

ness seldom found in the breast of a warrior, the stern old Sagamore's voice grew soft as a woman's.

"My daughter will follow her father; he knows not his wigwam when the Fawn and her four-footed friend are not there."

Thus saying they immediately left the discomfited brave. In passing by the stranger captives, a sigh escaped the old Indian as he saw the sympathetic looks that passed between them and his daughter, and compared that noble young Chief, so soon to pass away, with the treacherous warrior who aspired to fill the War Chief's place, and receive his daughter with the title. The War Chief was slain on that same expedition that conquered and brought home the prisoners. Another was to be chosen and the captives disposed of, which was the business that had called together Chiefs from distant places. Occupied with sad thoughts, that brought him no comfort, he was attracted by the low whine of the wolf, and upon turning discovered him fondling around the captive Chief, who seemed equally pleased with him; at the same time he caught the ill-omened look of Black Snake, distorting his face with rage, jealousy and revenge, as it glowed from beneath his tawdry plume of many colors. Hastening his daughter along, who was quickly followed by the wolf as she gave a peculiar call, they passed silently out of sight.

As the dark shadows of night gathered closely around, made brilliant by innumerable fire-flies, sport-