

succeeded in amassing, to the ravagers of the wilderness? But one answer could be given to these queries. The air about us, like that which hung over Jerusalem, previous to its final destruction by the Romans, seemed filled with that portentous sound, 'Depart!' So we arose, and began to prepare for removal. I went to the geld after the horses, while Susy gathered together what few articles of wearing apparel we could take with us.

"My friends, I am an old man. The scene which followed my departure after those horses has been dwelt upon in my mind a thousand times; but I shrink from its recital now, as I would do were the blood of Susy still fresh upon the sod.

"When I came back, my cabin was in flames, my wife a corpse in the front yard—her throat cut from ear to ear and her scalp gone—and my daughter a captive.

"It is not in the power of language to paint my desperation. What was I to do? I was single-handed, and the Indians were thicker than Sennacherib's host. They had my child in their possession. They were familiar with all the fastnesses of the wilderness; they could, if they chose to do so, elude my most daring pursuit.

"I was sitting like a statue of stone beside the dead body of my wife, when I heard a rustling sound behind me, and looking up saw an Indian brave, dressed and painted for warfare, with his hatchet glittering in his hand. I did not feel a thrill of fear. Had he smitten me then and there, I should not have offered resistance. Life did not look to me worth having.

"'You do not know Okafenka, then,' he said. 'He is dressed as a warrior, so that the braves may not be suspicious that he is friendly to the pale face; but I will follow on and look after the white papoose. Why did you not fly as I bade you? Did I not tell you that he-wolves were in the thicket—with teeth like swords

and eyes like fire? They came down thicker than the leaves of the forest upon the home of the pale face, and Okafenka could not save his Brother's squaw and papoose. The white Brother should have gone instantly, as I bade him. But it is too late now to save the squaw. The papoose shall be looked after; and, by and by, I will bring her back to you. Okafenka is afraid that the eye of the braves may be upon him; he may not stay to talk longer now. He will come again, bringing the little white squaw with him; not a hair of her head shall be injured. And the Indian vanished away in the thick wood.

"I determined to trust my child, after mature deliberation, to God and the Indian Freemason. I could do nothing more; and so, after burying my dead, I waited patiently for Okafenka's return. Two years went by without bringing a word from him—two wretched, anxious years, as you may well suppose. At the end of that time, the Indian returned. But he was alone, and I saw at the first glance that something had happened.

"'The little white squaw,' he said abruptly, 'was sold by the Cherokees to the Winnebagoes. There she was admired for her pale face and her curly hair. Okafenka watched long, hoping to steal the white squaw away, but he could not do it. The Winnebagoes loved her too well. But what has now become of her he cannot say. She is nowhere in the Indian nation. At first he thought the Winnebagoes had sold the 'White Rose of the Cherokees,' as they called her, and he asked them about it, but the old chief, who was her Indian father, said, No, no; she has gone among the pale faces again. The White Rose was too pretty for the lodge of the red man of the wilderness. I did not believe him. His face was the face of the turtle dove, but his tongue was the tongue of the serpent. I went away among the Sacs and the Foxes, the Otoes and the Kickapoos, but the white squaw cannot be found. She