

A. P. Ball

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

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Written for The Land We Live In.

An Old Man's Surrender.

Boy, take my hoe, my axe, my scythe,
For I shall wield the same no more;
I may be earnest, hearty, blithe,
But my manhood's prime I feel is o'er.

I once, as you, was proud to show
What more than others I could do,
What in a half day I could hoe,
How lightning like my axe, and true

But grayed hairs, and dimmer eyes
Too well, in turn, time's tramp reveal;
I hence must look to lowlier skies,
Though pride would fain the same conceal.

Yes, take my hoe, my axe, my scythe,
For I shall wield the same no more;
I still am earnest, hearty, blithe,
But manhood's prime, yes, yes, is o'er.

FRANK JOHNSON.

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For the Land We Live In.

Transition, or The Huron Princess.

By CALESTIGAN.

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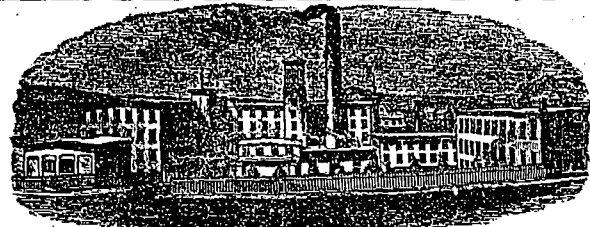
CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

That keen sportsman and pleasing writer, *Adirondack* Murray, has given such a graphic description of those lovely hills and dales, forests and streams, as well as of the denizens of their dark recesses, that I will merely say that Ralph and his friend, a lieutenant in his own corps, enjoyed themselves to the utmost, yet not to satiety; for every day brought new pleasures, in the shape of a larger and gamier trout, a fiercer bear, or a stag of bigger head; nor were our sportsmen insensible to the grand and sublime beauties of the wild mountain scenery, or to the exhilarating influence of the champaign air, which to this day attracts invalids and sybarites to that enchanting region.

Our young gentlemen had been in camp ten days, and were discussing over their evening meal their plans for the morrow, which was to be their last day of hunting and fishing, when the sharp report of a rifle was heard a short distance down the river on the bank of which they were encamped.

Thinking that Anes, who had gone to the canoe to fetch some article that had been forgotten, had fired at a deer or some other animal, they took no heed and went on with their conversation. Judge of their consternation when their guide came bounding up to the camp, his face, neck and shoulder bathed in blood, 'Jouskeha!' he exclaimed, 'Jouskeha! the Huron Sorcerer—*La longue carabine!*' at the same time handing the paddle on the blade of which was cut a narrow groove by a small bullet such as was used with the deadly Kentucky rifle.

Having calmed the excitement of the terrified Indian, and ascertained that the wound which was in the muscular part of the neck and had narrowly grazed the jugular vein was not a dangerous one, Edwards' friend, Mr.



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Sharp, seized his rifle and hastened to the canoe landing to reconnoitre, while Ralph set himself to work with lint and bandages, torn from his own shirts, to staunch the blood from Anes' wound, which was clean cut, the bullet having struck the paddle on its onward course. Much blood had flowed from the wound and poor Anes looked ghastly enough, still it was but a flesh wound and Ralph soon quieted his guide by assuring him that by using much cold water outwardly and very little or no firewater inwardly, he would, bar a little stiffness, be quite well in three days. He also comforted him by the assurance that Mr. Sharp and himself would keep him constantly in view while they remained in the wilderness. However, no argument or asseveration of the white men could eradicate his belief in the supernatural status and attributes of the enemy of his race.

In the course of an hour Mr. Sharp returned without having discovered any trace of Anes' enemy. Ralph related to his friend the Megantic episode and both gentlemen came to the conclusion that the same fiend, Jouskeha, had been on their track and that it was he who had fired the shot which came so near being fatal to Anes. Both also agreed that it would not do to allow the guide out of their sight and that on his account they would return to the settlements as soon as possible; but they were loth to forego the pleasure of exploring a small lake about four miles distant which they were anxious to fish, their guide having informed them that the trout were of unus-

ual size and strength. The following morning Anes was so far recovered that only a stiffness of the neck and a little soreness resulted from his wound and as there were no signs of fever the three taking their rods and rifles and a sufficiency of food for the day started for the lake, which they reached ere the rising sun had shed its rays o'er its glassy waters.

A small raft was constructed of cedar poles lashed together with birch withes upon which, with poles cut for the purpose, Mr. Sharp and Anes shoved off for a bed of rushes which were seen bending to the morning breeze on the opposite side of a point of land on which they had pitched their temporary camp.

Edwards remained at the camp, saying that before he prepared the noonday snack he would explore the neighboring swamp for game.

The raft had disappeared around the point and its occupants were fully engaged with their rods on the farthest or inner border of the rushes. Ralph had extemporized a fire place, lighted a fire and hung the tiny camp kettle, when he was startled by a rustling in the brush. Thinking it was a deer he seized his rifle and made ready for a shot, but he lowered the muzzle when he saw, panting, almost gasping for breath, a young Indian girl whose every action betokened the utmost eagerness and excitement. 'Oh! Ononthe! (chief) *Monsieur, parlez vous francais? Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*' and she dropped on a fallen tree, exhausted.

Ralph, who was at first startled, was

not very long in divining the reason for the maiden's excitement and sudden appearance. Advancing towards her he took her hand and addressing her in the French language in kind and soothing accents, soon calmed her excitement and drew from her trembling, sobbing lips the fact already proclaimed and written in blood, that her father, the terrible Jouskeha, was on their trail with the stern determination of killing the last scion of his hereditary Abenakis onomies.

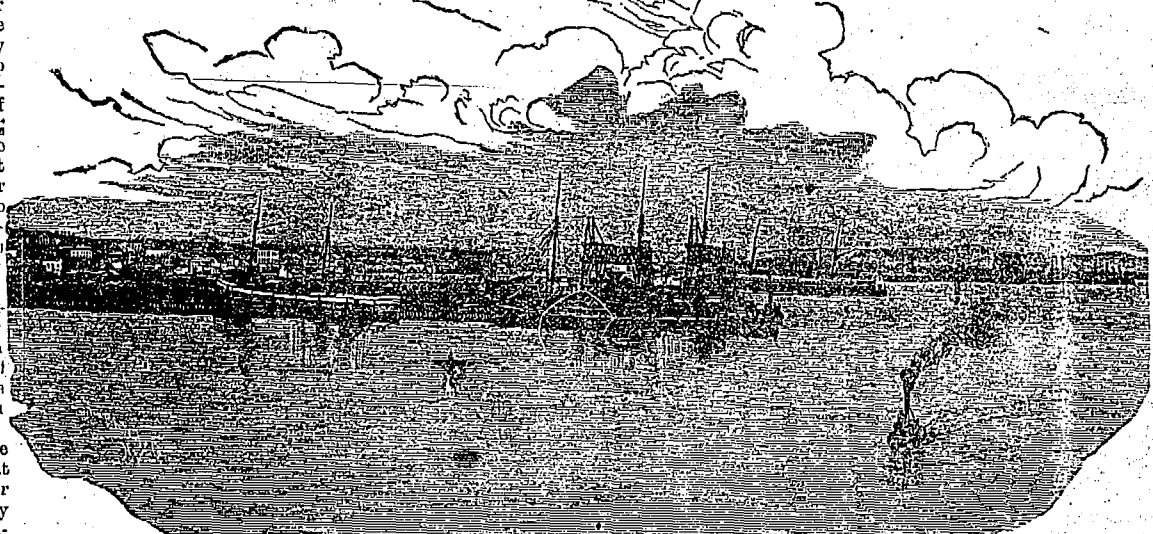
'Oh! sir,' she said, 'flee at once with your Indian brother, for my father is a great chief and has vowed never to return to his wigwam nor to speak at the council until he has exterminated the Anes family. The great sachem of the Hurons must never break his word.'

'But where is your father?' asked Edwards, 'and how came you to find means to warn us without his knowing?'

'He is camped over there,' replied the girl pointing to a mountain at the farther end of the lake. 'I crossed the water early this morning to fetch a fawn he had killed, and seeing the smoke of your camp I knew that your party had come to the lake. When my father returned to camp last night I knew that he had not accomplished his vengeance, for I heard him muttering curses on his rifle, with which he had never missed his aim before. Oh! white man, go! take your Indian brother with you—at once—he is fishing yonder with a white man; keep the Abenakis close to you, my father will never kill a white man.'

The girl then turned towards the fire, upset the kettle over it and taking handfuls of damp moss and soil threw them on the embers on which she stamped with her daintily brodered moccasins until the fire was quite extinguished. 'There!' said she, 'no toll-tale smoke shall betray you.'

Having accomplished her self-imposed task of truly christian charity, the forest maiden seemed to be suddenly struck with a consciousness of her peculiar position there in those leafy solitudes—alone with the handsomest man she had ever beheld. As suddenly as the lightning illumines



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