

caught up with the two lodges of his enemies. At the first peep of dawn in the morning, the Dakotas were startled from their quiet slumbers by the fear-striking Ojibway war-whoop, and as the men arose to grasp their arms, and the women and children jumped up in affright, the bullets of the enemy fell amongst them, causing wounds and death. After the first moments of surprise, the men of the Dakotas returned the fire of the enemy, and for many minutes the fight raged hotly. An interval in the incessant firing at last took place, and the voice of a Dakota, apparently wounded, called out to the Ojibways, "Alas! why is it that I die? I thought my road was clear before and behind me, and that the skies were cloudless above me. My mind dwelt only on good, and blood was not in my thoughts."

Yellow Hair recognized the voice of the warrior who had agreed to be his adopted brother during the late peace between their respective tribes. He understood his words, but his wrong was great, and his heart had become as hard as flint. He answered: "My brother, I too thought that the skies were cloudless above me, and I lived without fear; but a wolf came and destroyed my young; he tracked from the country of the Dakotas. My brother, for this you die!"

"My brother, I knew it not," answered the Dakota—"it was none of my people, but the wolves of the prairies."

The Ojibway warrior now quietly filled and lit his pipe, and while he smoked, the silence was only broken by the groans of the wounded, and the suppressed wail of bereaved mothers. Having finished his smoke, he laid aside his pipe, and once more he called out to the Dakotas:

"My brother, have you still in your lodge a child who will take the place of my lost one, whom your wolves have devoured? I have come a great distance to behold once