

bare feet, for their moccasins had been removed on entering the council room. The chief appeared to pity them, for he told them, in a low tone, to go and come as quickly as they pleased.

Inhadi started with unhesitating promptness, and if Attawano held back for a moment his cousin's hand upon his shoulder restored his courage instantly. Side by side they sped across the fire-besprinkled space between those ranks of Zuni braves, with whom they were determined to be counted as equals when this night of trial ended.

They put their torches to the fire and placed them, blazing, in the hands of two young warriors, right and left, who began at once to wave them in the air, raising a chant of triumph and applause, for by this time it was apparent that both the candidates were models of heroic young manhood, as judged by the Indian standard. Back and forth they swiftly passed and lit the torches one by one, treading that scorching path as if it had been strewn with roses instead of coals of fire; for Inhadi, at least, had entered into the spirit of these grim ceremonies with all the stoical satisfaction of his race in exhibiting his powers of endurance, while Attawano, if not so stern a stoic as his cousin, had a brave heart and a resolute will of his own.

The Indian boy is human and has only a boy's measure of strength, though he is trained to show a disregard of suffering; and gentle natures may be found, even among the youth of tribes much fiercer than the Zunis, to whom their rigorous training comes as hard as it would come to any boy of any race, no doubt. Of such a nature was Inhadi's cousin, the Zuni prince, son of the war chief though he was, and heir to his father's honors, unless he proved unworthy and forfeited his right of succession to the leadership. The warlike and proud spirited Inhadi, as we have seen, did not despise his milder natured cousin, for he could appreciate the courage of one who shrank from suffering yet volunteered to suffer for honor's sake. As they went through their trying ordeal together it rejoiced him to see how bravely Attawano bore it.

When all the torches were relighted, and all the braves were waving them aloft, as their voices loudly swelled the song in praise of youthful valor, the two candidates presented themselves again before the altar. They were received with honor by the medicine chief, who made a sacred sign upon their foreheads, breathed upon their hands—a Zuni form of prayer and blessing—and proclaimed them to be "worthy and well seen" before the council and before the god of war. Each of them was presented by the war chief with a bundle of arrows as a formal sign of conferring upon him the right to call himself a warrior of the nation.

Then the younger warriors formed in single file and cast their torches, one by one, upon the fire; and

moving on they passed up the ladder and left the council room. When they had all departed the members of the council performed a second ceremonial of prayers and religious exercises, which lasted until the morning sunshine streamed in through the open skylight. At last the youthful neophytes were released, and, weary with suffering, but elated and proud of their promotion, were sent away from the council chamber in charge of their guardian, the war chief. He led them home and bade them go to sleep and "rest their hearts," while he went back to be present at the closing of the council. Hitherto the chief had treated his nephew and his son as nothing more than children, but now he addressed them with the language of respect and the manner of an equal.

While the mothers of the two boys were spreading their sheepskin beds, and preparing a lotion with which to anoint their burns, Kiawa came and stood beside them, with a look of awed commiseration, saying—

"What have they done to you, Inhadi? You are lame!"

Inhadi hoarsely, but exultingly, made answer—

"I am a man, Kiawa! I am a warrior!"

"And Attawano," said Kiawa, pitifully gazing at her cousin, whose face betrayed his suffering more plainly than did Inhadi's. "And Attawano, is he a warrior, too? Poor Attawano!"

"I stood it," said Attawano, faintly. "Did I not, Inhadi? I stood it without a tear—without a murmur!"

His lips were trembling as he spoke, and he faltered in a broken voice—

"Do not blame me, Inhadi—I can not help it now—now it is over! Oh, Inhadi, it was terrible!"

And Attawano dropped his head upon his cousin's shoulder, crying with all his might.

For all that, he was the happiest boy in the whole Zuni nation, for he had borne the warrior's test and none could say he had not borne it well. Inhadi slipped an arm around him lovingly and whispered, as well as he could frame the words upon his blistered tongue—

"Ay, Attawano, you can weep *now*, if your heart is full, my brother; for the weeping of a coward is a shame to him, but a brave man may shed tears without dishonor."

Kiawa added wisely—

"Attawano is brave; I know that very well, even if he does cry. Girls always cry if anything is the matter, yet they are sometimes very brave."

FRANCES WILSON.

Montana's congressman and senators begin to think that President Harrison's son is a Russell-er.