

"The skin is soaking in the brook," put in Onata. "I am making him a shirt of it."

"Let me come and embroider it with you," the orphan cried. "I will put on a figure of a man with a long feather."

"Dress not a crow in eagle's clothes," Hiawatha retorted.

"Here," Quenhia said, raising something on her spoon, "here is one of the ankle-bones in my pottage."

"Then wait," croaked Kâwi, "the slayer must say the invocation."

Hiawatha bent his head. "O Stag," he said gravely, "bear me no ill-will for slaying thee: it was for the glory of my tribe. Graze in endless peace with thy people in the forests of the Land of Souls."

"When you are a great chief, Hiawatha, when you walk sternly among the warriors, do not forget your little sister Quenhia. When I saw you go up to the council-place this morning it seemed as if I had lost my brother."

"Fear not, my little one," returned the hero. "Let us go out and sit at the brookside and listen to the Voice of the Night."