

tom hallowed. Had not Kwail, that young warrior, found the sacred cherry tree blowing by a little lake high up above the clouds? Had he not brought great branches of it, thick with golden balls, to Kwatek in the plains? And Kwatek's heart (he was only human) had been touched, so that he had promised the little Sali to the young man as his wife. Even now the procession was forming from the house. How the sunlight laughed among the trees, and the wind came heavy with the scent of heliotrope and pine! Sali, the young bride, stood very meekly before them all, a little flashing form covered closely with scarlet blankets. There were blankets everywhere, red and gold and brown. One was thrown over her head, hiding her like a shroud; piles of them were spread upon the ground, forming a pathway for her feet. Was she not to marry a great chief with a hunting lodge among the fir trees? Two women, the oldest and the ugliest in the village, were the girl's attendants. They led her now down the path of blankets, across the fields, straight down to the sea. Behind her came Kwatek and the mother, Nootka, with faces stolid, unruffled—no Indian ever weeps—and they bore with them the marriage dower of their daughter, the wooden plates and the mats, and the many blankets. Alone, a very quiet figure, strode the young man, Kwail. Where the waters lapped the pebbles a canoe was tied. Its bow and stern were thick with flowers, blue gentians and heather fragrant in the wind, and the late bloom of anemones picked far up along the very border of the perpetual snows. The old attendants placed the girl in the canoe, piling her strange dower about her. Then they turned, taking into their eager withered hands the gifts of blankets from the groom. The crowd fell back a little, and Kwatek and his squaw kissed quietly the little Sali whom they had loved. Kwail slipped into his seat, dipping a slender paddle. A great brave, his wampum-belt stuck full of quivers, made loose the anchor, and into the sunlight and the drifting waters moved the little boat. They two were man and wife.

In the hills the mists were lifting, freeing the sunbeams on the crags, baring the pine trees with their holds of tangled

cloud. Kwail bent and threw the shrouding blanket from the little form in the bow. Sali sat very straight in her seat, her eyes downcast, her brown hands trembling. Stooping, the man kissed her brow and then her cheek. There was a great passion in his face.

"Thou art no woman," said he. "Great Spirit slept one day in the making of the year. Great Spirit dreamt—thou art his dream! Lovest thou me, Sali?"

She came from her country of a great calm. A smile was on her lips, but her deep eyes kindled.

"Only Sali knew," she said, "that Kwatek loved as his life the wild cherry tree."

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