

stool, her feet protruded from beneath the blanket, covered with prettily beaded moccasins.

"Her head was bent over the basket she was weaving, but as if she had felt our presence she looked up quickly. An almost convulsive tremble shook her form the instant she saw us, but she did not scream. A frightened, wild look appeared in her face, but her large, sparkling eyes had rather a soft, pleading expression as she looked at us; then, with a blush plainly perceptible even through her dark skin, she dropped her pretty lashes and sat motionless as a wild animal at bay.

"A moment we stood spellbound with admiration and surprise, then Eaton grasped my arm and pulled me away. I heard a deep sigh from him, and I must confess that for an instant I felt a mad craving for the free wild life of the woods. Surely this beautiful maiden would be willing to teach me the craft of her race.

"Trembling with an excitement I could not understand, I hurried back with Eaton to where our cameras lay, and as soon as I could pick mine up I started back. But Eaton, grasping my arm, exclaimed:

"'For heaven's sake, man, what are you going to do? Keep away from there if you value your life. Don't you know that Indians have a frantic terror of a camera. They call it the eye of the devil. Why, that old buck would shoot you on the spot. The girl herself would plunge a dagger into your heart. Come along with me.'

"I stood looking at Eaton in amazement, for I had never heard of this superstition, and started along with him. But before I had gone ten steps, my love of adventure got the better of my discretion.

"'Eaton, I'm going to have a picture of that girl if I die for it.'

"'Well, you're a fool, and you go it alone,' he replied.

"Having watched us beyond the edge of the thicket, the girl had returned to her work. With a guilty air I sneaked up cautiously, and finding the buck still asleep, stole around the corner of the tent with my camera all ready for the snap.

"Yes, there she was, working away with her head bent over her work. Expectant as I was, the spell was even stronger than before. The charming grace of this gentle wood nymph almost made me forget my purpose, and I wondered if Longfellow's Minnehaha, or Multnomah of the Columbia could have been as