

the ruins of the cabin and sheds. As the wind and rain extinguished the light which he carried, a voice seemed to whisper to him, "Your father and mother yet live!" Dropping the brand, he fell to his knees and entreated the Great Spirit to help him find them.

Within a month from the time he left his companions from the land of the Dakotas he was with them again at Upper Sandusky, just as the purple martin had predicted. A few days after his arrival he made his way to Camp Meigs; and Tracy hearing of the presence of

a stranger in camp, sent a messenger to him, inviting him to attend the mission. That night, at the close of the service, the devoted missionary told the story of his lost boy. Wawatan lifting himself to his full height of six feet, walked down the aisle and as he knelt, he laid in Tracy's hand a bit of porcelain and said, "I am Dick Tracy and the blue flowers of my childhood have been the means of bringing me home, not only to my earthly parents, but to the Great Spirit, the Father of the white man.

