

but in a neat white muslin dress, such as all the girls in the school wore on this festive occasion. It fitted her lithe form to perfection. It would have been difficult for the most critical eye to detect any sign of Indian blood in her veins except for a slight dusky shade upon her face, and her raven black hair, combed neatly back. It was her first appearance in public and a certain degree of nervousness was noticeable in her manner. Her eyes searched the faces before her, and at length they lighted up with a pleased expression as she noted two forms sitting back close to the door. Then her embarrassment departed. She straightened herself up to her full height, and the proud spirit of Klitonda, chief of the Ranges, came upon her. Her heart was beating rapidly. It would not do for her to fail. What would Dan and Natsatt think of her? These thoughts flashed through her mind in the twinkling of an eye. Then she opened her lips and began to sing. As her clear sweet voice rang through that building all whispering ceased, and every ear was strained to catch the rich sounds. And when she ceased, for an instant there was a dead silence like the stillness before a storm. Then from the assembled people came a great applause, which would not cease until Owindia re-appeared before them. This time it was a simple song she sang which her mother had taught her years before, and made a greater impression than the first. A hubbub arose when she finished and retired. People asked one another who she was, and