

the water. He showed me the pictures, which I reproduce here. They were done in some red, paint-like substance, the exact nature of which I cannot be sure. Wahmuk translated the pictures for me as follows:—



The Marks on the Cliff.

"In the young moon, at the fall of the leaf—see here the moon, there the falling maple leaf—the Mohawk came into this country, the country of my people, to hunt. They shot Moose—see here the Moose with an arrow in its heart. This lead to a battle between the Ojibwa and the intruders—see here the crossed arrows showing fight. In this battle sixty-five Mohawks were killed—here is a man killed by an arrow, and the strokes around him tell the number of the enemy killed. The Ojibwa who won this victory were of the clan of the Wolf—see here their sign, the howling Wolf."

July 8th, 1883. Walking through the woods today with Wahmuk we came across a fine clump of Indian Pipes. As I stopped to look at it Wahmuk said "Pipe of Peace." I asked why he called it that.

"In the long-ago" said he "Two tribes, the Maramegs and the Ojibwa were bitter enemies. Both wanted a certain good hunting-ground, and this led to such constant fighting that both tribes were losing many of their hunters in battle. Nanabojo—the Great Master—was still among men. He had not yet gone to the Happy Hunting Ground where now He dwells. One day as a battle was on between these two tribes Nanabojo appeared, held up His hands, and spoke in loud tones "Cease, cease fighting! There is food enough in this place for all of you. You are Muktum—Brothers—and shall be friends. You shall smoke the pipe of peace." Then spoke a chief of one of the tribes "We have here bows and arrows and spears, but no pipes," and Nanabojo said "Behold, I send you pipes," and out of the ground sprang this little plant, pale and white as the ghosts of those who had fallen in this long feud. "Now" said Nanabojo, "When you see this plant remember it is an omen that you are friends. And the two tribes were henceforth friends, they have united and are now one tribe—the Ojibwa."

Sept. 22nd, 1883. This evening as I sat by my fire Wahmuk told me the following story, which I have set down as nearly as possible in his own words. "And this is the story of Omaynah and his sweetheart Kahalili, the beautiful. In the long ago there dwelt in this land the Ojibwa and the Crees. On this side of the river the Ojibwa—on that the Crees. And for a long time there had been peace between them.

The young warrior Omaynah, son of the chief of the Ojibwa, while hunting came upon the fair Kahalili, a maiden of the Crees, gathering blueberries in the great swamp yonder. And from the moment he saw her he loved her. To his admiring gaze she raised her eyes but once—one shy glance. No word was spoken and Omaynah passed on. But the one short glance had been enough—Kahalili saw in her dreams that night a warrior, young, straight and slender, and of the Ojibwa.

Next day Kahalili sought blueberries—and in the same spot she gathered them yesterday. And Omaynah sought game—in the same swamp he sought it yesterday. The shy glance was a longer one this time and Omaynah returned empty-handed, for he had lain beneath a hemlock and looked up at the clouds through its dark branches—and dreamed. And on the third day, though the storm clouds gathered, the maiden sought blueberries and the warrior sought game—in the same place.

As Omaynah approached Kahalili there came a flash from the skies and a mighty crash of thunder. Kahalili gave one startled look upward, then covering her face with her hands she stood trembling. Then spake Omaynah as he threw his arm across her shoulder "Fear not, oh maiden! The spirit of the clouds will not smite one so fair." And Kahalili looked into his face with a smile.

And Omaynah led her to the river bank and beneath a ledge of rock they sat while the rain came down like water over a rapid.

By the time the storm had passed they had unfolded to each other their names

and the story of their short lives, and at parting a meeting for the morrow had been urged by Omaynah and shyly assented to by Kahalili.

So day after day they met and their love grew. Omaynah would sing to Kahalili this song, which is still known among us as the song of Omaynah:—

'Oh most beauteous maiden, Oh fairest of fair,  
Gentle thy glance as the glance of a fawn.  
Gleam of the raven's wing shines in thy hair,  
Sweet is thy smile as the break of the dawn.

Lift up thine eyes to me,  
Yield thy fair lips to me,  
Oh! trust thy heart to me  
Light of my life!

Soft is thy tread as the foot-fall of Pee-shoo,\*  
Graceful thy form as the slender young pine.  
Sweet is thy voice as the murmuring of waters  
As in the sunlight they ripple and shine

Lift up thine eyes to me,  
Yield thy fair lips to me,

Oh! trust thy heart to me  
Light of my life!

Presently news of their meetings came to the ears of Kahalili's father, and he forbade her all communication with the Ojibwa warrior. Was she not a Cree? Was she not to be the bride of Nimpah, son of the chief? So he confined her to her lodge.

Kahalili, however, managed to send a message to Omaynah, and the young warrior went to his father the chief and said:—

"Father, I love the fair Kahalili of the Cree, but her father holds her a prisoner as the bride of Nimpah."

Then said his father "When an Ojibwa loves he does not let slight things stand between him and his beloved."

Omaynah, thus having his father's approval, chose a number of warriors and that night they crossed the river by moonlight, crept up upon the Cree village, struck down the sentries and surrounded Kahalili's lodge. Omaynah crying "Kahalili, Kahalili, fly with me!" entered the lodge.

Swiftly they fled towards the river, but ere they gained their canoes the Crees were upon them. Arrows flew thick and fast in the moonlight, here and there Ojibwa and Cree fought desperately hand to hand with war-club and knife. Omaynah, turning from striking down a Cree, saw an arrow discharged at Kahalili. Quick as a flash he stepped in front of her and received the arrow in his heart. He was the last of the Ojibwa to fall, and Kahalili's father cried "Now seize her!" But Kahalili, swift as a doe, fled to yon high rock, and crying "Oh, Omaynah, my beloved, I come!" sprang into the swirling white waters of the rapids.

And even to this day, those who pass the rapids at the full of the moon hear the dying cry of Kahalili "Omaynah, I come!"

March 23rd, 1884. This morning as I sat in front of the cottage listening to the song of a Song Sparrow, the first of the season, Wahmuk came down the trail.

"Ah, you hear him sing" he exclaimed. "You listen to Too-ling-oo-lay—the Waker of the Leaves."

"A beautiful song he has, Wahmuk, and 'tis a beautiful name you have for him—the Waker of the Leaves."

"Yes, the Ojibwa loves Too-ling-oo-lay. We have a song of him. I sing it you:—

The earth is shedding her robe of white,  
Now softly blows the balmy breeze.  
Little Too-ling-oo-lay has come  
To wake the leaves upon the trees.

Free from the grip of the frost-king  
The river dance in foam and spray.  
The flowers spring forth from out the earth  
At the call of blithe Too-ling-oo-lay.

Too-ling-oo-lay, I give you welcome,  
And with joy my heart receives  
Each note of thy sweet melody,  
Oh! Waker of the Leaves!"

\* Foot-note:—Pee-shoo—The Lynx, quietest-footed of all animals..

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