

## Two Little Savages

"That's my drum, Ma!" said Guy aside, forgetting to applaud.

"Who is the best trailer and climber? Little Beaver, again, I reckon."

("How—how—how—how—" and drum.)

("He can't see worth a cent!" whispered Guy to his mother.)

"Who was it won the trial of grit at Garney's grave? Why, it was Little Beaver."

("An' got pretty badly scared doin' it!" was Guy's aside.)

"But who was it shot the Cat-Owl plumb in the heart, an' fit the Lynx hand to hand, not to speak of the Coon? Little Beaver every time."

("Hen ever killed a Woodchuck in his life, Ma!")

"Then, again, which of us can lay all the others on his back? Little Beaver, I s'pose."

("Well, I can lick Char-less, any time," was Guy's aside.)

"Which of us has most *grand coups* and scalps?"

"Ye're forgittin' his eddication," put in Raften, to be scornfully ignored; even Little Beaver resented this as un-Indian.

"Which has most scalps?" Sam repeated with sternness. "Here's a scalp won in battle with the inimy," Woodpecker held it up, and the Medicine Man fastened it on the edge of the shield that hung from the post.

"Here is one tuk from the Head Chief of the hostiles," and Caleb fastened that to the shield. "Here

