

eternity. Great Oak alone could quell the tumult. Followed by some sympathizing chiefs he wound his way among the promiscuous crowd already gathered. On the shore near the brink of the falling waters, on the stony tables extending far out into the water, stood Grey Eagle's warriors, firm as the rocks beneath them. In the center of this group, almost a prisoner of his own braves, was the speechless Grey Eagle; at his feet crouched the powerful wolf over the prostrate form of the insensible Fawn, alternately howling and licking her face. At the appearance of the old chief clamor ceased, and with difficulty the astonished father was made to understand the cause of the excitement.

At the moment of the Indian girls freeing the boat, the natural instinct of the wolf apprised him of her danger; instantly springing to his loved mistress, fastening his powerful jaws in her deer skin dress, the faithful beast tumbled into the water, struggling with fear and more than common strength to the rock where stood the almost petrified Grey Eagle, who then recognized the omnipotent power that moved to save. Being surrounded by his own braves who quickly and thoughtfully passed them to the shore, re-commenced the pow-wow in which Black Snake's voice was heard above, all the others, calling on the Manitou to let his wrath fall on the strangers for robbing him of his gifts, and not on the open hands of his own people, and calling for help to toss them all into the boiling waters, to avert the wrath of the Manitou