

in the morning, after nine hours' riding, Ethel was able to look round with some sort of curiosity and interest

It was here that an incident occurred, which, although she knew it not at the time, entirely altered her destination and prospects.

She was sitting upon the ground, when a man, who by his bearing appeared to be the principal chief present, passed in earnest talk with another chief. In the latter she recognised at once one of the wounded Indian prisoners.

"Tawaina!" she said, leaping to her feet.

He paid no attention to her call, and she repeated it in a louder tone.

The principal chief stopped; Tawaina did the same. Then he walked slowly towards the captive.

"Save me, Tawaina," she said, "and send me back again home."

Tawaina shook his head.

"Not can," he said. "Tawaina friend. Help some time—not now." And he turned away again.

"Does the Raven know the White Bird," the chief asked him, "that she sings his name?"

Tawaina paused and said—

"Tawaina knows her. Her father is the great white brave."

The Indian chief gave a bound of astonishment and pleasure.

"The white brave with the shooting flames?"

Tawaina nodded.

The Raven's meeting with Ethel had been apparently accidental, but was in reality intentional. Her actual captor was one of the chiefs, although not the principal one, of the Pampas Indians; and in the division of the spoil, preparations