

desired it. Of Manoa, when he came to know their tongue, he heard neither hint nor rumour, nor was there aught of gold, or indeed of any metal, in all the tribe's poor belongings. Yet for all the silence, servitude, and discouragement, the stubborn heart of the man clung to the fulfilment of his quest.

If there had been but a broken record of time in the past, there was none now, and the days followed each other as shadows. Little by little the Indian life grew into Martin Hughes, and, after a sullen fashion, he was content.

As months passed, skins and clothing of woven grasses took the place of the rags, linking him to those dim days beyond the Musquito Gulf, and in an outward show he was Indian. Of simple needs, Nature's common supplies were ordinarily sufficient for all wants, but once there fell a drought that withered up the fruits and drove far afield both bird and beast to seek for water. Needs must that Manitou be supplicated, and with all haste the tribe sped eastward, and day by day grew fewer and more gaunt as thirst and hunger struck the weak and sickly from their ranks. Day by day they tramped on, halting for none, child, chief, or woman, till of a sudden a glint of fretted lights broke through the trees, and Martin