

the chiefs relating the prowess of their great ancestors the while the younger members of the tribe laid offerings on the graves, that if perchance the departed Spirits came to revisit the earth, they should lack nothing.

Imagine, therefore, the consternation of the tribe when they came to the graves, upon finding them desecrated, the Houses of the Dead overturned, the palisades broken and thrown down!

Conflicting emotions, lamentation and anger surged up in their hearts. Who had done this thing? Was it the work of the strange eye-new? Had the whites broken faith? Were the Blackfeet on the war-path?

The tribe passed on, just beyond the confines of the Sacred Land, yet within sight of it. Camp was made, and word given for a council and war-dance. Runners were sent out to warn and summon all the surrounding bands, and to call in the aid of the best Medicine-men.

Belts were got out and polished, arms cleaned and brightened up, fresh paint mixed, ornaments of state unwrapped, hair oil applied, and sundry other preparations made. It was significant that all who had been wearing clothes modelled upon those of the whites, were the first to appear in native dress.

By evening, seven bands in all were gathered together round the great fire which had been built at the end of a coulee. The fire threw weird shadows

guish what was going on. He had never seen Indians in all the paraphernalia of war-trappings before, and for a moment he was nonplussed. He had the presence of mind to get behind some fallen timber, however, where he was shaded, and could see all that was going on. He realized now that the matter was serious; and anxiously indeed he watched, for he realized that this was no ordinary tribal meeting, but one extremely ominous to the whites.

The Indians were squatting in rows around the fire; new trees had been lighted, and the burning branches swayed and kissed as the flames leaped along them. An old chief, whom Seymour recognized as Mekasto (Red Crow) was relating his deeds, and the deeds of his fathers, the great chiefs; and inciting the younger men to a frenzy of excitement.

When he had finished, the tom-tom commenced beating, and a low, weird chant was started by the chiefs, growling louder as the others took it up. The most creditable act an Indian can perform is to show that he is brave, to prove his physical courage by some daring deed or by undergoing some fearful torture without flinching.

Now one young man came forward, who demanded that he be made leader of the war band. He had the skin of a Cree Indian, the visage of a commander, and the bearing of a prince.

According to the custom of the tribe,



Mrs. Linehauer came to the door of the Mission Tent

on the assembled company, and side lights came from behind and around them, for several pine trees had been set on fire, and the flames were leaping and crackling up the branches,—tongues of fire, beckoning to far-away tribes, and warning those who knew the signals, that something of dire import was on foot.

Among those who saw the flaming forks with great trepidation was the missionary's wife, Mrs. Linehauer. Her husband was away, and the wee babe stirred restlessly in its cradle. She called the young man who had charge of the Mission School, and who had often supplied at the Mission services. Together they looked across the lake at the flames, now shooting high in the air. After a consultation, the young missionary slipped silently down to the water's edge, and unmoored a boat. From the bottom of it he picked up a scarlet Hudson's Bay blanket, and some fringed buckskin pants. The senior missionary frequently had recourse to the native dress when visiting a band for the first time, and he had evidently left these articles behind from his last trip. Quick as thought Mr. Seymour slipped them on, fastening the blanket in such a way that no one would take him for anyone but a tall Indian.

Skimming along the edge of the water till he came to a place where the shadows were deep, he crossed and beached his boat quietly. The woods are very deceptive in regard to distance, and he had walked some miles ere he came close enough to distin-

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The Indians began to form up for the War Dance. The first circle was made by the squaws, the second by the sick or infirm Indians, the third by the young Indians, and the last by the warriors. To the sounds of the omnipresent tom-tom and chant, the circle moved through all the tortures of the dance, till the climax was reached when Red Crow took his dagger-knife and went to the would-be chief, took him by the flesh and stabbed a hole through it, and then put a rawhide through this flesh, fastening it to a near-by pole. The Indians danced round in a frenzy of yells till the flesh broke, but the only sign the embryo chief gave was a slight twitching of the mouth as the pain got more intense.

This over, the Indians were re-seated, while a young girl was brought forward and seated where the fire light played full on her. Seymour recognized her as Shasta MacPherson, a beautiful half-breed girl he had seen a few times at the Mission. There, she had always worn English clothes and her glorious hair had been coiled round her head. She always wore dresses of a rich wine red, or a vivid scarlet, which seemed the exact shades to intensify her beauty; and he had always been greatly interested in her, partly because he knew of her great interest in him. As

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