~ the eyes of their people.  
 For it was a bitter gibe to be called "white man"  
~~by~~ and "yellowskin" by one's fellows.  
 The white men, <sup>it was known</sup> prevailed by numbers and  
 not by personal valour; <sup>indeed</sup> ~~even~~ the chiefs  
 did less fighting than the common  
 soldiers. Moreover they worked like squaws  
 in time of peace and were utterly ignorant  
 of religion, tradition and ceremony.  
 And so it was that Sagewoman was  
 alone in the woods that morning. She  
 alone of all her people was convinced  
 of the ~~white man's~~ yellowskins logic -  
 "The buffalo are gone, the deer are  
 gone. ~~The Indian~~ <sup>The Indian</sup> must follow the white man's  
 road, or starve." ~~to~~ ~~the~~  
 The agent, <sup>built in a little one room shack</sup> gladly gave her a  
 contract for ~~wood~~ corduroy for  
 the agency, ~~and~~ the old woman