

had scalped me; so that is why I am wearing the wig I have on.

The little adventure was the cause of a marriage between that girl and me. She has been dead some years now, and now that she is gone, I somehow don't think of her as my wife, but as the little girl that I rescued from the Indians.

RED.

R. W.

Of course Red was not his real name; it is only a nickname applied to him on account of his bristly, fire-colored hair and his sunburned complexion of the same color. His real name was Robert Milton Evans.

Red's father was one of a small band of fishermen who had built their little town on the north extremity of Lavaca Bay. However, he had not known his father, for he died when the boy was only one year old. Red's mother died a few months later, so he was taken into his uncle's family, in which there were already twelve children. His aunt protested violently against taking him in, for like most fishermen's wives, she was very superstitious. When her husband brought the child home she said, "Something will surely happen, either to the boy or to you, my husband, for thirteen is an unlucky number." (They now had that many children in the family).