

until Knight's body was found and him dead, he did not want the prisoners hung, and at his own expense he hunted up Knight, when the prisoners were allowed to go free, thus vindicating entirely the work of strangers and believers in their guilt. What became of Knight I never knew.

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THE FLYING ARROW.

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INDIANS are strange people in many ways, and one of the strangest things about them is their power of following the slightest track left by man or beast, however lightly or carefully they may have trodden to avoid pursuit.

There is a story told about a hunter, who having killed a deer, cut off a joint of venison and hung it on the highest nail in his wigwam or hut—a kind of tent all covered with skins.

Then he went off to collect dry leaves and sticks with which to kindle a fire, for of course no such things as coals were known to the "Flying Arrow," as he was called, for these Indians have no real name.

Presently he came back with his well-filled arms; but lo, and behold! his fine joint had vanished. He looked carefully about, but no sign of the thief was there; at least, we should never have found any, had we looked ever so closely.

But our Indian caught up his club, and away he went straight through the forest. He had not gone long before he met a neighbor, who, seeing him go along with his eyes fixed on the ground, asked him what trail he was on.

"I seek," said "Flying Arrow," "a little old man carrying a short gun. He is followed by a little dog with a stumpy, bushy tail. This man is a thief; he has entered my wigwam and stolen my venison. I will crush both him and his dog."

“Why, brother,” answered the other, “I met such a man not far from here, and truly, he carried venison on his shoulder; but how couldst thou describe him so nearly, see that thou wert away in the forest?”

“I am in haste,” said Flying arrow, “but listen: I found a pile of stones under the hook where I hung my venison; had the thief not been short, he would not have needed these to stand on. I knew he must be older, for his footsteps were close together; and that he must be a white skin simply because the toes turned out, which, as thou knowest, an Indian’s never do. Had his gun been long, its muzzle would have left no trace on the bark of the tree, as this one had done, as it leaned against it. So thou seest, brother, it was easy, after all, having eyes, to describe the thief.”

“But the cur; how couldst thou tell its size, even to the tail?” asked the other Indian, who was young, as yet, and had not learned the value of close observation.

“Of what use would the eyes of flying Arrow be, had they not shown him at once that the dog’s feet were near together as he walked on the sand, and that the short, bushy tail measured itself when he sat wagging it, watching his master unhooking my dinner? But farewell, brother; I must follow the trail, or I shall be too late to rescue my venison.”

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A NOTABLE EVENT.

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ON the 17th of next June will occur the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Upper Mississippi. In 1541 Hernando De Soto discovered the Lower Mississippi. But the existence of what is now known as the Upper Mississippi, with the natural garden that lies embosomed in its valley, indefinitely denominated the north-west, was a secret known only to God and the Red Man for a hundred and thirty-two years more.

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