which contained her pantry. She chose it for that purpose, because it was a cooler place for the storing of supplies. After folding together the table and putting the remnants of the feast into a large basket, she manged to place unobserved a clean cup from the closet into the basket. Taking the coffee can from the stove, she took it and basket with her into the adjacent wigwam.

During her absence, Fritz had ample opportunity to observe how wonderfully clean and tidy Yellowbird kept her habitation. Her bed was stowed away in a hammock, her wardrobe was screened by a cotton curtain; the floor of the wigwam consisted of mats of similar make as the reed sacks of the Indians. Fichte had a great desire to inspect several objects more closely, especially the closet containing the library, but he was too noble-minded to do such a thing unbidden. Besides, Yellowbird returned immediately and asked him to determine how the afternoon should be spent and whether he would be pleased to take a walk through the village. Fichte consented to sauntering about with her through the village, especially as he desired to give thanks to the good Indians who had rendered him such valuable assistance. Accordingly, they went into the open and approached the nearest wigwams. Yellowbird was leaning on Fichte's arm. He was impressed by the appearance of the surroundings of the wigwams, for all rubbish, brush-wood and the like had been removed and burned. He knew that an Indian might stumble a score of times over an obstacle without thinking of removing it. Yellowbird explained to him that she had the boys under her supervision to do the cleaning up. When it was done, the whole village was glad of it, although none of their own accord would ever think of doing so.

"By taking you as my wife I rob the poor Chippewas of their educator and their patron spirit", remarked Fichte.

IX. AMONG THE WIGWAMS.

From the left side of the tamarack forest Pona appeared on the scene with a stick of cordwood on his shoulder. The wood was to be cut into strips of which the squaws wove reed sacks. When he beheld his queen and her companion, he dropped the wood, brushed his garment and leaped up to Fichte with a friendly grin to shake his hand—a somewhat comical affair, over which the couple laughed very heartily. With her left hand Yellowbird drew the boy to her side. He was extremely happy on that account, as was evident from the bright expression in his black eyes which looked up with devotion to Yellowbird. After explaining to the youth the cause of their hilarity and the significance of a handshake, she dismissed him. Gay as a lark he put the wood back on his shoulder to bring it to the squaws.

The lovers reached the Indian women who had crowded together and were busy weaving sacks. The Indians regarded Yellowbird as a supernatural being whom the Great Spirit had sent them for
their weal and salvation. The justifiable mistrust of the redskins towards the whites was never displayed towards Yellowbird, for whom they would have gone through fire.

The squaws were squatted on the ground. They are very fond of shining frippery and baubles, for which they have frequently bargained away much more valuable objects. Their appearance gave evidence of that trait. Rings of pewter wire hung in their ears and every other available spot. Yellowbird had never reasoned against that barbaric and puerile display of worthless tinsel, because she was unwilling to rob the poor creatures of one of their greatest pleasures. Fichte could not help making comparisons between Yellowbird and the ugly creatures. She spoke to the squaws who occasionally as a mark of respect raised their heads and grinned at Fichte. When one of them laughed, they all did the same. Yellowbird knew that Fichte was conversant with Indian traits and therefore paid no heed to the antics of the squaws.

Yellowbird, it appeared, was telling the squaws about the break in the dam and about Fichte, at whom they gradually stared oftener. She called to herself the children, among whom were some really pretty faces. "Don't you think", she asked him, "That if some of these little girls had received my education, they could endure comparison with me?" She had observed what was transpiring in Fichte's mind; hence her question.

"As soon as the poor young creatures are about to enter womanhood, they are smitten with the curse of the red men's brutality".

The girl whose ear had been pierced by Pona's arrow, and an older one appeared before Yellowbird who dismissed the former with a few words which drove the purple blood into her copper-lined face and made her walk away shamefaced. In the mean time Pona reappeared with another stick of cordwood. Yellowbird spoke to him, because she sought to reward diligence and obedience with love. She ascertained from him that Kaan, a bigger boy than Pona, had not obeyed Yellowbird's order to split wood. Pona was immediately dispatched to bring Kaan before her. In a few minutes he stood before her, hanging his head and overcome with shame. She informed him that he could thank the stranger for not getting flogged at once Kaan begged for mercy and promised to perform not only the neglected work, but much more in addition.

"You will perform the work allotted to you at all events", his stern judge replied; "and when the sun is behind the forest, you will appear at my wigwam and receive the punishment which your disobedience and your indolence deserve. Now go about your work, but first greet our visitor".

Kaan greeted Fichte in the same manner as Pona had done a short time previously and then disappeared in the depths of the forest; where he went to work.
While walking with locked arms towards the other wigwams, Fritz asked her: "Was'nt that sinner No. 2?"

"He begged for mercy", Yellowbird replied.

"Which the stern judge did not grant, for he made that impression on one, when he walked away", Fichte said.

"You have observed correctly, Fritz", she answered; "for if I had remitted the punishment, he would boast of it towards others and my justice would become threadbare and produce an evil impression on the rest of the children. Kaan himself would be spoiled most thereby. I spoke in the Indian tongue to him, as I always do in such cases that the parents way profit by the examples."

"I am astonished at your authority in this village, Birdie," Fichte said; "the fellow whom you have just now sentenced is taller than you. Suppose he would offer resistance to you?"

"If he but raised a hand against me", she answered, "he would not be able to remain with the tribe. Thus highly am I prized."

The dogs came and sniffed, but refrained from barking. The Indians, whose acquaintance we made at the dam, appeared also. The dogs of the Indians do not bark at the approach of strangers when in the company of one of their masters. The Indians shook Fichte's hand, saying: How do, how do, good white man. Every white man who has done them no injury is a good white man to them.

The Indians squatted at the foot of a tree and gave themselves up to smoking. Some of them polished their rifles which are furnished them by the government.

Their squaws are never allowed to even touch the guns. Such an act they would consider a desecration of the weapon which is as dear to them as a part of themselves. In pursuance of a treaty the government furnishes the Indians semi-annually with ammunition, woolen blankets and some currency. The most shameful frauds which, especially in the West, have frequently induced the Indians to bloody uprisings, are often coupled with such transactions. However, the federal officers found it impossible to perpetrate any fraud upon Yellowbird.

The Indians also did considerable whistling and carving. They made very artistic and practical saddles for their ponies, as well as ax handles which are a model for those made in this country to the present day. Their canoes are as well adapted to their purpose and as finely proportioned as a skilled mechanic could possibly make them. The canoes are made of barks or hewn out of the trunks of trees. The latter are selected by the men and felled by the squaws. The assertion has often been made that the squaws build the entire canoe, but that is an error. The canoes are distinguished by their light construction and, like all implements of the Indian as well as American, are exceedingly practical.
When the Indian meets any obstacles in his journeys on rivers and creeks, he puts the craft on his shoulders and carries it across the portage—for miles sometimes.

Chief Solomon distinguished himself by his courteous demeanor towards Fichte. Only one, Caqua, remained at his task, that of whittling a handle for the tomahawk which lay before him.

"Caqua, are you not anxious to see our white friend"? When Yellowbird had uttered Caqua's name, an ugly grin spread over his features and he drew near with canine submission and greeted as his comrades had done before: "How do, how do, good white man?"

What a creature this Caqua was! His fellows were tall and slim, but he was a giant endowed with great physical strength. His face was simply a fright. In battle he had lost a portion of his nose and his whole face was covered with cuts, scars and bruises. His entire body is said to have born similar marks.

Yellowbird conducted Fichte into a number of wigwams to show him their supplies of smoked meat and furs. The latter included the skins of muskrats, beavers, raccoons, foxes, lynxes, otters and skunks. All these animals were caught in traps. The skins of bears, stags and wolves were tanned and, when a surplus stock was on hand, sold. Otherwise, they were used as quilts and blankets. The garments of the Indians were made of buckskin. The Indians were acquainted with the art of tanning from time immemorial. All these labors are performed by the squaws. After the Indian has brought home the results of the chase, he reposies on his couch. The trapping season was over and the Indians were enjoying a good time. In the morning and evening they went hunting for ducks and patridges, of which they brought home a good lot. For wild pigeons, with which the forest abounded, and rabbits and squirles they cared very little. The young people hunted this kind of game with the bow and arrow.

Whenever a young Indian was considered by the federal officers to have arrived at a sufficiently mature age, he received a rifle. Such an occasion always was accompanied by a feast.

Ever since Yellowbird became the queen of the Chippewas, furs were no longer bartered away for useless baubles, since she was well posted on their market value. If the Indians had possessed any ideas of economy they might, as many white hunters and trappers have done, have acquired wealth.

In the meantime Fichte and Yellowbird returned to the squaws. A little girl there came tripping up to Yellowbird who took her by the hand and led her to her wigwam, at which the girl seemed highly pleased. Yellowbird ordered her to fetch some water in a tin vessel from a nearby spring and prepared some raspberry lemonade, of which they all partook.

Fichte was making mental comparisons between the manner in
which he and the majority of laborers had spent the Sunday afternoon. His pure and natural pastimes contrasted very favorably with the drinking and cardplaying of his fellows. He handed his glass to the little Indian girl to put away and then asked Yellowbird who had absented herself a moment with the flask and the fresh water and had apparently returned from the mysterious wigwam: "Birdie, if you do not consider it an impudence, I would request you to tell me something about that Indian, Caqua I think you call him. The fellow made a poor impression on me".

Yellowbird burst into a loud laughter upon hearing Fichte's view and said: I think he makes that impression on everybody. It is, indeed, not to be wondered at. Meeme, fill up again Mr. Fichte's glass. Let us all have some more lemonade.

After they had all drank their fill, she ordered Meeme, the little girl attending her, to return the glasses to the wigwam and then go to assist the other children in taking the shavings their mothers had made while at work into their parental wigwams. The shavings were to serve as kindling. The young girl trotted away in a merry mood, delighted with the attention Yellowbird had bestowed upon her.

"A lovely creature, this little Meeme, but what a peculiar name", Fichte observed.

Yellowbird laughed and said: Meeme means dove. In our village we have quails, swallows, starlings, finches, even bears, stags, alligators, serpents, wolves, buffalos etc., Maqua, for instance, means bear. Caqua, of whom I am going to tell you, means monster".

Fichte laughingly said that he found those names very appropriate. Yellowbird began: "Caqua is an outlaw among the savages and is not a member of our tribe, but of the Menominees who have almost exterminated our tribe in endless boundary war. Some three years ago he sent word to our chief, asking whether he could be received into our tribe on condition that he be fettered until the truth of his story be verified. It is an ancient rule of war among the Indians to bind deserters hand and feet and let them hunger and suffer for days until their story can be verified. This procedure is resorted to in order to prevent treachery. Our people accepted the condition and the fellow endured that torture for eight days. After our spies had verified his story, he was free, furnished with food and drink, and has been with us ever since. Caqua is a courageous warrior. He knows no fear. But his boldness is equalled by his cruelty and love of plundering. He received the wounds defacing his body in robbing expeditions. It is said that while beastly intoxicated he stabbed to death his squaw, wherefore he was presented by his tribe. We have also heard that he killed some of the members of his own tribe. When this report reached us, he was sentenced to death, for the In-
dians do not tolerate a fratricide in their midst. However, I vetoed the death sentence.

Fichte was stunned at her vete-power and gazed at Yellowbird with a questioning air.

"Yes, yes, Fritz", "I have the power of life and death in the tribe of the Chippewas. Are you not proud of me"?

He said: "But, dear, do you wish to tell me that the warriors were influenced by you; a young girl, to annul the death sentence"?

"Yes, my dear Fritz", she replied; "that is what I assert. At that time I was not yet able to speak their language with perfect fluency. I threatened them that if they executed the terrible and unjust verdict, I would leave them. An Indian does not kill outright, he tortures to death. Caqua lives, of which you are convinced, and if I should determine this moment that he should die, he dies. I was then made Queen of the Chippewas and Caqua adores me. He looks after my wood and my horses and has made for me fine saddles. He is happy when he can do something for me. I furnish him with pipes and tobacco. His most dangerous foe on earth is whiskey. I sell his furs and buy traps for him. I do all I can for him with the exception of letting him get away from the village, for bad men will give him whiskey. See, Fritz, out of that monster I have made a lamb!"

"Birdie", Fritz exclaimed enthusiastically; "I am about prepared to believe myself that you are an emissary of the Great Spirit". So saying, he relapsed into his ancient weakness of drawing the dear creature to him and kissing her.

"Much that is written and spoken about the Indians is grossly exaggerated," she continued, "much is wholly false. Americans take pleasure in sensational trash of that kind. In ordinary life the Indian is very simple. The terrible uprisings, in which the Indian will burn and murder unsparingly, are generally caused by the invasions and fraud perpetrated by white men upon their red brethren."

"What is the religion of your wild men"? Fichte asked Yellowbird who replied: "The Indians are naturally superstitious. In all natural phenomena they look for a cause emanating from either a good or an evil spirit, i.e., from some mysterious, powerful being. Thunder and lightning are terrible occurrences to the Indian. Sickness is equally dreadful. The Indians rarely get sick. In case this happens, his fellows believe that an evil spirit has taken possession of him. Instead of being nursed, he is shunned. What is said of the Indians praying, is nonsense. The Indian does not really know what prayer is. Those, who seek to instruct him in it, are generally frauds anxious to exploit him. I have caused many of this sort of white hypocrites to be shipped beyond the confines of the village. The traditions of the Indians mostly rest on mere superstition. They have not the faintest idea of their origin. They explain the origin of the various tribes from the strife arising among the chiefs; the
weaker of whom separated with their retinue from the rest and looked for other quarters until they felt themselves sufficiently strong to make war and defeat their enemies. The cruel extirpations of Indian tribes may be accounted for in that way. Our Solomon, for instance, well recollects that he belonged to a big tribe which roamed in the vast prairies where buffalo were in such plenty that the male members of his tribe devoted almost their entire attention to the hunting of that beast. He also knew that a portion of the Indians separated themselves from the tribe, that is, the weaker faction was driven to the north, or the winter, as they call it. He is also mindful of the fact that his tribe, the Chippewas, were always vanquished and decreased in numbers and were finally almost exterminated by the Menominees, another faction of a once powerful tribe."

"You cannot imagine, how deeply your narrative interests me," Fichte interposed; "I have read much in the old country about the Indians, but I am convinced that most of the stories on that topic are, as you have already said, untrue. How many chiefs are usually found in one tribe?"

Yellowbird answered: "Sometimes a few, sometimes many. If, for example, we today had but one chief and one of our tribe would distinguish himself tomorrow by some peculiar act of heroism, the chief would call a council. In case there were more than six chiefs in the tribe, the eldest of them would call a meeting at which the chiefs alone would participate. But if the number of chiefs was less, old warriors would be summoned instead. The deed of the candidate for admission to the chieftancy would be considered in all its bearings and finally a vote taken on the subject. If the vote turned out in favor of the candidate, a day is fixed, on which he is raised to the dignity of chief. Such events are celebrated in the most ridiculous fashion.

Similar nonsensical ceremonies are current among whites on similar occasions. However, the Indians are far ahead of the deeply learned and civilized whites in that their chiefs must earn their own living and their dignity is not hereditary, but must be won. In our tribe we have no persons who, for pay, undertake to pilot our souls to heaven. Such drones are unknown among us. Our people are free men. There is plenty of game in the white hunting grounds. They have no taxes to pay and are not subject to artificial training. Debts, worry about the daily bread and downcast spirits are unknown, and the highest position of dignity is that of a chief."

X. THE QUEEN OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

"But, darling, are you not the Queen of the Chippewas?" Fichte asked.

"This power", Yellowbird answered, "is one accorded to me by the chiefs of the tribe in consideration of the fact that after my reception into the tribe, fate willed it that the chase yielded better re-