small red cloak. After kissing her again and again she gave her into the arms of the waiting Indian. Again pointing from the sun to the thin, straight line where the rolling prairie met the sky, the savage silently turned and disappeared over the low hill that rose between the cabin and the solitary wigwam.

Martha never could tell how she spent that day. A great cloud had blotted out the sunlight for her. Minutes were hours, hours were days, weeks. Years had seemed shorter to her than that day. Every little noise startled her. The raspy shriek of a bluejay set her heart beating wildly in her throat. One minute she scolded herself for being fanciful and a coward, and the next she was upbraiding herself for ever thinking of surrendering her darling to that savage.

Slowly, oh, so slowly! the sun sank. Martha stood in the doorway with her eyes turned to that round, red ball and now straining to catch the first glimpse of her baby.

Just as the molten disk of the sun disappeared from sight a spot of scarlet, perched on the shoulders of a tall, gaunt form, rose on the little hilltop. With a cry of joy, Martha sped over the muddy ground. As soon as she was within hearing distance, a shrill, little voice called out, "Oh Mamma! Ida has dot new shoes!" And sure enough, the little feet were encased in a pair of skin moccasins of the brightest red, beaded and fringed to the highest degree.

With her anxiety relieved and her baby once more clasped in her arms, Martha could find no way of expressing her gratitude to the kind hearted Indian. But he evidently meant to return for he merely said in his passionless way, "Tehigha's papoose," then turned and with silent footsteps returned to his wigwam.

The Marlowes never moved from their home at the foot of the hill. In years their farm became a thriving village. Their sod house was replaced by a frame structure. The Indians left that part of the country for they and the white men could not live in peace and the pale face was the stronger. But one solitary wigwam still remained, its top just discernible over the little hill from the Marlowes' big frame house. A beaten path now connected the two dwellings, and often in sunshine, rain, or snow the tall slender figure of a young girl was seen skipping along the little path to the home of the aged Indian, with a basket of food on her arm or a book in her hand.—Ex.

CHEMAWA VS. ASHLAND.

Our boys defeated the fast Ashland Athletic Club quintet on Monday evening by a score of 29 to 27.

The first half ended with the score of 13 to 7 in our favor. The boys played with exellent team work this half and won out by using their heads. In the second half Shaw, the star of visitors, got away from Powers at center. Our boys had more endurance and this was a factor in winning the game. Field goals were thrown by Souvigner, 5; Clarke, 5; Powers, 2; Patterson, 1; Shaw, 5; Logan, 3; and Robertson, 2; Clarke threw 5 fouls and Patterson 3.

The line-up:

Chemawa		Ashland
Souvigner	F	Shaw, Robertson
Clarke	F	Patterson
Powers	C	Paul, Shaw
Smoker	G	Logan
Clements	G	Sales

Twenty-minute halves were played. Officials, referee, Schneider; umpire, Larsen.