empties into Lake Michigan. I cannot accept your gift, no matter how good and noble your motives may be. Our clock is the great, dear sun. Whether it shines in a clear sky or is enveloped in clouds, our eye sees it fully as distinctly as I have read the name of the watch, Mr. Behl. But in order to be just, let me tell you that neither yourself nor any member of your family are under the slightest obligation to me. What I did, I did merely out of love to Mr. Fichte, who is now my betrothed. I have already received his thanks which consisted not in a watch and chain, but in his acknowledgment and a hearty kiss; which is by far more valuable than silver and gold”.

XIII. THE TELLTALE NOTE.

This frank but entirely unexpected confession of the fair Indian destroyed the entire supply of bombs which Johanna had gathered to throw at the hated girl at an opportune moment. She had long since allowed her sister, Mrs. Behl, to inspect her array of explosives and had rehearsed their discharge in all possible variations. Her strongest missile consisted in the following reproach: Egoism, pure egoism inspired your actions, all to gain Fritz Fichte. It was all the same to you whether the good man, who was accustomed to an orderly and moral life, would suffer decadence at the side of a savage or an adventurer.

Miss Schlicht was, indeed, in the proper mood to give vent to her hated. The annihilating affair with the watch had done the rest. Yellowbird, however, had called her to a halt and checkmated her. The Indian girl was far different from what Miss Schlicht had imagined her to be. She stood before her as a highly educated, handsome and noble woman, whom her own brother-in-law likened to an artiste. Miss Schlicht was frequently praised on account of her voice and she herself entertained a high opinion of it, but what was her singing compared to Yellowbird’s? In spite of her youth, Miss Schlicht had an aversion to all exaggeration. Novels, in which the hero or heroine are endowed by the author with supernatural qualities, were repulsive to her. Yet here she stood in the very presence of an almost supernatural being, not on the stage of a metropolitan city, shining in splendor and luxury no, in an Indian camp in the midst of a primeval North American forest, and this creature was the bride of a young man to whom she felt attracted by an intense love.

Who could she be, this Indial girl? The more one attempted to annihilate her, the more she shone as a heroine and stepped into the foreground. Whence did she come and how did she manage to get that education? Johanna tortured her brain in vain, while her heart threatened to burst.

Mr. Behl had again put the fateful casket into his pocket. He was in a triumphant mood. He would, of course, have been much pleased, if he could have caused the girl some pleasure with the
watch, as a reward for her noble act, which was the more esteemed by him the more Yellowbird exerted herself to belittle it. He thought of his victory over the women and was resolved to taunt them some day with the excessive laughter and derision they had showered upon him when he hinted at the possibility of Yellowbird’s not accepting the present.

"Children! it is time for us to return", Behl said to the woman, and then turning to Yellowbird: We would like to linger here longer, for in your presence one becomes oblivious of space and time, but we are seriously compelled to think of returning. Since you will under no circumstances accept a present from me, I will at least once more express to you my most heartfelt thanks. I would like to ask you, how you or the Indins learned the entirely practical use of the reed sacks which proved so very efficient in preventing the destruction of my dam.

"The Indian is very practical", Yellowbird replied. "As he is dependent upon himself in all things, his faculties are rapidly developed in certain lines. I have often observed, how the Indians fill traveling bags with earth and use them to dam up small streams and creeks, so that but a small aperture is left for the water to flow through. In this aperture boxes made of laths are placed so that all fish must pass into them. When I heard the first alarm signal, I had not yet retired, and as my favorite pony was accidentally feeding on salt close to my wigwam, I had no difficulty in arriving first upon the scene, as our horses, like children of nature, find their way as safely in a pitch-dark night as in broad daylight. When I saw Fichte’s desperate strait and that the mill-dam could hardly be saved from destruction with the means at his disposal, I immediately thought of the process of which I have just spoken. A moment latter I was back in our camp. From afar I gave the alarm, consisting in a certain cry, and the preparations which, as you see, were executed, were at once made; for you can depend upon an Indian’s word. However, Mr. Behl, if you wish to do me a great favor, please do not mention the affair again. You know my motives. I expect you as a gentlemen, to do so”.

"Miss Yellowbird, you are noble", Behl replied; "I would like to make you another offer which, in case you accept it, will cause me and all the settlers in this vicinity great pleasure. Miss Yellowbird summer is approaching. Let us celebrate together one day in the country. If you will sing a few songs with us, it will be a feast such as has never before been witnessed in a virgin forest. I have founded a singing society which meets twice a week. Please, Miss Yellowbird all New Holstein will celebrate with us”.

Bühl had seized Yellowbird’s hand and was earnestly beseeching her to grant his request. She said: "Mr. Bühl, our departure is near at hand. Our spring journey is due. Besides, I could never
make up my mind to partake in festivities, in which my poor savages had no share”.

Mr. Behl's eyes glistened with delight, for he fancied he had gained his object. “Bring them all with you”, he said; “sing a few songs with the children. You and they will be admired and take all hearts by storm”.

“My little ones must and durst not be admired”, she replied seriously; “it is the most dangerous thing in the world for anybody especially young people. As soon as my pupils notice that they are being admired, that they begin to entertain a feeling then they are doing better then other children, then their singing will no longer be as fine, as pure, as sweet, because they fancy then that they are on the high road of becoming artists”.

“In my house you will be cordially welcome”, Behl continued, who did not give up all hope and was something of a crank on the subject of singing and music.

“Mr. Behl, I promise you nothing, but I shall under no circumstances participate in your projected festival,” she said.

Mrs. Behl, who was painfully affected by the subservient part played by her husband before the “Injun” girl, could not restrain herself from remarking: “You run no risk, Yellowbird, my pardon, Miss Yellowbird, in entering our home. To-day it is still a mere shanty, but next year we will inhabit a palace. It is no disgrace for you. We are of good descent. Our father was a high school teacher and our mother a minister's daughter. My sister, Miss Schlicht, is a schoolteacher. You can safely risk paying us a visit. If the Revolution (at the sound of this word Yellowbird’s eyes wandered fearfully to the adjacent wigwam) had not broken out in Germany in 1848, we would certainly not he here. In Germany we were respected people. My father even was an alderman. We never thought and had no need of thinking of the possibility of ever living out here among uneducated people”.

At the conclusion of her oration, Mrs. Behl wiped the perspiration from her brow, for she had exerted herself mightily.

Miss Schlicht sought to add weight to her sister’s words by adding: “I too, Miss Yellowbird, am of the opinion that you would incur no disgrace, even though you be a queen, as you are called in jest, of these people who, strictly speaking, are below the level of a beast, that is, in respect to savagery and cruelty.”

Yellowbird replied in a very serious tone: “I do not understand, ladies, what right you have to speak of degradation. What the savage cruelty of my comrades, of which you speak, Miss Schlicht, is concerned, you as a teacher ought to know that their bloodiest transactions, in comparison with the butcheries inaugurated by white rulers, are mere nose-bleedings. Just think of Ivan the Terrible, of the Roman wholesale assassins Tiberius, Caligula and Nero; just
think of the barbarous wars in which entire nations were annihilated; think of the Crusades, of St. Bartholmeous Night, of the Inquisition and thousand of other terrors begotten by a lofty civilization. Look at the southern portion of our country and see how in our neighboring states slavery, trading in human flesh and maltreatment of human beings is in flower; and at the indications what the disgrace will soon spread over the entire country. These are the products of a lofty civilization and of Christianity. Our Indian is cruel only to his foes who scalp him if they get him, in their clutches.

"Revenge is sweet is a proverb current among all nations. In the ranks of the Christians this proverb is clothed in fine language, but our savages apply it literally. This is the difference between the wild Indian and the civilized white Christian. If you are a teacher, though you may teach only the elementary branches, you ought to know all that."

Yellowbird spoke with her customary calmness. The two daughters of the high school teacher felt as their brother once did, that they could not begin to cope with the girl. They were inclining toward the belief that they were confronting an emissary of hell, sweet as sugar externally.

Behl was very much delighted with the discomfiture of his companions. He was a very liberal and just man. (He knew that his wife and her sister made every effort to triumph over the Indian girl, who in an effective yet gentle manner brought their efforts to nought.) Whence did she come? As an educated man he knew the toil and cost of acquiring knowledge, especially in music. How long did many teachers not labor with him until he could accomplish anything in that line? But how did this girl manage to make so much headway among Indians? Behl had made up his mind to call on the mysterious Indian maiden in his capacity as a musician. He intended to let their musical accomplishments be the instrumentality of bringing about a perfectly harmless goodfellowship. He felt pretty certain of gaining his point. People from far and near came to him for advice, even in legal matters. He had some experience in legal affairs, especially in matters of property rights. He was not an attorney at law, but nevertheless a kind of second Moses in the Desert. He was not wanting in energy and perseverance. Inspired with this aim in view, he took leave of Yellowbird, thanked her politely for her hospitality and walked away after informing his companions that while he paid a short visit to the Indians they should make ready for the homeward journey. With a friendly bow to Yellowbird he left the wigwam.

Before the women took their leave, Mrs. Behl addressed Yellowbird again, saying: "I regret to be compelled to mention something which I had rather pass over; but since the matter concerns the honor of my sister and she is under my care, I cannot be silent.
Yesterday I visited my brother and while conversing with him about
the break in the dam naturally came to speak about yourself. He
then told me a story about a plumb line. I know not what a plumb
line is, as I never converse with laborers or artisans; but whatever
that may be, according to your remarks my sister Johanna should
be a thief. My brother is ill at present, but as soon as he has re-
covered, he will affirm what I have said. Now is it not, Miss Yel-
lobird? Do you really suspect my sister of having stolen the plumb-
line?"

"I do indeed strongly suspect your sister of having smuggled it
into the hunting pouch of an Indian; yes, madam," Yellowbird re-
plied.

Johanna was weeping, but since her sister had the floor, she did
not care, nor durst say anything. She knew her sister in that direc-
tion.

"Was not the plumb-line Mr. Fichte's property?" Mrs. Behl
asked.

"Yes", was Yellowbird's reply.

Mrs. Behl continued: "Now I ask you to give the reasons that
lead you to your conclusion. Sensible reasons, of course. I also ask
you, Miss Yellowbird, always to bear in mind and never to lose out of
sight our descent."

Yellowbird made no attempt to interrupt Mrs. Behl's wordy ef-
fusion; but, when the latter paused, she repeated that she suspected
Miss Schlicht for the reason already stated and that she could not
disabuse herself of the suspicion until she herself had designated it
as false.

Miss Schlicht exclaimed! "You certainly seem to assume, Miss
Yellowbird, that I was actuated by the motive of hurling a firebrand
between you and Fichte! I hope you do not consider me capable of
such baseness."

"Yes" Yellowbird replied; "you have expressed the motive for
the deed and I consider you capable of having, for the reason stated,
acted thus. I am forced to this conclusion, since Caqua told me so.
He had nothing to do with anyone else and what he tells me I con-
side as true as the gospel."

"Is Caqua the Indian who stole from the day-laborers who had
never done him an injury, their tools, and suffered the inhuman
punishment in consequence?" Johanna asked with mocking bitter-
ness.

"Yes, Miss Schlicht, he is the identical individual", was the re-
ply.

"Then I cannot understand how you can be so sure of your
ground. Caqua is a thief", Miss Schlicht said.

"Caqua is a man of honor, Miss Schlicht", Yellowbird replied;
"I will pledge my word upon that, but before we take up Caqua,
you had better explain. Until now you have not yet definitely declared that you did not put the plumb-line in question into Caqua's hunting-pouch while your sister was paying him for some game he had delivered?"

Instead of answering the question, Johanna asked: "What is the use of my answering, since, according to your conviction, I am beneath your savages as far as credibility is concerned?"

Yellowbird replied: "My pupils must answer my question directly, miss, or be prepared to receive their punishment. As I have no right to treat you as my pupils, I move that we abandon this topic."

Mrs. Behl said in a questioning tone: "My God! how is it possible that two ladies can engage in a war of words about a mere bagatelle, a cord costing probably a few pennies?"

"Caqua had to suffer inhuman punishment, because he stole, your sister remarked a moment ago", Yellowbird replied; "he committed the deed not for plunder but out of revenge, I am sure of that. Yet he was punished. If he had stolen the plumb-line, I would have punished him in addition. It is immaterial to me whether the cord is worth cents or dollars. Theft is theft."

"Helen, it seems almost as though we stood before the judgment-seat of God", Miss Schlicht said to her sister; "let us depart. The stern judge, the Queen of the "Injun", might otherwise sentence us to be scalped!"

Even this remark was insufficient to satisfy Johanna's sister who, in spite of all her prejudices, began to feel ashamed in the presence of the young Indian girl. She desired to bring the conversation to a close, but could not refrain from remarking that Johanna had never put herself to any trouble on Fichte's account. "Of that I can assure you," Mrs. Behl said; "but you certainly will not demand that she shall confess to you."

"I demand nothing, madam, not even your opinion", was Yellowbird's reply, "My judgment is fixed. Your sister played the trick for no other purpose then to cast suspicion upon us. The idea was that Mr. Fichte should miss the plumb-line and hunt for it until it finally bobbed up in our camp, to impress him that his bride, or beloved one, or at least her tribe intentionally robbed him."

"I have not put the plumb-line into Caqua's hunting-pouch", Johanna flared up. She was driven to this definite declaration by Yellowbird's calmness and logic.

"Then you have not written this note either, miss," Yellowbird said to the school ma'am, whose innocence was attacked, while producing from her leather belt a small scrap of paper. The pale girl colored and Mrs. Behl also blushed, when she perceived her embarrassment. Yellowbird with her usual calmness unfolded the paper and held it up to Johanna's eyes. It contained a few words like
“yellow beak”, “yellow bird” and other meaningless mockery. A painful silence ensued.

“No, Johanna cried out, while her breast was heaving violently. “This scrap”, Yellowbird continued, “was fastened, to the cord with a needle. I have not shown it to Fichte out of regard for his feelings. The note evidently failed to reach its destination. The person from whom it emanated presumed that the Indian girl would give it to him for whom it was intended. I have not even spoken to Fichte about it. Miss Schlicht, you have told the truth. You have not written the note. I ascertained the writer, however. It was a boy by the name of Kleinschmidt who could not find the way to New Holstein. He informed me that upon the request of his teacher, Johanna Schlicht, he had copied the words as he found them written on a slate which she handed to him. I told the youth that I found the note, whereupon he gave me an explanation without entertaining any thought as to its significance. The lad appeared to be innocent and perhaps will remain so, thanks to the excellent training he is receiving in school. Now, in order to prove to you, ladies, that I wholly appreciate your station in life to which you can look up both from the paternal and the maternal side, I promise that I will accept your invitation and on a day to be determined by you, upon the condition that you, Miss Schlicht, assert before Kleinschmidt, who will work for Mr. Behl, until school opens, that he had lied.

“Give me the note, Miss Yellowbird, I will take the fellow to task, I too can be severe”, Mrs. Behl said in the capacity of a mediator.

“No, madam, the boy has enough to put up with at school and too much is unhealthy”, Yellowbird said.

“Excuse me, miss, I have rapped several times, but no one in the wigwam seems to have heard. I heard so much the more on the outside. I am convinced that you had to explain the minutest details of your cooking and baking and write out the prescriptions for your pumpernickel and lemonade”, said Behl who was anxious to start for home.

“I do not like to write, Mr. Behl, Yellowbird answered with such a naive, childlike and fascinating smile, as though not a harsh word had been uttered.

“But now, good bye, dear miss; have you not yet been able to make up your mind to visit us?” With these words Behl extended his hand to Yellowbird.

“That depends very much on the weather and your ladies, Mr. Behl”, was her answer. Letting go of her hand Behl said: “You look out for fine weather, miss; I will look out for the ladies”. 
The visitors took their leave. Johanna thanked Yellowbird for the entertainment and then tripped into the open. She felt miserably. Mrs. Behl cordially shook Yellowbird's hand and remarked that all would turn out well in the end. Behl marched in the van. He could not find words to express the surprises he had experienced to-day. The girl must come of a good family, he thought, and be in close touch with a great master of music. He evidently was thinking of the settlers of New Holstein, many of whom were political fugitives and educated men, with whom he was in frequent intercourse. Among all of them, however, he did not find one who was a match for Yellowbird. He was too good a musician not to be sure of that. Nevertheless he believed it possible to find out what master had been her instructor on the violin and what teacher imparted to her so much knowledge. Behl was a good hand at asking questions. His wife was also proficient in that line. He was however, many times more curious than she. Yellowbird had not made as good an impression on the women as on him. He became aware of that very quickly. He also noticed that Johanna had wept. "What is the matter with Johanna?" he asked his wife, while looking at a lofty tamarack.

"Johanna is not feeling well", Mrs. Behl replied; "I think the unpleasant Indian odor had an evil effect upon her nervous system. Johanna is tender and very sensitive".

"But Helen! how can you be so cruel to a sister? Behl said; "was Yellowbird's wigwam not as clean and fresh as the girl herself? I wandered through the entire camp and did not know what to say. There was a clothes-line with wash back of every wigwam, of course, not at much as among many of the whites. Yet I am convinced that their wash is fully as well taken care of as that of the average of laborer's families".

"But, Behl, since when do you occupy yourself with wash?" his wife asked him laughingly.

"Do not misunderstand me, Helen", Behl replied; "I do not busy myself about your wash. But when you bear in mind what views we generally entertained about the wash of the Indians, do you not find such progress among the savages very surprising. I must frankly confess, wife, that to-day I experienced something of which I had never dreamed, never could have had the faintest suspicion. Have you not amused yourselves or do you envy Yellowbird on account of her pumpernickel"?

"I am now thinking of the children and Johanna. The Indian girl and her pumpernickel are very remote from my mind", Mrs. Behl said briefly.

Behr knew his wife's weakness. He observed silence and gazed at the slender hemlocks which reared their lofty crests into the sky.
He made up his mind, that if he traversed this path again, he would do so alone.

XV. JACK SHEPARD.

While Yellowbird and Meeme were busy peeling potatoes, Kaan returned with a mess of fish and some watercress which is found in great abundance in the streams and springs of Wisconsin. He was standing behind Yellowbird and playing with her queue which extended half way down her back. Yellowbird knew exactly what the lad was waiting for; he had not yet received a word of thanks from her. He was overjoyed if she but laid her arm on his shoulders and pressed him tightly to her. After the potatoes were peeled, Yellowbird turned to Kaan and said, "You appear to have been up early this morning. Have you caught the fish in Ceder Lake or in the river?"

"In Ceder Lake", Kaan replied in a happy frame of mind and asked: "Do you know that lake?"

"Certainly I know it", she replied; "we some past it when we ride to Fond du Lac. It is a wonderfully pretty little lake. You have made considerable of a trip this morning".

Kaan answered: "Pona and myself were at the lake at sunrise. We spear they at the outlet of the lake as many fish as the ponies could carry".

Yellowbird put her arms around the lad and invited him to dine with her and Meeme to-day. She told him to get Robin, her pony, and explained to him that on account of the visitors she received in the morning she had been compelled to posthume her intended trip to New Holstein until the afternoon and that therefore they would dine earlier than usual. She promised Kaan he would be allowed to accompany her which filled the lad with intense joy. Kaan shot out of the wigwam like a madman and acted in the woods like a delirious squirrel, for the sweet, dear Yellowbird had to-day made him exceedingly happy.

Yellowbird drew from her bosom a pretty little lady's watch of rare make and beset with sparkling gems, "It is now half past ten", she muttered to herself; "at half past eleven we can be off and by six o'clock we can be home again". The man she wished to visit lived two miles beyond New Holstein.

Meeme started the fire and Yellowbird prepared the noonday repast which consisted of potatoes, lettuce, baked fish and cold game. She always had a plentiful supply of game and fish, with which the forests and streams abounded in those days. The hunting grounds of the Chippewas were extensive and rarely entered by white sportsmen. They dined in the mysterious wigwam, to which Meeme brought the table from Yellowbird's wigwam. Meeme was Yellowbird's constant attendant. Cuquin (Leapfrog,) the Indian girl who had been wounded in the ear by her brother, had not yet received