

medicine men to preserve children against evil spirits, and which, found on the neck of the girl, had been left there, all fearing to touch an amulet which, in their eyes, had secret powers. The older chief took a pine-knot, and held it towards the face of the young girl, examining at the same time, by an imperceptible glance, the little bag. Matonaza saw the Lightning-Arm start, and then discovered, by the working of his face and clenched hands, how intense was the struggle between the Indian stoicism and the pent-up feelings of fifteen years.

"My old eyes were dim, and I could not see my friends," said the father in tones which no art, not even that of man's iron resolution, could make firm. "You are welcome—ye have brought back my child!"

The three companions became at once the centre of a friendly and delighted group, who crowded round the men, with exquisite delicacy contriving to let the father slip away with his child, without attracting attention to this act, rather too full of nature and feeling to suit Indian customs. But once out of sight, the chief raised the girl in his arms, and running under the trees, reached an empty wigwam at the end of the village. A pine-knot, full of resin, illumined the place. He set the White Swallow down upon a mat, and looked at her. Every feature, every expression—mouth, nose, eyes, hair—all were those of the mother, not older than she was when killed. The warrior shook like a palsied man with emotion, and then clasped the girl wildly to him. She laughed faintly, bewildered as she was, and the man almost shrieked. His ears had not heard that laugh for fifteen years, and yet it had thrilled in his heart every hour; for the chief had idolised his beautiful wife, and she came to him nightly from the Happy Hunting-ground in the visions of his sleep. It was an hour before the Lightning-Arm was sufficiently composed to rejoin his fellows and the astounded women. He found a feast prepared to celebrate the happy occasion. All joined heartily in it. Mark and the Roaming Panther, who had been expecting death for hours, ate none the less heartily; while the old chief, throwing aside all his rigidity on this festive occasion, made the women join the feast, and placed the White Swallow by his side. Even the roughest warriors smiled grimly as they saw him watching every mouthful she ate, giving her the choicest morsels, and touching nothing himself.

Matonaza looked gravely, sadly on. He had saved his friends, he had found the girl a father, he had gladdened the heart of a widowed, childless chief, but he had lost a wife. It was therefore with unusual gravity that he rose to narrate the circumstances under which the parties had met. His narrative, the history of a year, was the work of two hours' speaking, during which, the young chief showed all that consummate oratorical art which belongs to some of the Indians—art that, if aided by the advantages of education, would astound some civilized audiences. He spoke little of himself, much of the White Swallow, and told his story in