
On the flat rock that dipped straight down into water so deep that four tall men standing on each others’ shoulders could not sound it, nearly the whole village was assembled; and the chattering, laughing, screaming and boasting made such clamor that the crows on the island opposite stopped their noise from envious mortification and flapped themselves disgustedly away to the forest. Not a cloud was in the sky, not a breath rippled the surface of the lake. The lofty pines, ever ready to murmur at the slightest provocation, were silent as the grave, and the noonday sun was hot. It was a time for profound rest, and the elders in the village, from the chief down to the youngest squaw, had been imitating the example of their beloved pines, the men too contented with repose to undergo the exertion of puffing at their pipes, when the shrill voices of children threw the place into bustle and excitement.

“Okahawis!” they cried, “okahawis!” by which everybody within hearing knew that a school of herring was in the deep water off the flat rock where the children had been at play.

The first to respond was Maskenoza, youngest son, but not the youngest child of the venerable Megissun. He was lying flat on his back under the pine beside the wigwam, staring at the patches of sky visible through the green branches. With one bound he was on his feet; another took him to the wigwam, where he seized one of a number of poles leaning against it; then he ran full tilt through the village to the flat rock. As he ran he unwound the line of ash fiber coiled at the pole end, and inspected the bone hook.

The air was buzzing with herring flies when he crossed the grass plot between the village and the rock. One lit on his arm. He plucked it off, impaled it on the hook, and, thus prepared, selected
the best place at the edge of the rock, sat himself down and cast his bait into the center of the disturbed water. It was all rippling and flashing with the excited fish, so many in fact that scores of them were actually floundering on the surface, crowded out of their element by the shoal of their kind below.

Maskenozha’s hook had no more than touched the water when it was seized, and with a shrill yell he yanked a victim to the rock. The hapless fish fell off without disturbing the bait, and the youngster threw in again only to repeat the operation as quickly. By this time there were other arrivals, each armed with pole and line of some sort, almost every one with a birch bark basket or a bowl. And after them came still others, until all the space along the edge of the rock was occupied, and late comers found difficult foothold where the cliff sloped roughly into the bushes at either side.

The chief was there, fishing with the rest, smiling with grim amusement when the women screamed over their luck. Old Megissun himself hobbled down last of all. He brought no pole, for the several members of his family, all spryer than he, had taken the whole of his outfit. His dim eyes searched the row at the edge of the rock and presently he shook his youngest son gently by the shoulder. Maskenozha promptly but sulkily gave him the pole and his place also, and ran back into the bush to improvise another.

In all a long summer the herring run no more than a dozen days at the most, and it is not always that they offer themselves so conveniently. So the people made the most of it. Nobody could help catching the fish. If the flies did not light within easy reach, hooks were dropped bare of bait, with results almost as satisfactory. A half hour the fish lingered near the rock, and by then every bowl and basket was more than full. Some of the men were tired of the childish sport and were merely looking on.

Just before the school departed, one of three girls yanked up a fish with such violence that it caught in a high bush behind her and would not be dislodged, no matter how hard she jerked the line. Her companions were screaming over their own efforts at the moment and would not turn to help her.

A burly young brave who stood idle beside the chief—for when the chief gave over the sport he deemed it befitting his dignity to do likewise—observed the accident and started across the rock to disentangle the hook, for the fish had dropped off by its own exertions. This was Iggadom, by his own accounts the strongest man in the tribe. Certain it was that he had thrown all adversaries who ventured
to wrestle with him; that he had put a stone further than any; that he had driven an arrow into a tree so hard that it could not be pulled out but must be cut out. These deeds were known—the council had voted him feathers for them—and they lent credibility to many another deed of which he spoke on all occasions. Iggadom started, then, across the rock, but when he was half way the tall and slender Tebikoosa emerged from the bush where he had gone to cut a withe for his catch; and Tebikoosa reached up his long arm, loosed the girl’s hook, put a fresh fly on it and tossed it over her head into the lake.

“Migwetch” (thank you) said she, shyly, and turned her face to the water.

Tebikoosa’s swarthy cheeks glowed with unwonted redness, though he had hardly glanced at the girl. He kept his eyes fixed steadily on those of Iggadom, who had stopped short and was regarding him with an ugly scowl. They stood thus, facing each other, for as long as one might count three. Then Tebikoosa, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of his shoulders, went on to his place at the edge and began to string his fish.

Iggadom gave a quick, crafty glance around. It seemed that nobody had observed the incident. With a swagger of indifference he lounged back to the chief. Almost at that moment the herring ceased to bite, and all but the children and some of the women began to coil their lines.

“It is about time,” said the chief, thoughtfully, “that one of you young men should marry the youngest daughter of Megissun. She is more than comely.”

“Yes,” Iggadom responded, “I have made up my mind. I shall marry her.”

Both looked toward the three girls, but their eyes were fixed only on the one whose hook Tebikoosa had released. Comely indeed she was! Sixteen summers had fashioned her graceful form into the full lines of mature womanhood, but the soft brown cheeks were yet round and baby-like. They glowed now and then with the flush of sport and laughter, and her wondrous deep eyes sparkled as she chatted gaily with her companions. Perhaps she had been told that she was the beauty of the village; perhaps the spring and the placid lake told her, for they were her only mirrors; but if so she played not upon her beauty, for not one of all the young braves who looked upon and sighed for her, had ever had so much as a direct smile from her in token of interest in mankind.
THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

Mahngequay she was called, for her first wail of protest against life mingled with the distant shouting of a loon (mahng) and her mother heard both sounds. So, "Loon-girl" she was in her babyhood, and though her life was watched for episodes of more significance, none occurred to justify another name.

"Ah," said the chief, "so you have made up your mind."

Iggadom glanced sidewise at him. There seemed to be a tinge of irony in the chief's tone. "It is all settled, then," the chief added.

"I shall marry her," said Iggadom. "What I say I do."

The maiden herself, unsuspicious that she was the subject of conversation, took her basket of herring and went blithely up to the village with her companions. Megissun hobbled after her, and all the people straggled homeward except a few of the men and boys. While they were dispersing, the chief was silent, but at length he took his pipe from his lips and remarked quizzically—"I thought just now that Tebikoosa might have something to say about that."

Iggadom started uncomfortably. So the chief had observed the incident of the tangled hook!—and Tebikoosa, hearing his own name but nothing else distinctly, looked up inquiringly.

"It is I who have spoken!" said Iggadom, angrily. "When I speak I mean it. No other man has anything to say about it. I shall marry her."

"Gayget, gayget," (yes, indeed) the chief responded soothingly, but with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "it is all settled and we will look forward to a grand feast."

"Feast! Feast? Where? When? What about?" eagerly asked Baumequod, Baumequod the glutton, Baumequod the ever hungry because he ate so much that his hard worked squaw could by no means keep the wigwam larder full.

"You see what is before you, Iggadom," laughed the chief. "It will have to be the grandest kind of feast, or Baumequod won't have enough to keep him alive through the night."

"What's it all about?" Baumequod demanded again.

"Iggadom is going to be married."

"Ah! a marriage feast! Yes, that will surely be worth while," and Baumequod smacked his lips in anticipation.

By this time all the men, young and old, had gathered in a group before the chief. Among them towered the slender Tebikoosa, holding his string of fish and listening gravely.

"He says he is going to marry Mahngequay," the chief added, and he looked in the most expressionless way at Tebikoosa, whose
"Once, to please her childish curiosity, he had taken his flute, the only instrument of the kind in all that part of Ojibwayland, and played the song for her."
"IN THE MOONSHINE, IGGADOM SAW MAHEN-GEOQUAY STANDING WITH BOTH HANDS UPRAISED AND THE BACKS TOWARD HIM."
cheek turned as pale as an Ojibway’s can, but who had eyes only for Iggadom.

“I shall marry her,” said Iggadom, his tone betraying his consciousness that his chief was baiting him. “What I say I do.”

Nobody in the group responded, though several of the young braves exchanged meaning glances. The chief said: “I was just saying that perhaps Tebikoosa would have something to say about that.”

“Tebikoosa has nothing to say about it!” cried Iggadom, thoroughly angry. “Nobody has anything to say. I have said it. That is enough.”

He talked to the group, but directly at Tebikoosa, who made answer slowly, “I have been taught that the Ojibway maiden has something to say in such a matter.”

“Gayget! gayget!” exclaimed Iggadom, expanding his broad chest, “the maiden has all to say. She will say it. There is no maiden in all Ojibway land who would refuse me if I asked her. Am I not the strongest man among you? Have I not slain moose and bear and elk? Has any brave of my years as large a stock of skins as I have?”

He paused in his boasting and defiantly eyed the group at large, but he fixed his gaze on Tebikoosa, who stirred not nor answered. An aged man’s cracked voice broke the silence: “In my day the young man courted first and talked afterward.”

Iggadom shook with rage, but the man was old and feeble. If only the cowardly Tebikoosa had said that! But Tebikoosa simply looked at him. There was dislike and sorrow in his eyes, but he said no word to justify a blow.

“Very well,” growled Iggadom, choking down his wrath, “you shall see. You have heard what I have said. I shall marry her. I will court her before another sun.”

He swaggered away to his father’s wigwam, and the group slowly dispersed, Tebikoosa going also without a word to anybody.

“Yes,” said the chief, serenely, to the aged man, “the maiden has all to say, and she will say—what she pleases. It was time to bring the matter to a head, for the girl is more than comely. All will be well when she has decided.”

“She’ll take him,” babbled the aged man. “A strong arm and a loud voice go a long way with women folk. It was so in my day, and it will be so, I suppose, a thousand moons from now.”
THE COURTING OF MAHNGEOQUAY

MEGISSUN’S wigwam was the largest, save the chief’s, in the village. It was built on twenty-four poles, by which the paleface can understand that it was twenty-four feet in diameter. Sibequay, Megissun’s squaw, made it. She stripped the bark from the birch trees in the Moon of Strawberries, when the bark peels easiest and is in the best condition. She dug the tamarack roots and made the cords with which the edges of the bark sheets were sewed to sticks of split cedar. Aided only by the children, she raised the heavy poles, and placed the bark sheets upon them so that the edges overlapped. Perfectly weather-proof was her dwelling and as clean as the needle-strewn sward beneath the pine trees. Let other Ojibways fashion their houses of skins after the manner of the hated Sioux, or let them use the cloth that the Hudson’s Bay Company gave to the Indians of all tribes in exchange for skins; Sibequay knew that the ancient way was the best; that the bark dwelling, the only genuine wigwam, never let in the rain, and that it would stand in a hurricane before which the skin and cloth tepees went ballooning far away, or tore to useless shreds. A wise and capable old woman was Sibequay. A mighty hunter her husband had been before age dimmed his eyes and palsied his arms; he had won his majestic crest of eagle’s feathers by valiant deeds in wars against the Sioux and Iroquois; his voice was listened to respectfully in the council of chiefs; but within the wigwam, and without it, where domestic matters were concerned, Megissun took second place. Sibequay’s word was law, and no one, husband or grown-up children, ventured to disobey her.

Late in the evening following the run of herring the entire family was gathered in the spacious wigwam. Sibequay and Megissun were in their proper places in the circle, just across from the open doorway. In the order of their ages sat the men children on Megissun’s side, and their young squaws on the other. Nearest the doorway were Maskenozha and Mahngequay. Had a visitor arrived, the persons in the circle would have been moved at Sibequay’s command to give the caller a place according to his rank or the esteem in which the Megissun family held him.

Even the youngest there, the beautiful Mahngequay, knew that a visitor was expected; else why had all the family been summoned within? and why was the restless Maskenozha sharply rebuked for attempting to slip out unseen in the darkness? But Mahngequay knew not who the caller might be, nor did Maskenozha, for the elders had not deigned to take the younger children into their confidence. They knew, the elders, for gossip is an Ojibway institution as old as
the nation itself and as mighty. They knew, as did all in the village, what had passed on the flat rock between Iggadom and the chief. So they sat and waited, silent, as indifferent to the dragging of time as the wigwam itself.

A low fire burned lazily in the middle of the dwelling, not so much to overcome the chill of evening, as to give light; for when the visitor should arrive, a few bark chips would quickly illumine the interior with the brightness of noonday.

And so they sat and waited, and presently they heard the beating of a drum very near. No one stirred save the restless Maskenozha, who sat up, listening sharply and wondering. A look as of sudden memory came upon his face.

"Now I know," said he, and his eyes were teasing as he turned them upon his sister.

"What is it, brother?" she asked apprehensively—and who knows that some subtle message had not come to her before he spoke?

The drum was beating very slowly and the strokes were not loud as yet, but they could be heard by the idlers on the flat rock at the other end of the village. There were nods of the head there, and significant smiles, and "Now we shall see," from one to another.

"It's Iggadom coming to court you," said Maskenozha, softly. "I heard him tell the chief that he would marry you."

The boy chuckled and edged closer to his sister that he might not miss a word, but she said nothing. Her lips were slightly parted, as with fear, her eyes swept the circle of grave faces, and rested on the open doorway—but not there, not there lay safety or escape, and Mahngequay knew it.

"He's beginning his dance!" whispered Maskenozha, excitedly. "You'll hear his song soon."

The slow preluding of the drum had given place to rapid beats alternately loud and soft. In rhythm with them came the shuffle of moccasined feet upon the turf hardly an arm's length from the wigwam wall. With measured tread and with constant turning of the body around and around, the dancer made the entire circuit of the wigwam. When he passed nearest where Mahngequay sat, the moon threw his shadow in at the doorway, and the girl shrank back as if she feared it might touch her.

"It's Iggadom," Maskenozha told her; "I saw his face plain enough, but you'll be sure when he sings."

Again the dancer made the circuit of the wigwam, and when a second time he passed the doorway the girl did not shrink from the
shadow, but peered out and saw her suitor’s face. Then she clasped her hands tightly together and waited.

“You'll take him, sister,” whispered Maskenozha, eagerly and half interrogatively. Mahngequay’s reply was a shudder that told him nothing.

“Take him!” urged he; “then there'll be room here for my wife. I shall bring her——”

“Hush!” she interrupted. “You are too young to talk of bringing home a wife.”

“I'm older than you!”

“Yes, but you’re only a man. A woman may go as a wife even before she has seen as many summers as I have, but she must go to a man who’s older than you. You are very silly, brother.”

“Anyhow, you’ll take him,” said the brother. “He’s bound to have you,” and then he ceased his argument, for the suitor had completed his third circuit of the wigwam and was beginning his song.

No half veiled utterance of secret love was there, no imagery, no bashful pleading; the suitor did not abase himself at his lady’s feet and beg her favor; he did not extol her charms, or tell her that she haunted his dreams, or vow by all his gods that he would protect and cherish her. And yet his wooing was conventional enough from the Ojibway point of view, and not Mahngequay herself, presumably, found anything in itself offensive in the words with which the suitor declared his intentions. It was an old, old, well known song of the people that doubtless many hundreds of lovers had used under similar circumstances with merely a necessary change in the name:

“Nenemoshaynon Mahngequay, heyah!” which, reading backward, means precisely, “Heigh ho! Mahngequay is my sweetheart.”

The tune was what the paleface might term a round, for it came to rest nowhere, the apparent ending being merely a compulsion to go further and driving the singer to endless repetitions. Iggadom’s heavy voice roared forth while he continued to dance around the wigwam and beat his drum.

Mahngequay sat motionless, not answering or turning when her brother whispered, “Hurry! don’t keep him singing all night!”

Iggadom desisted at length from sheer breathlessness. The drum was silent, the moccased feet no longer shuffled over the sward. His shadow lay across the doorway. Sibequay leaned forward and laid a piece of bark on the fire. By the instant blaze she saw her youngest daughter looking appealingly at her. “You must give him a sign, child,” she said.
"Tebikoosa ran straight into Iggadom's arms and the watching braves caught their breath at the audacity of the move."
"Hidden behind the alders, a suitor was singing upon his flute, singing to her a love song. Who could it be?"
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Just then the drum and song began again, louder, more insistent than before. Mahngequay waited until her confident suitor had made one circuit of the wigwam. Then she arose slowly and stepped forth into the moonlight.

Immediately the drum ceased and the song came to end in an exclamation of satisfaction that was followed at once by a gasp of astonishment and incredulity; for there, so plain in the moonshine that he could distinguish the delicate purple of her finger nails, Igga-dom saw Mahngequay standing with both hands upraised, and the backs toward him.

“Girl!” said he, in a hoarse whisper, “it is I, Igga-dom, the strong man—don’t you see?”

She dropped one hand to her side and waved the other toward him, still showing him the back of it.

“You know not what you do!” he began passionately; “it is Igga-dom who comes to you——” but she had turned and gone within the wigwam where she sat down again beside her brother.

“SHE keeps him waiting long,” they were saying on the flat rock by the lake, and they chuckled at the expense of the boastful Igga-dom. One went so far as to wonder if she would show him the back of her hand, but the others, while quick enough to enjoy the momentary rebuff to the strong man, were sure that it would be no more than momentary. “Why should she let him think that she yields easily?” they asked.

One there was who said nothing; a tall, slender young man who lay stretched full length on the rock a little apart from the others. It was he who arose when Igga-dom came running from the village and demanded, panting, “Where’s Tebikoosa?”

“Ah!” snarled the rejected suitor, “there you are! I’ll make you suffer, you dog! You’ve witched her, that’s what!”

The moonlight full on Tebikoosa’s face was fairly dimmed by the overmastering joy that gladdened it. “Ho! ho!” he laughed, and the islands sent back a dozen scornful echoes, “the maiden had something to say, and Igga-dom knows not how to take it!”

“Witchery!” screamed Igga-dom, who must need volunteer an explanation ere he be embarrassed by questions, and he made a mad rush toward Tebikoosa as if to overwhelm him at once.

The slender man leaped aside but clutched his adversary as he passed, and immediately they closed in a furious struggle. The idlers scrambled to their feet to avoid them and give them room. A few
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who had been smoking late pipes before their wigwams, among them the chief, hastened from the village and joined the onlookers.

"Hang on, Tebikoosa!" cried one voice, but no others spoke, for, while there was little love for the boastful Iggadom, it was Tebikoosa's fight, not theirs, and it was a fair fight thus far and pleasant to look upon.

The skill and strength of the wrestler told at length and he shook himself free, leaping back a pace to poise for a new spring that should give him the hold he desired. His adversary did not wait for him. Lithe and noiseless as a cat, Tebikoosa ran straight into Iggadom's arms, and the watching braves caught their breath at the audacity of the move. They did not perceive for the moment that it was the slender man's one hope. Iggadom must not have time to choose his manner of fighting.

Tebikoosa charged, Iggadom aimed a blow at him. The slender man half parried it, but it stung his cheek and burst all the hidden sources of anger in his heart. It gave him new agility, new strength. While yet Iggadom's arm was recoiling from the blow, Tebikoosa struck under it, one hard fist on the boaster's chest, another on his mouth.

Iggadom gasped and reeled under the impact. The line of watchers gave way, as it appeared that he would stumble among them, but Tebikoosa caught him around the waist, lifted him clear of the ground, ran to the edge of the rock and dropped him into the lake.

A chorus of shrill cries startled the echoes again in the distant islands, hoarse laughter, shouts of triumph, for indeed Tebikoosa had fought the common fight and not one was there to pity the twice discomfited boaster and bully floundering in the water. When he rose to the surface, blowing the water from his mouth and gasping for breath, they jeered at him; when he grasped a little projection from the cliff, they found poles and beat his hands off; and when he swam away to search for a landing place, one with a sharp memory spoke:

"You in the water, there! Iggadom, the strong man! 'I have said it. What I say, I do!'"

"Ho-ho! ho-ho!" roared the braves, young and old, in such a discordant chorus that the islands were hard pressed to send back all the sounds.

But one there was who shouted not nor laughed. Tebikoosa stood at the edge with folded arms until Iggadom began to swim. Then he strode through the noisy crowd, through the length of the village, and away into the forest.
THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

THREE nights had passed and no suitor had brought his drum to the Megissun wigwam.

"Igga dom is a good hunter," said Sibequay, regretfully; "young girls are foolish. Mahngequay will some day take up with one not half his equal."

But she cast no reproaches on her daughter, who went her way, as usual, with outward serenity. When she met Tebikoosa, who also went about as usual, she looked studiously at the ground before her feet; and at that moment he studied the ground before his feet; and neither seemed to be aware of the existence of the other. For Mahngequay knew—her brother’s account of it was detailed and enthusiastic—all of what happened on the flat rock by moonlight, and how Igga dom had gone with his hunting outfit on a long, long journey to the Batchewana tribe far westward. And the tall, slender young man who had not quailed before the strongest of the braves, was frightened of his life in the presence of this fragile maiden.

So Tebikoosa’s drum did not sound at night; but at sunrise on the fourth morning after the moonlight battle Mahngequay was startled by a sound of a different kind from the bushes just beyond the cool spring where she went with birchen bowls to get water for the family breakfast. That was her regular duty as the youngest daughter of the house, and no one stirred within it until she had prepared the meal.

It was not a bird that sang in the bushes, though sweet was the song, and soft, and wordless. Her heart beat high as she stooped to fill a bowl. Well she knew the general meaning of the song, though never before had such tones been made for her ears alone. Hidden behind the alders, a suitor was singing upon his flute—singing to her—a love song, and thus declaring the passion that he dared not as yet put into words. Who could it be? She would not give a sign unless she knew, and very slowly she filled the second bowl while she listened, and thought, and thought.

Who among the youth of the village would choose this subtle and rare way to address her? One name only occurred to her, but she would not frame it in her thoughts, not yet, and by some accident she upset the bowl and had to fill it again.

She remembered the song now. It was made by a man who was still alive in the village when she was a child, and he had made it in his youth at a time when his sweetheart was on a visit to a distant tribe. Often she had heard him sing it as his part of the entertainment at a campfire. Once, to please her childish curiosity, he had
taken his flute, the only instrument of the kind in all that part of Ojibway land, and played the song for her.

"Maybe, little girl," he had said roguishly when he put the ancient instrument away, "maybe your lover will sing that song upon a flute for you before he ventures to speak, for many a man now knows the song."

Aye, many! she seemed to feel the mournful words throbbing to her heart upon the tones of the melody: "O nenah nenahwendum"—"oh! I am very lonely," they began; but who, knowing the song, could breathe it into the flute? For there was still but one flute in all that part of Ojibway land, and that was kept sacredly in the family where it belonged in respectful memory of the good man who made it.

Could there be any other than the logical conclusion? For the maker of the flute was Tebikoosa’s father.

Mahngequay arose and stood by the spring with a bowl in each hand. She peered vainly into the thicket of alders, but of a sudden her face lit with a shy smile, and then she turned about and ran to the wigwam.

That evening, very late, the drum sounded near the Megissun wigwam. Thrice the dancer made the circuit before he began his song, and when the words came at last, "O, nenah nenahwendum," Sibequay knew who it was and went forth to tell Tebikoosa that her daughter was from home.

The drum fell from his hand. "Have you spoken to her?" asked the squaw. "I played the song at the spring this morning," said Tebikoosa, sadly.

"Then I understand. She is frightened, the silly child, and has run away. You know what to do."

"Yes!" and Tebikoosa’s voice was firm, almost joyous now; "I will find her. When did she go?"

"We have not seen her since sundown."

"I will find her."

There was but one way she could go at the beginning, for the village lay upon a point of land that protruded far into the lake. The trail inland divided a half hour’s journey from the village. At that point the anxious yet confident lover paused long, trying the various devices known to his race to determine which had been Mahngequay’s subsequent course. When he had decided, he ran swiftly for hours, pausing now and again when the moon gave sufficient light through the foliage to examine the path. At length he sat down and buried his face in his hands. It was not despair that afflicted him,
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but thought, hard Indian thought, putting himself in the girl’s place, recalling her favorite haunts so far as he knew about them, and reasoning out the probable objective of her flight.

When he started on again it was not in the direction he had first taken, but back to the village. He launched his canoe and paddled fast till the sky took on the gray of dawn. By then he was at the mouth of a bay where the forest retreated from the water, leaving an ample open space. Giant white lilies grew all along the margin, and luscious berries were abundant on shore. Many a basket of berries had been gathered there by the girls of the village this very summer.

Tebikoosa paddled slowly now and noiselessly. The morning sky was clear, the light grew fast, he saw the whole curve of the shore. There was a single scrub pine growing from the crevice of a ledge in the open space; close to its base the rock was carpeted with deep moss; and there, her head resting on her arm, lay the beautiful Mahngequay, fast asleep.

Gently the canoe was beached a few paces distant from the tree; gently Tebikoosa stepped forth and approached; and Mahngequay awoke with a start only when he stood over her. She scrambled to her feet and stood before him, blushing and shyly looking at the ground.

"Ne nemoshayn," said he, holding out his hands. "Ne nemoshayn," she responded in a whisper, and gave him hers.

He led her to the canoe and helped her in, his heart throbbing with happiness, his mind filled with that wonderment that every male being in all creation, human and brute, has felt. He voiced it.

"Tell me, sweetheart, why you ran away from me?"

And Mahngequay answered honestly.

"I was afraid," she said.

"Afraid of me! of me?" he persisted, and she hung her head while he plied the paddle vigorously. "But I am to be your husband," he added.

"Gayget," said she, "I am to be your wife."

Sibequay was preparing breakfast when they arrived home. "I knew you would find her," she said. "Eat with us."

Tebikoosa gave the grandest wedding feast that had been known for many a year. The chief told him so, and the chief was to be believed, to say nothing of the testimony of Baumequod, who ate so much that he was not hungry for six hours thereafter.