wet." She accompanied her word with a hearty laughter, in which Fichte involuntarily joined.

"But, girl! why are you wet?" he asked; "it has not been raining for some time. Don't you see the wind parting the clouds?"

Yellowbird again had to laugh at the smitten expression in the countenance of her lover. "But, Fritz!" she said; "don't you remember where you are? How could I come to you on this side of the river without getting soaked? The bridge is not yet completed."

"That is true, darling!" Fritz replied; "you have made the trip through the rapid stream (counting on his fingers) one-two-three-four."

Yellowbird interrupted him with her laughter and said: "Now, Fritz, stop! Otherwise you will spoil your angel. I am about to cross the stream a fifth time with my faithful Robin."

Fichte, who was in a rosy mood on account of the glory achieved by his bride, seized her about the waist, lifted her from her pony and told her. "Wet or not wet, I shall kiss and hug you!" without resting her on the ground, he hugged and kissed her and set her again on her pony, saying: "Remember that when I shall call on you to-morrow, which I hope will be in a drier condition, the triumph of to-day will be duly celebrated. But if one of us needs rest and dry clothing, it is certainly you."

"You are right, Fritz", she said; "one ought never to jeopardize one's health. I will now call our chief's attention to the necessity of keeping our men away from liquor, and then, my dear fellow I will hasten to my wigwam. I have asked one of the squaws to keep it warm until I get back. So, farewell, Fritz."

At this moment Miss Johanna appeared with a basket on her arm, gave Fichte her hand and said: "I could not find you anywhere. I have looked for you to express to you my thanks. If the dam would have been destroyed—her voice quivered at these words—my brother-in-law would have been a ruined man, and my sister and her little children unhappy."

"No thanks are due to me" Fritz replied; "they are (pointing to Yellowbird) due to her."

But Yellowbird was on her way before Fichte could finish his words. After whispering to the Indian chief, she guided her pony to the projected bridge some hundred paces distant, and then rode through the stream. All eyes were fixed upon her. It was broad daylight and Yellowbird sat firmly, as though she had been chiseled out of marble, on the back of her horse which slowly swam to the other side and then climbed like a cat up the steep bank, where it soon vanished with its fair and bold rider. The Indians who had returned to the bonfire were rejoiced and laughed to find their queen of so much admiration.

VI. MISS. JOHANNA.

Miss Schlicht seemed petrified. She gazed at Fichte whose eyes
were following anxiously his beloved Birdie as she was fording the stream.

"May I offer you some lunch, Mr. Fichte?" she asked him; "you are certainly very much, fatigued,"

Her offer reminded him of the fact that Miss Schlicht had addressed him once before and that he ought to display more gallantry. "Thank you, dear miss, he said, "I will wait until breakfast, which I expect will be ready by the time I have changed my clothes. I feel chilly and must talk with your brother-in-law, for the work on the dam must not be suspended until the damages have been completely repaired. Besides, I must go to the mill where arrangements can be made to give a better egress to the flood. I think that before noon the river will have fallen considerably."

"Then at least have a glass of grog", she replied, "my sister too, has been looking for you. Without waiting for Fichte to answer, she took a glass out of her basket, filled it with grog and handed it to Fichte with the remark that it had probably gotten cold before this time. Fichte took the glass out of Johanna's trembling hand and emptied the beverage, which, indeed, had cooled off considerably, without making any remark. His mind was so preoccupied with his heroine that he did not even notice that Johanna's eyes were filled with tears. After emptying the glass he said to her; "I see Mr. Behl yonder with your sister; accompany me thither; I know not whether I can meet him more opportunely; what I have to tell him is of importance.

They approached the couple and when Behl saw Fichte comming he turned to his wife saying: "Helen, you can now thank him. Here comes Mr. Fichte, our savior."

Fichte greeted the matron in a very friendly manner but cut short the effusion floating on her tongue by remarking that stones and earth would immediately have to be carted to the dam and the reed sacks ballasted with them, in order to completely repair the damage. 'Thanks will not mend the dam; 'do not forget this Mr. Behl. I have something to look after in the mill. At home we can talk about the rest later on." With these words he walked towards a skiff which was now almost wholly on dry land, a sign that the water in the river was falling. He pushed the skiff into the water, entered it and rowed towards the mill. Fichte was in the habit of regarding his workshop as a kind of sanctuary. "Fichte is very chary of his words this morning do you not find him so, Henry? Mrs. Behl addressed her husband who laughed at the question and excused Fichte, of whom he thought a great deal, on his extraordinary conscientiousness, and whose heroic exertions had caused him to rise still more in his esteem, by saying. "Fichte possesses not only manly beauty, but also the courage of a hero. Besides, he is the most skillful man I have ever met. If he was a ladies'
man in addition, he would make a whole village crazy in six week's
time. Extreme tenderness is not his weak side, still his heart is soft
as butter."

Johanna replied with some indignation: "-But, brother-in-law
Henry, if you had seen how a little while ago he hugged and kissed
Yellowbird, the Indian, you would obtain a different opinion con-
cerning his weak side.

"And, if you, sister-in-law Johanna, had seen how the Indian,
Yellowbird, distinguished herself at Fichte's side to-day, you would
find his hugging and kissing her very natural, Behl replied, and
added: "Who knows but that the Indian girl is not the cause that
we are no paupers to-day, for my financial resources are exhausted
and I could not have afforded to build another dam. Of that I am
certain. Such deeds can carry away natures like Fichte's while an
artist on the stage may leave him utterly cold. Fichte judges all
accomplishments from the standpoint of utility. He himself is cer-
tainly a rare and useful and grand member of human society. What
could the Indian girl alone, without the practical guidance of the
able and energetic Mr. Ficht, have accomplished with her indolent
savages? Without Yellowbird those lazy redmen would not have
wetted their toes, my dear Johanna. Our men certainly would not
have plunged into the raging current head over ears like water rats,
as the lazy Indians did. Fichte would have been the only man who
would have dared it, for he knows no fear; but what could he have
accomplished alone and unaided? Do you also know, that this des-
pised Indian was the first to put in an appearance when the alarm
signals were given? And do you know he continued, raising his
voice, "that it was again the Indian girl who knew that her chief
had the means of assistance in his possession and brought his men
with them here in time? In a still higher pitch of voice he perorated:
"In order to accomplish all this, the Indian girl had to swim thrice,
mind you thrice; in the pitch dark night with her pony across the
swollen stream."

"Then indeed, we are under great obligations to the girl, hus-
bond!" Mrs. Behl said.

"She does not care for thanks", Behl answered, "merely pay
her the respect due a lady, for she is a lady".

In spite of all the praise showered upon the Indian by Behl,
Johanna could not suppress the word that Yellowbird would have
done nothing of the kind if she had not been over her ears in love
with Fichte. "Then let us bless this love, Behl said in a tender voice;
for it has saved us from ruin". Tears trickled from the eyes of the
ladies as well as of Behl.

The ladies gathered up the dishes and got ready to return to the
house. The sun had risen and a beautiful morning promised a de-
lightful day. The men although tired, were hard at work carting
stones to the dam. The Indians had resumed their old seats at the bonfire, relit their pipes and were drying their garments. The red-skinned children of nature are able to endure a little more in the line of hardships than civilized men. Behl finally asked them all into his house, entertained them with lunch, presented each with a silver dollar and a pound of tobacco, reimbursed the chief to his satisfaction for the reed sacks.

Bhel's residence was built exactly like the tavern which we have described above with the exception that it was much larger. The chief finally notified his Indians that it was time to return to their wigwams. Their ponies were grazing on the other side of the river. The Indian does not worry about his horses. The animals, which had not been relieved of their bits and saddles, were foraging for bunches of grass. How much more easily the animals could have grazed, if they had been relieved of their bits. The Indians understand the nature of his horses as well as his own.

"See, the Indians are returning", one of the laborers remarked to another.

"The foolish fellows", said a third; "hardly are they dry, when they must wade again up to their necks in water to bring over their horses". But the young man had erred grievously. One of the Indians who was standing at the river's edge uttered a call. The animals immediately raised their heads, pricked their ears and gazed at an old black mare. The latter walked towards the Indians and the rest followed her example. Arrived at the other side, the beasts hung their heads and permitted the sun to dry their hides. The Indians paid no further attention to their horses, but basked themselves in the genial sunshine and occasionally fondled their tobacco and their dollars. The tobacco they had received from Behl caused them especial pleasure, as they are very fond of the weed. Even the women indulge in smoking. After lapse of about half an hour, when the sun had sufficiently dried their ponies, they mounted and rode away into the forest.

Fichte had in the meantime changed his clothing and appeared at breakfast. He looked somewhat fatigued. After talking with Behl about the most necessary work to be performed, he retired to enjoy a well-earned rest. The ladies said nothing.

VII. THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

The following day was Sunday. The weather was delightful. There was rejoicing among the settlers and happy faces were the rule. On account of the event of the preceding day, even the women were happy, although their immediate wishes did not transcend the modest hope of securing from the new sawmill a board floor for their humble cabins. Such an acquisition was sufficient to fill the hearts of the poor and unpretentious people with gladness.

Mr. Schlicht an excellent man of good practical sense and great