

without speaking, and if she were afraid she would be offended by her presence ? Whereupon the Indian woman replied, in a soft, plaintive voice :—

“ Notokeel is old and ugly, and therefore unfit to be looked at too closely by the fair Lily of the Waters. She is young and fresh like a morning flower, while Notokeel is withered and dry. But Notokeel dreams with her eyes open, and so she finds it very pleasant to behold the daughter of the Yengies, and to think of the time when she was also fair and joy-giving as the summer. It warms her heart, and makes it swell big again ; for it had become shrunken up by much travail and bitter thinking—yes, shrunken up like a leaf that is dry !”

“ Ah, my good friend,” said Ellen, “ this beauty which thou sayest I possess gives me but little concern. I have been taught to consider it of slight worth compared to that inward grace which remains when the other has faded away.”

“ They have told thee a lie,” returned the squaw, quickly, while a flash of anger shone in her dark eyes. “ They are always telling us women lying tales.”

“ I tell thee, Notokeel was fair and sunny-eyed. She made the young warriors mad with love, though she was proud and cruel at heart ; but what did