

*The Silent Places*

MABEL E. CREWS, '10.

ABOVE, around and about, brooding over the earth like a guardian angel, hovered the great all-pervading Spirit of Silence. The vast stillness of the night was unbroken save by the intermittent crackling of the logs as they burned brightly before the wigwam door, and threw a rosy glow upon the two copper-colored faces beside it. The night wind came whirling past, sending up tongues of flame from the ruddy fire, then, sweeping on to the forest, sighed away among the bare brown branches. All about lay a crisp carpet of autumn leaves, brought at last in all their splendor to the earth to perish. Above, in the high vault of heaven, twinkled myriads of tiny stars, which seemed to the Indian brave, as he looked up from the gun in his hand, like countless bright eyes through which the Great Spirit looked down upon the world and saw them both as they sat there alone.

All at once the silence was broken by a piercing cry of pain. The Indian looked across to where his squaw sat with a troubled expression on her face, and he saw that some illness had suddenly come over the child which she held in her arms. Instead of abating, the little one's distress momentarily increased, until it became apparent that something must be done at once. The pale face Medicine-Man must be sent for, as he alone, they believed, could bring relief; so, thinking not of the terrors of the night, nor the dangers of the long journey, the Indian brave threw a few logs upon the fire, then passed silently beyond its ruddy glow—out into the night.

Left alone, the squaw lifted her bronze face toward the starry heavens, reaching out dumbly for aid from that higher power, known only to her as the "Great Spirit." Then, folding the babe closer to her breast, she sat there far into the night moaning and crooning sadly.

The scudding winds bore the canoe lightly along the crests of the waves as they splashed over its bow. The chill night air fanned his swarthy cheek. His keen eye pierced the almost unfathomable blackness ahead, as, skillfully guiding his canoe