

*The Feather.*

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parts of his flight, for they knew the Sacred Island Tiotiaké better than he a stranger. Hours passed and the two runners still fled after him, catching at rare intervals a glimpse of red and white hindquarters amid the distant green shadows and being left miles on miles behind again, to be guided only by their unerring nostrils and eyes. The marvel of human endurance was yet to be shown. So, the quill-embroidered ends of their loin-cloths streaming behind them, we leave them running, and increasing in swiftness. After the start, the people returned from the forest to the weedy point, where the Little River ran into the Great, or, as it was mostly called, the River of the Master of Life, for the Master of Life dwelt under its majesty of vast waters and his voice could be heard continually speaking. No other river was so wide or so great. Multitudes of ruddy bark canoes bearing strange insignia of eyes and suns and beasts were drawn up on shore as far as the eye could see, and many smoky-topped wigwams of pictured skin were near them, many black-edged pots, sunk in sand beside many little fires, and among the corn-fields which held up their tasseled heads over some sixty acres at a little distance off, seven