

all its details. The Great Athapascows—a distinct tribe from the Little Athapascows, the ravishers of the girl—listened with unfeigned astonishment and breathless interest. The whole story delighted all, and none more than the father. A loud murmur of applause, and a huge cloud of tobacco-smoke, greeted its conclusion.

“My brother is very wise—a young arm, an old head! The Lightning-Arm sees a long way. The Little Snake had said nothing, but his eyes are not silent. He would like to hear the White Swallow laugh in his wigwam!”

The young man at once warily stated his case, his affection, his abandonment of all to seek her.

“And the White Swallow?” asked the father, quite tenderly for an Indian.

“Matonaza is a great chief, and Thee-kiss-ho will be his squaw!”

The thing was at once settled. It was agreed that in the spring the whole party should move towards the Mabasha, to wait during the summer, when it was proposed the two tribes should unite. Matonaza answered for his people, who were too weak to stand alone, and the Great Athapascows willingly agreed to accept them. The party then retired to rest. Early on the following morning the White Swallow fetched her dog, while the whole village visited her solitary hut, which had escaped their notice only because they seldom hunted or fished in the winter months, passing them in their wigwams. Two days later, the wedding feast took place amid universal rejoicings. Never was a happier party. The father was a changed man. He mourned the early dead; but he rejoiced over the recovered child, and was doubly pleased at seeing her doubly happy—finding a lost husband and an unknown father on the same day. The Roaming Panther carried the news to the small camp on the Mabasha; and in May the junction took place. Mark Dalton hunted with them all the summer; and when he left them in the autumn, it was with regret.

Neither the Lightning-Arm nor Matonaza ever joined in or encouraged any of the wars or forays of their race. They had suffered too much from them. The old chief ruled the counsels of his people for years, and led them to victory every time they were attacked. He lived to see children again, and to watch them grow up to manhood. He became their instructor and teacher. A devoted and earnest friendship took place between the father and the son-in-law; and in memory of the past, the White Swallow enjoyed a much happier fate than most Indian women. The chief never took another squaw: she was his first and his last; and ten years after they parted, when travelling on a mission, Mark Dalton, now governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, found his friends as happy as when he left them so long a time before. They talked over their adventures once again, and forgot not one detail; and in after-life, when speaking of his Indian experiences, and admitting all the terror and rudeness of savage life, Mark Dalton had always, by way of contrast, his story to tell of the White Swallow of Mabasha Lake.