

was silent. I let him remain so, when rousing up, he continued:

"Harry had come to know the Indian language, the Indian costumes, the Indian mode of living, and bidding good-bye to the old homestead, equipped as a trapper, he set out for the Mississippi river, where he had good reason to believe his sister had been carried."

I here interrupt the story of the Indian to explain to the reader, that the place where Harry's father had opened his farm, was in the extreme eastern portion of Wisconsin, where, at that time, no white man but he had ever dared to venture. The country was wholly inhabited by the children of the forest, who since then have been moving rapidly westward, and for hundreds of miles where they used to roam, are now cities and cultivated farms. One can form a vivid conception of how difficult it must have been for Harry to traverse this wide extent of country, looking for his long-lost sister.

The Indian resumed his narrative.

"Trapping along the streams, hunting game in the woods, sleeping upon the ground, or occasionally enjoying the hospitality of an Indian tepee. Harry traveled continually, buoyed up with the hope of meeting the blue-eyed Mis-se-jar-ga, whose dear little features haunted him night and day. He had forgotten that ten years had elapsed since her abduction—he had forgotten that the child had bloomed into the young girl—had forgotten that her mode of life had changed her—had forgotten that the clear complexion had merged into the copper-colored tint of the Indian maiden. All he saw, all he dreamed of, all he thought of, was the golden-haired child of his boyhood."