

"It is fifteen summers ago. The Lightning-Arm lived with his people on the borders of the Little Bear River. There was plenty of deer in the woods, and fish in the river, and the beavers were kind; they knew that their Indian brothers were poor, and plenty were found. The Lightning-Arm was happy. He stood like a tall pine in the midst of a wood, and every warrior called him chief. Yes; the Lightning-Arm was very happy. A little bird sang in the woods, the loveliest girl of the Great Athapascow tribe, and the little bird sang beside the tall pine. Lightning-Arm called the Wild Rose his squaw. One papoose was in his wigwam, and it laughed in its father's face, and Lightning-Arm was very happy. Then came the Pale-Face traders, and bought all the Red-Skins' furs, and gave the foolish Indians fire-water. The traders went away, and the Indians were beasts: the fire-water was in their eyes, they could not see; the fire-water was in their ears, and they could not hear; the fire-water was in their heads, they could not watch. But wolves were in the woods, who knew that the Great Athapascows were as hogs, and they came down upon the camp. The Lightning-Arm had gone to show the traders how to hunt. The wolves slew all the warriors, who woke no more; they killed the Wild Rose, and they stole her child. Lightning-Arm came bounding home: he listened for two laughs—one very loud and clear, and one very little, but very sweet. The Lightning-Arm was alone, the tall pine stood naked on a stony plain. Let them die—the white man for his fire-water, the Red-Skin for his blood! He is a Dog-ribbed cur! I have spoken!"

And the warrior drew his tomahawk, and awaited the words of his companions, eager to give the signal for the torments which were once more to glut his revenge. His hate for the Pale-Faces, whose drink had caused the camp to be surprised, and for the member of a tribe suspected of the foray, might be seen in every lineament. The whole circle of warriors applauded, and were about to rise, when the Little Snake and the White Swallow stood in their midst.

"My father is very sorry for the death of his squaw," said Matonaza with profound respect for the other's grief, "and his eyes are dim. But his eyes are open now; does he know again a little face he saw fifteen summers ago? His ears are very sharp, the girl will laugh, and her father will know her again!"

The Indians moved not, though their favourite "ugh" escaped every throat, while the Lightning-Arm listened with undisguised astonishment.

"My brother is young," he said, quickly recovering himself, "and would save his friends; he gives an old warrior a young squaw for a little papoose."

"Matonaza is no liar," replied the other solemnly. "His father led the foray against the Great Athapascows; he took away a little papoose for a squaw for his boy. There she stands—see!"

And the young chief held out his hand, and took from the breast of the White Swallow one of those charmed bags given by the