

The New War Chief

war-whoops, and out of the teepees dashed the Sanger Indians in full war paint.

"Ki ki—ki yi—ki yi yi yi
Ki yi—ki yi—ki yi yi yi!"

They danced in exact time to the two-measure of the drum that was pounded by Blackhawk. Three times round the central post with the shield they danced, then the drum stopped, and they joined in a grand final war-whoop and squatted in a circle within that of the guests.

The Great Woodpecker now arose—his mother had to be told who it was—and made a characteristic speech:

"Big Chiefs, Little Chiefs, and Squapooses of the Sanger Indians: A number of things has happened to rob this yer nation of its noble Head Chief; they kin never again expect to have his equal, but this yer assembly is for to pick out a new one. We had a kind of whack at it the other day, but couldn't agree. Since then we had a hard trip, and things has cleared up some, same as puttin' Kittens in a pond will tell which one is the swimmer, an' we're here to-day to settle it."

Loud cries of "How—how—how—how—" while Blackhawk pounded the drum vigorously.

"O' course different ones has different gifts. Now who in all this Tribe is the best runner? That's Little Beaver."

("How—how—how—how—how—" and drum.)

