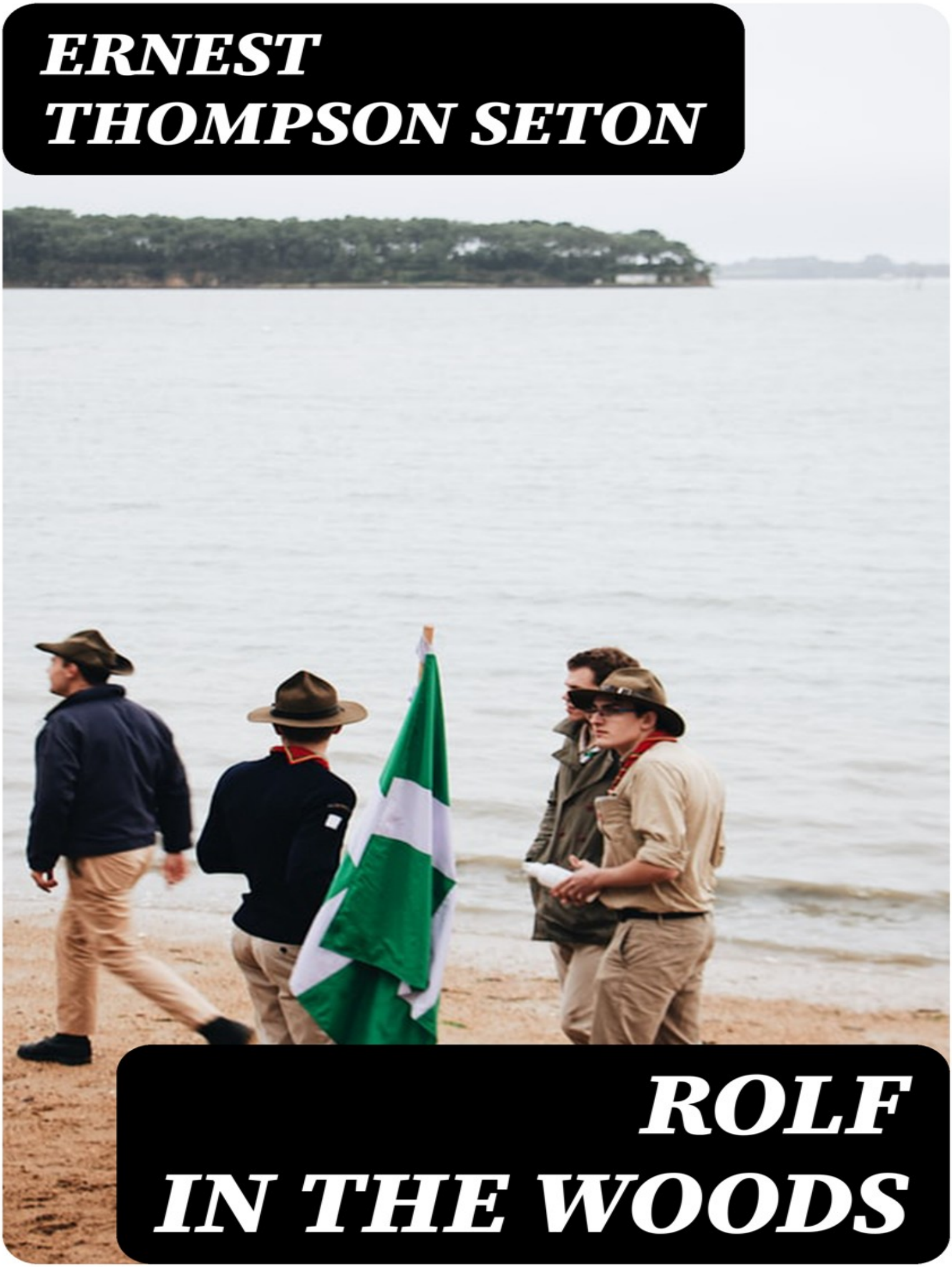
ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



ROLF IN THE WOODS

Ernest Thompson Seton

Rolf in the Woods

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Preface

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In this story I have endeavoured to realize some of the influences that surrounded the youth of America a hundred years ago, and made of them, first, good citizens, and, later, in the day of peril, heroes that won the battles of Lake Erie, Plattsburg, and New Orleans, and the great sea fights of Porter, Bainbridge, Decatur, Lawrence, Perry, and MacDonough.

I have especially dwelt in detail on the woodland and peace scouting in the hope that I may thus help other boys to follow the hard-climbing trail that leads to the higher uplands.

For the historical events of 1812-14, I have consulted among books chiefly, Theodore Roosevelt's “Naval War of 1812,” Peter S. Palmer's “History of Lake Champlain,” and Walter Hill Crockett's “A History of Lake Champlain,” 1909. But I found another and more personal mine of information. Through the kindness of my friend, Edmund Seymour, a native of the Champlain region, now a resident of New York, I went over all the historical ground with several unpublished manuscripts for guides, and heard from the children of the sturdy frontiersmen new tales of the war; and in getting more light and vivid personal memories, I was glad, indeed, to realize that not only were there valour and heroism on both sides, but also gentleness and courtesy. Histories written by either party at the time should be laid aside. They breathe the rancourous hate of the writers of the age—the fighters felt not so—and the many incidents

given here of chivalry and consideration were actual happenings, related to me by the descendants of those who experienced them; and all assure me that these were a true reflex of the feelings of the day.

I am much indebted to Miss Katherine Palmer, of Plattsburg, for kindly allowing me to see the unpublished manuscript memoir of her grandfather, Peter Sailly, who was Collector of the Port of Plattsburg at the time of the war.

Another purpose in this story was to picture the real Indian with his message for good or for evil.

Those who know nothing of the race will scoff and say they never heard of such a thing as a singing and religious red man. Those who know him well will say, “Yes, but you have given to your eastern Indian songs and ceremonies which belong to the western tribes, and which are of different epochs.” To the latter I reply:

“You know that the western Indians sang and prayed in this way. How do you know that the eastern ones did not? We have no records, except those by critics, savagely hostile, and contemptuous of all religious observances but their own. The Ghost Dance Song belonged to a much more recent time, no doubt, but it was purely Indian, and it is generally admitted that the races of continental North America were of one stock, and had no fundamentally different customs or modes of thought.”

The Sunrise Song was given me by Frederick R. Burton, author of “American Primitive Music.” It is still in use among the Ojibwa.

The songs of the Wabanaki may be read in C. G. Leland's “Kuloskap the Master.”

The Ghost Dance Song was furnished by Alice C. Fletcher, whose “Indian Song and Story” will prove a revelation to those who wish to follow further.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

Chapter 1. The Wigwam Under the Rock

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The early springtime sunrise was near at hand as Quonab, the last of the Myanos Sinawa, stepped from his sheltered wigwam under the cliff that borders the Asamuk easterly, and, mounting to the lofty brow of the great rock that is its highest pinnacle, he stood in silence, awaiting the first ray of the sun over the sea water that stretches between Connecticut and Seawanaky.

His silent prayer to the Great Spirit was ended as a golden beam shot from a long, low cloud-bank over the sea, and Quonab sang a weird Indian song for the rising sun, an invocation to the Day God:

“O thou that risest from the low cloud
To burn in the all above;
I greet thee! I adore thee!”

Again and again he sang to the tumming of a small tom-tom, till the great refulgent one had cleared the cloud, and the red miracle of the sunrise was complete. Back to his wigwam went the red man, down to his home tucked dosed under the sheltering rock, and, after washing his hands in a basswood bowl, began to prepare his simple meal.

A tin-lined copper pot hanging over the fire was partly filled with water; then, when it was boiling, some samp or powdered corn and some clams were stirred in. While these were cooking, he took his smooth-bore flint-lock, crawled gently over the ridge that screened his wigwam from the

northwest wind, and peered with hawk-like eyes across the broad sheet of water that, held by a high beaver-dam, filled the little valley of Asamuk Brook.

The winter ice was still on the pond, but in all the warming shallows there was open water, on which were likely to be ducks. None were to be seen, but by the edge of the ice was a round object which, although so far away, he knew at a glance for a muskrat.

By crawling around the pond, the Indian could easily have come within shot, but he returned at once to his wigwam, where he exchanged his gun for the weapons of his fathers, a bow and arrows, and a long fish-line. A short, quick stalk, and the muskrat, still eating a flagroot, was within thirty feet. The fish-line was coiled on the ground and then attached to an arrow, the bow bent—zip—the arrow picked up the line, coil after coil, and trans-fixed the muskrat. Splash! and the animal was gone under the ice.

But the cord was in the hands of the hunter; a little gentle pulling and the rat came to view, to be despatched with a stick and secured. Had he shot it with a gun, it had surely been lost.

He returned to his camp, ate his frugal breakfast, and fed a small, wolfish-looking yellow dog that was tied in the lodge.

He skinned the muskrat carefully, first cutting a slit across the rear and then turning the skin back like a glove, till it was off to the snout; a bent stick thrust into this held it stretched, till in a day, it was dry and ready for market. The body, carefully cleaned, he hung in the shade to furnish another meal.

As he worked, there were sounds of trampling in the woods, and presently a tall, rough-looking man, with a red nose and a curling white moustache, came striding through brush and leaves. He stopped when he saw the Indian, stared contemptuously at the quarry of the morning chase, made a scornful remark about “rat-eater,” and went on toward the wigwam, probably to peer in, but the Indian's slow, clear, “keep away!” changed his plan. He grumbled something about “copper-coloured tramp,” and started away in the direction of the nearest farmhouse.

Chapter 2. Rolf Kittering and the Soldier Uncle

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A feller that chatters all the time is bound to talk a certain amount of drivel.—The Sayings of Si Sylvanne

This was the Crow Moon, the white man's March. The Grass Moon was at hand, and already the arrow bands of black-necked honkers were passing northward from the coast, sending down as they flew the glad tidings that the Hunger Moon was gone, that spring was come, yea, even now was in the land. And the flicker clucked from a high, dry bough, the spotted woodwale drummed on his chosen branch, the partridge drummed in the pine woods, and in the sky the wild ducks, winging, drummed their way. What wonder that the soul of the Indian should seek expression in the drum and the drum song of his race?

Presently, as though remembering something, he went quietly to the southward under the ridge, just where it breaks to let the brook go by, along the edge of Strickland's Plain, and on that hill of sliding stone he found, as he always had, the blue-eyed liver-leaf smiling, the first sweet flower of spring! He did not gather it, he only sat down and looked at it. He did not smile, or sing, or utter words, or give it a name, but he sat beside it and looked hard at it, and, in the first place, he went there knowingly to find it. Who shall say that its beauty did not reach his soul?

He took out his pipe and tobacco bag, but was reminded of something lacking—the bag was empty. He returned to his wigwam, and from their safe hanger or swinging shelf

overhead, he took the row of stretched skins, ten muskrats and one mink, and set out along a path which led southward through the woods to the broad, open place called Strickland's Plain, across that, and over the next rock ridge to the little town and port of Myanos.

SILAS PECK
Trading Store

was the sign over the door he entered. Men and women were buying and selling, but the Indian stood aside shyly until all were served, and Master Peck cried out:

“Ho, Quonab! what have ye got for trade to-day?”

Quonab produced his furs. The dealer looked at them narrowly and said:

“They are too late in the season for primes; I cannot allow you more than seven cents each for the rats and seventy-five cents for the mink, all trade.”

The Indian gathered up the bundle with an air of “that settles it,” when Silas called out:

“Come now, I'll make it ten cents for the rats.”

“Ten cents for rats, one dollar for mink, all cash, then I buy what I like,” was the reply.

It was very necessary to Silas's peace that no customer of his should cross the street to the sign,

SILAS MEAD
Trading Store

So the bargain, a fair one now, was made, and the Indian went off with a stock of tobacco, tea, and sugar.

His way lay up the Myanos River, as he had one or two traps set along the banks for muskrats, although in constant danger of having them robbed or stolen by boys, who considered this an encroachment on their trapping grounds.

After an hour he came to Dumpling Pond, then set out for his home, straight through the woods, till he reached the Catrock line, and following that came to the farm and ramshackle house of Micky Kittering. He had been told that the man at this farm had a fresh deer hide for sale, and hoping to secure it, Quonab walked up toward the house. Micky was coming from the barn when he saw the Indian. They recognized each other at a glance. That was enough for Quonab; he turned away. The farmer remembered that he had been “insulted.” He vomited a few oaths, and strode after the Indian, “To take it out of his hide”; his purpose was very clear. The Indian turned quickly, stood, and looked calmly at Michael.

Some men do not know the difference between shyness and cowardice, but they are apt to find it out unexpectedly Something told the white man, “Beware! this red man is dangerous.” He muttered something about, “Get out of that, or I'll send for a constable.” The Indian stood gazing coldly, till the farmer backed off out of sight, then he himself turned away to the woods.

Kittering was not a lovely character. He claimed to have been a soldier. He certainly looked the part, for his fierce white moustache was curled up like horns on his purple face, at each side of his red nose, in a most milita style. His shoulders were square and his gait was swaggering, beside which, he had an array of swear words that was new and tremendously impressive in Connecticut. He had married late in life a woman who would have made him a good wife, had he allowed her. But, a drunkard himself he set deliberately about bringing his wife to his own ways and

with most lamentable success. They had had no children, but some months before a brother's child, fifteen-year-old lad, had become a charge on their hands and, with any measure of good management, would have been a blessing to all. But Micky had gone too far. His original weak good-nature was foundered in rum. Always blustery and frothy, he divided the world in two—superior officers, before whom he grovelled, and inferiors to whom he was a mouthy, foul-tongued, contemptible bully, in spite of a certain lingering kindness of heart that showed itself at such rare times when he was neither roaring drunk nor crucified by black reaction. His brother's child, fortunately, had inherited little of the paternal family traits, but in both body and brain favoured his mother, the daughter of a learned divine who had spent unusual pains on her book education, but had left her penniless and incapable of changing that condition.

Her purely mental powers and peculiarities were such that, a hundred years before, she might have been burned for a witch, and fifty years later might have been honoured as a prophetess. But she missed the crest of the wave both ways and fell in the trough; her views on religious matters procured neither a witch's grave nor a prophet's crown, but a sort of village contempt.

The Bible was her standard—so far so good—but she emphasized the wrong parts of it. Instead of magnifying the damnation of those who follow not the truth (as the village understood it), she was content to semi-quote:

“Those that are not against me are with me,” and “A kind heart is the mark of His chosen.” And then she made a final utterance, an echo really of her father: “If any man do

anything sincerely, believing that thereby he is worshipping God, he is worshipping God.”

Then her fate was sealed, and all who marked the blazing eyes, the hollow cheeks, the yet more hollow chest and cough, saw in it all the hand of an offended God destroying a blasphemer, and shook their heads knowingly when the end came.

So Rolf was left alone in life, with a common school education, a thorough knowledge of the Bible and of “Robinson Crusoe,” a vague tradition of God everywhere, and a deep distrust of those who should have been his own people.

The day of the little funeral he left the village of Redding to tramp over the unknown road to the unknown south where his almost unknown Uncle Michael had a farm and, possibly, a home for him.

Fifteen miles that day, a night's rest in a barn, twenty-five miles the next day, and Rolf had found his future home.

“Come in, lad,” was the not unfriendly reception, for his arrival was happily fallen on a brief spell of good humour, and a strong, fifteen-year-old boy is a distinct asset on a farm.

Chapter 3. Rolf Catches a Coon and Finds a Friend

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Aunt Prue, sharp-eyed and red-nosed, was actually shy at first, but all formality vanished as Rolf was taught the mysteries of pig-feeding, hen-feeding, calf-feeding, cow-milking, and launched by list only in a vast number of duties familiar to him from his babyhood. What a list there was. An outsider might have wondered if Aunt Prue was saving anything for herself, but Rolf was used to toil. He worked without ceasing and did his best, only to learn in time that the best could win no praise, only avert punishment. The spells of good nature arrived more seldom in his uncle's heart. His aunt was a drunken shrew and soon Rolf looked on the days of starving and physical misery with his mother as the days of his happy youth gone by.

He was usually too tired at night and too sleepy in the morning to say his prayers, and gradually he gave it up as a daily habit. The more he saw of his kinsfolk, the more wickedness came to view; and yet it was with a shock that he one day realized that some fowls his uncle brought home by night were there without the owner's knowledge or consent. Micky made a jest of it, and intimated that Rolf would have to “learn to do night work very soon.” This was only one of the many things that showed how evil a place was now the orphan's home.

At first it was not clear to the valiant uncle whether the silent boy was a superior to be feared, or an inferior to be held in fear, but Mick's courage grew with non-resistance,

and blows became frequent; although not harder to bear than the perpetual fault-finding and scolding of his aunt, and all the good his mother had implanted was being shrivelled by the fires of his daily life.

Rolf had no chance to seek for companions at the village store, but an accident brought one to him. Before sunrise one spring morning he went, as usual, to the wood lot pasture for the cow, and was surprised to find a stranger, who beckoned him to come. On going near he saw a tall man with dark skin and straight black hair that was streaked with gray—undoubtedly an Indian. He held up a bag and said, “I got coon in that hole. You hold bag there, I poke him in.” Rolf took the sack readily and held it over the hole, while the Indian climbed the tree to a higher opening, then poked in this with a long pole, till all at once there was a scrambling noise and the bag bulged full and heavy. Rolf closed its mouth triumphantly. The Indian laughed lightly, then swung to the ground.

“Now, what will you do with him?” asked Rolf.

“Train coon dog,” was the answer.

“Where?”

The Indian pointed toward the Asamuk Pond.

“Are you the singing Indian that lives under Ab's Rock?

“Ugh! [*] Some call me that. My name is Quonab.”

“Wait for an hour and then I will come and help,” volunteered Rolf impulsively, for the hunting instinct was strong in him.

The Indian nodded. “Give three yelps if you no find me;” then he shouldered a short stick, from one end of which, at

a safe distance from his back, hung the bag with the coon. And Rolf went home with the cow.

He had acted on hasty impulse in offering to come, but now, in the normal storm state of the household, the difficulties of the course appeared. He cudgelled his brain for some plan to account for his absence, and finally took refuge unwittingly in ancient wisdom: “When you don't know a thing to do, don't do a thing.” Also, “If you can't find the delicate way, go the blunt way.”

So having fed the horses, cleaned the stable, and milked the cow, fed the pigs, the hens, the calf, harnessed the horses, cut and brought in wood for the woodshed, turned out the sheep, hitched the horses to the wagon, set the milk out in the creaming pans, put more corn to soak for the swill barrel, ground the house knife, helped to clear the breakfast things, replaced the fallen rails of a fence, brought up potatoes from the root cellar, all to the maddening music of a scolding tongue, he set out to take the cow back to the wood lot, sullenly resolved to return when ready.

* Ugh (yes) and wah (no) are Indianisms that continue no matter how well the English has been acquired.

Chapter 4. The Coon Hunt Makes Trouble for Rolf

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Not one hour, but nearly three, had passed before Rolf sighted the Pipestave Pond, as it was called. He had never been there before, but three short whoops, as arranged, brought answer and guidance. Quonab was standing on the high rock. When Rolf came he led down to the wigwam on its south side. It was like stepping into a new life. Several of the old neighbours at Redding were hunters who knew the wild Indians and had told him tales that glorified at least the wonderful woodcraft of the red man. Once or twice Rolf had seen Indians travelling through, and he had been repelled by their sordid squalour. But here was something of a different kind; not the Champlain ideal, indeed, for the Indian wore clothes like any poor farmer, except on his head and his feet; his head was bare, and his feet were covered with moccasins that sparkled with beads on the arch. The wigwam was of canvas, but it had one or two of the sacred symbols painted on it. The pot hung over the fire was tin-lined copper, of the kind long made in England for Indian trade, but the smaller dishes were of birch bark and basswood. The gun and the hunting knife were of white man's make, but the bow, arrows, snowshoes, tom-tom, and a quill-covered gun case were of Indian art, fashioned of the things that grow in the woods about.

The Indian led into the wigwam. The dog, although not fully grown, growled savagely as it smelled the hated white man odour. Quonab gave the puppy a slap on the head,

which is Indian for, “Be quiet; he's all right;” loosed the rope, and led the dog out. “Bring that,” and the Indian pointed to the bag which hung from a stick between two trees. The dog sniffed suspiciously in the direction of the bag and growled, but he was not allowed to come near it. Rolf tried to make friends with the dog, but without success and Quonab said, “Better let Skookum [*] alone. He make friends when he ready—maybe never.”

The two hunters now set out for the open plain, two or three hundred yards to the southward. Here the raccoon was dumped out of the sack, and the dog held at a little distance, until the coon had pulled itself together and began to run. Now the dog was released and chivvied on. With a tremendous barking he rushed at the coon, only to get a nip that made him recoil, yelping. The coon ran as hard as it could, the dog and hunters came after it; again it was overtaken, and, turning with a fierce snarl, it taught the dog a second lesson. Thus, running, dodging, and turning to fight, the coon got back to the woods, and there made a final stand under a small, thick tree; and, when the dog was again repulsed, climbed quickly up into the branches.

The hunters did all they could to excite the dog, until he was jumping about, trying to climb the tree, and barking uproariously. This was exactly what they wanted. Skookum's first lesson was learned—the duty of chasing the big animal of that particular smell, then barking up the tree it had climbed.

Quonab, armed with a forked stick and a cord noose, now went up the tree. After much trouble he got the noose around the coon's neck, then, with some rather rough

handling, the animal was dragged down, maneuvered into the sack, and carried back to camp, where it was chained up to serve in future lessons; the next two or three being to tree the coon, as before; in the next, the coon was to be freed and allowed to get out of sight, so that the dog might find it by trailing, and the last, in which the coon was to be trailed, treed, and shot out of the tree, so that the dog should have the final joy of killing a crippled coon, and the reward of a coon-meat feast. But the last was not to be, for the night before it should have taken place the coon managed to slip its bonds, and nothing but the empty collar and idle chain were found in the captive's place next morning.

These things were in the future however. Rolf was intensely excited over all he had seen that day. His hunting instincts were aroused. There had been no very obvious or repellant cruelty; the dog alone had suffered, but he seemed happy. The whole affair was so exactly in the line of his tastes that the boy was in a sort of ecstatic uplift, and already anticipating a real coon hunt, when the dog should be properly trained. The episode so contrasted with the sordid life he had left an hour before that he was spellbound. The very animal smell of the coon seemed to make his fibre tingle. His eyes were glowing with a wild light. He was so absorbed that he did not notice a third party attracted by the unusual noise of the chase, but the dog did. A sudden, loud challenge called all attention to a stranger on the ridge behind the camp. There was no mistaking the bloated face and white moustache of Rolf's uncle.

“So, you young scut! that is how you waste your time. I'll larn ye a lesson.”

The dog was tied, the Indian looked harmless, and the boy was cowed, so the uncle's courage mounted high. He had been teaming in the nearby woods, and the blacksnake whip was in his hands. In a minute its thong was lapped, like a tongue of flame, around Rolf's legs. The boy gave a shriek and ran, but the man followed and furiously plied the whip. The Indian, supposing it was Rolf's father, marvelled at his method of showing affection, but said nothing, for the Fifth Commandment is a large one in the wigwam. Rolf dodged some of the cruel blows, but was driven into a corner of the rock. One end of the lash crossed his face like a red-hot wire.

“Now I've got you!” growled the bully.

Rolf was desperate. He seized two heavy stones and hurled the first with deadly intent at his uncle's head. Mick dodged in time, but the second, thrown lower, hit him on the thigh. Mick gave a roar of pain. Rolf hastily seized more stones and shrieked out, “You come on one step and I'll kill you!”

Then that purple visage turned a sort of ashen hue. Its owner mouthed in speechless rage. He “knew it was the Indian had put Rolf up to it. He'd see to it later,” and muttering, blasting, frothing, the hoary-headed sinner went limping off to his loaded wagon.

* “Skookum” or “Skookum Chuck,” in Chinook means “Troubled
waters.”

Chapter 5. Good-bye to Uncle Mike

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For counsel comes with the night, and action comes with the day; But the gray half light, neither dark nor bright, is a time to hide away.

Rolf had learned one thing at least—his uncle was a coward. But he also knew that he himself was in the wrong, for he was neglecting his work and he decided to go back at once and face the worst. He made little reply to the storm of scolding that met him. He would have been disappointed if it had not come. He was used to it; it made him feel at home once more. He worked hard and silently.

Mick did not return till late. He had been drawing wood for Horton that day, which was the reason he happened in Quonab's neighbourhood; but his road lay by the tavern, and when he arrived home he was too helpless to do more than mutter.

The next day there was an air of suspended thunder. Rolf overheard his uncle cursing “that ungrateful young scut—not worth his salt.” But nothing further was said or done. His aunt did not strike at him once for two days. The third night Micky disappeared. On the next he returned with another man; they had a crate of fowls, and Rolf was told to keep away from “that there little barn.”

So he did all morning, but he peeped in from the hayloft when a chance came, and saw a beautiful horse. Next day the “little barn” was open and empty as before.

That night this worthy couple had a jollification with some callers, who were strangers to Rolf. As he lay awake,

listening to the carouse, he overheard many disjointed allusions that he did not understand, and some that he could guess at: “Night work pays better than day work any time,” etc. Then he heard his own name and a voice, “Let's go up and settle it with him now.” Whatever their plan, it was clear that the drunken crowd, inspired by the old ruffian, were intent on doing him bodily harm. He heard them stumbling and reeling up the steep stairs. He heard, “Here, gimme that whip,” and knew he was in peril, maybe of his life, for they were whiskey-mad. He rose quickly, locked the door, rolled up an old rag carpet, and put it in his bed. Then he gathered his clothes on his arm, opened the window, and lowered himself till his head only was above the sill, and his foot found a resting place. Thus he awaited. The raucous breathing of the revellers was loud on the stairs; then the door was tried; there was some muttering; then the door was burst open and in rushed two, or perhaps three, figures. Rolf could barely see in the gloom, but he knew that his uncle was one of them. The attack they made with whip and stick on that roll of rags in the bed would have broken his bones and left him shapeless, had he been in its place. The men were laughing and took it all as a joke, but Rolf had seen enough; he slipped to the ground and hurried away, realizing perfectly well now that this was “good-bye.”

Which way? How naturally his steps turned northward toward Redding, the only other place he knew. But he had not gone a mile before he stopped. The yapping of a coon dog came to him from the near woods that lay to the westward along Asamuk. He tramped toward it. To find the

dog is one thing, to find the owner another; but they drew near at last. Rolf gave the three yelps and Quonab responded.

“I am done with that crowd,” said the boy. “They tried to kill me tonight. Have you got room for me in your wigwam for a couple of days?”

“Ugh, come,” said the Indian.

That night, for the first time, Rolf slept in the outdoor air of a wigwam. He slept late, and knew nothing of the world about him till Quonab called him to breakfast.

Chapter 6. Skookum Accepts Rolf at Last

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Rolf expected that Micky would soon hear of his hiding place and come within a few days, backed by a constable, to claim his runaway ward. But a week went by and Quonab, passing through Myanos, learned, first, that Rolf had been seen tramping northward on the road to Dumpling Pond, and was now supposed to be back in Redding; second, that Micky Kittering was lodged in jail under charge of horse-stealing and would certainly get a long sentence; third, that his wife had gone back to her own folks at Norwalk, and the house was held by strangers.

All other doors were closed now, and each day that drifted by made it the more clear that Rolf and Quonab were to continue together. What boy would not exult at the thought of it? Here was freedom from a brutal tyranny that was crushing out his young life; here was a dream of the wild world coming true, with gratification of all the hunter instincts that he had held in his heart for years, and nurtured in that single, ragged volume of “Robinson Crusoe.” The plunge was not a plunge, except it be one when an eagle, pinion-bound, is freed and springs from a cliff of the mountain to ride the mountain wind.

The memory of that fateful cooning day was deep and lasting. Never afterward did smell of coon fail to bring it back; in spite of the many evil incidents it was a smell of joy.

“Where are you going, Quonab?” he asked one morning, as he saw the Indian rise at dawn and go forth with his song drum, after warming it at the fire. He pointed up to the rock, and for the first time Rolf heard the chant for the sunrise. Later he heard the Indian's song for “Good Hunting,” and another for “When His Heart Was Bad.” They were prayers or praise, all addressed to the Great Spirit, or the Great Father, and it gave Rolf an entirely new idea of the red man, and a startling light on himself. Here was the Indian, whom no one considered anything but a hopeless pagan, praying to God for guidance at each step in life, while he himself, supposed to be a Christian, had not prayed regularly for months—was in danger of forgetting how.

Yet there was one religious observance that Rolf never forgot—that was to keep the Sabbath, and on that day each week he did occasionally say a little prayer his mother had taught him. He avoided being seen at such times and did not speak of kindred doings. Whereas Quonab neither hid nor advertised his religious practices, and it was only after many Sundays had gone that Quonab remarked:

“Does your God come only one day of the week? Does He sneak in after dark? Why is He ashamed that you only whisper to Him? Mine is here all the time. I can always reach Him with my song; all days are my Sunday.”

The evil memories of his late life were dimming quickly, and the joys of the new one growing. Rolf learned early that, although one may talk of the hardy savage, no Indian seeks