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## MIS-SE-JAR-GA;

OR, THE ANGEL GUIDE.

“WELL,” I asked of an old Indian of nearly one hundred winters, who sat over a camp fire, smoking his well-worn pipe, “What legend do you know of a body of water recognized by the white man as Lake of the Loons?” He gave a grunt, emptied the ashes from his pipe, refilled it with kinnikinnick, puffed away for a few moments, and then said:

“Many moons long since gone, when my hair was black and my face was smooth, away off to the east, where the bright spirit—the sun—rises and washes its face in the morning dews, dwelt my forefathers, and the friends of my youth. Just on the border of our reservation settled a paleface and his family, which at first made our hearts bad, but they were so good and so kind that we came to esteem them, and they lived among us respected. His family consisted of three boys, and a golden-haired girl of five summers. This child was as fair as Minnehaha, beautiful as sunset, happy as a bird, gentle as a lamb, sweet as the Great Spirit. Her winning ways, her golden, curly hair, her great blue eyes, her innocent prattle, her confidence in the red man, as she climbed on his knee and toyed with his long black hair—the contrast between the sweet lily face and the tawny complexion of our tribe, won for her the name of Mis-se-jar-ga, or the angel guide.”

The old Indian paused, dropped his head upon his