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, Kaam 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 Cedar Lake or in the river?"

"In Cedar 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: "Ponca and myself were at the lake at sunrise. We speared 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 postpone 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
her punishment. She was doomed to get her spanking, the time for which had been fixed by Yellowbird for the following evening. Cuquin was doomed to feel the rod and neither prayer nor entreaties could ward off the chastisement. The offenders were not permitted to approach their queen until after they had received the punishment decreed them. Kaan was approaching whistling and singing. He rode Robin and all the other ponies followed. He gave the animals salt and saddled Robin. Kaan admired Yellowbird's saddle, the handwork of Caqua. It was adorned with a fox and a bear head.

Kaan and Meeme ate with knife and fork and behaved at table with as much propriety as the best-trained children of whites.

At noon Yellowbird and Kaan started. They were picturesque looking. Yellowbird wore a light-colored dress and a blanket thrown loosely over her shoulders. Kaan had been permitted to put himself into fine array, but not quite to the full extent of his taste, for that would have displeased Yellowbird.

Yellowbird was in a happy mood. She got possession of two newspapers, the New York Staatszeitung and the Milwaukee Banner and Volksfreund. She succeeded in purchasing a bushel of potatoes of which she had run short and some bran for the pumpernickel. In view of her impending journey with her tribe to the Wisconsin River, she did not make large purchases. Kaan loaded the merchandise secured into the sacks attached to the sides of his pony.

Yellowbird missed the main object of her trip, however. Her confidential adviser was not at home. He had left in the morning for Chilton, the county seat of Calumet county. She was well acquainted with his wife who thought very highly of her. The two women, however, never spoke among each other of business Yellowbird had to transact with the other woman's husband.

Mrs. Gruen showed Yellowbird around her garden, which she had put into fine shape. Kaan had removed the bits from the horses and allowed them to graze. He enjoyed himself with cornering a snake. Snakes were very plentiful in the rivers and woods of America, but 95 percent of them were harmless. Young Indians, who have a proclivity to cruelty, select snakes as objects of torture. The reptile is irritated until it bites into a piece of wood and cannot extricate its fangs. Its tormentor seizes the opportunity to impale the snake on the ground by means of a fork consisting of a young tree about four feet long and divested of foliage save one twig near the base. This fork is drawn over the neck of the snake and stuck into the ground. The reptile cannot escape and falls a prey to the myriads of ants which are soon attracted to it! The sting of the ants cause the snake's body to swell to four times its natural dimensions. The snake is gradually choked to death and devoured by the ants which leave nothing behind but a skeleton. As many as half a hundred reptiles are frequently tortured in this manner during the day. The
forks are preserved and used for further tortures. Kaan had no eye
for the fine garden.

Yellowbird and Mrs. Gruen, after sauntering through the gardens
stepped into the house, where the former felt quite at home. Did
Mrs. Gruen know Yellowbird’s secrets? They alone could tell. It
was certain that Mrs. Gruen thought much of the Indian girl. Mr.
and Mrs. Gruen had one son who died in Germany at the age of
sixteen. His clothes, schoolbooks and other boyish possessions:
accompanied the parents into the North American wilds. His mo-
ther’s heart could not be separated from them. Among them was a
violin and a lot of notes. Yellowbird, who was totally devoid of
prudishness, never waited for any one to beg of her what she was de-
termined to give, and flatly refused what she was resolved not to
grant. She immediately seized the violin and played one of the
favorite pieces of Edmund, the son of her friend, knowing that there
was nothing which could more surely exhilarate Mrs. Gruen who
was particularly fond of German folksongs and airs from the Frei-
schuetz. Yellowbird was playing the “Prayer” from Freischuetz.
The soft, sweet, pious tones were reproduced by her in a masterly
manner. Mrs. Gruen had never before heard her play in such a
heavenly fashion. Poor old Mrs. Gruen with the wounded heart, in
a strange land, in the depths of the wild virgin forests of America,
forever separated from that to her sacred spot, the grave of her son,
which she had to leave to follow her husband, a fugitive on account
of the Revolution of 1848.

Mrs. Gruen was dissolved in tears. When Yellowbird put aside
the violin, the old woman, bowed down with grief, staggered over
to her and embraced her convulsively.

“Oh, Miss Weber”, she sobbed; “why can you not remain with
us always”?

“It would but make our parting the sadder”, Yellowbird softly
replied. “There is no” Forever “for us mortals”. She tenderly em-
braced Mrs. Gruen and succeeded as usual in consoling her.

“No, you are right”, Mrs. Gruen said; “there is no” Forever,
“but it is cruel when a mother is bereft of her child, her only son,
as my Edmund was torn from me”. She burst into a flood of tears.
Yellowbird again consoled her, saying: “How many a mother is
compelled to witness her son wandering into jail or falling a victim
to a passion which he combats in vain and which makes him and his
kin wretched! In your memory, your Edmund lives on as a good son,
noble and dutiful and as such he will follow his dear old mother to
the grave, the boundary of joy and grief, where good and bad find
equally sweet repose. Suffer your Edmund to repose. He is neither
hounded nor driven. He is free from all sorrow, all torment, of
which every living being must endure so much. Think of the many
sorrows which you have yourself endured! No land will ever make
an exile of him. Your Edmund is spared all that. Let him repose
mother Gruen"!

It was evident that Yellowbird's consoling words were not with-
out effect upon Mrs. Gruen who raised up her faithful eyes to the
angel on whose breast she had often found solace. Yellowbird again
stepped into the open with her aged friend, about whose shoulders she,
like a tender daughter, had placed her arm. It was now the third
sunny day after the violent rainstorm. Vegetation had begun to
sprout and here and there a modest forest flower was peeping out of
the last year's withered leaves. The wild pigeons in vast flocks from
the south almost darkened the sun. Ducks and geese preferred the
night for their flights. During the day they rested at the little lakes
of which there are so many in the beautiful state of Wisconsin and
which imbedded like gems in the vast forests, were unknown to man,
the birds of passage and the wild Indians excepted. The ponies were
gracing peacefully and contentedly when the two good women entered
Mrs. Gruen's garden. Yellowbird was about to look around for Kaan
who, indeed, was in as little danger as a stag of loosing his way in the
woods, who was to watch that the ponies raised no havoc with Mrs.
Gruen's garden, when her sharp eye observed a man leaning against
a maple tree. The window of the room, in which Yellowbird had
played on the violin, was left open on account of the fine weather.
The wanderer had probably been attracted by the captivating tones
which the young artiste elicited from the instrument. As soon as the
stranger saw Yellowbird's eyes directed toward him, he approached
the women, doffed his gray felt hat and begged to he excused for
having been caught in the attitude of a listener, saying that he that
could resist such tones as he had just heard had no business to dwell
among men. The stranger was short and stout and perhaps fifty
years of age. His greyish moustache and side-whiskers were cropped
close, but his eyes betrayed courage and energy. He was looking for
a certain Konrad Weber and had tracked him along the banks to the
Wisconsin River to the Dells, where he had lost him. He felt certain
of finding him here in the German settlements.

Yellowbird held the old woman's hand firmly in hers. She
pressed it lightly, a signal to her to remain silent. The features of
the women remained impassive.

"I would have missed the road again", the stranger continued,
"if I had not heard the wonderful playing. An Indian lad whom I
met in the forest was not to be persuaded to open his lips, and a
moment later I hear an Indian girl playing so beautifully on the
violin".

"According to your words you are deeply interested in Mr. —
Mr. — what did you say his name was"? Yellowbird said naively.

"Konrad Weber, miss", the stranger replied.

"Oh yes, Weber", she said lightly; "I cannot remember having
heard of such a party here. But, mother Gruen, you know every man, woman and child in this settlement. Do you know a man or a family by that name?”? Yellowbird accompanied her words by slightly pressing Mrs. Gruen’s hand unobserved by the sharp eye of the detective, for such the stranger was.

“I know a Christoph Weber”, said Mrs. Gruen, whose faded hand pressed Yellowbird’s as a signal that she understood the peril of the situation. “If you are eager to visit the gentleman, I can de-
scribe the way to his abode exactly”.

“I am very much obliged to you, madam”, he interrupted her; “but first of all I must make certain that your Weber is my Weber. My Weber is a tall man —”.

“That my Weber is also”, Mrs. Gruen said with a laugh.

“My Weber is about sixty years old”, the stranger continued with a smile!

“That my Weber is not”, Mrs. Gruen replied; “I am sorry that I must disappoint your hopes. My Weber is a very young man. He is certainly not yet thirty years old”.

This report was not a pleasant one to the stranger. He would cheerfully have palmed himself off as a relative of Konrad Weber, in order to gain the confidence of the settlers, but he was not a German. In spite of his trained eye the ladies appeared entirely truthful to him.

“I believe I will have to spend the night in this settlement”, he said, and thanking the women for the information received, although it was of no use to him, he saluted and took his leave.

Yellowbird heaved a deep sigh of relief when the stranger dis-
appeared in the forest. “The traitor does not sleep my uncle all-
ways says,” Yellowbird muttered; “they are still on our tracks. It seems as though the earth could not keep in her orbit until a portion of her poisoned blood has drunk its fill of the blood of an old man, bowed down with continued persecution. They still hound us.”

She could tarry here no longer and called Kaan who was lying on the ground near her cowering like a tiger ready to leap upon his prey. Like a snake Kaan had followed the detective who appeared suspicious to his keen Indian eye. If Shepard had but raised a fin-
ger to injure a hair on Yellowbird’s head, the Indian would have split his head with the tomahawk which his hand held clutched with a vise-like grip. Even though Mrs. Gruen had not the remotest idea of the intentions of the Indian lad who was now gazing ignorantly over a hawthorn bush, Yellowbird divined his feelings perfectly well. Kaan brought up the ponies, saddled them and Yellowbird mounted Robin with the grace of a professional equestrience. She congratulated herself upon having brought with her the purchases she had made at the store. After giving Mrs. Gruen some instruc-
tions, Yellowbird and Kaan rode away. They did not return the
way they had come, but followed a trail which after a two mile ride took them to another trail which crossed the Manitowoc River. After they had entered the forest some distance, Yellowbird halted and asked Kaan: "I believe the spy is on our track; how can we best deceive him?"

Kaan replied: "The stranger is hiding in ambush close to the trail back in the forest. I saw him."

"Let us ride on, my good Kaan; in two hours we will be in camp", Yellowbird said, who had conceived a plan of eluding the sleuths.

"They are not taking their usual course", the detective muttered to himself; "but do what you please, the old sinner will not escape my clutches this time. The old German fools five thousand dollars will surely be mine, as well as fees paid by our government. If governments enter into mutual extradition treaties, they must not murmur about the costs. They must be very anxious to get the old fellow back to Germany, for they are hounding him with persistent vigor for eight years now. The flames do not seem to be extinguishing. An American is quicker to forget such a lousy little murder case, especially when there are no dollars in it. Yellowbird did not betray the slightest emotion when I mentioned the name of the murderer. I was anxious to study its effect upon the young comedian. She is firm as a rock and the young red dog she had with her is descended from an adder. To the devil with our trade which takes us into the wilderness and forces us to frequently fight against apparently invincible obstacles! I will retire after I have performed this task. Nobody can belittle my achievements. I almost regret having addressed the so-called Yellowbird, the Queen of the Indians. And how excellently the old witch played her role! But just wait, it will help them nought. Single-handed I will send to hell that handfull of cowardly red dogs. Yet I am willing to make a bargain with you, Queen of the Chippewas. Give me your little hand and the old thing can creep along unmolested for several years more, until his final repose, among muskrats and other sweet-scented beasts. Your sweet little body is worth the price. Your accomplishments are thrown in with the bargain. Gracious! how that female can handle the fiddle. There's money in that, more than the injured Junkers are willing to pay for the corpse of Doctor Faust. Yellowbird is said to be very much attached to the old sinner. I will try my plan, but not until after I have handcuffed the old man. I'll bet that Yellowbird will accept the bargain. It will rain silver shekels at the gates of the big halls in which the Queen of the Indians will play the violin. I must confess that the scheme charms honey upon my tongue. I was not brought up with delicate attentions and artistic delights; yet what effect did her playing—not have upon me! May the devil get me, tooth and nail, if I did not feel like weeping. As far
as I can recollect, such a thing did not happen to me before. It is settled, Queen of a copper-hued people, I will trade you for carrion. On the Upper Wisconsin River my luck began. The red beasts were so reticent that their snouts could not have been opened with a crowbar, not even a redhot one. The young adder I met a little while ago was equally silent. Sold, shining gold will loosen many a tongue. With it I loosened the tongue of an announcer of God's word. The fellow was worth being buried alive in alligator mud; yet he furnished me with a clue, which to me is more valuable than the keys of St. Peter."

Such was the soliloquy of Jack Shepard who was hiding behind some bushes close to the trail. He was a detective of the most hardened type. He was at home everywhere and nowhere. His domicile was anywhere where he hung up his hat. He had captured many a desperado. On the Mississippi he had led a wild career. He rather fought than ate. Though unmarried, he was an admirer of the fair sex. He could drink whiskey as though it was water. To shoot at a man was mere child's play to him. During the past ten years he was a much feared detective whose services were in good demand. He arose on account of the heat, he unbuttoned his coat, this revealing a veritable arsenal. In his belt he carried a poniard and half a dozen pistols. "I will now instruct my men", he murmured to himself, as he walked half a mile towards the village of New Holstein, then turned to the right in the forest and after creeping a few hundred paces through underbrush approached a tent. The latter was made of sail-cloth and could be erected or put away in a few minutes. Near the tent three other fellows of Shepard's calibre were lounging. Shepard, their chief, told them: "It is just as we had suspected from the information given us. The German sinner is among the Chippewas. To-day their queen was about. It is a sign that they soon will begin to swarm, boys".

"By Jesus Christ, Jack, it is getting high time that our nerves be given a little excitement. Our sleuth home life is beginning to get tiresome. Let us get the soup-bone after dispatching the beasts guarding it. The vultures and foxes also want to get their living", said one of the company.

"Dave! you talk like a baby", said another of the trio which had awaited their chief in front of the tent; he was a long, bony man with grey hair; emptying his pipe, he said: "If Jack and I talk thus, we would be justified, for we have sent dozens of Indians to their Great Spirit in the Happy Hunting Grounds. We know what they can do; but you have not peopled the heaven of the redskins with a single soul; otherwise you would not talk so damnably contemptuously of them. They say the Indian is a coward. We are pleased to call him so, because he always has to fight against superior numbers
and tortures his prisoners. But I tell you, Dave, that the Indian, when pitted man against man, is no coward”.

Dave, who was no taller than Shepard and not quite as stout, though no longer young, leaped to his feet and said rather excitedly: “Bill, I give you my word that if I ever get a chance to cast my eye upon such a red dog, he will cease to wander among the living. Do not forget that we did not have a soft snap of it in Mexico”.

“Blood and thunder. Close your mouth”! the first of the three spoke, without, however, making a move; “by the living devil, if we were in the midst of a battle, surrounded by giants, you could not carry on worse”! The speaker was an Irishman. He was the shortest of the crowd. His hair was of a fiery red color. His face was beardless and, thanks to small-pox marks, looked like a scaring iron. He too, was over forty years of age. “Chief”! he continued; “say what we had best do. I am tired of this miserable lounging around. It will not be a long time before the mosquitos tackle us”.

In the mean time Shepard had made himself comfortable and lit his pipe. He said after a pause: “Well, the queen arrayed in a very pretty summer garb, flew out to-day. She was accompanied by a young drone. The bees are never far from the queen. The hive is about seven or eight miles from here. We cannot miss it, as there is but one trail leading to it. I have spoken with the queen. She will report concerning me. I had two objects in view, firstly, to read in her eyes, whether our suspicions are well founded, and secondly, to induce the Indians to break up camp, in case my first purpose failed. Her eyes remained a sealed book. I might have just as well attempted to gaze through a statue. We must get ready to attack them. What is the best plan now, to pay them a visit in their camp, or to aim at them while they are marching along Indian file? According to our laws, we can shoot down anyone protecting a criminal. Boys, what do I hear of you? Bill, you are the oldest”.

“There is much to be considered”, Bill replied. The soup-bone will not of its own accord lie down in our kettle. In a few hours it may be lying in wait for us in its wigwam with a loaded rifle. We may be looking until Christmas to find the wigwam. When the Indians break camp, we can stop them and compel them to deliver up the criminal. But, if he is not with them, we cannot hold them and must let them pass on. The man we are looking for will not be with them. I hope none of you will doubt that”.

“Bill, that may be true; but that will not bring us a step further”, the chief answered.

“It is not too late”, Bill continued; “in two hours our ponies will carry us to the Indian village. Let us surround the nest and watch every move they make. If our bird is to be brought to a place of safety, we have him caged. If they depart with him, we will re-
ceive them in military array. He will of course, be disguised as an Indian”.

“Bill, that is good; he durst not again escape us”, the chief said, who immediately uttered a shrill whistle which brought to the spot two young men whom he ordered to bring the horses and then remain quiet until further orders.

“Very likely we shall return in company with our royal highnesses inside of twenty-four hours”, the chief said.

The two young men were hostlers and had nothing to do with the objects pursued by the sleuths. They had allowed themselves to be persuaded to take part in the expedition, of which they had gotten heartily tired, as they had to look out for provisions for man and beast, cook and look after the dishes and the tent. They had to render implicit obedience. The horses they had to take care of were like the Indian's ponies, but better fed and stronger.

In ten minutes the bold knights were on their way to the hostile Indian village, where on the morning of that day such sweet and peaceful songs had been sent to heaven by the children. The four fellows pretended to be fur-traders. As it was the season of the year in which the Indians sold their surplus furs and hides, none of the settlers considered it anything out of the way to give them information about the way to the Indian camp, their number etc. No one, however, could give them any information about an old white man.

Yellowbird and Kaan had reached their camp in less than two hours. While Kaan was unloading the horse, Yellowbird rode directly to Solomon and counseled with him. She then stopped before Caqua's wigwam. The latter emerged out of it unbidden like a lion out of his den. Yellowbird extended her hand which the savage caressed and spoke to him. What she said, must have been something extraordinary, for his frightful face beamed with joy and death and destruction blazed from his eyes. Yellowbird rode to her wigwam as unconcerned as though nothing unpleasant had happened. She was certain that the stranger had accomplices, but their number was unknown to her.

**XVI. THE FUGITIVE.**

In the vicinity of Sheboygan Falls, which is a suburb of Sheboygan and is situated on the Sheboygan River where the latter has a considerable fall, there stood a log cabin. Its environment betrayed signs of cultivation. The land had been partially cleared. The interior of the cabin was marked by extraordinary neatness and orderliness. The lower story comprised a kitchen, parlor and two sleeping rooms. Of the latter there were six in the upper story. It was to be seen at a glance that feminine hands had here created a cozy home. In the parlor two old men sat at a common table. They had just finished a game of cards. Schlicht, the owner of the house,