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.

Buhl'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
physical strength, was unable to do his share of the work in repairing the break in the dam, because he was confined to his quarters by an injury he had sustained from a stone falling on his right foot. Fichte did not fail to visit him as often as possible and to keep him posted on the progress of the work, for both were great friends.

The Indian village which lay about two miles northeast of Kiel in a dense tamarack forest consisted of eight wigwams which were the scene of considerable activity. The squaws were busy replacing the large number of reed sacks which had been used in stopping the break in the dam. These sacks are woven out of black ash and leather strips, are very durable and extremely useful to the Indians in their wanderings. Into these sacks the squaws pack all their portable possessions. The sacks are loaded so that when they are fastened to the side of the ponies their weight is equal, although the squaws have no idea of a scale. The wigwams are simple, yet warm. They resemble a straw beehive, but are more round. The roofs resting on poles are made of swamp grass so that they are impervious to rain. All these labors are performed exclusively by the squaws. The Indian does no work. Yellowbird generally assisted in the work, doing the finer tasks. On that day, however, she had prepared herself to receive her lover, knowing that Fichte would keep his word. Although in appearance her wigwam differed in no wise from the other, yet its interior was arrayed in a faultless and inviting manner.

The day being warm and beautiful, Yellowbird wore a light colored calico dress of the pattern described above. Exceptionally, she had put around her neck a row of black pearls. Back of her wigwam was another which appeared uninhabited, for neither a papoose nor any other living being was to be seen about it.

Indians pitch their wigwams in the deeps of the forest, in the first place, because it is warmer there, and, secondly, because they are there secure from the fury of storms and not in danger of injury from falling trees, as is the case on the shores of lakes and rivers.

Yellowbird was never molested by the other Indians, even when they were under the influence of liquor for they regarded her as their queen. On the other hand, she never attempted to wound their feelings by a vain display of authority or pride. She tried to lighten the burdens of toil imposed upon the squaws and accomplished much in that direction. These poor creatures, who were almost disfigured by carrying heavy loads and on account of poor treatement, grinned with delight whenever Yellowbird approached.

The deep-rooted habits of the old Indians, of course, were not to be changed. Upon the younger generation, however, Yellowbird kept a sharp lookout and frequently made serious use of the whip when she deemed it necessary. Among the youth she had long since introduced the custom of washing their faces and combing their hair as well as bathing and changing their cloths. At the outset the old
Indians could not help laughing when Yellowbird insisted on the new order of things, but now the men and boys were proud of the combs they whittled out of bones or hardwood. The Indians are very skillful in carving and many of their combs were quite artistic. When a child proved obstinate to its mother, the latter had but to say "Yellowbird will get angry" and a new spirit animated the child. They did all, so as not to offend Yellowbird who demanded of them no slavish obedience, but only respect and attention, and of lack of these she had no occasion to complain. Even a youth of her own age would not have offered resistance when she administered corporeal punishment to him. This very morning she had severely whipped a young fellow.

The hour of Fichte's visit had come and Yellowbird left her wigwam to meet him. She thereby showed her natural kindness of disposition and also prevented the barking of the dogs when a stranger approached the village. She had followed the path into the forest for some two hundred paces when she espied the handsome form of her bridegroom. Fichte was clean shaven and wore light pantaloons, a yellow waistcoat and a white linen jacket. A little round straw hat adorned his head. In his hand he carried a light cane.

Yellowbird, who was a stranger to prudery, could not restrain herself from uttering a cry of joy and leaping towards him with outstretched arms with the agility of a roe. Fichte stood still as a grenadier and extended his arm to receive the girl of his heart who flew to him, saying, "My dear Fritz! How well you look to-day!"

"That you are always", he replied, "I knew that on account of the fine weather you would put on your spring robes to-day, which I have wished to imitate. I desired to be as much like my Birdie as possible."

He encircled the girl's slender waist with his arm and like two of the happiest of mortals they sauntered towards Yellowbird's wigwam.

"Tell me, Birdie, what is the matter with the fellow who is resting under a tree in the forest close to the trail? He looks as though he was about to be hanged?", Fritz enquired.

Without answering him, Yellowbird wheeled about, turning Fritz, whose hand she held, with her and shouted into the forest: "Pona"! In a moment the young fellow approached and grinned in the manner of the savages. Yellowbird spoke a few words to him in the Indian tongue, whereupon he brushed the dry grass and leaves from his garment and extended as gracefully as he could his right hand to Fichte who gave it a hearty shake. Yellowbird then renewed her conversation with Fichte and the young Indian took his departure. While sauntering to her wigwam, Yellowbird told Fich-

*) A favorite summer costume of German students.
te that on this very morning she had given the young fellow a flogging. This news staggered Fichté. He did not know his betrothed in that direction.

“You, Birdie, you have threshed that fellow? Such things also you can do”? he said.

“Whether I can”, the young girl replied, “you may ascertain from the young people of the village”.

“What crime has this hopeful young redskin perpetrated”? Fritz questioned.

Yellowbird answered: “One of the worst traits of our people is the degradation of the female sex which is subjected to the male. The birth of a girl is frequently cursed and it is by no means a rare occurrence that on such occasions the mother is maltreated by the husband. A newly-born female child is frequently murdered in the most brutal manner by her own father solely because of her sex. If the mother does not care to subject herself to severe abuse, she must remain mute in the face of all such outrages. Although the women are compelled to do all the work, yet the Indians regard the birth of a female child as a misfortune and treat the feminine sex accordingly. I have energetically protested against such brutalities. As a matter of course, the boys imitate the brutal actions of their fathers. Our boys, however, know that I abhor such doings. They have learned that they durst not be rough to the girls. Nevertheless Pona enticed his younger sister into the forest this morning and forced her to hold one of her ears, which are decorated with big brass rings, against the trunk of a tree, so that he would use it as a target for his practice with the bow and arrow.

Pona, who is an expert with the bow, probably for an hour shot his arrows into the brass rings without missing his aim. At last, however, this happened and his sister’s ear bled severely. I would never have found out about it, if I had not run across the girl. She had to confess all to me, whereupon I ordered the ruffian home to me, stretched him over this bench and gave him a sound flogging”.

The lovers seated themselves on a rough bench in front of Yellowbird’s wigwam. Yellowbird continued: “As soon as the girl’s ear is healed, she, too, will receive her punishment, she knows that she must not submit to being a target. It is a long time since such cases happened in our village and that is the reason why I punish them severely”.

Fichté, who still had his arm about his bride’s waist, asked her further, what she subsequently did with the fellow. She replied. “I sent him about to help the women, to split wood for the reed sacks”.

Fichté again drew her to his breast and kissed her heartily, say-
“But, darling,” Fritz interrupted; “what have the parents to say in regard to such matters”?

“The mothers,” she replied, “have no voice in family councils and the men punish lack of skill only, not brutality, because they themselves are brutal, of which I have narrated examples to you. I assure you, Fritz, that if such a body aimed at his mother and said that he would shoot out her left eye and then hit her right eye, he could make up his mind that he would be kicked and clubbed like a bony horse. But if he hit the left eye and it went on record as having made a remarkable hit, the fellow would be the lion of the day”.

“Birdie, that is cruel”, Fichte remarked.

“Yes, cruel”, Yellowbird echoed, “cruel but true. The woman is herself to blame for her degraded condition, because she offers no opposition. The wearied stag will fight at last says Schiller”.

Yellowbird had committed a lapse of the tongue. She noticed it, but too late. Fichte had leaped to his feet.

“Says Schiller”, he exclaimed; “Birdie, who are you”? Yellowbird had recovered from her fear and smilingly gazed into his countenance.

“Who and what I am, Fritz”? she echoed modestly; “I am Birdie, your bride”.

She tenderly rested her handsome head upon his breast. Fichte placed his hand on the girl’s cheek, pushed back her head a little and stared into the depths of her black eyes as though he sought to read in them what she did not wish to confess voluntarily. Yellowbird’s smile gradually increased until at length she burst into a loud laughter. Fritz first rapidly snatched a kiss from the lips of the heavently creature and then laughed with her as loudly as he could.

“Well, Fritz! have you found the rascal”? Yellowbird, still laughing, asked him.

“What rascal, girl”? “The Schiller”, she replied, slapping Fritz with both hands on his yellow waistcoat, that he almost bounded back. He encircled with his hands her round arm near the shoulder and while shaking her in a roguish manner, said. “Just wait! You will have to confess, else I will employ your own method. A bench and a whip are
quickly to be had”. Fichte at this moment beheld Yellowbird’s fairest pearl necklace. “To-day I am overwhelmed with surprises”: I have never before seen you wear these beautiful pearls. I now see that they match you admirably and I must restrain myself that I do not devour you for sheer love”.

“None else has ever seen these pearls on me, dear Fritz”, she answered; “you are the first to behold them. I had determined not to wear them until I became a bride. It pleases me, Fritz, that you like them. You are interested in them, for without you I would not be a bride”.

Fichte inspected the pearls more critically and found that they were of a very rare quality. “Many questions are vibrating on my tongue”, he said; “but I do not wish to torment you. There is no Indian girl on the face of the globe that can display such pearls”.

“I will not contest that”, Yellowbird replied; “but there is no Indian girl on the face of the earth with whom you could have fallen in love—it must need be that I am something extraordinary; why should not my jewelry be of the same character? But now come into my castle. We will still have plenty of time to enjoy the fine day out of doors.

Yellowbird pushed back a finely decorated bear-skin which hung across the entrance to her wigwam, struck a military attitude at one side of the entrance, bowed low and said laughingly: “Will your highness be pleased to enter”. They entered the wigwam.

“The exterior of your castle does not promise such a splendid interior”, Fichte remarked after his eye had roamed about.

“With the splendid interior you must certainly mean me”, she replied laughingly; and me alone, for otherwise I do not see where the splendor could come in, unless you would regard that stuffed raccoon in the corner as an object of beauty”.

“All persons who possess the necessary cash can have parlors with modern improvements, carpets and paintings”, he said; “but to make a hut but like yours so tasty and tidy, that my Birdie alone can accomplish. To prove to you that I intend no flattery, I will seal my just verdict”, and saying this he drew her towards him and pressed a kiss on her lips.

“Since you have assumed the role of a judge”, she replied; “I will at once cook you a cup of coffee. You may then criticise my culinary art. If you were to postpone this until after our marriage, it would not be well for you if your critique was adverse”.

She wound herself out of his arms to execute her design.

“I protest, Birdie”, Fichte exclaimed; “for in the first place I am not accustomed to drinking coffee between meals, secondly, you ought not to trouble yourself doing something I do not care for.”

“You will have to accustom yourself to many things before you have piloted me, your wife, to the brink of the grave”, she answered,
"trouble is out of the question; to-day you are my guest and I insist on your trying my coffee."

With her small delicate hands she started a fire in the stove. Fichte, not wishing to wound the feelings of his bride ceased his opposition to her wishes. "I would like to ask you Birdie why you alone use a stove, since the Indians are in the habit of maintaining an open fire in their wigwams and roasting their meat on spittles?" Fichte asked.

"Have I not alone a pearl necklace?" Yellowbird replied with a smile. She was evidently in very good humor to-day.

"But how do you transport the stove on your long and wearisome journey?" Fichte continued to query.

She answered: "I do not take the stove and the dishes with me, they stay here.

"But when you stay at your summer resort on the Wisconsin River, what do you do then?" he asked.

"There also I have a stove and dishes", she said.

And how did you manage to get the stove into these forest recesses?" he enquired.

"You are such a good mechanic and cannot explain that?", she said; "just look a little more closely at the stove ---."

"I see said Fritz", the stove can be separated into at least fifteen pieces."

"And the separate parts" Yellowbird interrupted, "are packed into reed sacks, hung over the backs of the ponies and transported over stumps, stones and streams".

During the conversation Yellowbird had started the fire and put a kettle of water on the stove. The stove-pipes led straight up through the opening at the top of the wigwam. She then began to spread the table. This consisted of a saw-buck, whose parts were held together with buckskin straps. When the legs of the quaint table were spread out, the buckskin serving as the top of the table was tight as a drum. Her chairs were built on the same principle. Fichte was highly pleased with the dexterity and rapidity with which she performed her domestic functions and was fascinated by her prattle.

After Yellowbird had taken a coffeemill from a closet which was shielded from gaze by an antelope skin, she reached into it again to take out a supply of coffee beans. How carefully and skillfully she performed this manoeuvre, however, she could not prevent Fichte from casting a glance at its interior and surveying its contents.

VIII. SAVAGE OR TEUTON?

A hasty scrutiny of the interior of the closet caused Fichte to exclaim involuntarily: "Child! what fine books are arrayed on your shelves!"

Yellowbird blushed as though she had been entrapped into doing something mischievous. But determined as she was in all things,