

saw no one he again heard an unfamiliar voice calling "Minuke! Minuke!"

Following with his eye the direction from which the sound proceeded, he beheld a peculiar object leaning against a small sapling but a few yards distant. The figure was not human, though much resembling a man. The body and head were those of a man, though covered with soft brown hair, but instead of arms two bat-like wings projected from the shoulders, terminating in hands, while the legs and feet were those of a deer. The countenance bore an expression of nobleness and benevolence, and the large luminous brown eyes were like the liquid orbs of a deer.

"Minuke," said the strange being, "dost thou not know me? I am Gemmo-gemmo-hesus, the spirit of these waters. Hast thou not marked the river whose source was the torrent, the torrent fed by the cascade, the cascade borne of the lake, the lake nourished by the stream, the stream by this gurgling rill, whose source is in yonder mountain? All these are mine, and I watch over them. I have known thee, Minuke, since the day thy baby feet first dabbled in the river that flows through the great valley. From dangers unknown I have guarded thee, for I have marked thee for mine own. If thou wilt abide in these mountains with me and my brethren, the great secrets of Nature shall open themselves to you, and a powerful doctor shalt thou return to thy people when again yon crescent moon shall be born."

Minuke was filled with astonishment and awe, and exclaimed, "Art thou indeed that great and good spirit of whom my aged grandfather, Sheshe, used to tell me while sitting on his knee in my childhood's days?"

"Sheshe was my friend," replied the Spirit of the Water, "and so shalt thou be if thou wilt abide with me a space and learn wisdom and the arts of healing and happiness, for true happiness is still to be found on earth for the possessor of the great secret."

Then said the hunter: "Fain, Gemmo-gemmo-hesus, would I tarry with thee, but I fear my aged parents will perish, for there is no one to provide them with food but I."

"Fear not, Minuke, thy father and mother even now regale themselves with fish I have caused to fill the trap thou hast placed in the river near their lodge, and while thou remainest here they shall want for nothing. Wilt thou visit my home and learn of me?"

"Canst thou indeed tell me the secret of happiness and teach me the art of healing?" asked the hunter.

"The art of healing will take thee some time to learn, but with patience thou shalt acquire it. Happiness thou shalt attain when thou forgettest thyself and livest alone for others. In thyself thou shalt find sorrow, in others joy. When thou healest the sick, feedest the hungry and bindest up the broken heart of the afflicted, then shalt joy enter thy soul and happiness fill thy heart. To be truly happy thou must forget thyself and live for others."

"Then, O great Spirit, take me to thy home and teach me what thou wilt!" and as Minuke thus exclaimed a

vapor rose from the earth and bore him above the forest, over the tops of the tall green pines, and deposited him near the summit of the high mountain, at the entrance to a large cave. The opening was broad, and from its centre issued a rill of crystal water. Minuke stooped and entered. At the further end of the spacious chamber he beheld a large round stone, from a hole in the centre of which spouted a jet of pure water, falling into a rocky basin. From this issued the little rill that flowed through the mouth of the cave. It was the fountain head of the river that flowed by his lodge. On each side was a wide space, and in one corner a couch of deer skins was spread. A lambent light played upon the waters and softly illuminated the cavern.

As Minuke gazed in mingled awe and curiosity, he became aware of the presence of the Spirit. "Abide in this calm retreat," said his tutor; "purify thy spirit and enlarge thy mind by contemplation; but beware lest thou hardenest thy heart against thy fellow men. The wisdom that should raise thee above their follies should make thee pity, not despise them."

Minuke remained in the cave and learned wisdom from the lips of Gemmo-gemmo-hesus, and from the brethren of the Spirit he acquired the arts of healing. Ere the moon died his mentor took him by the hand and wafted him to the Hill of Sand, where were assembled the Spirits of the Wood. Then said Gemmo-gemmo-hesus to his brethren: "This mortal hath learned much wisdom, and in all things hath he done well. The time is now arrived for him to depart, and it is meet ye grant him some token by which his memory of us may be ever bright."

"We will," said the spirits, "grant him a token. This hill of sand will we turn into solid rock, and whene'er his heart shall fail him he shall turn his eyes to it and his spirit shall revive."

Then the Spirits of the Wood brought water from the brook and poured it upon the hill of sand, and danced upon it, and it became solid rock. "Farewell, Minuke," said the Spirit of the Water, "we cannot meet again, for mortal eye may never behold us twice. Return to thy people and teach them to be wise and happy, and heal the maladies with which they in their ignorance inflict themselves, and forget not that he who thinks of self can never be happy."

When he had finished the Spirit of the Water joined hands with the Spirits of the Wood, and they danced round and round on the hard surface of the newly-formed rock, until a mist enveloped their forms and bore them upward to the mountain top. Then Minuke returned to the valley and dwelt among his people, teaching them wisdom, healing the sick and comforting the sorrowing. Even to this day his memory is loved and honored by the descendants of the tribe, and when his name is mentioned they turn their faces in reverence toward the hill of rock, which stands unaltered as a witness to the truth of this legend—that the wisdom and skill of the great Minuke were imparted to him by the Spirit of the Water.

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