

beautiful. Her black hair was neatly laid back, a bead circlet clasped it at the neck, and then it spread out its glossy folds over her shoulders, falling as low as her waist. Only a second was I permitted to enjoy the sight. She raised her eyes— Click!

“A look of the most despairing horror came over her handsome features, and then with a piercing shriek that made my blood run cold she made a cat-like spring at me. Leaping backward I barely escaped her grasp, and ran for my life. By what mania she was seized I do not know, but she ran after me like a panther. Next I heard a war-whoop from the old buck, reinforced by a squaw’s screams; then I realized that the whole household was after me. I dodged through the trees and ran for the river, with my camera tightly grasped under my arm, as I had many times carried the pig-skin down the field in college days, and felt tolerably safe, but my confidence did not last long. At one time I held the college record for the hundred-yards dash, but try as I could she gained on me at every bound, while the rest of the procession came trailing on behind.

“I turned a quick glance to the right and to the left in search of Eaton, for I was afraid the old buck would shoot, but Eaton was nowhere in sight. If the girl alone had been my pursuer I would have turned and clasped her in my arms, or would have let her make the tackle; but from the old buck and his squaw I could hope for little mercy. Matters were getting serious. I wanted to cry for help, but that was too cowardly. I was getting hot in temper and body, and felt exceedingly uncomfortable as I realized that the fleet-footed gazelle was bound to have me at her gentle mercy and at the mercy of her less prepossessing parents, for I was fast becoming winded. Half a mile away I could see a cabin. Oh, if I only had strength enough to reach it! But behind me I could now hear the quick breathing, coming closer and closer, and at each step I imagined I could feel her reaching for my foot ball hair. Escape was impossible. I will drop my camera, grab the girl in my arms and hold the others at bay with my revolver. This was the hasty plan which seemed my only salvation, and which I tried to carry out. But just as I reached around for my six-shooter my foot struck a snag and I tumbled to the earth, my camera flying on ahead. My pursuer could not have been two yards behind, and of course the inevitable happened. Her pretty moccasin struck me so solidly that the place was black and blue for a week afterwards, and she described a parabola over my