

The New War Chief

is another tuk from the Second Chief of the hostiles," and Caleb placed it. "Here is one tuk from the Great Head War Chief of the Sangers, and here is one from the Head Chief of the Boilers, and another tuk in battle. Six scalps from six famous warriors. This yere is the record for the whole Tribe, an' Little Beaver done it; besides which, he draws pictures, writes poethry and cooks purty good, an' I say Little Beaver is the one for Chief! What says the rest?" and with one voice they shouted, "Hoorah for Little Beaver!"

"How—how—how—how—how — *thump, thump, thump, thump.*"

"Any feller anything to say agin it?"

"I eh—" Guy began.

—"has got to lick the Chief," Sam continued, and Guy did not complete his objection, though he whispered to his mother, "If it was Char-less I bet I'd show him."

Caleb now pulled the cover off the shield that he fastened the scalps to, and it showed the white Buffalo of the Sangers with a Little Beaver above it. Then he opened a bundle lying near and produced a gorgeous war-shirt of buff leather, a pair of leggins and moccasins, all fringed, beaded and painted, made by Saryann under Caleb's guidance. They were quickly put on the new Chief; his war bonnet, splendid with the plumes of his recent exploits, was all ready; and proud and happy in his new-found honours, not least of which were his wounds, he stepped forward.

