

Legend of The Marias Des Cygne.

Note—About the year 1768, Evangeline Bellefontaine—Longfellow's Evangeline—came up from the Acadian settlements in Louisiana looking among the French trappers and Indians for Gabriel Lajeunesse, her lover, who had been so ruthlessly torn from her as related by Longfellow, and as Evangeline crossed the Ozark mountains and visited the Indian villages she met the Osages, from whom she heard the pretty Indian legend of the swans, and it was she who gave to the river the pretty French name "Le Marais des Cygnes."—The River of the swans.

Many years ago an Indian chief and his tribe occupied a scenic spot near the banks of a river. The chief of the tribe, Maakota, had an only daughter who was named Anonie. She was very beautiful and had many opportunities of marriage, yet for the love of freedom she kindly but firmly refused all. Each young brave of the tribe worshipped Nanonie and endeavored to win her affections, but in turn each one received the same refusal, yet so kindly as to add fuel to the fire of love within their hearts. But for Nanonie this kind of life was soon to cease.

One bright day in the early autumn there came to this Indian village a chief from the Chyenne country and asked permission to erect his lodge on the border of the village. His request was granted and he took up his abode among them. Why he came there was never asked or never known for an Indian rarely speaks of his past life. The new brave proved to be a good natured fellow and extremely fond of sport and from the beginning was a great favorite with the young men, accompanying them on their hunts and joining with them in their games so soon won their admiration.

But the new brave was also winning the admiration of Nanonie and was a frequent visitor at his father's lodge. Winter passed and springtime found their wooing progressed to such an extent that they frequently seen strolling along the banks of the beautiful river and was well under-

stood that at no distant date their nuptials would be celebrated and Nanonie's father seemed well pleased.

One day Danookee (for that was the name of Nanonie's lover chief), started on a hunt promising to return on the third day. Days, weeks, months passed in lonely expectation to Nanonie. Summer came but Danookee came not. Worry and anxiety were plainly marked on Nanonie's countenance. She grew pale and strangely silent and with heavy tread and heavier heart she daily visited the spot where she had parted from her lover on the banks of the river. Autumn and winter came and went—the beautiful springtime followed and Nanonie spent many hours on the river's bank quietly, patiently and faithfully awaiting the return of her lover, Danookee. No trace of him could be found beyond the the water's edge though many were the searching parties sent out from the village. But Nanonie could not doubt that he would some day return, yet not one little ray of hope ever appeared to lift the burden of anxiety from her mind and each night as she returned to her father's lodge, it was with a slower tread and more sorrowful heart.

One night when she had been sitting in her father's lodge for a long time in brooding silence, she suddenly sprang to her feet and rushed to the river crying in agonizing accents, "Danookee!" Danookee!" The tribe thus alarmed rushed after her with torches. Reaching the river bank they beheld sinking beneath the surface of the water, the form of beautiful Nanonie.

Young braves plunged in to rescue her but she rose no more and beneath the water they found no trace of her.

Regaining the shore, all stood gazing upon the spot where Nanonie had disappeared. Suddenly a light shone over the stream and there rose to the surface of the water two beautiful swans. A moment they remained motionless then spreading their wings they soared away, disappearing in the upper darkness. "'Tis the spirits of Danonkee and Nanonie," quoth they, "flying to the happy hunting grounds," and with a feeling of awe they returned to their lodges henceforth to tell the story of "the river of swans. —[Sel,