

red, embroidered belt, short trousers of black cotton-stuff, and long, blue, knitted leggings. A head band of red silk, and red buckskin moccasins completed his attire; and, by way of ornamental finish, he wore a necklace of black onyx beads, and a silver bracelet encircled his arm. This was the costume of a young Zuni noble, and much too costly to have formed the apparel of a poor man's son.

Inhadi's mother and his uncle's wife were occupied in preparing supper, and near the fire sat a youth a little older than Inhadi, with both elbows resting on his knees and his face hidden in his hands, apparently in deep thought or in trouble. Perhaps it was both, in reality; for this was Inhadi's cousin, his uncle's only son, and he also was to stand the trial that night and prove—unless his courage failed—that he was fit to be a warrior of the nation. He looked up and murmured a word of greeting to Inhadi as he entered, then dropped his face into his hands again and said no more. His mother gave him a somewhat dissatisfied look, as she poked the fire and stirred the pot of steaming mutton broth; she said nothing, but it was plain to see that she was not altogether pleased with his behavior. The Zuni women like to see their sons unmoved in the face of their approaching ordeal, of which they know the terror but have yet to feel the pain. But Inhadi's mother met him with a smile.

"Your supper is ready; come and eat, my son," she said. "Your uncle will soon be here, for the hour of your trial is at hand. You are not afraid, my brave boy?"

"No, mother, I am not afraid," returned Inhadi, smiling. "But here is Kiawa, she is dreadfully frightened."

"Nay, my little one, take heart," said the mother, softly. "You must not blow a cold breath on your brother's courage; you will be very proud of him when he has passed his trial and comes forth to take his place among the warriors and to be a man of honor, like your uncle."

Kiawa murmured, with tearful eyes and quivering lips—

"My uncle is very good, and I love him dearly; but, indeed, I do not want Inhadi to be just like him, for then he will not play with me any more."

Inhadi burst out laughing, with boyish amusement.

"Oh, nonsense, Kiawa! Do you think I am going to be fifty years old to-morrow morning? You and I will have many a jolly time together yet," he said, half gaily and half tenderly. "I hope they will make a man of me to-night; but I shall not forsake my little sister, never fear."

Nevertheless, there was reason in Kiawa's forebodings; for, when a Zuni boy has undergone his trial and is made a warrior, he is recognized at once as a

man, and the chances are that he will be married and leave his parents' home. It is not considered creditable for a young man to remain long unwedded after he becomes a warrior, and the Zuni bridegroom does not bring home his bride, but goes to live with her and her people. Therefore, it was nothing strange if the mother sighed a little, too, with all his cheerfulness; and, to hide the momentary sadness of her look, she took off her little daughter's mantle and bent down to smooth her hair, which was cut straight across her forehead like a fashionable "bang." Inhadi's black, straight locks were also "banged" in a similar manner, and hung down to his shoulders from under the red silk scarf which formed his head band and which his uncle had purchased of a Mexican pack peddler.

The aunt, who, as has been intimated, was not in a very good humor, had now finished dishing up the supper, and she rather sourly repeated the summons to Inhadi to come and eat. She did not speak to her own son, and Inhadi, seeing that his cousin did not move, went and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Attawano," he said, in the expressive Zuni tongue, "Attawano, make your heart glad. Come and eat with me, my brother."

Attawano did not lift his bowed head; but he and Inhadi were the best of friends, and he answered gently—

"Do not wait for me, Inhadi; eat your supper."

"But you must eat with me," insisted his cousin.

"Your father will soon come for us."

"I am waiting for him."

"Do you mean," said Inhadi gravely, "that you will go fasting to endure the ordeal?"

Attawano answered, "Yes."

"Then so will I," said Inhadi, quickly.

"No, no!" exclaimed his cousin, looking up. "Why should you fast, Inhadi?"

"Why should you?" said Inhadi, reproachfully.

"What is the matter with you, Attawano?"

"My mother thinks I am afraid," said Attawano in a sulky voice.

"Are you?" asked Inhadi, smiling.

"If I am," rejoined his cousin, with sudden fire, "I hope I shall not show it when they put me to the test. But I am not so brave as you, Inhadi," he said, despondently.

"Oh, pshaw! You are twice as brave as I am. You don't know it, that is all."

"I do not think I am a coward," said Attawano, humbly; "but you know how it is with me when I am hurt. The tears come before I know it. If—Oh, Inhadi, what if I should cry! My mother would never forgive me."

"Your mother will never know it," whispered Inhadi.