

from the general persecution. Relieved from fear of personal violence, her passionate gratitude added charm to her youthful loveliness and, to the disgust of other aspirants, accentuated by their tribal hatred, he had made her his bride but two moons before.

Her new found happiness enabled her to bear with indifference the spiteful asides and jealous looks which were all they dared to indulge in her husband's absence.

He was now away with the other braves on a hunting party, and pleased as the women were at the injuries which were the result of Nu-mach-wa's interference, they feared the chief's displeasure.

Nu-mach-wa's return silenced the speculations of the group and they watched stolidly while she placed her brimming bucket near the fire.

A spray of ripening raspberries by the water's edge had given her a new idea, and, entering the wigwam, she reappeared with a basket in her hand, and again sought the forest.

This time she tracked out the little Wikpa who, like a broken-winged bird, had dragged herself out of sight into the bushes. Gently she placed her hand on the little shrinking shoulder.

The child's tear-stained face looked up at hers with a mixture of curiosity and sullen gratitude.

"Come, Wikpa," she said, "I go to gather raspberries for Ku-sa-wa-ga's return. Come with me, you need not fear Bas-lo-oa. You shall eat and sleep in our wigwam to-night."

Slowly the little creature followed her to the water's edge, where, with a handful of soft, green moss, she gently bathed the little bruised shoulders in the cool water. The child eyed the bruise on Nu-mach-wa's arm. "Why do you do it?" she demanded abruptly, "do you not hate us?" "I was often beaten," responded Nu-mach-wa. Quietly they threaded their careful way by the river's brim to where, in a natural clearing, the ripe fruit gleamed redly. Nu-mach-wa's thoughts were busy, while her nimble fingers swiftly filled her basket. Her small companion's garner found its way chiefly into her