

pebbles at the water's edge reflected many colors in the moonlight, Quatlatka proposed a plan so daring, even for him, that Miwasa gazed at him in surprise. But, as she listened to her lover, her lovely eyes lit up with enthusiasm, and he, looking tenderly down into them, read her consent there. To such proud spirits as the lovers' the restriction that was placed upon their love seemed only to fan its glowing furnace.

¶ Thus it happened that Quatlatka, son of a chief who was once mighty in the land, asked Miwasa, daughter of a powerful ruler, to leave her father's tribe, and go with him where chance might take them, in search of happiness. In some place, the daring warrior whispered to her, they could live together and love, whether Watlichin looked upon them with favor or not. Somewhere they could be happy, with the birds singing for them alone, and every voice of nature echoing their love. Then, with their hearts beating quickly in their bosoms, the lovers made their way hand in hand to the canoe, bound for the land of their fancy, which their devotion painted in the brightest colors.

¶ By his lonely fire old Watlichin brooded late that night. Several times he rose and walked impatiently to the door of his hut. Miwasa, the light of his old age, had departed an hour since, and as yet her light footstep and merry voice had not fallen upon his ears. The chief had long ago suspected his daughter's secret meetings with her lover. Had not he won his