



CHAPTER IV.

WITH a start Oowikapun awoke from his long sleep, confused and bewildered. So vivid had been his dream that it was some time before he could grasp his surroundings and come back to life's realities.

It was a night of intense darkness. Fierce, cold winds came shrieking out of the dense forest and shook the little bark tent into which he had been thrown. No cheerful fire burned in the centre, and there was not a person in the wigwam to offer aid or help. Every bone and muscle in his body seemed to ache, and his mind was so distracted and his nerves unstrung that he was thoroughly miserable. He was nearly destitute of clothing, for he had been carried out from the circle just as he had danced and fallen, and now here he was nearly naked and shivering with the cold. Vainly he groped about for his fire-bag in which he carried his flint and steel that he might strike a light; but in the inky darkness nothing could be found. Only a visitor in the village, he felt, with Indian reserve, that it would be a great breach of decorum and a sign of great weakness if he were to call for help. So in spite of his aches and shiverings he resolved that he would at least be a "brave," and patiently endure until the morning brought him light and friends.

Very long, indeed, to Oowikapun seemed that cold, dark night. The reaction had come, and physically and mentally he was to be pitied. His dance had carried him very near to the verge of the