

cold, pale brow, would never rise again for him. Kind words he had spoken to all, and then in a faint whisper, he said, "Tell Ella —;" but the sentence was unfinished, for Ella stood before him, while the look of joy that lighted up his face told how dear to him was the little girl around whose neck his arms twined so lovingly.

And now a darker face, but no less loving heart approached, and whispered softly, "Charlie, do you know me?" "Orianna," was the answer, as on her lips a kiss was pressed.

Then the arms unclasped from Ella's neck, over the blue eyes the heavy eyelids closed, and Charlie had gone home. With a bitter wail of sorrow Orianna bent for a moment over the marble form, for which she had sacrificed so much, and then, from among those who fain would have detained her, she went, nor paused a moment until the wigwam of her father was reached.

In the doorway she found Naretta, whose first exclamation was, "Have you heard? Have they told you? The Great Spirit has answered my prayer!" and then to her daughter she unfolded a tale which we, too, will narrate to our readers.

It will be remembered that on the day when Orianna left home for Virginia, Naretta accompanied her a short distance, and learned from her the story of her love for Robert. To that story there was another—an unobserved listener—Wahlaga, who from that hour resolved to take the life of his pale rival, but his designs were foiled by a summons from the invisible world, which he could not disobey.

A week after Orianna's departure, he was taken ill of a disease contracted at the Indian camp, where he had spent the winter. All the skill of the "medicine man" could not save him, and on the fifth day he died, cursing, with his last breath, his hated rival.

When it was known at Deacon Wilder's that death had been at Grassy Spring, words of kindly sympathy were sent there for the sake of the noble Orianna; and for her sake, perhaps, Owanno's feelings softened toward the inhabitants of Glen's Creek. It is impossible to describe Orianna's feelings on learning that the dreadful Wahlaga was dead, really dead, and would trouble her no more. Her whole being seemed changed, and the slumber which that night stole over her was sweeter far and more refreshing than for many weary days had visited her.

At Glen's Creek that same night Capt. Wilder, with his darling Ella pressed to his bosom, was listening, while between her tears for little Charlie, she told him of the many virtues of her Indian companion, urging him to send for her mother, that she, too,

might know and love Orianna. But Ella's strength was exhausted long before her theme, and when, as her voice ceased, her father looked down upon her, she was far in the depths of dreamland.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE DENOUEMENT.

As if to mock the anguish of those who were about to lay their last-born in the earth, the day of Charlie's funeral was bright and beautiful, as the spring days often are 'neath the warm Kentucky sun. Sweetly the wild flowers were blooming, and merrily sang the summer birds, as underneath a maple tree, a tree which stands there yet, they dug that little grave—the first grave at Glen's Creek. Mr. and Mrs. Gorton, Robert, and several others from Lexington had come to shed the sympathizing tear with the bereaved ones, but besides the nearest relatives, there was not so sincere a mourner as she who, apart from the rest, looked silently on, while into the earth they lowered the cold, dead Charlie.

Long after the mourners had returned to their desolate home, she lingered, and on the little mound deplored in piteous tones her loss, saying, "Oh, woe is me, now Charlie has crossed the great river, and left Orianna all alone. Who will love me now as he did?"

"Many, many," answered Robert Hunting, who purposely had returned, and been an eye and ear witness of Orianna's grief. "Yes, many will love you," he continued, seating himself by her, and drawing her closely to him. Then in the bewildered girl's ear he softly whispered, "I am not worthy of you, Orianna, but I love you, and I know, too, on what condition you went to Virginia, and that had Wahlaga lived, he had sworn to murder me and marry you."

For this information he was indebted to Naretta, who, three days before Wahlaga's illness, overhearing him unfold his plan of revenge to Owanno, went to the door of Deacon Wilder's house, and asking for Robert, led him to the woods, and there communicated to him what he had just told Orianna. Robert did not ask Orianna to be his wife; and perhaps 'twas well that he did not, for the confession which he did make, added to the excitement of Wahlaga's and Charlie's death, was too much for a frame already weakened by the hardships attending that journey to and from Virginia. The next morning found her burning with fever and raving with delirium. Owanno, too, was smitten by the same disease which had consigned Wahlaga to an early grave.