

The End of a Feud.

FOR a long time it had been Noel Jordan's habit to go to the top of a hill, and there in the waning light of the sun ere it bid the world good day, watch the play of light on the waters of the Penobscot.

It was a grand and beautiful scene, the waves reflecting the golden beams of the sun as they danced toward the sea, and the pines lifting their stately crests far above the historic river. Not very far away, but through the forest, stood the homes of some Indians, the remnants of a once powerful tribe, and Noel could almost see the cabins by looking down the aisles of the tarn.

In the past, he had been joined on the hill by a youth of his own age, and they had talked about the tribe, having read of it in the books to which they had access, but a feud had risen between Noel's family and his friends, and they no more went to the hill and watched the play of light and shadow on the waves.

Rob seemed to be forgiving, for on more than one occasion Noel had seen him in the forest, but the feud which had estranged the families stood between them and Noel was inclined to let it remain.

"Mother, the Masters boy was down in the wood where we were to-day, but we never noticed him," said Alice, Noel's pretty sister, addressing her mother one afternoon.

Mrs. Jordan, a little bit haughty and unforgiving, looked at her daughter and smiled.

"Do you intend that we shall notice them?" quietly asked Noel.

"Your father says not," was the reply.

"It has deprived Noel of a companion, and the studies which he and Rob were pursuing have been interrupted."

"I am aware of that, Alice, but —"

Mrs. Jordan was interrupted by a footfall, and the shadow of a strange-looking man fell across the threshold.

He was one of the Indians of the village in the wood, and as he stopped and stood statue-like before the house, his eyes fell upon Noel.

"It is old Saugunay," said the boy. "I used to meet him on the hill, and he would listen to Rob and I, though he did not seem to understand more than one half we said."

The Indian folded his arms, and for a moment longer remained silent.

"Where other boy?" he asked.

Noel shook his head and looked at his mother and Alice.

"He means Rob, Noel," said the girl.

"I know whom she means. It's a scheme. Old Saugunay has been sent as a peacemaker —"

"Between us and the Masters? That will not do, Noel. Your father will never consent to any interference in the feud, and this man will have his trouble for his pains."

Saugunay was one of the last chieftains of the tribe. He was tall and stately, carrying with him that reserved dignity which had for more than a century distinguished his race.

Noel, with a glance at his relatives, walked into the wood with the old man, and was stopped under a tree.

"White boy wants his friend back," he began.

"It can't be done, Saugunay. If he sent you on this mission you must go back to him and say that the feud was not of our making and that I have no control over it."

The face of the Indian seemed to grow more sorrowful.

"He sent you, didn't he?" asked Noel. "Rob induced you to undertake this mission?"

There was honesty in every line of old Saugunay's face, and he looked for a moment at Noel while his dark hand fell with the lightness of a snow-flake upon the boy's shoulder.

"No, Saugunay come himself. No one send him," he answered. "White boy is sick."

The better impulses of Noel's nature surged up in his bosom.

"Sick?" he cried.

"Sick here," and the Indian laid his hand on his heart and smiled faintly.

Noel looked over the hills and seemed to catch the last beams of the sun as they played capriciously with the leaves. It was October in the forest, and the earliest frost had turned to gold the leafy shreen that stretched everywhere, even to the islands in the Penobscot.

Slowly old Saugunay turned and walked away. His mission had failed, and Noel watched him out of sight.

"I would it were otherwise," said the boy. "This feud has robbed me of a friend, and all because our families see fit to remain enemies—for nothing."

Half an hour later, while still on the spot where the old chief had left him,

Noel heard the splash of paddles in the river, and looking thitherward, he described two Indians coming down stream in a birchen canoe.

The one on the bow was Saugunay, his long hair just a little white despite his age, and on his brow the marks which Noel's answer seemed to have placed there.

The boy watched the Indians with a good deal of curiosity. He saw them vanish among the trees that bent over the water's edge and conjectured that they had moored the canoe to a sunken log while they took a ramble through the forest.

Suddenly a twig was broken in the young forester's rear, and he saw gazing at him from a little clump of trees a deer whose arching horns caused a wish for possession to take root in his mind.

The animal was watching him with wide-eyed curiosity, and Noel saw that it had come upon him so suddenly that it had not thought of danger or retreat.

Noel was admiring the poise of the handsome head, and the glimmer of the great eyes when the stag leaped aside and dropped to its knees. The boy knew what had happened; the animal had been shot with an arrow.

In a moment he recalled the two Indians in the canoe, and was quite sure that the shaft had been fixed by Saugunay or his companion.

Noel stood gazing at the deer, when the animal sprang up and came toward him with lowered antlers.

The peril was very great, for he knew something of the attacks of wounded stags, and, being defenceless, he looked around for help. In another moment the sharp report of a rifle awoke the echoes of the October wood, and the deer fell dead in the very act of charging Noel.

The preserved youth looked in vain for the author of the deadly shot. The sound died away, and no one came forward to claim his game. The river near by flowed on as peacefully as ever, and the stag, dyeing the leaves with its blood, stiffened where it had fallen.

It was a most unaccountable adventure to Noel Jordan. He wondered why the hunter did not come forward to take his own and he was in the act of turning from the scene, when the sounds of paddies again saluted his ears.

The boy turned at once to the river, and forth from the rising banks shot