

tion was turned from his own sullen thoughts, however, by the sight of the young daughter of the Frenchman, Pierre Viellard, who had emerged from the bushes near the river's edge, and was playfully examining the two canoes that had not been taken by the foragers. Even as he watched her, little Violette suddenly yielded to a childish impulse, stepped into the canoe, and in so doing shoved it off the submerged ledge which served as a wharf, and was floating in a little lagoon, used as a landing-place by the tribe.

Just at that moment some of the braves, including Flying Hawk, appeared from the forest, and Wauchita stepped out of her wigwam and realised in a glance the child's peril.

"Flying Hawk, my brave one," she called shrilly, "save the child of the pale-face, lest she be carried over the mighty falls!"

But Flying Hawk saw that the canoe was already in the grip of the current, and that the rescue involved grave danger to himself. He turned away quickly, and pretended to be oblivious to the maiden's appeal.

"I will save the little one! My prayer has been answered!" called White Feather to the agonized girl, as he hurried down to the water's edge.

Pushing off from shore with a bound, White Feather started in frantic pursuit of the other boat with its precious burden. It was a struggle between the forces of Nature and the forces of man. Straining every muscle, the brave Iroquois drove his paddle with lightning speed into the shining water. Even from the shore could be seen the supple play of the magnificent muscles of his back and shoulders, and the danger of the situation did not suffice to prevent even the taciturn chief from uttering a cry of admiration.

Wauchita watched with tense features the thrilling race. As he pad-

dled out into the centre of the river, taking advantage of every current and eddy, she could see that White Feather was master of the situation if his strength could only hold out.

"Would that I could help him!" she exclaimed, half aloud, and it may be that her wish was granted in the thoughts that rushed through White Feather as he foresaw death or victory of the sweetest kind. Revenge meant more to him than life itself, and he felt that a brave deed performed in the view of all the tribe would more than retrieve him in their sight, and especially in the sight of the one who had taunted him but a short time before.

Spurred on by these thoughts, he drew nearer and nearer the ever-hastening canoe with the now frightened Violette crouched in its bow. With one final, supreme effort, he reached forward, and managed to grasp its thwart. Quickly fastening the two boats together with a piece of raw-hide that he had fortunately found in the bottom of his canoe, he turned in the direction of the shore, and commenced the hardest struggle of all—the task of reaching land before the current carried him the remaining three hundred yards to the brink of the fall. Once there, he would be lost forever, he knew, and he paddled with renewed efforts, as he thought of it. Inch by inch he fought his way to shore. His muscles seemed to be tearing apart, and his eyes were almost bursting out of their sockets with the strain his whole body was undergoing. He was still able to see, however, that Wauchita was signalling him to turn in toward a little promontory to which she had run, and where she was now standing, waist-deep, ready to grasp him as he drew near.

"I can't do it! I can't!" he gasped, but even as he said it, goaded to a final effort by sheer force of will, he reached out with his paddle, which Wachita was able to grasp,