

will call her Wawanesa after the birds whose songs have awakened the life in her." And a great feast was given when she was called her name.

But the leaves lost their brightness and fell, chilly winds swept the flowers from the valley. The gurgling horseshoe of water was silent and men walked in safety over it. The whip-poor-wills were gone one morning, and the maiden Wawanesa was sad.

"We have stayed over our time," the Chiefton said. "To-morrow's sun will see us nearing our own land."

But every year he returned, bringing Wawanesa with him. Never was she so happy as when in the valley, never did the birds sing so sweetly as when she was with them.

"I have known them in the spirit-land, my father, I too was as they are," but now she grew sad sometimes when she listened to them. "Must I go back and be as they are, father, or shall I meet a higher spirit and commune with something human. What has the Great Spirit for me, father, must I go back or shall I go forward?"

But the father could not answer, he only stroked his daughter's head and was glad that she was herself, even while he wished that she were like other maidens.

"Why do you think such thoughts, my daughter, my Wawanesa, why not forget the spirits and join in the play of your companions. Forget for a time the birds and join in the revels and dances and be like the other maidens?"

But she shook her head. "My father I cannot, and yet I wish that I could if it would please you. Never has Indian maiden had such a father as I have—yes, I will try for your sake."

But try as she would to be like the others, she could not. She was her-

self; her only likeness being to the singing birds in the valley, whose notes she could warble as sweetly as they could. Yet she was beloved by everyone in the nation, kind and gentle and sweet, thoughtful for others, uncomplaining, and eager to share the trials and sorrows of other children, yet never able to enter into their sports and their pastimes, but standing aloof whenever they played or were merry, and then slipping away to a sheltered nook in the valley where her feathered companions soon sought her and sang to her in gladness.

Thus she grew from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to maidenhood, and now she stood on the verge of womanhood, looking over the past that held sweet memories of her father's love and the songs of her feathered companions; into the future that held for her—she knew not what!

"Father," she said, and a world of sadness thrilled through her tones. "Father, must I ever be as I am? Is there no one human who can touch my heart and make it vibrate as do the birds? Tell me, my father, what has the future for me?"

But the father was sad. "I know not, my daughter, unless in the Blackfoot Chief that comes at next sunset there dwells a spirit that can talk with yours. It has long been my wish that between the two tribes there might be union. Yet, my daughter, I would not have you wed one with whom your spirit is not in perfect accord, but we shall see before the setting of another sun what the future holds for you."

But, before her father's words had died away, the maiden had forgotten the Blackfoot Chieftain. A chorus of bird-spirit voices burst forth a thought to drive the thought of a human spirit from her, and the maiden Wawanesa warbled with them in sweet, yet sad harmony.