

the head of Gritty-Sand and go on the war path against Cute-Eagle! Now, children of Keewatin, give us the word! Shall your old and trusty Clean-Hands and his braves take the money box of the Big Wigwam and go and meet the Spread Eagles in battle? If you say yes! hold up the heads of your hatchets: if you say no! hold up the handles!"

Clean-Hands, utterly exhausted, fell back from the stump into the arms of Rib-Stabber and Wild-Wind, and at the same instant a forest of hatchets sprung into the air.

Clean-Hands looked and swooned, most of them were tail end upwards.



PURITEE BRAVES.

Then Big-Push and all his warriors held a great feast and drank fire-water to the memory of Cobden the Free-Trader, but Working-Ox departed to his wigwam near the mountain and lay down and rolled himself up in his blanket.

Clean-Hands and his braves staggered from the council-fire and were borne on the shoulders of the squaws into the midst of the Toeree camp, where effigies of Big-Push, and Smooth-Scalp, and Gritty-Sand and Cartwheel-Dick were set up, and while the squaws and the Toeree braves sat around and applauded, the warrior Rib-Stabber, scalped the