

He knew that the great majority of the tribe was with him ; yet the employment of force to drag the Raven and his companions from their post would probably create a division in the tribe, the final results of which none could see, and for the consequences of which he would, in case of any reverse, be held responsible and looked upon with disapproval by both parties.

"The Raven and his friends have great hearts," he said courteously. "They are large enough to shelter the little White Bird. Let them take her. Her life is spared. She shall remain with our tribe."

The Raven inclined his head, and, taking a knife from a warrior near, he cut the cords which bound Ethel, and, beckoning to the Fawn, handed the astonished girl again into her charge, saying as he did so, "Stop in hut. Not go out ; go out, bad." And then, accompanied by his friends, he retired without a word to one of their huts.

A perfect stillness had hung over the crowd during this scene, but when it became known that Ethel was to go off unscathed, a murmur broke out from the elder females, disappointed in their work of vengeance. But the Stag waved his hand peremptorily, and the crowd scattered silently to their huts, to talk over the unusual scene that had taken place.

The Raven and his friends talked long and earnestly together. They were in no way deceived by the appearance of friendliness which the Stag had assumed. They knew that henceforth there was bitter hatred between them, and that their very lives were insecure. As to Ethel, it was, they knew, only a short reprieve which had been granted her. The Stag would not risk a division in the tribe for her sake, nor would