

towards the long stretch of water, lined on either side with its evergreen fringe of spruce and cedar, only to relapse again into moody contemplation of the more animated scene in the foreground. Hopes, desires, ambition—the seed from which our disappointments spring—were at work beneath the stoical surface of this red man.

Well knows this patriarch of his tribe that his days are near the line of the "great divide," and, like yon golden setting sun, he, too, must dip behind the horizon into the invisible, and join his ancestors in the happy hunting grounds. Upon other shoulders must fall the mantle of his chiefship. Many moons ago he had chosen him upon whom will rest this responsibility, but for the first time in his long career, he scents a spirit of opposition among his dusky vassals. His choice naturally falls upon a young brave, his nephew, an orphan, who has been to him even as a son, for the chief has no child but the maid by his side. But among the warriors is evident a desire to institute a new line of hereditary chiefs; and the keen rivalry between Wawano, the nephew and choice of Wabuno, and Wendigo, the tentative choice of the tribe, for the hand of Minnedosa, (Laughing-eyes) the chief's daughter, has gradually evolved a state of affairs which at this time is about to culminate in definite action. It is this conflicting combination of circumstances that stamps the anxious look on the features of Wabuno.

Some weeks before, at the first appearance of the new moon, whose graceful crescent presented its convex curve towards the earth, presaging success to their mission—a deputation of the stalwarts of the tribe held coun-

cil with the aged chief, and, while apparently concurring in his choice of a successor, yet to prove the fitness of the candidate for this great honor, proposed a test which could but appear reasonable to Wabuno, but which they, crafty and cunning, knew or believed would effectually settle this question of succession.

Some venturesome members of the band, more daring perhaps, in the pursuit of game, had wandered far to the south, and there heard faint rumors of pale faced intruders, voyageurs from far beyond the rising sun, bringing with them strange-shaped spears, which burst with fire and noise and kill big game, while remaining in the hands of the hunter.

It is proposed that Wawano go to the lodge of the pale face, far away on the shore of the great salt water, and bring back to Wabuno one of these "devil spears," that he may see, and take with him on his last and eternal hunting expedition, the new device, and Wawano may prove himself worthy of ruling, by doing what no man of their tribe had done before.

But they, in their crafty hearts, deem this exploit to be impossible; a foolhardy journey from which they hope he can never return. Thus will Wawano unconsciously aid their schemes and, himself, solve the problem—leaving his sweetheart and the chieftainship easy of acquisition by his rival.

But men propose and the mighty universal law of life disposes. Wawano departs; and his canoe soon becomes a mere speck far down the placid, sunlit lake. Fired with hopes, every nerve pulsating with lusty manhood, what cares he for distance or obstacles? Does the confidence of youth ever