
A LEGEND

Watlichin, chief of the Capitanos, and a maiden whose beauty had set on fire the hearts of many of the bravest men in all the tribes. Each night Quatlatka would brave the dangers of the tides that rush through the narrow entrance to the harbor to meet Miwasa on the shore by the river. There, hidden securely from her father's tribe, he would woo her while the moon peeped from behind the towering mountains behind them, and made long white paths across the dark waters. He told of his love while the river murmured in their ears, and its waters hurried from the dark shadows of the gloomy forest out into the bright moonlight, gurgling as though joyful of its escape from the mountain fastness, and the terrors of the pathless wilds.

¶ Time passed, and still Quatlatka paddled by night to meet Miwasa. Watlichin, father of Miwasa, had long ago refused to allow the young chief to carry off his daughter to his dwelling. Miwasa, he said, had been promised to the chief of a powerful tribe, whom he feared to offend. But for that he would gladly have given the flower of the Capitanos to such a renowned young warrior as Quatlatka.

¶ To any one but Quatlatka the answer might have been sufficient, and to a less devoted maiden than Miwasa separation from her lover might have been possible, but without each other the young couple had no desire to live. So one night, while they strolled together on the sands, and the millions of beautiful