

pause to estimate the cost when love and a sweetheart are in the scales? Never.

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Days pass. Wawano should ere now have returned; but though the two who love him strain their eyes down the narrow lake, no sign of the wanderer is visible, and day by day the look of anxiety grows more painfully evident.

Who can measure the intense yearning of this Indian maiden for her lover's return? This lithe, handsome youth has grown up by her side, and Minnedosa's silent admiration of his strength and beauty has ripened into love. No longer can she bear to look and hope so helplessly for his return, for she loves—loves Wawano with all the fierceness of an untutored child of nature—and rather than mate with Wendigo, the strong and crafty, but ill-featured suitor, she will go in quest of her lover, and failing, will die and so be with him still.

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Night is come. The early moon, already dipped behind the hills, leaves but a faint incandescent glow in the western sky. Out from the deep shade of the silent forest steals a lithe figure—stealthily, with cautious cat-like tread, wending its way hastily to the water side. It is Minnedosa, the chieftain's daughter. With nervous haste, but softly, she shoves out a canoe. Stepping in, she kneels, and with a few deftly silent strokes of the paddle, glides over the motionless surface of the water, which mirror-like reflects the densely grown shore-line, accentuating the dignity of unbroken silence. Skirting the western arm of the crescent-shaped bay, she moves in the deep shadow of the wooded

banks and disappears from the vicinity of the camp as noiselessly as a shadow.

Once only did the brave girl look back—just for one brief moment the “laughing-eyes” turned towards the place where her father slept. No laughter gleams now from the erstwhile dancing eyes, but a look of unutterable sadness, and a sigh, fluttering up from the over-charged heart, trembles for an instant between the parted lips.

All the long night the regular stroke of the paddle is maintained, and the first faint flush of dawn finds her far away from the lodge of Wabuno. All the long, weary day she toils, till evening; then, worn out by her exertions, heavy hearted, her paddle moves slowly, with spasmodic uncertainty. She drowsily dozes and wakens by turns—all unaware of the terrible danger to which she momentarily draws nearer.

Suddenly a familiar cry falls on her ear!

Surprised and startled, the half-dazed maid springs to her knees and gazes wildly about her, and the sight which meets her anxious eyes for a moment holds her motionless. Well indeed, is it for Minnedosa that she is roused. Directly before her is the foaming sault, which marks the foot of the lake and the beginning of the long rapids, dashing through lines of cruel, jagged rocks on its restless course to the sea.

But a moment she pauses, irresolute, then suddenly aware of her terrible danger, with nervous haste and lusty vigor she plunges her paddle into the now rapid and quickening current. Skillfully guiding her canoe to the nearest bank, she leaps