

Geo. J. ...

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL, published principally on principle, and partially in the interests of the Publishers and the public, with a strong weakness for matters of Local Interest.



Vol. II.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., APRIL, 1889.

No. 4

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For the Land We Live In.

Transition, or The Huron Princess.

BY CALESTIGAN.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

It is high time that we return to our hero whom we left stretched on mother earth, apparently bereft of life. The reader will naturally enquire whether it was Mr. Sharp or Anès who had fired the shot which killed Jouskeha. It was Anès, the good, honest, peace-loving Abenakis whose quick eye and ready finger had directed and fired the shot which dealt righteous retribution to the vindictive, blood-thirsty Huron. Upon hearing the familiar sound of Ralph's heavy rifle, Sharp and the guide had concealed themselves behind a fallen cedar tree to await the arrival of Edwards, and upon hearing Ralph's second warning shot answered by the peculiar ringing sound of the Kentucky rifle, they became alarmed for the safety of their companion, Anès, particularly, who loved Ralph Edwards with a devotion equal to that which Jonathan felt for David, utterly forgot his own danger and the necessity for immediate flight if he wished to avoid the spilling of blood.

His dusky skin turned to an ashy grey, his nostrils expanded and his black eyes flashed as those of a wounded panther.—All the slumbering passions and instincts of the hunter and quasi-warrior were aroused within him and were on the alert. His quick searching glance had detected the bark canoe rounding to in the eddy; it was an easy shot!—the enemy of his race was entirely at his mercy—the slayer of his friend—the last thought sealed his doom. Jouskeha shall die.

Mr. Sharp and Anès hastened back to the point at the head of the rapids, and as they feared, found poor Ralph stretched at full length on the ground apparently without life, but not alone—for on her knees beside him, intently engaged in chafing his cold limp hands, was a young Indian girl, whose dishevelled hair revealed through its disordered luxuriance a very lovely face, and large, dark, eyes, which were streaming with tears.

Looking up from her charitable task Marie, for it was Jouskeha's daughter, addressed the slumbers with quivering lips, "Il n'est pas mort,"—he is not dead. My God! my God!—help me. Whether the last two words were addressed to the Almighty or to themselves, they know not, but they immediately began to assist the young girl, who seemed to understand the right means to restore animation.

She told them to raise the young officer's head and shoulders, while with a gourd, which depended from her girdle, she fetched water from the river with



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which she bathed his temples, and then poured a few drops through his lips. After a while, which seemed an age to Sharp and Anès, Ralph sighed, moaned peteously, opened his eyes, which to the grief and dismay of his friends, evinced no signs of recognition or intelligence, and again relapsed into insensibility.

Sharp and Anès became now seriously alarmed, and the former opened the wounded man's hunting shirt to ascertain the position and nature of the wound, but found that he had been anticipated in the good intention, and that bandages and leaves of balm-of-gilead picked from trees growing on the river bank had been applied, and that the effusion of blood had been stopped.

Marie had proved herself a skillful leech, as well as a tender nurse. Having done all she could for the wounded man,

seated herself by his side and seemed to be musing for awhile, and from the spasmodic working of her features, was evidently suffering keenly from mingled feelings of anxiety, fear and regret. She knew well that none but her dreadful father had inflicted that cruel wound; perhaps he was even now in ambush, within a few yards, ready and eager for the blood of his hated enemy. Agitated by these thoughts, she urged the Abenakis to take to immediate flight, but Sharp, at the risk of adding to the poor girl's grief and perturbation of mind, informed her of Jouskeha's tragical end. To his great relief the maiden was not overwhelmed by the knowledge of her parent's death.—She bowed her head upon her hands and large tears flowed down her pallid cheeks, but no moan or sob escaped her lips.—"Il l'a voulie,"—He has willed it, she

said, and then turned all her attention to the wounded officer.

Edwards still remained insensible. His face was pale as marble, and but for his fitful breathing and an occasional moan, was, to all appearance, dead. Marie, after she had uttered her pious ejaculation, seemed to have dismissed her own troubles, and again became the assiduous, watchful nurse. She once more chafed the hands of the seemingly dying man, and damped his temples, and again did Ralph show signs of returning animation. Brandy, have you brandy, she asked of Mr. Sharp, who immediately produced his flask. Pouring some into her gourd, she wetted his lips with the spirit, allowing a few drops to trickle down his throat, and also moistened with it, his forehead and neck. In a few moments Ralph opened his eyes, which at first wore a vague expression; a few minutes longer, and they assumed a look of dawning intelligence. He recognized his late visitor and messenger of warning, the Indian girl, for he slightly pressed the hand which was holding his own, and pronounced the name Marie. Then there stole over his countenance an expression of anxiety and restlessness which, as he caught sight of the Abenakis, changed into a look radiant with intense pleasure. Safe! he murmured, safe, Anès, and, leaning his head against the Indian maiden's bosom, exhausted nature prompted confidence and trustfulness, sought refuge in its safest haven, the devoted care of man's best friend—a devoted woman.

CHAPTER VI.

In deference to our appreciative reader, whom we do not wish to bore with to-



RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.—LOOKING SOUTH.