day. You, Mr. Schlicht, ought to know that it is one of the Indian's peculiarities to regard the whites as one large family, or, as a big, deceitful gang, and what he did, he did in complete intoxication. The mischievous drink, however, which put him into that condition, was given him by a white man for much money, who defrauded him in addition. But this does not by any means determine who stole Mr. Fichte's plumb-line. I do wish that you, Mr. Schlicht, would make some efforts to discover the thief."

Schlicht was pleased that Yellowbird brought the matter to a close, as he was well aware of his intellectual inferiority to the girl and did not care to have this revealed in the presence of the men. He therefore turned to Fritz Fichte who, without having taken part in the controversy, had been standing near them, and addressed him thus: "Fritz, have you no idea who may have played a practical joke with that stupid plumb-line?"

"Yes, Herman, I have an idea," Fichte replied; "but I will not utter it until I know more about the matter." He turned and walked away. After a few paces, he turned to the woman on horseback and said: "I would like to speak a few words with you, Yellowbird; if possible, alone. You will find me at the mill."

"I will be there in a few minutes, Mr. Fichte," she answered. When Fichte was gone, she bent down from her horse toward Schlicht and said to him in a whisper: "If you are sincere in the matter, do not forget to think of your sister Johanna. Even though nothing but a miserable plumb-line is at issue, the matter might yet be fraught with grave consequences." Saying this, she turned her horse to the opposite direction and rode to the mill where Fichte was waiting for her.

While these conversations were being carried on, the Indian chief sat on the ground and stared like an idiot at Yellowbird whom the Indians regarded almost as a divinity. When she rode away he burst into a loud laughter, much as a simple-minded father rejoices over a somewhat clever action of his son. "Yellowbird heap smart, heap smart" he chuckled. Still laughing, he shook Schlicht's hand and repeated that he would be at the saloon in the evening. The Indian then sauntered away.

III. THE RIVAL.

"Have you given Mr. Schlicht a hint concerning your suspicion, Birdie," Fritz immediately inquired after Yellowbird had joined him.

"Yes," she replied, "don't you know that wherewith the heart is full, the mouth overfloweth? I do not regret having done so, for it was Johanna and nobody else who placed the plumb-line in Caqua's hunting pouch."

Fritz sat on a timber in front of the sawmill while talking to the
Indian girl. It seemed as though he was not pleased by the hint Yellowbird had given to Johanna's brother.

"I know," Yellowbird continued, "that Johanna loves you above all else, and that she has for a long time imagined that I hold you bound in the fetters of love with a mysterious, demonic power, and nobody can rid her of this delusion."

"Birdie", Fichte replied; "you forget that Miss Schlicht is an educated young lady and utterly impervious to such superstition".

"And you forget, Fritz," Yellowbird responded, "that love breaks all dams. Furthermore, Johanna has barely emerged from childhood."

"But smart, very smart," Fichte threw in hastily; "and very modest. Johanna will never display such weakness. Even though love may break dams, with Johanna Schlicht such has not thus far happened—my word of honor upon it. Either Johanna knows how to contrive herself in a masterly manner or your supposition is wrong. I have not found that she pays a trifle greater attention to me than to the commonest laborer in the house of her brother-in-law, where I too reside as long as I am working here."

Lightning flashes shot from the fair eyes of the young Indian girl, for she was not at all pleased that Fritz Fichte did not share her views.

"Well, then, Fritz," she replied without showing any emotion; "let us drop the whole matter until you either share my conviction or lead Johanna Schlicht to the altar. However, in order to avoid offering an appology, which, strictly considered, I owe Mr. Schlicht, I will leave this region to-morrow. We have made the maple sugar for this season, the squaws have tanned the hides, the furs have been prepared for the market, and nothing hinders the good people from beginning their spring journey to the Wisconsin River, never, if my advice is heeded, to return to this region, where they formerly were absolute masters and whence they are now driven away."

With a dexterity which would have done honor to a cavalryman, she jerked her horse around and attempted to disappear in the forest.

Fritz Fichte, however, divined her intention, seized the reins and spoke to her with emotion: "Yellowbird, let us not part thus, at least not forever, as you have indicated. If you cannot endure the truth about a blameless girl and ask of me to speak ill of a young lady for love of you, then, Birdie, depart in peace, never to meet again".

Fichte calmly took his hand from the horse's bridle and extended it to the Indian girl to bid her farewell.

"What you prize so highly in Miss Schlicht, is her modesty, Fritz", Yellowbird answered with great composure, you cannot, however, call me modest, for I have overwhelmed you with attention,
which hitherto always seemed to delight you. But since I must right-
fully assume that thus I have become more and more a stranger to
your heart, that I appear bold to you and that your joy was only
apparent, and that you now seek to wound me by extolling the
virtues of Johanna, it is better that we part and, as you have said, for-
ever.

"I accepted your attentions with nameless, unsophisticated joy", Fichte interrupted the girl; "not from one obtruding; but from my
beloved one, from my darling. See, Birdie I tried to be just also in
this direction, especially towards you."

The Indian girl sat wrapped in her blanket as though she had
been carved out of stone. It seemed as though for the moment she
could not comprehend what Fritz had uttered. A moment later how-
ever, she tossed aside her blanket, leaped from her horse and threw
herself upon the young man's breast. Raising her beaming face to
his and holding his hands in hers, she exclaimed: "Fitz! repeat again
that I am your beloved one; please let me hear once more the sweet
word that it may take deep root in my breast and then I am happy
and armed to crush my rival."

"Yes, Birde, I love you, you are my darling, my all", was Fritz's
enthusiastic reply; "you have no rival, at least none that could be-
come a menace to you. This ought to satisfy you. You know that
I am not a man of many words and much less a phantast."

Fritz enshrined the young girl in his arm and covered her
lips with kisses. Yellowbird apparently reveled in the height of
bliss.

"I will accompany you to the fountain", Fritz said, "if you will
wait until I get a tin pail, as I wish to bring back some fresh water".

While the young man repaired to the upper part of the mill, the
young girl stood beside her horse. She had wound her right arm
above the neck of the pretty animal and rested with her back against
its body. This attitude revealed the girl's entire beauty. She was
dressed like an Indian, but very cleanly and tastily. Her slender
body was encased in a tight-fitting cotton jacket which was adorned
on the shoulders with some leather cords and pearls. The rest of the
garment was tight and short and decked with two rows of white lea-
ter fringes. Her dainty feet were encased in mocassins lined with
leather fringes and enclosing as tightly as stockings feet and calves.
Her raven-black hair was simply combed back and wound into a queue
the end of which was tied with a red ribbon.

In such an attitude, in the midst of the wilderness, Yellowbird
might well challenge comparison with the most fashionable lady. It
would be difficult to say whether she was conscious of it. It remains
a fact, however that whenever accident or business brought her to a
city, to act as interpreter and protectress of here people, she always
coldly and energetically declined all invitations to shows, however
tempting they might be. She was no friend of flattery. Dudes and
gawks found no favor in her eyes. None knew who and what she
was. No one who knew her believed that she was a real Indian.
That she was none, was betrayed by her excellent education, although
she never essayed to shine with knowledge and accomplishments.

Some asserted that she had been with the Chippewas since her
childhood and had been engaged, on account of her striking beauty,
for four years with a circus. Other claimed to know that she was
German and others again that she was an Italian and very proficient
on the piano and violin. But all this was mere rumor. Nothing
save that she existed was really known of her. She was never seen
to beg and tramp, of which the Indians are fond.

As soon as Fichte returned from the interior of the mill, he took
the wollen blanket from the horse and asked Yellobird to use it as a
wrap, for the day was dreary and in Wisconsin the beginning of May
is not synomymous with summer. He assisted the girl in wrapping
the blanket about her slender body, put his right arm around her
waist and then both followed the path leading to the fountain. They
were soon, however, compelled to abandon this attitude, pretty as it
was. The forest became so dense that Fritz seized the girl in his
arms as though she was a mere babe and placed her on the back of
her poney which had followed like a lap-dog its mistress. Yellowbird
laughed at Fritz's action and remarked that she really ought to take
him with her as hostler, for no one had ever before helped her into
the saddle with such gallantry.

Fritz strode ahead of the pony. The path zigzagged past bran-
ches and tree trunks which the storms of many centuries had leveled
to the ground.

At the fountain Fritz once more spread out his arms and laug-
hingingly told the girl. "You won't get away without a farewell kiss—or
will you first have a fresh drink?"

"You can safely depend on your farewell kiss, dear Fritz," the
girl replied hastily; but since I must return home immediatly, I would
like to speak with you about the stolen plumb-line. Now, since you
have declared me to be your choice, I can speak dispassionately about
the affair. I will leave it to your decision whether there is cause for
suspicion in what I am going to narrate to you. Caqua Mensequaw
is really a very stupid fellow. He does not even possess the instinc-
tive sagacity of his comrades. In the presence of women he grows
silly and then he can be put up to anything. He is terribly afraid
of getting a whipping. But two weeks ago his hide was thoroughly
tanned. The portion allotted to him was almost sufficient to kill a
horse. The question was about a trap. When it was ascertained
that he had lied, he got whipped. Several days afterward, when he
had somewhat recovered, he approached my wigwam creeping rather
than walking, and pitifully begged for admittance. Finally he be-
gan to weep and lament bitterly. He promised to do for me what- 
ever I wished if I would but hear him. Without saying a word, I 
stepped out of my wigwam where I found Caqua cowering like a dog. 
I did not pamper to his mood, but led him to the point and asked him 
to speak. Thereupon he drew from his hunting pouch the plumb-line 
and assured me that it had been put there without his knowledge. 
He begged me to protect him for once, for he was an ill-omened fellow 
and did not know what the cord with the leaden ball imported. More 
bows he said, would kill him. The chief had told him that at a 
farther offense he would be chastised with redoubled seerity. He 
squirmed like a worm at my feet. I told him. “Caqua, you lie, steal 
and drink fire-water. Such Indians are terribly bad. I have saved 
you from many a punishment. I have no desire to protect you furt-
ther, for no reliance can be placed upon you. But relate your story”: 
His story was as follows: Mrs. Behl had calld him into the shanty 
and asked him to fetch in some wood and water. By way of recom-
pense the good squaw had given him a large plate of food. When 
he left, she told him that she would purchase of him partriges as soon 
as he could procure some, after three days, if possible. By her fengers 
she indicated to him what she meant by three. He had then set about 
hunting partriges and shot a whole hunting pouch full. This was a 
day prior to the one on which the whites array themselves in fine 
clothing and I not work. The handsome girl with the pale face was 
there too and took the game out of my pouch, while the squaw gave 
him a shining silver dollar. He did not notice the cord until he got 
back to his wigwam and none except the pale girl had, had their 
hands in the pouch. I took charge of the cord and promised to in-
vestigate the matter, I assured him that he could rely upon me. 
His happy features convinced me that he did not dread an investiga-
tion. As I understand my comrades like a book, I concluded that 
he spoke the truth. Now when Caqua again took whiskey, which led 
up to his foolish revenge, I considered it appropriate to mention the 
occurrence. You know my explanation of it. The handsome pale 
girl desires to bring us into evil repute. Perhaps I have made a mis-
take towards Mr. Schlicht, but probably on account of the smallness 
of the matter not another word will be said about the cord.”

Fritz desired to make a reply, but Yellowbird had already pushed 
back her blanket, extended her arms and cut off his words, saying: 
“Say nought, Fritz, I cannot endure it. The whole world may lie 
at the feet of the handsome girl, but you must not praise her. Neither 
shall you despise her. I admit that I cannot be just to her, since you 
dwell under one roof together. Come, Fritz, I will give you the 
farewell kiss. You have made me your bride and as such I will treat 
you. Come, Fritz, take the promised kiss from your bride. I am 
expected at home.”
Fritz pressed the beautiful, passionate girl to his side. Never before had he kissed Birdie with such warmth and love.

A moment later she had again wrapped her blanket about her, mounted her pony and embraced its neck with her arms, in order to thus protect herself from the low-hanging branches of the trees and thicket. The sagacious beast immediately comprehended the position of its mistress and galloped away into the dark recesses of the forest with as much security as a cavalry horse could exhibit upon a paved highway.

For a few moments Fritz kept standing at the fountain and staring in the direction in which his darling had disappeared.

III. THE TRIAL.

Towards evening of the same day a heavy rain set in, but rain did not prevent Wisconsin forest settlers from taking a walk. The laborers whom we found in the gravel pit were joined by seven others in vicinity and betook themselves at about eight o'clock in the evening to the saloon to attend the private court session in the whiskey case. The saloon was on the other side of the river on the newly-built plank or toll road, about a mile east of the projected city of Kiel, and was intended to catch the trade brought by the new highway. It was even now tolerably well frequented, for in its immediate vicinity a number of men were employed in a gravel pit. Those laborers who were no settlers boarded at the saloon. This was an unpretentious log cabin. These cabins were built by laying over one another in the form of a square logs of equal dimensions. The open spaces between the logs were filled out with thinner logs or wedges and be-suaded with clay after one or two windows had been inserted. The roof was also constructed of logs. A log of a softer quality of wood was split and hollowed and the two halves shaped like a gutter. Such hollowed logs, placed close together with the hollow side upwards, formed the roof. Over the edges formed by the adjacent ends of the hollow logs, other logs, also hollow, were placed in inverted position. The rain which fell on the trough-like logs thus could run to the ground. The saloon in question included several of such cabins. Whenever the business increased, more cabins were built. In the course of time, the tavern had the appearance of a beaver village.

In those days the tavern keepers in the primeval forests of Wisconsin were mostly lazy fellows or adventurers, whose life had been failure. The proprietor of this tavern was a brutal, coarse fellow. It was rumored that he had been a dangerous poacher in Germany, his native land.

In spite of the rain quite a number of persons were gathered at the tavern, for the host had gotten wind of the Indians dissatisfaction and busied himself for the past half hour in explaining in his favor the case to those present. In this tavern were also gathered the opponents of Kiel, for there were already two parties in the town-