"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,
she brushed aside the curtain and said: "Behold! a fine collection for the daughter of a savage, isn't it, Fritz? Here you will find the Schiller, for whom you was a little while ago searching in my eyes, as well as Lessing, Goethe, Shakespeare. They are all here, even Fritz Reuter".

In this region Yellowbird had never been known to speak any other tongue then English or Indian. All at once she asked Fritz in the most perfect Low German idiom: "Shall I read you something from Reuter, about "Uncle Braesig", or (Who Shall Carry over the Pan")? "She accompanied her words with a hearty laugh. Fichte was beside himself for commotion. He stood before the mysterious, fascinating maiden, his breast heaving like that of one delirious with feaver.

"Birdie", he exclaimed, "you a Low German! From the lips of my wild Indian bride I hear in the midst of an American wilderness the dear, bewitching idiom of my home, the language of my parents, and in the wigwam of this Indian girl I find the English and German classics? Birdie, if you have come to us from the realm of the fairies, then be my good angel, for you hold me a prisoner with your celestial charms. But if you are a terrestrial being, then, O adored angel! tell me who and what you are!"

"Yes, my boy you shall know it! I am a Low German girl!" she said in glee, again rushing into his arms.

Fichte slowly sank upon a chair and drew Yellowbird upon his knees, placed his left arm about her shoulder and told her with a tender voice, for he was so moved and fascinated that tears trickled down the cheeks of the handsome, courageous young man. "Birdie, the few sweet homelike words from your beloved lips have taken a bowlder, a mountain from my heart. I have been yours a long time past. However, the puzzle who and what you were, has been torturing every fibre of my existence, although in this land, where all nationalities are shuffled together promiscuously; all punney, philistine national pride is soon lost. But, Birdie", he continued, drawing her more closely to his breast, "you was a savage, even though accident gave you a good education — how and by what means no one could tell — and however beautiful you might be, you was and remained a savage. To be happy with you, child; was out of the question. I did not worry about that, my nameless love gave me sufficient assurance on that score, but if — pardon me, Birdie, if I speak freely, as you yourself have said, "the mouth overfloweth wherewith the heart is full" — heaven should bless our marriage with children, whom would they have resembled? Instead of inheriting the tender, courageous character of the mother or the traits of Germanic blood, they might have taken after the barbarous monstress of your pedigree, who are capable of aiming their arrows at the eyes of their own mothers! But, child! we are in no such danger!"
Heaving a deep sigh, he placed also his right arm about his jewel and pressed her fervidly to his breast. Her face was almost covered by Ficht's powerful arms. The embrace of hir stormy love caused to exclaim with exuberant delight: "O! O! boy, look! dont you see that I have coffee beans in my right hand"?

Fichte dropped his arms and her sweet, charming features again appeared in full view. That seductive light which glisted in her eyes and defied heavenly glories, again united its power with that of her captivating smile. Without changing her position, she raised her left hand and brushed back hir blond locks from hir fevered brow. After a while she said: "Fritz, a breach has been shot into the fortress of mystery shielding me. Yet I must continue to defend it valiantly and therefore I pray you, from the bottom of my heart, to be content with what you have learned to-day. Aske me no further, irrespective of what pictures you may form in your imagination, for you would injure my feelings. Let me tell you that my father was an honest, good, brave Low German sea-captain and my mother a foreigner, every inch as good as my father, but no savage. From her I inherited my black hair and black eyes. My complexion is as white as your own. It does not appear so, because I always paint, to do which without damaging my teint I learned from an American equestienne, a friend of mine. As it is hard to do business without humbug in this country, she gave herself out as a Creole and carry dont the de- coption successfully by her skill in the use of toilet powder. I received a good education. I speak German, English and French with equal fluency. I have studied music and can play on the piano and violin as well as sing. You will be proud of your wife, whom you can without compunction introduce into the cream of society".

Winding herself out of Ficht's embrace, she arose and said with great emotion: "And the hand which I extended to you as a bride is pure and unsullied". She burst into tears. Ficht's eyes clung to her. He devoured eagerly every word she uttered. She continued: "Fate forced me out of my natural career among the savages in the primeval forests of this strange country. This peculiar fate has com- pelled me to throw the veil of mystery about me. It is no fault of mine. In due time I will give you a true and faithful account of all".

Drying her tears, she seized the coffeemill and said in a different tone of voice: "Well now let us see whether we are going to have coffee or not, and again she burst into a bell-like laugh".

Fichte remained seated, whipped the perspiration from his brow and the tears from his eyes and remarked: "I thank you very much for your revelation. I will not ask you to say anything more unless it meets with the approval of your best judgement. My confidence in you is firm as a rock. I am proud of you and will never knowingly endeavor to wound your sentiments by curiosity or mistrust".

Fichte raised himself to his full height. Joy and bliss beamed