



THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL years ago, a Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity River. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. Mr. Kay did not expect to buy the fish with money, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They had been so badly treated by their pale brothers that it is no wonder they felt hateful and wanted nothing to do with him.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwain close by, and, holding up the string of beads again, Mr. Kay pointed to them and then to the fish in the river, saying in Chinook:

"You get us fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads."

Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fishes, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian standing by seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay

told him to follow and he should have some beads, too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up, and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish, too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy, and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction from that taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing, too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting his fine fish to show what he had done, and, perhaps, thinking of the little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of the Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try to see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish! We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone, he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with unkindness and disappointment. After a while, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away towards the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying again up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had perhaps been shot with an arrow, and started up from his seat to feel of himself all over to find how and where he was hurt.

Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was, he must have felt it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But, see, the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hillside, away from the river, and he quickly does so wondering what it all means.