

*The Feather.*

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“Hoh! Hoh!” all the Algonkins ejaculated approvingly as he placed the shapely belts on the mat before him and continued:

“Your feet are torn by the thorns of the journey ye have come. That you may forget the thorns and the cold and have incense for sacrifice, I give you this *asogun*, the noble crop not raised by women, but by warriors.” He pointed to a great heap of fragrant Indian tobacco.

Awitharoa as he spoke moved about with dramatic gestures, according to the custom of their oratory. Thick-set, but all muscle, was the Peace Chief, with small hands and feet, mighty neck cut with deep wrinkles of seasoned power, a face also cut with a mass of sharpened wrinkles made by weather rather than age; a dark metallic complexion; eyes so keen that they seemed to see into the bones and heart—a man so generous that his own poor shreds of clothing told the people of his many gifts to others.

“Your eyes have been dimmed in winter by the demon Famine,” he continued, as he walked about under the tree. “We make them clear by this mountain of maize, into which the Chief of the Sky has put his beams, in eating which you