

his stolid face lights up with gladness, for there stands Wawano, and by his side is Minnedosa, radiant and triumphant. But a moment he gazes in silence at the happy pair, then as another sound falls on his ear, he motions them to step behind the blanket screen which serves as Minnedosa's sleeping room.

Scarcely had they disappeared when the representatives of the tribe advance into the presence of Wabuno, and Wendigo, with ill-concealed triumph, stalks majestically at their head. Already, he grasps in anticipation the reins of petty power.

Calmly Wabuno listens to their address, and a smile quivers for a moment at the corner of his mouth as they recite how greatly they would have been pleased to see Wawano, the choice of their old chief, at their head, but as that is now impossible, they demand his recognition of their choice, and pointing to Wendigo, await his answer.

Crafty are they indeed, but Wabuno, despite his age, meets them with even keener craft. Slowly he shifts his gaze from one to another of the dusky faces, showing now ruddy, now dark, in the fitful light of the flickering fire, and with deliberation he speaks.

"Would the braves of my tribe have accepted my nephew and foster-son, Wawano, as their chief, had he but returned?" And the braves answer "aye."

Turning slowly, Wabuno touches the blanket behind him, just as Wendigo steps forward, with his lips parted to hypocritically bemoan the loss of Wawano—but the words were never spoken. Out from behind the screen the astonished warriors behold Wawano and Minnedosa step to the

chief's side, and in each hand the young man holds a strange looking device, which they know to be the "devil spear" of the white man.

The triumph is complete. An hour later Wawano is exhibiting to the wondering Indians the marvels of the magic weapon, and Wendigo drops back to his place among the rank and file.

Wabuno sits quietly by. The anxious look is gone forever.

—E. Llewellyn.

#### PROF. A. B. NICHOLSON, B.A.

*Ob. Prid. Kal. Mart, MDCCCXVI.*

No more that loud-resounding voice  
shall wake  
The echoes of these classic halls, and  
thrill  
The souls of youth, inspiring them to  
make  
Parnassus' lofty peak their goal, and  
fill  
Their hung'ring spirit with the pre-  
cious lore  
Of Greece and Rome. A scholarship  
profound  
And accurate was his, and yet he bore  
Himself with modesty; delight he  
found  
In helping such as needed most his  
aid,  
So winning lasting gratitude and love.  
His Alma Mater grieves—lament is  
made  
By those who toiled with him and  
strove  
To foster truest Culture; far and near  
Devoted pupils shed a tender tear.

Honor and shame from no conditions  
rise,  
Act well your part, there all the  
honor lies.