

attracted the eye of the Sachem's daughter, the Gentle Fawn; she, with a few young Indian girls, half hid among the whortleberry bushes growing luxuriantly around the smaller wigwams of the camp, were dividing their attention between the stately captives and weaving the gaudy wampums to be bestowed, with the shy little weavers themselves, upon such young braves as should be deemed worthy by the great council. Their stolen glances of admiration and pity, however, were intercepted by the young brave who brought home and so suspiciously guarded the prisoners. He was a fierce, wicked savage, with repulsive, glistening eyes, evincing a cunning, revengeful disposition.

At the side of this savage hung a string of fresh scalps, and a gleam of exultation shot across his swarthy visage as he pointed to the gory trophies at his belt, saying:

"The Black Snake's scalps are fresh from his enemies; the fingers of the Gentle Fawn cannot number them."

"The Fawn does not like the smell of blood," quickly answered the sensitive maid. "The Black Snake is a boy, and does not know his friends from his enemies."

"The Fawn has been taking lessons from the mocking-birds," replied Black Snake. "and has learned many tunes; she sings now for the ears of the sunny Eagle, whose wings are too feeble to fly. His last flight will be short (pointing to the cataract); he will