

was the fierce chief named, declared his intention of asking her to become his wife, none were hardy enough to dispute with so formidable a rival.

Ge-won-ga, or the swift-winged, became his wife, and he loved her with all the passion that was in his nature and with a tenderness which he had never before indulged in. Love was a new feeling to him, he was a tiger tamed, and Ge-won-ga's sway over him was almost unbounded.

For many months his lodge was cheered by the sound of her gentle voice, and his rough nature was softened by her constant and loving cares. But a change came over the bright countenance of Ge-won-ga, she grew paler and weaker from day to day, and at last, after a rapid decline, she died in the arms of her sorrowing chief.

He was alone! Did he utter any cry of grief? did he shed any tear? We know not, for his proud nature would have thought itself degraded by betraying the best feelings of humanity.

Her death was announced through the village by women appointed for that purpose, who went from lodge to lodge, crying, "*She is no more! She is no more!*" The next day she was buried. Black Wolf stood by in silence, and when the noisy lamentations of the mourners who surrounded the remains of all that he loved were at an end, he returned to his dreary home and forbade all entrance to it. The next morning at sun-rise he was seen to leave the lodge: he was armed and painted as if prepared for some warlike expedition. He took no notice of those around him, but walked firmly to the place where his wife lay buried: not a muscle of his face moved, his fiery eye was unchanged, he paused for some moments by the side of the grave, and then turning away from the village, crossed the prairie.

The autumn and winter were passed, and the short bright spring was rapidly giving way to summer, when Black Wolf was again seen to return, bringing with him the hairy scalps of two warriors which he duly hung in the smoke of his lodge, and a large lump of pure white