

"Hearken!" The Peace-Chief did not alter his expression a tittle, but Hiawatha, following his glance towards the woods, saw six young Algonkins in hunting gear advancing in file by the trail which led from the river. The Black Wolverine was their leader, and both Hiawatha and the Chief marked his furtive but prolonged glance at Quenhia as she sang—a glance like the gaze of the wildcat which has sighted an oriole. Yet his countenance was watchfully expressionless as he approached the nearest Hochelagan warrior, holding out his clay pipe in token of friendliness.

In the evening, when the Black Wolverine and his companions were called into the Council House to state their errand to the chiefs, Hiawatha sat at his mother's fire in the House of the Turtle, on the door of which was painted, large and brilliant, the Turtle, their token. This was Kawi's house, for his great grandmother was the ancient Kawi, who, being a hundred and forty years old, was called "The Oldest Woman Who Ever Lived." She sat opposite him, her watery eyes peering out of her little wrinkled face, and of the embroidered deer-skin shawl over her head, while she slowly smoked her queer reed-stemmed pipe, from