

possible ; only the little face appears—the bonnie, saucy Indian baby face, singularly fair for the first few months of life, with the black bead-like eyes, and soft silken hair, thick even in babyhood.

Accombà threw off her blanket, and swinging round her baby, she seated herself on the floor by the side of the roaring fire, on which the friendly Indians heaped billet after billet of fine dry wood, till the whole room was lighted up by the bright and cheerful blaze. It was not long before a number of other Indians entered,—most unceremoniously, as Indians are wont to do, and seated themselves in all parts of the room, for they had heard the sound of sleigh bells, and were at once curious to know the business of the new arrival. A universal hand-shaking took place, for all were friendly, being mostly of the same tribe, and more or less closely all connected. Pipes were then lighted alike by men and women, and a kettle of tea was soon singing on the fire. Accombà draws out from the recesses of her dog sleigh one or two huge ribs of dried meat, black and unsavoury to look at, but forming very good food for all that.