

started on his chase of perhaps a thousand miles and more, apparently as coolly as a European would have gone out for a walk.

The evening of the third day found them at their village, where they were received in respectful silence. Matonaza caused the old men to tell the story of the White Swallow's abduction once more; and then, after bidding the whole party go join the hunters, retired to rest with his two companions, bidding Mark sleep as long as he possibly could. The chief did not rouse him till a late hour, after he had himself tracked the trail of the Athapascow to a considerable distance. They breakfasted heartily, and then each man, with his gun, powder, and powder-horn, started on his way. The chief led the van, his eye fixed on the trail of the party. He pointed out to Mark the moccassin step of the young girl with a grim smile. Mark was pained at the sadness of his expression, but said nothing.

They with difficulty followed the trail along the arid plain which the Athapascows had first hit upon, and at one time, when the ground was unusually hard, even lost it. The two Indians at once parted, one to the right, the other to the left; Mark, who was eager to prove himself of use, looked anxiously about, and at last caused the warriors to run to him. The white man pointed with a smile to the hole in which the enemy had camped on the first night of their flight.

"Good!" said Matonaza, taking his hand; "my brother has an Indian eye."

And the journey was at once pursued without farther comment. As frequently as possible the party camped in the places where their enemies had camped before them, as the chief was sure to find some note of the White Swallow—her footstep in the ashes near the fire; a mark where she had lain; or at all events some almost invisible sign of her existence. Every day, however, the warrior grew more uneasy as he advanced towards the north. He began to suspect the errand of the Athapascows. He knew, though only traditionally, the terrible journey which must be performed ere the land of the Esquimaux could be reached, and regarded it as almost impossible that a young girl could outlive its hardships. Still on he went, never dreaming of abandoning the chase—never even alluding to such an idea. He, however, increased the extent of their daily march, though sometimes compelled to delay while seeking for food. The wood where the young men made their shields confirmed him in his belief as to their errand.

At night they hastily ate what food they had, and lay down to sleep. No time was wasted in talking. Rest was all they required, and it was to them of the utmost consequence.

"At this rate," said Mark one day, when he found himself approaching the north more and more every hour, "we shall reach the Icy Sea itself."

"The White Swallow is on its borders," replied the chief quietly. And they proceeded on their journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]