

the laurels of success; death in the raging flood is the measure of failure. Well might the stoutest heart quail before trusting life to such a heaving, swaying means of transit. Wawano realizes that the supreme moment of his life has come. His eye, brightening with hope, flashes as it sweeps over the whole scene, as tho' to impress it finally upon his memory; he casts one swift, longing look towards the brave girl, a look in which a world of love and a mute, possible farewell are blended—then steps upon the heaving pine, and for an instant poises himself to meet the unsteady motion. Then gathering all his remaining courage, his strength and steadiness of nerve, he dashes across the swaying, foam-lashed bridge and with one last mighty bound, leaps to the other rock and to the shore, and falls, spent and gasping, at the feet of Minnedosa; and the pine, its unwilling purpose served—as if impatient at further delay, with a final wrench, swings free and joins its predecessors in the mad race down the seething channel.

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A few hours later the lovers turn their faces towards home. Seventy long miles lie before them, and the noiseless wake of their bark canoe leaves the primeval stillness yet unbroken—to remain in silence till the lapse of two centuries permits the invasion of the white man. Seventy miles! but but what care they?

As they paddle leisurely along, Wawano tells of his long journey; how he would have lost heart many, many times but for the thought of the maiden who awaited his return; how, after repeated failure, he at last struck the trail that led him to the camp of the pale-face, and saw there the

wonders of their wood and stone lodges, the gay uniforms of the white men, and most wonderful of all, the "devil spear," which kills man or beast at a distance; tells of the friendly reception accorded him, and that when he made his story known, the Commandant had generously given him a "devil spear" for his foster-father, and another for himself—had also instructed him in their use, and loading him with all the dried meat and meal cakes he could carry, sent him rejoicing on his homeward way.

When he reached the upper end of his last portage, where Minnedosa found him, anxious to try his new weapon, he had wounded a fine buck, which, dashing into the water, swam towards the opposite bank, and he removing everything from his canoe had recklessly pursued, and being caught by the current, was swept upon the rock and barely retained sufficient hold to clamber to the top, while the light bark vessel was swept in an instant into the relentless flood, leaving him helpless.

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Once more we see the slowly curling smoke of Wabuno's camp fires. It is evening, and the aged chief sits bowed in somber silence. No word of Wawano yet, and Minnedosa has not been seen for two suns. Presently the leading men of the tribe will come before him; they will claim his consent to recognize Wendigo as his successor, for Wawano, they say, will never return. His cup of bitterness is full to the brim.

What sound is that? He starts. Is it the rustle of leaves, the overhanging branches stirred by the rising night wind? A small, brown hand falls lightly on his shoulder—he turns, and