

"Hoh! Hoh!" all the Hochelagans responded. "Hee-a-hee-ee-hoh!"—because of the pearly sheen of the polished wampum and the red shining of the axes.

Other orators having spoken, until the Sun had passed far down towards his Red Teepee, the two divisions of the assembly thronged forward together to the partition of the presents. The Algonkin women were already loading the first portions on each other's backs for removal to the canoes, when a shout echoed and re-echoed in the woods just across the Little River.

The women threw down their loads of maize and tobacco, braves hastily ran for their bows, the chiefs and great warriors disdainfully looked round, and all, as by one movement, faced the opposite bank. They saw issuing from the trees along it the stag. But how changed! No more a chief in mien, he tottered towards the water, a red-streaked froth dripping from his lips, his tongue hung out on one side, his eyes were dull, his nostrils quivered with fear, broad stripes of perspiration moistened his sides, and his failing limbs struck against one another. Another moment and young Hiawatha sprang out, dishevelled and red, not fresh as at the start, but withal like a