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The Second Alto.

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A little band of Siwashes had moored their boats at Friday Harbor. The fish catch had been light, their baskets no longer found the ready sale that they had done before the pale faces begun making them.

A klootchman sat apart and thought. The winter promised to be a hard one and the old woman thought of the children, not, perhaps, with love, but with a growing uneasiness as to whether it might not be best to let the agent take them. They could earn nothing yet for a few years; besides no tie of blood bound her to them, and perhaps when they were older they might leave her anyway.

Jan, they had picked up last year in Alaska. They knew nothing of him, as he had spoken the language of another tribe when they found him shivering on a cake of ice in the far North.

Nora was an orphan of the klootchman's tribe, and the old woman had been appointed a sort of foster mother to the two children. She had taught them bead work and basketry and begging. But they were not apt scholars at begging, and that was all that brought in returns now, so she thought of the agent.

He had been there the day before and asked to take them to the Train-

ing school, where they could learn. "Heap much make heap money, bye-and-bye," so the agent said.

He came again the next day and Jan and Nora went with him. There were no tears and no kisses at parting; but with true Indian stoicism they stalked along behind him. If they were sorry to leave their people they hid their grief as became a brave race.

They were glad to be together anyway, and although their tongues were silent they glanced at each other and occasionally smiled at the agent's expense. He wore such ridiculous squeaking things on his feet, and such an odd black thing on his head!

Ten years passed, and Jan and Nora—who were called John and Nora now—stood on the steps of the Assembly Hall at Chemawa. They had completed the school course and the industrial departments and were ready to take up their battle with the world. Their wedding day was not far distant, but just then the Spanish-American war broke out, and at the first call for volunteers John enlisted.

"Why do you go?" Nora pleaded. What is the American Government to you? Have they not taken from our people everything?"

He kissed the half-angry, half-