

breast; was silent for a moment, when, with another puff from his pipe, he proceeded with his story.

"White mother loved child; white man loved child. One Indian loved child better than white man. Child good. Child angel. Heap big heart for Mis-se-jar-ga."

A deep, guttural sound escaped from the old Indian, as he paused again and gazed intently into the fire, and he was only aroused from his reverie by my asking him: "Lelia cooler, good friend, what then?"

"Indian steals up close to white man's wigwam. Night has covered the beautiful face with darkness; Mis-se-jar-ga sleeps, but Indian loved Mis-se-jar-ga. He takes her up like a pure snow-flake, wraps her in his blanket, and before she is conscious, glides out into the forest, and ere the morning dawns, is a day's travel towards the west. Moons come and go, but no Mis-se-jar-ga. Family mourn, but no Mis-se-jar-ga. Mother dies from grief, but no Mis-se-jar-ga. Brothers hunt the woods for the bones of their beautiful sister, but no Mis-se-jar-ga. No angel guide comes to comfort the weary heart of the white father. Mis-se-jar-ga is gone forever toward the setting sun.

"Harry was the youngest brother of Mis-se-jar-ga. Many, many, more moons had passed, since the boy had grown to manhood. The memory of his golden-haired sister still dwelt in his heart. He had suspicions that she still lived. The father had crossed the river of death and had joined the mother in the spirit land, and the brothers, disposing of their farm, had gone back to their friends in the east. Harry lived only for one end—one aim—one purpose—the restoration of his sister."

Again the Indian dropped his head on his breast and