

which commanded the whole of the approaches. "But," he added mysteriously, "you need not be alarmed."

Presently Harry rushed in, saying that the Indians were close at hand, and that their chief had demanded to see "the golden-haired maiden."

"Why?" exclaimed Connie, "that is what the Indian chief Teconsa used to call me! Where is the chief?"

"In the courtyard," replied Harry, disappearing.

Connie followed him outside, and immediately found herself in the presence of the redoubtable Sioux chief and a score of his warriors.

Teconsa advanced with outstretched hands and beaming countenance to meet the fair English girl, but just as she was about to greet him her eyes fell on the sunburnt face of a fine tall young Englishman who stood a little way behind him, and, with a cry of joy, she threw herself into Ernest Trevor's arms.

Teconsa surveyed the happy pair with satisfaction, then he stepped up to them, and laying his hands upon theirs, said impressively, "Teconsa's heart is very glad; he has paid back the debt he owed his fair young sister."

"And paid it nobly," said Major Weston, who having returned at this interesting juncture had approached almost unobserved.

It was a joyous party that sat round the Major's hospitable board that eventful evening, and though the swivel-guns were fired, it was only a *feu de joie* in honour of Ernest's safe arrival.