

Their brothers have been on the war-path. The Great Manitou smiled on the young brave; sent him back with fresh trophies and prisoners; not one escaped. The Great Manitou has also frowned on his people, hushed their song of triumph, sent them back to their tribe crying, 'where is the great War Chief, the nation's pride?' Do my sons see or hear the War Eagle in the wigwam of his people? No; he came not back; the Manitou needed him; he has gone to the Happy Hunting Ground; our eyes are dim; we shall see him no more. Who will lead the young braves on the war-path? Who will protect the wigwams, the women, children, and old men? Let my children speak, their father will listen."

With the last words all excitement seemed to pass from him, and the face of Great Oak assumed that immovable expression which rendered it so impossible to surmise what really were his thoughts or wishes. The murmuring wails of the women in remembrance of War Eagle and the threatening tomahawks that were shaken at the prisoners, all ceased as slowly the first Chief again rose to speak.

"Let our brother, the young brave who followed where War Eagle led, and returned with prisoners and trophies to appease his mourning people—let the Black Snake speak, that we may know how to counsel our father."

The eyes of the young warrior thus alluded to flashed with fierce delight—his nostrils dilated with