

their love. As a last resort, both were put in close confinement by their families, but one day they escaped and fled together to the wilderness, resolved, if need be, to perish amid the giant pines and beetling crags of the mountains rather than forfeit the love which had become a part of their very being.

In a lonely glen, far up the mountain side, where a cool stream rushing through its rocky channel alone disturbed the solitude of Nature, they built a small hut of boughs beneath the wide-spreading branches of a giant spruce. Here they lived in perfect happiness, undisturbed by thoughts of stern parents and cruel laws. In the daytime they wandered about hand in hand, or when in need of food, the gentle Kinda-wiss reclined on the grassy bank of the stream, while her lover, with bow in hand, hunted through the surrounding forest, or with his rude hook and line caught the delicious trout hiding in the shady pools of the brook. No matter whither they roamed, the approach of nightfall found them again at their little hut beneath the umbrageous spruce.

Thus passed the long summer days; but when winter approached to bind with icy fingers the waters of the brook and cover deep with snow their well-known trails through the forest; when the gentle zephyrs, which had seemed like the whisperings of good spirits watching over them as they sat by the rill or walked beneath the gently swaying branches of the pines, were about to turn into chilling blasts and howling tempests, they knew that something must be done. Quissam-quedus decided to visit the village, but timid Kinda-wiss preferred the solitude and dangers of the forest to the stern rebukes and harsh treatment of her parents, and remained in their sylvan retreat alone. Two days he was to be absent, and to make the time seem shorter the maiden accompanied her lover on his journey as far as she could go without danger of losing the trail back to their bower in the glen. At last they parted, and the young brave hastened to the village.

When Quissam-quedus reached his father's house he received a joyful welcome, for he had been as one lost; but when he told his parents that Kinda-wiss had been with him, they became very angry and again confined him in the family lodge. He was informed that he would be kept a prisoner until Kinda-wiss should return to the village. In vain he entreated, and raved, and endeavored to escape. His soul was torn with agony at the thought of the gentle Kinda-wiss left alone in the recesses of the dark forest, grieved by his desertion, terrified by the dangers and solitude of the wilderness, and unable to obtain food or find her way out to reach the village. At last, as the maiden did not appear, they began to fear they had been too hasty, and listened to the supplication of the youth that he might be permitted to go in search of her and rescue her from danger, if she were still alive. They gave him his liberty, and with a supply of provisions he plunged again into the forest to seek his love.

Heedless of drooping branches and mountain torrents, the anxious lover rushed madly on, until he reached the little glen just as the crimson tints of the declining sun

were fading from the mountain peaks. There stood the little bower, but no Kinda-wiss was there to listen for his returning footsteps. All was silent and lonely. He called her name, but the rushing waters of the brook alone replied, while the branches of the pines seemed to droop in sorrow. Thinking she might have wandered farther than was her wont, he built a huge beacon fire to guide her return. All night long he fed the crackling flames and listened for the voice of his loved one, but the morning sunbeams alone came to answer the call of his signal fire.

By the light of returning day he sought eagerly for a clue by which he could learn how long she had been absent, and was soon satisfied that she had not been in the glen for a number of days, if, indeed, she had ever returned after they started hand in hand down the mountain. Believing that she had gone out to meet him and had lost her way in the forest, he set out in search of her. Day after day did he pursue his lonely quest through tangled woods and over rugged mountains, wandering almost aimlessly, but always moving as if impelled by a superhuman power, and never relaxing the vigilance of his search. Ever and anon he raised his head and shouted "Kinda-wiss!" and the distant crags faintly answered "Kinda-wiss! Kinda-wiss!" Days passed into weeks, and still he sought his love amid the deepest solitudes of the forest and the darkest canyons of the mountains. At last he returned to the village for aid, and his mournful tale roused the sympathy of his former youthful companions, who followed him back to aid him in his lonely task. In vain they searched. Neither mountain, nor forest, nor stream gave them the slightest trace of the lost one. Soon their zeal abated, and the young braves one by one returned to the village, leaving the broken-hearted lover once more alone with his grief. Now did the parents of Kinda-wiss reproach themselves for their harshness, but it was too late, and they could only mourn for their lost daughter.

Year after year Quissam-quedus roamed through the forest, hoping to find his lost bride, until it was one day proposed to seek the aid of an old seer who had lately come among them. The *shumin* asked if any relic of the maiden had been found, and the lover produced a small article of wearing apparel she had left behind in the bower beneath the shady spruce. By means of this the *shumin* traced her in her wanderings from the time the youth bade her adieu on the mountain. At last he told them she was living in a hollow tree by the side of a large lake, that she was the wife of the king of the bears, and had two sons. Fastened to the tree, a huge cedar near the outlet of the lake, was a ladder, down which she would come if they would stand at the tree's base and speak her name.

Accompanied by some of his companions, Quissam-quedus hastened in the direction the *shumin* indicated, and after many days of toilsome journey reached the lake and stood at the foot of the giant cedar, up whose side he saw the ladder rising. He spoke her name softly, and the head of Kinda-wiss was thrust from the aperture