

Polly takes this hard.

"But I thought the Indians had sent a delegation to Washington to protest!"

(This was actually done in a land case not long ago when two Indians appeared before congress and pleaded justice for their tribe)

"No come back yet" says the Indian. "We wait him. Big order come--all cattle clear off Reserve".

"They can't--they just can't drive our cattle off! There's not a cowhand in the country would do it and our cattle anyway are safe on the south side of the river".

The Indian nods gravely.

He rides off, much troubled.

Polly a prey to anxiety is about to return to the house, when from behind a pillar of the verandah, Minton stops. Polly ~~is surprised~~ He goes hastily to her.

~~"Sargent has been listening--"~~

He tells her that he is able to "fix" things for her. He has it in his power to give the T Bar T cattle the range, or he can expel them. Polly knows what that will mean. Practically starvation for the cattle and ruin for her outfit.

Minton offers her the alternative. He is madly in love with her. He asks her to marry him. Polly replies scornfully:

"I laugh in your face! I'd sooner marry a coyote".

Minton is enraged. "Jeers her about the dude cowboy she's been dancing with all evening. Who is he, anyway? How does Polly know but what he's hanging around up to some dirty work.