

**Florence Lady Dixie**

*Aniwee; or,  
the Warrior  
Queen*

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# **Aniwee; or, the Warrior Queen**

**A tale of the Araucanian Indians and the mythical Trauco people**



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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[INTRODUCTION.](#)

[CHAPTER I.](#)

[CHAPTER II.](#)

[CHAPTER III.](#)

[CHAPTER IV.](#)

[CHAPTER V.](#)

[CHAPTER VI.](#)

[CHAPTER VII.](#)

[CHAPTER VIII.](#)

[CHAPTER IX.](#)

[CHAPTER X.](#)

[CHAPTER XI.](#)

[CHAPTER XII.](#)

[CHAPTER XIII.](#)

[CHAPTER XIV.](#)

[CHAPTER XV.](#)

[CHAPTER XVI.](#)

[CHAPTER XVII.](#)

[CHAPTER XVIII.](#)

[CHAPTER XIX.](#)

[CHAPTER XX.](#)

[CHAPTER XXI.](#)

[CHAPTER XXII.](#)

[CHAPTER XXIII.](#)

[CHAPTER XXIV.](#)

[CHAPTER XXV.](#)

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII. CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

# Dedication.

[Table of Contents](#)

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY,  
THIS VOLUME  
Is respectfully Dedicated,  
BY THE GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.  
God gave thee life,—a life of noble aims,  
Brief, yet inspired by loftiness of thought,—  
Thought, the great offspring of a mighty pow'r,  
Which thou didst wield to lead thy fellow-men  
Along great duty's hard and ruggèd path.  
Thine was a bright example. High aloft  
Thy virtues flash'd their pure inspiring rays,  
Piercing the murky clouds of human sin,  
And lighting up the realm where goodness dwells.  
To know thee was to love thee. Thine the pow'r  
To weave thy spell around the hearts of men.  
A noble life is wondrous, beautiful.  
And such was thine, brief—yea, alas! too brief,—  
Yet not one mis-spent hour could claim of thee  
Its stern account, as o'er the bound'ry line,  
Across the frontier, 'twixt life and death,  
With fearless step thou sought'st the better land.  
They call thee dead! Nay, surely 'tis not Death  
To pass from one world to another realm?  
'Tis but a pilgrimage, a heavenly tour  
Throughout the vast creation of our God.  
Nay, dead thou art not, for thy spirit lives,

And its pure influence will never die.  
Hist'ry will bid the rising youth behold  
A bright example and a stainless life.  
If, then, to others 'tis a beacon light,  
A model for the Imitator's art,  
Ah! surely, brief as was thy sojourn here,  
Thou hast not dwelt amongst us all in vain.  
F. D.





# INTRODUCTION.

[Table of Contents](#)



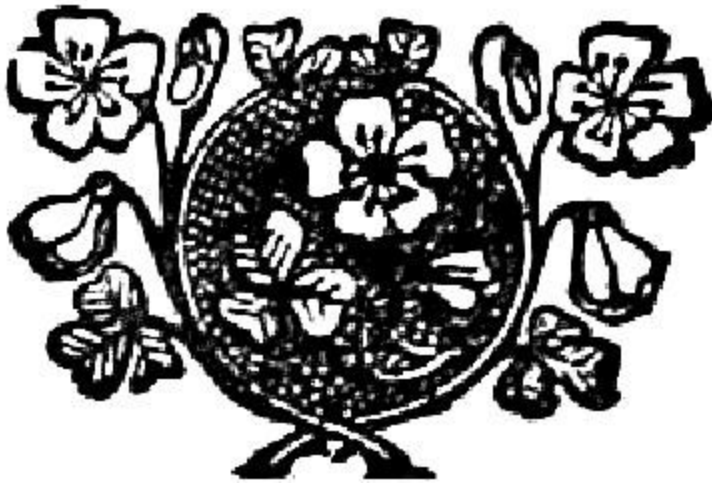
I was once a child myself, and dearly loved those books of adventure which told of strange lands and strange people I had never seen. Yet, when I read about the North American Indians and their wild ways, I would often wonder why there were so few books which told us about the Indians of South America and the beautiful countries contained therein; and I determined some day to visit those lands if I lived, and tell the generation of girls and boys following me all about them. Well, my young friends, I have told you a good deal in "The Young Castaways," and now I am going to tell you still more in the following pages. I am going to tell you about a splendid unexplored country, and several adventures that

happened therein, and I hope some day that some of you will go and see those countries, and penetrate even further into their mysteries, than did the girls and boys who figure in this book. Those amongst you who have read "The Young Castaways" will renew acquaintance with old friends, which, no doubt, will give you pleasure.

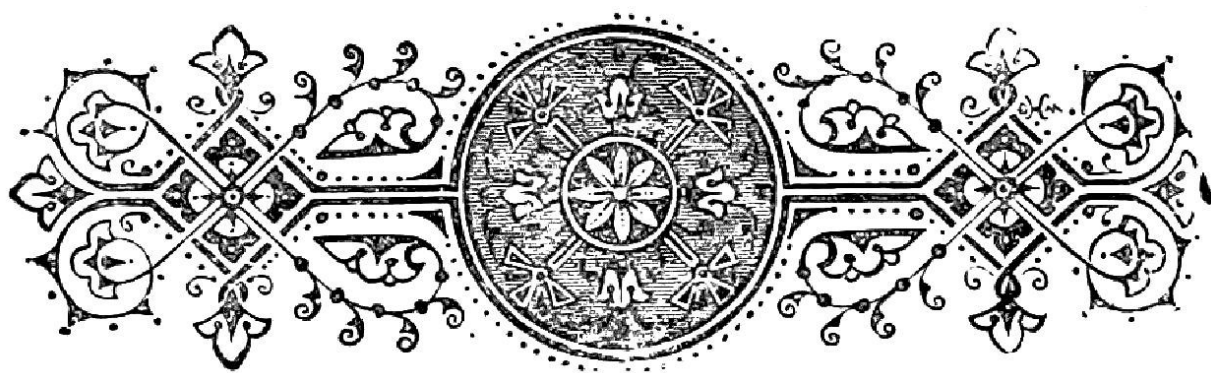
I remain, my dear girls and boys,

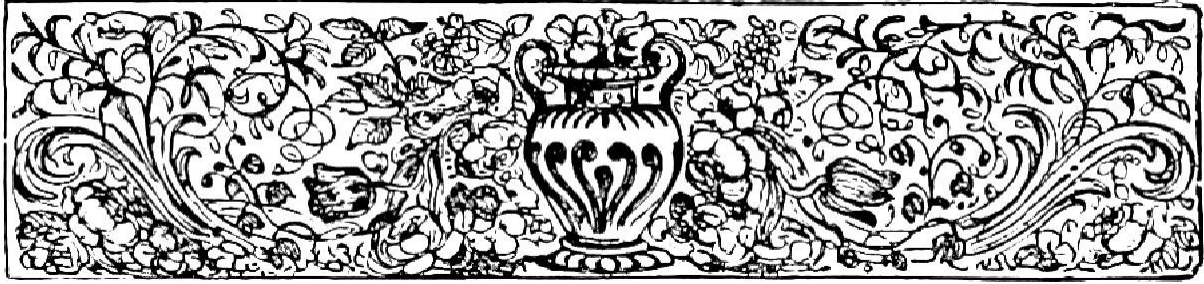
Your sincere friend,

THE AUTHORESS.









ANIWEE;

OR,

*THE WARRIOR QUEEN.*

A TALE OF THE ARAUCANIAN INDIANS AND THE MYTHICAL  
TRAUCO PEOPLE.

# CHAPTER I.

## Table of Contents



Day was drawing to a close. The setting sun was glinting and gleaming on the sparkling mica rocks, which border the deep gorges and high cliffs of the gradually rising ground that leads upwards from the plains of Geylum in Patagonia, to Las Manzanas in the territory of the Araucanian or Warrior Indians. High above the mica rocks rise the hills that skirt the Andes chain, and from the summit of these hills, the scene is one of magnificence and glory.

So thought Aniwee, the youthful Warrior Queen, as she sat astride her horse, and watched the sunlight streaking the Rio Limay far below, and bathing in rose-coloured brilliance the snow-clad Cordilleras, which look down on the wooded ranges of hills beneath them, and which contain the splendid apple groves belonging to the great Manzaneros tribe.

When we last saw Aniwee she had just bidden Harry and Topsie Vane a tender and pathetic farewell. Those who have perused the pages of "The Young Castaways," will remember that she was the only child and daughter of Gilwinikush, head Cacique of the Tehuelches or Patagonian

Indians, and that at the age of fourteen and a half she had married Piñone, the only son of the great Cuastral, Lord of the Araucanian, Manzaneros, Chenna, or Warrior Indians. They will also remember how Aniwee had distinguished herself, how she had won the proud titles of Huntress and Warrior, and how at length she had become one of the Warrior tribe herself.

But Aniwee's spell of wedded life was brief. Scarce a year and a half had passed away, when news was brought to her that Cuastral and Piñone had been treacherously slain by a party of Argentines who had lured them to attend an ostensible peace parliament, the Araucanians and Argentines—or, as these latter were better known to the Indians, the Cristianos—having previously been at war with one another.

Thus at the age of sixteen Aniwee had found herself deprived of her dearly loved husband, and the mother of a little baby girl, his child and hers. And so impressed were the Araucanians with their young Queen's sagacity, courage, and devotion to their interests, that they had, without a dissentient voice, elected the child to be Cacique over them, and appointed Aniwee, its mother, as Queen-Regent.

Surely this was a triumph for Aniwee. Barely over the age of sixteen, and yet indeed a Warrior Queen—Queen of a mighty tribe, famed far and wide for its valour and its deeds of daring and renown.

Yet was Aniwee equal to the occasion. Had she not Cuastral's death and her own Piñone's death to avenge? Was not her beautiful adopted country hemmed in on all

sides by foes—Chilenos on the one hand, Argentines on the other—and should she not fight to the very death in its defence? It was a country well worth fighting for, extending from Las Manzanas on the south to Mendoza far away in the north, and peopled by hundreds of the great Warrior tribe, dwelling in fixed tolderias, many amidst the rich groves of piñones, apples, and araucarias with which the country abounded. Considerable wealth had fallen to her share when the Caciques' deaths were announced, all of which she purposed holding for her child. Large flocks and herds, stores of silver ornaments, immense troupiglias of horses, and numberless ponchos, mantles, etc., were stored away amongst her subjects and in their safe keeping. Her power was absolute, her word law, her army efficient and devoted. Little had Aniwee dreamt, only three years previously, when she chafed and fretted at her seemingly useless life in the Patagonian toldos of her father Gilwinikush, that in so short a time would she wield power over so magnificent a people as the Araucanians.

She had ridden almost to the boundary line of Araucanian territory for the fifth time that day, and had anxiously scanned the distant pampas of Patagonia with the true, unerring eye of an Indian. The reason for this was that ten days previously Aniwee had received joyous news, news which had brought the blood rushing to her cheeks with glad surprise, news in the shape of a letter from Harry and Topsy Vane, her dearly loved white friends, in which they apprised her of their intention to proceed at once to visit her, in the company of their uncle and aunt, Sir Francis and Lady Vane, and their three cousins, Freddy, Willie, and Mary.

On receiving this news, Aniwee was hunting away in the distant hills which fringe the Cordillera range beyond Las Manzanas, but immediately calling together her followers, she bade them summon from different parts three hundred picked warriors, and likewise gave orders to others to proceed at once to Las Manzanas, and prepare there the fixed tolderias for the reception of her white guests. Then Aniwee selected fifty of her best horses, a fine herd of cattle, and a flock of sheep, and sent them forward to the rendezvous, following herself with the little baby Cacique, and attended by the three hundred picked warriors, who had assembled quickly at her summons.

The letter from Harry and Topsie had been written from El Carmen or Patagones on the Rio Negro, and Aniwee had calculated, that if they started at once, they would reach Las Manzanas in ten days. She had sent forward a small escort preceded by a Chasqui, and then settled down to await their coming.

But when the day came for which she had timed their arrival, Aniwee grew feverish with excitement. All the morning and afternoon she had watched for her friends, but there were no signs of their coming. Then, as the sun sunk low over the distant prairies and lit to radiance the snowy Andes far away in the background, the youthful Queen aroused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen, and gave one last glance ahead. At once her dark eyes lit up with eagerness and expectation, a happy smile parted her lips, a low, glad cry escaped them as she stood straight up in her stirrups and waved a silken handkerchief around her head. The next moment she unslung from off her shoulders

a neat Winchester repeater, and through the still evening air in quick succession rung the sharp reports of the rifle. A pre-arranged signal, evidently; for no sooner did these reports ring forth, than far down in a valley beneath, a succession of bright fires began to shoot up, a Union Jack flag floated from a high pole, and dusky forms came and went amid the lurid glare.

Just a faint cloud on the pampa. That was all that Aniwee's gaze had rested upon, and yet her practised sight could not deceive her. She knew full well that it heralded the approach of a party of mounted persons, and Aniwee had not the slightest doubt as to who these persons were.

They were coming on at a smart pace, and the young Queen, after taking stock of the distance which yet lay between her and her white friends, turned her horse's head in the direction of the Indian camp. A pretty steep descent she had to make, too, in order to reach it; but her steed was wary and sure-footed, and with the blood of the bagual or wild horse in him, not likely to make a mistake.

On reaching the tolderias Aniwee found her warriors busy adorning themselves with bright-coloured ponchos, and fastening on their silver spurs. A troupe of horses had been driven up, and the owners were picking out their steeds therefrom, and saddling and bridling them.

Each warrior carried a long lance, from the point of which a small pennon fluttered, and many of the Caciques and Caciquillos were conspicuous for the richness of their attire and the brightness of their silver ornaments.

A small boy, gaudily dressed, was awaiting outside Aniwee's tolderia, and as she rode up respectfully held her



bridle rein. As she sprung from her horse, a young man stepped forward to meet her.

If abundance of fine clothes, gleaming ornaments, and jingling spurs can make a man handsome in a woman's eyes, then Inacayal might be styled good-looking. Now Inacayal was a Cacique of high degree, being none other than the son of Quintuhual, brother of the great Cuastral, and therefore first cousin to Piñone, Aniwee's dead husband. In the natural course of events, and in accordance with the laws hitherto prevailing amongst the Araucanians, Inacayal ought to have been proclaimed paramount Cacique on the death of Cuastral and Piñone, inasmuch as this latter's child was *only a girl*. But the example of Aniwee had so impressed the warriors, and both Piñone and Cuastral had been so highly respected and loved by the great tribe, that by a vast majority this people had declared that Guardia, Piñone's baby girl, should reign over them; and, as we have already seen, Aniwee had been appointed Queen-Regent, with the full powers of an absolute Cacique.

Now this arrangement did not at all suit the ambition of Inacayal, who had every desire to wield the power entrusted to Aniwee. Had not he, Inacayal, accompanied Cuastral and Piñone on their great raid? Had he not, with his own eyes, seen them treacherously killed, and their bodies carried off by the Cristianos, and had he not brought back the news, expecting to see himself at once proclaimed Cacique? His anger and disappointment may well be imagined when affairs took the turn described, and he found himself supplanted by a mere baby, and a girl.

But Inacayal, though he had thought it politic to assume an air of submission and acquiescence, was far from feeling well disposed towards Aniwee. Very bitterly did he resent her intrusion where he had hoped to stand alone, and he had secretly made up his mind to work not only her destruction, but that of the little Guardia as well. A very King John was this crafty Inacayal.

“Do the friends of the Great Queen draw nigh?” he inquired, with a smile, after saluting Aniwee Indian fashion, by raising his right hand, shading his right eye, and touching his forehead with his thumb, middle, and right fingers.

“Yes, Inacayal,” she answered, with a glad laugh, “and they will be here ere the sun seeks its rest. Do you form up the companies of our warriors while I deck myself as befits a Warrior Queen.”

The young man’s eyes sparkled with anger and rage at these words, but deftly concealing his feelings, he again saluted respectfully and retired, Aniwee passing into her own *tolderia*.

This erection stood some seventeen feet high, being spacious enough inside to accommodate fifty persons. It was closed in all round by skin coverings, the doorway being fronted by a curtain of gay-coloured silk. All round the *tolderia* ran a kind of verandah, the canopy of which was formed of interwoven branches covered with bright green leaves. A small Union Jack flag ornamented the top of this structure, which inside possessed an air of comfort and civilisation, quite strange to behold. Several beds, made of the soft warm skins of the vicuña and guanaco, and raised from the ground on neatly arranged blocks of wood, stood

side by side in line; and shields, bows and arrows, spears, guns and rifles, puma, guanaco, and vicuña heads were tastefully and skilfully hung from the woodwork and pine-posts, to which the hide walls of this spacious dwelling were attached. Lying on one of these beds, and cosily wrapped in a magnificent skunk and wild cat fur capa, was a little copper-coloured baby, with large dark eyes and a solemn grave face. Its tiny hands grasped two small silver bell ornaments, which they jingled together unceasingly. Every now and then the baby would break into a joyous laugh and crow with delight, sounds which instantly chased away the solemn look on its face, and brought in its place a merry, happy expression.

When Aniwee entered, baby at once dropped its playthings, and stretching out its little arms to the girl, gave vent to sounds of delight, judging by the smiles that wreathed its well-formed dark red lips. The young Queen at once responded to its evident invitation to approach, and crossing to the bed, lifted the tiny mite in her arms.

“Guardia, child of my heart,” she exclaimed tenderly, as the little creature clasped her round the neck, “was Guardia looking for Mamita?” Again the little Guardia crowed and laughed. She could not speak, being barely eight months old, but she could show how much she loved her young mother by the numberless caresses which she bestowed upon her.

Aniwee had however the important duty to perform of arraying herself in warrior attire.

“Graviel,” she called; and as she spoke a tall slim Indian youth arose from the side of the baby Cacique’s bed, by

which he had been keeping watch. Whenever Aniwee left the child she always placed it in the care of this boy, for she knew that she could trust him. He had been Piñone's favourite attendant, and Graviel worshipped the very ground that Aniwee trod on. He would have died before harm befel his charge.

"Graviel, take the Cacique," observed Aniwee gravely, "and amuse her."

The Indian youth obeyed, handling his baby chieftainess with the greatest care, and in a few moments he had completely engrossed her attention by singing to her in a low chanting voice.

Meanwhile Aniwee turned her attention to her attire. Drawing aside a silken curtain, she entered an alcove in the tolderia, which was reserved as her robing room, and was soon busy, aided by her Indian women. When she issued therefrom she looked splendid indeed. A magnificent crimson poncho hung over her shoulders adorned with sparkling golden threads, and she had on snowy-white drawers and neat potro boots, upon which silver spurs jingled. A short sword in a bright silver scabbard hung by her side, and on her head, poised slightly on one side, was a cap of crimson velvet encircled by a band of massive silver, from which drooped two grey ostrich feathers. Decidedly Aniwee looked very handsome, and every inch a Queen.

Under the soothing influence of Graviel's chant the baby Queen had fallen asleep, and lay peacefully in the arms of her faithful young retainer. Bending over her, the girl mother imprinted a gentle kiss on her forehead. Even as she

did so, the far-off sound of a bugle-call penetrated to the tolderia, and brought Aniwee at once to attention.

“Quick, Graviel!” she exclaimed. “Take the Cacique to Blanca, and bid her put the child to rest, and do you keep watch on the tolderia. Yonder bugle heralds the approach of the great British Caciques, whom Aniwee must hasten to welcome.”

A loud shout from three hundred warrior throats greeted her appearance. A milk-white horse waited her in front of the tolderia. In a moment Aniwee was in the saddle, and looking eagerly ahead. Ah! yes, indeed, her white friends were near. There was no mistaking Harry Vane’s loud and familiar “whoo whoop.” The next instant the white horse swept up the valley at full speed in the van of three hundred shouting warriors, brandishing their spears, firing off their guns, and charging upon the advancing party.





## CHAPTER II.

### Table of Contents



It may be naturally surmised that Sir Francis and Lady Vane and their children, who had never before witnessed a South American Indian "Ceremony of Welcome," were not a little startled on beholding Aniwee and her warriors charging to meet them in apparently so warlike a fashion. But to Harry and Topsy, it was neither an unusual nor a terrifying sight, accustomed as they had been during their sojourn amongst the Patagonians to scenes and occurrences of a like nature. Knowing, however, the punctilious etiquette of both Patagonians and Araucanians, in the matter of going religiously through the whole ceremony, our two young friends drew rein, and with a few reassuring words to their uncle, aunt, and cousins, awaited the Araucanian charge.

"It's all right, Uncle Francis," volunteered the young midshipman (for Harry had long overstepped the important boundary which separates the naval cadet from the midshipman); "they are not going to hurt us. But I say, watch them closely and all they do; for directly they form up quiet into line, we must go through exactly the same form of



antics as they. Oh, Topsy! do look," he continued somewhat eagerly; "there's Aniwee, dear little Aniwee, as I live."

"Little indeed," laughed his sister slyly as she criticised the tall, graceful figure of the young Amazon on the rapidly approaching white horse. "If I'm not very much mistaken, Harry, old boy, she's bigger than you. My word, she has grown since we saw her last!"

Ere Harry could reply, Aniwee and her warriors were upon them. Halting suddenly when within fifty paces of the newcomers, the warriors formed rapidly into columns of three abreast, and began galloping madly around the small party, firing off their guns and revolvers, shouting and yelling, and waving their bolas around their heads. This having been continued for several minutes, ranks were suddenly opened, and each man charged forward shouting, "Koue," and thrusting at an imaginary foe. The supposed enemy having been dislodged, a halt was sounded, the Indians formed quickly into several long lines, and remained motionless as statues, conspicuous at their head being Aniwee, Inacayal, and other Caciques and Caciquillos.

"Now, aunt, now, uncle, come on, Freddy, Willie, and Mary, it's our turn," cried Topsy, as she brought her horse alongside her brother's, and beckoned to Willie to fall in on the other side of her. The Araucanian escort, which had been sent forward by Aniwee to meet them, quickly formed into threes, and in another moment the little party were galloping as madly as the others had done, around the long lines of solemn Araucanians. Joining in the scrimmage, with loud barks of glee, was Topsy's dog Shag, our dear old friend Shag of Castaway renown.

The shouting, firing, and galloping having come to an end, Harry and Topsyie at once rode up to Aniwee with loud cries of welcome. It is not easy to describe the joy of the Indian girl at seeing her old friends again; for the Indian character is phlegmatic, and by no means demonstrative in its affections; and although Aniwee was an exception to this rule, she had a part to play before her warriors, and was bound to look dignified, as befitted a great Cacique.

But Harry and Topsyie could see tears in her great dark eyes as she clasped their hands, and bade them welcome to Araucanian soil. They had heard all about the deaths of Cuastral and Piñone, and therefore avoided touching on delicate and painful ground by alluding to them.

“How big you have grown, Aniwee!” exclaimed Topsyie, after the first greetings were over, and the Queen, with her guests, was riding along the valley towards the tolderias, followed by her warriors. “We left you a child, but you look like a woman now.”

“Aniwee is a woman,” answered the Indian girl with all the dignity of sixteen and a half summers. “Aniwee is no longer a child.”

They were conversing in Spanish, a language which, by the way, Harry had “got up” sufficiently to make himself understood in view of the visit to Aniwee. “He wasn’t going to be made a fool of again, and look like one, as had been the case in Patagonia,” he had declared, “when all the speaking and interpreting had been done by Topsyie, and he had had to sit by and act the part of audience.” Of course, now that he had become a Spanish scholar, this was no longer necessary, and he rejoiced thereat exceedingly.

"Of course you are not a child now, Aniwee," he answered in a somewhat important tone. "We are all three grown up. Let me see, you are sixteen and a half, and I and my sister celebrated our seventeenth birthday a few days ago. We are all of a great age." Harry possessed the knack of saying funny things with a face grave as an owl. His remark tickled Topsy immensely, but was received by Aniwee with dignified complaisance.

"How old are your cousins?" she inquired, looking at Freddy, Willie, and Mary Vane, who were riding close alongside them.

"Well, that one there is a man," observed Harry, indicating Freddy with his finger. "He is sixteen, and a great warrior. The other two are children still. The boy is fourteen, the girl thirteen,—just about the age you were, Aniwee, when we first met you. The boy, like myself, is a sailor, and the girl would like to be one too, if only the laws of our country would permit it."

"Then women, too, are slaves in the great white land, the same as my father's people are?" inquired the Indian girl, with a bitter smile.

"Oh no, Aniwee!" answered Topsy quickly; "not slaves. For you see, Aniwee, unlike the Patagonian women, they don't do the whole work of the nation. The men have to work, too, and not simply feast, hunt, and make war as your father's men do. All the same, women in our country can't be warriors, or be sailors on ships, or attend Parliament. That is what my brother means."

"And don't they want to be warriors, and sea Caciques, and attend Parliamentos?" again inquired the young Queen.

“Some do, Aniwee,” replied Topsy. “I, for instance, and my cousin Mary, would like to be sea Caciques. But we must alter the laws before we can become so. Great changes often come quickly, however. If, four years ago, the Araucanians had been told that a woman would reign over them, they would have laughed to scorn the very idea. Yet, behold your little girl is head Cacique of the great Warrior tribe, and you are the Queen-Regent. Would this great people have acted thus if they had not recognised in you a fearless ruler and an undaunted warrior?”

The Indian girl’s cheeks flushed, as she listened to Topsy’s words.

“It is true!” she murmured; “and yet it was Piñone, my beloved Piñone, who made his people love me. He always called Aniwee their Warrior Queen, and it was he who gave her her first lessons in war. Piñone, love of Aniwee’s heart, where art thou?”

A plaintive, far-away look shone in the dark eyes of the young Warrior Queen as the memory of her beloved shot across her. Topsy was just meditating some cheerful remark, to drive away, if possible, sad thoughts from the girl’s mind, when shouts and yells were suddenly borne up the valley on the soft evening breeze. They came from the direction of the Indian camp. A look of horror overspread the features of Aniwee. Full well she knew the meaning of those cries. Reining up her horse, she turned suddenly round, and faced her warriors.

“Inacaya!” she called out in a commanding voice; “where art thou, cousin?”

In a moment the Cacique was by her side.

“Heard you not the war cry, Inacayal, or did Aniwee dream?” she inquired anxiously.

“The Queen did not dream,” he answered, with flashing eyes. “Hark! there it is again. Bid Inacayal speed quickly to the tolderias with two hundred of these warriors, and do thou, O Queen, remain here with the great white Caciques, in the care of the remaining hundred.”

A gleam of anger flashed in the girl’s eyes as she fixed them on the scheming chief.

“What!” she exclaimed proudly, “I, the Warrior Queen, skulk, hiding like a poltroon, behind my men? Inacayal, you are a strange counsellor. Know, however, that I will it otherwise. I will lead the two hundred to the rescue, and do you, with the remaining hundred, guard my guests. Do you hear, Inacayal! It is my command.”

A vicious, disappointed look came over the Cacique’s face, but he had no alternative than to obey. In quick, rapid tones Aniwee issued her orders, and then hurriedly explained the situation to Harry and Topsy, imploring them to remain where they were with their uncle, aunt, and cousins, “for,” she added significantly, “when the Indian’s blood is up, he might not distinguish you from the Cristianos, and then your fates would be death. Farewell for the moment. Aniwee goes to restore peace and defend her child.”

As she spoke she struck her silver spurs into her horse’s side, and with a loud cry sped along the valley, followed by the two hundred Araucanians whom she had bidden attend her.

“Well, Harry and Topsy, you have led us into a warrior land indeed,” exclaimed Lady Vane, laughing. “Hardly has your Queen welcomed us than she dashes away into strife and turmoil. What can it all mean?”

“I can’t make out, aunt,” answered Harry, just a shade anxiously. “Those cries we hear are war cries. You, who understand Spanish, heard what she said to us. Really, I think we had better obey her. I know Aniwee well, and can trust her. But what a scowling-looking chap the Cacique is, in whose care she has left us. I don’t half like his looks, do you, Uncle Francis?”

“I can’t say I am impressed by them, my boy,” answered Sir Francis quietly. “I’m a bit of a character reader, and it strikes me he entertains no good feeling to the young Queen. His expression was savage and sullen when she addressed him just now.”

Again shouts and cries came floating up the valley. The face of Inacayal wore a triumphant expression. Suddenly he turned to the warriors who surrounded him. “There is a fight down yonder,” he exclaimed. “Shall we stand idle while a woman bears the brunt of war? Say, brothers, shall we not charge?”

An approving shout greeted his suggestion, and before Sir Francis and Lady Vane, Harry, Topsy, and their cousins had fathomed what was going to happen, they felt themselves borne forward in the midst of a hundred or more stalwart warriors, all shouting and yelling like so many demons. Madly excited, Shag brought up the rear.

“We’re in for it, Topsy, and no mistake,” gasped Harry, as he got his horse tight by the head, and tried to check his

headlong career. He had quite forgotten that this was a signal to go faster, so that the animal merely redoubled its efforts. In a few minutes they had dashed into the Indian camp.

What a sight they beheld! A scene of fierce turmoil indeed. Some hundred white men, surrounded by Aniwee and her braves, fighting desperately for their lives. They had sought to catch the Warrior Queen in a trap, and had been caught themselves, and now they saw no chance of escape from the furious Araucanians who pressed upon them.

A weird scene indeed! The sun had sunk, the gloom of night was already upon everything, throughout the camp huge fires gleamed and sparkled, lighting up the faces of the combatants, and giving them a strange, fantastic appearance. As Inacayal swept upon the scene with his bevy of warriors, he took it all in at a glance. His plan had failed.

Yet must he save the Cristianos whom his vile intrigues had lured to the spot. His had been the intention to rob the Queen-Regent of her baby child, during her brief absence and when all the warriors were withdrawn from the camp. For this purpose he had put himself in communication with the Cristianos, who, at war with the Araucanians, had willingly agreed to secure the little Guardia, in hopes of forcing her great tribe to accept disadvantageous and degrading terms of peace. As we have seen, Inacayal's plan had failed.



