
A LEGEND

tribes, generations ago, according to tradition. But, on certain nights, when the moon lights up great patches of the water, Miwasa's last cry can be heard as plainly, the Indians say, as when she leaped from the great rock to join in death the lover whom she was not to have in life. Like the mournful cry of some sweet-throated bird its full tone rises high and clear, seeming to hush all sound to listen. Then it dies away, and nothing is heard save the lapping of the cold water on the rocky beach, and the wind sobbing in the trees as it grieves for poor Miwasa.

