

"Anything you say, Grace; anything you say, darling. Your life has been spared to me and I thank both Canada and Pateeka."

Still they lingered on. Cold days came, and then warm, hazy Indian summer days, when the leaves had turned red and yellow and fallen.

The general hated to go, and Grace hated to go, and Pateeka was silent.

It was a black, cloudy night. Neither moon nor stars were visible. Pateeka built a fire at the door of the main tent, and opened the whole end, so the heat poured in and made all comfortable.

Then he asked Grace to sing the "Swanee River," and Grace obeyed. She never refused when Pateeka asked her to sing.

"Well, Pateeka, we must leave tomorrow. You may have the tents and traps about here. My daughter owes her very life to this summer in your beautiful country, and I would like to do something for you to show how I appreciate your services. What would you wish me to do?"

Grace had slipped close beside Pateeka.

How magnificent he looked! His dark skin glowed in the firelight, he stood like some splendid young giant, haughty and proud.

"Ask for something big, Pateeka. Think of your future and what you would like to be. Ask for something big."

He put his brown hand on Grace's beautiful hair, his eyes flashed—he breathed hard.

"You say to ask for something big, Grace. I obey. General, your daughter is the biggest thing in the world to me. Will you give her to me?"

The general started, gasped, looked at Pateeka, then at Grace, and Grace kept getting closer, closer, till the great brown arms were wound about her.

"Grace! You love this man?"

Then Grace went over to her dear old father.

"Yes, father; I love this man. He is not a graduate of Yale or Oxford, but he is a graduate of the great university of Nature, and belongs to the old aristocracy of this continent."

Then the general led her back to the arms of Pateeka, and slipped away to his own tent.

A northland camp fire never burned and flickered and cast shadows for a happier pair of lovers, and Canada's backwoods' midnight never before saw so splendid a picture.

"We'll come back soon to Canada, for remember, Pateeka, you promised me the best mink skins you trapped, and I must wear them when your country is frozen and snowclad."

"Then it will be your country that is frozen and snowclad," and he kissed her goodnight.