

LITTLE FOLKS

A Stolen Babe.

The Story of an Indian's Gratitude.

In a quiet country house, near a remote fishing village on the north-east coast of Scotland, we chanced to come on a story so pleasing and picturesque that it deserves to be remembered. We will venture to retell it, adhering strictly to the facts of the narrative, which were vouched for by a Captain John M'Diarmid, then of the Veteran Battalion, and previously of the 42nd Highlanders.

Several years ago, a Mr. M'Dougal, with his wife had emigrated from Argyleshire to Upper Canada, where for a merely nominal sum, he at once bought a little land, on which he erected a rude house. Some of his ground he cultivated, and he acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, that could be pastured in the neighboring forest.

It was a wild and lonely life, remote from church, markets and mill. When Mr. M'Dougall had to carry corn to grind he had to start out with the sun, if he wished to be home before the sinking of the same. On these occasions during his absence, the care of everything devolved on the wife, who never for a moment flinched from her duties.

But, one day, when her husband was away from home, the cattle wandering in the forest, did not respond to her call, and it became necessary for her to go forth and search for them. Denser and darker became the forest. What wonder, then, that the poor woman was presently lost? On and on she wandered, fruitlessly seeking the cattle, until in despair she gave up all hope of finding them, and only tried with equal ill-success to trace her homeward way. Worn out and sick at heart, she at last sank down at the foot of a pine tree, and was roused from her lethargy by a new terror.

An Indian hunter approached.

Now, Mrs. M'Dougal had never seen an Indian, but this Indian, accustomed to the stealthy reconnoitres of the chase, had often seen her, and knew who she was. He divined her mishap, and coming quietly towards her, beckoned her to rise and follow him. Nothing was left her but to obey, and she tramped after him in dead, fearful silence

for a long while, till at last they arrived at the door of a wigwam. Here the Indian signed to her to enter; but this she refused to do, doubtless thinking of the tortures which might await her within. The man seemed puzzled for a moment then entered the hut alone, and came out again accompanied by a woman, whose smile and sympathetic gesture overcame Mrs. M'Dougal's terror sufficiently to induce her to enter the wigwam, where every attention was paid her, and she was served with a savory supper of venison.

soft couch, and lay down beside her, to assure her of her protection.

Mrs. M'Dougal sank to sleep, and awoke next morning greatly refreshed, and anxious to start homeward at once. But her hosts detained her for another savory meal. Then the Indian accompanied his departing guest, and led her to the very spot where her cattle were grazing. Collecting these, he proceeded to drive them towards the M'Dougals' house, and as the pair approached it, they heard the shouts of the distracted farmer, hallooing for his lost wife. When her hus-



Meanwhile the squaw had been arranging some beautiful deerskins, on which, by signs, she next invited her guest to go to rest. But Mrs. M'Dougal's suspicions were not all allayed, and she signified that she would rather remain seated by the fire. The Indian and his squaw talked together in low tones, and then the red woman took the white woman by the hand, led her to the

band saw her safe and well his gratitude to her kind entertainer and guide knew no bounds. The Indian was invited into the house, treated with every dainty the rough larder afforded, and presented with Mr. M'Dougal's best suit of clothes.

The red man went off in high delight. But in three days he came again, and endeavored to induce the farmer to follow him into the forest.