

ceived their fate at the hands of the great White God for venturing into its dwelling with unhallowed feet, Kiamichi and his warriors left. But, strange to relate, the treasure which they took was nowhere to be found, even by the most diligent search, and to this day its hiding-place is a mystery. The cave, however, is somewhere in this neighborhood.'

"After finishing which tale, Wewoka gave a grunt of relief, and, rolling into his blanket, fell asleep. But, try as I might, I could not get this story out of my head. The knowledge that there was a buried treasure in the vicinity was constantly before my mind, and at last I was forced to admit that I was becoming a treasure-seeker. Day after day I prowled over the hills in all directions, but never did I see aught of any cave. My sole object now in remaining in the woods was to find the hidden wealth. But, as the days wore on, and no clues presented themselves, I gave up hope, and was about to leave for home, when a new tie arose to keep me in the forest.

"I had been out one day for game, and was returning, early in the afternoon, empty-handed, when suddenly, 'Whirr! whirr!' and a wild goose rose from the lake, on whose beach I was walking, and flew directly over my head. Raising my rifle to my shoulder, I took hurried aim and discharged both barrels in quick succession, and with a loud squawk he fell fluttering to the ground. It was a difficult shot, and I was proud of its result. So I hurried forward to secure my prize. But I had reckoned without my host, for when I reached the spot where he had fallen he was nowhere to be seen. Off to my right, however, was a slight movement of the bushes, and guessing that my wounded goose had determined to escape on foot I started in swift pursuit.

"And a 'wild goose chase' it was, to be sure. Several times I caught sight of him, with his left wing trailing on the ground, running painfully along ahead of me. But the spirit of the chase had caught me, and I was determined to have him. On and on, over stones and brambles I raced, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the wounded bird, only a few paces ahead, reeling as though about to fall. Knowing that the end was near, I dropped my gun and made a swift leap forward to grasp him, just in time to see him vanish with a dying squawk over the edge of a cliff. Here was a pretty state of affairs, indeed. But I was determined to have that bird, though it cost me my life. After recovering my gun, I returned to the edge of the precipice and peered over.