

hunting trips, but Dale with a few of his most adventurous companions hired a crew of natives and started on a hunting expedition up the Little Biobio, a large tributary from the south, the country of the Araucanians. It is a beautiful region, the foliage on the river banks, the flowers, and the strange birds and animals making it wonderfully attractive to our adventurers.

"Just before nightfall they pulled up at an Araucanian village. The chief of the crew, called Jumbo, talked Spanish fairly well, and he acted as interpreter. His services at once became valuable, for no sooner had Dale and his party landed than at a peculiar whistle a hundred muscular natives, armed with long lances, seemed to rise from the very ground around them. But it was all right when Jumbo explained their friendly mission and sent a present to the toquis or king, for they were in the capital of the Northland of Araucania.

"A strange people these Araucanians. They are the only natives on this side of the globe who have never been conquered. Spain learned to her sorrow that they couldn't be subdued, for though the Spanish volley brought half of their ranks down, the warriors left rushed in with their lances, an array that Spanish troops could not cope with hand to hand. They are a half civilized race, probably numbering less than a hundred thousand, industrious, brave and free. Kakomet was toquis of the Northland, comprising one-fourth of the nation, and to his rude palace Dale and his party were ushered.

"Jumbo was in his glory, acting as mouthpiece for both sides. The toquis welcomed the visitors, and insisted that they should sleep in his house, though probably that he might the better watch them; and he gave them dozens of skins to lie on. There is no prouder people in all the earth than the Araucanians. Though they are usually styled Indians, they have the germs of the old Mexican-Peruvian blood in their veins, and are the only living illustrations of true native American manhood that has never bowed the neck.

"Kakomet was a peculiar man; his life had had its romance for many years ago he had married a white woman, a Spanish missionary. Under what circumstances no one seemed to know, and no one dared to ask. A few years ago she had died, but she left him a daughter, little Nakomis.

"This child was dearer than his heart. She belonged to a higher world than he, and he worshipped her. Not for the world would