

make a short story out of a long one—we were married, and soon after moved away to a frontier settlement in the far West. I had picked up and saved two hundred dollars. With it I bought a small piece of land, and on it erected a log cabin. On one side of us were Indians; on the other, poor emigrants, adventurers like ourselves.

"Nature meant me to be a quiet and domestic man. Had I had a worthy and gentle mother, I should have idolized her. Brothers and sisters would have lived deeply in my heart: but I had nobody to cling to but my gentle wife, and I loved her with a strength and depth of affection seldom equalled. Our little log cabin, which Susy's taste adorned more than you would have supposed it possible for woman's taste to have done, was to both of us a sort of earthly heaven. Our affections and wishes never strayed beyond it. After a youth of hardship, we hoped for an old age of love and peace.

"A little daughter was born to us. She was her mother's exact image, and she grew in stature and loveliness every day. Our Indian neighbours often came to see the 'white papoose,' as they called her. They brought her presents, too, birds' eggs, sea-shells and feathers. The first berries that opened in the woods were among their offerings. The 'white papoose' was a great child in their estimation.

"Among the Indians there was one named Okafenka. He was a Freemason—the only one that I could discover in the neighbourhood. He often came to our cabin. He called me 'Brother'—for I, too, was a member of the Fraternity—and seemed greatly pleased with the bond of union that existed between us.

"Time sped rapidly away. Indian hostilities began. The first intimation I received that my red neighbours were not as friendly as ever came from Okafenka. He came to my cabin, but refused to partake of our hospitalities; he sat in sullen

silence upon the threshold and gazed straight before him without moving a muscle or saying a word.

"'What is the matter with my red Brother?' I said, approaching him, and laying my hand upon his arm. 'Why does he refuse to eat with the pale face? For many seasons he has been our friend. How have we offended him?'

"The red man did not deign a reply. He sat as moody and taciturn as before. My wife motioned to Lucy, our little daughter, to approach him. He had always been extremely fond of the child—had her a hundred times upon his lap, and suffered her to play with his shot-pouch and moccasins. But this time he gently repulsed her.

"'My white Brother,' he said, hastily starting up, and drawing his blanket about him, while the feathers which ornamented his head trembled with the excitement that shook his powerful frame—'there are he-wolves in the thicket; their eyes are like balls of fire, and their teeth are like sharp swords. Beware, my Brother! when you least expect it they may make you their prey. The white sister and the pretty papoose are not safe. Before this moon shall die out in the heavens their blood may crimson your hearth-stone, or they may grind corn in the camp of the enemy. The braves will seek my blood if they find out I have told you this; but you are my Brother, and I could not see you perish like the mown grass. Away! away! Okafenka must be seen coming here no more.'

"And before I had time to recover from my surprise, he had left the cabin threshold, and plunged forward into the woods.

"My wife and I sat sorrowfully down to meditate upon the meaning of the warning which we had received. Was it possible that our Indian neighbours were planning mischief against us? Must we leave the home where we had been so long happy together, and the little property which we had