

you have fingers and toes, so sit down and rest yourself while I get some breakfast ready."

"Do not bother," I said. "I'm not hungry."

"Huh," he grunted, "Stop worrying. Healthy good women in our tribe never have trouble with babies. When you married one of our girls, you did not marry trouble. Your wife has had four children without your presence, so why trouble yourself now?"

This remark of the old gentleman had its desired effect in cooling my nervousness. Under his cheerful conversation which avoided the matter uppermost in my mind, we began eating. I forgot my lack of hunger and my usual good appetite asserted itself, much to the amusement of my optimistic friend. The gleam in his eye reminded me of my former protests against eating any breakfast.

It was now broad daylight and everybody was up and about their duties. I watched the old gentleman's clumsy efforts at washing the dishes. Then he turned to me in a grumbling voice and said, "You have my wife working for you and I have to do her work, so you had better go after my horses as I need them this morning."

I had a long walk after his horses. It took quite a search to find them but I brought them in for him at the Hunter teepee. Mrs. Hunter waved to me to come to my own tent.

Charlotte gave me a weary smile and said, "Peter, I am glad for you. It is another boy and I want him named David."

I was so relieved and glad that she was all right that I would have consented to the name Ebenezer had she asked.

Hunter I noticed just tied his horses up till noon, then turned them out again. He had merely sent me after the horses to keep me occupied. I was grateful for his clever management that had kept me busy and free from needless worry.

Two days later a couple of strangers arrived and made inquiries as to my whereabouts. They were guided to Hunter's teepee by one of the camp guards. Hunter immediately offered them the hospitality of his teepee, placing robes for them to rest in a reclining position. A good meal was prepared at once as was the custom when strangers were guests. The guard had shown them to Hunter's teepee knowing how matters were in my tent, this with far more consideration and tact than I experienced among white settlers in later years.

John sent his wife to call me from my tent without saying just what was wanted.

"These men," said Hunter, "are sons of Mista-wa-sis and Ah-tuk-a-kup; they have been up to Whitefish Lake and have followed you here."