

hands in his, he said, gently, "Don't feel so, Orianna. I shall love you just as well, even if I do have a sister Marian."

"Orianna's only answer was, "Say her name again, Charlie."

He did so, and then Orianna repeated, "Marian—Marian—what is it? Oh, what is it? Marian;—it sounds to Orianna like music heard years and years ago."

"Perhaps it was a dream," suggested Charlie.

"It must have been," answered Orianna, "but a pleasant dream, fair as the young moon or the summer flowers. But tell me more, Charlie."

"I will do so," said he, "but I am afraid you will forget your lesson."

He had been in the habit of taking to the woods some one of his reading books, and in this way he had unconsciously awakened in Orianna a desire for learning. For some time past a part of each day had been spent in teaching her the alphabet. It was an interesting sight, that dark, handsome girl, and the fair, pale boy—he in the capacity of a patient teacher, and she the ambitious scholar.

On the afternoon of the day of which we are speaking, they were, as usual, employed in their daily occupation. The excitement of the occasion heightened the rich glow on Orianna's cheek, while the wreath of white wild flowers, which Charlie had woven and placed among her shining black hair, gave her the appearance of some dark queen of the forest. The lesson was nearly completed, and Charlie was overjoyed to find that his pupil knew every letter, both great and small, when they were startled by the sound of a footstep, and in a moment Robert Hunting, who had accompanied George Wilder home from Lexington, stood before them.

Swiftly as a deer Orianna bounded away, while Charlie, in evident confusion, attempted to secrete his book, and Robert burst into a loud laugh, saying, "Well done, Charlie! So you've turned schoolmaster, and chosen a novel pupil, upon my word. But who is she? If she be a native, she is handsomer far than half the white girls!"

"She is Orianna," said Charlie, "the daughter of a chieftain, and I love her too."

"Nobility, hey?" said Robert laughing. "Better yet. But what made her run so? Did she think I was the Evil One? Can't you call her back?"

"She won't come," answered Charlie; "she don't like you, and I can't make her."

"So you have been saying a word in my favour, have you?" said Robert, a little sarcastically. "Greatly obliged to you, Master Charlie, but I prefer doing my own pleading."

"I didn't mean *you*," said Charlie, a little indignantly. "She don't know that there is such a thing as you. I meant all the white folks."

"Oh, you did," answered Robert, looking wistfully in the direction where Orianna had disappeared.

At that moment there was the report of a rifle, and a ball passed between him and Charlie and lodged in a tree a few feet distant.

"So-ho," exclaimed Robert, "wasn't content with sending an arrow at my heart, but must hurl a bullet at my head."

Charlie was confounded. He never for a moment doubted that Orianna had sent the ball, and a fearful distrust of her filled his heart. A week went by, and still he neglected to take his accustomed walk, although he noticed that Robert went daily in his stead.

At length one morning Robert came to him and said, "Orianna bade me tell you that each day, 'neath the buckeye tree, she's watched for you in vain."

Charlie's eyes opened wide with astonishment, as he exclaimed, "Orianna? Where have you seen Orianna?"

"Where should I see her, pray, but in the woods?" answered Robert. "We have spent the last five days together there, and I have taken your place as teacher."

Here we may as well explain what the reader is doubtless anxious to know. The bullet which passed between Robert and Charlie was not sent by the hand of Orianna, but by the vicious Wahloga, whose curiosity had been roused as to what led Orianna so frequently to the woods. On that day he had followed and discovered her, just at the moment when Robert appeared before her. The jealous savage, thinking that he looked upon his rival, made ready his gun, when Orianna, suddenly coming upon him, threw aside his arm, thus changing the course of the ball, while at the same time she led the excited Indian away, and at length succeeded in convincing him that never before had she seen Robert, nor did she even know who he was.

The next morning Orianna was overjoyed to learn that Wahloga was about leaving home, to be absent an indefinite length of time. Her happiness, however, was soon clouded by some expressions which he let fall, and from which she gathered that her father had promised to give her in marriage as soon as he should return. "It shall never be; no, never," said the determined girl, as, immediately after his departure, she took the narrow footpath to the woods of Glen's Creek.

Throughout all the morning she waited in