

and tearful, and she could not even bear to witness the ceremonies attendant on the departure of the warriors from their village. She counted every day of his absence, and as the days increased in number, she daily eagerly looked for his return. The warriors had overstayed the appointed number of days, in which they had promised to return, and they were now hourly expected back to their homes. Their wives and sweethearts decked themselves out in their finery, in anticipation of their coming.

The anxious young wife retired to the water's side early one morning, and sat down on the grassy banks of the flowing Mississippi, to comb and braid her long and beautiful hair. The glassy surface of the bright waters at her feet served her for a mirror. Notwithstanding her former presentiments, she expected the return of her young husband that day, for he had solemnly promised it by the name of the spirits. She prepared, therefore, to appear to him to the best advantage. As she cast her eyes at the current which sluggishly swept past her feet, she noticed a dark object floating beneath the surface of the waters. The circling eddies brought it to her feet, and with a slight scream of surprise, and a cold thrill at her heart, she recognized a human figure. Instinctively she sprang forward, and catching the body by the arm, pulled it partly on shore. As if an ice bolt had been applied to her heart, she knew the features of her young husband. The feathered end of a barbed arrow which had pierced his heart, still stuck from his breast. He had kept his promise—he had returned, indeed, but in death. The young, heart-broken wife, uttering a piercing shriek, fell senseless on the inanimate body. The villagers hearing that despairing cry, ran to the water's side, and at sight of the dead warrior, they received the first intimation of the loss which their warriors had suffered at Crow Wing fight. The young husband had probably been killed while floating down the river in his canoe,