

he attempt to bring her to a formal execution; but the first time she wandered from the hut she would be found dead with a knife in her heart.

The Raven, however, felt certain that help was at hand. He and his friends, who knew Mr. Hardy, were alone of the tribe convinced that a pursuit would be attempted. The fact that no such attempt to penetrate into the heart of the Indian country had ever been made, had lulled the rest into a feeling of absolute security. The Raven, indeed, calculated that the pursuers must now be close at hand, and that either on that night or the next they would probably enter the gorge and make the attack.

The result of the council was that he left his friends and walked in a leisurely way back to his own hut, taking no notice of the hostile glances which some of the more violent of the Stag's supporters cast towards him.

On his entrance he was welcomed by his wife, a young girl whom he had only married since his return from the expedition, and to whom, from what he had learned of the position of women among the whites, he allowed more freedom of speech and action than are usually permitted to Indian women. She had been one of the small group who had pitied the white girl.

"The Raven is a great chief," she said proudly; "he has done well. The Mouse trembled, but she was glad to see her lord stand forth. The Stag will strike, though," she added anxiously. "He will look for the blood of the Raven."

"The Stag is a great beast," the Indian said sententiously; "but the Raven eat him at last."

Then, sitting down upon a pile of skins, the chief filled his pipe, and made signs to his wife to bring fire. Then he