

goes directly to the Chiefs. He says that he speaks the tribal language. Very gravely, but with authority he addresses them. He explains that it is their duty to bow to the will of the government. That he is convinced justice will be done, and he advises them to wait before condemning the U.S. government.

Polly who has been watching him, with mingled emotions steps toward him. She is beginning to suspect him.

"Which side are you on?" she demands.

Galloway twirls his hat in his hand.

The cowboys are shouting their defiance at the jeering sheep men. Both sides are drawn up ready to fall upon each other. Galloway evades Polly's question. Her anger rises.

"Answer me! Which side are you on?" she demands.

"Neither" he replies gravely. "I am here to see that orders are enforced".

As his words sink in a growl of rage bursts from the cattlemen. They push furiously toward him. He looks down the lane that now is between cattle and sheep men, and almost casually, ~~absentmindedly~~ he raises his hand to shade his eye and squints toward the trail. Everyone looks and sees what he sees. In perfect alignment in fours, comes a troop of cavalry. The leader, a sergeant trots ahead of the troop and rides up to Galloway, saluting.

They exchange a few words, and then the sergeant gives a snappy order. Two of the column of each four ride to either side; ~~the order is given to the men to dismount~~