

One summer morning, as the gray dawn stole down into the valley from the mountain tops, Minuke took his bow and quiver of flint-pointed arrows and sallied forth to replenish with fresh venison the depleted larder. Ere he began to ascend the mountains he saw across the glistening surface of the dew-bathed grass the wide-branching antlers of a large buck, which was browsing in a small thicket of rose briars that grew on the edge of the valley. As he approached, the deer raised his head and gazed at him with his large lustrous eyes, but ere he could fit an arrow to his bowstring bounded nimbly away. Not far distant the mountains closed down abruptly upon the valley, hedging it in with a wall of rock, save at the point where the river rushed through a narrow gorge in a foaming torrent. Into the gorge sprang the deer, closely followed by the hunter, until he reached a point where it opened out again into a wide valley. Near the head of the gorge the stream poured into it from a steep and rocky ravine, falling in a high cascade whose voice resounded from the rocks and filled the gorge with a ceaseless roar.

Instead of entering the broad valley the fleeing deer turned up the ravine and bounded nimbly from crag to crag, where it was impossible for human foot to follow, and was soon lost to view. Undaunted by this, and eager to secure such noble game, Minuke turned back and sought an old deer trail by which he might reach the plateau above. Ere he gained the top his eyes were gladdened by a sight of antlers nodding in a grove of wild cherry trees on the plateau beyond. Cautiously he stole forward from rock to rock until near his prey, and, fitting an arrow to his bow, with sure eye and steady hand he drew it to the head. Then letting it fly from the string he sprang forward, confident of finding his game lying upon the ground; but the buck was gone, while not even a drop of blood upon the leaves or grass told him his arrow had reached its mark. The hunter was bewildered. His chase had disappeared, and he knew not which way to turn in pursuit. Beyond the grove the plain was covered with green grass and dotted here and there with groups of red pine, while a shining lake, source of the cascade below, reflected the now rising sun whose beams sought the water through the drooping branches of willows that fringed its shores.

The hunter, panting from the fatigue and excitement of the chase, ran to the lake to quench his thirst in its cool waters; but as he stooped to drink he saw reflected before him the antlered head of the buck. Forgetting his thirst he sprang to his feet, and was rewarded with a sight of fresh tracks in the moist earth, and following the direction of these with his eye he was gladdened by a glimpse of the deer, already a long distance away. Thirst and fatigue were forgotten, and the hunter thought only of the noble game and the joy of his parents at seeing him return with it upon his shoulders. For miles he followed the track, clearly defined in the damp earth, until he reached the base of a high mountain rising from the plateau, its steep sides densely covered with timber. The track led him into this forest, which at first consisted

of large trees not too close together, through whose branches the sunbeams glinted and the shadows of whose giant trunks lay slanting upon the ground. As he advanced the wood became denser and darker and the underbrush thick and difficult to penetrate. The tops of the giant pines interlaced and shut out the sun, while prostrate trunks, moss covered and almost hidden by trailing vines, barred his way. Slowly he followed the trail as it wound in and out among the trees and thickets gradually ascending the steep slope.

Deeper and deeper he entered the forest, whose gloom became more intense as he progressed, filling his heart with an awe, which was deepened by the mournful howling of a wolf, the crying of wild birds and the groaning of the tree tops, whose interwoven branches rubbed against each other as they swayed in the breeze. Finally the hunter became completely bewildered, wandered from the trail, and after vainly seeking it again realized that he was lost in the heart of this dense and cheerless forest. Relieved now from the excitement of the chase, the pangs of hunger and thirst made their presence felt, for many hours had elapsed since he breakfasted in his wigwam, and the violent exertions he had made had parched his lips and throat. He sought long for the faint trail he had been following, and had almost abandoned hope of finding it, when his ear caught the babbling sound of a running stream. With a shout of joy he turned toward it, and forcing his way through the thick undergrowth and fallen timber, he soon reached a small rivulet of icy cold water. He drank a deep and refreshing draught, lying on the grassy bank with his face thrust into the water, and then, rising to his feet, followed the course of a trail which he observed running along the bank of the stream.

Minuke had followed the trail but a short distance when a blinding flood of sunlight burst upon him, as he emerged from the dark wood into a beautiful grassy glade. His eye was fascinated by the scene. O'er the ground, carpeted deeply with moss and grass, trailed masses of wild clematis, here and there climbing the trunks of giant pines and depending in graceful festoons from the branches. Through the centre of the glade ran the sparkling rill, its banks bordered with wild syringas, whose perfume filled the air with sweetness. Minuke was entranced. Wild bramble berries bordered the vale and tempted him to appease his hunger; and filling his fire-bag with the luscious fruit, he threw himself down upon the soft green carpet, with his back resting against the mossy trunk of a fallen pine, and abandoned himself to the luxury of his repast. Soon, however, his thirst and hunger satisfied, his fatigued limbs relaxed from exertion and his senses held captive by the beauty of the scene and the murmuring music of the stream, he was lost in refreshing slumber. Ere he awoke the shades of twilight had begun to gather, and the dark shadows of the trees fell athwart the little vale. His half-aroused senses were called into sudden activity by hearing his name called by some unseen person. He sprang to his feet and gazed around in bewilderment, and though he